

**Gilles Deleuze**

**Deleuze & Guattari at Vincennes, 1975-76**

***Il Senso in Meno*, Part 2 - Proust, Faciality and Power**

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[Please note that the transcription follows as exactly as possible the discussion in the filmed seminar, and therefore the translation differs at time with the discussion rendered in the subtitles on the YouTube versions]

[The film starts with Guattari in the process of discussing the scene in Proust's *Swann's Way* when Swann deepens his understanding of the musical phrase in the composition by Vinteuil; Deleuze and Guattari discuss this novel in terms of faciality in *A Thousand Plateaus*, pp. 185-187]

Félix Guattari: ... He was fleeing from everything. And this backfires on him. He's completely terrorized, but at the same time fascinated because something appears: the little phrase no longer functions as a node of resonance that would fill in the wall of daily life but begins to live and throb in another way. First of all the musician plays it in its entirety, while traditionally only some elements of the phrase were kept, and a whole part was lost.

Proust, or rather Swann, says that "there were marvellous ideas" in its development. At first there was the repetition of the little phrase. The rest was a bit blurred, and he couldn't really seize it. For the first time he realizes that regarding the rest of the piece: "There were marvellous ideas in it which Swann had not distinguished at the first hearing and that he perceived now, as if they had divested themselves, in the cloakroom of his memory, of the uniform disguise of novelty."

An example of deterritorialization are certain musical signs that don't function in systems of morphemes or phrases or systems of mathematical signs that function in equations, but that refer back to phrases or realities like those we experience in perception. I won't go into this right now because I don't want to dwell too much on deterritorialization...

Gilles Deleuze: Regarding this question, I'll take up the example that Félix has just quoted of the monocles in the second part of *Swann in Love*.

Up to then Swann had seen some faces, like the face of Odette. He needed to feed Odette's face with pictorial reminiscences. A face by Botticelli. Then there was a kind of layering of the one on the other. One might say, looking for a logical definition, that the faces were seized in their territoriality. They were understood at first as faces - either faces on a canvas or faces in flesh and blood. This is the state of territorialization of the face, which like everything else has its territorial states.

In the second moment, at the end of the love story, Swann becomes immersed in something completely different, when he goes to a reception. There what he begins to see are no longer the faces of the valets but an actual defection of those valets' faces that forms a kind of line. And he says this in the text, I remember...

Guattari: I'll read it afterwards.

Deleuze: Yes, you can read the quotation later. What he more or less says is that those faces lost the normal faculty they would have had - it goes without saying this means territorially - of making someone recognizable... "Oh, it's you, how are you?" They were just a system of lines. Let's just say this for the moment. It's a kind of state in which the face becomes deterritorialized. Then Swann

enters the salon, and the same thing happens with everyone there. Here you have the series of monocles.

The monocle or a scar or a pair of glasses are normally themselves part of the cycle of ordinary redundancies. Glasses as a redundancy of the eye, monocles as a redundancy of the eye. They're both ways of territorializing the face. Here, on the contrary, a line of deterritorialization is created, in which the whole of art is brought into play, as well as a new comprehension of Odette. It's no longer art that falls back on her face, it's her face that ends up dissolving. So, in this sense, we use the expression *line of deterritorialization* when this upending of the face occurs. The face is wrenched from its territoriality. It's no longer a face. But as Félix says, it melts into traits of faciality. And that's not all. What will these traits of faciality become?

A student: Isn't this portrait a bit like a mode of disinvestment?

Guattari: Oh, no, not at all. Precisely not!

Deleuze: There's the same degree of investment in the other.

The student: You mean in Odette. But what about disinvestment in Swann?

Deleuze: Ah... That's accompanied by the disinvestment of Odette herself.

The student: But the final word of Swann's love for Odette isn't something we can take for granted, after all he marries her, actually after the conclusion of *Swann in Love*.

Deleuze: Ok, I'm going too fast. Thanks...

Guattari: Ok, listen, I just want to link that with what I've prepared, and then we can pick up again this particular discussion about investments. Even if Proust sometimes has the temptation to refer to things as entities of a black-hole type - such as memory - here suddenly he's tempted to step into the shoes of the musicologist, as he attempts to make a dichotomous analysis of the little phrase. And he says: perhaps what gives me "that impression of a frigid and withdrawn sweetness" is the "closeness of the intervals between the five notes" and the "constant repetition" of each one of them. Then he stops and says, no it's a "mysterious entity," it's something else, a different universe. [Proust, *Swann's Way*, trans. C.K. Scott Moncrieff and Terence Kilmartin, revised D.J. Enright (New York: The Modern Library, 1998), p. 496]

There are different universes, species of bodiless entities created by artists like Vinteuil. And he accepts them as such. He says it's an experiment. They're not ineffable beings. He evokes the experiments of Lavoisier and Ampere. [Swann's Way, p. 499] Vinteuil has experimented with something quite extraordinary here. Proust says, "even when he was not thinking of the little phrase, it existed latent in his mind on the same footing as certain other notions without material equivalent, such as our notions of light, of sound, of perspective, of physical pleasure." [Swann's Way, p. 497] And here he has a kind of anti-cogito reaction. He recovers, he doesn't fall into the black hole, and he says how usually the soul is something we think about as similar to nothing. But then certain composers show us the theme they have discovered, of showing us "what richness, what variety, lies hidden, unknown to us, in that vast, unfathomed and forbidding night of our soul which we take to be an impenetrable void." [Swann's Way, p. 497] And at this point he says, we can't doubt the existence of this kind of, I would say, machine, of this machinic bloc, we can't doubt it any more than we can "doubt the luminosity of a lamp that has been lit". [Swann's Way, p. 498] It's as if he was questioning the reductionist procedure of Descartes. He says that what is at stake here is "an order of supernatural beings." [Swann's Way, p. 497]

The last point regarding this deterritorialization beginning from the musical phrase is the loss of the subject, the loss of the subject that is already sketched out in the iconic component through the redoublings, the lines, the proliferation of character portraits. Here, all of a sudden, the little phrase becomes the subject of the enunciated. It's the phrase itself that begins to speak, and the little phrase looks at the people around it, judges them, has its own opinions about their state of mind. It completely changes position with respect to the previous subject. There's a new assemblage. It's the little phrase that reorganizes the subjectivity of the people gathered in the salon and that of Swann himself... [*Tape interrupted*] [8:20]

Guattari: ... He describes a dream; in the dream we see the traits of faciality completely collapse: at a certain moment, he sees Mme Verdurin “who fixed her astonished gaze upon him for an endless moment” - so he goes back to the Verdurins as if nothing has happened - “during which he saw her face change shape, her nose grow longer”, and he sees her sprouting a large moustache. Swann is horrified, he turns and sees Odette who is as she was before, tender, loving, her eyes are in tears “eyes welling with affection”, and he says, these eyes “are ready to detach themselves like tears and to fall upon his face.” [Swann’s Way, p. 539] The eyes are just about to fall on Swann.

Everything is replayed in an enormous wave of tenderness. But then Odette says: “I have to go.” Swann is speaking to Mme Verdurin, and Odette leaves without fixing another appointment with him. She leaves together with Napoleon III who happens to be there. The series of monocles continues, the series of generals, of moustached faces. And in that moment, the whole of faciality collapses, and with Odette, it's over, and Swann says: “he hated Odette, he would gladly have gouged out those eyes which a moment ago he had loved so much, have crushed those flaccid cheeks.” [Swann’s Way, p. 539] [*Tape interrupted*] [9:46]

Deleuze: How does his life fall into a hole all of a sudden, without him foreseeing anything? Why all at once? It could have been something else and not Odette and Swann. Last Tuesday we spoke about black holes. [*Tape interrupted*] [10:04]

Deleuze: ... Let's imagine that there's a moment that functions like a black hole and like subjective redundancy. We will have to go back to the text... If you're interested it's a good chance to reread some passages of Swann. It seems to me that the system of redundancy: Odette-Swann continually reappears... [*Tape interrupted*] [10:37]

Deleuze: ... In Swann’s case, what interests him above all is painting. When he sees a little maid, he thinks of... it's a strange thing, because this really is redundancy, redundancy of resonance. I need it to remind me of something. If it doesn't remind me of anything I'm lost. For him the essential thing is that a thing reminds him of a great painting. Then it works. So, what does he do? In the centre you have... I'm simplifying... in the centre are the two faces. But there's a crisis here. It's not so simple. Once again, let's not forget our method. There's no good or bad. We can't say black holes are no good. It's not easy to make yourself a black hole. It's love-passion. [*On love-passion, see A Thousand Plateaus, pp. 133-133, and for Swann, pp. 186-189*]

So, we have these two faces: Odette and Swann. And it doesn't entirely work. It envelops, following a line of life. Swann resorts to his procedure, surrounding it with another line, the line of art, so as to close it in completely, and to constitute the black hole of love-passion. So, we have Odette-Botticelli, Botticelli-Odette. This changes everything. She reminds me of something... Redundancy. The redundancy of Odette's face and Swann's face. The redundancy of the flower given by Odette and the flower given by Swann. [*Tape interrupted*] [13:00]

Deleuze: ... The line of art intervenes to surround and to guarantee the enveloping of the lived line,

in such a way that it clearly reminds me of something. Swann is really sucked into the black hole. But then he makes this astonishing encounter, which doesn't form part of his procedure. All this is part of lived experience. Our procedures are always surpassed. We use them to surpass what doesn't work in experience and then they themselves are surpassed by something that is perhaps like a proper name. Swann hears Vinteuil's little phrase. It's a third line, a musical line. Vinteuil's little phrase has moved him.

But in which form has it moved him? It has moved him because he says to himself: "All this is unexpected. It'll allow me to go right to the end of love-passion. And he uses it as a kind of third line that will bind all the lines. It will assure the love-passion black hole and will have, to go back to my drawing from earlier [*Deleuze moves to the board*] -- I don't know, what was it I did here, well anyway -- [*In what follows, he traces with his finger across the previous drawing*] Swann, Odette, their tumbling towards the black hole of love-passion through the lived line of the two faces, the necessary pictorial line, the musical line - and there has to be a system of perpetual redundancy from one line to another. To the point where, at this level, Vinteuil's little phrase will be ripped from the piece it belongs to. It will have a value, like a signature tune on the radio or TV.

Vinteuil's little phrase springs up and Swann looks at Odette. Odette looks at Swann. The phrase makes redundancy with the pictorial signs; it makes redundancy with the faces to the point where it becomes a sign between the two, to the point that he doesn't give a shit about the rest of Vinteuil's great sonata. "Ah, my little phrase!", Odette winks. "Do you remember our little phrase," and he says: "Yes, the little phrase". It's the system of subjective redundancies... [*Tape interrupted*] [16:07]

Yolande Finkelstein: I'd like to say something.

Deleuze: About the drawing? Ok.

Finkelstein: There's a drawing I'd like to make.

Deleuze: Ah, you have the chalk...

Finkelstein: It goes like this: Odette, Swann, and from then on it's the same drawing as the one you did. Meaning that from now on... I can't even say it.

Deleuze: You feel you want to add a vertical line.

Finkelstein: I mean there is a separation...

Deleuze: Ok, ok.

Finkelstein: There's a separation, here's Odette, here's Swann, and on each side, we can make the drawing you made but there's a moment when...

Deleuze: We'll deal with it like that.

Finkelstein: ... when there's a terrible fracture, which isn't of the same order as the relation between art and music.

Deleuze: Indeed, we need that for the second moment. We can add it. Without further commentary. Like that it's perfect.

Finkelstein: Yes, those are across. [*Referring to the connecting lines that Deleuze draws*]

Deleuze: There you have it. That's the cowardice of women for you.

Another student: Let's suppose that Swann's signs of love for Odette, let's suppose a superposition of sense for the signs of the Verdurins' salon. In that case all the signs of love emitted by Swann towards Odette enter not into a deterritoriality, but in a territoriality of the signs of Verdurin. So, well no...

Deleuze: Fantastic! I think that suits me perfectly. We need this. As you said, in the first moment it's the system of black holes that belongs to the territoriality of the Verdurins, with some nuances.

The student: But this screws up the possibility of speaking of aesthetics and of Swann's aestheticism. What does Swann's aestheticism mean? For us Beethoven, or Wagner for the Verdurins relate to a single sign of communication. And the same occurs in the case of the Guermites. That's why we can't speak about deterritoriality.

Deleuze: You're going too fast; you're going too fast.

The student: The thing is that Swann plays alone when the real refuses to play. Or he plays in his own way perhaps. A lot of words like "aesthetics" or "reality" become pointless.

Deleuze: Wait a minute... Why do you think that Swann at this level, why is Swann always presented as a dilettante and not as an artist? Swann isn't Vinteuil or Vermeer - he's a dilettante. A dilettante is someone who makes a territorializing use of aesthetics or art. He's interested in it only insofar as it reminds him of something. On this point, you're completely right - he's in the territoriality of the Verdurins.

But even more so his love for Odette is seized by the Verdurins' territoriality. What characterizes Swann's aestheticism is that he still makes territorializing use of art. The little phrase - he makes a territorializing use of this phrase - ends up being bound to the perfume of the chrysanthemum... of a flower, so he makes a territorializing use of it between himself, Odette and this flower. So, from one end to the other, you're completely right as far as this moment is concerned.

But then there's another moment where we wouldn't say the same thing. What happens in this second moment that Félix described, if I try to connect it to the first? A strange thing happens. For a million reasons beginning with the sorrow or whatever Proust describes at length. And here the line - in this case it happens to be the pictorial line - begins to flow. And it's then that Swann begins...

Another student: Can you erase the rest of the blackboard?

Deleuze: It's not worth it. It has one advantage, it's quite clear like that. It wouldn't change anything if... And so... it's at that very moment that Swann begins... not to become an artist, he will never be one, but to understand what an artist is.

The student: Which is to say?

Deleuze: Which is to say that the musical line announces it, more and more. This other line, no longer pictorial but musical, will have a value in itself. It no longer depends on instruments. Instruments may embody it, but they don't bring it into being... [*Tape interrupted*] [21:50]

Deleuze: ... It starts to flow of its own account, *sine materia*. Proust, who by the way rarely uses Latin, uses a Latin word here. If he uses a Latin word, it's clear he's deterritorializing himself. So it's

the instruments that depend on music and not the other way round. Painting begins to fall away; it's not even painting anymore and the faces become deformed. There's a deterritorialization of faces, a deterritorialization of the musical phrase. And also, a deterritorialization of the love for Odette, and this deterritorialization of the love for Odette will be expressed in the idea of Odette at the other end of the world... [*Tape interrupted*] [22:44]

Deleuze: ... The problem we posed from the beginning, whatever digressions may have occurred -- though I would add that, today, they aren't really digressions -- the problem we've been dealing with from the very beginning is to try to understand how a particular type of power -- the power of the face -- is constituted and how it functions. For this reason, I found it opportune to briefly mention earlier how a society doesn't just function through the cop's truncheon. You have to be an idiot if you think that. It also functions through a cop's face; it functions through the teacher's face. Kids at grade school say: "Ooh, the teacher looked at me".

The student: And what about the blackboard?

Deleuze: Be quiet and let me finish. [*Pause*] The blackboard isn't me. [*Laughter*] "The teacher, the teacher looked at me, she looked at me!" There's a power in that. It's not a matter of generating power from the face but of saying that the face or faciality is caught up in systems of power. We have to analyze it like -- but no one's forcing us, we could speak about something else if you like, fine -- we have to analyze it as a cog in certain mechanisms of power... [*Tape interrupted*] [24:27]

[*During this break in filming, someone seems to have insisted that Deleuze respond rather than another student, to which Deleuze reacts with astonishment, although seemingly with good humor*]

Deleuze: [*Noises of students around Deleuze*] ... Incredible. [*Laughter*] Incredible this reaction that consists in telling me that it's my responsibility to answer when someone speaks. I don't see why I should. Sibony, go ahead and speak, go ahead. Don't let them treat you like that.

Daniel Sibony: I don't really see the problem. Actually, there is no problem. We're trying to speak about how things really function, how they really work. Speaking about the face of the teacher, I have a feeling that this is really new! This is speaking seriously about power, and power, that is, that functions really, how that, how that, when you are inside it, how we operate within it, how we are within it, how that works... [*Tape interrupted*] [25:18]

Sibony: I was speaking about the face of Giscard d'Estaing... Will you listen? Let me... either ask a fucking question or let me finish my sentence!

Another woman student [*shouting at Sibony*]: [*Indistinct, repeated command*]

Sibony: Let me finish! Please, let me finish, I won't take long. I simply wanted to say that we can speak about the face or the voice of Giscard d'Estaing in a way that can be very useful, and it certainly doesn't mean, I don't know, being interested in what's happening in the metro or what's happening currently in prisoners in jails.

Another student: That's a topic for practical class sessions, my friend.

Sibony: No... [*The students make even more noise, preventing him from speaking*]

A woman student: Can't you stand up so we can see your face? [*Laughter and noise from students*]

Another student: His face. [*Tape interrupted*] [25:58]

Deleuze: ... What Félix and I are proposing are things we have already written. We're giving back to you our old tricks. I am saying this is defamatory [*Deleuze laughs and sits down*] ... [*Tape interrupted*] [26:18]

A student: The inspectors on the metro, the people in prison, the CGT [General Confederation of Labour] ...

Deleuze: These people don't have faces in your view?

The first student: In a Fascist kind of way but one finds faces that are only visible ... [*indistinct words*] And at Vincennes, compared to how it used to be, we just have pointless conversations. I don't know why I came.

Other students: [*Indistinct comments*]

The first student: Whether the conversations are pointless or not, compared to other conversations...

Another student: I mean, we're all in the metro, we all take the metro.

The first student: Yes, but there, Vincennes in relation to what it was seems to me particularly hard to bear.

Another student: No, come on, listen, we're fed up with this.

Deleuze: No really what they are saying is good, for someone to say... sorry, you'll speak in a minute...

The student: [*He continues while blocking Deleuze, unclear words*]

Deleuze: If he says... in fact, if he says...

A woman student: Why do we bother closing the door, we're being watched all the time, by spies. Everybody's spying through their face.

Another student: The problem is that the spies... [*unclear words*]

Another student: Everyone judges through faces...

Another student: It's been two years that I've wanted to say that.

Another student: All that's been said already, it's stupid...

Students: [*Different voices, unclear words*]

Yolande Finkelstein: No, but I mean, for me, it's the first time I've come to this class. I haven't been coming for two years. I mean, I don't know, what's going on here?

Another student: We are coming here... [*Unclear words*]

Yolande Finkelstein: When I say "here" I mean... [*Pause, voices*] Anyhow, when Deleuze talks, he talks about certain things, and then suddenly, one day something happens and all hell breaks loose,

about Power relations, stuff like that, another thing... what's going on? So, there's some individual thing which suddenly is about power relations, other stuff, vague, ambiguous stuff. So, how does that work as well? everyone functions as well...

Another student: Well, that is the question! ... [*Diverse voices, unclear words [Tape interrupted]* [28:01]

Guattari: ... [What we're trying to do here] is to dismantle things and to find tools and modes of orientation different from those of psychoanalysis or Marxist principles, with the result that we sometimes take certain liberties gabbing about Proust or whatever without having to censor ourselves like what goes on in the army. Maybe we're even taking the shortest route. I've no idea. [*Tape interrupted*] [28:23]

Yolande Finkelstein [*addressing the student who spoke about metros*]: No, but I'd like to answer him...

Guattari [*speaking to the student who has mentioned the metros*] You're saying that that works, so let's talk about it. I don't think that it's ...

Yolande Finkelstein: But I want to say something to him... Considering what you were saying about the street, the metro, the prisons... there are some interesting things happening now. On the bus a few years ago, there used to be a driver and a ticket inspector at the back that you showed your ticket to. Now there's just one person on the bus. And what does he do? He's both driver and cop. And the other day I heard a driver say quite explicitly: "I have eyes everywhere. That's why I'm here!" If you don't show him your bus pass or whatever, he knows it, you see. In the same way that when you go to a store or supermarket, the cashiers and the salesperson don't just sell you their merchandise, but they also know why you're there, meaning whether you're going to buy or shoplift.

And in relation to this it seems to me, I don't know, that in the Communist Party, for example... I'm probably talking shit, but I don't really give a fuck about the PC... but it seems to me that in the places where we meet to talk, we don't really talk, and that, for example, there don't seem to be certain moments, in the bus or in the supermarket, or, fine... to deactivate these mechanisms. That's extremely important. After all, what is it that we are living every day?

Deleuze: For myself, I'd say that, actually, what we are living every day is...

The student [*to whom Yolande was speaking*]: You're saying that it's visible from one's face?

Yolande Finkelstein: No, I'm not saying that it's visible from someone's face... [*Pause, voices*] I'm not saying it's visible from someone's face because when I walk into the supermarket, all the shopgirls are going to move in on me before I've taken anything at all! [30:00] [*Huge laughter; Deleuze stands rubbing his face*] [*Tape interrupted*] [30:08]

Deleuze: ... The faces of the cops are not just the ones behind their truncheons, they're not just in the street. And there doesn't even need to be a teacher. There is a presence. That's why we use this word, faciality. It's not metaphysics, so what is it? It serves to indicate that the face doesn't need to be present in flesh and blood. The teacher can very well leave the school. There will still be something. A cog of power that doesn't need to be embodied in actuality. So, we might wonder, does it function as a super-ego? A number of psychoanalysts would say it does. Or you too might think so... But what about us? We think that notions such as super-ego are completely worthless and that cogs of power don't function in this way. So how do they function? And then, some people ask, where does all this lead to? It leads to a choice. To make them function or to make them

dysfunctional. To analyze the power relations that are established in a room and not only these. We'll have to wait until the next lesson which will be of an entirely different nature. All that, as they say, is politics... [*Tape interrupted*] [31:48]

Georges Comtesse: Considering what you say, what you think, what you think about Proust... in your view, what is it, at the moment of the face collapsing, of the rupture of the anchoring point that fixes it to the territory... what is it that in that moment, in that collapse, makes hatred arise?

Guattari: Roughly speaking, it happens when the eyes go blind... [*Tape interrupted*] [32:23]

Guattari: ... At the last moment he tries to reconstruct Odette's faciality, and all the facialities take off, with the business of the monocles, the nose that elongates, etc. At that moment, in this way, he knows he has to reconstruct something else, to recreate a world, and hatred arises out of the fact that he doesn't have the talent to make lines of flight. [*Tape interrupted*] [32:46]

Eric Alliez [*screaming much of what follows*]: We are all in ideology! That's the first point, as soon as we engage in culture! First of all, we have to consider the question we are posing. And here I'm going to quote a woman, the adolescent, Colette. Naturally... I'm quoting this stuff, the decors, the unrequited dreams, the castles in Bavaria. I'm talking about Colette, because what is Colette?

Comments off-camera, perhaps Deleuze: [*Indistinct words*]

Alliez: No, no, no, no, no. I'm talking about that. Panait Istrati, Kazantzakis. These three guys are not at all... neither left-wing nor... I don't know what Colette was; nobody talks about Colette... and this guy there [Deleuze], *he* talks all the time! How you talk! [*Laughter*] I've had it up to here! [*Noises of student voices reacting, Alliez's words get lost momentarily*] I've seen *The Travelling Players*. That's what I'm talking about. It's beautiful and open. But it's true that everything is contaminated by the plague. There's something that has to be said. At the height of fascism, in a musical or something, she started to say: "Long live happiness." And I oppose Colette to Kafka... [*Tape interrupted*] [34:07]

Alliez: Yesterday there was a writer on TV, Didier Decoin on Jacques Chancel's show [*Radio show, "Radioscopie" on France-Inter*], who said "It's marvellous being a priest and giving God orders". So, the left, like Guattari, you want to give orders to God, to the party? What the fuck is that about? Are you priests? That's not the problem, of course. [*Pause*]

Discussion off-camera, perhaps Deleuze: [*Indistinct words*]

Alliez: You... you... the thing is..., it's that, the thing is, it's that... [*Pause*] Zorba, he dances confronting the fascism in Greece! What is that all about, eh? And not at the level of madness, the problem is elsewhere. [*Pause*]

Discussion off-camera, perhaps Deleuze: [*Indistinct words*]

Alliez: It's very important. I pose the question because everyone is... I don't know what we should do... There are two solutions: suicide, which is the bungled act, and resistance, which is the obscure. And between the two, dance! There are no other situations worth speaking about. Because if we talk about the system, it's the Fascists that get discussed... And Pasolini, according to some his films are brilliant, but for me something's wrong. He's in Christ. Opposing Christ to the Church is fantastic, it's pure Dostoyevsky, it goes back to guilt and absolution... The revolt of [*Indistinct name*], the father of the Tzars, it must have been really hard for him! [*Tape interrupted*] [35:35]

Alliez [*screaming*] ... hey, will you let me...? The PC represents half the workers in France.

A student [*attempting to respond*]: [*Indistinct words, cut off*]

Alliez [*screaming*]: You, you're not in touch with the workers!

Another student: What are you talking about?

Alliez [*screaming*]: Absolutely not!

First student: [*Unclear words, perhaps*]: So, I'm a conspirator?

Eric Alliez: No... [*Tape interrupted*] [35:49]

Alliez: ... I'm posing a question, the question of war. You, Deleuze, said that Freud got it wrong! He was in ideology and talked about the death drive of war. It's backfiring on us! What is this shit? Today in France there's a war psychosis. We don't even know where the enemy is. Once it was China...

A woman student: You're just saying the same thing that they said. They were talking about [*Voices block her words*] and so on. If you had listened, maybe you would have... [*Voices block her, everyone speaks at once*]

Sound recordist: Did you film everything?

Marielle Burkhalter: Yes!

Sound recordist: The sound isn't great... [*Pause; noises of students*]

Deleuze [*Image of Deleuze standing with arms wrapped around himself*]: There we are, let's say ... [*Noises of students standing and leaving*]

Marielle Burkhalter: It wasn't bad. [*End of the session*] [37:01]