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JOHN CARROLL

LETTER 7

You're charming, clever. You might try to be a bit nicer . . . ing sometimes on what you think, or a mixture of the two supposedly sorry predicaments trapped, completely trapped that I've become a lousy delusioning I can do about it all. You along behind you, the real blood, savoring your poison and capitalize on what you're and pretend schizophrenics starting to see the attraction your letter supposed to imply trapped, you're trapped, "and no self-respect, you're just to it say, why bother? You're get book about me. Your letter's revenge.

In the first place, though, this book. You say you did it money for social advancement

all that. Then again, that's your business, and I told you from the start that your book was nothing to do with me, that I wasn't going to read it, or I would read it when it came out, as saying something about you. You came to see me asking for something or other you could put in it. And really just to be nice to you, I suggested an exchange of letters—as simpler and less tedious than a taped interview. On the understanding that the letters would be printed quite separately from your book, as a sort of appendix. You're already taking advantage of me by distorting our agreement somewhat and complaining that I've behaved like some old Duchesse de Guermantes saying "You will hear from me," like an oracle telling you to use the mail, or like Rilke refusing to give any advice to a young poet. Oh, patience.

Being kind isn't, it must be said, your strong point. If I ever stopped liking and admiring people and (some) things, I'd feel dead, deadened. But you Int, you seem to have been burnt thoroughly bitter, you sneer at everything: "Nobody fools me . . . I'm doing a book about you, but you'll see . . ." Of all possible interpretations you generally choose the most basic or spiteful. Example number one: I like and admire Foucault. I write an article about him. And he wrote one about me, from which you quote the remark: "Maybe one day we'll see the century as Deleuzian." Your version of this is that we're trading compliments. It doesn't seem to cross your mind that I might really admire Foucault, or that his little remark's a joke meant to make people who like us laugh, and make everyone else livid. There's a piece you know that explains this innate spitefulness of people who come from the militant left: "If you like big ideas, then try talking about kindness and fraternity at a leftist meeting. They specialize in all forms of carefully calculated animosity: in greeting anybody, present or absent, friend or foe, and anything they say, with aggressiveness and put-downs. They don't want to understand people, but to check them over." You're checking me over very carefully in your letter. I remember a guy from Gay Lib once saying in a meeting that it was just as well they were around to be our guilty conscience . . . Weird ambition, bit like a cop, to be someone's guilty conscience. And you too, it's as though you think doing a book about (or against) me gives you some power over me. No way. The idea of feel-

ing guilty is, for me, just as repugnant to my conscience.

Example number two: my fingernails. I don't cut them. At the end of your letter (it's actually a peasant's jacket) is a picture of my bodice and my fingernails are like: O. You shower me with ironic and spiteful remarks several times, my fingernails, let's cut them. My mother used to cut them for me, but I don't like complex and castration (a ridiculous and hysterical one). One might also note, I haven't got the normal protective white enamel, especially fabric, causes such irritation. I don't correct them (a teratological selectionist might say, and it's true, that I dream of being a girl, and the closest I can get to the dream is to keep in my pockets, so I find nothing to do but look at them (a social psychologist might, finally, say: "You musn't bite your fingernails, part of you; if you like fingernails, bite them, and get the chance" (a Darwin-style² piece of advice). You choose the shabbiest interpretation of my comment, want to do a Garbo. It's strange, I have never commented on my nails, but you have, though they'd just landed there like lightning, and nobody bothers mentioning.

I'll come, now, to your first criticism of my different ways of saying: You're stuck, you're a public prosecutor. I'm not admitting a fault, and through no fault of mine, is a book about me. I see what I've written. I belong to a generation, that was more or less bludgeoned out of philosophy. The history of philosophy's role in philosophy, it's philosophy's complex: "You can't seriously consider philosophy until you've read this and that, and that." Many members of my generation never got on by inventing their own particular r

¹Adapted from "Les Cals énergumènes," *Revolutions* (March 1973), pp. 148-49.

approach. I myself "did" history of philosophy for a long time: read books on this or that author. But I compensated in various ways: by concentrating, in the first place, on authors who challenged the rationalist tradition in this history (and I see a secret link between Lucretius, Hume, Spinoza, and Nietzsche, constituted by their critique of negativity, their cultivation of joy, the hatred of inferiority, the externality of forces and relations, the denunciation of power . . . and so on). What I most detested was Hegelianism and dialectics. My book on Kant's different; I like it, I did it as a book about an enemy that tries to show how his system works, its various cogs—the tribunal of Reason, the legitimate exercise of the faculties (our subjection to these made all the more hypocritical by our being characterized as legislators). But I suppose the main way I coped with it at the time was to see the history of philosophy as a sort of buggery or (it comes to the same thing) immaculate conception. I saw myself as taking an author from behind and giving him a child that would be his own offspring, yet monstrous. It was really important for it to be his own child, because the author had to actually say all I had him saying. But the child was bound to be monstrous too, because it resulted from all sorts of shifting, slipping, dislocations, and hidden emissions that I really enjoyed. I think my book on Bergson's a good example. And there are people these days who laugh at me simply for having written about Bergson at all. It simply shows they don't know enough history. They've no idea how much hatred Bergson managed to stir up in the French university system at the outset and how he became a focus for all sorts of crazy and unconventional³ people right across the social spectrum. And it's irrelevant whether that's what he actually intended.

It was Nietzsche, who I read only later, who extricated me from all this. Because you just can't deal with him in the same sort of way. He gets up to all sorts of things behind your back.⁴ He gives you a perverse taste—certainly something neither Marx nor Freud ever gave anyone—for saying simple things in your own way, in affects, intensities, experiences, experiments. It's a strange business, speaking for yourself, in your own name, because it doesn't at all come with seeing yourself as an ego or a person or a subject. Individuals find a real name for themselves, rather, only through the harshest exercise in depersonalization, by opening themselves up to the multiplicities everywhere within them, to the intensities running through them. A

name as the direct awareness of x opposite of the depersonalization ephy; it's depersonalization through one says comes from the depths of one's own underdevelopment. One larities, words, names, fingernails, the reverse of a celebrity. So anyway, these meandering lines, *Difference and* I know well enough that they're they're heavy going, but they're something inside me, to treat writing some passages in *Difference and Repetition*, for instance, because it's ing experiences. That's as far as it w

And then there was my meeting understood and complimented, de in short, loved—one another. Out takes things a step further. I've word for some of the hostility toward the are two writers, because people w and take different positions. So the elements and identity who did what else, is already various people, it get n't of course claim that *Anti-Oedipus* ly apparatus: it's still pretty academic Pop Philosophy or Pop Analysis we way it's the people who've read lots lyric books in particular, who find o What exactly is a body without orga "desiring machines"?⁵ Those, on d much, who haven't been drilled by p learn and happily pass over what they said that, in principle at least, the bo ty-year-olds. There are, you see, two see it as a box with something inside nifies, and then if you're even more after signifiers. And you treat the n the first or containing it. And you a

tion, and write a book about the book, and so on and on. Or there's the other way: you see the book as a little non-signifying machine, and the only question is "Does it work, and how does it work?" How does it work for you? If it doesn't work, if nothing comes through, you try another book. This second way of reading's intensive: something comes through or it doesn't. There's nothing to explain, nothing to understand, nothing to interpret. It's like plugging in to an electric circuit. I know people who've read nothing who immediately saw what bodies without organs were, given their own "habits," their own way of being one. This second way of reading's quite different from the first, because it relates a book directly to what's Outside. A book is a little cog in much more complicated external machinery. Writing is one flow among others, with no special place in relation to the others, that comes into relations of current, countercurrent, and eddy with other flows—flows of shit, sperm, words, action, criticism, money, politics, and so on. Take Bloom, writing in the sand with one hand and masturbating with the other: what's the relation between those two flows? Our outside, at least one of our outsides, was a particular mass of people (especially young people) who are fed up with psychoanalysis. They're "trapped," to use your expression, because they generally continue in analysis even after they've started to question psychoanalysis—but in psychoanalytic terms. (On a personal note, for example, how can boys from Gay Lib, and girls from Women's Lib, and plenty others like them, go into analysis? Doesn't it embarrass them? Do they believe in it? What on earth are they doing in a crutch?) The fact that this current is there made *Anti-Oedipus* possible. And if psychoanalysis, ranging from the most stupid to the most intelligent ones, have as a whole greeted the book with hostility, but defensively rather than aggressively, that's obviously not just because of its content but because of this growing current of people getting fed up listening to themselves saying "daddy, mommy, Oedipus, castration, regression" and seeing themselves presented with a really inane image of sexuality in general and of their own sexuality in particular. Psychoanalysis are going to have to take account, in the old phrase, of the "masses," of little masses. We get wonderful letters about this from a psychoanalytic lumpenproletariat that are much better than critics' reviews.

This intensive way of reading, in contact with what's outside the

book, as a flow meeting other flows, is not a series of experiments for each reader. It's got nothing to do with books, as texts, as they interact with other things, also. That's exactly how you read the book. The bit I think is rather wonderful is: "When you read the book, what you yourself have to do is not to have to rush straight back into it. You'll be waiting for your second volume to come straight away . . ." "No, you're not. You're not to go next. We'll do the sequel. We'll do the sequel. Except it won't be anything like the first. On the other side, it will be something so different that anyone 'waiting' for us will have to wait. Or we're frauds, or we couldn't do it. Or we're going to confound people. Not that we'll go mad in our own way and do it. We're well aware that there are a lot of compromises, too full of them, in the world of like concepts. So we'll change, we'll change fully. Some people think we're changing. Some lines, some even thought we were going to be a lyric group." "Yuck. Our minds are going to be and more fun. We're going to do it. We need to any more. And we'll want us."

I'm trapped, am I? It's not just that we're into little leaders of a little school. People do with *Anti-Oedipus*, because we're trapped politically, reduced to glorified social worker"; it's not just that among all sorts of other things, we're the one who's disrupted the machinery of the world from the intellectual's class. We can think of its provocation, its provocation ("admit it, admit it . . ."). We're rapidly approaching an end of secrecy, the dawn of a desire that

see me as trapped professionally, because I went on talking for two years at Vincennes and now, you-say-they-say, I'm no longer doing anything there. You think that by continuing to talk I was in a contradictory position, "refusing to play the professor, but stuck in teaching, still chugging along after everyone else had gone off the rails." I don't see any contradiction; I'm not some beautiful soul⁷ living out my tragic predicament; I went on talking because I really wanted to, and I was encouraged, attacked, interrupted by militants, people acting crazy and people who really were, idiots and really intelligent characters . . . Vincennes was a sort of ongoing party. It went on like that for two years, which is long enough, it couldn't go on indefinitely. And now that I'm not talking in that context any more, you say or report people saying I'm doing nothing, that I'm impotent, a big old sterile queen. That's not true either: I've gone into hiding, and I'm still doing my own thing, with as few people as possible—and you, instead of helping me not to become a celebrity, you're there confronting me with the choice between impotence and contradiction. You see me, finally, as personally, domestically trapped. It's not your most subtle point. You explain I've got a wife, and a daughter who plays with dolls and powders around the house. And you think that in the light of *Anti-Oedipus* this is a huge joke. You might have added I've got a son who's almost old enough to go into analysis. If you think it's dolls that produce the Oedipus complex, or the mere fact of being married, that's pretty weird. The Oedipus complex is nothing to do with dolls, it's an internal secretion, a gland, and you can't fight oedipal secretions except by fighting yourself, by experimenting on yourself, by opening yourself up to love and desire (rather than the whining need to be loved that leads everyone to the psychoanalyst). Non-oedipal love is pretty hard work. And you should know that it's not enough just to be unmarried, not to have kids, to be gay, or belong to this or that group, in order to get round the Oedipus complex—given all the group complexes, oedipal gays, oedipalized women's libbers, and so on. Just look at the piece called "Us and the Arabs," which is even more oedipal than my daughter.

So there's nothing to "admit." The relative success of *Anti-Oedipus* doesn't compromise Félix or me; in a way it's nothing to do with us, because we're working on other things. So I'll move on to your other

⁷*Recherches* (March 1975).

more cruel and hurtful criticisms always just tagged along behind, people's experiments, on gays, lunatics, and so on, vaguely so, without ever taking any risks. Where I ask how we can avoid Artaud or fashionable admirers about me, given that I believe in rather than in representing this noble faith in accuracy and truth around, like anyone else I measure by my emotions, and even in what I write. And what do drug-users matter, if I can obtain? What's interesting isn't whether whether there are people doing, and me in mine, and when contact, chance encounters and and rallying-points (all that everyone else's guilty conscience nothing more than you owe me, because I've got my own. The character of this or that exclusional relations that ensure that any way (through homosexuality, *ditto by other means*. We have to count that," and who do so, moreover, thing to their childhood or fatal terms: I don't know what I am, ment with so many things in a gay can ever definitively say "I'm or that sort of human, but of human becoming"⁸—not seeing unraveling your body's human zone of bodily intensity, with cellular zones, and the groups, people. Who's to say I can't talk about about it like a dog? What's to

being an addict, if I talk about them like a little bird? And why shouldn't I invent some way, however fantastic and contrived, of talking about something, without someone having to ask whether I'm qualified to talk like that? Drugs can produce *déjà vu*, so why can't I get into *déjà vu* about drugs? Why does your particular version of "reality" have to come into it? You're a pretty unimaginative realist. And why do you bother reading me, if that's how you feel? Arguments from one's own privileged experience are bad and reactionary arguments. My favorite sentence in *Anti-Oedipus* is: "No, we've never seen a schizophrenic."

What, in sum, does your letter contain? Nothing about you, except the one bit I like. Lots of gossip, "things people say," where you deftly confuse what they're saying and what you're saying. And maybe that's what you set out to produce, a sort of self-contained jumble of echoes. It's a mannered letter, rather disdainful. You ask me for something you can publish, then say nasty things about me. My letter, given yours, seems like a self-justification. Wonderful. You're not an Arab, you're a jackal. You're doing all you can to turn me into what you complain I'm becoming, a little celebrity, ra ra ra. I can do without your help, but I do like you—to put an end to the gossip.

Printed in Michel Cressole's *Deleuze* (1978)

GILLES DELEUZE AND FÉLIX GUATARRI ON ANTI-OEDIPUS

One of you is a psychoanalyst, the other's a philosopher. How do you ask the question both psychoanalysis and philosophy answer differently: schizoanalysis. So what's the overall framework you conceive this project, and how has it affected each of you?

GILLES DELEUZE: I suppose I should tell you first of all we met each other, then such and such and a half years ago I met Félix. He thought I had and he could learn something from my analyst's feeling of responsibility nor an analyst's feelings of guilt, that is, I'd no particular problem. I didn't have to take it too seriously and for me psychoanalysis was such a sad business. But Félix, rather timidly in fact. Félix had to be, he was already calling "desiring machines": he had a very clear and practical conception of the unconscious, the schizophrenic unconscious. So I myself did not have more than I had. But for all his unconscious machine in terms of structures, signifiers, the philosophy was hardly surprising, since he owed so much to psychoanalysis. But I felt it would all work even better if he used concepts, instead of using notions that didn't

creative side but from an orthodoxy built up round him. Lacan himself says "I'm not getting much help." We thought we'd give him some schizophrenic help. And there's no question that we're all the more indebted to Lacan, once we've dropped notions like structure, the symbolic, or the signifier, which are thoroughly misguided, and which Lacan himself has always managed to turn on their head to bring out their limitations.

So Félix and I decided to work together. It started off with letters. And then we began to meet from time to time to listen to what the other had to say. It was great fun. But it could be really tedious too. One of us always talked too much. Often one of us would put forward some notion, and the other just didn't see it, wouldn't be able to make anything of it until months later, in a different context. And then we read a lot, not whole books, but bits and pieces. Sometimes we found quite ridiculous things that confirmed for us the damage wrought by Oedipus and the awful misery of psychoanalysis. Sometimes we found things we thought were wonderful, that we wanted to use. And then we wrote a lot. Félix sees writing as a schizoid flow, drawing in all sorts of things. I'm interested in the way a page of writing flies off in all directions and at the same time closes right up on itself like an egg. And in the resonances, the hitches, the lurches, and all the larvae you can find in a book. Then we really started writing together, it wasn't any problem. We took turns at rewriting things.

FÉLIX GLATTART: As for me, I had too many "backgrounds," four at least. I'd come from the Communist Party, and then the Left Opposition. Up to May 68 there was a lot of activism, a bit of writing—the "Nine Theses of the Left Opposition," for example. And then I'd been involved with the La Borde clinic at Cour-Cheverny from the time it was set up by Jean Oury in 1953 as an extension of Tosquelles's experiment;¹ we were trying to establish the theoretical and practical basis for institutional psychotherapy (I myself was working with notions like "transversality" and "group phantasm"). And then there were Lacan's seminars too, which I followed from the start. Last, I had a sort of schizoid background or discourse, I'd always liked schizophrénics, been drawn to them. You have to live with them to understand this. Schizophrenics do at least, unlike neurotics, have real

problems. My first work as a psychotherapist was using a tape recorder.

Now these four backgrounds, these four backgrounds or discourses but ways of life, some extent turn between them. May 68 cut me, as to so many others: we didn't know it now, is nevertheless a result of May. I felt a need to make some connections between these four backgrounds, how psychosis, for instance, in terms of schizophrenia. But I didn't have the connections. I'd written a piece in *Revolutions of the Other*,² full of Lacan, but no longer in use. I was still stuck in a kind of dialectics. What Gilles and I were things like the body without organs, the possibility of a logic of multiplicities connecting organs. In our book, logical operations are political and psychiatric, without reducing one to the other.

You're constantly contrasting a schizoanalytic writing machine and a psychoanalytic unconscious ways. You relate everything to schizophrenia. But no account of the whole area of machines, or of what he failed to understand the whole area of psychi-

FG: It's complicated. In some ways Freud's clinical material, his clinical base, came from Bleuler and Jung. It's always been like that, come into psychoanalysis, from Melanie Klein from psychosis. But then there's the Tao. I worried whether analytic concepts could account of the Schreber case you get all sorts of the feeling Freud really doesn't like schizophrenic things about them, really nasty things. Freud did take some account of death drive. Indeed, that's what psychoanalysis disobeys.

desire. They're constantly whirling, grinding away, churning stuff out, in any analysis. And analysts are always starting up machines, or restarting them, on a schizophrenic basis. But they may be doing or setting in motion things they're not fully aware of. What they do in practice may involve working with sketchy ideas of processes that aren't fully explained in their theory. There's no question that psychoanalysis has shaken up the whole area of mental health, it's been like a bomb smuggled inside. The way it's been compromised from the start doesn't really matter, it's shaken things up, it's forced people to organize things differently, it's uncovered desire. You yourself cite Freud's analysis of psychical apparatuses: there's the whole aspect of machinery, the production of desire, production lines. But then there's the other aspect, of personifying these apparatuses (as Superego, Ego, and Id), a theatrical *mise-en-scène* that substitutes merely representative tokens for the true productive forces of the unconscious. So desire's machines become more and more like stage machinery: the superego, the death instinct, becomes a *deus ex machina*. They come to work more and more behind the scene, in the wings. Or like machines for creating illusions, special effects. All desiring production is crippled. What we're saying is that Freud at once discovers desire as libido, as productive desire, and is constantly forcing the libido back into a domestic representation within the Oedipus complex. The same thing happens in psychoanalysis as Marx saw happening in economics: Adam Smith and Ricardo discovered the essence of wealth in productive labor but constantly forced it back into representations of ownership. It's the way it projects desire back onto the domestic stage that accounts for the failure of psychoanalysis to understand psychosis, for its coming to feel at home only with neurosis, and understanding neurosis itself in a way that misrepresents unconscious forces.

Is that what you mean when you talk about psychoanalysis taking "an idealist turn" with the Oedipus complex, and when you try to contrast a new materialism with idealism in psychiatry? What form does the distinction between materialism and idealism take in the field of psychoanalysis?

BO: What we're attacking isn't some supposed ideology behind psy-

choanalysis. It's the practice and theory said. There's no contradiction between saying that it's been going wrong from the start and saying that it's been going wrong from the start. There's no contradiction even though the pot set in right at the start. Psychoanalysis is a whole system of projective theory and practice: the reduction of a system of so-called unconscious representing forms of causation and expression of the factories of the unconscious to a Hamlet; the reduction of the social investments, and the projection of destinies. Oedipus again. We're not saying Oedipus complex. It gives people what Oedipus complex along with them. Psychoanalysis complex back on itself, oedipizes transference itself on the couch, its mucky little domestic or analytic form, the Oedipus complex for repressing desiring machines, of the unconscious itself. We're not saying equivalent, varies from one form of a rather, like the structuralists, that it's an in any diversion of unconscious forces. Oedipus complex from the standpoint but as it operates in the society that best society. We're not attacking it from the ideals beyond sexuality, but from the which can't be reduced to a "dirty little make any distinction between hypothe complex and the structural invariant, be it, you reach the same impasse, the machines. What psychoanalysis calls the Oedipus complex is a complete joke. less debt is inherited, the analysis never one, passed on from father to child. It's been spawned by the Oedipus complex children.

A materialist psychiatry is one that h

the one hand and desire into production on the other. *Desire* turns out on the father, not even "the name of the father," but on names in *History*.³ It's as if we were the incarnation of desiring machines in great *desiring* machines. What psychoanalysis sees in psychosis is the line of "paranoia" that leads into the Oedipus complex, castration, and so on, all the repressive apparatuses planted in the unconscious. But it can make nothing at all of the schizophrenic basis of *désire*, the line of "schizophrenia" tracing out its undomesticated pattern. Foucault said psychoanalysis remains deaf to the voice of unreason. Indeed, it neurotizes everything, and through this neurotization contributes not only to producing neurotics whose treatment never ends but also psychotics in the form of anyone resisting oedipization. It has no way at all of approaching schizophrenia directly. And in its idealism, its benevolent and theatrical idealism, it completely misses the unconscious character of actuality.

That book has a psychiatric and psychoanalytic side but also a political, economic side. How do you yourselves see the unity of these two sides? Are you in any way taking up Reich's approach? You talk about fascist investments, both in relation to desire and to the social field. That's certainly one thing that relates to both politics and psychoanalysis. But it's difficult to see how you propose to counter fascist investments. What is there to stop fascism? So it's not just a question of the book's unity but of its practical implications too: and these are of huge importance, because if nothing can prevent "fascist investments," if no one can contain them, if all one can do is recognize they're there, where do the political reflections get you, and what are you actually doing to change anything?

Right, like lots of other people, we're signaling the rise of a comprehensive fascism. We can see nothing, no reason, to stop it spreading. Or rather: either a revolutionary machine that can harness desire and the phenomena of desire will take shape, or desire will go on being manipulated by the forces of oppression, of regression, and so on, even from within, any revolutionary machine. We distinguish between two ways the social field's invested: preconsciously invested by interests and unconsciously invested by desire. The way interests are invested can be truly revolutionary, while at the same

time leaving in place unconscious investment revolutionary, that may even be fascist. In a point for the schizoanalysis we're proposing with its groups: that's where you get the most domestic elements and where the sometimes investments comes out. Schizoanalysis is militantly libidino-political analysis. By contrasting the social investment, we're not contrasting desire, but with interests that are merely economic and rather, that interests are always found and are determined by desire. So there can't be any revolutionary interests of oppressed classes until desire itself has any orientation that actually brings into play unreason. Because however you look at it, desire is part of the social field, so you don't have any time for concepts like ideology or the threat to revolutionary apparatuses comes from the view of interests, so the only people who ever get a section of the oppressed class, and this section is more thoroughly oppressive caste and hierarchy, even a pseudo-revolutionary organization is for the expression of desire (but you always distorted, at the basic level of organization). We're not of power active, positive lines of flight, because desire, desire's machines, and the organized organization of desire: it's not a matter of escaping "personally" or allowing something to escape, like bursting a pipe, but up flows beneath the social codes that seek to contain them. Desire never resists oppression, however, without the challenge being committed to the whole, and playing its part in the system. The thing we reject is all talk of a conflict between men being alienated by machines, and so on, supported by pseudo-left-wing organizations, tried to convince people it was just a load of spurious talk, while real workers knew where their real interests lay, and so on. Nobody was ever at that idiotic notion. What we say, in fact, is

thing like enough consumption, never anything like enough contrivance: people's interests will never turn in favor of revolution until lines of desire reach the point where desire and machine become indistinguishable, where desire and contrivance are the same thing, turning against the so-called natural principles of, for example, capitalist society. Now, this point is both terribly easy to reach, because it's there in even the tiniest desire, and terribly difficult to reach, because it brings into play all our unconscious investments.

GR: From this point of view there's no problem about the book's unity. It does indeed have two sides: it's both a criticism of the Oedipus complex and psychoanalysis, and a study of capitalism and the relations between capitalism and schizophrenia. But the first aspect is entirely dependent on the second. We attack psychoanalysis on the following points, which relate to its practice as well as its theory: its cult of Oedipus, the way it reduces everything to the libido and domestic investments, even when these are transposed and generalized into structuralist or symbolic forms. We're saying the libido becomes unconsciously invested in ways that are distinct from the ways interests are pre-consciously invested but that impinge on the social field no less than invested interests. And then there's *désire*: people have asked us if we've ever seen a schizophrenic; we might ask psychoanalysts whether they've ever listened to *désire*. *Désire* is world historical, nothing to do with the family. It fasci-ates on the Chinese, the Germans, Joan of Arc and the Great Mogul, Aryans and Jews, money, power, and production, not on mommy and daddy at all. Or rather, the tired old family drama depends entirely on the unconscious social investments that come out in *désire*, rather than the other way round. We try to show how this is true even for children. We're proposing schizoanalysis as opposed to psychoanalysis: just look at the two things psychoanalysis can't deal with: it never gets through to anyone's desiring machines, because it's stuck in oedipal figures or structures; it never gets through to the social investments of the libido, because it's stuck in its domestic investments. This comes out very well in the classic test-tube psychoanalysis of President Schreber. We're interested in something that's of no interest to psychoanalysts: What are your desiring machines like? How does your *désire* invest the social field? The unity of our book comes from the way we see the deficiencies of psy-

choanalysis as equally linked to its desire and its failure to grasp its own schizophrenic capitalism: although it tends toward constantly evading this fault, and try-

There are lots of references in your book both in and out of context; but it is not an "intellectual culture." Within that culture to ethnology, and not much to the English and American novelists, but how writing. Why, in particular, do you allow your reasons for rejecting that approach.

GR: We've no use for signifiers. We're to reject all that. Look at Foucault, *Of Signs*, [1971]. If our criticism of the because the signifier's a sort of call into an obsolete writing-machine: opposition of signifier and signified of the Signifier that emerges with comes to turn on the letter. That's il coding. What we're suggesting is this (in the age of writing) that, as it will form expulse that can be broken ordered relations between those. e least account for the tyrannical, te the signifier. It's an enormous arch empires. We're not even convinced these signifiers. That's why we turn ago he worked out a sort of Spinozic flows of content and expression doe as a system of continuous flows of u ed by machinic arrangements⁴ of di thing we didn't pursue in the boo agents of utterance that would supe uttering subject and the subject of dionalists: what we're interested in

schizophrenia. We're considering a problem to do with the close link between capitalism and psychoanalysis on the one hand, and between revolutionary movements and schizoanalysis on the other. We can talk in terms of capitalist paranoia and revolutionary schizophrenia, because we're not setting out from a psychiatric understanding of these words but rather from their social and political determinations, from which their psychiatric application follows only in specific circumstances. Schizoanalysis has one single aim—to get revolutionary, artistic, and analytic machines working as parts, cogs, of one another. Again, if you take *déjà*, we see it as having two poles, a fascist paranoid pole and a schizo-revolutionary pole. That's what we're interested in: revolutionary schisis⁷ as opposed to the despotic signifier. But anyway, there's no more point complaining in advance about misinterpretations, since you can't predict them, than fighting against them once they're made. It's better to get on with something else, to work with people going in the same direction. As for being responsible or irresponsible, we don't recognize those notions, they're for policemen and courtroom psychiatrists.

Conversation with Catherine Buckès-Clément
L'Arr 49 (1978)

ON A THOUSAND

CHRISTIAN DRSCAMPS: *So how are you?*
It's not just a book for specialists; it seems to have the musical sense of the term. It's not organic essence of something. Look at the table of contents: 1914 is the war but the Wolf-Mann's case, Artaud comes up, the body without organs, d'Aurevilly produces a theory of the novel, 1837 Schumann's . . . The dates here are very chronological progression. Your pleasure

GILLES DELEUZE: *It's like a set of splines that don't fit into any other. Each ring, or each climate, its own tone or timbre. It's a book that has always dealt with concepts, and I don't invent or create concepts. But there are many concepts. For ages people have used the concept of thing is (its essence). We, though, are interested in the situation in which things happen: in what situation a particular thing happens, how does it happen, as we see it, should express an event. The book allows us to introduce elementary novel concepts. A concept like the ritornello, for example*

ations we feel like humming a tune. Or take the face: we think faces have to be made, and not all societies make faces, but some need to. In what situations does this happen, and why? Thus each ring or plateau has to map out a range of circumstances; that's why each has a date—an imaginary date—and an illustration, an image too. It's an illustrated book. What we're interested in, you see, are modes of individuation beyond those of things, persons, or subjects: the individuation, say, of a time of day, of a region, a climate, a river or a wind, of an event. And maybe it's a mistake to believe in the existence of things, persons, or subjects. The title *A Thousand Plateaus* refers to these individuations that don't individuate persons or things.

GD: *These days, books in general—and philosophy books in particular—are in an odd position. On the one hand there's a cult of celebrity trumpeting spurious books concocted from current fashions; on the other hand we see a sort of refusal to analyze people's work, based on some hazy notion of expression. Jean-Luc Godard suggests, for his part, that what counts isn't so much expression, but impressions. A philosophy book's at once a difficult sort of book, yet something anyone can use, an amazingly open toolbox, as long as they have some use for it, want to use it, in some particular situation. A Thousand Plateaus offers us knowledge-effects; but how can we present it without turning it into an opinion-effect, a star-effect, amidst all the chattering that each week "discovers" some important new work? The way the opinion-makers talk, you'd think we didn't need any concepts at all. That we could get by just as well with some vague subculture of magazines and reviews. Philosophy as an institution is under threat. Vincennes, that wonderful laboratory, has been carried away.² But this book, full of scientific, literary, musical, and ethnological ritornellos, sets out to work with concepts. It actually embodies—with great fun—a gamble that philosophy can resurface as a Gay Science . . .*

It's a complicated question. In the first place, philosophy isn't just the preserve of philosophy teachers. You're a philosopher by becoming one, that is, by engaging in a very special form of creation, in the realm of concepts. Guattari's an amazing philosopher, particularly when he's talking about politics, or about music. But you want me to talk about the possible place or role of this sort of book these days. More generally, you want me to talk about what's happening in the field of books these days. We've been going through a period of reac-

tion in all fields for several years. Affected books. People are seeking legal space, and an economic reactionary, artificial, and crippled which *Libération* should have in part in the process, but they're not. How can we resist the established? What part can philosophy play in this? Sartre played an odd part in all sorts of ways. And what belongs was, I think, a strong current. Lyotard, Serrea, Faye, Châtelet. The problematic is the situation in which young writers who're involved in themselves. They face the threat of becoming very difficult to do. "acculturation" and anticreative taking shape. It's far worse than ferment beneath the surface, impossible. This sterile phase was the moment just about all one. So the question that interests me is whether there are any reasonable writers, musicians, painters, poets, or trying to do, from which we can find evidence. Someone, at any rate, who's what's happening in the field of books. Maybe someone like Robert

ROBERT MACGOTTRELL: *Some people have given in A Thousand Plateaus whether it's not playing the central role in the analysis. For in the chapters devoted to "The Regimes of Signs"³; you don't get an utterance⁴ that in a way cut through the furthermore, easily enough see the *Labour, Hjeltnesien, and Revenistes*. And yet one gets the impression*

within language zones of scientificity that might be semantically, syntactically, phonematically, or otherwise-ically delimited, but rather to condemn linguistics' precisions to "close up language within itself," to explain utterances in terms of signifiers, and utterance in terms of subjects. So how should we take the importance awarded to linguistics? Should we see it as a continuation of the battle begun in *Anti-Oedipus* against a Lacan-style dictatorship of the signifier, against structuralism, indeed? Or are you just very peculiar linguists who are truly interested in what's "outside" linguistics?

I don't personally think the linguistics is fundamental. Maybe Félix, if he were here, would disagree. But then Félix has traced a development that points toward a transformation of linguistics: initially it was phonological, then it was semantic and syntactic, but it's turning more and more into a pragmatics. Pragmatics (dealing with the circumstances of language use, with events and acts) was long considered the "rubbish dump" of linguistics, but it's now becoming more and more important: language is coming to be seen as an activity, so the abstract units and constants of language-use are becoming less and less important. It's a good thing, this current direction of research, precisely because it makes possible convergences and collaborations between novelists, linguists, philosophers, "vocalists" . . . and so on ("vocalists" are what I call anyone doing research into sound or the voice in fields as varied as theater, song, cinema, audiovisual media . . .). The potential here is enormous. I'd like to cite some recent examples. First of all, the path taken by Roland Barthes: he worked on phonology, then on syntax and semantics, but he began more and more to frame his own pragmatics, the pragmatics of an intimate language permeated by circumstances, by events and actions. Another example: Nathalie Sarraute has written a very fine book that one might see as a *mise-en-scène* of a number of "propositions," a case of philosophy and novel-writing becoming quite indistinguishable; the same year, a linguist like Ducrot produces, in a different sort of book, a linguistic study of the *mise-en-scène*, the strategic aspects, the pragmatics of propositions. A fine case of convergence. Yet another example: the American linguist Labov's research in pragmatics, his opposition to Chomsky, the way he draws on the language of ghettos and specific districts. I don't think we, for our part, are particularly competent to pronounce on linguistics. But then compe-

tence is itself a rather unclear
ing a number of points that
the part played in language
indirect discourse⁶ (and the
that just confuses matters an
cism of linguistic constants,
sizes ranges of continuous
between music and the voice
Thousand Plateaus.

c.v: You emphatically reject me
of "black holes," borrowed from
can't escape from once you're de
walls. You see a face as a white
ulate faciality on that basis. As
talking about fuzzy sets and ope
science lead one to wonder wh
Aren't they likely to see it as full

A Thousand Plateaus does inc
entific resonance, or correl
borhoods. Riemannian spac
two sorts of scientific notion
ticular cases. There are notie
defined by equations, and wh
a philosopher or writer can
quite wrong, because they be
essentially inexact yet compl
do without, which belong
artists. They have to be stud
entific, so that when a scie
philosopher, an artist, too,
because something's missing
Take a current example, fro
Trigone and Stengers's *O
cepts created in the book is
draws it out from the found
ics, but it's a good example o*

ical, scientific, and artistic too. Conversely, it's not impossible for a philosopher to create concepts that can be used in science. This has often happened. To cite only one fairly recent but forgotten example, Bergson profoundly influenced psychiatry, and what's more, his work was closely linked to Riemannian spaces in mathematics and physics. It's nothing to do with setting up some specious unity of no particular interest to anyone. Here once more, it's to do with the way someone's own work can lead to unexpected convergences, and new implications, new directions, in other people's work. And no special status should be assigned to any particular field, whether philosophy, science, art, or literature.

DIDER ERIBON: *Although you down on the work of historians, in Amadeo in particular (but then we know how interested he is in landscapes), you don't, to say the very least, give history any decisive role. You're happier doing geography, you make space fundamental, and say we should map out a "cartography" of becomings. But isn't history one way of getting from one plateau to another?*

History's certainly very important. But if you take any line of research, for part of its course, at certain points, it's historical; but it's also ahistorical, transhistorical . . . "Becomings" are much more important than history in *A Thousand Plateaus*.⁷ They're two quite different things. We attempt, for instance, to construct a concept of war machines;⁸ they involve, above all, a certain type of space, a conjunction of very specific sorts of men with other technological and affective components (like arms, jewels . . .). Such arrangements enter into history only indirectly, by coming into all sorts of different relations with state apparatuses. As for state apparatuses themselves, we relate them to factors like territory, terrain, and deterritorialization:⁹ you get a state apparatus when territories are no longer exploited sequentially but compared simultaneously (as land or terrain) and so drawn, from that point on, into a movement of deterritorialization. This corresponds to a long historical process. But we can find the same complex of notions differently articulated in completely different contexts: take animals' territories for instance, and the way they're sometimes related to an external center that defines, so to speak, a terrain. Or hieider, say, where there's a territory, but also a land or homeland.¹⁰

and then an opening onto something for something cosmic. From this viewpoint, the ritornellos in *A Thousand Plateaus* is state apparatuses, though they deal with how one "plateau" is linked to another, try to define a very specific system of correspondences to a series of trials. Now, historical processes (typified by cross-over in other contexts too, in the *débris* structures (in Kafka, for instance). It's not things together under one concept but concept to variables that explain its mutations.

RM: *The "exploded" form of A Thousand Plateaus, the multiplicity and play of conceptual volumes taken from the types and fields of theory, do at least allow. A Thousand Plateaus don't make a mockery that, unlike Heidegger's, lead every ultimate anti-system, as patchwork, absolutely. In the first place, because A Thousand Plateaus (number 19, in the new edition of the series, "philosophy in the traditional sense of the way it's set out, which certainly conveys a certain "worldview," gives one a that's not actually so dissimilar from the describing or trying to articulate. Is it in A Thousand Plateaus as a philosophical system?*

No, not at all. It's become a common breakdown of systems, the impossibility that knowledge has become so fragmented (nineteenth century . . ."). There are people can't imagine doing any serious and specific little series; worse still, an impulsive work of visionaries, with any their head. Systems have in fact lost all the groundwork for a theory of so

in current science and logic, systems based on interactions, rejecting only linear forms of causality, and transforming the notion of time. I admire Maurice Blanchot: his work isn't just a mass of little bits and pieces and aphorisms, but an open system that built up in advance a "literary space" in which to confront what's happening today. What I and Guattari call a rhizome is precisely one example of an open system. Let's return to the question: What is philosophy? Because one ought to give a very simple answer. Everyone knows that philosophy deals with concepts. A system's a set of concepts. And it's an open system when the concepts relate to circumstances rather than essences. But concepts don't, first of all, turn up ready-made, they don't pre-exist; you have to invent, create concepts, and this involves just as much creation and invention as you find in art and science. Philosophy's job has always been to create new concepts, with their own necessity. Because they're not just whatever generalities happen to be in fashion, either. They're singularities, rather, acting on the flows of everyday thought: it's perfectly easy to think without concepts, but as soon as there are concepts, there's genuine philosophy. It's got nothing to do with ideology. A concept's full of a critical, political force of freedom. It's precisely their power as a system that brings out what's good or bad, what is or isn't new, what is or isn't alive in a group of concepts. Nothing's good in itself, it all depends on careful systematic use. In *A Thousand Plateaus* we're trying to say you can never guarantee a good outcome (it's not enough just to have a *smooth space*, for example, to overcome striations and coercion, or a *body without organs* to overcome organizations). People sometimes criticize us for using complicated words "to be trendy." That's not just malicious, it's stupid. A concept sometimes needs a new word to express it, sometimes it uses an everyday word that it gives a singular sense.

I think, anyway, that philosophical thinking has never been more important than it is today, because there's a whole system taking shape, not just in politics but in culture and journalism too, that's an insult to all thinking. Once again, *Liberation* should look at this problem.

DE: *There are a number of points to which I'd like to return:*

1. *We talked earlier about the importance you attach to events; then about how you emphasize geography rather than history. What, then, is the place of events in the "cartography" you want to develop?*

1. *And if we're talking about space...*
 1). *State, which you link to territory...*
 2). *If state apparatuses introduce...*
 establish a "smooth space" also...
 4. *But you worry us that smooth...*
 3). *aren't necessarily liberating.*

What we call a "map," or what we call interacting lines (thus the lines of a course may be different kinds of lines for a person. Some lines represent lines, others have various segments, others go in a certain direction, whether or not they're abstract, and the most beautiful ones do. We talk about things and events. So every day we draw its diagram. What's interesting is to make them up, or they make themselves more fundamental than planned. There are various spaces correlated (here again, one might bring in fractals). Different sorts of space and volume.

2. This leads into your second point: *ear arrangements constructed for the aim of war machines in a smooth space, smooth space, which they are precisely this combination of lines. Try to show how and in what way (when state apparatuses take part of them). War-machines are artistic, rather than military.*

But your third point emphasizes *advance how things will go. What that won't tell us one's good lines of flight are necessarily better than segmented or smooth. nuclear submarines establish*

not. Cartography can only map out pathways and moves, along with their coefficients of probability and danger. That's what we call "schizoanalysis," this analysis of lines, spaces, becomings. It seems at once very similar, and very different, to problems of history.

DL: *Lines, becomings, events . . . Perhaps this takes us back to the opening question about dates. There's a date in the title for each plateau: "7000 B.C.—Capture Apparatus," "Year Zero—Facticity" . . . imaginary dates, you said, but they do refer things to the order of events, circumstances, and may perhaps provide the basis for the cartography we've been discussing?*

The fact that each plateau's dated, given an imaginary date, is no more important than the fact it's illustrated, includes proper names.

There's something about a telegraphic style that doesn't just come from its abruptness. Take a sentence like "Jules to come 5 P.M." Nobody would want to write like that. But it's interesting how the words actually convey a sense of imminence, of something about to happen or something that's just happened behind our back. Proper names belong primarily to forces, events, motions and sources of movement: winds, typhoons, diseases, places and moments, rather than people. Infinitives express becomings or events that transcend mood and tense.¹² The dates don't refer to some single uniform calendar; each refers to a different space-time . . . Together, these elements produce arrangements of utterance: "Werewolves swarming 1750" . . . and so on.

Conversation with Christian Descamps, Didier Eribon, and Robert Maggiori
Libération, October 23, 1980

part 1

stammering in language itself. You can normally only be a foreigner in another language. But here it's a case of being a foreigner in one's own language. Proust said that fine books have to be written in a sort of foreign language. It's the same with Godard's programs; he's even perfected his Swiss accent to precisely this effect. It's this creative stammering, this solitude, which makes Godard a force.

Because, as you know better than I do, he's always been alone. Godard's never had any popular success with his films, as those who say "he's changed, from such and such a point onward it's no good" would have us believe. They're often the very people who initially hated him. Godard was ahead of, and influenced, everyone, but not by being a success, rather by following his own line, a line of active flight, a repeatedly broken line zigzagging beneath the surface. Anyway, in cinema, they more or less managed to lock him into his solitude. They pinned him down. And now he's used the opportunity presented by the holidays, and a vague demand for creativity, to take over the TV for six times two programs. It may be the sole case of someone not being duped by TV. You've usually lost from the outset. People wouldn't have minded him promoting his films, but they can't forgive him for making this series that changes so many things at the heart of TV (questioning people, making them talk, showing images from a variety of sources, and so on). Even now it's over, even if it's been stilled. Many groups and associations were bound to get annoyed: the statement from the Union of Photographic Journalists and Cameramen is a good example. Godard has at the very least stirred up hatred. But he's also shown that a differently "animated" TV is possible.

You haven't answered our question. Say you had to give a "course" on these programs . . . What ideas did you see, or sense in them? How would you try to explain your enthusiasm? We can always talk about everything else afterward, even if it's what's most important.

OK, but ideas, having an idea, isn't about ideology, it's a practical matter. Godard has a nice saying: not a just image, just an image. Philosophers ought also to say "not the just ideas, just ideas" and bear this out in their activity. Because the just ideas are always those that conform to accepted meanings or established precepts, they're always ideas

that confirm something, even if it's the future of the revolution. Versus, a stammering of ideas, and of questions that tend to confound some simple thing that disrupts a

There are two ideas in Godard's constantly encroaching on one another apart bit by bit. This is one reason at primary school there are the noise and learning about language. The Godard's constantly bringing into that has spread everywhere: there's an abstract called "labor" that one either mark a basic social injustice. But Godard asks very concrete touching on what exactly is being people prepared to buy and other the same thing? A young welder welder, but not his sexuality by cleaning lady's happy to sell the sell the moment she spends singing why? Because she can't sing? But talking about not being able to see other hand, wants to get paid for to be paid for his work as an amateur "hobby"; but the images show the two activities, the clockmaking and are so remarkably similar that you no, says the clockmaker, there's a in these movements, I don't want then what about filmmakers and What, furthermore, is a photograph He's sometimes prepared to pay pays him. But when he photographs neither the victim nor the executed children who are sick, wounded, Guattari once suggested at a psycho should be paid as well as analyst

viding a "service," it's more like a division of labor, two distinct kinds of work going on: there's the analyst's work of listening and sifting, but the analyst's unconscious is at work too. Nobody seems to have taken much notice of Guattari's suggestion. Godard's saying the same thing: why not pay the people who watch television, instead of making them pay, because they're engaged in real work and are themselves providing a public service? The social division of labor means it's not only work on the shop floor that gets paid but work in offices and research laboratories too. Otherwise we'd have to think about the workers themselves having to pay the people who design the things they make. I think all these questions and many others, all these images and many others, tear apart the notion of labor. In the first place, the very notion of labor arbitrarily sets one area of activity apart, cuts work off from its relation to love, to creativity, to production even. It makes work a kind of maintenance, the opposite of creating anything, because on this notion it's a matter of reproducing goods that are consumed and reproducing its own productive force, within a closed system of exchange. From this viewpoint it doesn't much matter whether the exchange is fair or unfair, because there's always selective violence in an act of payment, and there's mystification in the very principle of talking in terms of labor. It's to the extent that work might be distinguished from the productive pseudoforce of labor that very different flows of production, of many disparate kinds, might be brought into direct relation with flows of money, independently of any mediation by an abstract force. I'm even more confused than Godard. Just as I should be, since the key thing is the questions Godard asks and the images he presents and a chance of the spectator feeling that the notion of labor isn't innocent, isn't at all obvious—even, and particularly, from the viewpoint of social criticism. It's this, quite as much as the more obvious things, that explains the reactions of the Communist Party and some unions to Godard's programs: he's dared to question that sacrosanct notion of labor . . .

And then there's the second idea, to do with information. Because here again, language is presented to us as basically informative, and information as basically an exchange. Once again, information is measured in abstract units. But it's doubtful whether the schoolmistress, explaining how something works or teaching spelling, is transmitting information. She's instructing, she's really delivering precepts. And

children are supplied with order to produce utterance should take him quite literally prisoners. Language is a system conveying information. TV ment, then (he news . . . * information theory. The information, with pure noise is between there's redundancy allows it to overcome redundancy as the transmission of there's information—always reception of orders: then silence, or like stammering, underneath the redundancy through, and making itself about yourself, is always to place you're claiming to speak. Orders and precepts woman with the dead child resented by a sound, like a over a series of images. So orders, without claiming to we get people without the restore to sounds their part that's what it means to be trace a sort of line of flight

That's "just" two ideas, loads of things and other everyday notions, those should give true information (those would be the just spect. He writes FALSE because he'd like to be a producer run the television news rather mean he wanted to produce. But that he wanted to than measuring it all again

wanted to produce a sub-informational juxtaposition of all the open mouths instead of relating them all to some abstract information taken as a precept.

If those are Godard's two ideas, do they correspond to the theme of "sounds and images" that constantly recurs in the programs? Images—learning from things—relating to work, and sounds—learning the language—relating to information?

No, there's only a partial correspondence: there's always information in images, and something at work in sounds. Any set of terms can and should be divided up in various ways that correspond only partially. To try and articulate the relation between sounds and images as Godard understands it you'd have to tell a very abstract story, in several episodes, and then finally see that this abstract story corresponds to a single episode of something terribly simple and concrete.

1. There are images, things are themselves images, because images aren't in our head, in our brain. The brain's just one image among others. Images are constantly acting and reacting on each other, producing and consuming. There's no difference at all between *images, things, and motion*.

2. But images also have an *inside* or certain images have an inside and are experienced from inside. They're subjects (cf. Godard's remarks on *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* in *Godard on Godard*, pp. 239-42). And there's a gap between actions upon these images and the reactions they produce. It's this gap that enables them to store up other images, that is to perceive. But what they store is only what interests them in other images: perceiving is subtracting from an image what doesn't interest us, there's always *less* in our perception. We're so full of images we no longer see those outside us for what they are.

3. There are also aural images, which don't seem to have any priority. Yet these aural images, or some of them, have an *other side* you can call whatever you like, ideas, meaning, language, expressive aspects, and so on. Aural images are thus able to contract or capture other images or a series of other images. A voice takes over a set of images (the voice of Hitler, say). Ideas, acting as precepts, are embodied in aural images or sound waves and say what should interest us in

other images: they dictate "rubber stamp" normalizing posed to see. So, given the converse currents: one going from the other going from precept.

4. So we're caught in a circular place, each of itself acting as precepts. And so "images" goes in two directions, their fullness to external less, making perception equal that belongs to them—while that power and its rubber stamp the way language takes part waves, taking apart any second extracting from it just some among others why Godard rather like what some context fixed aural plane so that Godard puts a blackboard making it something he can writing into a new television with its own particular current the screen.

This whole abstract story fiction. But it's our social relation the story corresponds in various chapter of *Matter and Memory* pher who's no longer of an television revived interest in labus, maybe he is). The first an amazing conception of cinematic motion, and then as photography, is caught right into the interior of this so on. That's not to say God way around; Godard's not of Bergson along his way as he

But why does everything in Godard come in twos? You need two to get three . . . Fine, but what are these twos and threes all about?

Oh, come on, you know better than anyone it's not like that. Godard's not a dialectician. What counts with him isn't two or three or however many, it's AND, the conjunction AND. The key thing is Godard's use of AND. This is important, because all our thoughts modeled, rather, on the verb "to be,"¹⁵ Philosophy's weighed down with discussions about attributive judgments (the sky is blue) and existential judgments (God is) and the possibility or impossibility of reducing one to the other. But they all turn on the verb "to be." Even conjunctions are dealt with in terms of the verb "to be"—look at syllogisms. The English and the Americans are just about the only people who've set conjunctions free, by thinking about relations. But when you see relational judgments as autonomous, you realize that they creep in everywhere, they invade and ruin everything: AND isn't even a specific conjunction or relation. It brings in all relations, there are as many relations as ANDs. AND doesn't just upset all relations, it upsets being, the verb . . . and so on. AND, "and . . . and . . . and . . ." is precisely a creative scammersing, a foreign use of language, as opposed to a conformism and dominant use based on the verb "to be."

AND is of course diversity, multiplicity, the destruction of identities. It's not the same factory gate when I go in, and when I come out, and then when I go past unemployed. A convicted man's wife isn't the same before and after the conviction. But diversity and multiplicity are nothing to do with aesthetic wholes (in the sense of "one more," "one more woman" . . .) or dialectical schemas (in the sense of "one produces two, which then produces three"). Because in those cases it's still Unity, and thus being, that's primary, and that supposedly becomes multiple. When Godard says everything has two parts, that in a day there's morning and evening, he's not saying it's one or the other, or that one becomes the other, becomes two. Because multiplicity is never in the terms, however many, nor in all the terms together, the whole. Multiplicity is precisely in the "and," which is different in nature from elementary components and collections of them.

Neither a component nor a collection, what is this AND? I think Godard's force lies in living and thinking and presenting this AND in

a very novel way, and in making something out of the other, it's always borderline, there's always a don't see it, because it's the along this line of flight that revolutions take shape. "The side or the other, power lies a sad observation in the leg gave the army: the more than the largest groups, between elementary consensus, link-ups in more they become "destabilizes Angola, the Near East, the unrest that produces "a regime hijacking, Corsica . . . Between ing lines that derail the big time marks a new threshold, course for the border. Godard show the imperceptible. The child. But also images and so when he's in his clockmaking table: an imperceptible border but carrying both forward in or in a flow where we no longer where it's going. A whole network of large groups come to pass, on the border images become too full and done in *Six Times Two*: made between them, made it visible

ON THE MOVEMENT-IMAGE

Your book's presented, not as a history of cinema, but as a classification of images and signs, a taxonomy. In this respect it follows on from some of your earlier works: for instance, you made a classification of signs when writing about Proust. But with *The Movement-Image* you've decided for the first time to tackle, not a philosophical problem or a particular body of work (that of Spinoza, Kafka, Bacon, or Proust, say), but the whole of a particular field, in this case cinema. And also, although you rule out producing a history of cinema, you deal with it historically.

Well yes, in a way it's a history of cinema, but a "natural history." It aims to classify types of images and the corresponding signs, as one classifies animals. The main genres, the western, crime, period films, comedy, and so on, tell us nothing about different types of images or their intrinsic characteristics. The different sorts of shot, on the other hand—close-up, long shot, and so on—do amount to different types of image, but there are lots of other factors, lighting, sound, time, which come in too. If I consider the field of cinema as a whole, it's because it's all built upon the movement-image. That's how it's able to reveal or create a maximum of different images, and above all to combine them with one another through *montage*.¹ There are perception-images, action-images, affection-images, along with many other types. And in each case there are internal signs that character-

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