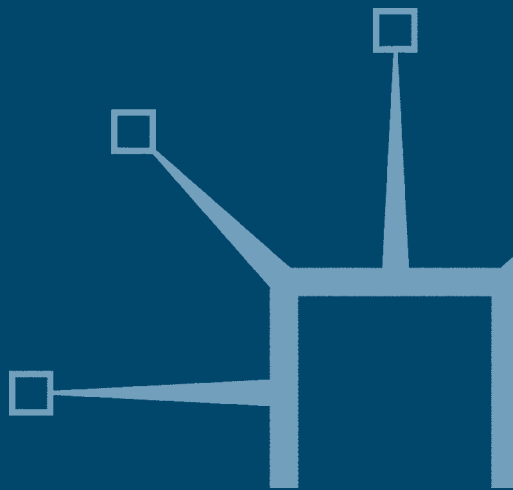


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Gilles Deleuze

Travels in Literature

Mary Bryden



Gilles Deleuze

Also by Mary Bryden

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Gilles Deleuze

Travels in Literature

Mary Bryden

Professor of European Literature, French, Cardiff University



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List of Abbreviations

- AB** *L'Abécédaire*. Filmed interviews with Gilles Deleuze, directed by Pierre-André Boutang (Paris: Vidéo Editions Montparnasse, 1996).
- AM** D. H. Lawrence, 'Art and Morality', in *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Critical Writings* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998).
- AO** Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie: L'Anti-Oedipe* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1972).
- AP** D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse*, in *Apocalypse and the Writings on Revelation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980).
- ATF** Samuel Beckett, *All That Fall*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984).
- BB** Herman Melville, 'Billy Budd', in *Billy Budd, Sailor, and Other Stories* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985).
- BF** Gilles Deleuze, 'Bartleby, ou la Formule', in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993).
- CC** Gilles Deleuze, *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993). *Essays within this collection which are referred to substantively receive separate abbreviations (see BF, HG).*
- CI** Gilles Deleuze, *Cinéma I: L'Image-Mouvement* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1983).
- CP** D. H. Lawrence, 'Chaos in Poetry', in *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Critical Writings* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998).
- CPI** *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, Vol. I (London: Heinemann, 1967).
- D** Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues* (Paris: Flammarion, 1977).
- DA** André Malraux, *Le Démon de l'absolu*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Vol. II (Paris: Gallimard, 1996).
- EP** Gilles Deleuze, *L'Épuisé*, in Samuel Beckett, *Quad, et autres pièces pour la télévision* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1992).

- ETP D. H. Lawrence, *Etruscan Places* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950).
- F Samuel Beckett, *Footfalls*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984).
- FM Samuel Beckett, *Film*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984).
- FU D. H. Lawrence, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (with *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*) (London: Heinemann, 1961).
- GJ Michel Tournier, *Gilles et Jeanne* (Paris: Gallimard, 1983).
- HC Gilles Deleuze, 'Hélène Cixous ou l'écriture stroboscopique', in *L'Île déserte et autres textes* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002).
- HD Samuel Beckett, *Happy Days/Oh les beaux jours*, ed. James Knowlson (London: Faber, 1978).
- HG Gilles Deleuze, 'La Honte et la Gloire: T. E. Lawrence', in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993).
- HMTD D. H. Lawrence, 'Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo*', in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London: Heinemann, 1964).
- ID Gilles Deleuze, 'Causes et raisons des îles désertes', in *L'Île déserte et autres textes* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002).
- K Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Kafka: pour une littérature mineure* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1975).
- KR D. H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950).
- L *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1932).
- LE Samuel Beckett, 'L'Expulsé', in *Nouvelles et Textes pour rien* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1958).
- LS Gilles Deleuze, *Logique du sens* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1969).
- LSI Gilles Deleuze, *Francis Bacon: Logique de la sensation*, Vol. I (Paris: Editions de la Différence, 1981).
- LSII Gilles Deleuze, *Francis Bacon: Logique de la sensation*, Vol. II (Paris: Editions de la Différence, 1981).
- MC Samuel Beckett, *Mercier et Camier* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1970).

- MD Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1967).
- ML Samuel Beckett, *Molloy* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951).
- MM Samuel Beckett, *Malone meurt* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951).
- MP Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie: Mille plateaux* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1980).
- MT Gilles Deleuze, 'Michel Tournier et le monde sans autrui', 'Postface' to Michel Tournier, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972).
- MU Samuel Beckett, *Murphy* (London: Picador, 1973).
- NI Samuel Beckett, *Not I*, in *Collected Shorter Plays* (London: Faber, 1984).
- PI *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1936).
- PII *Phoenix II: Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works by D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1968).
- PN Gilles Deleuze, 'Pensée nomade', in *L'Île déserte et autres textes* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002).
- PR Gilles Deleuze, *Pourparlers* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1990).
- PRE Fanny and Gilles Deleuze, preface to D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse*, trans. Fanny Deleuze (Paris: Editions Balland, 1978).
- PSM Gilles Deleuze, *Présentation de Sacher-Masoch* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1967).
- PU D. H. Lawrence, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, in *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (London: Heinemann, 1961).
- QP Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1991).
- RC Daniel Defoe, *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (London: Milner, 1895).
- SP T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1962).
- SPI D. H. Lawrence, 'The Spirit of Place', in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London: Heinemann, 1964).

- SS** D. H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997).
- T** Herman Melville, *Typee* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1938).
- TM** T. E. Lawrence, *The Mint* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978).
- TMWD** D. H. Lawrence, 'The Man Who Died', in *The Tales of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Martin Secker, 1934).
- TPR** Samuel Beckett, *Textes pour rien*, in *Nouvelles et Textes pour rien* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1958). Number of *texte* follows abbreviation.
- TU** Michel Tournier, 'Tupik', in *Le Coq de bruyère* (Paris: Gallimard, 1978).
- V** Michel Tournier, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972).
- VI** Michel Tournier and Jean-Max Toubeau, *Le Vagabond immobile* (Paris: Gallimard, 1984).
- VP** Michel Tournier, *Le Vent paraquet* (Paris: Gallimard, 1977).
- WNOA** D. H. Lawrence, 'We Need One Another', in *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1936).

Acknowledgements

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Introduction

'Je suis peu enclin à voyager, il ne faut pas trop bouger, pour ne pas effrayer les devenirs'¹ [I am not much inclined to travel, you mustn't move about too much, so as not to frighten off the becomings].

One might with reason suppose Gilles Deleuze, a philosopher so strongly associated with notions of movement, becoming, lines of flight, to be an avid traveller. Until he became increasingly incapacitated with illness, Deleuze could occasionally enjoy walking around a foreign city. Yet the onset of illness is not the major factor in accounting for his intolerance of travelling, which was of long standing, and voiced on a number of occasions.² Ironically in a context where twenty-first century Deleuzians, if assured of a constant supply of the necessary funding, energy, ideas, and desire, have the regular opportunity to participate in colloquia across several continents, Deleuze himself had a particular allergy to travel embarked upon specifically for the purpose of intellectual exchange. In his filmed interviews with Claire Parnet, entitled *L'Abécédaire de Gilles Deleuze*, Deleuze elaborates humorously on the theme: 'Alors, c'est le contraire du voyage, le voyage de l'intellectuel. Aller au bord du monde pour parler, ce qu'il pourrait faire chez lui, et pour voir des gens avant pour parler, et voir des gens après pour parler, c'est un voyage monstrueux'³ [Well, the journey of the intellectual is the opposite of travelling. Going to the ends of the earth in order to talk (something which he could do at home), seeing people beforehand in order to talk, and seeing people afterwards in order to talk, it's a monstrous journey].

The opening formulation of the antipathy,⁴ engagingly expressing the fear that too much travelling might 'frighten away the becomings',

presents what to many contemporary travellers might seem a paradox. If, as commonly contended, the aim of travel is to broaden or refresh the mind, to encounter new modes of living, new places, new experiences, then its outcome should be favourable to the onset of new becomings.⁵ Yet, in Deleuze's rendering, becoming is something much more elusive and insinuating. To career after it, to seek to acquire it from afar, may run the risk of frightening it away. In what we might regard as a dramatised 'becoming-wolf' in the film *Dances with Wolves*,⁶ Kevin Costner's character, John Dunbar, *becomes* Dances-with-Wolves (the sense of his given Sioux name) because of his anomalousness, not in seeking out the company of wolves, but in opting not to frighten them away.⁷

Becoming-animal presents, for Deleuze and Guattari, one option to become-other. Some examples will occur within this volume, such as becoming-whale (Melville), becoming-tortoise (D. H. Lawrence), becoming-camel (T. E. Lawrence). Like other becomings, becoming-animal does not involve coming to resemble an animal, or a bird, or whatever presents as difference from a viewpoint in the perceived world, but becoming-available to a transversal becoming. Claire Colebrook expresses it lucidly: 'For Deleuze, transversal becomings are the key to the openness of life. [...] Because there is always more than one line or tendency of becoming – say, the animal and the human – it is possible for intersections or encounters to produce unheard of lines of new becoming, or "lines of flight". [...] We enhance our life or power by "mutating" or "varying" in as many ways as possible, through a maximum of encounters'.⁸

As Deleuze and Guattari explain in their study of Kafka, becoming-animal is an *absolute* deterritorialisation (put simply, an unshackling from the possible territories of time, foundation, identity, space, etc. so as to open up to an infinite flow of movements, or 'lines of flight'), as opposed to the *relative* deterritorialisation which a traveller may launch herself upon. Hence, 'le devenir-animal est un voyage immobile et sur place, qui ne peut se vivre ou se comprendre qu'en intensité (franchir des seuils d'intensité)⁹ [Becoming-animal is a stationary, on-the-spot journey, which cannot be lived or understood except in terms of intensity (crossing the thresholds of intensity)]. Citing his *Journal*, they draw attention to Kafka's frequent distinction between the journey in space (extensive) on the one hand, and the intensive journey, on the other, which can be conducted in one's own vicinity, without leaving the room.

There are, of course, many literary precedents for the 'voyage immobile', and the concept is examined from various viewpoints within this

volume, notably in relation to Michel Tournier and D. H. Lawrence. In J. K. Huysmans's 1884 novel *A rebours*, the central character, des Esseintes, his imagination fuelled by his reading of Dickens, decides to travel to London by train and boat. Having arrived in Paris, he buys a guidebook, takes supper surrounded by Englishmen in a bar near the Gare St Lazare, and visualises the foggy London, teeming with traffic, which he will soon find himself in. As the departure time for the train approaches, however, des Esseintes realises that his journey is unnecessary: 'A quoi bon bouger, quand on peut voyager si magnifiquement sur une chaise?'¹⁰ [What point is there in moving, when you can travel so splendidly on a chair?]. He decides to return home, telling himself that the evening's English experience might be spoiled by actually going to England: 'En somme, j'ai éprouvé et j'ai vu ce que je voulais éprouver et voir. Je suis saturé de vie anglaise depuis mon départ; il faudrait être fou pour aller perdre, par un maladroit déplacement, d'impérissables sensations' (Huysmans, p. 227) [In fact, I have felt and seen what I wanted to feel and see. I have been steeped in English life since leaving home; it would surely be crazy to throw away unforgettable experiences by a clumsy change of location].

In the previous century, the French writer Xavier de Maistre had appealed to his readers, in his *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, to join him on a forty-two-day journey within the confines of his room. Extolling the virtues of stationary travel – it costs nothing; it is undertaken without the hindrances of cold and damp, and without the worry of being accosted by thieves; it is available to those in poor health, and to those frightened of potholes – he views all the elements of the enclosed space as allies in his exploration, the armchair because it promotes meditation, the bed because it is the theatre of both birth and death. With these resources, 'les heures glissent alors sur vous, et tombent en silence dans l'éternité, sans vous faire sentir leur triste passage'¹¹ [hours slip over you, and fall silently into eternity, without letting you feel their sad passing].

Attempting, if not to replicate, then to commune with, this experience of micro-journeing, the writer Alain de Botton experimented with what he called a 'de Maistrean journey around Hammersmith', an area chosen because he was so well acquainted with it.¹² Convinced that de Maistre's work sprang from the insight that 'the pleasure we derive from journeys is perhaps dependent more on the mindset with which we travel than on the destination we travel to' (Botton, p. 246), he identifies receptivity as the chief characteristic of that mindset. Hence, in the course of his peregrination around Hammersmith, the role of receiver or

perceiver took precedence over that of potential arriver, as he attempted to look afresh at the apparently familiar elements of the neighbourhood, chipping away to find 'latent layers of value' (Botton, p. 251). His conclusion (which in fact concludes the entire study) is that 'Xavier de Maistre was gently nudging us to try, before taking off for distant hemispheres, to notice what we have already seen' (Botton, p. 254).

Is this, then, the mode privileged by Deleuze and Guattari when they advance the notion of the 'voyageur immobile'? Certainly it would be difficult to forego receptivity as a prerequisite to becoming. As John Hughes suggests, 'a kind of innate truaney' is required if a text is to lead to 'creative thought, and new affects'.¹³ However, receptivity in this travelling, Bottonesque sense is a kind of enhanced repetition, an attempt 'to notice what we have already seen'. It involves a deliberate concentration upon the structure, history and provenance of the organic or built environment: 'We are alive to the layers of history beneath the present and take notes and photographs' (Botton, p. 247). The Deleuzian 'voyageur immobile', on the other hand, is not concerned with recording or archiving. Becomings are anti-historical in the sense that they are always forward-bound trajectories, spending, dissolving, and transforming rather than saving, consolidating, and preserving. They are also anti-personal in the sense that they do not cluster around contrasts such as 'This is me when concentrating on travelling to my destination' or 'This is me when absorbing the ambient details I normally miss when travelling'. Rather, they are associated with the play of affects and percepts, which are what subjective affections and perceptions become when they are impersonal, liberated from an origin within a particular individual. In this way, 'This is me, intently gathering and organising the strands of history and social organisation which are perceptible in this neighbourhood' becomes an infinitely extensible composite swarm, such as 'Here are: coffee smell-street garbage-morning sun-ginger cat in doorway-shout of child ...'. From among these intersections, individuals form and proceed. This is indeed how Deleuze and Guattari characterise their own writing endeavours, to which their individual names are attached, they say, purely in acknowledgement of habitual practice, since 'un livre n'a pas d'objet ni de sujet, il est fait de matières diversement formées, de dates et de vitesses très différentes' (MP, p. 9) [a book has no object or subject, it is made of variously formed materials, of very different dates and speeds].

A Deleuzian 'voyageur immobile', then, is not on the trail of an explanation, of an architectural, psychoanalytical, or social history. Neither is s/he attempting to evoke or replicate cultures through the

processes of imagination, in the way in which Huysmans' *des Esseintes* becomes a virtual London tourist. Rather, s/he is entering a rhizomatic flux in which multiple becomings are potentially available. A rhizome provides for Deleuze and Guattari a hard-working figure of becomings since rhizomes proliferate through underground, horizontal networks rather than by the vertical, rooted structure associated with trees: 'N'importe quel point d'un rhizome peut être connecté avec n'importe quel autre, et doit l'être. C'est très différent de l'arbre ou de la racine qui fixent un point, un ordre' (*MP*, p. 13) [Any point of a rhizome can be connected with any other, and must be. This is very different from the tree or the root, which determine a point, an order]. Rhizomes thus have no determinate shape or direction, and may travel great distances, transforming apparent obstacles (worms, rocks) into intersecting topographical features, as described by Patty Sotirin in an essay on the concept of becoming-woman: 'The rhizomatic roots of mint plants may break through a seemingly impenetrable concrete retaining wall, one molecule at a time; the detachment of each concrete particle by the collocation of a plant particle has its own singularity'.¹⁴ Any gardener who has attempted to remove such underground colonisers is aware of their committed and yet unpredictable versatility. Moreover, Deleuze and Guattari typically maximise the rhizome figure to include other proliferative configurations – a living tumble of rats' bodies, the rampant progress of a virus, or the recuperative capacities of ant colonies.

It is useful to consider rhizomes in the context of literature, and of travel, for two reasons. On the one hand, the literature privileged by Deleuze and Guattari is precisely that which they read as rhizomatic rather than arboreal. As they assert in *Mille plateaux*: 'Le livre n'est pas image du monde, suivant une croyance enracinée. Il fait rhizome avec le monde, il y a evolution aparallèle du livre et du monde, le livre assure la déterritorialisation du monde, mais le monde opère une reterritorialisation du livre, qui se déterritorialise à son tour en lui-même dans le monde' (*MP*, p. 18) [A book is not an image of the world, as rooted belief would have it. It forms a rhizome with the world, there is an aparallel evolution of book and world, the book ensures the deterritorialisation of the world, but the world implements a reterritorialisation of the book, which in turn deterritorialises itself in the world]. A rhizome may appear to constitute a constant process of territorialisation, but in fact it is always escaping from itself, casting itself adrift, inventing new manifestations, just as the reception of a work of literature is only ever provisional.

Secondly, insofar as the development of rhizomes depends upon the traversing of space, their applicability is travel-oriented. In this respect, Deleuze and Guattari affiliate the rhizome with the map, rather than with the traced model: 'Les calques sont comme les feuilles de l'arbre. Tout autre est le rhizome, *carte et non pas calque*. Faire la carte, et pas le calque' (MP, p. 20) [Tracings are like the leaves on a tree. The rhizome is entirely other, *map and not tracing*. Make a map, not a tracing]. In a sense we might compare the rhizomatic mapping process to another kind of subterranean network – the London Underground railway. Early Underground diagrams had attempted to replicate not only relative geographical or compass positions but also the twists and turns of above-ground track layout. The vision behind engineering draughtsman Harry Beck's now iconic 1933 Underground map was altogether different. As Beck declared: 'If you're going underground, why do you need bother about geography? ... Connections are the thing'.¹⁵

For Deleuze and Guattari, a rhizome is cartographic in the sense that it is not grounded in prefabricated genealogy or representation. Its field is connective and linearly radiant: 'La carte ne reproduit pas un inconscient fermé sur lui-même, elle le construit. Elle concourt à la connexion des champs' (MP, p. 20) [The map does not reproduce an unconscious closed in on itself; rather, it constructs it. It converges to connect fields]. Rhizomes and maps have multiple points of entry, and offer not a mastery or a competence, but, rather, a range of performative possibilities: 'On peut la dessiner sur un mur, la concevoir comme une oeuvre d'art, la construire comme une action politique ou comme une méditation' (MP, p. 20) [You can draw it on a wall, think of it as a work of art, construct it like a political action or like a meditation]. Beck's Underground map illustrates all these potentials: by focussing on connectivity, it offers not only a striking visual aesthetic of modernist simplicity, mass produced and available for every pocket, but it also invites reflection upon, and entry into, the machinic efficiency of modern modes of circulation.

With the book-rhizome, then, we are launched into open-ended circuitry, where notions of start- and end-points are redundant. Travelling operates not in punctual manner, from A to B, but along a continuum, with variations in speed and intensity. In this context, questions of origin and terminus are relegated: 'Un rhizome ne commence et n'aboutit pas, il est toujours au milieu, entre les choses, inter-être, *intermezzo*. [...] Où allez-vous? d'où partez-vous? où voulez-vous en venir? sont des questions bien inutiles' (MP, p. 36) [A rhizome does not begin or end, it is always in the middle, between things, inter-being, *intermezzo*. (...)]

Where are you going? Where are you setting off from? Where do you want to end up? are completely useless questions]. To be obsessed with questions such as these, which assume that an organism's counter can be turned back to zero, 'impliquent une fausse conception du voyage et du mouvement' (*MP*, p. 36) [imply a false conception of travel and movement].

In Jack Kerouac's novel, *On The Road*, Dean Moriarty is at one point asked just this kind of question by Carlo: 'What is the meaning of this voyage to New York? What kind of sordid business are you on now? I mean, man, whither goest thou? Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?'¹⁶ The question hangs unanswered in the air: 'We sat and didn't know what to say; there was nothing to talk about any more. The only thing to do was go' (Kerouac, p. 119). Indeed, though a novel such as *On The Road* is not unqualified in its espousal of the peripetatic,¹⁷ Deleuze and Guattari do present rhizomatic America as a special case, 'une place à part' (*MP*, p. 29) [a place apart]. On numerous occasions, Anglo-American literature is singled out as being more hospitable to an unstintingly rhizomatic sense of travel.¹⁸ Within it are writers, according to Deleuze and Guattari, who 'ont su faire une pragmatique' (*MP*, p. 37) [have understood how to work out a pragmatics] which enables them to view median travel not as a lacklustre interval between points, but, rather, as the point of maximum acceleration.

Writing practices, however, like ideas or birds, do not observe national boundaries, and, though Deleuze may find it convenient to usher Anglo-American writing into the spotlight, he does locate rhizomatic flux in other bodies of writing, including French writing. Deleuze's 'Anglo-American' literature label is, therefore, most usefully seen as a designation of tendencies within writing rather than one of enclaves of writing producers. It was partly to illustrate this that I have included in the volume a chapter on the French writer Michel Tournier,¹⁹ alongside writers from a range of other cultures, including American (Melville) and English (D. H. Lawrence). Samuel Beckett and T. E. Lawrence both present a fluid range of cultural identities. Beckett was born in Ireland and yet chose to live most of his life in France and to write many of his works initially in French. T. E. Lawrence was born in Wales of a Scottish mother and an Irish father, moved with them to Scotland, the Isle of Man, Jersey, and Brittany, and then spent his formative years (as well as his later career) in England. However, his biographer suggests that 'Lawrence's years in France would have a great influence upon his attitude towards foreign travel. [...] Before he was old enough to become mistrustful, he knew that he was welcomed by both French and English families'.²⁰

Beyond, then, a desirable heterogeneity in terms of cultural and linguistic specifiers, what are the other criteria for inclusion of the selected writers within this collection? Another important element discernible in the chosen writers is a polyvalent relationship with the notion of travel. For Deleuze, literature and music offer experiences of travel which are infinitely more satisfying than those procured by physical locomotion. He comments upon this in the 'Voyage' section of the *Abécédaire* interview referred to earlier: 'Quand je lis un livre que j'admire, que je trouve beau, ou quand j'entends une musique que je trouve belle, vraiment alors j'ai le sentiment de passer par de tels états ...: jamais un voyage ne m'a donné de pareilles émotions. Alors pourquoi j'irais les chercher, ces émotions, là qui ne me convient pas très bien [...] [When I read a book that I admire, that I find beautiful, or when I hear some music that I find beautiful, then I really do feel that I am going through such states ...: never has a journey given me emotions like that. So why should I go searching for them, these emotions, in places which are not very convenient for me]. He goes on to advance geo-music, geo-philosophy, as his desired foreign lands, in preference to those requiring a physical expedition.

The modes of physical voyaging are diverse, as are those of stationary voyaging. Similarly diverse are the aids or obstacles which one mode may offer another. The writers included in this volume may all in some sense be drawn into affiliation with travel, in a spectrum of manifestations. They are not necessarily committed travellers, though some (D. H. Lawrence, T. E. Lawrence, for example) did travel widely. Deleuze was in fact fond of pointing out how, just as some high-achieving athletes are constantly plagued by illness, some of the most vivid and kinetic literary visions have been produced by writers whose mobility was restricted by ill health or simply by a disinclination to travel.

If, as Manola Antonioli declares in a resonant article on Deleuzian geophilosophy, the Cartesian 'je pense, donc je suis' [I think, therefore I am] is replaced by 'je rencontre, je fuis, je me déplace, donc je suis'²¹ [I encounter, I flee, I move around, therefore I am], then the writers included in this volume amply fulfil this fitfully mobile imperative. Each of them is here drawn into association with a distinguishing mode of travel: T. E. Lawrence with desert camel- and horse-riding; Herman Melville with sailing by ship; D. H. Lawrence with internal travelling, the inner submersible; Michel Tournier with what I have called 'land to air travel', in a movement from terrestrial to aerial; Samuel Beckett with travel by foot and bicycle. However, this is not a smooth alignment. In each case, an outer investment in movement or

migration, often requiring physical effort and endurance, and often assisted in the task by mechanical or animal vector power, finds itself in some way at odds with inner movements or intensities. As a result of these movements of friction or collision between inner and outer, nomadic and sedentary, the literary text is enabled to glance away and to launch itself into new lines of flight. Affiliating the selected writers with a range of locomotive impulses or necessities enables attention to be directed towards the productivity and diversity of how movement may, in a Deleuzian landscape, be understood.

The Deleuze–literature conjunction provides a multiplicity of routepaths, as well as a multiplicity of potential orientations and methodologies for undertaking the exploration. André Colombat was an early pioneer of the subject, and I commend his *Deleuze et la littérature* (1990) for the depth of its engagement with the subject. Other noteworthy, full-length studies include those by Ian Buchanan and John Marks (2000) and Ronald Bogue (2003). Many other Deleuze commentators (some of whom will be found in the select bibliography) have pursued fruitful connections between Deleuze-Guattari and a range of literatures, including film. In this study, I have chosen not to focus on those writers (including Proust, Kafka, and Sacher-Masoch) who have already received a good deal of attention in the Deleuzian context, but have, rather, gravitated to writers on whom there is much less extant critical commentary. T. E. Lawrence, Melville, D. H. Lawrence, Tournier and Beckett are all rich subjects for investigation. Not only does Deleuze devote significant essays to all of them,²² but aspects of their writing surface and resurface within both his solo work and his writing with Guattari. Their work travels well, we might say, across the Deleuzian *oeuvre*.

These writers would not necessarily, given their disparities, have made congenial travelling companions. It is tempting to try to categorise the kind of writer who attracted Deleuze. In his wide-ranging and lucid essay on Deleuze's geoliterature, Kenneth Surin has a stab at it when he states that Deleuze 'is palpably wedded to authors firmly lodged in the experimentally minimalist wing of modernism' (Surin, p. 185), although he does acknowledge the many exceptions of which such a statement invites mention. Those exceptions must also, of course, take account of the different authorships which may constitute 'an author'. In the case of Beckett, for example, while it is true that Deleuze gave evidence of being fascinated by the late television plays, he was also fascinated by the early fiction, especially the Trilogy, which could not be described as 'minimalist'.

The case of the panoply of T. E. Lawrences is even more engaging, since not only did Lawrence travel through a succession of identities,²³

but his work and 'meanings' are similarly protean. Lawrence appears not at all in *L'Anti-Oedipe*, and only as a footnote in *Mille plateaux*,²⁴ in the chapter on the war machine, where he is cited in reference to the anti-Foch notion of the non-battle, specifically, guerrilla warfare. In the essay 'La Honte et la gloire', in *Critique et clinique*, however – to my mind one of the most exhilarating and insightful of all the essays in that collection – Lawrence is unshackled from the field of military strategy and considered as a literary force, notably as author of the tormentedly brilliant *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and *The Mint*.

In exploring literature, it seems, Deleuze grazed where he willed, and his response to literary writers was unpredictable and often circumstantial. Although sensitive to situational and generic factors around a writer's *oeuvre*, his most committed responses were to the drifts and plateaux of individual works, often at the micro-level. Refusing to be swayed by such considerations as writerly intention and reputation, he could stand back or zoom in, reading at varying velocities and intensities in accordance with his ongoing involvement with the text's architectural and affective deployments.

Finally, a word about what this volume is not. It does not attempt to provide a systematic introduction to the diverse ways in which Deleuzian analysis can apply itself to literature, even if such an enterprise were possible. Rather, it provides a series of close exposures to what Deleuzian analysis can give rise to when pursued along open-ended textual pathways. For Deleuze, writing is not about presenting evocations, stagings, or reminiscences. Rather, language's own hiatuses, deliriums, and interruptions provide gaps through which visions and auditions can emerge and exert their impact. This process, as Gregg Lambert describes, involves a 'destruction of the stock forms of visibilities and statements, of linguistic and syntactical habits, clichés of the quotidian and common utterances, stock and made-to-order descriptions and categorical prescriptions that all too often imprison what is seen and heard in a fog of nothingness'.²⁵ Hence, the writerly project is not about shaping and transferring material, but about creating thresholds of intensity. These are mobile, not static thresholds, only discernible while travelling, like 'un paysage qui n'apparaît que dans le mouvement'²⁶ [a landscape which only appears within movement]. Deleuze does not aim to 'be a literary critic', to provide retellings of or commentaries upon literary projects. On the contrary, he launches excursions within and without texts. In doing so, he goads and stimulates the reader to undertake allied excursions, for 'toute oeuvre est un voyage' (CC, p. 10) [every work is a journey].

1

Travelling by Camel: T. E. Lawrence and the Portability of Shame

'C'est cela, la disposition spéciale de Lawrence, le don de faire vivre passionnément les entités dans le desert, à côté des gens et des choses, au rythme saccadé du pas des chameaux'¹ [That is Lawrence's particular aptitude, the gift of breathing passionate life into desert entities, alongside people and things, to the jerky rhythm of camel footsteps]. Riding camels is an irregular, lurching experience. Lawrence himself compares it to the effect of dotted notes in music, where notes are extended beyond their regular duration to half their length (or, in early music, to *approximately* half): 'Instead of facts and figures, my note-books were full of states of mind, the reveries and self-questioning induced or educed by our situations, expressed in abstract words to the dotted rhythm of the camels' marching'.² As Deleuze points out in his essay on T. E. Lawrence, Lawrence's writing itself unfolds like a camel ride, with unpredictable speeds, slownesses, spurts, and stoppages. For Deleuze, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and other texts are written in a halting language which does not bring impairment to the English language, but which endows it with new potentialities, giving it 'quelque chose d'unique, et qui sonne comme une langue étrangère' (*HG*, p. 149) [something unique, which sounds like a foreign language]. Citing the reactions of E. M. Forster to the spasmodic dynamic of Lawrence's text, expressed in a 1924 letter, Deleuze observes: 'Forster remarque qu'on n'a jamais rendu le mouvement avec si peu de mobilité, par une succession de positions immobiles' (*HG*, p. 149) [Forster remarks that never has movement been rendered with so little mobility, by a succession of immobile positions].

This distinction between movement and mobility is a significant one throughout the essay. As Deleuze points out at the outset, the term 'the Movement' is itself applied, by Lawrence and by others, to the Arab

Revolt (*HG*, p. 144). Certainly Lawrence's involvement with the Revolt necessitated gruelling camel-back itineraries around the desert. To track these exploits alone would be to sustain the prevalent image of Lawrence as a man of action, forever hastening to the next strategic encounter. Yet this image runs directly counter to Lawrence's own account of himself, in which he recurrently gives witness to his own immersion in abstract ideas, and discerns a deep incongruity in his own involvement in external action: 'It was only myself who valeted the abstract, whose duty took him beyond the shrine' (*SP*, p. 565) (Choosing, as he does throughout the essay, to consult Julien Deleuze's translation of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Deleuze cites his son's adroit rendering of the passage, arguably an improvement even on the original: 'Moi seul, valet de l'abstrait, étais emporté par le devoir derrière l'autel')³. Indeed, in a further passage singled out by Deleuze, Lawrence goes so far as to present his active mode as the necessary prelude to the implementation of his writerly vocation: 'At last accident, with perverted humour, in casting me as a man of action had given me place in the Arab Revolt, a theme ready and epic to a direct eye and hand, thus offering me an outlet in literature' (*SP*, p. 565).⁴

Nevertheless, though the theme might seem 'ready and epic', the style of writing pursued by Lawrence was not. As he states: 'The epic mode was alien to me, as to my generation' (*SP*, p. 565). While Deleuze recognises the relationship between Lawrence's writing and his active engagement in combative engagements, he also acknowledges the complexity of each: 'La machine à projection n'est pas séparable du mouvement de la Révolte elle-même: subjective, elle renvoie à la subjectivité du groupe révolutionnaire. Encore faut-il que l'écriture de Lawrence, son style, la reprenne à son compte ou la relaie: la disposition subjective, c'est-à-dire la force de projection d'images, est inséparablement politique, érotique, artiste' (*HG*, p. 148) [The projection machine is not separable from the movement of the Revolt itself: subjective, it reflects the subjectivity of the revolutionary group. But so also must it be taken over or transmitted by Lawrence's writing and style: the subjective position, that is to say, the strength of the image projection, is inseparably political, erotic, and artistic].

One of the great strengths of Deleuze's remarkable essay on Lawrence, which has received surprisingly little critical attention from either Deleuzians or Lawrentians,⁵ is his acknowledgement of the multiple ways in which Lawrence evades categorisation. In considering the Lawrence phenomenon, we are confronted not only with an extraordinary and often mythic or mysterious biography, but also with a literary

output which includes letters, articles, translations, the autobiographical work *The Mint*, and, most notably of all, the monumental *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. *Seven Pillars* itself is a polyvalent product which remains as resistant to generic classification as its author. Should it be seen as an historical account, a campaign memoir of the Arab Revolt, a travelogue, an autobiography, a work of literature? Edward Said concluded after his grapplings with the book that it could not be dissociated from the generic company of imperial narratives. Acknowledging in *Orientalism* the multi-layered texturing of the work, he writes: 'The great drama of Lawrence's work is that it symbolizes the struggle, first, to stimulate the Orient (lifeless, timeless, forceless) into movement; second, to impose upon that movement an essentially Western shape; third, to contain the new and aroused Orient in a personal vision, whose retrospective mode includes a powerful sense of failure and betrayal'.⁶

Said's exposition of the orientalist stance as being a collusion with Western collective assumptions and suspicions, even while presenting as an individual, even idiosyncratic, vision of the Orient, has proved an illuminating corrective when applied to a range of nineteenth- and twentieth-century narratives. Yet its application in the case of Lawrence, as many subsequent critics have concluded, is problematical. Said's reading – a careful one, though one which scarcely engages with the literary qualities of the text – does show itself responsive to Lawrence's complexity. His tripartite analysis cited above might be seen as attributing to Lawrence a dynamic of goading, guiding, and guarding. First, movement is incited; second, that movement is shaped; third, the movement is appropriated or annexed. The 'completed' process, however, when evaluated in hindsight or reverse, is drenched in frustration and bitterness, with Lawrence viewing the eventual diplomatic outcome as a betrayal of the hopes and expectations in which he had seen himself as participating.

Deleuze's essay – which is informed not only by *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* but also by *The Mint* (Lawrence's book about life in the Royal Air Force), and by selected Lawrence correspondence – also draws attention to Lawrence's sense of betrayal, but in a very different sense from that of Said. Said associates it with the later stage of Lawrence's involvement, the period after the Paris Peace Conference, when Lawrence could view his earlier sense of collective awakening as delusory, not so much a spark as an anticipated ember. As such, his deep retrospective disillusion can be viewed as a further manifestation of manipulative desire. Deleuze, however, sees Lawrence's sense of betrayal as an inseparable

part of himself from the beginning, a manifestation of intractable difference from *any* surrounding context. For Deleuze, Lawrence's travelling in the desert is prompted by his own internal aridity: 'Il y a chez Lawrence un désert intime qui le pousse dans les déserts d'Arabie' (*HG*, p. 146) [There is in Lawrence an innermost desert which drives him on to the deserts of Arabia]. Further, if he is wrenched apart with a sense of betrayal, it is a rigorously and torturously democratic betrayal – of everyone and everything. As Deleuze observes: 'Et cette différence de Lawrence ne vient pas seulement de ce qu'il reste Anglais, au service de l'Angleterre; car il trahit l'Angleterre autant que l'Arabie, dans un rêve-cauchemar de tout trahir à la fois' (*HG*, pp. 146–47) [And this difference on the part of Lawrence does not derive simply from remaining English, in the service of England; for he betrays England as much as Arabia, in a dream-nightmare of betraying everything at once].

Given the near-collapse which Lawrence suffered in the early 1920s while struggling with the drafting and redrafting of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, it is tempting to draw a parallel between disenchantment with the events, and disenchantment with his narrative of those events. The first draft appears to have been completed during the first six months of 1919. However, this narrative of Lawrence's movements around the desert was itself, according to the author, stolen from him while he was in transit, passing through Reading Railway Station. A long drawn-out-redrafting ensued, resulting in 1922 in what has come to be known as the Oxford text. Over the next few years, he worked to revise and shorten it, while losing no opportunity to denigrate it to his friends and acquaintances. Soon after this 'subscribers' edition' was distributed in 1926, Lawrence worked to abridge the work to about half its length, producing *Revolt in the Desert* in 1927. Preparing *Revolt* was an exercise in excision; its result may be seen as a yet more radical journey towards *self*-excision, with much of the personal and emotional detail removed. Here again, Deleuze's analysis is concerned to situate Lawrence in a psychic landscape where the roots of discontent are watered by internal rather than external sources. So, for Deleuze, 'l'entreprise de Lawrence est une destruction du moi froide et concertée, menée jusqu'au bout. Chaque mine qu'il pose explose aussi en lui-même, il est lui-même la bombe qu'il fait éclater' (*HG*, p. 147) [Lawrence's enterprise is a destruction of the cold and concerted self, carried out to the bitter end. Every mine that he places explodes also within himself, he is himself the bomb that he explodes].

On the face of it, we could set side by side Said's statement that 'The Arab Revolt acquires meaning only as Lawrence designs meaning for it'

(Said, p. 242) and Deleuze's statement that 'Il s'agit de fabriquer du réel et non d'y répondre' (*HG*, p. 149) [It's a matter of manufacturing the real rather than responding to it]. Nevertheless, there is an important gap between design and manufacture. Whereas Said imputes to Lawrence an organising spirit, a clinical intentionality, Deleuze shows the manufacture of meaning to be improvised, provisional, and fragile, dramatised within an ever-fragmenting narrative. In Dennis Porter's carefully argued analysis, *Seven Pillars* could be read superficially as an orientalist discourse, an output of Western hegemony – and indeed there are passages to be found where a tone of ethnically grounded generalisation is disquieting – but such a diagnosis could be sustained only by remaining oblivious to its subversive counter-currents. Faced with a text 'fissured with doubt and contradiction', Porter declares that 'the reason why such a struggle can occur is that for a complex set of social and psychological causes, a particular background and training are brought into conflict with experience by a particular insertion into geo-political events. And it is within the space of the text that a literary sensibility such as Lawrence's transcribes the set of oppositions involved'.⁷ Within what Porter calls this 'cross-hatched' text (Porter, p. 154), counter-hegemonic voices assert themselves among the polyphony of discourses. Moreover, as empires fragment, Lawrence connects less than he ever did with a Saidian model of imperialist masculinity, and more, as Graham Dawson points out, with 'its increasing disturbance and breakdown as it enters a post-colonial world'.⁸

The second difficulty with Said's diagnostics in relation to Lawrence is that he discerns two pro-active modes (goading and guiding) and follows them with two reactive modes (guarding and brooding), as if Lawrence's project effects coherent transitions deriving from the playing out of external events. What this analysis fails to take into account is the mysterious role of renunciation in Lawrence's life and writing. One of the most deep-seated aversions in Lawrence is that towards compliance and conformity. The notion that motivation might derive from control, from the desire to 'contain the new and aroused Orient' (Said, p. 241) could hardly be more foreign to Lawrence's temperament. Time and again, when sensing coerced preferment, expectation, or regulation, he simply walks away, abandoning the encroaching system. When, in October 1918, he arrives in Damascus, he joins forces to assure essential services – relief work, sanitation, and burying the dead. Haunted that night by the memory of burying the multitude of corpses, he wakes repeatedly, sweating and trembling. Later the following day, a pompous British Army medical major confronts him at the hospital,

unaware that, as a colonel, Lawrence is his military superior. Ascertaining that Lawrence speaks English, he casts withering glances at his attire. When Lawrence, prostrate with nervous exhaustion, 'cackled out like a duck, with the wild laughter which often took me at moments of strain', the major slaps him in the face and stalks off, leaving a Lawrence who, far from asserting an outraged authority, cedes to a feeling of being 'more ashamed than angry, for in my heart I felt that he was right' (*SP*, p. 809).

According to Deleuze, that sense of shame is an all-consuming one for Lawrence, encompassing much more than specific transactions like the one just mentioned.⁹ Highlighting it within the title of his essay, he presents a Lawrence whose shame is infinitely portable, as he travels through ever-changing landscapes and social groupings: 'La honte, Lawrence la porte en lui-même, de tout temps, de naissance, comme une profonde composante de Caractère' (*HG*, p. 156) [As for shame, Lawrence carries it within himself, from time immemorial, from birth, as a deep-seated component of Character].¹⁰ Indeed, Deleuze spends the greater part of his essay anatomising the kaleidoscope of shame-patterns he discerns in Lawrence: shame at witnessing the non-fruit of the hopes he had shared with others; shame at soiling the desert with battles; shame at the forced regimentation of armies, and shame at leading them: 'Comment est-il possible de commander sans honte? Commander, c'est voler des âmes pour les envoyer à la souffrance' (*HG*, p. 152) [How is it possible to command without shame? To command is to steal souls only to despatch them towards suffering]. Deleuze points out that even the necessary reliance on animals (horses and camels) for transportation in the desert arouses shame in Lawrence: 'La honte redouble quand l'homme, non seulement dans des fonctions biologiques, mais dans ses projets les plus humains, dépend d'animaux' (*HG*, p. 152) [Shame redoubles when man, not merely for biological functioning but in his most human of projects, depends upon animals]. When riding a horse can be avoided, Lawrence occasionally elects to walk barefoot on burning coral paths, training himself not to rely upon a creature with whose animality he feels he has all too much in common.¹¹

Deleuze picks out a similar ambivalence with regard to camel transport. While often respectful of the camel's resourcefulness and powers of endurance in the desert,¹² Lawrence could also experience a revulsion towards them: 'Malgré le portrait admiratif ou rieur qu'il trace de plusieurs chameaux, sa haine éclate quand la fièvre le livre à leur puanteur et abjection' (*HG*, p. 152) [Despite the admiring or mirthful portrait

he draws of several camels, his hatred bursts out when fever subjects him to their stink and abjectness]. Notably, the episode to which Deleuze refers¹³ occurs when Lawrence is himself in a state of abjection. Lying in the shade of some thorn trees, prostrate with pain, thirst, and weakness, and tormented by flies, Lawrence is in helpless proximity to the grazing camels, who dribble grass-green saliva and exhale foul wafts of breath in their rumbling belches. When he throws a stone at the nearest one, it gets up and emits streams of reeking urine just behind his head. Though sickened and infuriated by it, Lawrence is no more able to bypass the naked imperatives and limitations of his body than are the camels. Later, his becoming-camel trajectory¹⁴ will be fuelled by his ingurgitation of bowl after bowl of diuretic camel-milk offered by his Bedouin host.

Even when the mode of transport is in some sense upgraded, from camels to Rolls-Royce cars, shame continues to accompany Lawrence in his travels. If there is an intermittent revulsion for Lawrence at the experience of easy intimacy which develops between camel and human rider, the same revulsion can manifest itself within a variety of techno-human configurations, for 'la honte a beaucoup de motifs contradictoires' (*HG*, p. 152) [Shame has many contradictory motives]. As Deleuze succinctly phrases it: 'Même le confort et le succès font honte' (*HG*, p. 152) [Even comfort and success bring shame]. Shame is conventionally read as a diminishment, a reduction in the eyes of oneself or of others. Countering this in Lawrence's case, Deleuze asserts: 'La honte grandit l'homme' (*HG*, p. 152) [Shame magnifies people]. Shame can make you tall, not small.

It is because he has cleared the ground of pre-existent ideas, of a cause-and-effect dynamic which presents shame as arising out of failure, that Deleuze is able to place shame and glory on a co-existent plane. As always, however, Deleuze does not begin with the definition. Rather, he observes the multiplicity of shames, and what these are capable of doing. If there is the shame of leading, there is also the shame of servitude. The latter he sees explored in Lawrence's gruelling and (for its time) shockingly frank account of his anonymous entry into the lowest ranks of the British Royal Air Force, after the War. In this account, called *The Mint* (in French, *La matrice*),¹⁵ Lawrence has to learn how to renounce individuality and become a 'type', subject to the same routines and humiliations as his fellow recruits. *The Mint* begins with Lawrence having to strip naked in front of two recruiting officers who examine his body, noting his scars and weaknesses.¹⁶ Unaware of his identity, since he has assumed the name 'Ross', they question him about his poor state of nutrition. In a dialogic battle of wits, in which

Ross prevaricates and officers interrogate, the anorexic narrator reveals to the reader, in parentheses, the motivation for his emaciated state: 'Since April I've been taking off my friends what meals I dared, all that my shame would let me take'.¹⁷

In *The Mint*, Lawrence situates this narrative in relation to its predecessor, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, confessing that he had aspired this time to write what he calls a 'real book'. What this difference would be is unclear, since both texts grew out of a lived experience. Setting the two volumes side by side, Deleuze differentiates them in terms of the transactions they offer between glory and shame: '*La matrice* en ce sens est le chant de la honte, comme les *Sept piliers* celui de la gloire. Mais de même que la gloire est déjà pleine de honte, la honte a peut-être un débouché glorieux. La gloire est tellement comprimée dans la honte que la servitude devient glorieuse, à condition qu'elle se fasse volontaire' (*HG*, p. 153) [*The Mint* is in this sense the song of shame, just as *Seven Pillars* is that of glory. But just as glory is already full of shame, shame perhaps has a glorious outlet. Glory is so parcelled up with shame that servitude becomes glorious, provided that it is voluntarily undertaken].

What Lawrence is consenting to here, in Deleuze's eyes, is a subjection, and one preferred to mere subservience.¹⁸ It is, however, an embraced subjection, what Deleuze calls 'une sorte de contrat masochiste orgueilleux' (*HG*, p. 153) [a kind of proud masochist contract]. We might compare this concept with the closely allied one put forward by Deleuze in his *Présentation de Sacher-Masoch*, of a masochist who, far from being downtrodden, rejoices, even gloats, in his or her own engineered overthrow: 'Le moi masochiste n'est écrasé qu'en apparence. Quelle dérision, quel humour, quelle révolte invincible, quel triomphe se cachent sous un moi qui se déclare si faible?'¹⁹ [The masochist self is only ostensibly crushed. What derision, what humour, what invincible rebellion, what triumph are hidden under a self proclaiming itself to be so weak?].

After the War, in a series of episodes of which Deleuze was possibly unaware, Lawrence did set in motion exactly such a contract, where he arranged to subject himself to occasional sessions of severe flagellation, administered by a colleague in the Tank Corps who was led to believe that the chastisement was being carried out at the behest of a senior member of Lawrence's family. To what extent is Lawrence enacting upon his own flesh the sense of shame which he felt towards what he saw as the betrayal (through its diplomatic outcome) of Arab aspirations? Perhaps this was part of his motivation. Yet the roots of this masochistic mode, and its plausible conversion into gratification or at

least relief, are complex and cannot be reduced to a simple ritual of post-War expiation.²⁰ Even in the midst of the Revolt, in June 1917, when fitness and stamina were vital, Lawrence found himself longing for physical injury as an antidote to mental turmoil. He describes it in terms redolent of therapeutic bloodletting, or volcanic eruption: 'A bodily wound would have been a grateful vent for my internal perplexities, a mouth through which my troubles might have found relief' (*SP*, p. 296).

Lawrence famously declares in the introductory chapter to *Seven Pillars* that 'In these pages is not the history of the Arab movement, but just of what happened to me in it' (*SP*, p. 6). Yet the 'me' mentioned here is multiple and protean, both producer and product of the images Lawrence projects. Behind those images, Deleuze suggests, there is 'un vide qui témoigne d'un moi dissous' (*HG*, p. 149) [a void testifying to a disintegrated self]. For Lawrence, there is no easy and singular habitation in his body, in his mind, in the world. His transactions within and without himself are matters of negotiation, and, while this could cause him deep distress, it could also afford him a necessary bridge to the next moment. In *Seven Pillars*, Lawrence describes an episode late in 1917, when he is journeying by camel overnight. Not long before this, he had undergone the ordeal of rape and beating at the hands of a Turkish military unit in Deraa. The experience was to leave not only lifelong physical scars, but also a profound psychological impression of loss of integrity. He wrote later in *Seven Pillars* of the conviction that 'some part of me had gone dead that night in Deraa, leaving me maimed, imperfect, only half-myself' (*SP*, p. 501).

That the Deraa assault, remarkable for its concentrated brutality, should be construed as a diminishment is readily understandable. Yet its complexity eludes the attribution of a simple cause-and-effect model, for, if one accepts the description of the post-Deraa Lawrence as 'only half-myself', one must also allow for a contrasting or corrective image of a pre-Deraa Lawrence whose self is unproblematically whole and intact. For Deleuze, such a self is not made available or discernible. As he says: 'C'est une *disposition subjective* infiniment secrète' (*HG*, p. 147) [His is an infinitely secret *subjective disposition*]. The Lawrence who emerges from his own and others' accounts is one who is a recurrently uncomfortable inhabitant of his own body. As an undergraduate at Oxford, he experimented with long periods of sleep deprivation and fasting, and, as his biographer Jeremy Wilson recounts, 'made no secret of his desire to subjugate his body to his will' (Wilson, p. 44). Such victories over the flesh brought only passing relief. In 1913, writing to his friend Vyvyan

Richards, he confesses: 'I'm about as sick of myself and my affairs as one can well be'.²¹

This unhappy accommodation to the body is singled out by Deleuze as the essential element of Lawrence's sense of shame. He is careful, however, to distinguish between a reckless dismissal of the body (including an inattention to the injuries it might sustain in pursuit of a goal), and a shame *for* the body. The former attitude – one repeatedly witnessed in the apparently insouciant bravery of many of the Arabs whom Lawrence encountered – is one which he admired. Indeed, he recalls in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* his cultivation, years before, of a similar kind of hard-won indifference: 'For years before the war I had made myself trim by constant carelessness. I had learned to eat much one time; then to go two, three, or four days without food; and after to overeat. I made it a rule to avoid rules in food; and by a course of exceptions accustomed myself to no custom at all' (*SP*, p. 476). Unknown to him, his becoming-camel was already in train, as he learned to live off the resources of his hump-reservoir, without, however, the benefit of an animal's brute trust in the availability of provender. Perhaps even more difficult to attain than a rule-based, iron discipline which restricts intake on a regular basis is a habituation to an eternal *uncertainty* of intake, a constant distancing from the comforting, regular framework of rules.

Deleuze is not, then, concerned with this kind of disdain for the body's mendicancy, but rather with his perception of Lawrence's shame that the spirit should be inseparably caught up with the body's weaknesses and vulnerability: 'C'est dire que l'esprit a honte *du* corps d'une manière très spéciale: en fait, il a honte *pour* le corps. C'est comme s'il disait au corps: Tu me fais honte, Tu devrais avoir honte ...' (*HG*, p. 154) [It is a case of saying that the spirit is ashamed *of* the body in a very specific way: in fact, it is ashamed *on behalf of* the body. It is as if it was saying to the body: You make me ashamed, You should be ashamed ...]. To illustrate this process, Deleuze refers to the episode of illness referred to above. Laid low by fever and dysentery, Lawrence recalls the debilitation of both his physical plight and of his reaction to it: 'About ten days I lay in that tent, suffering a bodily weakness which made my animal self crawl away and hide till the shame was passed' (*SP*, p. 193).

The rare occasions on which this shame-producing cohabitation between spirit and body could be evaded and even forgotten included episodes of travelling at high velocity, which Lawrence found exhilarating, whether by camel, motorbike,²² or when collaborating to improve the speed of flying boats in the RAF. On such occasions, the body was

in a sense demoted by being borne along at a speed far greater than it could ever achieve through its own capacities. As Lawrence describes in *Seven Pillars*: 'While we rode we were disbodied, unconscious of flesh or feeling: and when at an interval this excitement faded and we did see our bodies, it was with some hostility, with a contemptuous sense that they reached their highest purpose, not as vehicles of the spirit, but when, dissolved, their elements served to manure a field' (*SP*, p. 477). After the ride, then, the duality is retrieved, as the spirit loftily gazes upon its biodegradable envelope.

Citing the ordeal at Deraa, Deleuze describes Lawrence's degraded and tortured body not in some Kristevan sense as inhabiting the zone of the abject, attracting disgust through the transgression of boundaries, but rather acting as a focus for the fascinated spirit. In these conditions, where the body is mired and muddied in a prefiguring of its own disintegration, the spirit glimpses the security of an end point, as Deleuze describes: 'L'esprit se penche sur le corps: la honte ne serait rien sans ce penchant, cette attirance pour l'abject, ce voyeurisme de l'esprit' (*HG*, p. 154) [The spirit leans over the body: shame would be as nothing without this leaning, this attraction towards the abject, this voyeurism of the spirit]. In a passage which Deleuze cites in his own analysis, Lawrence does indeed, in Chapter 103 of *Seven Pillars*, voice this perception: 'There seemed a certainty in degradation, a final safety. Man could rise to any height, but there was an animal level beneath which he could not fall. It was a satisfaction on which to rest' (*SP*, p. 581).

Indeed, during the ordeal at Deraa, Lawrence appears to have deployed (albeit at far greater cost) a dissociation from bodily suffering which derived from long years of practice, becoming, as he himself recalls, 'no longer an actor but a spectator' (*SP*, p. 499).²³ As such, he observes what a body can do, apparently autonomously.²⁴ In this case, in an episode cited by Deleuze in his essay, Lawrence finds during a momentary respite in torture that 'a delicious warmth, probably sexual, was swelling through me' (*SP*, p. 454). The next moment, the sickening assault resumes in pages which are almost unbearable to read. In Deleuze's account, then, the abject is imprinted not with paralysed horror, but with an enhanced availability to the performative, or the experimental. In a vein akin to that of Vladimir and Estragon in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, who observe with grimly humorous irony that, if they hanged themselves, it would at least give them an erection,²⁵ Deleuze writes: 'Au sein des tortures, une érection; même à l'état de fange, le corps est parcouru de soubresauts' (*HG*, pp. 154–55) [In the midst of tortures, an erection; even when it has

become mud, the body is traversed with jolts]. Deleuze profits from the moment to extol William James's theory of the emotions, according to which emotion does not incite bodily symptoms, but is, rather, incited by them. As he is careful to state, he follows the order, if not the causality, bound up in the theory: 'L'esprit commence par regarder froidement et curieusement ce que fait le corps, c'est d'abord un témoin, puis il s'émeut, témoin passionné' (*HG*, p. 155) [The spirit begins by looking coolly and curiously at what the body is doing, in the first instance a witness, and then it becomes involved, as an impassioned witness].

In Deleuze's reading, then, *Seven Pillars* is in fact two books, the one enfolded in the other: 'l'un concernant les images projetées dans le réel et qui vivent leur propre vie, l'autre concernant l'esprit qui les contemple, livré à ses propres abstractions' (*HG*, p. 149) [one concerned with images projected into reality and which live their own life, the other concerned with the spirit which contemplates them, given over to its own abstractions]. It is within this perspective that we can view the curious tri-sectioning of himself which occurs during Lawrence's camel ride to Akaba a few days after the Deraa ordeal. Almost fainting with fatigue during the overnight ride, Lawrence found himself dividing into three parts: the first 'went on riding wisely', trying to encourage the exhausted camel. The second, 'from above and to the right, bent down curiously, and asked what the flesh was doing'. While the flesh gave no answer, but merely toiled on, 'a third garrulous one talked and wondered, critical of the body's self-inflicted labour, and contemptuous of the reasoned folly of the effort it maintained'. Arguably, a fourth self witnessed these negotiations, since Lawrence reports that 'the divided selves said nothing which I was not capable of thinking in cold blood: they were all my natives' (*SP*, pp. 506–507). For Lawrence, then, these selves in discourse are 'native', in the sense of originating with him, belonging to him from birth.²⁶

For Deleuze, then, there is what he calls a 'double theatricality' in *Seven Pillars*, the projective and the reflective. Here again we may establish a brief parallel with his *Présentation de Sacher-Masoch*, where the masochist ideal is contrasted with that of sadism in terms of its theatricality. In the masochist contract as presented by Deleuze, the torturer is an apprentice before being an executive, learning the lines, walking the walk, adopting the persona. While sadism concerns itself with repetition and accumulation, masochism lingers in the preparatory dream: 'Dans les romans de Masoch, tout culmine dans le suspens' (*PSM*, p. 31)

[In Masoch's novels, everything culminates in suspense]. In a long drawn-out deferral of pleasure, the masochist bathes in a desirous wait for an experience which is delayed: 'En fait, la forme du masochisme est l'attente. Le masochiste est celui qui vit l'attente à l'état pur' (PSM, p. 63) [In fact, masochism's form is waiting. A masochist is someone who lives the pure state of waiting].

Of course, while Deleuze indicates that waiting is an essential part of masochism, the reverse is not necessarily true. It seems securely affirmable that the waiters of Beckett's *En attendant Godot* do not do so for masochistic gratification. Waiters wait, then, within a spectrum of motivations and volitions. Nevertheless, the model Deleuze puts forward here of the maintenance and circulation of desire, operating in a zone where implementation is insecure or undetermined, is a powerful one in the context of Lawrence. Moreover, that insecurity of implementation may be seen to derive not only from chance or circumstance, but also from the will of the desirer. To this extent, Lawrence might be seen (though Deleuze does not actually suggest this) to be participating in a Deleuzian becoming-imperceptible. From the desire emerges an image which can be set free to become other. Having ascertained that a desire is realisable, Lawrence opens his hand and lets it go. He writes in a passage which Deleuze does not cite: 'When a thing was in my reach, I no longer wanted it; my delight lay in the desire' (SP, p. 583). The intensity of this process is seen by Deleuze as crucial in understanding Lawrence and in avoiding *misunderstanding* him: 'Il s'agirait plutôt d'un profond désir, d'une tendance à projeter dans les choses, dans la réalité, dans le futur et jusque dans le ciel, une image de soi-même et des autres assez intense pour qu'elle vive sa vie propre' (HG, p. 147) [It is, rather, a matter of a deep desire, a tendency to project into things, into reality, into the future and into the very heavens, an image of oneself and others which is intense enough to *take on its own life*].

Paradoxically for one so preoccupied with the interior world, Lawrence's endeavours (and the inner turmoil which accompanied them) transferred supremely well to the visual medium, with David Lean's 1962 film *Lawrence of Arabia* becoming one of the most successful films of all time. What is perhaps surprising is that, as someone so immersed in cinema, Deleuze does not mention *Lawrence of Arabia*. While discussion of the film has been a more noticeable feature of Anglo-American reception of Lawrence than of French, Columbia's release of the film in France in 1963 did give rise to a peak in production of newspaper and journal articles on Lawrence.²⁷

I would like to suggest, however, that many of the analyses of *Lawrence of Arabia* correspond remarkably with Deleuze's own analyses of Lawrence the writer, and that Deleuze is, in a sense, transmitting the Lawrence reel of images, without the aid of Peter O'Toole.²⁸ One notable component of the film's impact is its insidious power to destabilise any consistent viewer positioning. In a subtle, dialectical reading, Steven Caton demonstrates the ways in which the film eludes the episteme of orientalism by embracing a range of uncertainties and contradictory perspectives. Citing the aspiration of the film's American producer, Sam Spiegel, to force the audience to become co-authors of the film, Caton shows how the optical transactions of the film enfold the viewer with successive mirages and dilemmas: 'The eye had to rove, the head rotate, if the details were to be encompassed on such a large canvas, and even then they were often missed, thus increasing the possibilities not only for ambiguity but also for the oneiric and surreal'.²⁹

This radical ambiguity appears also in Deleuze's analysis, which opens with a supremely visual bias: 'Lawrence dit qu'il voit à travers une brume, qu'il ne perçoit immédiatement ni les formes ni les couleurs [...]. Mais ce qui l'inspire et l'entraîne, c'est d'être un "rêveur diurne"' (*HG*, p. 147) [Lawrence says that he sees through a mist, that he doesn't immediately perceive either forms or colours [...]. But what inspires and stimulates him, is being a 'daydreamer']. It is difficult, in this context, not to be reminded of the hazy sequences of Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, where figures gradually define themselves from the heart of the desert mirage. Within this mist-bound frame, human shapes rise and fall like pistons, as 'les hommes lévitent, suspendus à une corde' (*HG*, p. 144) [men levitate, suspended from a rope].

There is much to be said about *how* the film succeeds in setting up a Lawrence who inhabits a range of identities which do indeed veer between shames and glories, challenges and abscondings. This poly-imaging, by means of which Lawrence keeps (self-)definition at bay, occurs on many levels, including the ludic. It is this alternation between exposure and concealment which allows Lawrence's identity to remain transitional, despite the persistent gaze of the spectator.³⁰ As Michael Anderegg points out: 'Time and again, Lean's camera closes in on Lawrence's face as if to penetrate its mystery, and each close-up leaves us with a deeper enigma than before.'³¹

In the Anglo-American context, *Lawrence of Arabia* continues to provide a case study of negotiation between a visual artefact and the changing social and cultural environment which chooses to receive it. Accordingly, its re-released manifestation has stimulated a refreshed and

alternatively oriented wave of Lawrence reception. As might be expected, many of these visually provoked readings focus productively on the interface between exterior and interior, or between visual and hidden, and out of them emerges a post-modern Lawrence whose subjectivity is always migrating away from the web of discourses which implicate him.

French criticism, on the other hand, has tended to take rather different directions, with one prevalent theme being the positing of a search for an absolute. In many investigations, in contrast with Anglo-American criticism, this search is placed in a philosophico-theological context in which the focus of enquiry is not so much what Lawrence did or stood for, but rather the mysterious motives for his renunciations and the obscure goal towards which they were directed. The writer Alain Fillion applied to his subject the phrase 'recherche de l'absolu' at an early stage in a radio discussion of Lawrence.³² Another recent example is Dominique Lormier's *Les Chercheurs d'absolu* [Seekers of the absolute], which includes a chapter on Lawrence.³³ André Malraux, who had been preoccupied with Lawrence since his youth, also investigates the notion of the absolute in relation to Lawrence, but, in his case, the absolute was not threatened by temptations. Rather, the absolute *was* the fatal temptation. Hence the title of the study alluded to earlier in this chapter, *Le Démon de l'absolu*. Despite Malraux's insistence upon 'l'absolu' as a key to understanding Lawrence's motivations, it remains difficult to define what he meant by it.

Deleuze's reading of Lawrence, on the other hand, does not begin with the notion of a precedent search for an impossible and even undefinable ideal. His Lawrence is not placed in dread-filled transaction with a perceived absolute; rather, he sets the figure of Lawrence at play within a network of overlapping currents – visual, auditory, political, and emotional – which provide a constantly shifting centre of gravity. Exploring the strata of Lawrence's writing, Deleuze observes its extraordinary successions of visions, auditions, colours, and sounds. He has no need of the intervening filter of the film, since he finds these intensities in the given of the writing. For Deleuze, Lawrence's writing is impregnated with the shimmering interactions of light and colour: 'Et la couleur est mouvement, elle est déviation, déplacement, glissement, oblicité, non moins que le trait. Tous deux, la couleur et le trait, naissent ensemble et se fondent' (*HG*, p. 145) [And colour is movement, deflection, shifting, slippage, slant, no less than the line. Both, colour and line, arise together and merge]. Just as Herman Melville's writing is bathed from within by the ocean, 'au point que le navire semble irréel par contraste avec la mer vide' (*HG*, p. 146) [to the point where the ship

seems unreal by contrast with the empty sea], that of Lawrence is suffused from within by desert.³⁴

For Lawrence, the goal of writing was not to control or domesticate an idea: rather, it was to retain its strangeness. As noted earlier, Deleuze discerns within Lawrence's writing the shadowy presence of a foreign tongue, 'moins de l'arabe qu'un allemand fantôme' (*HG*, p. 149) [less Arabic than phantom German]. For Lawrence, this foreignness was not a hapless outcome of his writing, but a goal to be striven for. Indeed, it was only when he was able to stand outside an idea, to tap it from without, that Lawrence felt able to let it pass into his narrative. In 1928, he wrote to H. S. Ede: 'I find that my fifth writing (after perhaps fifteenth reading) of a sentence makes it more shapely, pithier, *stranger* than it was. Without that twist of strangeness no one would feel an individuality'.³⁵ The retention of strangeness is, as Lawrence's remark indicates, labour-intensive and time-consuming. Arguably, the translation to a target language is itself a form of estrangement from the source language. During the long genesis of *Seven Pillars*, perhaps Lawrence's debilitatingly energetic honing of ideas, and their expression, produced a text which was sufficiently robust to retain that 'strangeness' within another linguistic medium. Certainly the most successful translations tend to be those which preserve as far as possible Lawrence's own imagery, economy, rhythm, and register (and that of Julien Deleuze is for the most part praiseworthy in this regard). Lawrence himself criticised the French translation of his *Revolt in the Desert*³⁶ for what he termed its 'deliberate scalings-down of intensity' (Ede, p. 32) which had produced a more conventional and less startling text.

The strangeness or foreignness of Lawrence's language stems, according to Deleuze, from its intermittences, its constantly shifting frames of reference, and its recourse to abstraction. In Lawrence's hands, abstract ideas are not dead things, but 'des entités qui inspirent de puissants dynamismes spatiaux' (*HG*, p. 149) [entities which inspire powerful spatial dynamisms]. In celebrating the haunting quality of the writing, Deleuze is in accord with his son Julien, who states in the brief prefatory note to his own translation of *Seven Pillars*: 'La langue de Lawrence, heurtée, tumultueuse, agitée de fantômes, pleine de sons et de couleurs intenses, en tire sa beauté, son étrangeté; c'est une violence faite au langage' (J. Deleuze, p. 7) [Lawrence's language, jerky, tumultuous, stirred by ghosts, full of intense sounds and colours, derives its beauty and strangeness from them; this is violence done to language]. The import of the above contrast between 'langue' and 'langage' seems to be that conventional verbal and conceptual collocations must be broken apart

in pursuit of an individual voice, 'la langue de Lawrence'. Hence, Lawrence is not effecting an assault upon language in order to control its possibilities or to impose new patterns upon it; rather, he is evolving a poetic which might be able to bear the weight of his own contradictions, avowals, and reticences.

For Deleuze *père*, everything in Lawrence's writing – sand, sandstone, sky, basalt, colours, faces, layers – is in constant movement and transaction: 'Les paysages de grès ou de basalte réunissent couleurs et traits, mais toujours en mouvement, les grands traits colorés par couches, les couleurs tirées à grand trait' (*HG*, p. 145) [The sandstone or basalt landscapes connect colours and lines, but always in motion, the main lines coloured in layers, the colours drawn forth with a bold stroke]. What is extraordinary about Lawrence's observations is how they are visually imprinted and recorded even when their receiver is under extreme duress. Examples are legion, but would include the episode cited earlier, where the narrator is lying weak and fever-bound on the bare earth. Even while gasping with pain, he notes fine details of those parts of the environment which are visible to him: 'The bed of the valley was of fine quartz gravel and white sand. Its glitter thrust itself between our eyelids; and the level of the ground seemed to dance as the wind moved the white tips of stubble grass to and fro. [...] The hills were very strange and their colours vivid. The base had the warm grey of old stored sunlight' (*SP*, p. 189).

The dual theatricality of which Deleuze speaks emerges memorably in episodes where Lawrence's attention, while on one level fixed on the planned destination, is colonised and mesmerised by the moving elements – colours, shapes, particles – of his environs. These are never still or replicable, but always in negotiation with each other, pressing themselves with often painful intensity upon the travelling observer: 'Sable et ciel, jusqu'à ce que l'intensification donne le pourpre aveuglant où brûle le monde, et où la vue dans l'oeil est remplacée par la souffrance' (*HG*, p. 145) [Sand and sky, until intensification produces the blinding purple in which the world burns, and in which the sight of the eye is replaced by suffering]. Deleuze's resonant description is recurrently applicable to Lawrence's text. At one point, travelling interminably on towards Arfaja by camel, the narrator describes passing from glittering sand to stretches of whitish mud, flat and polished like paper: 'They blazed back the sun into our faces with glassy vigour, so we rode with its light raining direct arrows upon our heads, and its reflection glancing up from the ground through our inadequate eyelids. It was not a steady pressure, but a pain ebbing and flowing' (*SP*, p. 258).

These tableaux are drawn with colours and lines which intersect and connect vegetation and mineral, human and animal, making of Lawrence, in Deleuze's view, not only 'un des plus grands paysagistes de la littérature' [one of the greatest landscape artists in literature] but also one of its 'plus grands portraitistes' (*HG*, p. 145) [greatest portrait artists]. He cites portraits of individuals in whom the contours of landscape seem to indent the features of human physiognomy, such that 'les visages répondent aux paysages, apparaissant et disparaissant dans ces brefs tableaux' (*HG*, p. 145) [faces respond to landscapes, appearing and disappearing in those brief tableaux]. At the same time, this succession of images, in their plasticity and expansiveness, is not to be measured against some notion of a pre-existent reality. All that Deleuze requires of an aesthetic output (fiction, film, music, painting, etc.) is that it create intensities (sonic, visual, affective). Hence he dismisses as petty all those who impute to Lawrence motives of self-glorification, for 'les images que Lawrence projette dans le réel ne sont pas des images gonflées qui pècheraient par une fausse extension, mais valent par l'intensité pure, dramatique ou comique, que l'écrivain sait donner à l'événement' (*HG*, pp. 148–49) [the images which Lawrence projects into reality are not swollen images which would err by their ill-founded expansion, but [they] derive value through the pure intensity, dramatic or comic, with which the writer endows the event].

Primary among these intensities, as Deleuze renders them, is that of shame. Amputating glory's conventional companion, so that 'the Power and the Glory' becomes 'The Shame and the Glory' (the title of his essay), Deleuze then restores the power to the seemingly oxymoronic pairing. Shame is itself a form of strangeness, an estrangement between what is or is perceived to be, and what might have been. Lawrence's shame, however, is not a drab or cringing affair. It emerges in passages which can be self-flaying in their frankness but also dramatic, colourful, and comic. His shame is naked and generous. As Lawrence writes in the first chapter of *The Mint*, when the narrator stands fully exposed to the recruiting officers: 'The worst of telling lies naked is that the red shows all the way down' (*TM*, p. 36). For Deleuze, the red shows all the way through Lawrence's writing, but the redness derives not from haemorrhage or depletion, but from vibrancy and pulsation.

Deleuze does not underestimate the shame experienced by Lawrence at perceiving his own inability to prevent the betrayal of Arab aspirations. However, he presents the phenomenon of shame as possessing multiple foci, as well as multiple realisations, some of them gratificatory.

Moreover, in Deleuze's reading, Lawrence had the capacity to derive glory from the voicing of his shame: 'Jamais la honte ne fut chantée à ce point, et d'une façon si fière et hautaine' (*HG*, p. 150) [Never has shame been sung out to this extent, and in such a proud and haughty manner]. Thus Lawrence had the capacity to derive glory from his own abjection, especially when this enabled him to despise the animality of his own body, or to ignore its demands in pursuit of an internal or external goal.

In immersing himself in Lawrence's literary output, what Deleuze discerns above all is a perpetual jostling of elements, a procession of transitions which shade into one another, in a manner also suggested by Julien Deleuze: 'Son génie est de faire vivre des entités, les mêlant aux personnages du désert: la honte, la gloire, l'abjection, la servitude, l'échec, le triomphe ... Ce ne sont pas des abstractions mais des Puissances, des Témoins hallucinés' (J. Deleuze, p. 7) [His genius is to bring entities alive, mingling them with the desert characters: shame, glory, abjection, servitude, failure, triumph ... These are not abstractions but Powers, hallucinated Witnesses]. For Deleuze, Lawrence's literary output offers a swirl of visual and spatial transactions, with their accompanying emotional and psychic undertow. His suggestion that Lawrence is 'another William Blake' (*HG*, p. 156) may seem extravagant. Nevertheless, as the twenty-first century proceeds, the reel of travelling visions, auditions, abstractions, and images projected by Deleuze in response to the syncopated, camel-like gait of Lawrence's writing remains a compelling one.

2

Travel by Sea: Herman Melville

William P. Trent, considering a great sweep of American literature from the early seventeenth century onwards, wrote of Melville's *Moby-Dick* that 'If it were not for its inordinate length, its frequent inartistic heaping up of details, and its obvious imitation of Carlylean tricks of style and construction, this narrative of tremendous power and wide knowledge might be perhaps pronounced the greatest sea story in literature'.¹ D. H. Lawrence, writing some twenty years later, is happy to dispense with all Trent's caveats, describing *Moby-Dick* as 'an epic of the sea such as no man has equalled; [...] the greatest book of the sea ever written'.² The novel is undoubtedly a sea-bound adventure, a closely-observed narrative of an ocean pursuit. Yet the fluidity of this work enables it to bypass all generic classifications; it is ill-adapted to the maritime section of a book store. In classifying *Moby-Dick* as a 'Titanic' book, T. E. Lawrence ranges it alongside the works of landlubbers Dostoevsky and Nietzsche rather than alongside those of Conrad or Defoe: 'Do you remember my telling you once that I collected a shelf of "Titanic" books (those distinguished by greatness of spirit, "sublimity" as Longinus would call it): and that they were *The Karamazovs*, *Zarathustra*, and *Moby Dick*'.³

For Lawrence, the hunt for the Great White Whale betokens the doom of 'the Great White Soul', Melville's America, the spirit of idealism. It is unsurprising that the huge, blanched, and mysterious body of Moby Dick should have spawned many such mythical readings. For many readers, the particularity of Moby Dick is subsumed into a grand thematic, an ever-intensifying play of symbol and allegory. For Jean-Clet Martin, 'le récit de Melville, son thème central, gravite autour de la mort de Dieu'⁴ [The central theme of Melville's narrative gravitates around the death of God]. In other, psychoanalytical readings,

profoundly antithetical to Deleuzian analysis, *Moby Dick* may assume a rôle in the Oedipal drama. For Newton Arvin, for example, *Moby Dick* is 'the archetypal Parent; the father, yes, but the mother also, so far as she becomes a substitute for the father'.⁵

Of course *Moby-Dick* does contain recurrent shapes and symbols (that of the circle is discussed later in this chapter). Yet, within the mobile and digressive narrative medium, they are marked by plasticity and dispensability. Similarly, the text is not a myth repository, but rather a myth generator or forge. As Albert Camus remarks: 'Pour juger au moins du génie de Melville, il est indispensable d'admettre que ses ouvrages retracent une expérience spirituelle d'une intensité sans égale et qu'il sont en partie symboliques'⁶ [To get at least some idea of Melville's genius, we need to allow that his works are outlining a spiritual experience of matchless intensity and that they are, in part, symbolic].

What unites many of the critical approaches which have recourse to allegory is that they align the conflictual forces in the book with the death of some great abstract force: the Parent, civilisation, evil, God. Camus recognised that *Moby-Dick* is not a novel dealing with closure or despatch, but is, rather, an element of an ongoing journey: 'Melville n'a jamais écrit que le même livre indéfiniment recommencé. Ce livre unique est celui d'un voyage, d'abord animé de la seule et joyeuse curiosité de la jeunesse (*Typee*, *Omoo*, etc.), ensuite habité par une angoisse de plus en plus brûlante et égarée' (Camus, p. 1900) [Melville only ever wrote the same book, perpetually restarted. This singular book is that of a journey, first animated by the unique and joyful curiosity of youth (*Typee*, *Omoo*, etc.), and then marked with an increasingly searing and wild anguish].

Camus's emphases upon the intensity and the ongoing nature of the narrative enterprise provide a bridge to Deleuzian perceptions of Melville. Melville himself recognised the drifting, unruly tendencies of his book, as well as his own reluctance to draw it to a close. Frequently, readers or viewers are much more given to projected finitude than are writers. In Samuel Beckett's 1981 play, *Rockaby*, an old woman, dressed in black, sways back and forth in a rocking chair. Images of closed eyes, closed blinds, and closed days are all evoked by the recorded speaking voice. At the end of the play, the woman's head slowly sinks and the spotlight fades out. It is never made clear whether this is rest, or death. The latter may be suggested, but is never confirmed. Yet many actors and directors have found irresistible the temptation to add the full stop to Beckett's unfinished sentence, to denote cessation rather than to connote it. Similarly, it is often overlooked that, at the close of *Moby-Dick*,

the demise of the Great Whale is never reported. Though undoubtedly weakened and wounded, Moby Dick's fate remains unclear. Ahab is submerged in the ocean while in the act of harpooning, but the final image of the chapter is not one of vertical destruction, but of horizontal continuity. The ocean rolls on, 'as it rolled five thousand years ago',⁷ and perhaps Moby Dick rolls on with it, rid at last of his pursuivant, though now deeply damaged by and like his assailant.

Dispensing, then, with notions of *Moby-Dick* as a staged assassination of forces of oppression, guilt, or inadequacy, Deleuze and Guattari respond to the novel as a moving reel of affect, an intense becoming at work before our reading eyes. More generally, *Moby-Dick* takes its place for them among a gallery of Anglo-American writing which contrasts strongly with the French literary tradition: 'Le roman français [...] ne conçoit que des voyages organisés [...]. Il passe son temps à faire le point, au lieu de tracer des lignes, lignes de fuite active ou de déterritorialisation positive. Tout autre est le roman anglo-américain. [...] De Thomas Hardy à Lawrence, de Melville à Miller, la même question retentit, traverser, sortir, percer, faire la ligne et pas le point' (*MP*, p. 228) [The French novel [...] can only conceive of packaged journeys [...]. It spends its time plotting points instead of drawing lines, lines of active flight or positive deterritorialisation. The Anglo-American novel is quite different. [...] From Thomas Hardy to Lawrence, from Melville to Miller, the same question rings out: go across, go out, cross through, draw lines rather than points]. This is the recurrent Deleuzian rallying cry: keep deterritorialised, plump for the potential, tilt towards becoming.

Accordingly, in Melville's oceanic journeys, there is no mystique or rootedness attached to naval organisation for its own sake. The ship's company is always seen as a band of individuals who must co-operate for limited stretches of time. The momentum arises not from the ongoing routine of life on deck, but from what lies without: the changing rhythms of the waters, the sea creatures, the winds, the lands beyond. This is seen to good effect in *Typee*, where the young narrator is initially energised not by his companions but by the 'skirts of the horizon', the Pacific 'sparkling in the sunshine', and the flying fish falling 'like a shower of silver into the sea'.⁸ Later, however, the ship becomes for him nothing more than a prison. Wearing by fifteen unproductive months at sea under a tyrannical captain, he envisages standing free on the mountains above the bay of Nukuheva: 'How delightful it would be to look down upon the detested old vessel from the height of some thousand feet, and contrast the verdant scenery about me with the recollection of her narrow decks and gloomy fore-castle!' (*T*, p. 28). *Typee* is, of

course, the story of the narrator's escape into merely another form of clausturation, when he is captured by the Typees and detained (with kindness) as an ailing guest on the South Sea island.

In contrast to the obsessive pursuits of *Moby-Dick*, then, the narrator's travelling is arrested throughout the major part of *Typee*. The two modes might be summed up by Deleuze's cinema-inspired optical division into tracking shots and panoramic shots: 'Ce sont les deux grandes Figures originales qu'on retrouve partout chez Melville, Panoramique et Travelling, processus stationnaire et vitesse infinie'⁹ [These are the two great original Figures which we find everywhere in Melville, Panoramic Shot and Tracking Shot, a stationary process and an infinite speed]. Both novels, however, dramatise the contrast between locomotion by assent, and enforced movement patterns. Just as the *Pequod's* crew are taken where they would rather not go by Ahab, *Typee's* narrator may tread only within the space allowed to him by his captors, and impeded by his infected leg.

The Polynesian panoramas afforded by *Typee* are plentiful: 'I looked straight down into the bosom of a valley, which swept away in long wavy undulations to the blue waters in the distance' (*T*, p. 49). Nevertheless, however beautiful the prospects, the narrator is never drawn to a retrospective progress, to such an idealisation of his host community as to prompt him to long for a giant U-turn on the part of his own native civilisation. To this extent, D. H. Lawrence's commentary on the novel – largely echoed by Deleuze – seems to me misjudged. In his essay 'Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo*',¹⁰ Lawrence is right to emphasise the Melvillean impulsion 'to cross a horizon' (*HMTO*, p. 127). However, whereas Camus identifies *joie de vivre* and curiosity among the motivating factors in the Melvillean journey, Lawrence always perceives a drag in the water, a heavy ballast, the dead weight of the abandoned world behind: 'Melville hated the world: was born hating it' (*HMTO*, p. 127). It is difficult to reconcile this diagnosis, to which Lawrence clings doggedly and repetitively in the essay, with the exhilaration, the eye for detail, the sensitivity to ambient stimuli, and the forward-bound propulsion which surface recurrently in Melville's writing, and particularly in the early work of which *Typee* is a part.

Lawrence's thesis seems to be, in Deleuzian terms, that Melville is locked into a reterritorialising imperative which impels him into demonic, performative cycles of escape and return. Hence, he sees the narrator of *Typee* as relapsing into a Rousseauesque reverie at the apparent innocence, simplicity and beauty of the South Sea Islanders. Pushing the point remorselessly, Lawrence points to the impossibility of

a return to an originary state: 'We can't go back. Whatever else the South Sea Islander is, he is centuries and centuries behind us'; 'We have to go on, on, on, even if we must smash a way ahead' (*HMTO*, pp. 130, 131). Deleuze underlines the sentiment: 'Lawrence n'en veut à Melville que pour une chose: [...] avoir confondu cette traversée, cette ligne créatrice, avec un "impossible retour", retour aux sauvages à Typee [...]. Nous ne pouvons pas revenir en arrière' (*MP*, p. 231) [Lawrence has a grudge against Melville on only one count: [...] having confused that crossing, that creative line, with an 'impossible return', return to the Typee savages [...]. We cannot turn back].

Yet surely the textual evidence for Lawrence's assertion is lacking. When all avenues of escape appear to be blocked, *Typee's* narrator is capable of letting go, of ceding to the passing of the days as he recuperates, and to observing the customs of the islanders. Although oral communication remains limited by mutual incomprehension, he establishes a friendly rapport with the tribe, and admires their apparent happiness, health, and tranquillity. At one point he does cite Rousseau, in referring to the sense of well-being generated by 'the mere buoyant sense of a healthful physical existence' (*T*, p. 137). Despite all this, the detention of the narrator is a matter of recurrent preoccupation in the novel. He is capable of assuming a carefree demeanour, so as to avoid alerting his hosts to his plans to escape. However, as the months pass, his desire to regain his freedom of movement becomes more and more desperate.

For Lawrence, this aversion results from a reluctant realisation that 'if you prostitute your psyche by returning to the savages, you gradually go to pieces' (*HMTO*, p. 131). Yet the idea of 'returning to the savages' is not, for all Lawrence's posturing, to be found in *Typee*. The narrator observes closely, but refrains from either making direct comparisons with the culture he has left behind, or formulating recommendations about retrieving that culture in the cause of retrospectively regaining paradise. Far from being immured in a reactive mode which is forever fleeing and despairing, the narrator lives intensely in the present, while reserving his private energies for the day when his liberty of movement will be restored. And, when he finally gains his first tantalising glimpse of the open sea, he hails it as an agent of that movement rather than as a haven: 'Never shall I forget the ecstasy I felt when I first heard the roar of the surf breaking upon the beach. Before long, I saw the flashing billows themselves through the opening between the trees. Oh! glorious sight and sound of ocean! with what rapture did I hail you as familiar friends' (*T*, p. 257). This is an impulse of deterritorialisation, similar to

the one which characterised the opening of the novel. It is unhinged from either preceding or intended settlements. It is a horizontal, geographical movement, rather than a vertical, historical one. As such, it provides for post-colonial readings of Melville, such as that of Geoffrey Sanborn,¹¹ which hold that, far from being complicit in a Western colonial consciousness, Melville's texts demonstrate the very hollowness of any such claim or attachment.

For Deleuze and Guattari, this geographical (rather than historical) process of becoming is characterised not by operations of seismic realignment or of transubstantiation, but by waves, flows, and slippages. Appropriately in this context of fluidity, Deleuze and Guattari often single out for preference the later novel, *Moby-Dick*. 'Tout *Moby Dick*', they write, 'est un des plus grands chefs-d'oeuvre de devenir; le capitaine Achab a un devenir-baleine irrésistible' (MP, p. 298) [*Moby-Dick* in its entirety is one of the greatest masterpieces of becoming; Captain Ahab has an irresistible becoming-whale]. That becoming-whale, as they make clear in *Kafka: pour une littérature mineure*, is not metaphorical, symbolic, or allegorical; neither is it some kind of punishment visited on the becomer on account of guilt. Rather, 'comme dit Melville à propos du devenir-baleine du capitaine Achab, c'est un "panorama", non pas un "évangile". C'est une carte d'intensités. C'est un ensemble d'états, tous distincts les uns des autres, greffés sur l'homme en tant qu'il cherche une issue' (K, p. 65) [as Melville says about captain Ahab's becoming-whale, it is a 'panorama', not a 'gospel'. It is a map of intensities. It is a collection of states, all distinct from one another, grafted onto the man as he seeks a way out].

When speaking of the becoming-whale which Melville provides in *Moby-Dick*, then, Deleuze and Guattari do not mean that Captain Ahab develops certain similarities with whales; rather, they mean that, because of his obsession with one particular whale, Moby Dick, Ahab's energies flow towards that being-state, by a process of *glissement* [slippage]. Moreover, this is presented not as a whim, a kind of 'option for whaleness', but as an irresistible impulsion, an overwhelming and even demonic manner of becoming.

When the text is examined, there are indeed many details of the narrative which insert themselves persuasively into this activity. Ahab, for instance, is already lacking part of his original corporeal identity. His leg has passed into the whale Moby Dick, who has amputated and digested it. However, at the end of his stump, Ahab has an artificial leg made from the polished jawbone of a sperm whale (MD, p. 110), the same species as Moby Dick. Ironically, then, the extension of Ahab's body, its

means of predatory propulsion, is supplied by that part of the whale – the jaw – which originally removed it. Thus, each party in this grisly exchange – Ahab and the whale – has donated a crucial part of its skeleton to the other. Ahab is already coterminous with the whale, even before the narrative begins.

As the narrative progresses, Ahab's becoming-whale grows in intensity. Indeed, Chapter 41 spells out how the living body of the White Whale draws towards and into itself the desiring machine, whole and entire, of Captain Ahab: 'Ahab had cherished a wild vindictiveness against the whale, all the more fell for that in his frantic morbidness he at last came to identify with him, not only all his bodily woes, but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations' (*MD*, p. 160).

What, then, is the role of water in this process? It would be impossible to conceive of the novel *Moby-Dick* without the presence of the ocean. Yet, although Melville writes in great detail about whales (varieties of, uses of, behaviour of), about harpoons, whalers, and whaling, he writes comparatively little about water. The sea is, however, the fluid medium, the agency, the culture upon and within which all these interactions take place. Moreover, it enables and hastens the process of becoming-whale which Deleuze observes in Ahab.

In the first place, the narrator informs the reader early in the novel that 'Socially, Ahab was inaccessible' (*MD*, p. 134). Already, then, he is detached from humanity. Though surrounded by people, he is always apart from them. In the Pacific Ocean, in a context where variety in human companionship is in short supply, Ahab declines to board a passing whaler and consort with its captain (*MD*, p. 204). Having emerged from the sea in which he was once dismembered, Ahab spends long hours isolated and gazing at the sea. Being inaccessible to society, he is more accessible for other being-states.

A linkage may be made here with Deleuze and Guattari's remarks on faciality: the face as a centre of codification.¹² In what they term despotic regimes, the full face radiates outwards, confident of its universal semiotic power. The example they give of this is Byzantine representations of Christ, in which the face and eyes of Christ, intact in their own subjectivity, impose themselves on the viewer. In what they call the pas-sional or subjective mode, on the other hand, the despotic face is averted and its power is displaced, though its signifying power remains as an abstract force.

Moreover, Deleuze and Guattari associate the fixed, grounded face with the terrestrial, and the averted, more mobile face with the maritime. They give as an example of these two models Duccio's painting of

'The Calling of the Apostles Peter and Andrew'. This panel, commissioned for the Cathedral of Siena in 1308, depicts Christ and Peter, at a half-turned angle, and in the mobile setting of the Sea of Galilee. As befits linchpins of a new organisation, they are engaged in an incipient transaction with each other rather than with the viewer, while Andrew remains in the traditional front-faced position. Commenting on the painting, Deleuze and Guattari observe how sidelong glances draw 'des lignes multiples, intégrant la profondeur dans le tableau lui-même' [multiple lines, integrating depth into the painting itself]. In this transitional painting, they note, against an aquatic landscape, 'la seconde formule emporte déjà le Christ et le premier pêcheur, tandis que le deuxième pêcheur reste pris dans le code byzantin' (*MP*, p. 227) [the second formula has already overtaken Christ and the first fisherman, whereas the second fisherman remains part of the Byzantine code].

At the outset of the journey, Ahab's rule imposes itself on the crew, but largely obliquely, despite his own visual cancellation: 'Their supreme lord and dictator was there, though hitherto unseen by any eyes not permitted to penetrate into the now sacred retreat of the cabin' (*MD*, p. 109). When he does appear on the quarterdeck, he assumes the demeanour of a Christ-figure, submerged and yet absorbed by his own Passion: 'Captain Ahab stood erect, looking straight out beyond the ship's ever-pitching prow. [...] Moody stricken Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face; in all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty woe' (*MD*, pp. 110–11).¹³ Even towards the end of the quest for Moby Dick, when Ahab appears hardly to leave the deck, the eyes of the crew are drawn towards this figure who dominates them even while inhabiting some space beyond them: 'Like machines, they dumbly moved about the deck, ever conscious that the old man's despot eye was on them'. Yet, 'they could never tell unerringly whether, for all this, his eyes were really closed at times: or whether he was still intently scanning them' (*MD*, p. 501).

In gazing out to sea, Ahab resembles Captain Vere, in Melville's short story 'Billy Budd'. Standing alone on the quarterdeck, Vere 'would absently gaze off at the blank sea', lost in 'the current of his thoughts'.¹⁴ This alignment of human preoccupations with a 'current', a flow, facilitates the transmigration of identity which Melville's narrative dramatises. It is memorably described in Chapter 35 of *Moby-Dick*, where the narrator describes how a sailor of dreamy disposition may be lulled into listlessness by 'the blending cadence of waves with thoughts, [so] that at last he loses his identity'. In this reverie, the spirit 'becomes diffused through time and space' (*MD*, p. 140). In this connection, Deleuze and

Guattari quote, in *Mille plateaux*, a comparable line from Lawrence's novel *Kangaroo* about being 'seul, sans esprit, sans mémoire, près de la mer' (*MP*, p. 232) [alone, mindless and memoryless beside the sea]. In Melville's hands, the sea may even be an imagined one. Thus, when the eponymous Bartleby, in the short story often cited by Deleuze, enters a mode of continuous, rather than intermittent, gazing outwards, the narrator describes him as 'a bit of wreck in the mid Atlantic'.¹⁵

Ahab sees the ocean not as an element of primeval beauty, but as both a constant reminder of the whale kingdom concealed within it, and as a means of propulsion towards a single and unforgettable member of that kingdom. So, in Chapter 37, he declares himself immune to the tranquillity of sunset, when 'the warm waves blush like wine' (*MD*, p. 147). Instead, from his sternward cabin, he broods over the ship's wake, and dreams of racing, whale-like, 'under torrents' beds', fuelled by his drive for revenge. By contrast, Starbuck in the following chapter gazes forward on the bow side, free of Ahab's ballast and yet fearful of it: 'Foremost through the sparkling sea shoots on the gay, embattled, bantering bow, but only to drag dark Ahab after it, where he broods within his sternward cabin, builded over the dead water of the wake' (*MD*, p. 148). For Ahab, the wake is not 'water under the bridge', matters floating into oblivion. It is precisely his obsession with those past waters which constantly propels him into new waters.

In Deleuzian terms, the temporal modes of Starbuck and Ahab are radically differentiated. Starbuck, here and elsewhere, operates within *Chronos*, a measured and actualised time which has the power to determine and situate things and persons. Ahab, on the other hand, may be seen to be in the mode designated *Aeon*, the time which Deleuze and Guattari define as 'le temps indéfini de l'événement, la ligne flottante qui ne connaît que les vitesses, et ne cesse à la fois de diviser ce qui arrive en un déjà-là et un pas-encore-là, un trop-tard et un trop-tôt simultanés, un quelque chose à la fois qui va se passer et vient de se passer' (*MP*, p. 320) [the indefinite time of event, the floating line which knows only speeds and at the same time is always dividing that which happens into an already-here and a not-yet-here, a simultaneous too-late and too-early, a something which is about to happen and has just happened].

As Paul Brodtkorb observes: 'Ahab has made his future determine his present, even as he has made his past [...] determine his future. Because it is his kind of past that always comes to meet him from his future, he has always lived ahead of himself, *having* no other present but the empty one his future gives him'.¹⁶ At the outset of the novel, Ahab is

seen to have been driven, or to have driven himself, into a *reactive* life, one that is fuelled by resentment, at least as far as his attitude to his own dismembered body is concerned. His wound is stigmatic; though part of his body, it is not a property but an attribute; it has an exterior life; it festers continuously because Ahab is caught up in a mode of anamnesis, in a cyclical recall and reprojection of his bodily trauma. All his energies are directed towards constant but useless remedial missions to unlive the past by pre-living the future. This reactive mode contrasts forcefully with the active life, cited by Deleuze in *Logique du sens*, of the poet Joë Bousquet. Having received a bullet in the spinal cord during World War I, Bousquet spent the remaining decades of his life bedridden and in pain. Yet, unlike Ahab, whose wound is an incubus, an oppression, Bousquet stated: 'Ma blessure existait avant moi, je suis né pour l'incarner' (*LS*, p. 174) [My wound existed before me, I was born to embody it].

As the months pass and his long reveries increasingly consume him, Ahab will transcend the particularities of that resentment and cede to the process of becoming-whale which Deleuze discerns. While he travels the waters, Ahab presumes upon their continuity. He knows that, as long as the water lasts, his quarry will be theoretically available to him. Theoretical also will be Ahab's calculation of Moby Dick's whereabouts, since, as the narrator asserts, 'Ahab [...] knew the sets of all tides and currents' (*MD*, p. 171), and therefore feels himself equipped to map out the migration of the sperm whale's feeding grounds. Yet the water, though mapped, still evades and occludes. Ishmael says of the Pacific Ocean in Chapter 111 that its 'gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath' (*MD*, p. 399). As the *Pequod* approaches Java, the finger of morning sun across the water seems to be 'enjoining some secrecy', and 'the slippered waves whispered together as they softly ran on' (*MD*, p. 236).

The suspicious Ahab, his whole being straining towards that of Moby Dick, is by now 'prepared to connect the ideas of mildness and repose with the first sight of the particular whale he pursued' (*MD*, pp. 236–37). Yet his expectations are again overturned when the sea reveals not a white whale but a creamy giant squid, a creature of rumour and legend upon which Moby Dick may or may not feed, for 'the spermaceti whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the surface' (*MD*, p. 237).

While Thoreau, in *Walden*,¹⁷ employs great narrative skill in describing perfectly still water, mirror lakes 'like molten glass cooled but not congealed',¹⁸ the calm surface of water, in Melville's novel, is always discerned

as merely the transparent skin of a gliding, teeming, mysterious world below. It is 'when beholding the tranquil beauty and brilliancy of the ocean's skin, one forgets the tiger heart that pants beneath it; [...] this velvet paw but conceals a remorseless fang' (*MD*, p. 405). One is reminded for a brief moment of *Walden* when, in Chapter 87, the *Pequod* sails into such smooth water that the narrator feels as if they had 'slid into a serene valley lake' (*MD*, p. 324). Nevertheless, without pausing, the narrative notes that 'we were now in that enchanted calm which they say lurks at the heart of every commotion'. Below the surface, 'suspended in those watery vaults' (*MD*, p. 325) are schools of whales, pregnant mothers, nursing mothers, and calves. The creatures seem eerily tame, visiting the ship and seeming to gaze up at it from underwater, until the phallic harpoon penetrates this magical world and forces a more combative and bloody engagement upon it.

It is perhaps surprising, given scenes like this, that Melville's narrator sidesteps any association of the sea with femininity, and characterises the sea as masculine. Within Ahab's patriarchal, colonialising regime, it is the peaceful, domestic society of whales which is the prey of the multiple, male-borne harpoons. Yet, here as elsewhere in the narrative, the sea is not a passive medium; it is a collaborator with the cetaceous forces within it, which will spare only one of the mariners. Thus, in Chapter 132, just before the final, fateful encounter between Ahab and Moby Dick, the narrator contrasts 'the gentle thoughts of the feminine air' with 'the strong, troubled, murderous thinkings of the masculine sea' (*MD*, p. 442). When appropriated by Moby Dick, the sea is presented as rational, sentient, and vengeful. The air is deemed to be feminine, merely brushing against and acknowledging 'the robust and man-like sea' (*MD*, p. 442).

Crucially, however, it is the winds which, encouraging and exercising their power over the waves, have assisted Ahab towards his planned confrontation with Moby Dick. Insofar as Ahab opens out to the transformative power of the feminised air, he may be seen as passing through that becoming-woman which Deleuze and Guattari present as an instigatory model or trigger: 'Peut-être le devenir-femme possède sur tous les autres un pouvoir introductif particulier, et c'est moins la femme qui est sorcière, que la sorcellerie, qui passe par ce devenir-femme' (*MP*, p. 304) [Perhaps becoming-woman possesses a particular introductory power over all other becomings, and it is not so much that the woman is witch as that sorcery is accomplished through this becoming-woman].

As he travels on, Ahab begins to take on more and more the features of the cetaceous and the aquatic. In describing the joint preoccupation

which links man and whale in the narrative, Deleuze writes in *Critique et clinique* of 'les rides qui se tordent du front d'Achab à celui de la Baleine' (*BF*, p. 100) [the twisting lines which pass from Ahab's brow to that of the whale]. Once again, as with the whalebone peg leg, the human body and the whale body are seen as conjoining. But these twisting lines to which Deleuze refers extend not only to the whale, but to its orientation, its vicinity. They are 'lignes de fuite' in the original architectural sense; they run along parallel lines as far as the point, still invisible on the horizon, where they will converge upon Moby Dick. Their rhizomatic outreach extends from Ahab's frowning forehead as he pores over his maps, to that virtual space in which he will be proximate to Moby Dick. The link is memorably made in Chapter 44: 'It almost seemed that while he himself was marking out lines and courses on the wrinkled charts, some invisible pencil was also tracing lines and courses upon the deeply marked chart of his forehead' (*MD*, p. 171). The brow of both of these aged combatants – Ahab and Moby Dick – is stark in its lividness. When Moby Dick strikes the starboard bow of the ship, he does so not with his tail but with 'the solid white buttress of his forehead' (*MD*, p. 468). Ahab's forehead can appear equally albescent and threatening. In Chapter 29, Stubb, the second mate, ruminates after unexpectedly meeting the captain: 'I was so taken all aback with his brow, somehow. It flashed like a bleached bone' (*MD*, p. 114).

The whiteness of Moby Dick is, at the outset, a distinguishing feature, a particularity which sets him apart from the school or pack. As such, he is, in Deleuzian terms, an Anomalous individual, one endowed with a special function by virtue of inhabiting the margins: 'L'Anomal est toujours à la frontière, sur la bordure d'une bande ou d'une multiplicité; il en fait partie, mais la fait déjà passer dans une autre multiplicité, il la fait devenir, il trace une ligne-entre' (*D*, p. 54) [The Anomalous is always at the frontier, on the border of a pack or a multiplicity; he is part of it, but also pushes it towards another multiplicity; he makes it become; he traces a line-between]. Moby Dick is in fact doubly anomalous, both specifically (his whiteness) and generically (his whaleness), if we accept Melville's analysis in Chapter 79 of *Moby-Dick*: 'Physiognomically regarded, the Sperm Whale is an anomalous creature. He has no proper nose' (*MD*, p. 291). When one beholds a whale, he explains, the brow predominates: 'For you see no one point precisely; not one distinct feature is revealed; no nose, eyes, ears, or mouth; no face; he has none, proper; nothing but that one broad firmament of a forehead, pleated with riddles' (*MD*, p. 292).

The whale whom we await in the early part of *Moby-Dick* may appear to be *designated* by an exhaustive dossier of documentation. Yet, for Deleuze, this particularising activity is merely a transient stage: 'Il est certain que beaucoup de romans de Melville commencent par des images ou portraits [...]. Même *Moby Dick* amasse d'abord les renseignements pour donner une forme à la baleine et en dresser l'image [...]. Mais quelque chose d'étrange se produit chaque fois, qui brouille l'image, la frappe d'une incertitude essentielle' (*BF*, p. 99) [Certainly, many of Melville's novels begin with images or portraits [...]. Even *Moby-Dick* first gathers information so as to give shape to the whale and to draw up its image [...]. But, each time, something odd occurs, to blur the image and to impose upon it a fundamental uncertainty].

As the Melvillean narrative progresses, a double becoming is set in motion: as Ahab locks into the transformative process which is becoming-whale, Moby Dick also loses his definition. What appeared to be a portrait – the black outlines of a shape, a brow, a scar, against the white surface of his body – now appears to be mesmerically blank and mobile. The still life fades into its own background. Moby Dick is no longer a white entity, but whiteness itself: 'Le capitaine Achab est engagé dans un devenir-baleine irrésistible avec Moby Dick; mais il faut en même temps que l'animal, Moby Dick, devienne pure blancheur insoutenable, pure muraille blanche éclatante, pur fil d'argent' (*MP*, p. 374) [Captain Ahab is caught up in an irresistible becoming-whale with Moby Dick; but at the same time the animal, Moby Dick, must become pure and unbearable whiteness, a pure, brilliant white wall, a pure silver thread]. The resultant snow-scape is one which, to use Deleuze's term, is 'irresistible'. It is irresistible, and may be terrifyingly so, because it drowns the eye in an oxymoronic voided plenum, similar to that which Melville describes in Chapter 42 upon 'The Whiteness of the Whale': 'Is it, that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color, and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows – a colorless, all-color of atheism from which we shrink?' (*MD*, p. 169).

The alignment of this environment with atheism is apt. Though Deleuze does not make the explicit connection with a godly presider, he does associate Melville's initiating, documentary mode with the paternal function, and his subsequent blurring of images with the abolition of this presiding function. In an essay which considers the portability of Melville's God, Jenny Franchot argues that God is not so much dislodged and disempowered as unshackled from presidential stasis

and set in accompanying motion with the traveller: 'In Ishmael's portrait of the individual's circuit from belief through disbelief and back again, we recognize the spiritually restless protagonists so characteristic of Melville's fiction. And next to this figure of the traveler, we can discern another, intriguing presence: that of his god, unmoored from doctrinal fixities, released along with him into the unstable spaces of empire and authorship'.¹⁹ Hence, 'Achab peut dire à bon droit qu'il fuit de partout. La fonction paternelle se perd au profit de forces ambiguës plus obscures' (*BF*, p. 99) [Ahab may rightly say that he is escaping all over. The paternal function is lost in favour of more obscure, ambiguous forces]. Thus the becoming-whale will be resident nowhere, neither in the harpooner nor in the harpooned, but will be enacted in the intermediate space which is neither of them, a performative space of output and transaction.

In Chapter 44, the narrator informs the reader (*MD*, p. 172) that sperm whales are commonly described as swimming in what are described as 'veins' in the oceanic body. These are given ocean-lines between feeding grounds, followed with uncanny exactitude by whales. But, if attributes of the human circulatory system are here assigned to the ocean, the reverse also obtains. Later, Ahab's bulging veins are likened to dangerously full tracts of water: 'The Delta of his forehead's veins swelled like overladen brooks' (*MD*, p. 400). Having witnessed the death of a whale, he even voices an apostrophe to the sea, constructing himself as its offspring: 'Born of earth, yet suckled by the sea; though hill and valley mothered me, ye billows are my foster-brothers!' (*MD*, p. 410). In so doing, he also unwittingly aligns himself with the whale, which is itself, like him, a warm-blooded mammal, a borrower rather than an inhabitant of the watery element. Ahab's becoming-ocean and becoming-whale will, however, complete his extinction; not only his leg but, finally, his whole body, will be submerged. His apotheosis is foreshadowed in Chapter 132, when his attempt to plumb the depths beneath him merely imprints his own sinking form upon the water: 'Ahab leaned over the side, and watched how his shadow in the water sank and sank to his gaze, the more and the more that he strove to pierce the profundity' (*MD*, p. 443).

In tracking Moby Dick – a single entity among the collectivity of whales – Ahab is following not his own star, but his own demon, as described in Chapter 41: 'All the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil, to crazy Ahab, were visibly personified, and made practically assailable in Moby Dick' (*MD*, p. 160). Deleuze and Guattari assert in complementary fashion: 'Le capitaine Achab a un devenir-baleine irrésistible, mais justement qui

contourne la meute ou le banc, et passe directement par une alliance monstrueuse avec l'Unique, avec le Léviathan, Moby Dick. Il y a toujours pacte avec un démon' (MP, p. 298) [Captain Ahab has an irresistible becoming-whale, but in fact one which bypasses the pack or school, to proceed directly to a monstrous alliance with the Unique, the Leviathan, Moby Dick. There is always a pact with a demon].

In order to further that alliance with the chosen prey, Ahab has to transgress, to strike out alone, contrary to the law of whalers which decrees the pursuit of the collectivity rather than the individual. In so doing, he sidesteps the orchestrated harmony of the whaling enterprise, and embarks upon his own divergent recitative. Significantly, Chapter 132, the last chapter before the final chase begins, is entitled 'The Symphony'. It describes a day of purity and clarity, with seemingly perfect harmony between wind, sea, and sky. The overture seems to suggest that Ahab might conceivably be lulled away from the chase. However, once this final temptation is spurned, he has ears only for Moby Dick's music. The following chapter indeed uses another musical metaphor to describe the extent of Ahab's straining attention: "'There again!" he cried, in long-drawn, lingering, methodic tones, attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets' (MD, p. 446). Again, on the second day, 'hardly was the rope belayed to its pin on deck, when [Ahab] struck the key-note to an orchestra, that made the air vibrate as with the combined discharges of rifles' (MD, p. 455). On the third and final day, 'a subterraneous hum' (MD, p. 464) betokens Moby Dick's renewed appearance.

When the *Pequod* finally sinks, it is to the accompaniment of 'archangelic shrieks'. This stricken cacophony emanates from a sky-hawk going down with the ship 'which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her' (MD, p. 469). Throughout the novel, Ahab has resisted the chorus of voices around him, to lean and strain towards a fainter, more difficult, dynamic. In striking that awkward, unnatural interval, it could be said that Ahab attains the *diabolus in musica*, or the chord of evil. This is the augmented fourth – also identified as a tri-tone – which was stigmatised by Renaissance churchmen, who perceived it as demonic in its unnaturalness and discordancy.

In a fascinating article which bears upon this idea, Michel Piessens makes connections between the media of water, music, and language. All of them may be conducted along smooth, apparently neutral, lines of passage; yet all of them may suddenly generate a monster, an element of scission or disturbance, similar to the phenomenon described in

Typee, encountered on a mild, peaceful day on the ocean: 'At times, some shapeless monster of the deep, floating on the surface, would, as we approached, sink slowly into the blue waters' (*T*, p. 14). In water, the monster might be a medusa, a white whale, a Moby Dick; in music, it might be the *diabolus in musica*; in language, it might be an unsettling encounter of semiotic elements, a *diabolus in semiotica*.

Appropriately, the word *triton* in French means both a tri-tone (an augmented fourth) and a triton (a marine mollusc, a newt, or a sea deity). It is against this background of interrupted flows that Piessens identifies Deleuze: 'C'est bien là le lieu qu'il me fallait pour y situer Deleuze, le *diabolus in semiotica* que j'annonçais, puisque par un certain tour de langage je peux dire de lui que c'est un *triton*, divinité marine, mais aussi intervalle musical qui perturbe les harmonies bien tempérées, sous le nom parfois de *diabolus in musica* (et rappelons-nous que Deleuze sait aussi parler de la musique sérielle, entièrement diabolique selon ce compte-là)'.²⁰ [That was the place I needed in which to situate Deleuze, the *diabolus in semiotica* that I was heralding, since, with a little linguistic manipulation, I can say of him that he is a triton, a sea god, but also a musical interval which disturbs well-tempered harmonies, sometimes under the name of *diabolus in musica* (and let us not forget that Deleuze is also equipped to discuss serial music, which is completely diabolical according to that reckoning)]. Further, in a context where Ahab is approaching the apogee of becoming-whale, one may aptly cite the Triton of Greek mythology (son of Poseidon), who, as a merman, embodies both fish and man.

Ventriloquising Ahab, Deleuze writes: 'Moby Dick n'est ni un individu ni un genre, c'est la bordure, et il faut que je la frappe, pour atteindre toute la meute' (*MP*, p. 300) [Moby Dick is neither an individual nor a type: he is the border, and I need to strike at him in order to reach the pack as a whole]. It is in the element of water, the context of hydroculture, that such movements and transitions are facilitated. In *Mille plateaux*, Deleuze and Guattari make a similar observation with reference to Virginia Woolf's novel *The Waves*: 'Les vagues sont les vibrations, les bordures mouvantes qui s'inscrivent comme autant d'abstractions sur le plan de consistance. Machine abstraite des vagues' (*MP*, p. 308) [Waves are vibrations, the moving borders which impress themselves like so many abstractions upon the plane of consistency. The abstract machine of the waves]. For Deleuze and Guattari, *The Waves* is the product of a writer 'qui sut faire de toute sa vie et de son oeuvre un passage, un devenir, toutes sortes de devenirs entre âges, sexes, éléments et règnes' (*MP*, p. 308) [who was able to make all of her life and work a

passage, a becoming, all kinds of becomings between ages, sexes, elements and kingdoms].

For Ahab, part of his identification with the whale results from the fact that he must join the creature in all its wanderings. In becoming whale, he replicates all the whale's watery journeyings, covering vast distances of ocean. In order to describe this affiliation, Deleuze asserts, Melville needs to invent a new language, which he calls 'l'OUTLANDISH, ou le Déterritorisé, la langue de la Baleine' (*BF*, p. 93) [OUTLANDISH, or Deterritorialized, the Whale's tongue]. In the *Dialogues*, he describes such writing in fluid terms: 'Ecrire n'a pas d'autre fonction: être un flux qui se conjugue avec d'autres flux' (*D*, p. 62) [Writing has no other function than this: to be a flux which combines with other fluxes].

This is a language which retains everything in suspension. In straddling multiple entities, it approximates to punning, which produces flows of double-meanings, shackling together unexpected words or concepts, and endowing them with extended life spans. As Walter Redfern writes in an article on Melville's 'Billy Budd': 'Puns [...] facilitate stacked, juxtaposed meanings. [...] Melville relishes contradictions, complications, infinite regresses more than he does clear lines'.²¹ Furthermore, he says, 'Melville succumbs to the lure of digression, yet another way of evading, or of complicating, demarcation lines' (Redfern, p. 362). Melville resists closure, completion, restriction, in harmony with the statement made by Ishmael in Chapter 32 of *Moby-Dick*: 'God keep me from ever completing anything' (*MD*, p. 149). Even Billy Budd's sad end finds an afterlife in a ballad which goes 'circulating among the shipboard crews' after his death (*BB*, p. 408). The formula 'I would prefer not to' in 'Bartleby' has a similar role, insofar as, while apparently adopting a determinate frame of reference, it opens up zones of indeterminacy within language and social organisation. Deleuze acknowledges this, in *Critique et clinique*, when describing the capacity the phrase accrues in the narrative to 'proliférer sur soi, contaminer les autres, faire fuir l'avoué, mais aussi faire fuir le langage, faire croître une zone d'indétermination ou d'indiscernabilité telle que les mots ne se distinguent plus, et les personnages non plus' (*BF*, p. 98) [proliferate upon itself, contaminate others, send the attorney into flight, but also send language into flight, give rise to a zone of indeterminacy or indiscernability such that words no longer distinguish themselves from each other, and neither do characters].

In employing the word 'fuir', Deleuze is able to exploit its double meaning, both of flight and of leak. Both processes involve a kind of

escape, but a leak may be a much more discreet, even invisible, process. As Sébastien Loisel points out, Bartleby's formula, 'I would prefer not to', is not a slogan, a rallying cry. Rather, 'cette formule est politique en ce sens qu'elle est un moyen de refuser, d'esquiver, de fuir presque, pourrait-on dire, mais dans une fuite active'²² [this formula is political in the sense that it is a means of refusing, evading, almost of fleeing, we could say, but in an active flight]. This almost imperceptible leakage will gradually but catastrophically eat away at the mechanisms of control, and introduce irreversible dysfunction into the bureaucratic machinery.

Of *Moby Dick*, it can truly be said that he eludes containment. The world is his oyster and the journey is infinite. His language and identity are unhinged from any given territory or space. As David Kirby states: 'Moby Dick is a sort of absent presence in the book [...]. He is always on the next page, in the next chapter'.²³ In this formless universe, there are no stable markers of identity. Deleuze compares the narrative to a patchwork quilt: 'Le patchwork américain devient la loi de l'oeuvre melvillienne, dénuée de centre, d'envers et d'endroit' (*BF*, p. 99) [American patchwork becomes the law of the Melvillean work, stripped of centre, wrong side or right side].

Melville saw this apparent formlessness as consequent upon the nature of its cetaceous focus. Given this topic, he thought, the book would inevitably be expansive, uneven, unclassifiable. On 1 May 1850, he wrote to a friend that the effect of the *Moby Dick* narrative would be to pull 'poetry' out of 'blubber':²⁴ 'Blubber is blubber you know; tho' you may get oil out of it, the poetry runs as hard as sap from a frozen maple tree; - & to cook the thing up, one must needs throw in a little fancy, which from the nature of the thing, must be ungainly as the gambols of the whales themselves'.²⁵ Over a year later, with *Moby-Dick* completed, Melville writes in another letter of its 'horrible texture', using a metaphor which seems to draw the novel into affiliation with a great transversal oceanic space: 'A Polar wind blows through it, & birds of prey hover over it'.²⁶

Nevertheless, there are movements towards shapes and forms in the novel, and one pervasive image is that of the circle. Ahab pursues Moby Dick along the round surface of the globe. As Starbuck observes in Chapter 38: 'The hated whale has the round watery world to swim in, as the small gold-fish has its glassy globe' (*MD*, p. 148). This rounded image is also evoked by Melville in the Etymology which he provides as prefatory material to the novel. Here, he quotes Webster's Dictionary as asserting that the English word 'whale' denotes roundness or rolling (*MD*, p. 1). Whether or not this is true, there is undoubtedly a visual

association of whales with roundedness, with the word 'whaleback' denoting a mound which resembles the arched back of a whale.

Moby Dick does indeed lead Ahab on a very circuitous route, rounding many islands and land masses. This is despite Ahab's preference for the beeline over the arc. As John Bryant remarks: 'Ahab has no pliancy and would straighten all lines: his ambition is grooved to iron rails; he is scarred with a straight line from head to toe; he charts the globe with migration lines; he is killed by a line of rope'.²⁷ In any case, the circle, like Melville's narrative, is never completed. As Walter Redfern observes in an essay which makes reference to Jean Giono's text on Melville, *Pour saluer Melville*: 'Le cercle, pour Melville, embrasse les éléments disparates de la vie, de même que la baleine éponyme est ambiguë. La quête d'Ahab, voulue linéaire, se retourne contre elle-même'²⁸ [The circle, for Melville, embraces the disparate elements of life, just as the eponymous whale is ambiguous. Ahab's quest, intended to be linear, turns back against itself].

In the first phase of the final disaster, the whale wheels around Ahab's boat, in what the narrative describes as 'ever-contracting circles' (*MD*, p. 450), until, on the third day, the concentric circles cause the boat itself to be swallowed up into the vortex. Thus, as William Spanos observes: 'The circular movement ends contradictorily in a collision that breaches the circle, dis-closes the absence at its center'.²⁹ Further, just 'at the moment when the temporal circle is expected to close on itself, it dis-integrates' (Spanos, p. 144).

This is also the moment which coincides with Ahab's final stage of becoming-whale. As Deleuze remarks: 'Ce n'est plus une question de Mimesis, mais de devenir: Achab n'imité pas la baleine, il devient Moby Dick, il passe dans la zone de voisinage où il ne peut plus se distinguer de Moby Dick, et se frappe lui-même en la frappant' (*BF*, p. 100) [It is no longer a question of Mimesis, but of becoming: Ahab does not imitate the whale, he becomes Moby Dick, he passes into the neighbouring zone in which he can no longer distinguish himself from Moby Dick, and, in striking him, he strikes himself]. Ahab's death 'becomes' him. Yet his own disappearance under the white surf does not effect completion. It is not a white-out, a blanking of the screen. In this context, Jean-Clet Martin refers to a kind of strabismic vision which draws the eye towards forking perspectives beyond the presenting surface: 'Dans la blancheur, il y a donc toujours quelque chose d'ouvert qui invite l'oeil à franchir l'abîme, en emportant les couleurs dans un voisinage commun. C'est l'oeil d'Achab qui louche entre tous les points de vue possibles' (Martin, p. 107) [In whiteness, there is always something open

which invites the eye to cross the abyss, carrying colour into a common neighbourhood. It is Ahab's eye which squints between all the possible points of view]. With Ahab's submersion, the narratorial kaleidoscope continues to experiment and to swirl about. As, conceivably, may Moby Dick himself. Deleuze and Guattari comment upon the scene: 'Moby Dick [...] est enfin la terrible *Ligne de pêche* elle-même à extrémité libre, la ligne qui traverse le mur, et entraîne le capitaine jusqu'où?' (*MP*, p. 306) [Moby Dick is ultimately the terrible *Fishing Line* itself, hanging loose at the end, the line which crosses the wall and drags the captain whither?]. Deleuze and Guattari cannot resist answering their own question: 'au néant ...' [to nothingness ...]. Melville does not, however, travel quite so far. As Michel Pierssens observes in a memorable line which would be aptly applied to Melville: 'Le vrai sens de l'écriture, c'est le voyage qu'elle inachève' (Pierssens, p. 500) [the real meaning of writing is the journey which it fails to complete].

3

Travelling Inwards: D. H. Lawrence

They say it is better to travel than to arrive. It's not been my experience, at least

(D. H. Lawrence, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*).¹

Strangely enough for a man who was familiar with the urge to travel, and who wrote so vividly and sensuously about those travels, Lawrence appears to promote in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* a curiously static appreciation of what he calls the 'journey of love'. Camps are best pitched, and rabbits best cooked, he declares, in company with a spouse 'who has at last learned to hold her tongue'. With all the 'craving and raving' over, what remains is 'the stillness of accomplished marriage'. It must be said that, in the context of his own marriage – and here he speaks explicitly *from* that context – this state of affairs was frequently more a matter of aspiration than accomplishment. Moreover, he goes on to confess that, however deep the fulfilment, it cannot, in fact, constitute a destination, since it serves only as 'a preparation for new responsibilities ahead, new unison in effort and conflict, the effort [...] to break through the hedge of the many' (*FU*, p. 135).

The same stop-go dynamic characterises Lawrence's more general attitude to movement and travel initiatives, alone or in company. In that restless novel *Kangaroo*, the central character Richard Somers repeatedly flinches at attempts by 'Kangaroo', the charismatic political activist, to recruit him into a joint journeying towards a refashioning of Australia's political opposition. Despite his fascination with Kangaroo, he sees him, punningly, as 'a queen bee buzzing with beatitudes. Beatitudes, beatitudes. Bee attitudes or any other attitudes, it made Richard feel tired'.² Nevertheless, as he goes on to concede, 'one cannot live a life of entire loneliness [...]. There's got to be meeting: even communion' (*KR*, p. 312).

This chapter, then, will consider, through a Deleuzian perspective, the ambivalences of Lawrence's attitudes towards travel and movement, alone or in company. This will involve consideration of a diversity of arenas within which these tensions may be experienced. They will include gender relations, Oedipal relations (or the cancellation of them), religious and cosmic/elemental relations, as well as chaotic relations and becomings-animal or vegetable.

Of course, a central distinguishing factor in Lawrence's work is that between moving at the behest of others, and moving towards or alongside others at *one's own* behest. In Lawrence's eyes, Jesus was an admirable mobile carpenter, but not a joiner. Joining movements, enterprises, societies is risky since one's autonomy is made vulnerable to the collective imperative. In Lawrence's travel book *Sea and Sardinia*, locomotion is occasionally counteracted by desires for a still and solitary terrestrial grounding: 'Sweet it would be sometimes to come to the opaque earth, to block oneself against the stiff land, to annul the vibration of one's flight against the inertia of our *terra firma!*'³ Nevertheless, before such an aspiration can be realised, it is cancelled by the statement that 'life itself would be in the flight, the tremble of space'. As with the proud, gleaming but tethered cockerel in the novella 'The Man Who Died', horror lies in enforced groundedness: 'Not to be any more like a donkey with a log on its leg, fastened to the weary earth that has no answer now. But to be off' (SS, p. 47). 'Being off' need not be undertaken in solitude; however, if embarking with companions, these must be carefully chosen: 'To find three masculine, world-lost souls, and world-lost saunter, and saunter on along with them, across the dithering space, as long as life lasts! Why come to anchor? There is nothing to anchor for. Land has no answer to the soul any more' (SS, p. 48).

Given these tensions, it is unsurprising that the tortoise is an object of fascination to Lawrence. Contrasting the tortoise to the earth-bound snake, he writes in the introduction to the reptile poems of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*: 'The serpent [...] must go with his belly on the ground. – The wise tortoise laid his earthy part around him, he cast it round him and found his feet. So he is the first of creatures to stand upon his toes, and the dome of his house is his heaven'.⁴ Bearer of its own portable home, the tortoise is both vulnerable (because slow and ponderous) and near-impregnable (because protected by what Lawrence terms its 'battle-shield'⁵). Fortified and individualised by its shell, the tortoise is seen as 'the lonely Rambler, the stoic, dignified stalker through chaos,/ The immune, the animate,/ Enveloped in isolation'.⁶ Addressing the tortoise as 'traveller' and 'challenger', Lawrence salutes in the reptile its aura of

a lone ranger: 'you are slowly moving, pioneer, you alone' ('Baby Tortoise', pp. 353–54).

Whatever the travelling context, however – sexual, political, psychological – even the differentiation between self-propelling and other-propelling cannot account for all the jostling pulls and impulses of Lawrence's attitude to movement. It would be tempting to describe the central division as being that between the individual and the collectivity. Yet any such contrast would also be insufficient, as Deleuze realises when analysing Lawrence's late work *Apocalypse*⁷: 'Lawrence ne dit pas des choses simples, on aurait tort de croire avoir compris tout de suite'⁸ [Lawrence doesn't say simple things; it would be wrong to believe that one had understood immediately]. Hence, in discussing the complexities of the personal/extra-personal dialectic: 'L'individu ne s'oppose pas tellement à la collectivité, en soi, c'est individuel et collectif qui s'opposent en chacun comme deux parties différentes de l'âme' (*PRE*, p. 10) [The individual is not so much opposed to the collectivity in itself; it is individual and collective which are opposed to each other as with two different parts of the soul]. Indeed, in discussing his contention that 'the Christianity of Jesus applies to a part of our nature only', Lawrence declares: 'The religions of renunciation, meditation, and self-knowledge are for individuals alone. But man is individual only in part of his nature. In another great part of him, he is collective'.⁹

According to Lawrence, Christ travelled with his disciples, but remained aloof from them. Lawrence's argument here is rather curious. The Gospels make clear that Christ consistently refused individual self-aggrandisement, either for himself or among his disciples. In that slightly comic episode in Matthew's Gospel when the mother of James and John approaches Jesus to ask for front-rank seats in heaven for her two sons,¹⁰ Jesus protests his ineligibility to grant such favours. When Peter brags about his unique and unswervable loyalty to Jesus,¹¹ his self-inflation is rapidly punctured and (reliably, as it turns out) shown to rest on fragile foundations. As for Christ's own self-positioning, he replies to Pilate's question concerning any pretensions to kingship with an enigmatic redirection to the sender: 'It is you who say it'.¹² By employing this formula, he avoids contradicting a statement which he would nonetheless never have said on his own account. In the Synoptic Gospels the statement is left hanging curtly in the air. In the Johannine version, however, Jesus is prompted to develop it further: 'Yes, I am a king. I was born for this, I came into the world for this: to bear witness to the truth' (John 18:37). Nevertheless, he differentiates himself from conventional kingship: 'Mine is not a kingdom of this world' (John 18:36).

In a context, then, where Jesus resists hierarchies in order to proclaim a rigorous equality of access to the kingdom of heaven, and witnesses to this by means of a low-key lifestyle indistinguishable in its externals from that of his apostles, Lawrence's statement that 'he did not *really* mix with them, or even really work or act with them' (*AP*, p. 69) seems unjustifiable. The key lies in the italicised '*really*'. Lawrence does not deny Jesus's common touch. Rather, it is this which he holds against him. Refusing to see it as a radical option, he sees it as a weakness. For Lawrence the elitist, 'mankind falls forever into the two divisions of aristocrat and democrat' (*AP*, p. 65). Jesus was an aristocrat who remained oblivious to the common mass's need for mastery. Hence, in Lawrence's eyes, Judas's kiss was not an aberrant initiative, but merely a response to his own sense of betrayal by a leader who would not be lord. Christ's profound political error, as Deleuze summarises Lawrence, was that 'Il pensait qu'une culture de l'âme individuelle suffirait à chasser les monstres enfouis dans l'âme collective' (*PRE*, p. 10) [He thought that a culture of the individual soul would be enough to expel the monsters buried in the collective soul].

One cannot deny, within modern culture, the continuance of ancient appetites for heroes and for the narration of epic exploits. Nor the examples to be found within recent history of contagious devotion to so-called master figures. What is open to dispute, however, is Lawrence's repeated contention that masters are universally required by what he terms 'the great middling masses' (*AP*, p. 69). In *Kangaroo*, he uses the clichéic metaphor of sea travel to illustrate his belief that ongoing, collective enterprises can only be undertaken with a single, strong hand at the helm: 'You can't have two masters to one ship. And if it *is* a ship: that is, if it has a voyage to sail, a port to make, even a far direction to take, into the unknown, then a master it must have'. In this instance, the ship is that of the Somerses' marriage: 'He must be the master, and she must be the crew, sworn on. She was to believe in his adventure and deliver herself over to it'. Harriet Somers resists Richard's demand that she 'submit to the mystic man and male in him, with reverence' (*KR*, p. 194). That she resists doing so, the narrator seems to conclude, promises continuing disharmony in their relationship.

A relationship in which one partner always holds sway, and the other always concedes, may achieve a kind of enforced stability, though the quality of its everyday transactions might prove less than fulfilling. However, there are two points to be made about Lawrence's chosen analogy of the ship's company. The first is that, in thus aligning matrimonial with military, he is allocating to the male the role of the One,

and to the woman that of the Multiple. Commanding the ship is the captain, designated Man; serving the ship are the crew, designated Woman. In this instance, then, the tension between individual and collective is demarcated along boundary lines of gender. The Man must have a specific plan, or mission, which sets him apart. His vocation must be to co-operate, where necessary, with Womankind, but to cultivate his own solitary quest which lies beyond the female collectivity. This impulse is repeatedly dramatised in *Kangaroo*, on the battleground of the Somerses' domestic life. It is recurrently treated also in Lawrence's non-fictional writing, in articles and essays. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, for example, he addresses his male readers: 'You've got to know that you're a man, and being a man means you go on alone, ahead of the woman, to break a way through the old world into the new. And you've got to be alone' (*FU*, p. 189).

Secondly, however, Lawrence demands even more of women than of his putative ship's crew. For, whereas nothing more is demanded of naval ratings than to acquiesce, women are summoned to embrace joyfully their own status as acolytes: 'When once a woman *does* believe in her man, in the pioneer which he is, the pioneer who goes on ahead beyond her, [...] knows that the loneliness of waiting and following is inevitable, that it must be so; ah, then how wonderful it is!' (*FU*, p. 190). Anathema to Lawrence is the woman who has her own itinerary: 'Of all things, the most fatal to a woman is to have an aim, and be cocksure about it'.¹³ He develops the barnyard analogy in another essay: 'It is the tragedy of the modern woman. [...] She is cocksure, but she is a hen all the time. Frightened of her own henny self, she rushes to mad lengths about votes, or welfare, or sports, or business: she is marvellous, out-manning the man. But alas, it is all fundamentally disconnected'.¹⁴ Lawrence may be compared to his contemporary George Bernard Shaw in respect of each man's awed preoccupation with the pro-active, crusading female, but, whereas Shaw champions the equality of women, Lawrence preaches and harangues against it. In a speech delivered in support of female suffrage, Shaw could almost be describing Lawrence himself when in 'lord-and-master' mode: 'I have a great appreciation of the man who stands up solidly and who says: "I am a man. I am a broad-chested manly man. I am a lord of creation. I claim my divine right to govern this petticoated thing [...]". I can understand that man, and I can enjoy a man who is really a gorgeous idiot'.¹⁵ In contrast, Lawrence observes loftily in his provocatively titled essay 'Give Her a Pattern': 'It isn't that [woman] hasn't got a mind – she has. [...] The only difference is that she asks for a pattern. Give me a pattern to follow! That will always be woman's cry'.¹⁶

For Lawrence, then, women are not only born followers, rather than initiators, but they are also irrevocably grounded in alterity from the constructed 'male' viewpoint. Curiously for such an innovative thinker and writer, and one, moreover, who states: 'Love is a travelling, a motion, a speed of coming together',¹⁷ he bases his diagnosis on a static, age-old distinction between intellect and emotion: 'Women have the logic of emotion, men have the logic of reason' ('Give Her a Pattern', p. 537). Accordingly, he warns post-menopausal women (whose active life he deems to be behind them) of the disappointment ahead if they have failed to accept this inescapable alignment of their natures with emotion: 'Beware, oh modern women, the age of fifty. It is then that the play is over, the theatre shuts, and you are turned out into the night. [...] Being basically a creature of emotion, [woman] will direct all her emotion force full on to what seems to her the grand aim of existence. [...] And then the age of fifty approaches' ('Women are so Cocksure', p. 168). In *Apocalypse*, Lawrence allocates to the company of dreaded 'cocksure women' the label of 'policewomen'.

Deleuze, perhaps surprisingly, paraphrases Lawrence's constabulary description without further comment, though within parentheses: '(comme dit Lawrence, la femme actuelle est appelée à faire de sa vie "quelque chose qui en vaille la peine", à dégager le meilleur du pire, sans penser que c'est encore pire; ce pourquoi la femme prend une forme étrangement policière [...])' (*PRE*, p. 28) [as Lawrence says, present-day woman is called to make of her life 'something worthwhile', to bring good out of evil, without it occurring to her that it is even more evil, the upshot being that woman takes on a curiously policewoman-like air]. (In this connection, it is worthy of note that Deleuze and Guattari refer in *Mille plateaux* to Lawrence and Miller as being writers who 'passent pour les plus virils, les plus phalocrates' (*MP*, p. 338) [appear as the most virile and phallocratic], but who nevertheless achieve a becoming-woman in the act of writing, a sentiment about which Lawrence would surely have felt grave ambivalence).

Some attention has been devoted to Lawrence's views on gender since they bear upon other aspects of his taxonomies of travel and movement, as well as the problematics of the troublous relations between individual and collectivity. Clearly, there are many senses in which Lawrence stresses circuitry and fluidity in human relations. A notable example of this is one of his last pieces of writing, the article 'We Need One Another', which travels much further than many of his earlier articles towards a privileging of the processes of relating and mingling rather than of differentiating and singularising: 'When you cut off a man and isolate him

in his own pure and wonderful individuality, you haven't got the man at all, you've only got the dreary fag-end of him. [...] Everything, even individuality itself, depends on relationship'.¹⁸ In the course of the article, Lawrence creates a web of complementary images of flow and exchange: 'A man [...] is a fountain of life-vibration, quivering and flowing towards someone, something that will receive his outflow and send back an inflow, so that a circuit is completed' (WNOA, p. 191), and: 'Man or woman, each is a flow, a flowing life' (WNOA, p. 192).

Given Lawrence's sustained evocation of this rhizomatic network of connection and flight, it is unsurprising that Deleuze should cite the article in his preface to *Apocalypse*: 'Ce qui est individuel, c'est la relation, non pas le moi. Cesser de se penser comme un moi, pour se vivre comme un flux, hors de soi et en soi' (PRE, p. 35) [What is individual is the relationship, not the self. Ceasing to think in terms of self, so as to live as flux, beyond and in oneself]. Prompted by this article, Deleuze in fact develops more extensively his discussion of 'la vie des flux' [flow-life] than his focus-text, *Apocalypse*, would lead one to expect.

However, while 'We Need One Another' undoubtedly relegates polarities in favour of communalities, it does not jettison them. Towards the end of the article, Lawrence sets up an image of man and woman as two rivers: 'The relation of man to woman is the flowing of two rivers side by side, sometimes even mingling, then separating again, and travelling on. The relationship is a life-long change and a life-long travelling' (WNOA, p. 194). The emphasis on travel, change, and movement imparts dynamism to this rendering of gender relations. Nevertheless, the use of the phrase 'sometimes *even* mingling' [my italics] indicates that mingling is an exceptional event: each river still maintains its separate channel, 'without breaking its bounds' (WNOA, p. 194).

Indeed, whether discussing sexual or social politics, Lawrence admits of profound communion, but never of interchangeability. Inevitably, then, in a context where transactions are a matter of negotiation between different entities, the question of power arises. At this point, however, a careful distinction must be made between power and empowerment. For Lawrence, the exercise of power by a worthy and acclaimed individual is something noble; on the other hand, the willed empowerment of a collectivity is deeply repellent. This is a distinction which goes right to the heart of Lawrence's relational instincts. Power is fittingly accorded to heroes; when wrested by a minority (understood here not numerically but in the sense of the Deleuzian *devenir-minoritaire*, a deterritorialised mode of being), for the reversal of wrongs or inequalities, it is a perversion. Hence Lawrence ranges himself against

the egalitarian aspirations of the French Revolution, and against, more generally, the indiscriminate and uniform sharing-out of rights and resources: 'I must be free to be separate and unequal in the finest sense, if I am to be free. *Fraternité* and *égalité*, these are tyranny of tyrannies' ('Love', p. 155). In an essay which is in many ways a paean to communion and joint adventuring, the individual clings on to his demarcation lines: 'There is in me this necessity to separate and distinguish myself into gem-like singleness, distinct and apart from all the rest, proud as a lion, isolated as a star' ('Love', p. 155).

Of course, the easy retort against Lawrence's position is that his 'I' – the privileged subject-position from which he speaks, as a white, middle-class male – is one which is largely buffered from adversity and indeed 'free to be separate'. Interest groups, lobby groups, welfare reformists, feminists, and political ideologues of all kinds can therefore be held at arm's length without undue fear of disadvantage, and any mass organisation of humanity – by socialism, science, industry, or religion – can be comfortably, if irritably, resisted. Accordingly, picking up Lawrence's reference to the 'tyranny' of equality, Richard Aldington, in his introduction to Lawrence's *Apocalypse*, can discharge his anti-Shavian venom with a chilling *insouciance*: 'By implication, [*Apocalypse*] protests against the puerile conceptions of men like Bernard Shaw, with their ridiculous tyrannical "organisations" and equal incomes. As if life were a matter of income!'.¹⁹

Joint journeying for Lawrence, then, is something to be undertaken only with the most careful of reservations and safeguards to protect the inviolable autonomy of the individual. Moreover, this caveat applies both to intra- and to extra-mural groupings. First, women must consent to the treaties their man makes with external brotherhoods, as outlined in Lawrence's essay 'Matriarchy': 'Give the men a new foregathering ground, where they can meet and satisfy their deep social needs, profound social cravings which can only be satisfied apart from women'.²⁰ Secondly, men must subscribe wholeheartedly to a worthy leader, and willingly cede power to that leader. For Lawrence, power appears as an abstract force, bestowed upon, or flowering within, individuals in different domains of activity or influence, and merely requiring the *fiat* of the less powerful. Any desire for collective empowerment is thus misguided, as he opines in his essay 'Blessed are the Powerful': 'Power is given differently, in varying degrees and varying kind to different people. It always was so, it always will be so. There will never be equality in power. There will always be unending inequality. [...] They talk about "equal opportunity": but it is bunk, ridiculous bunk'.²¹

Hence, in his essay 'The Spirit of Place', Lawrence examines the phenomenon of 'the great drift over the Atlantic',²² from Europe to America, and posits the hypothesis that this phenomenon represents less a move towards a specific freedom and more a desire 'to get away from everything they are and have been' (*SPI*, p. 3). For Lawrence, the freedom sought, and the democratic ideal which underwrote it, was an illusion, for 'liberty is all very well, but men cannot live without masters. There is always a master' (*SPI*, p. 4). He concludes the essay with the stark injunction: 'Henceforth be mastered' (*SPI*, p. 8).

Moreover, the master who refuses to master leaves open the possibility of mastery being imposed, not upon himself, but upon the image of himself created by committees or task groups. Such was the case, according to Lawrence, with Jesus, who, though aristocrat, was transmuted into democrat. Resisting authority, Jesus is seized by John of Patmos (or, in Nietzsche's rendering²³ [appropriately cited by Deleuze in his preface to *Apocalypse*], by St Paul) and forced into the role of Pantocrator, of Universal Lawgiver, displacing the understanding of Christ as gentle Saviour. As Deleuze puts it: 'Jamais le Christ sauveur, jamais. Le fils de l'homme de l'Apocalypse vient sur terre pour apporter un nouveau et terrible pouvoir, plus grand que celui de n'importe quel Pompée, Alexandre ou Cyrus' (*PRE*, p. 14) [Never again Christ the Saviour, never again. The Son of Man in Apocalypse comes on earth to bring a new and terrible power, greater than that of any Pompey, Alexander, or Cyrus]. Henceforth, Christ will be installed in a régime of power, retribution, and judgement: 'Lui qui ne jugeait pas, et ne voulait pas juger, on en fera un rouage essentiel dans le système du Jugement' (*PRE*, p. 15) [He who did not judge, and did not wish to judge, will be made an essential cog in the system of Judgement]. Enter the transcendent Power; exit (as Deleuze charmingly renders it) 'l'élégante immanence du Christ pour qui l'éternité s'éprouvait d'abord dans la vie, ne pouvait s'éprouver que dans la vie' (*PRE*, p. 18) [the elegant immanence of Christ, for whom eternity was primarily experienced in life, could only be experienced in life].

Implicit in the régime of Power and Judgement is the notion of deferred salvation. Lawrence opposes this with all his might, for it denotes stalled movement, inhibited progression, an enforced commitment to waiting and conforming. Salvation is in the offing, but only after a redressing of perceived wrongs, a conclusion of the hearings by the heavenly police court. Postponement of sentence may constitute either a compassionate or a punitive exercise of power, and Lawrence does not hesitate to attribute the latter effect to the author of the Book

of Revelation: 'John of Patmos accepted the postponement of destiny with a vengeance, but he cared little about "being good". What he wanted was the *ultimate* power. He was a shameless power-worshipping pagan Jew, gnashing his teeth over the postponement of his grand destiny' (*AP*, p. 84). Deleuze picks up and replicates the impassioned tone of his focus-text: 'Ce qu'il y a de nouveau dans l'Apocalypse, c'est que l'attente y devient l'objet d'une programmation maniaque sans précédent' (*PRE*, p. 15) [What's novel in the Apocalypse is the fact that the waiting becomes the object of a maniacal and unprecedented programming]. Moreover, during the waiting, Deleuze (following Nietzsche) pictures the sinister retributory reflux as seeping into every doorway: 'L'âme collective [...] veut se glisser dans tous les pores du pouvoir, en essaimer les foyers, les multiplier sur tout l'univers' (*PRE*, pp. 12–13) [The collective soul [...] aims to insinuate into all the pores of power, spread into the heart of them, multiply them all around the universe].

When over-writers of the Book of Revelation instal this avenging and anticipatory dynamic, according to Lawrence, they simultaneously exhibit what he terms 'flamboyant hate and a simple lust, lust is the only word, for the end of the world. The apocalypticist *must* see the universe, or the known cosmos, wiped out utterly' (*AP*, p. 80). This lust may be compared, ironically, with the *libido dominandi* described by St Augustine in connection with the earthly will to power: 'Unde etiam de terrena civitate, quae cum dominari adpetit, etsi populi serviant, ipsa ei dominandi libido dominatur, non est praetereundum silentio quidquid dicere suscepti huius operis ratio postulat et facultas datur' [And therefore we cannot pass over in silence all that may be said, inasmuch as the general plan of this work and our capacity to carry it out allow, of this earthly city, which longs to dominate nations already subdued, but is itself dominated by its lust to rule].²⁴

Paradoxically, when used in the Lawrentian sense, this lust to rule may take the form of imposing self-giving upon others in a manner which allows no dissent. A generosity which brooks no demurrals is, for Lawrence, a tyranny. Hence, he creates a counteracting scenario in which the ex-crucified Christ is not risen and endowed with glory and power (as in the hands of John of Patmos), but simply recuperates sufficiently to review, painfully, his dealings with his followers. In the exquisitely written tale 'The Man Who Died',²⁵ Christ discovers with surprise that his story is not over, and, 'wondering why he should be travelling' (*TMWD*, p. 1101), ruminates upon the perception that 'he had tried to lay the compulsion of love on all men. And the old nausea came back on him' (*TMWD*, p. 1116). In his turn, he rejects the

approach of Madeleine, who tries to reappropriate him into her own gesture of generosity: 'In his heart he knew he would never go to live in her house. For the flicker of triumph had gleamed in her eyes; the greed of giving' (*TMWD*, p. 1109).

It is Deleuze who, appropriately, thinks to call upon this text when considering the annexing of Christ's self-sacrifice by the evangelising fervour of John of Patmos, for it dramatises and destabilises the old and preconceived notions of giver/givee relations: 'Retrouvé par Madeleine qui veut tout lui donner, il perçoit dans l'oeil de la femme une petite lueur de triomphe, dans sa voix un accent de triomphe. Et c'est la même lueur, le même accent que chez ceux qui prennent sans donner. [...] Dans toute son oeuvre, Lawrence a tendu vers cette tâche: diagnostiquer, traquer la petite lueur mauvaise partout où elle se trouve' (*PRE*, p. 33) [Discovered by Madeleine who wants to give him everything, he perceives in the woman's eye a little gleam of triumph, and in her voice a tone of triumph. And it is the same gleam, the same tone as can be found in those who take without giving. [...] In all his writing, Lawrence lent himself to this task: to diagnose and track down the evil little gleam wherever it was to be found]. The gleam denotes the presence of a ledger of giving, an assessment of contributions, a computation of credit. It is the token of a closed system, a spiritual stock exchange imbued with death, as Deleuze describes: 'Suicide individuel et suicide de masse, avec autoglorification de tous côtés. Mort, mort, tel est le seul jugement' (*PRE*, p. 34) [Individual and mass suicide, with self-glorification on all sides. Death, death, such is the only adjudication].

For Lawrence, a relationship which purports to rest on foundations of love and benevolence cannot also be one with a predetermined or even a pre-negotiated outcome. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, he uses the metaphorical distinction between a journey and a transit system to illustrate the claustrophobia which any kind of closed-ended travelling induces in him: 'We have made a mistake, laying down love like the permanent way of a great emotional transport system. [...] And of course we have only two directions, forwards and backwards' (*FU*, p. 132). The utopian journey towards a New Jerusalem (such as that promoted by John of Patmos) is, for Lawrence, repulsive in its linearity and inevitability. It prompts Lawrence to exclaim: 'As for me, I'm off. I'm damned if I'll be shunted along any more. And I'm thrice damned if I'll go another yard towards that sterilized New Jerusalem, either forwards or backwards'. Once the errant, discursive factors are removed, journeying becomes indistinguishable from the mere passage from one end of a test tube to another. Deleuze responds wholeheartedly to Lawrence's shrinking away

from the vision of the Radiant City ahead: 'Terreur architecturale de la nouvelle Jérusalem, avec sa muraille, sa grand-rue de verre' (*PRE*, p. 25) [The architectural terror of the new Jerusalem, with its wall, and its glass highway].

On the one hand, then, Lawrence is wedded to the idea of challenging the death-dealing instincts of human beings by arousing and liberating universal flows of life and desire. On the other hand, he provides individual blocks and fixities, around which those flows must be diverted. Lawrence himself insists that 'these two movements are opposite, yet they do not negate each other' ('Love', p. 156). In *L'Anti-Oedipe*, Deleuze and Guattari quote from Lawrence's essay 'We Need One Another' not only to laud his undermining of Oedipal figurations, but also to acknowledge the unease which many might feel towards a lyrical Lawrentian flux which seems akin to pantheism: 'Qu'on ne se moque pas trop vite du panthéisme des flux présent dans de pareils textes: il n'est pas facile de désoedipianiser même la nature, même les paysages, au point où Lawrence a su le faire'²⁶ [Let's not make fun too readily of the pantheism of flux found in texts like these: it is not easy to deoedipalise even nature or landscapes, to the extent to which Lawrence was able to do].

Despite the essentialism present in many of Lawrence's texts, Deleuze and Guattari repeatedly recruit him to demonstrate processes of movement and becoming. The remaining part of this chapter will therefore examine those characteristics of his writing which, even in the presence of caveats and blockages, facilitate the travelling dynamic which Deleuze and Guattari discern.

Deleuze in fact shows his familiarity with a wide generic range of Lawrence's writing, including essays, correspondence, poetry (the 'Tortoise' poems), theoretical writings (e.g. *Apocalypse*) and novels (especially *Kangaroo* and *Aaron's Rod*). In their joint work, Deleuze and Guattari present Lawrence recurrently as one of the race of Anglo-American voyagers, always crossing barriers and launching into new becomings. In *L'Anti-Oedipe*, while recognising the near-impossibility of sustaining a movement of deterritorialisation without it being recouped by grounded formations, they pay tribute to his readiness to take off, to depart from the familiar and familial: 'Même ceux qui savent le mieux "partir", qui font du partir quelque chose d'aussi naturel que naître et mourir, ceux qui plongent à la recherche du sexe non humain, Lawrence, Miller, dressent au loin quelque part une territorialité qui forme encore une représentation anthropomorphique et phallique, l'Orient, le Mexique ou le Pérou' (*AO*, p. 376) [Even those who know

best how to 'leave', who make of leaving something as natural as being born or dying, those who plunge into the search for non-human sex – Lawrence, Miller – erect somewhere afar a territoriality which forms yet another anthropomorphic and phallic representation, the Orient, Mexico, or Peru].

A few years later, in his *Dialogues* with Claire Parnet, Deleuze returns to the theme, although this time his remarks take on a darker colouring. Emphasising the organic cost or depletion attendant upon the launch and pursuit of a line of flight, he raises the question: 'Comment faire pour que la ligne de fuite ne se confonde pas avec un pur et simple mouvement d'autodestruction, alcoolisme de Fitzgerald, découragement de Lawrence, suicide de Virginia Woolf, triste fin de Kérouac. La littérature anglaise et américaine est bien traversée d'un sombre processus de démolition, qui emporte l'écrivain' (*D*, p. 50) [How do we prevent a line of flight merging into a pure and simple movement of self-destruction – Fitzgerald's alcoholism, Lawrence's discouragement, Virginia Woolf's suicide, Kerouac's sad end. English and American literature is shot through with a grim process of destruction which carries the writer away].

Any kind of surge implies an onward sweep, a momentum; however, a surge may also produce an overload, an instability or disturbance in the system. Deleuze goes on to describe the manner in which the surge of a line of flight contains both risk and remedy; movement may be more perilous than stasis, but a commitment to movement does at least enable corrections to be made to the trajectory: 'C'est justement ça qu'on ne peut apprendre que sur la ligne, en même temps qu'on la trace: les dangers qu'on y court, la patience et les précautions qu'il faut y mettre, les rectifications qu'il faut faire tout le temps, pour la dégager des sables et des trous noirs' (*D*, p. 50) [This, in fact, can only be learnt on the line of flight itself, as one follows it: the concomitant dangers, the patience and precautions one must apply to it, the constant rectifications one must make, to release it from the sands and black holes].

This self-rectificatory progression is indeed aptly applied to the veering course of Lawrence's prodigious output. The 'discouragement' to which Deleuze refers had to find its antidote in the very activity which had generated it: writing. Referring both to Lawrence's despair and to his physical maladies, Richard Aldington observes that the tale 'The Man Who Died' is 'intensely personal, and the saddest thing Lawrence ever wrote. It is the only thing in his work which looks like a confession of defeat, and this he promptly countered by writing *Apocalypse*' (Aldington, p. xxx). Deleuze (himself familiar with the debilitations produced by illness) also draws attention more than once, in his preface, to

the author's concurrent production of both blood and word. Discussing Lawrence's 'très beau devenir des couleurs' [very beautiful becoming of colours], he remarks: 'Le rouge est devenu dangereux pour l'homme (ne pas oublier que Lawrence écrit au milieu de ses crachements de sang)' (PRE, p. 27) [Red has become dangerous for mankind (and we must not forget that Lawrence is writing while spitting blood)].

Both Aldington and Deleuze, very conscious of Lawrence's physical weakness, make the tempting alignment between the status of The Revelation of John (or Apocalypse) as the last book of the Christian Bible, and the status of Lawrence's commentary upon it, as representing one of his own last pieces of writing. Hence, Aldington sees *Apocalypse* as 'a kind of last testament', and 'not as the revelation of John of Patmos, but as the revelation of Lawrence' (Aldington, xxxi and xxxiii). Deleuze adds a further parallel, in citing Nietzsche's *The Anti-Christ* as a text similarly adjacent to the author's descent towards death: 'Livre mortel de Lawrence puisqu'il précède de peu sa mort rouge hémoptysique, comme *l'Antéchrist*, l'effondrement de Nietzsche. Avant de mourir, un dernier "message joyeux", une dernière bonne nouvelle' (PRE, p. 9) [Lawrence's fatal book, since it comes just before his red haemoptysic death, just as is the case with *The Anti-Christ* and the collapse of Nietzsche. Before dying, a last 'joyful message', a last piece of good news].

Despite the apparent finality achieved by the repetition of the adjective 'dernier', Deleuze does not present *Apocalypse* as a work incarnating an impulse to cessation or closure. Just as Aldington remarks that *Apocalypse* is 'a living book. And it is not about death, but about life' (Aldington, p. xxxviii), Deleuze stresses in his preface the vividness and passion of the work. Where the two diagnoses differ is in their presentation of *Apocalypse* as a correctional work, in relation to 'The Man Who Died'. Aldington reads 'The Man Who Died' as pained and painful, and rejoices that what he sees as its bitterness is chronologically countermanded: 'How glad I am that he lived to write *Apocalypse*!' (Aldington, p. xxxi).

There is some justification for discerning a movement from wistfulness to vibrancy between the two texts, but they do nevertheless bear some significant communalities. For Deleuze, *Apocalypse* is not a *volte-face* but a complementary development. Notably, both texts foreground a detachment from covenanted, duty-bound forms of love, to advocate a release towards looser and broader openings to desire, both human and non-human. Hence, *Apocalypse* concludes with a kind of manifesto which had already found expression in 'The Man Who Died': 'Arriver au

point où l'on ne peut plus donner, pas plus que prendre, où l'on sait que l'on ne "donnera" plus rien, le point d'Aaron ou de l'Homme qui était mort, car le problème est passé ailleurs, construire les rives où un flux peut couler, se disjoindre ou se conjuguer' (*PRE*, pp. 34–35) [To arrive at the point where you can give no more, any more than you can take, where you know that you will no longer 'give' anything – the point reached by Aaron, or the Man Who Died – for the problem has moved elsewhere. To build shores where a tide may flow, diverge or combine].

Aldington may regard *Apocalypse* as a refashioning, a new departure. In Deleuzian terms, however, it is an English rather than a French recommencement. It is not a return to the terminus, but a reboarding at an intermediate stage on the route: 'Les Anglais, les Américains n'ont pas la même manière de recommencer que les Français. Le recommencement français, c'est la table rase, la recherche d'une première certitude comme d'un point d'origine, toujours le point ferme. L'autre manière de recommencer, au contraire, c'est reprendre la ligne interrompue [...]. L'intéressant, c'est le milieu. Le zéro anglais est toujours au milieu' (*D*, p. 50) [The English and the Americans do not have the same method of restarting as the French. The French recommencement is the *tabula rasa*, the search for primary certainty as point of origin, always a definite point. The other method of restarting, on the other hand, is to resume the interrupted course [...]. What is interesting is the middle. The English zero is always in the middle].

Being in the middle is not synonymous with being in the centre, but is, rather, a passage or transit between extremities. The centre would itself be a point, between two other points, and would perhaps come all too close to incorporation into the 'papa-maman-moi' triad of those Oedipal constructs which Deleuze and Guattari resist so violently, and which they also see Lawrence as an ally in resisting. Hence, in the opening chapter of *L'Anti-Oedipe*, they proclaim: 'Rappelons-nous, n'oublions pas la réaction de Lawrence à la psychanalyse. [...] Il avait l'impression, pure impression, que la psychanalyse était en train d'enfermer la sexualité dans une boîte bizarre aux ornements bourgeois, dans une sorte de triangle artificiel assez dégoûtant, qui étouffait toute la sexualité comme production de désir, pour en refaire sur un nouveau mode un "sale petit secret", le petit secret familial, un théâtre intime au lieu de la fantastique usine, Nature et Production' (*AO*, p. 58) [Let us remind ourselves and not forget Lawrence's reaction to psychoanalysis. [...] He had the impression, simply the impression, that psychoanalysis was enclosing sexuality in a bizarre box with bourgeois decoration, in a kind of rather repulsive artificial triangle which was wholly stifling

sexuality as production of desire, to transform it along new lines into a 'dirty little secret', the little family secret, pocket theatre instead of that fantasy-mill of Nature and Production].

Lawrence's *Fantasia and the Unconscious* is indeed useful anti-Oedipal grist to the Deleuzian mill. This is despite the fact that there are sections later in the text which surely sit uneasily with Deleuzian depictions of untrammelled flows of desire and imagination. These divergences would include Lawrence's analysis of the hierarchical 'lower and upper' planes of consciousness.²⁷ In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, these are identified: 'We will call the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual' (*FU*, p. 41). There is also a most un-Deleuzian attachment to rootedness and trees in that text: 'I would like to be a tree for a while. The great lust of roots. Root-lust' (*FU*, p. 39). Nevertheless, Deleuze and Guattari are unstinting in their applause for Lawrence's anti-Freudian project, which sees the Oedipal shadowing, the incest motive, as an imposition of idea upon desire, and a quenching of the active unconscious which ventures forth in outward-bound impulses: 'Lawrence, qui ne mène pas une lutte contre Freud au nom des droits de l'Idéal, mais qui parle en vertu des flux de sexualité, des intensités de l'inconscient, et qui se chagrine et s'effare de ce que Freud est en train de faire quand il enferme la sexualité dans la nursery oedipienne, pressent cette opération de déplacement et proteste de toutes ses forces: non, Oedipe n'est pas un état de désir et des pulsions, c'est une *idée*' (*AO*, p. 137) [Lawrence, who does not lead the struggle against Freud in the name of the rights of the Ideal, but who speaks out of the flows of sexuality, the intensities of the unconscious, and who is upset and alarmed by what Freud does when he locks sexuality into the oedipal nursery, anticipates this operation of displacement and protests with all his strength: no, Oedipus is not a state of desire and impulsion, it is an *idea*]. The Freudian endeavour to 'discover' allegedly repressed desire is thus seen by Deleuze and Lawrence as having precisely the opposite effect. Instead of liberating and integrating the personality, it clamps it down with a near-universal template. All escape routes are closed, since refusal to acknowledge the repressed drive is itself construed as a repression.

Of course, it could be retorted that Deleuze and Lawrence are enabled to identify and discuss more open-ended avenues of desire precisely because of Freud's achievements in challenging previous taboos. Indeed, Lawrence declares in his introduction to *Fantasia of the Unconscious* that 'What Freud says is always partly true. And half a loaf is better than no bread' (*FU*, p. 11). Once psychoanalysis was established, he points out in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, 'the Oedipus

complex was a household word, the incest motive a commonplace of tea-table chat' (*PU*, p. 197). Nevertheless, it was by means of this popularisation that the suggestive, predictive element of psychoanalysis was enabled to gather authority. As with any theorist who privileges one body of thought sufficiently to force a tripartite division (for example, pre-Kantian, Kantian, and post-Kantian) upon an entire history of ideas, the Oedipal devotee may find a method of extending the taxonomy even to those areas which appear to run counter to it. Within these analyses, according to Deleuze and Guattari, desiring-productions are acknowledged, but are construed as expressions, rather than creations, of the unconscious. In these circumstances, 'la nature *anoedipienne* de la production de désir reste présente, mais rabattue sur les coordonnées d'Oedipe qui la traduisent en "pré-oedipien", en "para-oedipien", en "quasi-oedipien", etc. Les machines désirantes sont toujours là, mais elles ne fonctionnent plus que derrière le mur du cabinet' (*AO*, p. 65) [The *anoedipal* nature of desire-production is still present, but is rammed down over the Oedipal data which translate it into 'pre-oedipal', 'para-oedipal', 'quasi-oedipal', etc. The desiring machines are still there, but now they only function within the walls of the consulting room].

There is no space here to explore the whole range of convergences and divergences between Lawrentian and Deleuzian commentaries upon psychoanalysis and the workings of desire. What is common to the unholy trinity of Nietzsche, Lawrence, and Deleuze is a whole-hearted resistance to the hijacking of motivation and desire by self-appointed moderators. External conductors must be ejected, to give precedence to internal orchestration. Just as Nietzsche denounces St Paul for having appropriated the Christian message and installed it within a priest-ridden *magisterium*, and as Lawrence denounces John of Patmos for having 'rescued' apocalyptic writings from their pagan substratum, the better to allegorise them along Christian lines, Lawrence extends his repugnance to psychoanalysts, seeing them as the new evangelising priesthood: 'It is true that doctors are the priests, nay worse, the medicine-men of our decadent society. Psychoanalysis has made the most of the opportunity' (*PU*, p. 198).

To return, then, to the notion of travelling: the grudge which both Deleuze and Lawrence bear against Freud derives from their perception of him as a force of stasis, interfering with the circuits of desire, and forcing it along closed-ended channels of representation. While Freud's therapeutic aspiration points towards integration, holism, and inner transparency, Lawrence focusses upon a more dangerous, creative tension both between the inner levels of consciousness, and between the

individual and the surrounding constituencies. What neither he nor Deleuze can stomach is a harnessing of impulse by the reins of intellect or idea. Hence, in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, he writes: 'It is the circuit of vital flux between itself and another being or beings which brings about the development and evolution of every individual psyche and physique. [...] But a corresponding reality is that of the internal, purely individual polarity – the polarity within a man himself of his upper and lower consciousness and his own voluntary and sympathetic modes'. Far from being seen as the vital nerve-centre of these circuits, the mind is presented by Lawrence as being 'the terminal instrument of the dynamic consciousness'. As such, it produces the idea, which is just 'another static entity, another unit of the mechanical-active and material-static universe' (*PU*, pp. 245–46). Ideas are simply by-products of life, their danger (as in Freudian hands) lying in their power both to insulate and to control the spontaneous, active impulses of the individual.

According to Deleuze and Guattari, Lawrence is able to bypass the idea, the legitimated figuration, and not only to demonstrate its inadequacy but also to uncouple it from the unpredictable circuits of desire: 'Lawrence montre profondément que la sexualité, y compris la chasteté, est affaire de flux [...]. Lawrence s'en prend à la pauvreté des images identiques immuables, rôles figuratifs qui sont autant de garrots sur les flux de sexualité: "fiancée, maîtresse, femme, mère" – on dirait aussi bien "homosexuels, hétérosexuels", etc -, tous ces rôles sont distribués par le triangle oedipien, père-mère-moi, un moi représentatif' (*AO*, p. 420) [Lawrence shows at a deep level how sexuality, including chastity, is a matter of flux [...]. Lawrence attacks the poverty of fixed and identical images, figurative roles which are so many straitjackets upon the flows of sexuality: 'fiancée, mistress, wife, mother' – we could equally well say 'homosexuals, heterosexuals', etc. – all these roles being allocated by the oedipal triangle, father-mother-me, a representational me].

That representational self is what Lawrence, in an article quoted by Deleuze and Guattari, terms the Kodak-self, the snap of myself which will prove what I am like, what I resemble, and what I differentiate myself from: 'The identifying of ourselves with the visual image of ourselves has become an instinct; the habit is already old. The picture of me, the me that is *seen*, is me'.²⁸ Thus the recognition and reinforcement process reified by the Kodak snap-machine, observe Deleuze and Guattari, heralds 'l'avènement de la machine oedipienne-narcissique' [the inauguration of the oedipal-narcissistic machine] in which each person is seen as a 'petit microcosme triangulé, le moi narcissique se

confond avec le sujet oedipien' (AO, p. 317) [little triangulated microcosm – the narcissistic self merges with the oedipal subject].

In sidestepping the tyrannical triad, Lawrence can be set in the context of those other Anglo-American writers whom Deleuze and Guattari see as travellers, escapees, pioneers: 'De Thomas Hardy, de Lawrence à Lowry, de Miller à Ginsberg et Kerouac, des hommes savent partir, brouiller les codes, faire passer des flux, traverser le désert du corps sans organes. Ils franchissent une limite, ils crèvent un mur' (AO, p. 158) [From Thomas Hardy, from Lawrence to Lowry, from Miller to Ginsberg and Kerouac, men who understand about leaving, scrambling the codes, allowing the passage of flows, crossing the desert of the body without organs. They cross borders, break down walls]. By that act of 'scrambling the codes', these writers elude the Oedipal route map and replace it with the schizo-flow, tracing out new directions with their own bodies: 'A travers les impasses et les triangles, un flux schizophrénique coule, irrésistible, sperme, fleuve, égout, blennorrhagie ou flot de paroles qui ne se laissent pas coder, libido trop fluide et trop visqueuse: une violence à la syntaxe, une destruction concertée du signifiant, non-sens érigé comme flux, polyvocité qui revient hanter tous les rapports' (AO, p. 158) [Through the blockages and triangles, there flows an irresistible schizophrenic flux, sperm, river, sewer, gonorrhoea or flood of words which refuse to codify, a libido which is too fluid and too sticky: a violence towards syntax, a concerted destruction of the signifier, nonsense posed as flow, a polyvocality which returns to haunt every transaction].

One cannot mistake the glutinous force of this description. But in among the sea of fluidity are words such as 'irrésistible', 'trop', 'violence', 'destruction' and 'hanter' which emphasise the need to 'go over the top', to apply force, to persist in the face of resistance. It is this travelling, iconoclastic instinct which Deleuze and Guattari seek in literature. Thus, 'style' is not an assemblage of rhetorical elements, carefully and characteristically arranged to embody the approved profile of a writer; rather, it derives from a willingness to infringe and create, to make words work hard and innovatively, to force them into production rather than expression: 'C'est cela le style, ou plutôt l'absence de style, l'asyntaxie, l'agrammaticalité: moment où le langage ne se définit plus par ce qu'il dit, encore moins par ce qui le rend signifiant, mais par ce qui le fait couler, fluer et éclater – le désir' (AO, p. 158) [This is what style is, or rather the absence of style, asyntax, agrammaticality: the moment when language is no longer defined by what it says, and even less by what makes it signify, but by what makes it run, flow, and explode – desire].

In this context, it is apposite to consider Deleuze and Guattari's warm response to Lawrence's hymn to disorder, the article 'Chaos in Poetry' (1928). In this article, Lawrence argues that the role of the poet is to tear slits in the parasols which people erect to protect themselves from risk or disquiet. Through this slit, the reader is accosted by a bolt from the blue, a gift of chaos, a vision, an idea, never apprehended in precisely that way before. Because these elements of poetry reveal 'a new world within the known world', they demand and receive 'a new effort of attention'.²⁹ Nevertheless, with time and habituation, the chaos temporarily admitted is domesticated, in a decorative manner reminiscent of Deleuze and Guattari's image of the locked sex-box, adorned with bourgeois motifs³⁰: 'Commonplace man daubs a simulacrum of the window that opens on to chaos, and patches the umbrella with the painted patch of the simulacrum. That is, he has got used to the vision; it is part of his house-decoration' (*CP*, p. 235).

If this process is repeated to the point of widespread insulation from chaos, according to Lawrence, mankind is in crisis. To be at its most effective, poetry needs to draw together heretofore unassociated ideas or images. In similar fashion, in discussing Cézanne's still-life of apples in his article 'Art and Morality', Lawrence declares that art must make all kinds of arresting connections, whether they be affective, perceptive, or conceptual: 'What art has got to do, and will go on doing, is to reveal things in their different relationships. That is to say, you've got to see in the apple the bellyache, Sir Isaac's knock on the cranium, the vast, moist wall through which the insect bores to lay her eggs in the middle, and the untasted, unknown quality which Eve saw hanging on a tree' (*AM*, p. 171).

In order to achieve this newness of vision, Lawrence's injunction is 'to get back to chaos' (*CP*, p. 235). It is the task of the poet constantly to usher chaos back into the anxious yet desirous body of humanity, for poets 'reveal the inward desire of mankind. What do they reveal? They show the desire for chaos, and the fear of chaos. The desire for chaos is the breath of their poetry. The fear of chaos is in their parade of forms and technique' (*CP*, p. 236). Lawrence applies the derogatory term 'poetasters' to those technique merchants who, fearing chaos, restrict themselves to composing 'pretty shiny bubbles for the Christmas tree' (*CP*, p. 236). 'All true poetry', he goes on to declare, 'is most subtly and sensitively chaotic, outlawed' (*CP*, p. 240). It is chaotic not in a material but in an organic sense: 'the chaos *alive*, not the chaos of matter. A glimpse of the living, untamed chaos' (*CP*, pp. 237–38). It is a surge of incongruities, a clashing of forms and senses. Its chaotic, desire-driven

movement exhibits that 'asyntax, agrammaticality' which Deleuze and Guattari associate with style, or the lack of it.

In *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?*, Deleuze and Guattari note the same tendency of humankind to huddle into anti-chaos shelters and to try to dispense order as self-defence: 'Nous demandons seulement un peu d'ordre pour nous protéger du chaos'³¹ [All we ask is a little orderliness to protect us from chaos]. Borrowing the painted parasol metaphor (although not at this stage attributing it to Lawrence), they extend its applicability to philosophy, science, and art. Later, they turn explicitly to Lawrence's 'Chaos in Poetry', aptly describing it as 'un texte violemment poétique' (*QP*, p. 191) [a violently poetic text] and summarising its arguments particularly in terms of a contrast between chaos and received opinion. The former, in order to be creative, must be destructive of the latter: 'L'artiste se bat moins contre le chaos [...] que contre les "clichés" de l'opinion' (*QP*, p. 192) [The artist fights not so much against chaos [...] as against the 'clichés' of opinion].

Curiously, while Lawrence presents chaos as a fascinating, desirable, mercurial element to which all good poetry must open up, Deleuze and Guattari appear slightly to dilute the radical exuberance of his argument. Whereas Lawrence presents the impulse to resist chaos as part of a self-defence mechanism, and associates the flight to order with second-rate poets, Deleuze and Guattari seem less happy to eschew those principles of form and internal organisation which seek to lend shape to chaos. Hence, they twice present circumstances in which art may be seen to struggle with chaos. The first circumstance amounts to a temporary borrowing of enemy tendencies, for the purposes of overcoming them: 'Si [l'art] se bat contre le chaos, c'est pour lui emprunter les armes qu'il retourne contre l'opinion, pour mieux la vaincre avec des armes éprouvées' (*QP*, p. 192) [If [art] fights against chaos, it is in order to borrow its own weaponry which it turns against received opinions, the better to defeat them with tried and tested weapons]. The second circumstance (and one which would surely have been modified or refuted by Lawrence) is that of getting to grips with chaos so as to render it more apprehensible: 'L'art lutte avec le chaos, mais pour le rendre sensible' (*QP*, p. 192) [Art struggles with chaos, but only in order to make it perceptible].

Both Lawrence and Deleuze-Guattari present an openness to chaos as a prerequisite of creative activity. Where they differ is in the extent to which they allow chaos to retain its primitive and anarchic power. The inspirational quality of Lawrence's article derives from the lyrical deference and sustained welcome it offers to chaos. In the Book of Genesis, Creation is seen as a process of eliminating the chaos of

emptiness: 'Now the earth was a formless void, there was darkness over the deep, and God's spirit hovered over the water' (Genesis 1:2). God's achievement, which exhausts him in the space of a week (requiring him to rest on the seventh day), is presented as a series of enumerated divisions and taxonomies: light is divided from darkness, day from night, earth from sea, men from animals. (Bipartite gender, interestingly, is an afterthought, requiring a surgical operation on the male in the second Creation narrative).³²

The first Creation narrative has to struggle with a series of challenges to the imagination. One is a logical and linguistic paradox: entities must be first visualised before they are cancelled out as absent, so earth is void, the deep is dark, etc. In other words, non-existent entities must still be accorded qualities. There are also temporal and spatial paradoxes: God is not merely a creative function, but a being. Yet he cannot occupy space since there is none, and 'in the beginning' cannot be a true beginning, since God and nothingness were already present. The idea of *ex nihilo* creation which the Hebrew of Genesis struggles to convey is given more explicit expression in the second Book of Maccabees, where, in the grim narrative of the torturing to death of seven sons and their mother, the mother addresses her youngest son: 'I implore you, my child, observe heaven and earth, consider all that is in them, and acknowledge that God made them out of what did not exist, and that mankind comes into being in the same way' (2 Maccabees 7:28). God's act of creating, then, is a process first of making something out of nothing, and then of inserting orders and hierarchies into creation by means of division and differentiation.

For Lawrence the traveller, however, any notion of God can reside only in pure chaos-in-motion. To see God is not to see the Begetter of Form out of chaos, but to see that chaos itself: a God would be the randomly moving minerals, not the architect who assembles them into a structure. Discussing Harry Crosby's poetry, Lawrence observes: 'There is a bursting of bubbles into reality, and the pang of extinction that is also liberation into the roving, uncaring chaos which is all we shall ever know of God' (*CP*, p. 238). The creative principle, in Lawrence's hands, is an ongoing one. The wonderment which a poet may elicit from the reader will not derive from a recognition of God's accomplished handiwork in creation: Wordsworth's primrose is not a tiny but perfectly formed member of God's glasshouse, but is sighted/cited 'in the full gleam of chaos' (*CP*, p. 235).

Such an aesthetics of chaos will produce new, unsettling encounters, discomfiting conjunctions of images or ideas, releases from known

patterns. It will contain experimentation and risk, and will therefore also embrace failure: 'What does it matter if half the time a poet fails in his effort at expression! The failures make it real. [...] Failure is part of the living chaos' (*CP*, pp. 240–41). (Samuel Beckett, two decades later, would carry still further the rehabilitation of failure: 'To be an artist is to fail, as no other dare fail, that failure is his world and the shrink from it desertion, art and craft, good housekeeping, living.³³) Perhaps one might conclude that Lawrence's equivalent of Freud's incest motive is the chaos motive. Only by discovering, understanding, and accepting the 'living chaos' which inheres in human beings and in the cosmos may mankind retrieve a sense of integration and direction. Lawrence ends his essay with a series of striking images of artless, unprogrammed beauty which urge a greater openness to chaos: 'There is the other way, back to the sun, to faith in the speckled leopard of the mixed self. What is more chaotic than a dappled leopard trotting through dappled shade? [...] All we have to do so is to accept the true chaos that we are, like the jaguar dappled with black suns in gold' (*CP*, p. 242).

Insofar as they accept the creative potency of chaos, Deleuze and Guattari may believe that they are echoing and reinforcing Lawrence. In fact, they are not. Uncharacteristically, they shrink back from the radical option for chaos which Lawrence unreservedly promotes in this essay and in others. Possibly in an effort to prevent the domain of art from galloping away from its harnessing to the domains of science and philosophy, as undertaken in the conclusion to *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?*, Deleuze and Guattari settle for the notion of chaosmos, an oxymoronic organised chaos: 'L'art n'est pas le chaos, mais une composition du chaos qui donne la vision ou sensation, si bien qu'il constitue un chaosmos, comme dit Joyce, un chaos composé – non pas prévu ni préconçu' (*QP*, p. 192) [Art is not chaos, but a composition of the chaos which produces the vision or sensation, such that it constitutes a chaosmos, as Joyce says, a composed chaos which is neither expected nor preconceived]. However unexpected the product, this is a tamed chaos, far removed from the wild chaos of Lawrence's dappled jaguar. Chaos here is not a bounding, cat-like movement, but a seeping, snake-like one, as Deleuze and Guattari demonstrate in the linking passage they contrive: 'Un semblable mouvement sinueux, reptilien, anime peut-être la science' (*QP*, p. 192) [A similarly sinuous, reptilian movement perhaps animates science].

The strength of Lawrence's feline imagery lies not only in its vibrancy and dynamism – the jaguar is one of the fleetest of animals, as well as

being formidable in roar and size – but also in its citing of a creature which possesses the ability to move freely through the elements. In its everyday activities, the jaguar draws together the terrestrial domain (running and hunting on land), the aqueous (being an excellent swimmer and fisher), and the aerial (climbing trees and resting in them). In its pursuit of prey, its tensed body demonstrates that extreme of attentiveness which Lawrence posits as the antidote to numbness and ‘the sense of nullity’ (*CP*, p. 242). Thus, Lawrence is able to use the jaguar’s polyvalent body not only to revalorise chaos, to demonstrate its power, beauty, and risk, but also to underline his conviction (expressed throughout his writing) that connectedness with the elemental forces of the cosmos, as well as a commitment to initiatory movement, should be the mainspring of all human activity and relationship.

Such movement is initiatory, but it is also concessive, in that it recognises the pull of greater forces intersecting in and around the individual organism. Again and again in his writing, Lawrence sets forth his contention that, in divorcing itself from an ancient connectivity with cosmic rhythms, mankind has relinquished a part of itself which it cannot afford to lose. Therefore, as he argues in *Apocalypse*, ‘on and on we go, for the mental consciousness labours under the illusion that there is somewhere to go to, a goal to consciousness. Whereas of course there is no goal. Consciousness is an end in itself. We torture ourselves getting somewhere, and when we get there it is nowhere, for there is nowhere to get to’ (*AP*, p. 93). The Book of *Apocalypse*, he maintains, reminds us of those ancient pulls of earth and element which modern humanity has doggedly resisted. It reminds us as it were despite itself: ‘We are unnaturally resisting our connection with the cosmos, with the world, with mankind, with the nation, with the family. [...] *We cannot bear connection*. That is our malady’ (*AP*, p. 148). The eradication of the malady will coincide with a progressive reconnection of these trans-organic circuits. In the lyrical conclusion to *Apocalypse*, Lawrence proclaims: ‘We ought to dance with rapture that we should be alive and in the flesh, and part of the living, incarnate cosmos. I am part of the sun as my eye is part of me. That I am part of the earth my feet know perfectly, and my blood is part of the sea’ (*AP*, p. 149).

Deleuze presents a rather more reserved rendering of these aspirations, preferring to reflect not so much upon the passion of connectivity, as upon its virtuosity and physicality: ‘Le problème alors, c’est d’instaurer, trouver ou retrouver un maximum de connexions. Car les connexions (et les disjonctions), c’est précisément la physique des relations, le cosmos’ (*PRE*, p. 36) [So the problem is to establish, find and rediscover a

maximum of connections. For connections (and disjunctions) are precisely the physics of relationships, the cosmos]. Deleuze follows Lawrence in tracking all the 'false' connections – money, exchange, logics and systems of judgement – which divert away from the recommended path of enfleshed consciousness: 'Ce qu'il faut reprocher à l'argent, [...] ce n'est pas d'être un flux, mais d'être une fausse connexion qui monnaie des sujets et des objets: quand l'or devient monnaie' (*PRE*, pp. 36–37) [What one must attack in money [...] is not the fact that it is a flow, but that it is a false connection which makes subjects and objects into exchange values: when gold becomes cash].

This returns us to Lawrence's allergy not to transaction and exchange, but to *computed* transactions, to the regulation of flows by external legislators. For Lawrence, the principal reproach against John of Patmos is that of having appropriated the stark symbolic power of the pagan substratum of the Book of Apocalypse, and substituted for it a web of allegories which 'meant', or 'stood for' elements of Christian belief. (In Deleuze's eyes, this section dealing with the reactivation of the pagan world must be deemed to be 'parmi les plus belles pages de Lawrence' (*PRE*, p. 25) [among Lawrence's finest pages]). When forced into an allegorical mould, the motor force of symbol – its power to resonate, multifariously, mystifyingly – is arrested. The terminus has been arrived at before the journey has properly begun: 'Allegory can always be explained: and explained away. The true symbol defies all explanation, so does the true myth' (*AP*, p. 142). In order to 'appreciate the pagan manner of thought', according to Lawrence, the mind must drop its attachment to linear journeying, and deliver itself into rotary, cyclical movement: 'We have to drop our own manner of on-and-on-and-on, from a start to a finish, and allow the mind to move in cycles, or to flit here and there over a cluster of images' (*AP*, pp. 96–97).

Deleuze draws out and develops very skilfully the implications of Lawrence's anti-linear, anti-allegorical plea: 'Lawrence esquisse certains traits du symbole, tour à tour. C'est un procédé dynamique pour l'élargissement, l'approfondissement, l'extension de la conscience sensible, c'est un devenir de plus en plus conscient, par opposition à la fermeture de la conscience morale sur l'idée fixe allégorique' (*PRE*, p. 29) [Lawrence sketches out in turn certain characteristics of the symbol. It is a dynamic process towards the enlargement, deepening and extension of the perceptible consciousness; it is a more and more conscious becoming, in opposition to the closure of the moral consciousness upon an allegorical *idée fixe*]. He thus establishes an important linkage between symbol and consciousness, in contrast to that between allegory and intellect.

Earlier in his analysis, Deleuze makes apt use of a detail from Lawrence's travel book *Etruscan Places* to exemplify, in one telling image, that process of reductionism which, while purporting to be 'translation', 'equivalence' or 'explanation', in fact amounts to traducing or perverting. Referring to the reactive instinct, attributed by Lawrence to John of Patmos, which turns towards aberrant or unenlightened predecessors in order to incorporate their images and ideas into approved systems of meaning, Deleuze remarks: 'Même l'asphodèle grec deviendra narcisse chrétien' (*PRE*, p. 14) [Even the Greek asphodel will become the Christian narcissus].

Unsurprisingly for a text which was roughly contemporary with it, *Etruscan Places* in fact incarnates, in its specificity, many of the themes which find more generalised expression in *Apocalypse*. We find here ascribed to the Etruscans the vision and cosmic-linked vitality which Lawrence pleads for in *Apocalypse*: 'To the Etruscan all was alive; the whole universe lived; and the business of man was himself to live amid it all. He had to draw life into himself, out of the wandering huge vitalities of the world. The cosmos was alive, like a vast creature'.³⁴ (Similar perceptions are discerned within what Lawrence terms 'the animistic religion' of native Americans, as observed in his travel narrative *Mornings in Mexico*: 'Everything lives. Thunder lives, and rain lives, and sunshine lives. But not in the personal sense. [...] The American-Indian sees no division into Spirit and Matter, God and not-God'.³⁵) Also emphasised in *Etruscan Places* is the locomotive power of symbol, here projected as a kind of designer drug to be drip-fed to the masses: 'You must give them symbols, ritual and gesture, which will fill their bodies with life up to their own full measure. Any more is fatal' (*ETP*, p. 81).

It is while journeying towards the Etruscan mounds and funerary chambers that Lawrence finds himself shoulder-deep in pink asphodels, studded partly with buds, partly with 'pale, big, starry pink flowers'. Admitting the mysteriousness of the Greeks' fascination with this oddly scented flower 'with just a touch of the onion about it', Lawrence owns to an admiration for 'a certain reckless glory' in it. Hence his bemusement at a 'scholastic Englishman' who declared that 'the asphodel of the Greeks was probably the single daffodil' (*ETP*, p. 22). Acknowledging that there is a golden asphodel to be found on Mount Etna – although, looking less far afield, Britain's bog asphodel is also yellow in colour – Lawrence pours scorn on what he sees as a domestication of the rampant, anarchic jauntiness of the asphodel: 'The narcissus, the polyanthus narcissus, is pure Mediterranean, and Greek. But the daffodil, the Lent lily! However, trust an Englishman and a modern for

wanting to turn the tall, proud, sparky, dare-devil asphodel into the modest daffodil!' (*ETP*, p. 23).

Perhaps Lawrence (wilfully) misunderstood the 'scholastic Englishman'. While the daffodil and the asphodel are related in being part of the lily family (and the word 'daffodil' itself is probably a linguistic corruption of the Latin *asphodelus*), there is undoubtedly a world of difference between the rampant asphodel and the cultivated rockery daffodil. Yet there is also a world of difference between the latter and the wild daffodil, taut and pert, whose 'golden tides' were commemorated by the poet Lascelles Abercrombie before the First World War,³⁶ and which, when allowed to naturalise, spreads in 'extraordinary, almost impertinent profusion' across ditches, fields, and orchards.³⁷ In its movement and propagation patterns (if not in its height), the wild daffodil is much more akin to the 'tall, proud, sparky, dare-devil asphodel' (*ETP*, p. 23) than the modest garden flower envisaged by Lawrence. Nevertheless, the juxtaposition is serviceable to Lawrence, in order to contrast an openness to chaotic patterns with the instinct for closure, management, orderliness, which he resists wherever he encounters it. Deleuze, moreover, is alive to the eloquence of the imagistic contrast, and uses it to advantage in his exposition of Lawrence's privileging of polysemy.

Beyond the asphodel, there are many other examples to be found in Lawrence's writing of his deep engagement with elements of the vegetable, animal, and mineral world. Such encounters are not primarily for illustrative purposes; that is, he does not access them merely in order to create local colour, to foist an anthropocentric relationship upon their constituents, or to display his powers of observation. Rather, he allows them to conduct attention, to draw his identity towards them; he becomes them. Accordingly, in *Mille plateaux*, Deleuze and Guattari single out Lawrence's 'devenir-tortue' [becoming-tortoise], and compare it with Captain Ahab's becoming-whale, in *Moby-Dick*. In both cases, the animal is an outsider; it resists incorporation into any schema of human befriending, oedipalisation, or exchange: 'Pour Lawrence, le devenir-tortue dans lequel il entre n'a rien à voir avec un rapport sentimental ou domestique' (*MP*, p. 299) [For Lawrence, the becoming-tortoise in which he enters has nothing to do with a sentimental or domestic relationship].

Indeed, when, in 'Tortoise Family Connections', the offspring tortoise veers slowly around its progenitors, no flicker of recognition appears on either side: 'family feeling there is none, not even the beginnings./ Fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless/ Little tortoise' (*CPI*, p. 357). Divorced from familial or organisational affiliations, triumphant

in its self-sufficiency, the reptile is seen 'moving, and being himself', and 'ringing the soundless bell of his presence in chaos'. Within the poem, that self-contained and originary existence transcends the testudinal and extends its appealing paradigm to the narrator: 'To move, and to be quite sure that he is moving:/ Basta!/ To be a tortoise!/ [...] Adam!' (*CPI*, p. 358).

This 'becoming-tortoise' may be perceived through a range of human and animal realisations. Over the course of the poems, tortoises are described variously as 'small bird', 'shell-bird', 'kicking little beetle', 'sprottling insect', 'brisk egg', and 'snake-like'. Seen with an 'old-man's mouth', they are also linked by simile with dogs, snakes, and bulls. Indeed, what makes the tortoise cycle so striking is that the tortoise identity, endlessly refracted through imaginative lenses, expands to embrace a host of other being-states.

In *Mille plateaux*, Deleuze and Guattari draw attention to the fact that Lawrence had to contend with the objections of those who retorted that 'Vos tortues ne sont pas réelles!' (*MP*, p. 299) [Your tortoises aren't real!]. They also cite Lawrence's self-defence, given in a letter to John Middleton Murry: 'I am tired of being told there is no such animal, by animals who are merely different. If I am a giraffe, and the ordinary Englishmen who write about me and say they know me are nice well-behaved dogs, there it is, the animals are different'.³⁸

This extract quoted by Deleuze and Guattari (*MP*, p. 299) may sound humorous and even flippant, but in fact the overall tone of the letter is one of fundamental dissociation from his correspondent. Stung by Murry's review of his poems, summarised by Lawrence as 'This is not life, life is not like that', he tells his reviewer: 'The best we can do is to let one another alone, for ever and ever. We are a dissonance' (*L*, p. 801). Lawrence's chosen expressive medium was as autonomous and indissoluble as the tortoise-shell, and his poetic beasts, though acutely observed from life, are not intended to be zoologically accurate portraits. Rather, they agglomerate on the page as intensities of movement, stasis, or desire. For Deleuze and Guattari, they elude representation or transfixion to achieve the status of pure affect: 'L'anomal n'est ni individu ni espèce, il ne porte que des affects, et ne comporte ni sentiments familiers ou subjectivités, ni caractères spécifiques ou significatifs. Aussi bien les tendresses que les classifications humaines lui sont étrangères' (*MP*, p. 299) [The anomalous is neither an individual nor a species; it contains only affects, and includes neither familiar feelings nor subjectivities, specific nor significant characteristics. Tender feelings are as foreign to it as human classifications].

Moreover, Deleuze and Guattari recognise Lawrence's becoming-tortoise as being just one of an expansive series of becoming-animal: 'Lawrence à son tour fait partie des écrivains qui nous font problème et admiration, parce qu'ils ont su lier leur écriture à des devenirs-animaux réels inouïs' (*MP*, p. 299) [Lawrence takes his place among writers who confront us and make us admire them, because they have been able to link their writing with real and unprecedented instances of becoming-animal]. In *Apocalypse*, Lawrence laments the loss of the horse – the vivacious, saltatory capacity – within human consciousness: 'Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances. [...] He is the beginning even of our godhead in the flesh. [...] Within the last fifty years man has lost the horse. Now man is lost. [...] The horse, the horse! the symbol of surging potency and power of movement, of action, in man' (*AP*, pp. 101–102). Lawrence makes a similarly impassioned plea for a return of equine dynamism in a 1924 letter to Willard Johnson: 'Oh Horse, Horse, Horse, when you kick your heels you shatter an enclosure every time. And over here the Horse is dead: he'll kick his heels no more. [...] It would be a terrible thing if the horse in us died for ever' (*L*, pp. 591–92). Again, Deleuze demonstrates his responsiveness to this primeval, transformative energy which Lawrence locates within the man/horse contiguity: 'Il ne faut pas s'en tenir à la vue, mais à la symbiose vécue homme-cheval. [...] Vaste entrecroisement de lignes, de plans et de rapports' (*PRE*, p. 27) [We must not restrict ourselves to the man–horse symbiosis as it is seen, but rather as it is lived. A vast intersection of lines, surfaces and relationships].

Further instances of openings to becoming-animal may be found in *Kangaroo*, also cited by Deleuze and Guattari. The first part of Chapter XVI of that novel interrupts the flow of narrative in order to embark upon an extended meditation on relationships between individual and collectivity. In a powerful attack against the predictive confidence of 'the so-called humane sciences', including psychology, the narrator pleads for a recognition that notions of cause and effect can never be applicable to living organisms, human or non-human. Instead, these must be considered in their individuality, and in their full potentiality for becoming: 'A rabbit might evolve into something which is still rabbit, and yet different from that which a rabbit now is. So how can you define or precisely describe a rabbit? There is always the unstable *creative* element present in life' (*KR*, p. 324).

That creative element is discerned in the mysterious transition from caterpillar to butterfly, 'a new gesture in creation' which is 'utterly unscientific, illogical, and *unnatural*, if we take science's definition of nature.

It is an answer to the strange creative urge, the God-whisper' (*KR*, pp. 324–25). There is also the telepathic whisper, which the narrator sees as being projected from a complex network of communicators, from ants to sperm whales and humans. In a notable passage which precedes these reflections, the humanity of Richard Somers, the central figure of *Kangaroo*, has reached out towards the vital, telepathic being of the whale: 'R. L. wished he could take to the sea and be a whale, a great surge of living blood' (*KR*, p. 307). Nevertheless, the opposite of this – torpor, freedom from drives and impulses – may also be generated by allied circumstances. As Deleuze and Guattari outline: 'Il y a un bloc de devenir qui prend la guêpe et l'orchidée, mais dont aucune guêpe-orchidée ne peut descendre' (*MP*, p. 291) [There is a block of becoming which takes the wasp and the orchid, but from which no wasp-orchid can descend]. Yet, if 'devenir est un rhizome' (*MP*, p. 292) [becoming is a rhizome], the network of affects which traverse Richard Somers may turn him now towards the piscean, now towards the cetacean, and now towards the vegetable, in a becoming-fern which provides relief from the delineated forms of pro-active life: 'When the old, old influence of the fern-world comes over a man, how can he care? He breathes the fern seed and drifts back, becomes darkly half vegetable, devoid of preoccupations. Even the never-slumbering urge of sex sinks down into something darker, more monotonous, incapable of caring: like sex in trees. The dark world before conscious responsibility was born' (*KR*, pp. 197–98).

In *Kangaroo*, Richard Somers finds himself both drawn to, and repelled by, the idea of bonding with the male brotherhood which aims to forge a new political future for Australia. As the ideological and interpersonal forces draw him hither and thither like a pebble in the tide, he is often drawn to the shoreline, and to the cold separateness of the marine creatures he finds there. Troubled by the animal magnetism of *Kangaroo*, and by the expectations the latter has of him, Somers muses: 'He wanted to be cold, cold, and alone like a single fish, with no feeling in his heart at all except a certain icy exultance and wild, fish-like rapacity. [...] Man is also a fierce and fish-cold devil, in his hour, filled with cold fury of desire to get away from the cloy of human life altogether, not into death, but into that icily self-sufficient vigour of a fish' (*KR*, p. 140).³⁹ Later, avoiding the connective warmth which seems to emanate from Victoria, his neighbour, he runs naked across the sands, and is knocked over by a crashing Pacific wave, 'leaving him stranded like a fish' (*KR*, p. 163).

The medium for all these fluidities and transmigrations in *Kangaroo* seems to be water. As Rick Ryland remarks with reference to *Kangaroo*:

'Revealingly, the dominant and recurrent image is of voyaging and, specifically, of the sea. Everything is at sea – the Somerses' marriage, Lovat's convictions, the narrative's close'.⁴⁰ In this respect, the novel echoes Lawrence's recurrent recourse to images of streams and currents when considering human patterns of movement. In the article 'Art and Morality', he places mankind into an ever-moving context in which linear itineraries are impossible: 'The universe is like Father Ocean, a stream of all things slowly moving. We move, and the rock of ages moves. And since we move and move for ever, in no discernible direction, there is no centre to the movement, to us. To us, the centre shifts at every moment' (*AM*, p. 171).

Nevertheless, being 'at sea', adrift, rudderless, is in many ways the privileged state of both the Lawrentian and the Deleuzian organism. Deleuze and Guattari cite the *ex nihilo* creativity, the world-dissolving promise, of Lawrence's ocean-fuelled amnesia: 'Lawrence, qui fut comparé à Lancelot, écrit: "Etre seul, sans esprit, sans mémoire, près de la mer [...]. Loin, très loin, comme s'il avait touché terre sur une autre planète, comme un homme prenant pied après la mort. (...) Le paysage? Il se moquait du paysage. (...) L'humanité? N'existait pas. (...) Appauvri et usé, frêle, frêle et translucide écaille rejetée sur la plage"' (*MP*, p. 232) [Lawrence, who was compared to Lancelot, writes: "To be alone, mindless and memoryless beside the sea [...]. Far-off, far-off, as if he had landed on another planet, as a man might land after death. (...). The landscape? – he cared not a thing about the landscape. (...) Humanity? – there was none. (...) Worn thin, frail, like a frail translucent film of shell thrown up on the shore'] (*KR*, p. 365).

In *Kangaroo*, the sea provides solace because it appears as pure, unbounded movement, unreasoning and vibrant. When Somers and Jack go down to the water's edge, early in the novel, they allow the white, hissing waves to fill the awkward spaces between them, and they marvel at the supreme gratuitousness of the ocean's rhythm: "'Funny thing it should go on doing this all the time, for no purpose", said Jack, amid all the noise' (*KR*, p. 99). Forever agonising about his next move, Somers can allow himself to be taken up into a compulsive ocean element which imposes its own oscillations upon its interactors. Hence, when *Kangaroo* is dying, Somers finds relief in drifting away from human cyclical change in order to drown incipient disquiet within oceanic cycles: 'The thud, the pulse of the waves: that was his nearest throb of emotion' (*KR*, p. 361).

Yet the ocean does not just provide a kind of vicarious or spectacular decisiveness. It also instigates and reinforces impulses towards onward

movement in the novel's protagonists. Though all is indeed 'at sea', in transit, in *Kangaroo*, those transitions are constantly punctuated by inner rehearsals, and stalled by hesitations, dilemmas, and movements of recoil. Throughout all this the ocean courses and discourses: 'The sea talked and talked all the time, in its disintegrative, elemental language' (*KR*, p. 172). As the extracts picked out by Deleuze and Guattari indicate, the impersonality of the crashing waves fosters a kind of dissolution, such that markers of the physical and psychic surrounds – landscape, humanity, affiliation, past and present, specific identity, even desire itself – are swallowed up into a rhythmical becoming-wave, becoming-movement: 'Like a stone that has fallen into the sea, his old life, the old meaning, fell, and rippled, and there was vacancy, with the sea and the Australian shore in it' (*KR*, p. 365).

Orphaned by his vacancy, and, in one part of himself, by *Kangaroo's* death, Somers attends to his inner urges to continue his travels, away from Australia. Yet he also realises that, prior to or coincident with the physical, maritime journey is the journey within his own consciousness. Interrogating his own motives for leaving, he concludes: 'You've got to go all round the world, and then halfway round again, till you get back. Go on, go on, the world is round, and it will bring you back. Draw your ring round the world, the ring of your consciousness. Draw it round until it is complete' (*KR*, p. 381).

Completion is remote, ever-suspended, in Lawrence's writing, as in that of Deleuze's. Similarly remote is true severance from the known, and ocean-induced amnesia is merely temporary. Hence, Somers knows, on leaving Australia, that 'one of his souls would stand forever out on those rocks beyond the jetty, towards Bulli, advanced into the sea' (*KR*, p. 391). Nevertheless, he also bows to the imperative of departure, of quitting the familiar, and 'he waved and waved his orange silk kerchief in the blue air. Farewell! Farewell!' (*KR*, p. 393). As Deleuze and Guattari remark: 'Nous ne pouvons pas revenir en arrière. Seuls les névrosés, ou, comme dit Lawrence les "renégats", les tricheurs, tentent une régression' (*MP*, p. 231) [We cannot turn back. Only neurotics, or 'renegades' – cheats – as Lawrence calls them, attempt a regression]. The word 'renegades' does indeed occur repeatedly, almost obsessively, in Lawrence's essay 'Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo*': 'We can't go back. [...] We can only do it when we are renegade. The renegade hates life itself. He wants the death of life' (*HMTO*, p. 119).

The previous chapter disputes Lawrence's contention that Melville is all too readily drawn towards regression and reterritorialisation. Notwithstanding this somewhat wilful, or opportunistic, reading of

Melville (though an influential one for Deleuze and Guattari), Lawrence's antipathy towards colonisation or perpetuation is an oft-averted one. Renegation, etymologically, is concerned with denial and refusal, while Lawrence wishes to construe himself as a prophet of affirmation and assent. Yet affirmation is always relative to those values which it chooses to promote. For Lawrence, affirmation on the one hand went hand-in-hand with a digging-in of the feet on the other. There is passion and recklessness aplenty in Lawrence's writing, but the affirmations from which these characteristics derive are hedged around with careful provisos and reservations. Incarnation (being bodied, fleshed) must be zealously distinguished from incorporation (being drawn into a body). Lawrence does not proclaim: 'We are all of the flesh and therefore permeable to one another', but rather, as in his Italian Essays of 1913: 'We are of the flesh, which holds all things within itself'.⁴¹ As this chapter has explored, Lawrentian aspirations towards collective enterprises are easily undermined by fears of recruitment and annexation. In *Kangaroo*, Somers is constantly flaring up hotly, warming to ideas or initiatives, and then withdrawing, resisting, and, crucially, retrieving his individuality. After one encounter with Kangaroo, he realises 'that he had had a fright against being swept away, because he half wanted to be swept away: but that now, thank God, he was flowing back' (*KR*, p. 172).

This ebbing, recuperative movement is recognised by Somers as belonging to 'the sea of his own inward soul' (*KR*, p. 173). Moreover, the image demonstrates the unique importance of the journey inwards throughout Lawrence's writing. For all his agitation, his globetrotting, his engaging and often dazzling travel writing, Lawrence places the internal journey at the heart of all his travel initiatives. In *Apocalypse*, he presents thought itself as a journey with no final destination.⁴² Yet this is no cruise or ramble. For Lawrence, the internal journey requires stamina and courage. As he observes in 'The Spirit of Place', diving down into the self may require repeated attempts: 'Men are only free when they are doing what the deepest self likes. And there is getting down to the deepest self! It takes some diving' (*SPI*, p. 95).

Without this submersive voyage, external movement becomes an aimless drift or flight. Nevertheless, this interior wayfaring may be debilitating: it was repeatedly so for Lawrence himself. In *Kangaroo*, Somers tussles with the dilemma: 'Is it better to be savagely tugging at the end of your rope, or to wander at random tetherless?' His improvised and theoretical solution is that 'When you come to the end of your tether you break the rope. When you come to the end of the lane

you straggle on into the bush and beat about till you find a new way through' (*KR*, p. 166). Though it is doubtful that Lawrence ever resolved the felt tensions between singular and co-operative movement, he remained committed to his radical option for movement and progression, founded upon robust internal travel. For him, the only option for mankind was to remain 'in true relationship to his contiguous universe', for 'each thing, living or unliving, streams in its own odd, intertwining flux, and nothing, not even man nor the God of man, nor anything that man has thought or felt or known, is fixed or abiding. All moves' (*AM*, pp. 171–72).

4

Land-to-Air Travel: Michel Tournier

'Voyagez tant que vous pouvez!' [Travel while you can!]. This is the advice which Michel Tournier regularly dispenses to pupils in the schools which he visits from time to time. Describing these visits in a radio interview,¹ he explains how he exhorts them to 'aller voyager et jouir de leur liberté pendant qu'ils sont jeunes' [go travelling and enjoying their freedom while they are young]. As a young man, Tournier himself spent four years in Germany studying philosophy, and remained an inveterate traveller in subsequent years. At the same time, he has evinced interest in the idea of stationary travelling. Jean Giono, the novelist whom Tournier worshipped in his youth – 'Pendant des années ce fut mon dieu'² [For years he was my god] – was the author of a short text no doubt known to Tournier, entitled 'Le Voyageur immobile'. In this text, the narrator recalls childhood visits to a small grocery store where he would imagine himself aboard a ship. As the cries of the harbour receded, he would squat down between the chickpeas and the onions and leave for foreign shores: 'L'ombre m'engloutissait: j'étais parti'³ [the shadows would swallow me up: I was off].

Tournier's *Le Vagabond immobile*, a short text with illustrations by Jean-Max Toubeau, resembles that of Giono not only in its title but also in its accessing of the idea of mind-travel within a stilled body. Tournier's twist on the theme is to substitute the notion of vagabondage for that of voyage. While the act of voyaging is normally associated with an enterprise, or a mission with a destination, that of vagabondage is associated with vagrancy (Latin *vagari* = to wander) or idle roaming. What no doubt also appealed to the ludic Tournier is the fact that the word 'vagabond' has, certainly in English, and to some extent in French, taken on accrued connotations of mischief or scampishness.

Un chien vagabond [a stray dog] is of course one which has no restraint, and which is free to follow the promptings of every passing scent or sight. In similar fashion, an imagination made vagabond is one which will be much more prone to open-ended, anarchic, unpredictable flows than one which is merely programmed to travel. Tournier introduces *Le Vagabond immobile* by describing the regular visits of Toubeau, who would sketch whatever presented itself to him: Tournier himself, house, garden, cat, etc. The book, Tournier explains, is the fruit of these meetings 'où l'immobilité du corps, à laquelle il m'obligeait, se compensait par des vagabondages de l'esprit et de la plume à travers mes souvenirs, mes réflexions et mes lectures'⁴ [in which the immobility of body which he imposed upon me was compensated by roving of the mind and pen through my memories, reflections and reading].

At various points in the text, Tournier gives examples of journeys undertaken in the apparent absence of physical movement. One such journey is regularly experienced during the solitude of the night hours: 'C'est un voyage immobile où tout peut arriver, l'ange de la mort et celui qui donne l'étincelle créatrice' (VI, p. 15) [It is a stationary journey in which anything can come upon you, the angel of death or the creative spark]. Moreover, Tournier applies this dynamic motionlessness not just to himself, but also to other elements of his environs. His cat, Sacha, is seen as a model of rooted restlessness: 'Pour un chat, un voyage est une catastrophe, un déménagement c'est la fin du monde. Quelle leçon me donne son enracinement total ici même!' (VI, p. 17) [For a cat, a journey is a catastrophe, a house-removal is the end of the world. What a lesson his total rootedness to this spot teaches me!]. Yet the cat is nonetheless adept at furtive disappearance within his chosen parameters: 'Il peut disparaître à volonté et demeurer totalement introuvable, et soudain, il est à nouveau là, et quand je lui demande: "Mais enfin, où étais-tu?" il lève vers moi ses yeux d'or pour me répondre: "Moi? Mais je n'ai pas bougé!"' (VI, p. 15) [He can disappear at will and remain totally undetectable, and, suddenly, he's there again, and, when I ask him: 'Where on earth have you been?', he lifts his golden eyes to me to reply: 'Me? I've never budged!'].

However exemplary Tournier may find his cat's low-key wanderings within ultimate rootedness, he himself is prey to bouts of *wanderlust*. Groundedness, when prolonged, eventually brings on the imperative to move: 'J'ai horreur de voyager, mais c'est une médication indispensable à mon équilibre' (VI, p. 55) [I dread travelling, but it is an indispensable potion for my equilibrium]. Movement, then, for Tournier, may be both

disorder and remedy. The disorder is that it disturbs habits. The remedy is that it disturbs habits.

The same fitful alternation between nomadic and sedentary is a frequent feature of Tournier's fictional world. Remarking that 'the figure of the nomad has a special importance in Tournier's combination of philosophy and literature',⁵ Colin Davis draws attention to the author's attachment to both dualism and unity, dichotomy and synthesis. Hence, though nomad and sedentary repeatedly assert themselves as opposing states, they never abolish their own coexistence: 'Willingly or unwillingly, the nomad is fascinated and influenced by sedentary values' (Davis, p. 195). In Tournier's short story 'La Famille Adam', Caïn and Abel, offspring of Adam and Eve, while being blood brothers, are incarnations of these oppositions. Whereas Caïn is placid and attached to the land, Abel 'ne rêvait que départs, marches, voyages'⁶ [dreamt only of departures, walks, journeys]. After murdering his brother, Caïn is, however, forcibly uprooted and has nomadism temporarily foisted upon him.

This substitutive movement is similarly present, from the Abelian perspective, in Tournier's novel *Le Roi des aulnes*, in which the central character, despite being named 'Abel', declares himself to be temporarily masquerading as a sedentary, aware of the age-old pattern of persecution wreaked upon the nomad by the sedentary, upon the gypsy by the landowner. Nevertheless, just as Caïn in 'La Famille Adam' eventually resumes his settled existence, finally offering accommodation to Jehovah, who is worn out by traipsing about in the moth-eaten Ark of the Covenant with the sons of Abel, Abel Tiffauges foresees his own apotheosis when the sedentary people are displaced. On that day, he will regain the ascendancy in one glorious movement: 'je m'envolerai dans les étoiles'⁷ [I will fly to the stars].

In comparing Tournier's treatment of the nomadic/sedentary dichotomy with that of Deleuze and Guattari, Davis considers that the former cannot be neatly mapped upon the latter. For him, Deleuze and Guattari at least aspire to a rigour in the distinction, whereas Tournier adverts to the division, but constantly fudges it: '[Tournier] attempts to overcome the limitations of the dichotomy by rejecting absolute barriers between opposites; and so the nomad in his texts is never entirely independent of the sedentary order' (Davis, p. 196). Moreover, Deleuze and Guattari bring to the fore a further distinction – that of migrants and nomads. The migrant makes for a perceived destination; s/he leaves from point A to journey to point B. For the nomad, 'les points sont [...] des relais dans un trajet' (*MP*, p. 471) [the points are stopping-off points in a journey].

Following Arnold Toynbee, Deleuze and Guattari categorise the nomad by a *lack of movement*, in that s/he does set up camp in a chosen domain, and aspires to stay there, even if recurrently on the move.

For Davis, 'Tournier makes no such distinction, and his nomads are frequently what Deleuze and Guattari would call migrants, since their journeys have, or retrospectively acquire, destination and motivation' (Davis, p. 197). As this statement demonstrates, Davis is careful, and rightly so, to apply a plethora of qualifications and caveats to his schematisations, for Tournier is nothing if not a 'slippery' writer. As Walter Redfern states of the Tournier's collection of short stories entitled *Le Coq de bruyère*: 'All I feel assured about saying in general, umbrella terms is that all of the stories in *Le Coq de bruyère* have some form of binary structure, but also some overlap between the two camps or worlds on display'.⁸

It could also be argued that the fact that Deleuze and Guattari do not unequivocally hold fast to the distinction between nomad and migrant, and between nomad and sedentary, points to a similarly synthetic temptation. Hence, even if they introduce the additional category of 'migrant', it could be maintained that, taking the whole spectrum of movement, Deleuze and Guattari resemble Tournier in flagging up oppositional modes while endlessly providing theatres for their combination or variation. In other words, there may not be as much clear blue water between the nomad and the migrant as aspects of Deleuze and Guattari's own rhetoric might claim. They themselves state that 'les nomades et les migrants peuvent se mélanger de beaucoup de façons, ou former un ensemble commun' (*MP*, p. 471) [nomads and migrants can intermingle in many ways, or form a shared whole]. What *does* provide a distinction between them, they assert, are the causes and conditions of their movement.

Crucial to this distinction is the whole issue of territorialisation. Deleuze and Guattari state: 'Si le nomade peut être appelé le Déterritorialisé par excellence, c'est justement parce que la reterritorialisation ne se fait pas *après* comme chez le migrant, ni sur *autre chose* comme chez le sédentaire' (*MP*, p. 473) [If the nomad can be designated as the Deterritorialisé *par excellence*, it is precisely because the reterritorialisation does not take place *afterwards*, as in the case of the migrant, nor on the basis of *something else*, as in the case of the sedentary]. The nomad relates to the earth in a deterritorialisated fashion, such that 'il se reterritorialisé sur la déterritorialisation elle-même' [s/he reterritorialises on the basis of deterritorialisation itself]. In other words, even if the nomad does mark out a territory, it is upon land which is itself deterritorialisated; it does

not participate in the striated regime of proprietorship. Nomadic space, therefore, is localisable, but not delimited.

It is useful when attempting to test these features against Tournier's writing to remember that Deleuze and Guattari do insert, albeit within parentheses, a useful outreach of the nomadic domain. Within the discussion of nomadology in *Mille plateaux* is a reminder of the distinction between speed and movement. In an earlier section, Deleuze and Guattari explore how a body is conceived of in relation to a longitude and a latitude, 'c'est-à-dire l'ensemble des éléments matériels qui lui appartiennent sous tels rapports de mouvement et de repos, de vitesse et de lenteur (longitude); l'ensemble des affects intensifs dont il est capable, sous tel pouvoir ou degré de puissance (latitude). Rien que des affects et des mouvements locaux, des vitesses différentielles' (*MP*, p. 318) [that is to say, the combination of material elements it possesses, in terms of such relationships as movement to rest, speed to slowness (longitude); the combination of the intensive affects of which it is capable, under a given power or degree of potential (latitude). Nothing but affects and local movements, differential speeds]. Later, they remind that movement and speed must be differentiated: 'Le mouvement est extensif, et la vitesse intensive' (*MP*, p. 473) [Movement is extensive, and speed intensive]. Whereas movement concerns progression across space, between points, speed concerns the potentialities of a body to surge forth in indeterminate directions. Hence, a fast movement may not necessarily constitute speed, and speed may coincide with a state of slowness or immobility.

Insofar as speed is associated with intensities, it may proceed alongside bodily inertia: 'Il n'est donc pas étonnant qu'on ait pu invoquer des voyages spirituels qui se faisaient sans mouvement relatif, mais en intensités sur place: ils font partie du nomadisme' (*MP*, p. 473) [It is therefore not surprising that we can cite spiritual journeys which took place without relative movement, but with on-the-spot intensities: these form part of nomadism]. This parenthetical passage within Deleuze and Guattari's analysis is one which will bear much relevance to Tournier's writing. By 'spiritual', Deleuze and Guattari do not mean 'religious', for this would be to recuperate the open-ended intensity back into the religio-judicial framework which it evades. Nevertheless, such a spiritual energy-flow *might* in some circumstances be observed in relation to those mystical journeys which are begun in a state of relinquishment of all 'knowledge' and which (especially when exhibited by women or by other marginal groups) have frequently aroused suspicion within the ecclesiastical authority-machine. Deleuze and Guattari refer

to such alternative currents in *Mille plateaux*: 'La machine d'ascèse est en position anormale, en ligne de fuite, à côté de l'Eglise, et conteste sa prétention à s'ériger en institution impériale' (*MP*, p. 302) [The ascetic machine is in an anomalous position, in a line of flight, alongside the Church, and contests its claim to set itself up as an imperial institution].

The 'spiritual journey', propelled by unforeseen vectors of intensity, is undoubtedly an important feature of Tournier's writing. Whether their author be sedentary or not, Tournier's novels and short stories are full of physical and spiritual peregrinations, sometimes of epic proportions. As Walter Redfern remarks: 'Movement out and onwards into experience, at whatever cost, dictates [Tournier's] narratives' (Redfern, p. 118). In the course of that movement, Tournier's characters often pursue bizarre successions of quests or encounter experiences which are horrifying and/or hilarious. These may be 'spiritual' insofar as they comport a neophytic or initiatory element, and they are nomadic in the sense explored above, i.e. they contain intensive movements or impulses forwards into the unknown, but are not necessarily accompanied by extensive physical travelling.

In the short story, 'Tupik', the eponymous young boy feels himself to be poised, or potentially mobile, between two gender outcomes. One is: 'Devenir un homme. Comme papa'⁹ [To become a man. Like daddy], while the other is to explore further the soft and silky world of femininity. These two oppositional worlds are, for Tupik, summed up by the rigidly delineated spaces of the public toilets, the Gents being soiled and smelly, while the Ladies is pristine and perfumed. Between the respective entry doors sits the caretaker, awaiting tips, and always simmering giblets in stock on her little spirit stove. Within the park, these adjacent, striated spaces are, however, contrasted with the winding anarchy of the boxwood maze, feared by Tupik because of the unknown and unknowable pathways it offers: 'Il y avait des tournants, des décrochements, des culs-de-sac, des circuits fermés dans lesquels on tournait indéfiniment' (*TU*, p. 81) [There were bends, deviations, dead ends, closed circuits in which you could go round and round indefinitely]. Tupik plunges into the maze to meet, at its centre, his friend Dominique. The latter has always presented as male, and yet his exposed genitals reveal him to be female. Tournier's adroit narrative ploy here is to take his central character into a labyrinthine space where hierarchies dissolve, to create expectations that the arduous journey to the centre will be an initiatory one, resulting in gender resolution, only to enthrone at the attained heart of the maze an older adolescent who incarnates sexual fluidity. When finally Tupik takes a blade to sever his little male member, he

does so at the intermediate space – the caretaker’s table – between the male and female toilets. There could hardly be a more committed attempt at gender-bending. He holds out his shrivelled organ as if it were a ticket of admission, but, as he spins to the ground, upsetting the stove, his butchered flesh has no more status than the warmed-up chicken giblets. Tournier has reheated a gender debate while carefully preventing the reader from consuming it.

Notwithstanding his sacrificed penis, Tupik is not thereby female. If he does ‘devenir un homme’, like his father, it will not be in orthodox fashion. Neither can it neatly be asserted that he occupies a ‘bisexual’ realm, for his gender identity remains a question of potentialities rather than assignation. His exploration of gender shares something of Deleuze and Guattari’s ‘devenir-femme’, which is neither to ‘imiter ni prendre la forme féminine, mais émettre des particules qui entrent dans le rapport de mouvement et de repos, ou dans la zone de voisinage d’une micro-féminité, c’est-à-dire produire en nous-mêmes une femme moléculaire’ (*MP*, p. 338) [imitate nor assume the feminine form, but to emit particles which enter the relationship of movement and rest, or the neighbouring zone, of a micro-femininity, that is to say, to produce in ourselves a molecular woman]. Though Tupik’s *image* of womanhood is of a molar entity (a rigidly delineated group) to which he seeks access, his process towards that image is molecular (operating in a flexible and virtual way). Though his body, and his self-mutilation, are stubbornly literal, his encounters and desire are always leading him to intermediate spaces, where, in Deleuzian terms, he can engage with the speeds and slownesses characteristically produced by the desired body.

Tupik, prior to Dominique’s self-exposure, likes to visit the merry-go-round owned by Dominique’s father. There, he becomes a kind of ‘voyageur immobile’ in that he cuts himself off from the revolving panoramas in order to enjoy total seclusion within a private vehicle: a miniature Wild West locomotive carriage. Far from assimilating with other pleasure-seekers, overtly participating in the collective ride, he huddles within his chosen space, ‘à l’intérieur d’un espace clos bien à lui’ (*TU*, p. 79) [inside an enclosure which he had all to himself]. Yet, try as he may to preserve his privacy, he is nevertheless part of an exterior movement which is embracing him, and being operated by the tall and benevolent Dominique. Fluently masculine, she is also effortlessly and unproblematically female. At eleven years old, she can pass convincingly for an example of either gender. As such, she conforms well to the model described by Deleuze and Guattari in their discussion of the *devenir-femme*: ‘Les jeunes filles n’appartiennent pas à un âge, à un sexe,

à un ordre ou à un règne: elles se glissent plutôt, entre les ordres, les actes, les âges, les sexes; elles produisent *n* sexes moléculaires sur la ligne de fuite' (*MP*, p. 339). [Young girls do not belong to an age group, a sex, an order or a kingdom: rather, they slide, between orders, acts, ages, sexes; they produce *n* molecular sexes on the line of flight].

Hence, the figure of the young girl may, in her transitional ability to elude dualisms, be a powerful vector of becoming. Dominique, in 'Tupik', controls the revolution of the carousel. The young girl, for Deleuze and Guattari, may control revolutions of all kinds. In this connection, they cite Joan of Arc, the young warrior who dressed as a male. Joan has indeed exercised her protean fascination for many centuries over a multiplicity of groups and individuals, including Tournier himself. In his short novel *Gilles et Jeanne*, he depicts Joan, through the eyes of her follower Gilles de Rais, as that most asexual of beings, an angel: 'Si Jeanne n'est ni une fille, ni un garçon, c'est clair, n'est-ce pas, c'est qu'elle est un ange'¹⁰ [If Joan is neither a girl nor a boy, it's clear, isn't it, that she is an angel].

The historical Joan, who, as an anomaly among the military, suffered the indignity not only of having her sex verified, but also her intact virginity, became widely known as 'La Pucelle'.¹¹ This title avoided trespassing blasphemously on ground occupied by 'La Vierge' (the Virgin Mary), but it nevertheless defined Joan in relation to a bodily status traditionally bearing connotations of holiness, separateness, and independence. For Deleuze and Guattari, virginity is not a precondition but an attribute of the young girl's transitional status: 'La jeune fille ne se définit certes pas par la virginité, mais par un rapport de mouvement et de repos, de vitesse et de lenteur' (*MP*, p. 339) [The young girl is certainly not defined by virginity, but by a relationship of movement and rest, speed and slowness].

Tournier's Jeanne walks with a barefooted animal grace, holding contraries in play within her own person: 'un jeune garçon, un compagnon d'armes et de jeu, et en même temps une femme, et de surcroît une sainte nimbée de lumière' (*GJ*, p. 11) [a young boy, a comrade at arms and at play, and at the same time a woman, and, for good measure, a saint haloed in light]. For her follower Gilles de Rais, she is set apart by a pure, prophetic quality to which his whole being feels compulsively drawn, 'comme le corps obéit à l'âme' (*GJ*, p. 18) [as the body obeys the soul]. Envisioning himself as being raised in an atmosphere of vice and venality, he clings to Jeanne as his route towards an ideal of sanctity and salvation.

As a mobile force of becoming in the novel, Jeanne not only propels herself onwards in a hurtling, transformative trajectory, but also

entrains the body and spirit of her followers, including Gilles. For Jeanne, the outcome of her entrepreneurial leadership will be first of all military victories and patriotic reawakening (culminating in the coronation of Charles VII at Reims), but then marginalisation and victimisation. When leading armies, Jeanne is pure dynamism. Though animated by spiritual goals, she is propelled by strategic goals. Hence, when Gilles licks away the blood from her wounded knee, declaring that he will follow her to heaven or hell, she demotes long-term eschatology in favour of earthly incremental advancement: 'Avant d'aller au ciel ou en enfer, je veux moi aller à Paris!' (*GJ*, p. 29) [Before going to heaven or hell, I want to go to Paris!]. She is reluctant to focus on spiritual *destination* to the detriment of spiritual pathfinding. For the moment, *Paradis* must cede to *Paris*.

Scarcely a quarter of Tournier's novel has elapsed, however, before Jeanne's animation is compulsorily quenched – at the stake. Gilles is, in Tournier's version, a spectator of the horrific event, passing himself off as a street vagabond. In the case of public immolations such as these, it was a frequent event for the executioner, in a movement of compassion, to strangle the victim before he or she was consumed by the flames. In Jeanne's case, this was not practicable, since the pyre had been built obscenely and disproportionately high, to allow maximum visibility to spectators. Hence, her progressive torments took place under the mesmerised eyes of the public. Jeanne is thus not only eradicated but commodified: she is forcibly recruited into a theatre of cruelty, the ultimate snuff movie.

All of this volatile mixture of ingredients – the charismatic figure come to grief, the glory turned to ashes, the juridico-religious proscription made manifest in an exemplary, cinogenic extinction – is put to use by Carl Dreyer in his compelling *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*. This film, which focuses lingeringly and unforgettably on the face of the dying Jeanne, was of enduring fascination to Deleuze, who calls it 'le film affectif par excellence' (*CI*, p. 150). It is an 'affective film', in that 'l'affect pur, le pur exprimé de l'état de choses, renvoie en effet à un visage qui l'exprime' (*CI*, p. 146) [pure affect, the pure expression of the state of things, in fact brings us back to a face which expresses it]. The film might be seen as the documentation of a culmination, the slow and inevitable despatch of a body caught in the grip of an authoritarian and punitive machine. As the spectator witnesses the agony of Jeanne, her predicament is seen not as an arbitrary event, but as the product of an arrest and trial. Yet the stages of Jeanne's death-event are made immediate, even creative, magnified as they are in close proximity. As

with the spotlight Mouth, raised high in the film of Beckett's play *Not I*, the intensity of the image gives no space for the spectator to do other than to engage with the raw event inscribed upon Jeanne's face and body.

Within Deleuze's analysis, Jeanne is tensed between two present tenses. One is the 'état de choses historique' (*CI*, p. 150), the [historical state of affairs] which is a complex tangle of conflicting actions and ambitions – those of Jeanne, those of the institutional powers (royalty, the judiciary, the military, the Church), those of the English, those of the populace. The other present is the internal, the incarnated, the filmic affectivity which still seeks expression. The two presents – the residual, trial-driven series of events, and what might be called the ongoing undergoing of that residue – are inseparable and yet distinct. Jeanne has previously been the incarnation of dynamism – on foot, on horseback, in negotiation. This self-propulsion has been on one level halted, since she is pinioned within an execution event. Yet Deleuze, as a viewer of Dreyer's film, discerns Jeanne not as an image of transfixion and finitude, but as a mobile force poised at the kaleidoscopic intersection of process and expression: 'L'affect est comme l'exprimé de l'état de choses, mais cet exprimé ne renvoie pas à l'état de choses, il ne renvoie qu'aux visages qui l'expriment et, se composant ou se séparant, lui donnent une matière propre mouvante' (*CI*, p. 151) [The affect is like the expression of the state of affairs, but what is expressed does not refer back to the state of affairs, it only refers back to the faces which express it and, combining or separating, supply its particular shifting substance].

Eschewing the euphemisms which conventionally attend narratives of death, Tournier renders the burning of Jeanne in all its graphic horror, including the aftermath of all-pervading odours of burnt flesh. For Tournier's Gilles de Rais, the sight of this 'pauvre charogne à demi calcinée' (*GJ*, p. 39) [wretched half-charred carrion] is a moving spectacle in more than one sense. Jeanne may be definitively stilled, but the restless movement she animated – the 'matière propre mouvante' to which Deleuze refers – transfers itself to Gilles. Witnessing Jeanne being burnt alive moves him emotionally because of his deep, obsessive attachment to her: 'il assiste, le coeur crevé de haine et de chagrin' (*GJ*, p. 39) [he witnesses it, his heart bursting with hate and grief]. It also moves him physically; after the conclusion of the execution, he races haphazardly around the town and countryside, leaping, falling, staggering, and then courting afresh.

Finally, after a night spent in a state of insensibility, Gilles embarks upon a profound *internal* movement of becoming. When he rises the

following morning, 'quelque chose s'était transformé en lui, un visage menteur, pernicieux, blasphémateur, dissolu, invocateur des diables' (*GJ*, p. 40) [something had changed in him, a face which was deceitful, pernicious, blaspheming, dissolute, invoking of devils]. For three years he goes to ground, retreats to his lands, before emerging: 'Puis la métamorphose maligne accomplie, [...] c'est un ange infernal qui déploiera ses ailes' (*GJ*, p. 40) [Then, with the malign metamorphosis accomplished, [...] it is an angel from hell which is to unfurl its wings]. In an interesting article which relates *Gilles et Jeanne* to progressive Deleuzian stages of nomadisation, Charles Stivale makes a connection between Gilles's inherited territories, and his *disinherited* territorialisation. Gilles never loses his status as a great landowner, and the continuance of his grisly experimentations is, as with the Marquis de Sade, dependent upon the privacy afforded by dark and voluminous living quarters. Nevertheless, Stivale posits a journey towards deterritorialisation which takes precedence over the land-locked outer circumstances of the pursuant: '[Gilles] finds himself quite literally "territorialized" by his inherited lands. But [...] Gilles rejects the sedentary implications of this territorialization and affirms his purpose in the journey inspired by his true master/mistress, the "Janus-Jeanne"'.¹²

It would be easy to conclude that the 'cocoon' stage during which Gilles lies low, among his estates, is some kind of traditional 'mourning' period, after which he emerges to interact afresh with the external world. Yet, rather than being a time of 'putting to rest' a particularly intense epoch of his life, this is merely an incubation period for a series of progressive transformations. The journey which Gilles then embarks upon contains a diversity of stages: it incorporates attempts to replicate Jeanne as an external focus in his life, attempts to emulate the 'jusqu'au-boutisme' of her enterprise, and, above all, attempts to stand in the intermediate space of imminence, stimulus, and transition which she herself occupied in Gilles's eyes.

During the restless succession of quests, Tournier presents Gilles as operating in zones beyond the bounds of rationality. Hence, when a young woman appears on the scene claiming to be Jeanne escaped from the stake, Gilles is drawn to her despite his witnessing of Jeanne's death. Gilles's confessor, Blanchet, tells Prélat, the young cleric he meets in Florence, that, though Gilles had seen for himself Jeanne's execution, 'son désir de voir Jeanne vivante est si impérieux qu'il passe outre à l'évidence' (*GJ*, p. 79) [his desire to see Jeanne alive is so compelling that he overlooks what is there before his eyes]. What Gilles has lost in losing Jeanne, maintains Blanchet, is 'le sens vertical... la

dimension transcendante' (*GJ*, p. 73) [a sense of the vertical... the dimension of transcendence]. Yet it was in the vertical dimension – standing at a stake, licked by a tall tower of flame – that Jeanne was destroyed. Henceforth, Gilles gravitates to the horizontal dimension – that of earth, appetite, and materiality. Directionless, loosed from the strictures of rationality and moderation, he is repeatedly described in animal terms: 'Il mange comme un loup. Il boit comme un âne. Il se souille comme un cochon' (*GJ*, p. 72) [He eats like a wolf. He drinks like a donkey. He soils himself like a pig].

The word 'comme' in these examples is important. In the cascade of becomings which, since Jeanne's death, have coursed past Gilles as a flood of potentialities, there is affiliation, not imitation. As Deleuze and Guattari remark of the *devenir-animal*: 'L'acteur De Niro, dans une séquence de film, marche "comme" un crabe; mais il ne s'agit pas, dit-il, d'imiter le crabe; il s'agit de composer avec l'image, avec la vitesse de l'image, quelque chose qui a affaire avec le crabe. Et c'est cela l'essentiel pour nous: on ne devient-animal que si, par des moyens et des éléments quelconques, on émet des corpuscules qui entrent dans le rapport de mouvement et de repos des particules animales, ou [...] dans la zone de voisinage de la molécule animale. On ne devient animal que moléculaire' (*MP*, pp. 336–37) [The actor De Niro, in a film sequence, walks 'like' a crab; but it is not a matter, he says, of imitating the crab; it is a matter of building into the image, the speed of the image, something having to do with crab. And that is the essential thing for us: we only become-animal if, by whatever means and elements, we emit corpuscles which enter into the relationship of movement and rest of the animal particles, or (...) into the zone of proximity of the animal molecule. One can only become an animal in a molecular way].

Jeanne, alive and then dead, seems to have been the primary catalyst for the onset of multiple becomings on the part of Gilles. By entering into a zone of proximity with Jeanne, he has encountered a person who herself incarnated all kinds of shifting parameters. After her death, the animals he is said to resemble constantly succeed one another in the accounts of observers: now he is 'like' one, now 'like' another. In this protean stage, when Gilles seems to be available for a diversity of being-states, those familiar with him from the past wish to re-impose a molar, territorialised identity upon him, to reincorporate him as a noble and upright member of the landed classes. What they do not realise is that he has set in motion not just a temporary aberrancy but a 'rupture', of the type whose consequences are described by Deleuze and Guattari: 'On est devenu soi-même imperceptible et clandestin dans un voyage

immobile. [...] Finis les voyages, toujours à la traîne de quelque chose. [...] On n'est plus qu'une ligne abstraite, comme une flèche qui traverse le vide. Déterritorialisation absolue. [...] On est entré dans des devenirs-animaux, des devenirs-moléculaires, enfin des devenirs-imperceptibles' (*MP*, p. 244) [One has become imperceptible and secret in a stationary journey. (...) Journeys, always trailing along after something, are over. (...) One is now no more than an abstract line, like an arrow crossing an empty space. Absolute deterritorialisation. (...) One has entered into becomings-animal, becomings-molecular, indeed becomings-imperceptible]. After Jeanne's death, Gilles makes no more significant physical voyages until his journey to incarceration at Nantes. Others may arrow back and forth in his direction: hence, Blanchet travels on Gilles's behalf to Florence; Prélat travels back with him to see Gilles in the Vendée; both dart away from Gilles in panic-stricken flight when his arrest is imminent. Gilles's nomadism in the second half of the novel is that which takes place in his desires and explorations.

In a context where Gilles appears to outsiders to be lapsing into a reptilian horizontality, Blanchet seeks for Gilles a means to reinstate the spiritual, the transcendent. Enlisting the help of Prélat is an attempt to trigger in Gilles the response he has failed to prompt himself. Instead, what he finds in the charismatic and persuasive Prélat is merely a stimulus for an even more intense series of transformations. Prélat does not set off with a predetermined programme in mind, since his impression of Gilles is no more than that supplied by Blanchet. Rather than being a ready-made *éminence grise*, he is one still in the process of formation. In accompanying Blanchet back on the long journey to the Vendée region, Prélat has to leave his own familiar urban setting and encounter long stretches of dense and oppressive vegetation: 'Prélat ne conserva que le souvenir d'une immense et angoissante forêt' (*GJ*, p. 85) [The only memory Prélat retained was of an immense and alarming forest]. Immersion in this dense forestation is, in fact, a prelude to the episodes which follow, which trace an accelerated passage of *devenirs*. While Prélat welcomes his first sight of the castle of Tiffauges, his destination, he is soon to discover that, far from being an enclave offering refuge from surrounding wasteland, it is all of a piece with it: 'Prélat devait bientôt apprendre que l'humanité où il vivrait désormais était à l'image du désert forestier environnant' (*GJ*, p. 86) [Prélat was soon to discover that the human race among whom he would from then on be living was the image of the surrounding forest desert].

Prélat's ambition, like that of Blanchet, is to offer an alternative to horizontality. He sees the goal of his endeavour as being to 'arracher

cette province et ses hommes de leur horizontalité' (*GJ*, p. 93) [drag this region and its inhabitants away from their horizontality]. However, his vision of how this should be attained contrasts radically with that of Blanchet. Whereas the latter desires an ebbing-away of disturbing new tendencies so as to restore Gilles to a state of grace, enabling him to raise his eyes to a guiding heaven above, Prélat seeks to unleash *new* perspectives which are capacious enough to provide their own swirling, alchemical brew of heaven and hell.

Prélat realises that this new direction will emerge not by means of diverting Gilles from the past, but by building on the detail of that past. Before him, his subject, 'assommé par le supplice de Jeanne, se traînait sur le sol comme une bête' (*GJ*, p. 93) [devastated by Jeanne's torture, was crawling on the ground like a beast]. For Gilles as observer, Jeanne's burning at the stake had been a sensory event – smelling her burnt flesh, hearing her last cry, 'Jésus!' – as well as a spectacular one, though one drowned in misery and despair. In his subsequent experiments, in league with Prélat, he seeks to repeat, over and over again, elements of that excruciation. His equivalent of the eucharistic anamnesis (calling to mind the Passion of Christ) is a calling to body, sense, and emotion of the Passion of Jeanne. Yet the recollection and re-enactment of suffering never attain the status of ritual, for Gilles seeks ever more profound and exaggerated liturgies of butchery, using small children as his raw material. Having been unable to save Jeanne from the destructive power of the flames, he is encouraged by Prélat to master the flame, by means of laboratories and furnaces, for his own purposes of destruction. When Gilles finally attains the parallel status of being condemned to be burnt at the stake for his crimes, Prélat observes that Gilles has simply been drawn into a vortex of imitation. In his simulacrum of Jeanne's procession from glory to ignominy, Gilles has, according to Prélat, merely enacted the same malign inversion of fortunes as that experienced by Jeanne.

Nevertheless, the actors in these events differ in one crucial regard. In *Cinéma I: L'Image-Mouvement*, Deleuze identifies Dreyer's Jeanne d'Arc as a person of *choice*: 'Le personnage du vrai choix s'est trouvé dans le sacrifice, ou retrouvé par-delà le sacrifice qui ne cesse d'être recommencement' (*CI*, p. 162) [The character of real choice is found in sacrifice, or discovered beyond the sacrifice which is constantly rebeginning]. Such a character, according to Deleuze, realises that the choice is whether to choose at all, since, by choosing, the range of options is automatically reduced. Jeanne d'Arc attributes her initial eruption onto the political and military scene to the commanding voices of God and his saints

which she hears within and to which she has chosen to accord primacy. Thereafter, she resonates with the pro-active choices she adopts and pursues, until the last, fatal one which leads to her capture.

As Deleuze points out, choices may be made for good or evil: 'Pourquoi n'y aurait-il pas, plutôt qu'un choix de mal qui serait encore désir, un choix "pour" le mal en toute connaissance de cause?' (*GJ*, p. 162) [Why shouldn't there be, rather than a choice of evil which is still at the level of desire, a choice 'for' evil in full knowledge of the fact?]. After Jeanne's death, Gilles relapses into reactive mode, hardly aware of his grief-stricken debaucheries. What he will choose, and in what manner he will exercise that choice, remain to be discovered. When he first fondles a child and begins to squeeze its neck, it is distractedly, almost absentmindedly, so that a summoning voice makes him exhibit 'l'air d'un somnambule qu'on arrache à son rêve' (*GJ*, p. 95) [the air of a sleepwalker suddenly woken from his dream].

In these circumstances, the role of Prêlat is to define and underpin a proposed choice. Using reason, the faculty abandoned by Gilles, Prêlat presents God and the Devil not as oppositions but as co-operators, as neighbours on the block. Just as Yahweh looked favourably upon the proposed sacrifice of Isaac, 'le Diable, qui est l'image de Dieu, partage ces goûts' (*GJ*, p. 101) [the Devil, who is the image of God, shares these tastes]. Drawn by the prospect Prêlat offers him of ultimate transfiguration by the sacrifice of innocents, Gilles embarks upon his sinister path of child immolation. He may believe that he has made a free choice of evil: in fact, Prêlat has set before him a predetermined 'destin criminel' (*GJ*, p. 94) [criminal destiny]. His choice is to accept that diagnosis and its suggested ramifications. Though Jeanne also embarked on her prominent career prompted by her perception of God's will, she thereafter acts largely as a free agent. Unlike Gilles, she needs no ongoing human tutelage.

Gilles's physical destiny does shadow that of Jeanne in remarkable fashion: both are captured while at their apex of their enterprises; both are imprisoned and put on trial; both falter and recant; both reaffirm their own motivations and go to the stake. However, while Jeanne perishes with her eyes on the crucifix, Gilles (in Tournier's version) perishes with his eyes on Jeanne. In an echo of her cry 'Jésus! Jésus! Jésus!' (*GJ*, p. 40), he shouts 'Jeanne! Jeanne! Jeanne!' (*GJ*, p. 140). Both are accused of sorcery, though Gilles faces 'la triple inculpation de sorcellerie, sodomie et assassinat' (*GJ*, p. 108) [the triple charge of sorcery, sodomy and murder]. Gilles may have begun in alliance with Jeanne, but he then proceeds, according to Prêlat's testimony, to an alliance with the

Devil. In concluding this pact (with the Devil, *and* with Prêlat as mentor and mediator), he embraces the position, or non-position, of the outsider, conforming to the observations of Deleuze and Guattari: 'Le sorcier est dans un rapport d'alliance avec le démon comme puissance de l'anomal' (*MP*, p. 301) [The sorcerer is in a relation of alliance with the demon as a power of the anomalous].

There are undoubtedly a number of striking narrative symmetries to be found within the lines of flight of Gilles and Jeanne. They are not symmetries, however, which have designs upon the reader. Tournier has no intention of creating mirroring patterns which throw essentialised belief systems into disarray only to reinstall them at the close. If Gilles dies bravely, and in full consistency with his immediately precedent life, the reader is not witnessing his 'redemption' by suffering, or the revalorisation of his fascination with the boy/girl figure of Jeanne. Neither is the well-intentioned figure of Blanchet vindicated. Weak and impressionable when away from his home territory, he is constantly outpaced by the sparkling, crystalline viciousness of Prêlat. When Blanchet expresses pleasure in anticipation of regaining his familiar surroundings, Prêlat informs him: 'Désormais plus rien ne sera pour vous comme avant votre voyage. Vous en avez trop vu, trop entendu' (*GJ*, p. 81) [From now on, nothing will ever be the same for you as it was before your journey. You have seen too much, heard too much].

One remarkable feature of Tournier's handling of the exploits of Joan of Arc is her positioning within the narrative. Jeanne, unique in French history, long since rehabilitated and eventually canonised, is not usually made to share the limelight with another figure. Her voice is silenced very early on in Tournier's novel, and the focus shifts from then on to Gilles. Nevertheless, though it is his actions which provide the gathering point for the greater part of the novel, it is the actions of Jeanne which seem to provide a progenitorial model for them. As the mobile force of becoming in the novel, poised between a multiplicity of movement patterns, the flaming icon of Jeanne has provided the impulsion for a host of initiatives, reactions, and counter-reactions.

In *Gilles et Jeanne*, Tournier ensures that a character deemed historically secondary to Jeanne steps forward to absorb the full weight of narratorial attention. In similar fashion, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique*, Tournier's first novel, focuses upon Friday, the character who, in Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, is cast in reactive and subservient position in relation to Crusoe himself. In his 'Postface' to the novel, Deleuze, unable to summarise what he calls 'ce roman extraordinaire' in conventional terms, resorts to a kind of apophatic introduction to the text,

in terms of what it is not: 'Ce n'est pas un roman à thèse. Ni un roman à personnages, puisqu'il n'y a pas d'autrui. Ni un roman d'analyse intérieure, Robinson ayant fort peu d'intériorité. C'est un étonnant roman d'aventures comique, et un roman cosmique d'avatars'¹³ [It is not a novel with a message. Nor a novel with characters, since there are no other people. Nor a novel of interior analysis, Robinson having very little inwardness. It is an astonishing comic adventure novel, and a cosmic misadventure novel].

Deleuze's claim that Robinson has little interior life is a curious one. Tournier relates in *Le Vent paralet* how he and Deleuze, in their youth, formed part of a group which derided the notion of 'soul' and interiority. All that these crusading young empiricists lacked, according to Tournier, was a guillotine and a tumbrel to enforce their doctrine. They planned a special issue of a journal whose front-cover photograph would be of a toilet bowl adorned with the legend 'Un paysage est un état d'âme' (*VP*, p. 156) [A landscape is a state of mind]. In this example, the comic (the incongruity of the image) does not militate so much against the cosmic as against the immanent and against the Wordsworthian-romantic.

Accordingly, when Deleuze diagnoses Robinson as lacking interiority, the statement is a neutral, non-condemnatory one. Nevertheless, one might suspect that it is a convenient, rather than a justifiable, notion. Admittedly, Tournier's Robinson is not subject to the same soul-searching as that of Defoe, who repeatedly racks his brains and his conscience, as when, for example, he tries to come to terms with the evidence of cannibalism: 'I began, with cooler and calmer thoughts, to consider what it was I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had, to pretend to be judge and executioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit, for so many ages, to suffer, unpunished, to go on'.¹⁴

Tournier's Robinson does not suffer as many moral dilemmas as that of Defoe, and it suits Deleuze's argument to set Robinson's progressive metamorphoses in a landscape of exteriority, such that his 'paysage' is indeed largely coterminous with his 'état d'âme'. Hence, 'la série subjective de Robinson est inséparable de la série des états de l'île' (*MT*, p. 258) [the subjective series of Robinson is inseparable from the series of states of the island]. It could also be argued that, since Tournier's narrative (unlike Defoe's) is in the third person, his actions receive attention more readily than his motivations.¹⁵

There is a parallel to be found here with Deleuze's analysis of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Seeing Lawrence as 'un des plus

grands paysagistes de la littérature' [one of the greatest landscape artists in literature], Deleuze views Rumm, in Lawrence's depiction of it, as a 'paysage de l'esprit'¹⁶ [landscape of the mind]. And indeed, in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Lawrence endows the rocky panoramas of Rumm with legendary imaginative status: 'Landscapes, in childhood's dream, were so vast and silent' (*SP*, p. 360). Nevertheless, Deleuze later draws attention to the doubling effect in *Seven Pillars*, in which visual images are overlaid with the imagination of the beholder: 'Il y a deux livres dans les *Sept piliers de la sagesse*, deux livres qui s'insinuent l'un dans l'autre: l'un concernant les images projetées dans le réel et qui vivent leur propre vie, l'autre concernant l'esprit qui les contemple, livré à ses propres abstractions' (*CC*, p. 149) [There are two books in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, two books which seep into one another: one concerning images projected into the real world, living their own life, and the other concerning the mind which beholds them, given over to its own abstractions].

Of course, there is always a sense in which travel writing, in its most expansive sense, contains this double perspective, since no beholder can ever observe from a value-free standpoint. Yet the portable intensity of Lawrence's imaginative life, his sensitivity to topography, his sense of history past and history-in-the-making, make this doubling particularly rich and significant. This is also the case, I would suggest, with Tournier's fictional universe, rendering Deleuze's lack of recognition of a dimension of 'interiority' in *Robinson* particularly puzzling. Thus, one cannot downplay the importance within the novel of the regular first-person log book narratives, which expose the potentialities developing within *Robinson's* inner consciousness. The following extract, for example, presents itself as part of a long drawn-out 'méditation sur la vie, la mort et le sexe' [meditation on life, death, and sex]. As a 'meditation', it can be nothing other than an inner contemplation, or 'inwardness': 'je me sens le théâtre d'une évolution plus radicale qui substitue aux ruines que la solitude crée en moi des solutions originales'¹⁷ [I feel myself to be the theatre of a more radical evolution which is substituting original solutions for the ruins which solitude creates within me]. Indeed, Deleuze himself quotes the inner wrangling which *Robinson* undergoes when confronted by *Vendredi*: '*Robinson* tourne et retourne cette question en lui-même. Pour la première fois il entrevoit nettement, sous le métis grossier et stupide qui l'irrite, l'existence possible d'un *autre Vendredi*'¹⁸ [*Robinson* turns this question over and over within himself. For the first time he sees clearly under the crude and stupid hybrid who irritates him, the possible existence of an *other Vendredi*].

While Deleuze's dismissal of any significant element of 'analyse intérieure' in the novel is questionable, his point concerning the co-existence in Tournier's writing of the comic and the cosmic is, however, well made. The happy lexicographical contiguity between the two words (in both French and English)¹⁹ does indeed loom large in Tournier's consciousness: 'Le cosmique et le comique. Ces deux mots qui paraissent faits pour être rapprochés se repoussent presque toujours en réalité. [...] Mais il y a un comique cosmique: celui qui accompagne l'émergence de l'absolu au milieu du tissu de relativités où nous vivons. C'est le rire de Dieu' (*VP*, p. 198) [The cosmic and the comic. These two words which seem made to be brought together almost always ward each other off in reality. (...) But there is a cosmic comic: the one which accompanies the emergence of the absolute among the tissue of relativities in which we live. This is the laughter of God]. Such laughter – referred to by Tournier as 'le rire blanc' [white laughter] – occurs when the gulf between the banal pursuance of human affairs and the yawning chaos which lies waiting at its edges becomes apparent. Some quake so much on perceiving it that laughter is precluded. Tournier includes in this group the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes.²⁰ Others (though a minority) perceive the abyss at their feet and laugh nonetheless: 'Ceux-ci regardent sans trembler à leurs pieds et chantent gaiement que le roi est nu' (*VP*, p. 199) [These latter people look down to their feet without trembling and merrily sing out that the emperor has no clothes].

The 'rire blanc' liberally peppers the writing of Samuel Beckett. Nell, in *Endgame*, declares: 'Nothing is funnier than unhappiness, I grant you that'.²¹ Deleuze recognises this laughter in Beckett, calling it the 'rireschizo', and seeing its appearance as the hallmark of all great writing: 'Et Beckett, c'est quand même difficile de le lire sans rire [...]. Le rireschizo ou la joie révolutionnaire, c'est ce qui sort des grands livres, au lieu des angoisses de notre petit narcissisme ou des terreurs de notre culpabilité. On peut appeler ça "comique du surhumain", ou bien "clown de Dieu", il y a toujours une joie indescriptible qui jaillit des grands livres, même quand ils parlent de choses laides, désespérantes ou terrifiantes. Tout grand livre opère déjà la transmutation'²² [As for Beckett, it is really difficult to read him without laughing (...). The schizo-laugh, or revolutionary joy, is what emerges from great books, taking the place of our petty narcissistic anxieties or our guilty terrors. Whether you call it 'superhuman comedy' or 'the holy fool', there is always an indescribable joy which bursts out of great books, even when they are treating ugly, heartbreaking or terrifying matters. Every great book is already working to transmute that]. Walter Redfern also discerns a kind of

schizophrenic auto-severance in the 'rire blanc': 'A cosmic sense of humour enables you to distance yourself and to find everything, even your own precious self, risible' (Redfern, *Michel Tournier*, p. 86).

For both Deleuze and Tournier, the 'rire blanc' or 'rire-schizo' is to be found *par excellence* in Nietzsche. Tournier declares that 'les écrivains qui unissent comique et cosmique se comptent sur les doigts d'une seule main. En tête d'entre eux, il faudrait citer Nietzsche dont toute l'oeuvre est parcourue par un friselis de drôlerie' (VP, pp. 199–200) [The writers who bring together comic and cosmic can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Prime among them, it must be said, is Nietzsche, whose entire work is traversed by a quivering of comedy]. As seen above, it is left to Deleuze to affiliate Tournier with this select company of writers, and he, too, salutes Nietzsche in this regard. Shortly after his discussion of Beckett, he observes: 'Il arrive souvent à Nietzsche de se trouver devant une chose qu'il estime écoeurante, ignoble, à vomir. Eh bien, Nietzsche, ça le fait rire, il en rajouterait si c'était possible' (PN, p. 359) [It often happens that Nietzsche finds himself facing something he considers nauseating, vile, sickening. Well, this makes Nietzsche laugh; he would even exaggerate it if that were possible].

As Deleuze recognises, laughter is for Tournier a constant travelling companion. He himself deploys it to good effect in a separate consideration of Defoe's novel, dating from the 1950s: 'Tout lecteur sain rêverait de le [i.e. Vendredi] voir enfin manger Robinson'²³ [Every sane reader would dream of seeing him (Vendredi) eat Robinson in the end]. The remark of course evokes the reputedly cannibalistic orientation of the tribal community Vendredi has left, and, although Deleuze's jocular comment was made many years before *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* was written, it might be seen to anticipate it. Tournier's text redresses a perceived imbalance and attempts in its title to place Vendredi in prime position. Whether it does so is arguable, given that all is seen through Robinson's eyes. Be that as it may, Tournier's Vendredi *does* eat Robinson, in a sense, in that he assimilates him into his own life and manner of being. As the narrator records with reference to the games of mutual impersonation in which Vendredi and Robinson engage: 'Si Vendredi était Robinson, [...] il ne restait à Robinson qu'à devenir Vendredi, le Vendredi esclave d'autrefois. [...] Il ressemblait tellement à Vendredi qu'il n'avait pas grand-chose à faire pour jouer son rôle' (V, p. 212) [If Vendredi was Robinson, (...) it simply remained to Robinson to become Vendredi, the former slave Vendredi. (...) He resembled Vendredi so much that he did not have to do much in order to play his part].

Role-playing has its place on the island precisely because such an island, sparsely populated and free from regulatory outreach, does not, within its day-to-day existence, supply a range of interactional paradigms. In such a context, habits evolve in response to challenges, habits reintroduce the assumption of predictability, habits create the illusion of security. Change and variation may be introduced only by an act of will or an 'act of God', or presaged by play-acting itself. Yet a desert island, in the imagination of the majority, represents the ultimate 'trip', in all senses, for it represents the freedom afforded by the removal of monitoring authorities and institutionalised expectations. Both Tournier and Deleuze recognise the seductiveness of the idea. The former asks: 'Qui n'a rêvé de se retirer sur une île déserte?' (*VP*, p. 226) [Who hasn't dreamed of withdrawing to a desert island?]. Amusingly, Tournier goes on to dub Robinson 'le saint patron de tous les bricoleurs de plein air' [the patron saint of all open-air do-it-yourselfers].

Deleuze also acknowledges the phenomenon: 'Rêver des îles, avec angoisse ou joie peu importe, c'est rêver qu'on se sépare, qu'on est déjà séparé, loin des continents, qu'on est seul et perdu – ou bien c'est rêver qu'on repart à zéro, qu'on recrée, qu'on recommence' (*ID*, p. 12) [To dream of islands, whether with joy or anguish, is to dream that you're cutting yourself off, that you are already cut off, far away from land masses, that you are alone and lost – or else it is to dream that you are starting from scratch, that you are re-creating, re-beginning]. Moreover, this dual model is replicated in islands themselves, which may be, in Deleuze's categorisation, either continental (accidental islands, which have broken off from a land mass), or oceanic (original islands, constituting distinct micro-ecologies).

Human beings who arrive on an island may be seen simply as inhabitants, or they may be sufficiently creative to be able to reflect back to the island the same energy and dynamism which have characterised its formation: 'Il faudrait que l'homme se ramène au mouvement qui l'amène sur l'île, mouvement qui prolonge et reprend l'élan qui produisait l'île. Alors la géographie ne ferait plus qu'un avec l'imaginaire' (*ID*, p. 13) [A human being should return to the movement which has brought him to the island, a movement which extends and resumes the impulse which produced the island. In this way, geography would be all of a piece with the imaginary]. At the same time, however, Deleuze recognises that such an event is rarely accomplished: 'Mais parce que les hommes même volontaires ne sont pas identiques au mouvement qui les dépose sur l'île, ils ne rejoignent pas l'élan qui produit celle-ci, ils rencontrent toujours l'île du dehors' (*ID*, p. 13) [But since even well-intentioned people are

not identical to the movement which deposits them on the island, they do not participate in the impetus which produces it; they always encounter the island from the outside].

Tournier's Robinson, like Defoe's, lands by chance, and reluctantly, on his desert island. Undeniably, he views it from the outside, as one to whom its shores and hinterland are alien. Taking for granted its givenness as a piece of dry land, 'il oublia d'abord qu'il n'avait à ses pieds qu'une masse liquide en perpétuel mouvement' (V, p. 22) [he initially forgot that all that lay at his feet was a liquid mass, in perpetual movement]. Instead, he lives haphazardly, living off what the island can provide for survival, and contemplating the horizon. Many of his subsequent endeavours bear close relation to those undertaken by his forebear. For instance, he spends energy in retrieving from the shipwreck items of use or significance from his previous existence. For Defoe's Robinson, these salvaged objects were to be the foundation stones upon which he could replicate the details of his native civilisation. After twelve raids on the ship's cargo, he relates: 'I got home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure' (RC, p. 29).

Tournier's Robinson will later mirror the pro-active enterprises of Defoe's Robinson. At first, however, he slides into a stage of horizontality, comparable to that of Gilles in *Gilles et Jeanne*. Just as Gilles, after the death of Jeanne, is seen as a bestial figure, having nothing further to hope for in life, Robinson wallows repeatedly in mud and his own faeces, his *devenir-animal* veering towards the batrachian: 'Seuls ses yeux, son nez et sa bouche affleuraient dans le tapis flottant des lentilles d'eau et des oeufs de crapaud' (V, p. 38) [Only his eyes, his nose and his mouth disturbed the floating surface material of duckweed and toads' eggs].

Later, after this sluggish phase, Robinson undertakes ambitious projects, comparable to those of Defoe's hero, in island surveying, boat-building, house-building, agriculture and storage (later to shade into stockpiling). He also sets up systems of management and a judicial system. On one level, Tournier is here nodding towards Defoe's source-text. On another level, however, he is satirising the need to set up formal legislative systems wherever mankind takes up residence. Many of the passages describing Robinson's efforts to patrol and control this society of one man and one dog are rich in humour. However, Tournier is able to parody this post-Enlightenment reaction to the loss of societal order precisely because his emphasis is elsewhere. Rather than documenting successive victories in Robinson's colonialisation project, Tournier is interested, as Moira Gatens observes, in 'experimenting

with the idea of what becomes of a man in a context where he is completely cut off from both his typical relations with others and his typical pleasures, powers and capacities'.²⁴ In this context, the questions which Tournier pursues are: 'What can this body do once its habitual frameworks and structures are lost? with what may it combine? what are its limits?' (Gatens, p. 174).

This is precisely, of course, the element which interests Deleuze, who entitles his essay 'Michel Tournier et le monde sans autrui'. Without the presence of others, the world enters an unfamiliar field of perception. When I view an object in the world, I am not devastated by its disappearance and replacement by another, because I have already intuited the presence of other potential objects, and have assumed their visibility to others: 'Et les objets derrière mon dos, je les sens qui bouclent et forment un monde, précisément parce que visibles et vus par autrui' (MT, p. 262) [And the objects behind my back, I sense them latching on to one another and forming a world, precisely because they are visible and seen by others]. Such an intuition is reassuring, for it accounts for unseen and unknown objects by relegating them to the potential ambits of others. I need not be consternated by the dimensions and meanings of all that might surround me, since others may see what I cannot see, or fail to perceive what I fancy I perceive: 'Bref, autrui assure les marges et transitions dans le monde. Il est la douceur des contiguïtés et des ressemblances. [...] Il empêche les assauts par-derrière' (MT, pp. 262–63) [In short, others ensure the margins and transitions in the world. They are the smoothness of contiguities and resemblances. (...) They prevent assaults from behind].

What happens, then, when *autrui* is missing? The world becomes fast and menacing, devoid of the cushions of recession, succession, transition. As Deleuze puts it: 'Le su et le non-su, le perçu et le non-perçu s'affrontent absolument, dans un combat sans nuances; [...] Tout est implacable' (MT, p. 263) [The known and the unknown, the perceived and the non-perceived are in utter confrontation. (...) Everything is relentless]. Although both Defoe and Tournier commit themselves unflinchingly to this question, their lines of perspective differ radically. For Defoe, maintains Deleuze, 'l'intention était bonne: qu'advient-il à un homme seul, sans Autrui, sur l'île déserte?' (MT, p. 259) [the intention was good: what happens to a man alone, without Others, on a desert island?]. However, the more interesting consideration, according to Deleuze, is not the matter of how the replication of a known socio-economic system might be achieved in such challenging conditions, but the matter of the aberrancies and deviations which might be exhibited

in such an environment: 'Il fallait porter un Robinson sexué à des *fins tout à fait différentes et divergentes* des nôtres, dans un monde fantastique ayant lui-même dévié' (MT, p. 259) [It was necessary to draw a sexed Robinson towards *outcomes completely different and divergent* from our own, in a fantastic world which has itself become deviant]. To this extent, whereas Defoe's Robinson is seen to be harking back to past origins and to known paradigms, Tournier's Robinson is made to improvise his way towards unknown and unpredictable becomings.

In Deleuze's analysis, Robinson's initial reaction to the loss of Autrui is the episode of the dirt-wallowing. This despairing behaviour reveals that, for him, the system of Autrui is still in place, for he is still swirling 'dans un passé personnel non reconnu, dans les pièges de la mémoire et les douleurs de l'hallucination' (MT, p. 273) [in an unrecognised personal past, in the traps of memory and the pains of hallucination]. The lost past still inhabits the alien present. The second stage, however, is the urge to systematise and organise. It might be argued that this stage, in its replicatory aspect, is also one which is dependent on the Autrui structure. Is not Robinson, in his schemes for agriculture which are capable of feeding many more than himself, in his systems of governance which imply a collectivity over which to reign, in his penal sanctions which depend upon the presence of both a chastiser and a chastised, simply allowing Autrui their sway over him despite their absence? Similarly, might these regulatory arrangements be nothing more than a preparation for the *potential* arrival of, or reunion with, Autrui?

Deleuze suggests, on the contrary, that this stage signals the crumbling away of the Autrui structure. His argument is that Robinson, in immersing himself in the initiation of work and the imposition of order, is finding in this programme of activity a substitute for Others. Further, he notes that, though Robinson's production sometimes takes on characteristics of a consuming frenzy, he also develops 'une étrange passion de détente et de sexualité' (MT, p. 274) [a strange passion for relaxation and sexuality]. When Robinson takes to clambering within the island's hollows and passages, remaining foetally curled there as if within the womb, the contrast between this and his energetic manufactory mode is seen by Deleuze not as a contrast but as a complementarity. While on the one hand Robinson's output is unduly proliferous, in that it far exceeds what could ever be consumed, his relationship to the island as primordial Mother is also an expansive radiation outwards which demonstrates his severance from Autrui while experimenting with non-human affiliations.

One consequence of the absence of others is the modification it brings to the sense of self. If the presence of others allows me to distinguish my own consciousness from the objects of my perception, the disappearance of others means that 'la conscience et son objet ne font plus qu'un' (*MT*, p. 270) [consciousness and its object are now reduced to one]. Instead of casting the beams of my awareness around my environs, I and my environs merge, so that awareness becomes nothing more than 'une pure phosphorescence des choses en soi' (*MT*, p. 270) [a pure phosphorescence of things in themselves].

Early on in his enforced solitude, Tournier's Robinson notices an intensification welling up within his activities, to exclude that potential world which the *structure-Autruï* inevitably entrains. Hence, 'le champ de son attention paraissait en même temps s'approfondir et s'étrécir' (*V*, p. 36) [the field of his attention seemed simultaneously to deepen and to shrink]. On the one hand, he *becomes* his current activity, deeply engaged in its ongoing demands; on the other, the infinite field of other candidate activity is excised. As these changes proceed in Robinson, he renames the island 'Speranza', the name charmingly possessing both sacred and secular overtones for him, as both a component of the three theological virtues and as the name of a passionate Italian woman he had known in his past life.

Later, this dual reverence will result in a kind of conjugal encounter with the island (supplementing the filial one), underscoring this relationship with biblical echoes, and physically consummating it by his ejaculations into the body of the island. Clearly, there is a level on which this male penetration of a feminised land can be seen to partake in one of the most ancient and stereotypical models of patriarchy. Alice Jardine indeed rounds upon the novel on this score: 'There is no room for new becomings of women's bodies and their other desires in these creatively limited, monosexual, brotherly machines'.²⁵ Moreover, in doing so, she expounds upon her broader difficulties with the Deleuzian notions of the Body-without-Organs and of the *devenir-femme* as channel towards other becomings.

Jardine's analysis is astute and detailed, and there is ample foundation for a measure of feminist exasperation at an apparent cliché-ridden scenario of male colonisation of the female body. Nevertheless, Tournier, as so frequently, enlists dualities only to caress them, subvert them, and to some extent dissolve them. Moira Gatens, reacting to Jardine's analysis of the novel, suggests a modified reading: 'Robinson's body is not "organless" it is "organizationless", anorganic' (Gatens, p. 174). She goes on to argue that 'what is edifying about Tournier's story is that it

shows that forms of human life, masculine sexuality, law and morality, cannot be understood as necessary consequences of an underlying human ontology' (Gatens, p. 175). (Moreover, *Vendredi* charts a progression in which the dominant's desire to colonise and subjugate his subordinate – Robinson, when intuiting challenges to his established order, indulges in some noteworthy thrashings of *Vendredi* – is shown to be fruitless).

When Jardine draws attention to Tournier's lack of attention to women's 'other desires', she presumes upon a secure ontology which constructs male as norm and female as variation, or vice versa. Yet Tournier's project is more complex than this. As *Vendredi* develops, Robinson undergoes successive transformations, regressions, and resurgences. So also does Speranza. Insofar as the absent *structure-Autruï* causes a collapse of the illusion of contemporaneity between viewer, viewed, and viewable, Robinson begins to form part of his insular landscape. Alterity does not thereby disappear, but it is no longer predictable. At the outset, Robinson sees his task as accommodating himself to Speranza, as he strives to 'accepter mon île et me faire accepter par elle' (V, p. 51) [accept my island and make myself accepted by her].²⁶

However, there are two factors which ensure that a consistency of relation is never allowed to establish itself in the novel. One is that the island itself keeps changing. Robinson may not initially recognise beneath his feet the 'masse liquide en perpétuel mouvement' (V, p. 22) [liquid mass in perpetual movement], but the island nevertheless continuously transmogrifies, to the extent that Deleuze declares: 'Le héros du roman, c'est l'île autant que Robinson, autant que *Vendredi*' (MT, p. 258) [The hero of the novel is the island as much as Robinson, or as much as Friday].

Secondly, Robinson himself proceeds through successive metamorphoses, in some of which his own physical positioning in the landscape itself seems part of an external event. At times, it seems to him as if he and the island are both spectators of the evolving organism formerly known as 'Robinson'. Indeed, on two occasions, Robinson describes himself as a 'theatre' of unfolding and unknown events: 'je me sens le théâtre d'une évolution plus radicale' (V, p. 116) [I feel as if I am the theatre of a more radical evolution].²⁷ As Arlette Boulimié points out: 'The "he" associated with the past underlines the growing distance between the narrator and the character', such that 'the doubling of the narrative is a figure of a division in Robinson, worked upon him in a silent metamorphosis, fissuring the monolithic soul'.²⁸ So radical does that evolution become that the 'je' itself becomes an object of conjecture. Already

unevenly spliced within Tournier's narrative structure, which alternates third-person relation of events with first-person (log book) rumination, the 'je' is further undermined in terms of its localisability. Just as the search for the core of an onion will simply result in the falling-away of unhierarchised segments until nothing remains, Robinson's self-dismantling does not produce any inner core which he can grasp: 'Depuis quelque temps en effet je m'exerce à cette opération qui consiste à arracher de moi successivement les uns près les autres tous mes attributs [...] comme les pelures successives d'un oignon' (V, p. 88) [For some time, in fact, I have been exerting myself in that operation which consists of successively dragging forth from myself, one after the other, all my attributes (...) like the successive skins of an onion].

Since what may reliably be called 'attributes' are few in number – height, weight, name, etc. – the result of Robinson's excavations is merely a summary, or skeleton, of a man. The sought identity – 'Qui je?' (V, p. 88) – remains in the air. Moreover, floating and transmuting as it does, the *je*-candidate finds itself potentially coextensive with the island: 'Il y a désormais un *je* volant qui va se poser tantôt sur l'homme, tantôt sur l'île, et qui fait de moi tour à tour l'un ou l'autre' (V, p. 89) [From now on there is a flying *I* which comes down now upon the man, now upon the island, and which, in turn, makes of me either one or the other]. Accordingly, though both island and man exhibit continuous development, they do so in a linked configuration. As Deleuze points out: 'La série subjective de Robinson est inséparable de la série des états de l'île' (MT, p. 258) [The subjective progression of Robinson is inseparable from the progressive states of the island].

The arrival of Vendredi turns Robinson towards an even more intense movement of becoming, and one which will be precipitated by transgression and destruction. As Deleuze maintains: 'Seul il peut guider et achever la métamorphose commencée par Robinson, et lui en révéler le sens, le but' (MT, p. 276) [He alone can guide and complete the metamorphosis instigated by Robinson, and enlighten him as to its meaning and goal]. The advent of Vendredi, though seemingly arbitrary, is in fact carefully positioned by Tournier in the narrative. It occurs almost exactly halfway through the novel, and is preceded by a period of dormancy on the part of Robinson. He is about to be rudely awakened on many fronts.

Nevertheless, although the interaction between Robinson and Vendredi has many explosive moments, it still remains variegated and gradual, and it seems premature for Deleuze to remark that 'Vendredi ne fonctionne pas du tout comme un autrui retrouvé. C'est trop tard, la structure ayant disparu' (MT, p. 277) [Vendredi does not function at all

like an other regained. It is too late, the structure having disappeared]. After all, Robinson initially makes strenuous attempts to incorporate the newcomer into the potential community he has envisaged and organised. As Tournier remarks of his own novel in *Le Vent paralet*: 'Vendredi paraît d'abord justifier l'organisation maniaque de l'île par Robinson. Il va être le "sujet" unique de ce royaume' (*VP*, p. 234) [Vendredi at first appears to justify the maniacal organisation of the island by Robinson. He is going to be the only 'subject' of this kingdom].

There is a pleasing twist here on the word 'sujet', since Vendredi will not only be 'subject' to Robinson as self-made governor, but will also, through his own subversive actions and initiatives, render Robinson subject to a fundamental reassessment of his own priorities. On some levels, Vendredi appears to slot into the grid Robinson wishes to impose on him, though his bubbling laughter always threatens to undermine it. At this stage, Robinson still belongs to the 'règne terrestre' (*VP*, p. 234) [terrestrial order] and to its rhythms and productivity. It might even be maintained that, by inseminating the island's soil and engendering in it crops of mandrakes which resemble homunculi, he is creating a virtual dynasty of offspring, an alternative *autrui* over whom to rule. (When Vendredi, in his turn, covertly engenders mandrakes, Robinson flies into a fit of indignation and possessiveness).

As with the desired passage from the horizontal to the vertical in *Gilles et Jeanne*, Vendredi will usher in a lighter, airier mode. In a series of delightfully anarchic gestures which expose the meaninglessness of conventional trading values in an island environment, he will raid the treasures, adorn stones with stolen jewels and drape the cacti with valuable garments and materials. All of these gestures are performed with artless joy and spontaneity, including the final conflagration provoked by his unintentional igniting of the gunpowder stores. The explosion entrains a literal *devenir-élémentaire*, in that it fragments and molecularises the solid accumulations which have bolstered Robinson's sense of well-being up to now. As Mireille Buydens observes: 'L'aventure de Robinson ne sera dès lors rien d'autre que l'histoire d'une libération, où toute forme, jusqu'à celle de l'homme lui-même, se dissout dans l'élémentaire'²⁹ [Robinson's adventure will from that point be nothing other than the story of a liberation, where every form, even extending to humanity itself, dissolves into the elementary].

In the wake of the explosion, Robinson will turn away from the terrestrial towards the solar, prompted by the intervention of Vendredi. In Tournier's own formula: 'Robinson terrien + Vendredi = Robinson solaire' (*VP*, p. 235) [Earthman Robinson + Vendredi = Solar Robinson].

There is, however, no settled value contained in any of these terms; they are tendencies, rather than categorisations. Vendredi himself, as Deleuze points out, functions as a 'Double', since Robinson eventually discerns in him other Vendredis, just as other islands radiate outwards from Speranza: 'Non pas une réplique, mais un Double: le révélateur des éléments purs, celui qui dissout les objets, les corps et la terre' (*MT*, p. 278) [Not a replica, but a Double: the revealer of pure elements, the one who dissolves objects, bodies, and earth].

Meanwhile, Vendredi is also alive to the possibilities of transformation in the material elements around him. By bejewelling and bedizening the cacti, Vendredi installs a sparkling mineral beauty around these rebarbative occupants of the sand. Cacti are portentous presences, given over to self-defence, accumulation, and retention rather than to outflow. In adorning them in this way, Vendredi is applying a ludic makeover to Robinson's carefully planted cacti garden, making them assemble into 'une étrange société de mannequins végétaux' (*V*, p. 159) [a strange society of vegetable mannequins]. In this way, their defensive prickles serve to suspend their draperies rather than to repel. He is also, in Deleuzian terms, disturbing the individual, rooted arborescence of the plants, forming circuits between them by a rhizomatic web of fancy dress and fripperies.

This episode serves as a prefiguring of an even more significant transformation – that of the giant ibex – which will gather up Robinson into its impetus and turn him even more decisively towards the solar element. Vendredi baptises the bearded loner of a goat 'Andoar'. After his violent death, Andoar becomes the focus of a series of transitions and reductions effected by Vendredi in order to make him fly and sing. Soon, the parchment skin of the goat will soar high as a kite, and sing out from the tree like an aeolian harp. As he flies high above earth and sea, a land creature now air-borne and dependent upon ambient winds, Andoar demonstrates a mesmeric elasticity of passage through the elements. As Francis Yaiche observes: 'L'oiseau magnifique relie le ciel, la terre et la mer en une danse aérienne; la musique céleste de la harpe a des accents d'infini et d'éternité. C'est le chant désespéré d'Andoar qui unit les apparents contraires'³⁰ [The magnificent bird links sky, earth and sea in an aerial dance; the celestial music of the harp has overtones of infinity and eternity. It is the desperate song of Andoar, who is bringing apparent contraries together].

Notably, this modified revivification of Andoar coincides with an increasing preoccupation with the sun and its movements on the part of Robinson. He waits anxiously for sunrise, so as to observe the first rays, which have 'chaque fois une intense nouveauté' (*V*, p. 202) [each

time an intense novelty]. Indeed, it is while crouching in a tree, in order to witness more intimately the break of day, that Robinson glimpses the first flight of Andoar, now become, when manipulated by Vendredi from below, a golden bird swooping in the sky. Andoar's remains having been successively relieved of their density, the stinking, earthbound goat has been enabled to move from the telluric to the aerial. Both Vendredi and Robinson watch, fascinated, but in different modes: Vendredi has acted as an attentive midwife for this rebirth, and, in doing so, has pre-modelled for Robinson the route and direction of his own transformation.

Both Tournier and Deleuze emphasise the importance of the Andoar episode within the novel. Tournier, aware of the kinetic drama of the scene, bemoaned the fact that it was not exploited when the children's version of the novel was adapted for television: 'When I think that they filmed *Vendredi ou la vie sauvage* for television – five hours – and that they left out the kite! What a shame!'³¹ Deleuze, seeing the flight of Andoar as prefiguring and accompanying Robinson's journey towards an aerial-oriented life-phase, opens his essay with an extended consideration of it. Referring to 'ces pages très belles' (*MT*, p. 257) [these very fine pages], he describes how Andoar's rôle is that of a liberator. When, relieved of his bodily flesh and weight, he flies and sings from the crest of the breezes, 'le grand bouc mort libère les Éléments' (*MT*, p. 257) [the great dead goat liberates the Elements]. Vendredi attempted to travel by means of Andoar, riding on his resentful back. Andoar has rid himself of passengers, but, after his death, becomes the vehicle for Robinson's travel towards the solar element. Later, Robinson will record in his log book: 'Andoar, c'était moi' (*V*, p. 227) [Andoar was me].

There is a kind of definitiveness about Robinson's third phase in the novel, as if it forms some kind of culminatory stage. The experiment which began in apparent playfulness has instigated profound reverberations. As Anthony Purdy remarks: 'The new world that emerges after the explosion represents not a transcendence but a transgression of the economic order: the sanctification of the world by play instead of by work'.³² As a result of these events, Robinson has disconnected himself from horological surveillance, and lives in response to natural cycles of light and dark. This can be viewed, as Margaret Sankey concludes, as a state of cosmic harmony, 'achieving a timeless state which precludes expression, for to describe it in words is to inscribe the experience into a framework of past, present and future' (Sankey, p. 86). This means that, although Robinson may be physically immobile, the world is humming, and all is still turning and churning. As he confides to his log

book: 'Le mouvement circulaire est devenu si rapide qu'il ne se distingue plus de l'immobilité' (V, p. 219) [The circular movement has become so fast that it can no longer be distinguished from immobility]. Now his days seem to stand up vertically before him. They provide temporary but stable homes, not disturbing his equilibrium but offering themselves up to what each new dawn can offer.

Of course, Andoar the flying goat is only partially and temporarily aerial, as he is attached by rope to the cavorting Vendredi. Robinson will also remain grounded by gravity, although lightened and energised by his new solar awareness. The title of the novel, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique*, points to an alignment with Limbo, itself an intermediate dwelling place. Purgatory, in traditional Catholic theology, is merely an uncomfortable transit camp which will eventually deliver its inhabitants to heaven. By contrast, Limbo (Lat. *limbus*: fringe, or edge) is a place seen as bordering or lying between heaven, hell, and purgatory, and which is also a final destination for the unbaptised. Limbo is hence a less mobile place than purgatory, but it is also a place of lively desire.³³ Insofar as it differs from purgatory in having no purgative element, and no mono-directional propulsion, it is a more appropriate environment for the newly becalmed Robinson, who ultimately turns down the opportunity to be rescued from Speranza and re-integrated into society, opting to retain his evolving marginality.³⁴ As Moira Gatens observes: 'He no longer yearns for the company of his fellows. His relations with the various bodies which populate Speranza have recomposed his body, changing both his speed and slowness, his rhythms of motion and rest, his affects and his powers' (Gatens, p. 173).

Robinson's passage to this point has come about under the impetus of small, seemingly insignificant events. First, Vendredi pursued his fascination with Andoar, the goat who stood out from the herd. After subjecting the carcass of Andoar to the alchemy of his ministrations, Vendredi created an audio-visual spectacular which crystallised for Robinson the direction of his new desires. In Deleuzian terms, Andoar was the anomalous creature who, at the edge of his pack, drew towards himself the sorcerous impulses of transformation: 'Les sorciers ont toujours eu la position anormale, à frontière des champs ou des bois. Ils hantent les lisières. Ils sont en bordure du village, ou *entre* deux villages' (MP, p. 301) [Sorcerers have always had an anomalous position, on the borders of fields or woods. They haunt the margins. They are at the edge of the village, or *between* two villages].

Andoar was himself a strong but marginal creature: 'Andoar était toujours à l'écart du troupeau' (V, p. 195) [Andoar was apart from the herd].

After his death, his singularity persists in visually memorable form. The one witness of this transfiguration who has done nothing to contribute to it, Robinson, will inherit Andoar's dynamic, and persist as an inhabitant of an insular space, unappropriated by human societal organisations. With the unexpected departure of Vendredi and the arrival of the ex-cabin boy, to be named Jeudi, the process and potential of renewal will continue.

Neither *Gilles et Jeanne* nor *Vendredi* should be seen as parables, or cumulative accounts leading to an end point or apotheosis. They are both narratives about travel, of the most profound and far-reaching kind. It is, however, a provisional journeying, offering halting posts rather than terminal refuges. Like Limbo, Speranza at length offers eternal potentiality rather than fulfilment. Of course, both tales on one level appear to enshrine satisfying parallels, echoes, and even consummations. However, as Karen Levy states: 'Tournier's work resolves nothing, even in a fairy tale context, and the tidy reconciliation of contraries it appears to depict is a lure whose seductiveness must be resisted'.³⁵

Much has been written about Tournier's handling of myth. It is recurrently tempting, in the light of Tournier's attachment to founding stories of quests and initiations, to relate his fiction to prevalent stories of heroes and pioneers. This would, however, be a misleading path. Tournier, as Colin Nettelbeck points out, 'has consistently worked less as a myth-maker than as a myth-taker, and even as a myth-eater, devouring from the inside [...]. Tournier *deconstructs* the etiological stories of our civilization, perverting their coherence and meaning'.³⁶ Tournier shares with the great American anthropologist, Joseph Campbell, a preoccupation with prevalent patterns of story-telling in which heroes set off on journeys, are sorely tested, and progress to enlightenment and pedagogy. Tournier makes full use of the weighty symbolic components of such a tradition, as Campbell describes them: 'Typical of the circumstances of the call are the dark forest, the great tree, the babbling spring, and the loathly, underestimated appearance of the carrier of the power of destiny'.³⁷

Having adverted, Tournier, irresistibly, subverts. For him, myths are mobile and malleable. Within them, his protagonists may transmute and become. What Nettelbeck terms 'Tournier's magpie-nest, with its twist of broken myths and stolen spangles' (Nettelbeck, p. 50) never aspires to be more than a caravan, an exhilarating but temporary home. Myths are not institutions, but conveyances and transporters, as Joseph Campbell emphasises: 'There is no final system for the interpretation of myths, and there will never be any such thing' (Campbell, p. 381).

5

Travelling on Foot and Bicycle: Self-locomotion in Samuel Beckett

'Nous ne voyageons pas pour le plaisir de voyager, que je sache, dit Camier. Nous sommes cons, mais pas à ce point'¹ [We're not travelling for the pleasure of it, as far as I know, said Camier. I know we're daft, but not to that extent]. When Deleuze came across this statement, in Beckett's novel *Mercier et Camier*, he seized upon it with delight and alacrity. It seemed to him to encapsulate with humorous vigour all of his own profound antipathy towards travel and tourism. Indeed, like *Bartleby's* 'I would prefer not to', it became a kind of *ritournelle* for Deleuze, coming readily to his mind in a variety of circumstances.

In his televised interviews with Claire Parnet (recorded in 1988 and broadcast in 1995), Deleuze refers to the quotation under the heading of 'V for Voyages'. Here is his *verbatim* observation: 'Je suis très touché par une phrase admirable, comme toujours, de Beckett, qui fait dire un de ses personnages – à peu près, je cite mal; c'est encore mieux dit que ça – "On est con quand même, mais pas au point de voyager pour le plaisir"' (AB, Cassette 3) [I am very struck by a phrase – admirable, as always – by Beckett, who has one of his characters – more or less, I am not good at quoting; it's even better expressed than this – 'Granted, we're daft, but not to the point of travelling for pleasure']. The fact that this is a paraphrase and not an exact quotation is not important: the sentiment clearly struck a deep chord with Deleuze, and he goes on to declare it 'parfaitement satisfaisante' [perfectly satisfying].

The phrase is also to be found in Deleuze's *Pourparlers*, where he draws together four observations on travelling, respectively by Fitzgerald, Toynbee, Beckett, and Proust. Of these, Beckett's is singled out: 'C'est que, suivant la troisième remarque, la plus profonde ou celle de Beckett, "nous ne voyageons pas pour le plaisir de voyager, que je sache, nous sommes cons, mais pas à ce point"' (PR, p. 110)

[That is, following the third observation, the most profound, that of Beckett, 'we are not travelling ...', etc.]. The polytypic or synoptic status accorded here to Beckett's phrase had already been awarded to it by Deleuze and Guattari in *Mille plateaux*. Discussing (with reference to Fitzgerald's 'The Crack-up') the difference between 'une vraie rupture' (i.e. a clean, irreparable break), and a pseudo-break (in which a journey away from a situation or state merely arcs back towards itself, or another version of itself), they declare: 'Sur tous les voyages, pèse la phrase inoubliable de Beckett: "Nous ne voyageons pas [...]"' (MP, p. 244) [Over every journey hangs Beckett's unforgettable phrase: 'We are not travelling ...', etc.].

For Deleuze in *L'Abécédaire*, travelling is inevitably a rupture – it necessitates a (temporary) break from habitual routines and itineraries – but 'c'est de la rupture à bon marché' (AB, *Voyages*) [it's rupture on the cheap]. 'Rupture' is break (Latin *rumpere*, to break), but Deleuze is intransigent on the identification of 'true' rupture with *disruption* (i.e. Latin *dis* [asunder] + *rumpere* = to break asunder). A true break necessitates a kicking over of the traces, a voyage which is truly into the unknown in that it foresees no return to the known. To this extent, it may be approximated to the sentiment expressed in Paul Bowles's first novel, *The Sheltering Sky*: '[Port] did not think of himself as a tourist; he was a traveller. The difference is partly one of time, he would explain. Whereas the tourist generally hurries back home at the end of a few weeks or months, the traveller, belonging no more to one place than the next, moves slowly, over periods of years, from part of the earth to another'.² The distinction is made rather more pointed in the screenplay (by Mark Peploe and Bernardo Bertolucci) of the opening sequence of the 1990 film adaptation of the novel,³ where, in response to Turner's question: 'What's the difference between a tourist and a traveller?', Port replies: 'A tourist is someone who thinks about going home the moment they arrive', and Kit continues: 'A traveller might not come back at all'.

The second, filmic formulation is, in fact, more Deleuzian than the first, in that the distinction operates not so much on the criterion of time as of intention (or relegation of it). The tourist 'hurries back' because the journey has been closed-ended from the first, the return journey already booked; the traveller, on the other hand, buys a one-way ticket, and leaves the journey subject to the oxymoronic 'imperative of possibility', the 'might (not)'. Indeed, for Beckett, the traveller does not even go so far as a one-way ticket, for this would imply not only prior knowledge of the destination but also a clear idea of the means of transport to be used;

rather, the traveller merely notes the advent of a resolve or compulsion to stir, and then implements it more or less erratically.

Hence, just prior to the passage in *Mercier et Camier* which is cited by Deleuze, Mercier enquires about whether their journey will receive any vehicular assistance. 'Ce que nous cherchons n'est pas nécessairement à l'autre bout de l'île', replies Camier (*MC*, p. 109) [What we're looking for is not necessarily at the other end of the island].⁴ The more important features of the journey, in Camier's eyes, are the ones most antithetical to the modern commuter: the character or demeanour (rather than the speed or efficiency) of their travels, and the travellers' openness to stoppages, diversions, and reversals: 'Que notre devise soit donc lenteur et circonspection, avec des embardées à droite et à gauche et de brusques retours en arrière, selon les dards obscurs de l'intuition. N'ayons pas peur non plus de nous arrêter pendant des jours entiers, et même des semaines' (*MC*, pp. 109–110) [So let our motto be slowness and circumspection, with swerves to right and left and sudden retracing of steps, according to the mysterious spur of intuition. And don't let us worry either about stopping for entire days, or even weeks].

The motto is applicable not only to the journey itself, but also to its cautious inception: 'Ils s'étaient longuement consultés avant d'entreprendre ce voyage' (*MC*, p. 8) [They had lengthily discussed the matter before undertaking this journey]. Once begun, the journey does indeed proceed in laconic and crab-like fashion. As is so frequent in Beckett, the journey tends to be hindered rather than assisted by mechanical modes of transport. Hence, the bicycle, which lands them in hot water with the park-keeper before they have even begun their journey, is itself an unpromising resource, for it is 'une bicyclette de femme, sans roue libre malheureusement. Pour freiner on pédalait en sens inverse' (*MC*, p. 29) [a woman's bicycle, without a free wheel, unfortunately. In order to brake one had to back-pedal].

The inconvenience of the bicycle's articulation quickly recedes, however, since the machine is lost at an early stage in the narrative. As Hugh Kenner remarks in his now-classic hymn to the Beckettian bicycle: 'Like the body it disintegrates, like the body's vigor it retires into the past'.⁵ In the absence of the bicycle, Mercier and Camier take an unspecified train journey, but the train, also, proves subject to an uncertain stopping schedule, prompting Mercier (who had relied upon it being an express) to refer to it as 'cet abominable tacot' (*MC*, p. 62) [this abominable old crate]. The bicycle is eventually rediscovered, still chained to a railing, but having been relieved of its wheels, saddle, bell, rack, and reflector. The pump remains, even though, as Mercier amusingly ponders in a

question with an optional sexual subtext: 'Que gonflerions-nous, à présent?' (*MC*, p. 143) [What would we blow up, now?].

A similar preoccupation with inflation, coupled with transport, may be found in Beckett's radio play *All That Fall*, where pneumatic pumping attracts correspondences with sexual (de)tumescence. As the corpulent Mrs Rooney labours along the road on her way to the station, she is approached from behind by a succession of males who are all experiencing trouble with their impetus. First there is Christy, on a manure-filled cart drawn by a hinny whose buttocks have to be whipped repeatedly to persuade her to advance. The next to pass is a cyclist, Mr Tyler, who 'playfully' informs Mrs Rooney: 'The moment I sighted you I started tinkling my bell'.⁶ However, when he dismounts, he discovers a vital loss of distension: 'I was merely cursing, under my breath, God and man, under my breath, and the wet Saturday afternoon of my conception. My back tyre has gone down again. I pumped it hard as iron before I set out. And now I am on the rim' (*ATF*, p. 15). Discharge of semen and discharge of air – both productive of deflation – are here drawn into the same frame of regrettable misadventure.

The most suggestive alliance between man and machine is provided by the third visitor, whose name, Mr Slocum, points towards delayed rather than premature ejaculation. When he approaches in his limousine and offers Mrs Rooney a lift, she evaluates dubiously the distance between herself on the ground, and the motorist, poised pneumatically above her: 'But would I ever get in, you look very high off the ground today, these new balloon tyres I presume' (*ATF*, p. 17). She suggests that he should dismount in order to manoeuvre her from the rear, but the process proves difficult for Mr Slocum to initiate: 'I'm coming, Mrs Rooney, I'm coming, give me time, I'm as stiff as yourself' (*ATF*, p. 18). Finally, with giggles and hearty exclamations, Mrs Rooney is successfully loaded in, although not without a rip to her frock which she imagines her blind husband examining: 'What will he say when he feels the hole?' At the end of the journey, in a grotesque reversal of the original insertion, Mrs Rooney is extracted with the help of the porter, Tommy: 'Press her down, sir. [...] Now! She's coming!' (*ATF*, p. 20), leaving Mr Slocum to depart with a loud crashing of his stiff gearbox.

Throughout all this humorous sexual subtext, Beckett maintains a careful balance in which power structures are always pre-empted or undermined by unreliable transport or delivery systems. Hence, though Mrs Rooney's space is repeatedly penetrated, no opening is ever left within the text for the ascendancy of a triumphant phallic signifier. Even the domineering Mr Rooney, for whose benefit all Mrs Rooney's

locomotive energy has been deployed in her journey to meet him at the station, reminds her that, far from carrying her off on their wedding night, he himself had had to be stretchered off the field of consummation: 'The night you married me they came for me with an ambulance' (*ATF*, p. 32).

Although all modes of transport are plagued with erratic functioning in Beckett's writing, the bicycle undoubtedly enjoys a special status by virtue of its close interaction with the human body. Trains and cars, though manoeuvred by human hands applied to control panels, are powered by complex systems of combustion, electronics and hydraulics. Bicycles, however, are powered by human energy emanating from brute and intimate contact of rump with saddle, hand with handlebars, foot with pedals. When moving in co-ordination, bicycle and body may be seen not only as co-operative, but also as co-extensive. The bicycle becomes animated, quickened into movement, while the body, for its part, adopts the gestures of a machine.

Early in *L'Anti-Oedipe*, in the chapter on desiring machines, Deleuze and Guattari draw attention to this machinic configuration in Beckett's writing. Referring to the outings made by Beckett's characters, they remark: 'Il faut voir d'abord comme leur démarche variée est elle-même une machine minutieuse. Et puis la bicyclette: dans quel rapport la machine bicyclette-corne est-elle avec la machine mère-anus?' (*AO*, p. 8) [We must first of all observe how their uneven gait is itself a finely tuned machine. And then what kind of interaction is it between the bicycle-horn machine and the mother-anus machine?]. Deleuze and Guattari illustrate this query with a quotation from the first novel, *Molloy*, of Beckett's trilogy: 'Parler de bicyclettes et de cornes, quel repos. Malheureusement ce n'est pas de cela qu'il s'agit mais de celle qui me donna le jour, par le trou de son cul si j'ai bonne mémoire'⁷ [What a respite, to speak of bicycles and horns. Unfortunately, I am not concerned with that but with the one who gave birth to me, through the hole in her arse if I remember correctly].

In speaking of bicycles and horns, the narrator of *Molloy* is not simply detailing the means of transport by which the journey to his mother would be accomplished. The bicycle here functions as a diversionary force not only in conversational topic but also in its tendency to embrace an unexpected route. The velocipede (an apt name for a machine equipped with no modern conveniences) resembles that of Mercier and Camier in disappearing from time to time. It is in fact a chainless bicycle,⁸ and, like the bicycle of Mercier and Camier, its unpredictability is compounded by the fact that it has no brakes.

When the narrator, in company with Lousse, re-discovers it in the bushes, he seizes upon it as a means of escaping from Lousse's precincts, only to find that the absence of a braking mechanism has not precluded the function of braking: 'J'eus beau pousser et tirer, les roues ne tournaient pas. On aurait cru les freins serrés à bloc, ce qui n'était pourtant pas le cas, car ma bicyclette n'avait pas de freins' (*ML*, p. 62) [In vain did I push and pull, the wheels would not turn. One would have assumed the brakes to be jammed, which was not, however, the case, since my bicycle had no brakes]. Cycle and cyclist, both grounded, succumb to the embrace of their environment – bicycle to bush, and narrator to Lousse.

In withholding its vector power, the bicycle merely participates in all the other inhibitory agencies which make of the first part of *Molloy* a catalogue of threatened but sustained automotive attempts. At times the narrator may fly along by dint of his crutches alone, which impart an aerodynamic quality to his travelling: 'La démarche du béquillard, cela a, cela devrait avoir, quelque chose d'exaltant. Car c'est une série de petits vols, à fleur de terre. On décolle, on atterrit' (*ML*, p. 85) [The progress of the crutch-bound has, or should have, something elevating about it. For it is a series of little flights, just above the ground. You take off, and then you land]. Even on his bicycle, the crutches can be accommodated: 'J'attachais mes béquilles à la barre supérieure du cadre, une de chaque côté, j'accrochais le pied de ma jambe raide [...] à la saillie de l'axe de la roue avant et je pédalais avec l'autre' (*ML*, p. 19) [I used to secure my crutches to the crossbar, one on each side, I rested the foot of my stiff leg (...) on the projecting axle of the front wheel, and I pedalled with the other].

Thus configured, the bicycle can indeed appear coterminous with the narrator's own body. When he is exhausted, he simply sinks into his machine, cradling his head in the arms of its handlebars, and waiting for his vim to return. The attitude is aptly described by Kenner: 'In this tableau man and machine mingle in conjoint stasis, each indispensable to the other's support. At rest, the bicycle extends and stabilizes Molloy's endoskeleton' (Kenner, p. 118). Indeed, it is this spectacle of intimacy which contributes to his apprehension by a policeman, and his relinquishment of the habit of periodic slumps: 'Jamais plus je ne me suis reposé de cette façon, les pieds obscènement posés par terre, les bras sur le guidon et sur les bras la tête, abandonnée et brimbalante. C'était en effet un triste spectacle, et un triste exemple, pour les citadins' (*ML*, p. 31) [Never again did I rest in this fashion, with my feet obscenely placed on the ground, my arms on the handlebars and on my arms

my head, rocking back and forth, abandoned. It was indeed a pitiable sight, and a pitiable example, for the public].

By the end of the first part of *Molloy*, the narrator, his legs further ruined, has hit upon the idea of crawling. A reptilian crawl is normally associated only with the infancy of *homo erectus*, and it might be tempting to read this as an appropriate posture for one attempting to travel towards his mother. However, Deleuze and Guattari rightly cite Beckett as a chronicler of desire circuits which bypass Oedipal or other predetermined channels. This crawl is adopted by one who has not abandoned his intention of making for his mother's room, but who is traversed by parallel or divergent desires, by distraction, adversity, and increasing decrepitude. Separated from his bicycle, the narrator is able rationally to evaluate the marvellous properties of the crawl, which allows rest to ensue without change of position: 'Ce mode de locomotion a sur les autres [...] cet avantage, que lorsqu'on veut se reposer on s'arrête et on se repose, sans autre forme de procès. Car debout il n'y a pas de repos, assis non plus' (*ML*, p. 121) [This method of travel possesses over others (...) the advantage that, when one wishes to rest, one stops and rests, without further formality. For there is no rest to be had standing, or sitting].

Thus slithering, using his crutches like boathooks, the narrator navigates his uncertain course through the forest, sometimes on his belly, sometimes on his back, as occasion demands. Tortoise-like, his advance is steady but exquisitely slow: 'J'avançais dans la forêt, lentement, mais avec une certaine régularité, et je faisais mes quinze pas par jour sans m'employer à fond' (*ML*, p. 121) [I advanced in the forest, slowly, but with a certain regularity, and I accomplished my fifteen paces per day without wearing myself out].

Notably, the traveller here measures his progress in paces, *as if* he were vertical. For Beckett, the physical weight of foot on earth, of tread on ground, often accompanied by computations of distance, held a special significance, though quantity surveying, his father's profession, held no attraction for him. In 1977 he told Charles Juliet: 'Parfois, quand je marche, il m'arrive de compter mes pas'⁹ [Sometimes, when I walk, it comes upon me to count my steps]. He goes on to discuss with Juliet his latest play, *Footfalls*, its French title, *Pas*, incarnating the pleasing ambiguity of noun (paces) and negative particle (not): 'Nous parlons de *Pas*, sa dernière pièce. Il me dit l'importance du pas de l'homme, de nos pas sur cette terre' (Juliet, p. 47) [We speak of *Pas*, his latest play. He talks to me of the importance of human footsteps, of our steps on this earth]. Indeed, in *Pas*, the central figure, May, paces up

and down in regular, linear segments of nine paces along a lighted strip, before turning and resuming in the direction from which she has come. Beckett choreographed *Footfalls* in careful detail (as can be seen in the early drafts of the play in Reading University Library¹⁰), and he is careful to stipulate in the stage directions: 'Steps: clearly audible rhythmic tread'.¹¹

The short story 'L'Expulsé' begins with the words: 'Le perron n'était pas haut. J'en avais compté les marches mille fois, aussi bien en montant qu'en descendant, mais le chiffre ne m'est plus présent, à la mémoire'¹² [It was not a large flight of steps. I had counted its steps a thousand times, both going up and going down, but the figure has escaped my mind]. There could hardly be a more apt illustration of the two principal functions of the word *pas*. For this passage from 'L'Expulsé' illustrates on the one hand the static, mensurative demands of a physical environment – the flight of steps remains of constant size, and the counting of them is ever-repeated – and, on the other hand, the fleeting, immeasurable properties with which movement (through time and memory) may endow such features.

As so frequently in Beckett's writing, calculations are meticulously recorded, only to be destabilised either by doubts about their accuracy, or by loss of interest in their installation. Further, things do not *comprise* measurability: rather, they have mensuration applied to them by measurers whose criteria or methods may vary. Hence, the narrator of 'L'Expulsé' owns to dilemmas about the status of his foot (and which of the two to privilege) in relation to the stair: 'Je ne savais par où commencer ni par où finir, disons les choses comme elles sont. J'arrivais donc à trois chiffres totalement différents, sans jamais savoir lequel était le bon' (*LE*, p. 11) [I didn't know where to start or where to finish, let's face it. So I arrived at three completely different figures, never knowing which one was right]. The apparently countable steps both are and are not: 'les *pas* ne sont *pas*'.

Many other examples of emphasis placed upon the association of footfall, body weight, and consequent sound are to be found in Beckett's writing, and this chapter will later examine Deleuze's discussion of the television play *Quad*, in which each of the four players, though alike in build and gait, has a distinctive footfall. In *Molloy*, the crawling narrator, deprived of the sound of a footfall, listens intently to the ambient sounds. They are distressingly few. His passage is marked, however, by occasional blasts of his bicycle horn, now a resident of his pocket rather than of the bicycle handlebar: 'De temps en temps j'actionnais ma corne, à travers l'étoffe de ma poche. Elle

rendait un son de plus en plus étouffé' (*ML*, p. 121) [From time to time I blew my horn, through the cloth of my pocket. It gave a more and more stifled sound].

For what purpose does the narrator sound his horn? To signal his passage? To call for help? To alert his mother (in token fashion only, since she seems unlikely to be within earshot) of his imminent arrival? Certainly a psychoanalytical or Oedipal frame of reference might be posited. Yet the paucity of resources and figural elements on which such a scenario would rest is unpromising. The data in this text, as in much of Beckett's writing, is 'given' only temporarily. Hence, Deleuze and Guattari rightly subject the bicycle-horn/maternal anus affiliation to a succession of questions: 'On croit souvent qu'Oedipe, c'est facile, c'est donné. Mais il n'en est pas ainsi: Oedipe suppose une fantastique répression des machines désirantes. Et pourquoi, dans quel but? [...] Que mettre dans le triangle oedipien, avec quoi le former? La corne à bicyclette et le cul de ma mère, est-ce que ça fait l'affaire? N'y a-t-il pas des questions plus importantes? Un effet étant donné, quelle machine peut bien le produire? et une machine étant donnée, à quoi peut-elle servir?' (*AO*, p. 8) [It is often believed that Oedipus is easy, taken for granted. But this is not the case: Oedipus requires an incredible repression of desiring machines. And why, for what purpose? [...] What should we put inside the Oedipal triangle, what should we make it from? The bicycle horn and my mother's arse, is that enough to produce it? Aren't there more important questions? Given an effect, what machine might produce it? And given a machine, of what use can it be?].

Examples have already been given above of linkages suggested by Beckett between the expulsion of air from pneumatic vessels and unfulfilled sexual activity. Leslie Hill also points out, with reference to the horn/mother conjunction, that 'In the context, squeezing bicycle horns comes to resemble, by analogy, the movements of the anal sphincter, and the whole chain of associations culminates in the recurrent figure of the narrator's anal birth as the event that gave him, as the English has it, his "first taste of the shit"'.¹³ In an astute analysis, Hill goes on to trace the theme of anal birth in the trilogy, exploring the humorous and sometimes sadistic energy attaching to the notion of anal expulsion: 'Beckett's humour is always a humour of abrupt disjunctions and is largely fuelled, as in the description of the mother in *Molloy*, by the discordance between [...] the imagined wholeness of the body and its dispersion into a collection of incongruous and mutually incompatible elements or affects' (Hill, p. 89).

Of course, the perception of the self as integrated or dispersed might itself be retrieved for Oedipal configuration, and Hill does concede that, 'in the narrator's relation to his mother, [...] there are evident remnants of an Oedipal scenario' (Hill, p. 91). However, these are clearly dissoluble and reversible remnants, and are reflected in the appellations which operate between the narrator and his mother. While he addresses her as 'Mag', rather than as 'Mother', she in turn never addresses him as son, but as 'Dan', a name which is not his, and which might conceivably be that of his father. The first two letters of each name – 'Ma' and 'Da' – suggest a joint parental relationship rather than one of generator and offspring. Hence, as Hill aptly concludes: 'The narrator denounces the familial bond between mother and son as being founded on an error: if the mother mistakes him for his father, then, equally, he mistakes her for his mother. The Oedipal scene is inscribed only to be disqualified' (Hill, p. 91).

A comparable dissolution of family bondings and specifiers may be found in Beckett's *Textes pour rien*.¹⁴ In the first *Texte*, the narrator recounts the familiar Beckettian dilemma of being caught between movement and stasis: 'Je ne pouvais pas rester là et je ne pouvais pas continuer' (*TPRI*, p. 115) [I could not stay there and I could not continue]. As the text continues, recollections ensue of succeeding debilitations amid nameless panoramas: 'Tantôt c'est la mer, tantôt la montagne, souvent ça a été la forêt, la ville, la plaine aussi, j'ai tâté de la plaine aussi, je me suis laissé pour mort dans tous les coins' (*TPRI*, pp. 120–21) [Now it's the sea, now the mountain, often it was the forest, the town, and the plain as well, I've tried the plain too, I've left myself for dead all over the place]. Passing mentions are made of mother and father, but again the reciprocal or hierarchical relationship is left subject to dispersion in the mists of wandering subjectivity. Hence, in a phrase which Deleuze and Guattari use somewhat as a mantra in *L'Anti-Oedipe* (see, for example, *AO*, pp. 21, 93, 101), and which Deleuze repeats in his essay *L'Epuisé*,¹⁵ the narrator muses: 'Oui, j'ai été mon père et j'ai été mon fils' (*TPRI*, p. 121) [Yes, I have been my father and I have been my son].

When considering the locomotion patterns of *Molloy's* narrator, then, one must undoubtedly recognise a recurrent link installed in the text between a mother-space, and a journey. Yet the link is one of parallel or co-occurrent desires rather than Oedipally determined ones. The narrator in *Molloy* indeed believes himself to be on his way to his mother, to conclude some unspecified business, 'pour régler notre affaire' (*ML*, p. 106) [to settle the matter between us]. Yet he seems uncertain of where to find her, and not overly worried by his own uncertainty. Thomas

Cousineau suggests that this ambivalence may be rooted in the narrator's own vacillating attitude towards his own project: 'The endless delays in Molloy's journey to his mother may be largely motivated by his own internal resistance to a meeting that is, for him, at once desirable and appalling'.¹⁶ Given the drifting nature of his transit through unrecognised landscapes, he doubts at one point that his mother could still be expecting him: 'Et ma mère, pouvais-je espérer qu'elle m'attendait toujours, depuis le temps?' (*ML*, p. 106) [And could I still hope that my mother was still expecting me after all this time?]. (Expectant mothers, in the gestational sense, are in any case constructed for the most part in Beckett's early writing as resentful porters of unwelcome luggage).

The narrator, then, feels the need to move, but that need is only inconsistently related to the matrilinear pull. There is little sense in the text of a move towards a personality, a known or idealised maternal figure upon which an Oedipal motivation might be supposed to be based. This mother lives always in her space, never approaching his, although the first sentence of the text introduces his installation within the space which she, though now supposed defunct, still appropriates: 'Je suis dans la chambre de ma mère. C'est moi qui y vis maintenant' (*ML*, p. 7) [I am in my mother's room. I am the one who lives there now]. Whether living in the maternal space in the absence of that mother, or travelling intermittently towards her surmised position, the narrator retains little or no sense of connectedness with her. Moreover, as the novel proceeds, any despatch of the aforesaid business comes to seem increasingly unfeasible. When the narrator finally emerges from the forest, and glimpses a townscape, he feels no sense of recognition: 'Que ce fût ma ville ou non, que sous ces frêles fumées quelque part ma mère respirât ou qu'elle empestât l'atmosphère à cent milles de là, c'étaient là des questions prodigieusement oiseuses, pour un homme dans ma situation' (*ML*, p. 123) [Whether this was my town or not, whether, under this wispy haze, my mother breathed somewhere, or whether she poisoned the air a hundred miles away, these were extravagantly idle questions for a man in my position].

Earlier in the novel, the narrator notes that, whether travelling or stationary, the elements of his environs and of his own body remain far removed from any sense of familiarity. The pattern is that of an irregular cycle of temporary encampments and route resumptions. The narrator places it fleetingly in the context of the flight of the Virgin Mary and the infant Christ into Egypt, but immediately drains the reference of its genealogical content and possible Oedipal extension, so that all remains

is the quickening and pausing itself: 'Et le cycle continue, cahotant, des fuites et bivouacs, dans une Egypte sans bornes, sans enfant et sans mère' (*ML*, p. 88) [And the jolting motion continues, of the cycle of flights and bivouacs, in a boundless Egypt devoid of infant and mother].

Further, if the alternation between movement and stasis remains unfathomable, so too does the overall direction. The narrator again accesses a religious referent in order both to liken to it, and to differentiate from it, his own laborious progress. In its burdensome pain, the journey is a 'véritable calvaire' (*ML*, p. 105) [true calvary]. It is, however, bereft both of the carrying assistance provided to Christ by Simon of Cyrene¹⁷ and of the terrible hilltop climax. The pious devotion of the Stations of the Cross details fourteen separate occurrences within the overall crucifixion event. The narrator's journey, however, is randomly punctuated and deprived of a terminus: 'sans limite de stations ni espoir de crucifixion' (*ML*, p. 105) [without limit of stations or hope of crucifixion].

Molloy thus illustrates the characteristics of journeying which Beckett's writing so recurrently exhibits: it is often embarked upon with resolve, but is subject from the outset to vagaries of will, climate, and obstacle. Moreover, it is a non-linear journey, which envisages an A to B trajectory, but in fact employs many sideways or even circular movements, often undertaken with bearings dim or unascertainable, as in the conclusion to the first part of *Molloy*: 'J'avais toujours présent à l'esprit [...] la nécessité de tourner, tourner sans cesse, et tous les trois ou quatre rétablissements je modifiais le cap, ce qui me faisait décrire, sinon un cercle, tout au moins un vaste polygone, [...] et me permettait d'espérer que j'avançais droit devant moi' (*ML*, p. 122) [I always kept in the forefront of my mind (...) the necessity to turn, to turn ceaselessly, and every three or four rightings I would change course, which made me describe, if not a circle, then at least a huge polygon, (...) and allowed me to hope that I was proceeding in a straight line].

These erratic changes of course, founded upon hope rather than plotting, conform to Deleuze's characterisation of the deterritorialised, zigzag traveller. In his *Dialogues* with Claire Parnet, Deleuze associates Beckett with other literary itinerants who, unhinged from the linear, halt or continue their way in apparently random mode. Bridging the gap between medieval knights and lonesome cowboys, he identifies the same alternation of urgency and abstraction, haste and catatonic trance: 'De Beckett à Chrétien de Troyes, de Lawrence à Lancelot, en passant par tout le roman anglais et américain. Chrétien de Troyes n'a pas cessé de tracer la ligne des chevaliers errants, qui dorment sur leur cheval,

appuyés sur leur lance et leurs étriers, et qui ne savent plus leur nom ni leur destination, qui ne cessent de partir en zigzag' (*D*, pp. 89–90) [From Beckett to Chrétien de Troyes, from Lawrence to Lancelot, by way of the whole body of English and American novels. Chrétien de Troyes never stopped following the track of the wandering knights, who sleep on their horse, leaning on their lance and their stirrups, and who no longer know their own name or destination, who never stop setting off in a zigzag].

This, then, is not simply a body on the move, but a desiring machine. The mobility associated with the Beckettian organism is for Deleuze a limitless mobility, shuttling back and forth between positions and never becoming reducible to them. As Beckett described to Charles Juliet, organic restlessness inheres even in (or especially in) conditions of constraint: 'Toujours ce va-et-vient ... (Et de la main, il décrit ce mouvement du prisonnier dans sa geôle, du fauve dans sa cage)' (Juliet, p. 48) [Always that coming-and-going ... (And, with his hand, he traces out this movement of the prisoner in his gaol, the wild creature in its cage)]. Although a coming-and-going implies a point of arrival at each end of the journey, that point of arrival is immediately transformed into a point of departure, as the transit resumes.

Deleuze describes this automotive imperative in the *Dialogues*: 'Les personnages de Beckett sont en perpétuelle involution, toujours au milieu d'un chemin, déjà en route' (*D*, p. 38) [Beckett's characters are in constant involution, always in the middle of a path, already on their way]. The choice of the word 'involution' is apt. In contrast with the notion of evolution, which denotes a development or unfolding outwards or onwards, the involutorial process is concerned with an infolding or reduction, or with an internal complication. This is particularly apparent in the *Textes pour rien*, where motion and stillness, life and death, seem to be in troublesome relationship within the same psyche. In fact, there is a sense in which the whole of the *Textes pour rien* is a meditation on the positional dilemma set down in *Molloy*: 'Car en moi il y a toujours eu deux pitres, entre autres, celui qui ne demande qu'à rester là où il se trouve et celui qui s'imagine qu'il serait un peu moins mal plus loin' (*ML*, p. 64) [For in me there have always been two fools, among others, the one who wants nothing more than to stay where he is, and the other who imagines that it would be slightly less awful further on]. Hence, in *Texte II*, the narrator articulates his feeling of being strung between two inhospitalities, or between a rock and a hard place: 'On est là, partout où l'on sera ce sera inhabitable, voilà. Alors partir, non, rester plutôt. Car partir où, maintenant qu'on est fixé'

Retourner là-haut?' (TPRII, pp. 123–24) [That's the position, wherever you go it will be uninhabitable, there it is. So go, no, rather stay here. For where could you go now that you're settled? Back up there again?].

This restless but irresolute movement is pursued in the following *Texte*: 'Ici, partir d'ici et aller ailleurs, ou rester ici, mais allant et venant' (TPRIII, p. 129) [Here, leave here and go elsewhere, or stay here, but coming and going]. The *concept* of destination is a recurrent one within Beckett's writing, but its attainment is repeatedly drowned in swirls of uncertainty or happenstance. For the Beckettian player, it is not so much the goals, but the goalposts, which, once staked out, dissolve, or relocate. What remains, despite the charms of stasis, is a resignation to being astir, provided that there is a mobile body available: 'un corps qui bouge, en avant, en arrière, et qui monte et descend, selon les nécessités' (TPRIII, p. 130) [a body which moves, forwards, and backwards, and which climbs up and down, according to necessity]. This is not, then, aimless drifting – for there are 'necessities' – but the stages and motivations of the journey are mysterious (both to the wayfarer and to the observer), and constantly subject to variation or postponement. The footfall may be firm in its fickleness, like that mentioned in one of Beckett's 'mirlitonades': 'de pied ferme [...] allant sans but'¹⁸ [resolutely (...) going along without a goal]. As Deleuze states in *L'Épuisé*: 'On s'active, mais à rien' (EP, p. 59) [You busy yourself, but with nothing].

Within the Beckettian organism, there are, then, co-existent impulses which preserve the notion of 'goal' or 'destination' even while apparently ceding to stoppage, dilatory wandering, or diversion. In *L'Épuisé*, Deleuze, discussing the precondition of fatigue from which all Beckettian initiatives proceed, quotes the line, resonant for its primal snuffing of desire: 'J'ai renoncé avant de naître' (EP, p. 58) [I gave up before birth]. The line is the title and opening line of the second *foirade* in Beckett's *Pour finir encore et autres foirades*.¹⁹ In that *foirade*, the narration constantly rocks between the first and the third person singular (masculine), as the 'I-voice' attributes to 'him' the identity which accrued from the birth-cry onwards. 'I' gave up, but entry into the world nevertheless proceeded. That first feeling of fragmentation, or a split between two subjectivities, is never transcended or succeeded by the onset of integration in Beckett's work, but extends forward and outward, into all ensuing movement patterns. A similar usage of this device – an allocation of responsibility for mobility initiatives (even including the passage to death) to 'him' – occurs in *Textes pour rien*: 'Il voulait s'arrêter, peut-être qu'il s'est arrêté, moi je me suis arrêté, mais moi je n'ai jamais bougé, peut-être qu'il est mort, moi je suis mort, mais moi je n'ai

jamais vécu. Mais lui, lui allait et venait, preuve d'animation' (TPRXI, p. 194) [He wanted to stop, perhaps he has stopped, I stopped, but I have never moved, perhaps he is dead, I am dead, but I have never lived. But he came and went, proof of animation].

This apprehension of split or fissure within the psyche is, by etymology and pathology, to be related to the schizophrenic condition. In his first book, *The Divided Self*, R. D. Laing identifies a schizoid base (from which a schizophrenic pathology may or may not develop) as being one in which an individual's experience 'is split in two main ways: in the first place, there is a rent in his relation to the world and, in the second, there is a disruption of his relation with himself'.²⁰ Laing goes on to observe: 'With Samuel Beckett, [...] one enters a world in which there is no contradictory sense of the self in its "health and validity" to mitigate the despair, terror, and boredom of existence' (Laing, p. 42).

Laing is not thereby asserting that Beckett's 'world' amounts to a panorama of undiagnosed and unrelieved schizophrenia. He is also careful, throughout *The Divided Self*, to distinguish the 'sane schizoid' orientation (Laing, p. 16) from its psychotic or paranoid manifestation. What makes him such an interesting and controversial figure is, of course, his apparent rehabilitation of the schizoid state, insofar as he seeks to subject it to an existential or phenomenological understanding which places it in negotiation with the world, rather than to imprison it within a clinical taxonomy or a therapeutic prescription.

It is for this reason that Deleuze and Guattari – who themselves were repeatedly forced to defend themselves from the accusation that they were irresponsibly accrediting the schizophrenic experience²¹ – salute Laing for his allied liberation of desire from an imposed trifurcation into Oedipal structures: 'Dans toute la psychiatrie, seuls Jaspers, puis Laing ont eu l'idée de ce que signifiait processus, et de son accomplissement' (AO, p. 156) [In the whole of psychiatry, only Jaspers and then Laing have had any idea of the meaning of process, and of its fulfilment]. Differentiating the domains of 'la schizophrénie comme processus' [schizophrenia as process] – the Laingian model – from 'la production du schizo comme entité clinique bonne pour l'hôpital' [the production of the schizo as a clinical entity ready for hospitalisation] – the regulatory, interventionist model – Deleuze and Guattari argue that their project is to 'libérer les flux' [liberate flows]. Accordingly, they include Beckett in their list of writers productive of 'les intensités, les flux, les livres-machines, les livres-usages, les schizolivres' (PR, p. 37) [intensities, flows, book-machines, book-practices, schizo-books].

Significantly in this schizo-context, Deleuze lingers upon the phrase from *Malone meurt*: 'Tout se divise en soi-même'²² [Everything divides into itself]. He quotes it in *L'Épuisé*, with reference to Beckett's television plays (*EP*, p. 61), but in his essay 'Louis Wolfson, ou le Procédé', he spreads its applicability to a large part of Beckett's writing output: 'Une grande partie de l'oeuvre de Beckett peut être comprise sous la grande formule de *Malone meurt*: "tout se divise en soi-même"' (*CC*, p. 24) [A large part of Beckett's work can be understood under the great formula of *Malone Dies*: 'everything divides into itself']. This essay is based upon his 1970 preface to Louis Wolfson's extraordinary book *Le Schizo et les langues*, and, in both texts, Deleuze affiliates Beckett's phrase with the 'litanie des disjonctions'²³ [litany of disjunctions] which he terms 'schizophrénique'.

Part of this emphasis on the processional, outflowing properties of the schizophrenic experience necessarily involves a contrasting dissociation from the static, inflowing properties of Oedipal diagnostics. The former concerns the transported, the latter the transfixed. Deleuze and Guattari attribute to Laing the conception of 'le processus schizo comme un voyage initiatique' (*AO*, p. 100) [the schizo process as a voyage of initiation], and they go on to affiliate 'les promenades des créatures de Beckett' (*AO*, p. 100) [the strolls of Beckett's creatures] with this nomad impulse.

Just as, in some phases of a manic-depressive cycle, the subject may be dazzled by almost unbearably exhilarating perceptions of speeds, colours, ideas, images (to the extent where s/he may deem therapeutic attention to be unwelcome), the schizophrenic voyager, as presented by Deleuze and Guattari, is traversed by 'des intensités pures accouplées, presque insupportables, par lesquelles passe un sujet nomade' (*AO*, p. 100) [pure, coupled intensities, almost unbearable, through which a nomad subject passes]. These intensities are 'coupled' in the sense that there is no meaningful distinction between internal and external, no partition between voices and desires. Disjunction dissolves identities, to create 'un espace où Molloy et Moran ne désignent plus des personnes, mais des singularités accourues de toutes parts' (*AO*, p. 91) [a space where Molloy and Moran no longer designate persons, but singularities converging from all over the place].

The description is aptly formulated, incorporating as it does images of both individual and multiple. By means of it, the Beckettian figure, like the Giacometti figure, is both reduced and extended, being deprived of spatial plenitude, of fullness of being, but being endowed with porosity and prolongation, and seeming to be made of provisional elements

which are mobile, or, to use Deleuze and Guattari's phrase, 'accourues' [literally, having run up]. This is the body-as-pencil, tracing out its own multiple pathways. Or, in an alternative image, the identity-as-aerial mast, capturing waves from multiple sources. One might cite in this context the speaking Mouth in Beckett's play *Not I*, who describes the experience of being a receptor for impulsions, while also being aware of faulty transmission, of noise in the system: 'whole body like gone ... just the mouth ... like maddened ... so on ... keep-... what?... the buzzing?... yes ... all the time the buzzing ... dull roar that falls ... in the skull ... and the beam ... poking around ... painless ... so far ... ha!... so far ... all that ... keep on ... not knowing what ... what she was-... what?... who?... no!... she!... SHE!'.²⁴ This 'keeping on, not knowing what', apprehended in the mind, is reflected, as so frequently in Beckett, in the speaker's description of a corresponding stop-start bodily movement: 'a few steps then stop ... stare into space ... then on ... a few more ... stop and stare again ... so on ... drifting around' (*NI*, p. 216).

This dynamic of jerkiness, of streams or outflows being halted or fragmented at unreliable intervals, is discernible in Beckett's writing on many different levels. In *Not I*, it is apparent, as we have seen above, in both mental and physical surges, although these surges must both be constituted within language. Since *Not I* is a play whose scenic and gestural grammar is restricted to the movements of one spotlighted, gabbling mouth, the emphasis is thrown with extraordinary intensity upon the articulation of words. However, the language which assaults the audience is itself divisible into the language which is heard and witnessed, and the speech acts which are described. In this context of self-reflexivity, the previously quoted schizo-phrase from *Malone meurt*, 'Tout se divise en soi-même' (*MM*, p. 12) – which Deleuze sees as emblematic of much of Beckett's writing – takes on added applicability. Indeed, Deleuze does effect such an extension in his essay 'Bégaya-t-il ...', where he paraphrases it without further attribution: 'Chaque mot se divise, mais en soi-même' [Each word divides, but into itself].²⁵

In this instance, Deleuze is discussing the phenomenon of 'disjonctions incluses' [inclusive disjunctions], which he observes in writers such as Gherasim Luca and Beckett. Beckett, he states, 'ne sélectionne plus, mais affirme les termes disjoints à travers leur distance, sans limiter l'un par l'autre ni exclure l'autre de l'un' (*CC*, p. 139) [no longer selects, but affirms the disjunctive terms across their distance from each other, without limiting one by the other or excluding one from the other]. Whereas a disjunctive would normally mark an adverse sense

from that which has preceded, a departure from an initial trajectory, Deleuze deems Beckett's employment of disjunction to be productive of options and even liaisons.

This process may be exemplified by *Not I*, where, as in many other examples of Beckett's writing, a term is deployed, and is then, by a process of modification and refinement, placed in a context where it is not so much contradicted and cancelled, as held in play in alternative modes of being. As described earlier, Beckett's use of negation is one which does not expel but which qualifies and extends. Accordingly, Mouth in *Not I* conducts herself, and the listener, through a litany of hypothesis and conjecture, in which her own recourse to self-cancellation nevertheless propels her into further successions of scenarios. These include painful reconstructions of infancy – 'must have cried as a baby ... perhaps not ... not essential to life' (*NI*, p. 220) – and attempts to describe the flickering beam of light which seems to punctuate her awareness: 'like moonbeam but not' (*NI*, p. 221). In both these instances, the posited cry, and the posited moon, remain registered as feasible auditory and visual occurrences, even while on one level undermined by language.

In the theatre, the viewer of *Not I* is the recipient of a hurtling barrage of words which is shot forth like gunfire, in crackling rounds and all-too-brief respites. Yet Mouth herself, even while delivering this torrent, reflects upon herself observing herself, as pained channel for the production of oral particles: 'imagine!... words were coming ... a voice she did not recognize ... at first ... so long since it had sounded ... then finally had to admit ... could be none other ... than her own ... certain vowel sounds ... she had never heard ... elsewhere' (*NI*, p. 219). The erratic bursts and timing of these speech segments are signalled in the written text by constantly intervening ellipses. Here again, Deleuze's essay 'Bégaya-t-il ...' provides an appropriate resource, its very title, with its final ellipsis, matching the textual display of *Not I*.

In the extract from *Not I* just cited, the staccato projection of 'certain vowel sounds' suggests a stammering oral delivery. However, what is issue here is not a speech impediment, but a deep-seated vibration or disequilibrium within language. Deleuze distinguishes one from the other by the terms 'bègue de la parole' [stuttering in speech] and 'bègue de la langue' [stuttering in language]. He presents Beckett as one of the practitioners *par excellence* of that 'bégaiement de la langue' which carves out of its utterances a new and foreign language, and which takes language to its limits, fostering a rhizomatic growth which induces proliferation from within.

Thus, pre-existent concepts of history and progression as narrative cornerstones are eluded. In these circumstances, as Deleuze demonstrates in the conclusion to 'Bégaya-t-il ...', the notion of 'style' is shorn of consistency, and may have to cede to that of 'non-style': 'Quand il s'agit de fouiller sous les histories, de fendre les opinions et d'atteindre aux regions sans mémoires, quand il faut détruire le moi, [...] le style devient non-style, la langue laisse échapper une étrangère langue inconnue' (CC, p. 142) [When it is a matter of digging below histories, splitting apart opinions and attaining memoryless regions, when the self must be destroyed, [...] style becomes non-style, and language lets through a strange and unknown language].

In this matter of 'digging below' the surface of style and formula, to create outlets for the geyser-like spurts of an unknown language, Deleuze is informed by one of Beckett's own (rare) statements on the matter. In the introduction to *Critique et clinique*, Deleuze points out that seeing and hearing occur through and between words, rather than being enclosed within them. He illustrates this perception with reference to Beckett: 'Beckett parlait de "forer des trous" dans le langage pour voir ou entendre "ce qui est tapi derrière". C'est de chaque écrivain qu'il faut dire: c'est un voyant, c'est un entendant, "mal vu mal dit", c'est un coloriste, un musicien' (CC, p. 9) [Beckett spoke of 'boring holes' in language in order to see or hear 'what is lurking behind'. We should say of every writer: s/he is a seer, a hearer, 'ill seen ill said', a colourist, a musician]. The source for this reference comes from Beckett's 1937 letter to Axel Kaun, in which he declares: 'More and more my own language appears to me like a veil that must be torn apart in order to get at the things (or the Nothingness) behind it. Grammar and Style. To me they seem to have become as irrelevant as a Victorian bathing suit [...]. As we cannot eliminate language all at once, we should at least leave nothing undone that might contribute to its falling into disrepute. To bore one hole after another in it, until what lurks behind it – be it something or nothing – begins to seep through; I cannot imagine a higher goal for a writer today'.²⁶

It is only when these holes have been bored into the fabric of writing and words, maintains Deleuze, that the writer can become 'autre chose qu'écrivain, conquérant des visions fragmentées qui passent par les mots d'un poète, les couleurs d'un peintre ou les sons d'un musicien' (CC, p. 142) [something other than a writer, a conqueror of the fragmented visions which pass through the words of a poet, the colours of a painter or the sounds of a musician]. The observation is perfectly complementary to that which Beckett made to Lawrence Harvey, when

discussing the contradiction implicit in using words while proclaiming their inadequacy: 'At that level you break up words to diminish shame. Painting and music have so much better a chance'.²⁷ A writer's 'shame', for Beckett, would derive from a conception of writing as mastery. The only hope of continuance, of exploring what lies beyond and within the boulder of language, as painters and musicians may explore unknown colours or sounds, would lie in shattering the surface, fragmenting the structure, stuttering.

Happily for Deleuze, the French word 'bégaiement' contains within itself two consecutive occurrences of a vowel which is homophonic with the word 'et' [and]. This emerges to advantage in the section of the *Dialogues* dealing with 'bégaiement': 'Ce qui définit [la multiplicité], c'est le ET, comme quelque chose qui a lieu *entre* les éléments ou entre les ensembles. ET, ET, ET, le bégaiement' (*D*, p. 43) [What defines (multiplicity) is the AND, like something which takes place *between* elements or sets. AND, AND, AND, stuttering].²⁸ Beckett's stuttering is, for Deleuze, precisely this: it proceeds by swirls and assemblages which do not seek to unite elements, but to *include* them, to travel among their disparities. What I am asserting, therefore, is that the errant, zigzag movements of Beckett's journeying characters are also to be found at the heart – and the peripheries – of his language. A commitment to uncertain continuance nevertheless engineers its own continuance. If 'bégaiement' contains 'et', 'meandering' also contains 'and'.

Crucially for the focus of this chapter, Deleuze implements a similar association between bodily and linguistic locomotion in 'Bégayait-il ...': 'Il est vrai que ces disjonctions affirmatives concernent le plus souvent chez Beckett l'allure ou la démarche des personnages: l'ineffable manière de marcher, tout en roulis et tangage' (*CC*, p. 139) [It is true that, in Beckett, these affirmative disjunctions most frequently involve the speed or gait of the characters: the ineffable way of walking, all pitching and rolling]. This swaying momentum of Beckett's characters is equally observable, however, in the linguistic domain: 'Nous pouvons d'autant mieux restituer le passage inverse, en supposant qu'ils parlent comme ils marchent ou trébuchent: l'un n'est pas moins mouvement que l'autre, et l'un dépasse la parole vers la langue autant que l'autre, l'organisme vers un corps sans organes' (*CC*, p. 139) [Even better, we can reinstall transit in the other direction, by presuming that they speak as they walk or stagger: one is no less movement than the other, and one goes beyond speech to language just as much as the other, as the organism goes toward a body without organs].

Further, the linguistic pitch and roll of the Beckettian voyager must not be separated from Beckett's own writing practice: '[Beckett] s'installe au milieu de la phrase, il fait croître la phrase par le milieu, en ajoutant particule à particule' (CC, p. 140) [(Beckett) installs himself in the middle of the sentence, causing it to grow from the middle, adding particle to particle]. Thus, while splits are formed within the language, new combinations are forged, in a dual process of 'bégaiement': 'C'est comme si la langue tout entière se mettait à rouler, à droite à gauche, et à tanguer, en arrière en avant' (CC, p. 139) [It is as if the language in its entirety was starting to roll, to right and left, and to pitch, back and forth].

This is not, therefore, a (dis)course of control and mastery, of the type Deleuze associates with, for example, Goethe, whom he dubs 'le plus grand représentant de la langue majeure' (CC, p. 138) [the greatest representative of majority language].²⁹ Stumbling and mumbling, tumbling and bumbling: these are activities hedged around with danger and unpredictability. Nevertheless, there are two countervailing tendencies in Beckett's writing which consistently preclude the advent of catastrophic cleavage, of integrative collapse. The first is that, in order to deny something, one must first of all posit its presence. As with negative theology, by means of which an idea of God is gained by reference to what s/he is not³⁰ – immortal, invisible, infinite – Beckett's writing, so imprinted with the discourse of negation, continually evokes what it simultaneously or subsequently cancels.

Hence expansion is achieved by means of contraction. A plethora of examples is available. One such would be the austere beautiful prose text *Mal vu mal dit*. Within this narrative of an old woman intermittently wandering and coming to rest amid a stone-strewn landscape, elements of her environs are accorded a pictorial and ideational presence even while the latter is being *theoretically* withdrawn by the linguistic device of cancellation. Phrases such as 'Plus d'agneaux. Plus de fleurs'³¹ [No more lambs. No more flowers] cause both lambs and flowers to caper inevitably into the mind. Even partial cancellation provokes its own compensatory momentum, such that the title itself, *Mal vu mal dit* (in its English translation, *Ill Seen Ill Said*) seems not to diminish but to emphasise the importance of seeing and saying. In 'Bégaya-t-il ...', Deleuze cites Beckett's title *Mal vu mal dit* as an example of that 'bégaiement créateur' (CC, p. 140) [creative stuttering] which maintains a perpetual turbulence at the heart of language.

Similarly, the title *Not I* must affirm a presence which is available to deny itself. Repeatedly during the play, the muttering, screaming voice teeters on the brink of owning her own life, of attributing its contents to

an 'I', only to launch into a panic-stricken self-censorship. Yet the more she discards, the more she amasses. As Katherine Weiss observes: 'Attempting to rid herself of her story, Mouth inadvertently absorbs the subject position by voicing it'.³² Even amid the perception of disconnection, of cerebro-physical severance, – 'the machine ... so disconnected ... never got the message ... or powerless to respond' (*NI*, p. 218) – a voice, a consciousness, is assembling the shards of a lived experience. To identify what is 'not I', there must be some antecedent awareness of 'I'. Severance and perseverance: each is held in tension by the other.

Nevertheless, if the experience of an errant identity within what passes for a selfhood in Beckett – (for example, 'je' and 'lui', as in *Textes pour rien*) – is perceived as bewildering or disorienting, then the same errancy, when conducted in an external, locomotive setting, is presented by Deleuze and Guattari as in some sense an antidote. Hence, in the opening chapter of *L'Anti-Oedipe*, they usher the schizophrenic out of the analyst's surgery and into a promenade in which the social configurations against which the analyst had forced the analysee to situate himself are suspended. What they term 'la promenade du schizophrène' (*AO*, p. 7) [the schizophrenic stroll], the jaunty, autonomous walk – the ceding to pure, machinic locomotion – can reinstate a status of self-enfranchisement, of liberation from positionings within societal or familial hierarchies: 'Il est dans les montagnes, sous la neige, avec d'autres dieux ou sans dieu du tout, sans famille, sans père ni mère, avec la nature. [...] Tout fait machine' (*AO*, pp. 7–8) [He is in the mountains, under the snow, with other gods or with no god, without family, with neither father nor mother, with nature. (...) Everything is machine].

This orphanhood-on-the-move is precisely the tendency which Deleuze and Guattari observe in Beckett's writing (with regard to which they have primarily in mind here the early fiction). 'Quand les personnages de Beckett se décident à sortir', they remark, 'il faut voir d'abord comme leur démarche variée est elle-même une machine minutieuse' (*AO*, p. 8) [When Beckett's characters decide to go out [...] we note first of all how their varied gait itself constitutes a meticulous machine]. The 'schizophrenic walk' can be tailored to circumstance, modified to suit the grammar and tense of the mood or moment.

One array of possible permutations in advancement or curtailment is rehearsed in Beckett's *Assez*. This short text is recounted by a narrator of indeterminate gender,³³ who tells of countless journeys with an older male, across flower-filled landscapes. The narrative is suffused with both indeterminacy and desire (the noun *désir* or the verb *désirer* occurring no fewer than nine times in the text's short second paragraph). Little is

known for sure of the companion, and the couple's irregular conversation is mirrored by the unpredictable rhythms of their halts and progressions. These waves of permutation in course and intercourse are detailed in a passage which is quoted by Deleuze and Guattari: 'D'autres cas principaux se présentent à l'esprit. Communication continue immédiate avec redépart immédiat. Même chose avec redépart retardé. Communication continue retardée avec redépart immédiat. Même chose avec redépart retardé [...]'³⁴ [Other principal cases come to mind. Immediate continuous communication with immediate redeparture. Same thing with delayed redeparture. Delayed continuous communication with immediate redeparture. Same thing with delayed redeparture (...)].

By means of these distinctions and variations, Deleuze and Guattari point out, the schizophrenic body incarnates and adapts to whatever it perceives to be the current contingency: 'C'est ainsi que le schizophrène, possesseur du capital le plus maigre et le plus émouvant, telles les propriétés de Malone,³⁵ écrit sur son corps la litanie des disjonctions, et se construit un monde de parades où la plus minuscule permutation est censée répondre à la situation nouvelle ou à l'interpellateur indiscret' (*AO*, p. 19) [So it is that the schizophrenic, possessor of the most meagre and the most moving capital, like Malone's belongings, writes on his body the litany of disjunctions, and builds for himself a world of parries where the tiniest permutation is supposed to respond to the new situation or to the indiscreet questioner]. Peremptory questions are invasions of the schizophrenic space, for their askers seek to retrieve the vagrant subjectivity for reincorporation into the very social hierarchies from which the latter is in flight.

Hence, citing the police interrogation as to his identity and parentage undergone by the narrator of *Molloy*, Deleuze and Guattari describe the hovering reminders of prevailing social categories which dog the schizophrenic: 'Car il est certain que le schizo est interpellé, ne cesse pas de l'être. Précisément parce que son rapport avec la nature n'est pas un pôle spécifique, il est interpellé dans les termes du code social en cours: ton nom, ton père, ta mère?' (*AO*, p. 20) [For it is certain that the schizo is interrogated, and never stops being interrogated. Precisely because his relation to nature is not a specific point, he is interrogated in terms of the prevalent social code: your name, your father, your mother?].

Even without these forcible prods back towards the genealogical coral, the schizo-voyager, as Deleuze and Guattari later observe, can never achieve deterritorialisation to the extent that complete release from all motivation or circuitry is effected in perpetuity: 'Même la promenade ou le voyage du schizo n'opèrent pas de grandes déterritorisations

sans emprunter des circuits territoriaux: la marche trébuchante de Molloy et de sa bicyclette conserve la chambre de sa mère comme résidu de but; les spirales vacillantes de l'Innommable gardent pour centre incertain la tour familiale où il continue de tourner en piétinant les siens' (AO, p. 376) [Even the schizo stroll or journey do not effect great deterritorialisations without borrowing territorial circuits: the tottering progress of Molloy and his bicycle retains his mother's room as the residue of a goal; the wandering spirals of the Unnamable keep as an uncertain centre the family tower which he continues to circle, trampling upon his relatives]. A modicum of the recognizable may even be welcome, for 'nous sommes tous des petits chiens, nous avons besoin de circuits, et d'être promenés' (AO, p. 376) [We are all little dogs; we need circuits, and to be taken for walks].

With these caveats in mind, it may still be observed that the protagonist in Beckett's early fiction, though recurrently accosted, tethered, and undermined, contrives to avoid lengthy reinscription into societal hierarchies by means of evasion, violence, or simply by a haphazard conjunction of luck and circumstance. However, these trains of events bear no resemblance to a picaresque progression, for the encounters are for the most part unsought, inconsequential or only partially apprehended, and never capitalised upon. The narrator often toys with the idea of patterning, or designs for living, but what the narrative incarnates is states, rather than stages. As Deleuze and Guattari remark: '[Le sujet] n'est pas lui-même au centre, occupé par la machine, mais sur le bord, sans identité fixe, toujours décentré, *conclu* des états par lesquels il passe. Ainsi les boucles tracées par l'Innommable, [...] avec pour états Murphy, Watt, Mercier, etc., sans que la famille y soit pour rien' (AO, p. 27) [(The subject) is not himself at the centre, which is occupied by the machine, but is on the edge, with no fixed identity, always decentred, *summed up* by the states through which he passes. Such are the loops followed by The Unnamable, [...] with Murphy, Watt, Mercier, etc. acting as states, and the family counting for nothing].

Whatever the complexities of these looping movement patterns, Beckett's work, then, is seen to be inhabited by what Deleuze and Guattari call a 'transpositional subject' (AO, p. 91), which is always on the move, always deterritorialising, borne on the wings of affect and intensity: 'Il ne supprime pas la disjonction en identifiant les contradictoires par approfondissement, il l'affirme au contraire par survol d'une distance indivisible' (AO, p. 91) [He does not suppress disjunction by identifying the contradictory elements by means of investigation; on

the contrary, he affirms them by gliding over them from an indivisible distance].

This movement of 'survol' could be attributed to a prevalent variety of space shuttle in Beckett's writing. Beckett's characters both shuffle and shuttle. Sometimes they move irregularly in space, in circles, zig-zags, or would-be straight lines, and sometimes they move back and forth, in a kind of obsessive, inevitable repetition. In the eleventh *Texte pour rien*, as seen earlier, this *va-et-vient* is interpreted as evidence of life, even if only able to be stomached in the third person: 'lui allait et venait, preuve d'animation' (TPRXI, p. 194) [He came and went, proof of animation].

This shuttling, peripatetic movement is not restricted to Beckett's early work. It may be seen in an economical and visually compelling form in his play *Rockaby* (in French, *Berceuse*), where the spotlight focuses upon an old woman who rocks back and forth, cradled in a rocking-chair while her own recorded voice juxtaposes ideas of stoppage and resumption: 'time she stopped/ going to and fro'.³⁶ While cessation and death are contemplated, their onset is perpetually deferred within the ongoing movement, and, though the woman is dressed in black (the colour associated with death and mourning), the light forms living, dancing patterns upon her as it catches the jet sequins of her dress and sets them glittering.

The phrase 'part of the furniture' normally denotes something static, staid, or uninteresting. A rocking-chair is anomalous, in that, while providing rest, it also provides movement. It is therefore an apt vehicle for the conveyance of these contrary but coincident impulses. In Beckett's novel *Murphy*, Murphy's rocking-chair is a constant companion: 'It was his own, it never left him'.³⁷ Having secured himself to it by scarves, he ensures that 'only the most local movements were possible' (MU, p. 5). Thus auto-immobilised, Murphy can allow his restricted body to merge into the mobile sculpture of the rocking-chair, 'for it was not until his body was appeased that he could come alive in his mind' (MU, p. 6). The ruminations of that mind are described in Chapter 6 of the novel, where Murphy is described as feeling 'content to accept this partial congruence of the world of his mind with the world of his body' (MU, p. 64).

It is while Murphy is ligatured to the rocking-chair that this only-partial congruence is itself abolished, for he dies by misadventure, asphyxiated by a gas leak. Deleuze refers to this episode in *L'Épuié*, where he highlights the manner in which an *accelerando* of rocking accompanies the *decelerando* of Murphy's vital spark, in a kind of hectic

refrain which is running helter-skelter towards its own extinction: 'La berceuse est une ritournelle motrice qui tend vers sa propre fin, et y précipite tout le possible, en allant "de plus en plus vite", "de plus en plus court", jusqu'au brusque arrêt bientôt. L'énergie de l'image est dissipative. L'image finit vite et se dissipe, parce qu'elle est elle-même le moyen d'en finir. Elle capte tout le possible pour le faire sauter' (*EP*, p. 77) [The rocking-chair is a motor refrain which strives towards its own ending, and precipitates all possibilities towards it, going 'faster and faster', 'shorter and shorter', for the short time until the abrupt stoppage is reached.³⁸ The energy of the image is dissipative. The image quickly ends and fades, because it constitutes in itself the means to its end. It captures the whole field of the possible in order to explode it].

In this instance, therefore, the 'va-et-vient' of the rocking-chair, like the 'aller et venir' of *Texte pour rien XI*, signals the 'preuve d'animation' [proof of animation], and its cessation the proof of demise. Murphy had customarily allied himself to its movement as a means of quieting the body temporarily; now, with the invasive and invisible agency of the gas – 'excellent gas, superfine chaos' (*MU*, p. 142) – his body has achieved an ultimate quiet. Ironically, the burst packet of his cremated ashes will later exhibit further gyrations in the pub, where it becomes an unofficial football, 'the object of much dribbling, passing, trapping, shooting, punching, heading', on the taproom floor (*MU*, p. 154).

Deleuze – alive to the semantico-visual productiveness of the rocking-chair – notes a further occurrence in Beckett's writing, in his article upon Beckett's only venture into cinematography, the film called *Film*, which Deleuze dubs 'le plus grand film irlandais'.³⁹ In *Film*, the central character O (played by Buster Keaton in the version directed, in Beckett's presence, by Alan Schneider) goes to extraordinary lengths to ensure his own immunity from external perception. He keeps his head and gaze averted from passers-by and, on arrival at a room, ejects or enshrouds the resident cat, dog, goldfish and parrot, to elude their viewing eyes. Covering a mirror, he proceeds to destroy a series of photographs which appear to depict different stages in his own life. Finally, sinking into a rocking-chair, he rocks himself to sleep, ostensibly relaxed. As Sidney Homan remarks: 'It is the pose of Murphy, [...] one step towards oblivion, as close to nothingness as Beckett can manage and still talk'.⁴⁰

However, O (object) soon awakes with a start to the realisation that he *is* indeed being perceived, the facing camera eye (E) substituting for the internal eye, the agent of self-perception, from which O can never escape. As Beckett summarises it in his general directions: 'It will not be

clear until end of film that pursuing perceiver is not extraneous, but self'.⁴¹ Covering his face with his hands, O resumes a gentle rocking in the chair; E's gaze remains steady 'as the rocking dies down' (*FM*, p. 169).

Although the soothing motion of rocking may be accessed at any point in the life cycle, it is particularly associated with infancy (the cradle) and with old age (rocking-chairs on verandas). In French, the shared activity afforded by each object is made clear by its common etymological source (*berceau* [cradle] and *berceuse* [rocking-chair]). As items of furniture, both cradles and rocking-chairs are traditionally retained long-term, passed on across human generational cycles. Hence, Deleuze draws attention to their status not only as bearers of human weight, but also as transporters of that weight into intermediate and indeterminate cycles of movement. Referring to the rocking-chair of *Film* (and capitalising it, as if a character in its own right), he comments: 'Seule subsiste la Berceuse au centre de la pièce, parce que, mieux que tout lit, elle est l'unique meuble d'avant l'homme ou d'après l'homme, qui nous met en suspens au milieu du néant (va-et-vient)' (*CC*, p. 38) [The Rocking-Chair alone remains at the centre of the room, because, better than any bed, it is the only piece of furniture which comes before and after mankind, which suspends us in the middle of nothingness (coming-and-going)].

In his analysis of *Film* in *Cinéma I: L'Image-Mouvement*, Deleuze places the ceding of human autonomy to rocker within a continuum which embraces both movement and stasis, human and pre-human, light and dark: 'Mais, pour Beckett, l'immobilité, la mort, le noir, la perte du mouvement personnel et de la stature verticale, quand on est couché dans la berceuse qui ne balance même plus, ne sont qu'une finalité subjective. Ce n'est qu'un moyen par rapport au but plus profond. Il s'agit de rejoindre le monde d'avant l'homme, avant notre propre aube, là où le mouvement au contraire était sous le régime de l'universelle variation, et où la lumière, se propageant toujours, n'avait pas besoin d'être révélée' (*CI*, p. 100) [But for Beckett, immobility, death, darkness, the loss of personal movement and vertical stature, when one is recumbent in the rocking-chair which is not even rocking any more, are only a subjective finality. It is just a means in relation to a more profound goal. It is a matter of returning to a pre-human world, before the dawn of mankind, to a time when movement was, on the contrary, under the regime of universal variation, and when light, forever propagating itself, had no need to be revealed].

Beckett is not, in fact, attempting to stage death itself in *Film*, any more than in *Rockaby* or in any of his stage, radio, or television drama,⁴² and Deleuze is imposing too explicit a closure upon the ending of *Film*

when he states that, in the final stage, the camera 's'éteindra aussi, mais en même temps que le mouvement de la berceuse se meurt, et que le personnage meurt' (CC, p. 38) [will also fade, but at the same time as the movement of the rocking-chair dies, and the character dies]. There is undeniably an intensive exhaustivity at the end of *Film* which appears to render any further perceptual exclusions impossible. Beckett's notes for *Film*, however, as well as the visual evidence from the film itself, indicate that such exhaustivity is not to be presumed to comprehend organic death. Rather, the ongoing preoccupation is with an extraordinarily sustained flight from perception in a film which, as Beckett jotted on the title page of his 1963 handwritten draft of the scenario, is 'for one striving to see one striving not to be seen'.⁴³

In fact, Deleuze proceeds beyond his terminal diagnosis, in the case of O, to end his article with a striking and almost lyrical emphasis on the onward impulses which survive the ending of *Film* and endow the rocking-chair – or the Idea of rocker-ness – with an intellectual life eternal: 'Mais rien ne finit chez Beckett, rien ne meurt. Quand la berceuse s'immobilise, c'est l'idée platonicienne de Berceuse, la berceuse de l'esprit, qui se met en branle. Quand le personnage meurt, comme disait Murphy, c'est qu'il commence déjà à se mouvoir en esprit. Il se porte aussi bien qu'un bouchon sur l'océan déchaîné. Il ne bouge plus, mais il est dans un élément qui bouge' (CC, pp. 38–39) [But nothing ends in Beckett, nothing dies. When the rocking-chair stills, it is the platonic idea of a Rocking-Chair, the rocking-chair of the mind, which starts moving. When the character dies, as Murphy used to say, the fact is that he is already starting to move in spirit. He is as buoyant as a cork on the crashing ocean. He no longer moves, but he is in an element which moves].

However, we should not lean too far towards the idea of self-propulsion ceding *definitively* to passive drift in Beckett. Beckett's remnants are never irretrievably lost, like the dead wasp, tossing about within a cobweb in the breeze. They are not ash but ember. They are vestiges ('vestige' deriving from Latin *vestigium*, meaning footprint, or track). They never lose their human extension, and they retain the possibility to be relaunched on their path, reanimated, reimagined, reoriented, reheard or reviewed, as in the resonant closing lines of *L'Innommable*: 'Dans le silence on ne sait pas, il faut continuer, je ne peux pas continuer, je vais continuer'⁴⁴ [In the silence you don't know, I must go on, I cannot go on, I'll go on].

Hélène Cixous singles out this refluent commitment in her remarkable essay on Beckett, 'Une Passion: l'un peu moins que rien': 'Pour cette résistance comment ne pas aimer Beckett, pour cette lutte, – plus

exactement ce débat dans, contre la langue, cette *passion* qui le fait parler jusqu'à plus – souffle'⁴⁵ [How can we not love Beckett for that resistance, that struggle, – more exactly, that debate in and against language, that *passion* which makes him speak until more – breath]. Moreover, she too aligns this perseverant impulse in language with the difficult access to bodily movement experienced within the Beckettian world: 'à partir du dépouillement, de l'extrême pauvreté, du ras – (depuis le niveau O, terre – cerceuil – fin – tombe – silence), se relever "un peu", se traîner, bouger un peu, c'est-à-dire, en ayant pour ce peu à mobiliser d'immenses énergies, et donc, là végéter et *sur-vivre*' (Cixous, p. 398) [From the deprivation, the extreme poverty, rock bottom – (from ground zero – coffin – end – tomb – silence), raise yourself up 'a little', drag yourself along, move a little, which amounts to having, for this little, to mobilise enormous energy, and then to vegetate there and live on].

Indeed, it is notable not only that organic death is a rare event in Beckett's fictional world, but also that, on those occasions when it does occur, its advent is untimely, and provoked either by violence or accident. In *Molloy*, the narrator visits grievous bodily harm upon a charcoal-burner he encounters, using his crutches as weapons (*ML*, pp. 113–14); Lemuel's murder spree at the close of *Malone meurt* (*MM*, p. 189) is carried out with a hatchet; Mercier and Camier launch a frenzied attack upon a constable, shattering his skull with his own truncheon (*MC*, pp. 157–58). These attacks all occur in the course of journeys or outings; the victims are left for dead where they fell, as the assailants continue their journey. Murphy's death in his garret is accidental, asphyxiated by a faulty gas fire, and Belacqua, in the short story 'Yellow', in *More Pricks than Kicks*, dies during a bungled surgical operation.⁴⁶

As Beckett's writing progresses, death ceases to exhibit the characteristics of a finite and verifiable event. Despite the oft-articulated aspirations to cessation which occur in the later work, death is always suspended, always hovering in the meta-narrative. What remains constant throughout Beckett's writing, however, is a difficult accommodation of a racing, hypothesising mind to a body subject to contrary pulls, stirrings, or ebbings. Sometimes, as with the examples from the Trilogy cited earlier, a dilemmatic tension arises over whether to carry on moving, or to embrace quiescence. *Murphy* foregrounds a protagonist who is given to embracing quiescence in a wholehearted, even liturgical, manner. It is only when, naked, Murphy has tied himself with seven scarves to his rocking-chair that his mind can roam free, 'for it was not until his body was appeased that he could come alive in his mind' (*MU*, p. 6). Deleuze, responsive to this striking illustration of post-Cartesian problematics,

comments vividly upon it: 'On ne peut épuiser les joies, les mouvements et les acrobaties de la vie de l'esprit que si le corps reste immobile, recroquevillé, assis, sombre, lui-même épuisé: c'est ce que Murphy appelait "connivence", l'accord parfait entre le besoin du corps et le besoin de l'esprit' (*EP*, p. 96) [You can exhaust the joys, movements and acrobatics of the life of the spirit only if the body remains immobile, huddled up, seated, dark, exhausted in itself: this is what Murphy called 'collusion',⁴⁷ the perfect accord between bodily and mental need].

Murphy's immobilisation is not only voluntarily sought, but is indispensable to him. Elsewhere in Beckett's writing, the body is haplessly and irrevocably immobilised, as with Winnie, in *Happy Days*, who, trapped in the earth, is forced to inhabit more and more intensely the world of the mind, in her memory and imagination. Her surroundings furnishing little upon which to feast the eye, she must needs have recourse to the eye of the mind. For Deleuze, this activity is the product or offshoot of 'une obscure tension spirituelle, une *intensio* seconde ou troisième comme disaient les auteurs du Moyen Age' (*EP*, p. 96) [an obscure spiritual tension, a second or third *intensio*, as authors of the Middle Ages called it]. In this connection, he cites Winnie's line in *Happy Days*, 'I call to the eye of the mind',⁴⁸ citing in a footnote its occurrence in Yeats's *At the Hawk's Well*.⁴⁹ Automotive power being withdrawn as an option, Winnie has an enhanced appreciation of what 'the eye of the mind' can offer her. Contemplating the efforts of her husband Willie to manoeuvre himself out of his hole, she exclaims: 'What a curse, mobility!' (*HD*, p. 60). Despite her bravado, mobility is not so easily renounced: submerged up to her neck in Act 2, Winnie observes: 'No, something must move, in the world, I can't any more' (*HD*, p. 78).

The movement which will ensue shortly afterwards will be that of her husband, Willie, who, in the closing moments of the play, will crawl round from his posterior retreat to approach her. This will prompt Winnie to sing under his gaze the love song from Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow*, the melody of which she has already played on her musical box during Act I of the play. The positioning of the song is apposite for Winnie, who, threatened with uncertain outcomes at every turn, has developed organisational skills in establishing the ordinal nature of events. Her singing may form the closing moments of the play, but the spectator can never know whether or not it will also be the closing moments of Winnie, or of Willie. Deleuze aptly sums up what can, at most, be only the penultimate status of the song: 'Il y a un temps pour les images, un bon moment où elles peuvent paraître, s'insérer, rompre

la combinaison des mots et le flux des voix, il y a une heure pour les images, quand Winnie sent qu'elle peut chanter l'Heure exquise, mais c'est un moment tout proche de la fin, une heure proche de la dernière' (EP, p. 77) [There is a time for images, an appropriate moment for them to appear, intervene, break the combination of words and the flux of voices; there is an hour for images, when Winnie feels that she may sing 'l'Heure exquise', but it is a moment very near the end, an hour approaching the last].

When Deleuze uses the term 'image', he is using it in a specific, carefully explored sense. Earlier in *L'Éprouvé*, he has already related its expansive outreach to Winnie's song: 'L'image est une petite ritournelle visuelle ou sonore, quand l'heure est venue: 'l'heure exquise ...' (EP, p. 72) [The image is a little visual or sound refrain, when the hour arrives: 'the exquisite hour...']. For Deleuze, 'l'image n'est pas un objet, mais un "processus"' (EP, p. 72) [The image is not an object, but a process]. As a 'refrain', it is not confined to the visual. Moreover, it is not static, but travelling. Winnie sings her song at the moment of maximum interaction between herself and her husband, who has remained terse or *incommunicado* throughout the play. It inserts itself into a moment of uncertainty; it provides a transit to a future of no less uncertainty. Has Willie arrived to kill her, kick her, kid her, kiss her, or simply to behold her?

Image forms for Deleuze the substance of the third of three languages he discerns in Beckett's writing. I have explored these in detail elsewhere,⁵⁰ and here briefly summarise them. *Langue I* is a language which sets out the possible in terms of words. Just as our own age attempts to decipher elements of Ancient Egyptian culture by means of extant hieroglyphics, future archaeologists may attempt to unravel the extent of the possible, the known, the expressible, by means of textual remnants. In Beckett, maintains Deleuze, *Langue I* undermines theory and system (i.e. hierarchical relationships between words) in order to pile up substantives in a realm of disjunction, truncation, and permutation. This is the language primarily associated with the early novels, up to *Watt*.

Langue II is based not upon linguistic particles but upon voices and flows, which mingle rather than combine. This provides a transportative current for what Deleuze terms 'the linguistic corpuscles' (EP, p. 66). Within Beckett's writing, these may be interleaving or alternating voice-currents, attributable to nomad identities or subjectivities. Deleuze locates the origin of *Langue II* within the novels, and traces it onwards through the auditory media of theatre and radio. *Langue III* is similarly traceable in the novels and theatre, but 'trouve dans la télévision le secret de son assemblage, une voix préenregistrée pour une image

chaque fois en train de prendre forme. Il y a une spécificité de l'oeuvre-télévision' (*EP*, p. 74) [finds in television the secret of its assembly, a pre-recorded voice for an image forming itself anew on each occasion. There is a specificity in the work for television].

Since Deleuze's 'Postface' is printed alongside the translation into French of Beckett's four television plays, it is clearly the third variety of language upon which Deleuze will focus his spotlight. It is also *Langue III* which will prove the most productive analytical tool for the purposes of this study of Beckett and locomotion. It is fitting that, in the last few years of his writing life, Deleuze should have turned towards these four short, intense television plays, which occur, similarly, in the later part of Beckett's writing career. He had written sporadically but recurrently about Beckett throughout his life, both in his solo works and in conjunction with Guattari. It is in *L'Épuié*, however, that Deleuze demonstrates his most profound response to Beckett's writing. Moreover, whereas earlier references to Beckett had most frequently gravitated to the novels, *L'Épuié* refers to an unprecedentedly wide range of Beckett's *oeuvre*, including stage drama and some of the later short prose texts, in addition to the television plays.

Langue III, then, is the language which remains detached from any kind of serial relationship between nouns, or between voices. It emerges not from a determinable source, but from gaps or hiatuses. To illustrate its character, Deleuze quotes a passage from Beckett's late prose text *Worstward Ho*: 'Blanks for when words gone. When nohow on. Then all seen as only then. Undimmed. All undimmed that words dim. All so seen unsaid'.⁵¹ This is the domain (sonic or visual) of the Image, untouched by syntactical or historical prescription. Such an Image is problematic in terms both of conception and implementation, but Deleuze hails its attainment by Beckett in his television plays: 'Il est très difficile de faire une image pure, non entachée, rien qu'une image, en atteignant au point où elle surgit dans toute sa singularité sans rien garder de personnel, pas plus que de rationnel, et en accédant à l'indéfini comme à l'état céleste' (*EP*, p. 71) [It is very difficult to make a pure, unspotted image, nothing but an image, reaching the point where it stands forth in all its singularity, retaining nothing either personal or rational, attaining the indefinite as if it had heavenly status].

That celestial state is periodically achieved by Murphy, when his mind is enabled to soar by means of the fettering of his body. Deleuze may describe the Beckettian walk as 'ineffable',⁵² but the word is also applicable to Murphy's appreciation of his mental walks: 'Life in his mind gave him pleasure, such pleasure that pleasure was not the word'

(*MU*, p. 6). For Deleuze, the Beckettian walk is indescribable because it is so complex; for Murphy, the pleasure of mental freedom is indescribable because it is so exquisite.

So inexpressibly exquisite is it, indeed, that Chapter 6 of *Murphy*, revisiting Murphy's body-stilling techniques, contains a near-identical formulation: 'So pleasant that pleasant was not the word' (*MU*, p. 66). It is in this chapter, much admired by Deleuze, that the tripartite zoning of Murphy's inner world (coned off, as far as is possible, from the body by means of the latter's temporary paralysis) is explored. In the first (light) zone, physical stimuli already experienced can be rearranged, such that, for example, historical outrages can be imaginatively avenged. In the second (half-light) zone, forms without memory or realisation in the physical world can be savoured in contemplation. The third (dark) zone is one in which Murphy's will is renounced. It is the most lengthy of access, but the most absorbing.

Although Deleuze does not effect this association, a certain, limited association may be established between the three zones of Murphy's mind and the three *langues* described by Deleuze. Insofar as the first zone corresponds to the known and apprehended, Murphy's imaginative rearrangement of this physical domain may be aligned to the syntactical, permutative characteristics of *Langue I*. The second zone is one of 'forms without parallel' (*MU*, p. 65), where imaginative flow can be experienced without reference to any 'other mode in which to be out of joint' (*MU*, p. 65). This errant, unrooted dynamic may be loosely affiliated with *Langue II*, which is based more upon intermingling than upon substitution or accumulation.

However, while such comparisons are productive to a limited degree, it is *Langue III* and Murphy's third zone which prove to be the most complementary, at least in terms of the movements and propulsions to be encountered there. This zone, untethered to history, geography, or mathematics, is one which is opened up to the without, traversed by all kinds of kaleidoscopic becomings which require no application of will to be set in motion. The cascading dynamic of *Langue III* is characterised by a scenario in which 'toutes ces images se composent et se décomposent' (*EP*, p. 75) [all these images form and fragment], just as, for Murphy, the third zone is 'a flux of forms, a perpetual coming together and falling asunder of forms' (*MU*, p. 65). This process of decomposition is not one of rotting, or putrefaction, but of regeneration. As the narrator remarks in *Molloy*: 'Décomposer c'est vivre aussi, je le sais' (*ML*, p. 32) [To decompose is to live too, I know]. For the Beckettian character, moreover, the beckoning potentialities of these new becomings are often

most advantageously savoured when, paradoxically, the body is immobilised. As Ludovic Janvier points out (in a study cited by Deleuze⁵³): 'Dans l'immobilité, il arrive même à l'immobile de rêver mieux encore et d'évoquer [...] la chance d'être plus qu'allongé: de se dissoudre'⁵⁴ [In immobility, it can even happen that the immobilised one can dream better still, and bring to mind [...] the chance of being more than prone: of dissolving].

In the darkness of the third zone, Murphy experiences 'neither elements nor states, nothing but forms becoming and crumbling into the fragments of a new becoming, without love or hate or any intelligible principle of change. Here there was nothing but commotion and the pure forms of commotion' (*MU*, p. 66). Beckett uses the term 'commotion' here in its widest sense, to denote turbulence, disorder, upheaval. It is movement which is not only violent but also random. As such, it is akin to the indiscriminateness of space or image which Deleuze attributes to *Langue III*. Though the dimensions and dispositions of space in Beckett's television plays are precisely determined, 'l'espace doit toujours être un espace quelconque, désaffecté, inaffecté' (*EP*, p. 74) [the space must always be any space, disappropriated, unappropriated]. The space is peopled (just as Murphy's rocking-chair is occupied) but not settled or customised. Like the cylindrical space of the prose piece *Le Dépeupleur*, it is a space where bodies pass or are still, amid variations in light, temperature, or vibration. The space, in its constituents and variables, may be seen as participating in the phenomenon of the 'ritournelle' [refrain]⁵⁵: 'De même que l'image apparaît à celui qui la fait comme une ritournelle visuelle ou sonore, l'espace apparaît à celui qui le parcourt comme une ritournelle motrice, postures, positions et démarches' (*EP*, p. 75) [Just as the image appears to the one who makes it as a visual or sonorous refrain, space appears to the one who traverses it as a motor refrain, with postures, positions and steps].

Patterns of movement may, then, participate in the generative grammar of refrain, as Deleuze outlines with reference to Beckett's *Watt*: 'Une façon de marcher n'est pas moins une ritournelle qu'une chanson ou une petite vision colorée: entre autres, la démarche de Watt qui va vers l'est en tournant le buste vers le nord et lançant la jambe droite vers le sud, puis le buste vers le sud et la jambe gauche vers le nord' (*EP*, p. 75) [A way of walking is no less a refrain than a song or a little coloured vision: among others, Watt's step as he goes towards the east while turning his torso to the north, launching his right leg to the south, then his torso to the south and his left leg to the north].

Of course, Deleuze's concern here is with the 'épuisement', or exhaustivity, of the space. Watt covers all four cardinal points of the compass since, while proceeding in an easterly direction, he is proceeding *from* a westerly direction: 'Il s'agit de couvrir toutes les directions possibles, en allant pourtant en ligne droite' (*EP*, p. 76) [It is a matter of covering all possible directions, while still going in a straight line]. Within that overall perspective of exhaustivity, however, this chapter is concerned in particular to emphasise the link established by Deleuze between movement and image, via refrain.

Unlike the word *ritournelle* (which derives from the Italian *ritorno*, 'return'), the English word 'refrain' (into which Deleuze and Guattari's 'ritournelle' is customarily translated) derives from Latin *refringere*, to break into pieces. As such, the translation seems, oddly, more closely allied to the Deleuzian deployment of the concept than is the original term. For Deleuze, both the visual/sonic refrain (image) and the motor refrain (space), are, in Beckett's television work, part of a *process* in which an internal tension breaks through the surface in order to dismantle the stranglehold of word, voice, memory, logic. Hence, in the television play *Quad*, which consists of nothing more than a quartet of cowled figures, scurrying in prescribed courses around a lighted quadrilateral, all conventional specifiers of identity (even including gender) are suspended or demoted. The four figures have no known origin, history, or even memory: they *are* their movement.

The players – known only as 1, 2, 3, and 4 – are differentiated from each other by means of the colour of their djellabas and the percussive instrument which begins at their entries, accompanies their passage, and disappears at their exits. However, as Deleuze points out, this is nothing more than a recognition device, for 'ils ne sont en eux-mêmes déterminés que spatialement, ils ne sont eux-mêmes affectés de rien d'autre que leur ordre et leur position' (*EP*, p. 80) [In themselves, they are specified only spatially; in themselves, they modulate only in accordance with their order and position]. Hence, '*Quad* est une ritournelle essentiellement motrice, avec pour musique le frottement des chaussons' (*EP*, pp. 80–81) [*Quad* is an essentially motor refrain, with the friction of slippers for music]. As such, it is close not only to a musical work, but also to a ballet (and indeed the Süddeutscher Rundfunk recording, of 1981, uses to good effect the nimble young dancers of the Stuttgart Preparatory Ballet School). Deleuze points out that it shares with modern ballet 'le remplacement de toute histoire ou narration par un "gestus" comme logique des postures et positions' (*EP*, p. 83) [the replacement of all history or narrative by a 'gestus' as a logic of postures and positions].

It is on this level of 'visual poetry', poetry in motion, that Deleuze is enabled to draw comparisons between Beckett's television plays and Japanese Noh theatre: 'Ce qu'on a appelé un "poème visuel", un théâtre de l'esprit qui se propose, non pas de dérouler une histoire, mais de dresser une image' (*EP*, p. 99) [What has been called a 'visual poem', a theatre of the spirit which sets out, not to unfold a story, but to set up an image]. In both cases, bodies and gestures 'mean'; they are economically and carefully choreographed. Both Beckett's theatre and Noh theatre may be structured, with great intensity, around a simple situation or state of mind, characterised by what Deleuze has termed 'l'extrême minutie de ces parcours, mesurés et récapitulés dans l'espace et dans le temps, par rapport à ce qui doit rester indéfini dans l'image spirituelle' (*EP*, p. 99) [the extremely scrupulous detail of these courses, measured and recapitulated in space and time, in relation to that which must remain undefined in the spiritual image].

However, Beckett also shares with Noh theatre the capacity to render visible physical movement subject to the same intangibility which is a feature of the spiritual domain. Noh theatre relies on sometimes infinitely small gradations and distinctions, in masks, gestures, and sound. Movement may at times be so delicate and gradual that the observer cannot even be sure that it is taking place at all. This same phenomenon may also be observed in the gently dissolving images of Beckett's other television plays, *Ghost Trio*, ... *but the clouds* ... , and *Nacht und Träume*.

This elasticity between presence and absence, between movement and stillness, is also apparent in some of Beckett's stage plays. In *Footfalls*, the stooped figure of May, pacing along her lighted strip, then pausing before resuming, incarnates in indelibly graphic form that phenomenon of arrested movement which May's voice relays: 'Some nights she would halt, as one frozen by some shudder of the mind, and stand stark still till she could move again' (*F*, p. 242).

Yet, stark as these images are, they are also in process: a process which, in Beckett's late drama at least, is almost always one of diminution. In her autobiography, the actress Billie Whitelaw writes not only of the movements and postures which she adopted, under Beckett's direction, in all their (often excruciating) exactitude, but also of her constant awareness of the importance of reduction and extinction. With reference to her role as May in *Footfalls*, she writes: 'Sometimes the woman just stands still. The stillness and the silences are as important as the words, and just as important are her clothes which over the years seem to have rotted as they cling to her. May seems to be in the process of disappearing like

smoke, of becoming more and more inward, the movements getting ever slower, the body gently spiralling inward as the play proceeds – towards nothingness'.⁵⁶ Such stage images are vibrant but transient, as Deleuze describes: 'Ce qui compte dans l'image, ce n'est pas le pauvre contenu, mais la folle énergie captée prête à éclater, qui fait que les images ne durent jamais longtemps' (*EP*, p. 76) [What matters in the image is not the sparse content, but the mad, captured energy ready to burst out, which means that the images never last long].

Deleuze identifies this quivering, volatile energy in the work of both Beckett and the painter Francis Bacon. In a footnote in *L'Expulsé*, he notes an affiliation with Bacon in terms of the dissipatory potentiality of the image: 'C'est une intensité pure, qui se définit comme telle par sa hauteur, c'est-à-dire son niveau au-dessus de zéro, qu'elle ne décrit qu'en tombant' (*EP*, p. 97) [It's a pure intensity, which defines itself as such by its height, that is to say its level above zero, which it only describes when falling from it].

Both Beckett and Bacon set forth compelling but fugitive images which appear to capture not a pose or an attitude, but a medial moment, a frame from a movement in progress. In *Francis Bacon: Logique de la Sensation*, Deleuze notes the way in which Bacon 'obtient pour son compte des mouvements violents d'une grande intensité'⁵⁷ [captures violent movements of great intensity]. He instances Bacon's 1967 portrait of George Dyer conversing with Lucian Freud, in which Dyer's animation is conveyed by the distribution of his head between two lateral faces, one turned towards Freud and the other away from him.⁵⁸ In this painting, the blur of the brushstrokes around the darting chin and the shifting leg enlist and quicken the eye of the viewer, endowing the painting with a taut vivacity. A similar impression may be gained from Bacon's 'Portrait of George Dyer Riding a Bicycle' (1966), where the bicycle wheels reproduce themselves in spinning, concentric circles. In the 1972 'Portrait of a Man Walking Down Steps', the besuited subject is seen approaching the foot of the flight of steps. One leg precedes the other, the shining shoe about to land, but ghosts and shadows of feet, before and behind, suggest the complexity of movement which is achieving his descent. The man's mobility encourages the viewer's eye to fidget around him; his *exact* position on the flight cannot be pinpointed, as with the narrator in the opening passage of Beckett's short story *L'Expulsé*, whose efforts to count the steps he negotiates are always foiled by indecision: 'Je n'ai jamais su s'il fallait dire un le pied sur le trottoir, deux le pied suivant sur la première marche, et ainsi de suite, ou si le trottoir ne devait pas compter' (*LE*, p. 11) [I never

knew whether you should count as one the foot on the pavement, two the following foot on the first step, and so on, or whether the pavement should not count].

Indeed, it is with respect to walking that Deleuze finds the linkage between Bacon and Beckett most productive. Referring to Bacon's handling of the Figure within given spaces, projected by and within those spaces into customary and repetitive movements, he remarks: 'Jamais Beckett et Bacon n'ont été plus proches, et c'est un petit tour à la manière des promenades des personnages de Beckett, qui eux aussi, se déplacent en cahotant sans quitter leur rond ou leur parallélépipède' (*LSI*, p. 30) [Never have Beckett and Bacon been closer, and it is a little stroll akin to the walkabouts of Beckett's characters, who also trundle along without departing from their circle or their parallelepiped].

Through and beyond the stasis of page or canvas, the figures of Bacon and Beckett draw the eye to the flickering though abiding impulse towards locomotion. Nevertheless, if movement must be sought, stillness must inevitably lie in wait. Implicit in the mobility is the immobility, and *vice versa*: 'Suivant la loi de Beckett ou de Kafka, il y a l'immobilité au-delà du mouvement: au-delà d'être debout, il y a être assis, et au-delà d'être assis, être couché, pour se dissiper enfin' (*LSI*, pp. 30–31) [Following the law of Beckett or Kafka, there is immobility beyond movement: beyond standing, there is sitting, and beyond sitting, lying down, eventually to melt away].

For those who dare to experiment as boldly as do Beckett or Bacon with the permeability of movement and stasis, there is attendant risk. However, where there is risk, there is dynamism, and, as a glorious bonus, humour: 'Bacon non moins que Beckett fait partie de ces auteurs qui peuvent parler au nom d'une vie très intense, pour une vie plus intense. [...] On doit rendre à Bacon autant qu'à Beckett ou à Kafka l'hommage suivant: ils ont dressé des Figures indomptables, indomptables par leur insistance, par leur présence, au moment même où ils "représentaient" l'horrible, la mutilation, la prothèse, la chute ou le raté. Ils ont donné à la vie un nouveau pouvoir de rire extrêmement direct' (*LSI*, p. 42) [Bacon, no less than Beckett, takes his place among those authors who can testify to a very intense life, in pursuit of a very intense life. (...) We must render to Bacon, just as much as to Beckett or to Kafka, this homage: they have put before us indomitable Figures, indomitable for their insistence, their presence, just when they were 'representing' horrible things, mutilation, prosthesis, falling or failing. They have endowed life with a new and extremely direct quality of laughter].

Amid the falling and failing, there is always the possibility that this fall will not be a stumble or pratfall, but the final collapse. As Ludovic Janvier remarks: 'Si être homme, c'est se mettre debout et y rester, on se doute que la créature beckettienne [...] va s'étendre pour ne plus se relever, ou du moins se relever intact' (Janvier, p. 105) [If being human means standing erect and remaining so, one suspects that the Beckettian creature (...) is going to stretch out and never get up again, intact at least]. There are undeniable difficulties implicit in such a recovery. Yet, for Beckett, movement is never definitively halted. Hélène Cixous notes this miraculously self-restorative quality in Beckett's writing: 'sans cesse échapper in extremis à la paralysie, l'impuissance et la mort, par quelque effort supplémentaire, qui d'avoir à se tirer des griffes de l'immobile tient de l'acrobatie' (Cixous, p. 398) [always escaping at the last moment from paralysis, impotence and death, by some extra effort, which, by wresting itself from the claws of immobility, takes on the quality of acrobatics]. Beckett's acrobatics are circumscribed but no less athletic, for, as Deleuze asserts: 'Le véritable acrobate est celui de l'immobilité dans le rond' (*LSI*, p. 31) [The real acrobat is that of immobility within a circle].

Afterword: Strobic Travelling with H el ene Cixous

Deleuze demonstrates a visceral response to literary texts. For him, all participants in literature – writers, readers, critics – need to disarm, to remove all potential blockages. When writing about literature, he makes no claim to be an authoritative commentator; rather, he travels alongside writing, following its processes and trajectories. This collection has aimed to be intensive rather than extensive, providing sustained explorations of how Deleuze’s thought may interact with a given body of writing. The five writers analysed here suggested themselves because the linking theme of locomotion and travel – a theme concordant with the Deleuzian enterprise – provided opportunities not just for affiliation but also, perhaps even more importantly, for differentiation from each other. As Deleuze asserts in *Diff erence et R ep etition*: ‘Cr eer, c’est toujours produire des lignes et des figures de diff erenciation’¹ [To create is always to produce lines and figures of differentiation].

Accordingly, a Deleuzian literary investigation is always an open-ended one, and one which seeks out the exilic rather than the domiciliary space. The writers selected for this collection could have been others; they could have been diminished or expanded in number. They could also have included a woman writer. The fact remains, however, that, though references to literature abound throughout the writing of Deleuze (both solo and in his writing with Guattari), these references do tend to cluster mainly in the vicinity of male writers. This clearly applies to the longer studies (of Proust, Sacher-Masoch, Kafka), but it is also the case with the majority of the shorter or more occasional literary engagements. It is rarely noted, for instance, that all the essays in Deleuze’s *Critique et clinique* are devoted to male writers, though the opening chapter, ‘La Litt erature et la Vie’ does include an edgy reference to the writer and translator Marthe Robert (1914–96), whose bipartite psychoanalytically based schema of modern novelists could hardly be expected to appeal to Deleuze. The chapter also includes a brief mention of Virginia Woolf.

This is not to assert that individual women writers are in some way devalued or under-valued by Deleuze and Guattari. Woolf is, in fact, one of the writers whom they deeply admire. They do so partly, however, because of her refusal to categorise herself as a ‘woman writer’, from which refusal they see proceeding an infinite productivity of becomings: ‘La seule mani ere de sortir des dualismes,  etre-entre, passer

entre, intermezzo, c'est ce que Virginia Woolf a vécu de toutes ses forces, dans toute son oeuvre, ne cessant pas de devenir' (*MP*, p. 339) [The only way to get out of dualisms, be-between, pass between, intermezzo, is what Virginia Woolf lived out with all her strength, in all her work, never ceasing to become]. To the extent, then, that this volume engages primarily with writers who feature within the Deleuzian *oeuvre*, it may be seen as in some sense a product of the prevailing gender distributions found there.

Nevertheless, I should like before closing this volume to highlight a woman writer whose early work fascinated Deleuze, and who may be aligned innovatively with the notion of travel. The final chapter made brief mention of Hélène Cixous, who wrote admiringly of the acrobatic endeavours, within the Beckettian text, repeatedly to writhe free of constraint at the moment of maximum pressure. For Cixous, Beckett's dispossessed travellers are able, because of their radical lack of resources, to undermine the whole edifice 'géré par les pères et les flics' ('Une passion', p. 399) [controlled by fathers and cops]. In doing so, they inject turbulence, delirium, into the smooth movements of societal hierarchies.

In positing models of resistance to the closed-ended transactions of patriarchy, Cixous's understanding of *écriture féminine* embraces practices optional and available for male authors. Making use, as she does frequently, of the idea of writing as parturition, she pointedly does not exclude male writers from this text-mothering: 'Est-ce qu'un homme maternel est une femme? Dis-toi plutôt: il est assez grand et plusieurs pour être capable de la bonté maternelle'² [Is a maternal man a woman? Say, rather: he is great and several enough to be capable of maternal kindness]. Similarly, Deleuze and Guattari's notion of 'becoming-woman', put forward notably in *Mille plateaux* as a privileged channel for becomings-other (insofar as the dominant concept of man has occluded what is not-man), is not predicated upon the gender of the potential becomer: 'Il faut [...] que l'écriture produise un devenir-femme, comme des atomes de féminité capables de parcourir et d'imprégner tout un champ social, et de contaminer les hommes, de les prendre dans ce devenir' (*MP*, p. 338) [Writing should produce a becoming-woman, like atoms of womanhood capable of traversing and impregnating a whole social field, and of contaminating men, of gathering them up into this becoming]. Yet 'nous ne voulons pas dire qu'une telle création soit l'apanage de l'homme' (*MP*, p. 338) [we do not want to say that such a creation [i.e. becoming-woman] is the preserve of men], since becomings-*other* entrain a constant openness to difference, becoming-*other*.

The concept of a 'several' being, travelling through bisexual or transsexual modes, is a subject of fascination to Cixous. Moreover, her writerly experimentations with porous assemblages of gender and genre, having much in common with the aspirations voiced by Deleuze and Guattari, enable her to avoid the conscription of writers to 'masculine' or 'feminine' economies, and, instead, to recognise migratory, nomadic impulses not only within the work of one author but also within a single piece of writing. This characteristic is certainly apparent in Cixous's early work *Neutre*, which was the subject of an early review by Deleuze, in the French newspaper *Le Monde*. Appearing soon after the novel was published, in 1972, the review, which has received little critical attention, reveals a reflective consonance between Deleuze and his reviewee.³

Neutre is a text which, despite its apparently innocuous title ('Neuter'), may prompt strong reactions of exhilaration, exasperation, bafflement, or fascination. This exuberant and unclassifiable text becomes an experiment in which, as Verena Andermatt Conley describes, Cixous 'openly combines fiction, theory, criticism, in what becomes a textual opera made of a plural narrator divided into hundreds of subjects, without limit between one sex and the other'.⁴ The derivation of *neuter* (from *ne* + *uter* = not either [of two]) signals the disruption of the binary project that this text undertakes. This is not, however, a clinical dismantling: it is urgent, violent, and at times comic. This is the Deleuzian, molecular, rhizomatic space *par excellence*, whose osmotic ambit finds no impediment in gender. This explosive collapse of boundaries is an experiment in deep harmony with the Deleuzian aspiration to displace the Oedipal strangulation: 'là c'est maman qui commence, là c'est papa, et là c'est toi. Reste à ta place' (AO, p. 89) [mummy starts there, daddy starts there, and you are there. Stay in your place]. In resisting differentiation, Deleuze and Guattari are, precisely, embracing the neuter, the mode that cannot be strait-jacketed into either position. Moreover, far from finding it a place of hellish darkness and doubt, both Cixous and Deleuze find it a place of enlightenment and elation.

As the text proceeds, it undertakes kaleidoscopic shifts and reassemblages, so that any notion of a stable narrative position becomes impossible to sustain. In this pronominal turmoil, a putative Subject leans across the narrative, only to give way to complex interchanges which make the text resemble a play, with interleaving voices of analyst, Subject, Chance, Phantom, etc. Alternatively, the text may become a chequer-board, with spaces provided for mythological heroes to strut upon or vanish from.

Within this ever-changing narrative landscape, distinctions between dreaming and wakefulness, past and present, inside and outside, become blurred and scenes dissolve into versions of themselves. Even the extra-textual space is accessed, as a vantage-point from which to look upon the still-plastic text: 'Par une vibration analogue ou peut-être identique ou par sympathie ou par identification, le texte, tout frémissant encore de l'explosion, laisse libre cours à l'agitation qui trouble le fonctionnement de son corps entier: non seulement il ne sait plus à quel Sujet se vouer, mais il ne distingue plus le sujet comparant du Sujet comparé, l'inscription de la réinscription, le produit de la production'⁵ [By means of a vibration which is similar or perhaps identical, either through sympathy or identification, the text, still trembling from the explosion, gives full rein to the agitation which is disturbing the workings of its whole body: not only does it not know which Subject to devote itself to, but also it can no longer distinguish the comparing subject from the compared Subject, writing from rewriting, product from production].

Neutre does pose a challenge to the reader, to stay the course, to enter willingly into the transformations which it operates, to allow the textual experimentation to deploy its syntactical and semantic arrhythmia. In what sense may the text be associated with the theme of locomotion? The answer lies not so much in its compositional and textual landscape as in the movement it imposes on the reader. For Deleuze, the reading strategy (generated by the text itself) is geared to the resource of speed: 'Un auteur qui passe pour difficile demande généralement à être lu lentement: ici, au contraire, c'est l'oeuvre qui nous demande de la lire "vite", quitte à la relire, de plus en plus vite. Les difficultés qu'éprouverait un lecteur lent fondent à la vitesse accrue de la lecture' (*HC*, pp. 320–21) [An author taken to be difficult normally requires to be read slowly: here, on the other hand, it is the work which requires us to read it 'fast', and then to re-read it, faster and faster. The difficulties which a slow reader would experience melt away with an accelerated reading speed].

Deleuze is not advocating speed-reading here as a means of curtailing the difficulties of the reading experience, since he also advocates returning to the text at ever-increasing speeds. Rather, he is proposing a reading method which he discerns as perfectly complementary to the writing method from which the text derives. To illustrate this, Deleuze cites what he considers to be a key passage from *Neutre*: 'La règle est simple: passer d'un tronc à l'autre soit en échangeant les corps actifs soit en échangeant leurs termes suppléants, soit en échangeant les noms des termes qui fonctionnent deux à deux. Tout cela s'exécute si vite qu'il est

difficile, de l'extérieur, de voir laquelle des trois opérations est en train, et s'il y a transport d'un arbre à l'autre par corps ou par noms. L'effet de mouvement est tel que par stroboscopie les arbres produisent une sorte de pâte lisse ou à peine rayée de hachures verticales foncées, spectres des générations: Papier' (Cixous, pp. 53–54, cited in *HC*, p. 321) [The rule is simple: pass from one trunk to another, either by exchanging active bodies or by exchanging their substitute terms, or by exchanging the names of the terms which work in pairs. All this is carried out so quickly that it is difficult, from the outside, to see which of the three operations is in progress, and if there is transport from one tree to another by bodies or by names. The effect of movement is such that, by stroboscopy, the trees produce a kind of paste which is smooth, or lightly scored with dark, vertical hatching, the spectres of generations: Paper].

This passage (and its continuation) is cited at length by Deleuze – the only quotation given in his review – because it sums up for him a writing practice which dictates a reading practice. He extracts from it the term 'stroboscopie', and provides a footnoted definition of the term, seeing in this machinic image not only a product but a process. In this he is in profound empathy with Cixous, who, elsewhere in the text, reverses the conventional primacy of narrator over narration: 'Je, obscur produit du Récit' (Cixous, p. 73) [I, obscure product of the Narrative].

A stroboscope (related to the more familiar strobe lighting) is an optical device which allows fast-rotating phenomena to be observed by means of a flashing lamp which can be regulated and synchronised such that the observed phenomena may appear to be stationary. Deleuze borrows Cixous's term in order to use it as the key to her own innovative writing practice: 'C'est que nous croyons qu'Hélène Cixous invente une nouvelle écriture originale, et qui lui donne une place tout à fait particulière dans la littérature moderne: une sorte d'écriture stroboscopique, où le récit s'anime, et les différents thèmes entrent en connexion, et les mots forment des figures variables, suivant les vitesses précipitées de lecture et d'association' (*HC*, p. 321) [The fact is that we believe that Hélène Cixous is inventing a new, original writing, which gives her a wholly distinctive place in modern literature: a kind of stroboscopic writing, where the narrative quickens, and the different themes enter into relation, and the words form variable figures, in accordance with the headlong speeds of reading and association].⁶

In respect of the introduction of travelling improvisations into language, Deleuze pauses to invoke the work of the writer Paul Morand, whom he credits with drawing the helter-skelter progress of jazz, aeroplanes, and cars into literature. Elsewhere, in his *Dialogues* with Claire

Parnet, Deleuze quotes Céline's memorable observation that '[Paul Morand] a fait jazer la langue française' (*D*, p. 41) [Paul Morand jazzed up the French language]. Nevertheless, he maintains, Cixous manages to invent yet other speeds, 'parfois folles, en rapport avec aujourd'hui' (*HC*, p. 321) [sometimes mad ones, in connection with today]. This is writing which, like the stroboscope, is tuned not just to the second, he declares, but to the tenth of a second.

As his review reaches its conclusion, Deleuze makes clear how the strobe effect created by Cixous's *Neutre* may be enhanced and accentuated still further by means of acceleration. The complex mixture of narrative elements of desire, fabulation, wordplay, quotations, and enactments, suggests Deleuze, may result in a fade-out, precisely a 'neutralisation' of effect. With the introduction of speed, the chains of association begin to become animated, to fly in the air, and to impact upon neighbouring elements. At maximum speed, 'ils accèdent à un perpétuel glissement, à une rotation extrême qui les empêche alors de se rabattre sur un ensemble quelconque, et les fait aller toujours plus vite à travers toutes les histoires' (*HC*, p. 322) [they attain a constant sledge-hammering, an extreme point of rotation which then prevents them from clamping down on any kind of assembly, and makes them go ever faster through the entirety of history]. Deleuze ends his review with a tribute to Cixous's multi-layered narrative perspectives, and to the humour she injects into her text by means of its play of associations and alliterations. *Neutre* constitutes for him a 'plaisir qui sort d'un livre-drogue, inquiétante étrangeté' (*HC*, p. 322) [pleasure which derives from a book-drug, a troubling strangeness].

Strangeness – being a stranger in one's own language – is a quality which Cixous seeks and which Deleuze (as examined at various points within this volume) also prizes within literary writing. As so often with Deleuze, one is curious to know what he *might* have said, in particular with reference to the rich and prolific trans-generic writing which Cixous has continued to produce in the three decades since *Neutre*. One suspects that he would have continued to acknowledge Cixous's prowess in delirium, and in recruiting the reader as co-traveller, hurtling on exhilarating, rhizomatic journeys of varying speeds and intensities.

In another sense, ongoing chronologies and collaborations would not necessarily have produced incremental understandings. Deleuzian thought remains available to interrogate and to provoke both past and future texts. As Cixous writes at the close of her short text on Beckett: 'Le devenir tout entier est une lutte. Ce qui m'intéresse c'est de passer du commencé aux commencements. De l'ensemencé à l'ensemencement'

(‘Une passion’, p. 413) [Becoming, in its entirety, is a struggle. What interests me is to pass from the begun to the beginnings. From the sown to the sowing]. Thresholds, in Cixous as in Deleuze, are multiple and not sequential. Their significance lies not only in the space but also in the movement which they give access to. Even as the senses go into stroboscopic spin, asserts Deleuze, ‘il y a quelque chose de plus profond, un sentiment d’intensité, c’est-à-dire un devenir ou un passage. Un gradient est franchi, un seuil dépassé ou rétrogradé, une migration s’opère’⁷ [there is something more profound, a feeling of intensity, that is to say a becoming or a transition. A gradient is passed, a threshold crossed or relegated, a departure takes place].

Notes

Introduction

1. Gilles Deleuze, *Pourparlers* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1990), p. 188. Hereafter referred to as *PR*. All English translations of Deleuze are my own.
2. See René Schérer: 'Lui, l'apologiste de l'errance, du nomadisme, lui qui a transformé ce dernier mot en concept opératoire d'une "nomadologie", n'a jamais bougé de sa chambre – ou presque' [He, the apologist for restless wandering, nomadism, he who transformed the latter word into the operative concept of a 'nomadology', never moved from his room – or hardly]. René Schérer, *Regards sur Deleuze* (Paris: Editions Kimé, 1998), p. 13.
3. The eight hours of interviews were filmed (directed by Pierre-André Boutang) in 1988, and broadcast on the Arte channel during 1994/95. Paris: Vidéo Editions Montparnasse, 1996, Cassette 3, containing 'V' for 'Voyage'. Hereafter referred to as *AB*.
4. Expressed in a 1988 interview with Raymond Bellour and François Ewald.
5. 'Becoming', in the Deleuzian sense, is not in opposition to 'being'. Rather, what 'is' is always part of becoming, which is an affirmative flow, and not a product of the troubling intervention of change. Becoming is a process (a verb), and not a completed transformation (a noun).
6. Directed by Kevin Costner, 1990.
7. Dunbar's Dakota wolf appears to be a lone wolf. Cp. Deleuze and Guattari's discussion of individual and pack in relation to Freud's Wolf-Man in *Mille plateaux* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1980), esp. pp. 38–52. Hereafter referred to as *MP*.
8. Claire Colebrook, *Gilles Deleuze* (London: Routledge, 2002), p. 133.
9. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Kafka: pour une littérature mineure* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1975), p. 65. Hereafter referred to as *K*.
10. J. K. Huysmans, *A rebours* (Paris: Union Générale d'Éditions, 1975), p. 226.
11. Xavier de Maistre, *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, in *Oeuvres complètes* (Paris: Charpentier, 1861), p. 10.
12. Alain de Botton, *The Art of Travel* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 2002), p. 250.
13. John Hughes, *Reading Deleuze with Hardy, Gissing, Conrad, Woolf* (Sheffield: Sheffield Academic Press, 1997), p. 50.
14. Patty Sotirin, 'Becoming-Woman', in Charles J. Stivale (ed.), *Gilles Deleuze: Key Concepts* (Chesham: Acumen, 2005), pp. 98–109 [p. 100].
15. Quoted by Ken Garland in the 1984 BBC television series *Design Classics*, cited in Christopher Wilk (ed.), *Modernism: Designing a New World* (London: V & A Publications, 2006), p. 407, and cross-referred to Janin Hadlow, 'The London Underground Map: Imagining Modern Time and Space', *Design Issues*, Vol. 19, No. 1 (Winter 2003), pp. 25–35 [p. 32].
16. Jack Kerouac, *On The Road* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1957), p. 119.
17. See, for example, towards the end of the novel, a passing nostalgia for origins and termini in the narrator's reference to 'the senseless nightmare road. All of it inside endless and beginningless emptiness' (Kerouac, p. 254).

18. See, for example, Chapter 2 of Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues* (Paris: Flammarion, 1977), pp. 47–63. Hereafter referred to as *D*.
19. Kenneth Surin includes Tournier in a list (with other writers such as Ghérasim Luca, Artaud, and Genet) which he suggests ‘can be described as an “honorary” Anglo-American canon’. Kenneth Surin, ‘“A Question of an Axiomatic of Desires”: The Deleuzian Imagination of Geoliterature’, in Ian Buchanan and John Marks (eds), *Deleuze and Literature* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2000), pp. 167–93 [p. 168]. Surin’s chapter also includes a binary grid, contrasting particular characteristics of ‘French’ and ‘Anglo-American’ literatures as perceived by Deleuze.
20. Jeremy Wilson, *Lawrence of Arabia: The Authorised Biography of T. E. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1989), pp. 22–23.
21. Manola Antonioli, ‘Géophilosophie’, in Stéfán Leclercq (ed.), *Concepts* (hors série), (January 2002), pp. 9–31 [p. 11].
22. Works by T. E. Lawrence, Melville, D. H. Lawrence, and Beckett are the principal subjects of essays by Deleuze in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), and Deleuze’s ‘Michel Tournier ou le monde sans autrui’ appears as the ‘Postface’ to Tournier’s novel *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972); also (with minor differences) in his *Logique du sens* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1969) (hereafter referred to as *LS*). Other Deleuzian references to the work of the five writers (for example, Deleuze’s essay, *L’Épuisé*, on Beckett’s television plays) appear within the relevant chapter.
23. To suit his purposes, Lawrence let himself be known at different times as ‘John Hume Ross’ and ‘T. E. Shaw’.
24. Chapter 12, ‘Traité de nomadologie: la machine de guerre’, *MP*, fn. 97, pp. 518–19.
25. Gregg Lambert, *The Non-Philosophy of Gilles Deleuze* (New York and London: Continuum, 2002), p. 146.
26. Gilles Deleuze, *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), p. 16. Hereafter referred to as *CC*.

1—Travelling by Camel: T. E. Lawrence and the Portability of Shame

1. Gilles Deleuze, ‘La Honte et la Gloire: T. E. Lawrence’, in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), pp. 144–57 [p. 149]. Hereafter referred to as *HG*.
2. T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926 edition: London: Penguin, 1962), p. 580. Hereafter referred to as *SP*.
3. T. E. Lawrence, *Les Sept piliers de la sagesse*, trans. Julien Deleuze (Paris: Gallimard, 1992), p. 787.
4. A similar theme is pursued by the writer and politician André Malraux, who embarked upon a lengthy but unfinished study of Lawrence (unpublished aside from one chapter during his lifetime), entitled *Le Démon de l’absolu*, in André Malraux, *Oeuvres complètes*, Vol. II (Paris: Gallimard, 1996), pp. 817–1301. Hereafter referred to as *DA*. See Chapter 27 (pp. 1094–95): ‘Au sens où Mallarmé disait que le monde est fait pour aboutir à un beau livre, Lawrence exigeait que l’action fût faite pour aboutir à une expérience lucide et transmissible’ [In the sense that Mallarmé used to say that the world is

- made so as to result in a fine book, Lawrence required that action be undertaken so as to result in a lucid and transmissible experience].
5. Ronald Bogue does include detailed consideration of the essay, especially in relation to Goethe's theory of colours, in Chapter 6, on 'Life, Lines, Visions, Auditions', of his *Deleuze on Literature* (London/New York: Routledge, 2003).
 6. Edward W. Said, *Orientalism* (London: Penguin, 1995), p. 241.
 7. Dennis Porter, 'Orientalism and its Problems', in Patrick Williams and Laura Chrisman (eds), *Colonial Discourse and Post-Colonial Theory: A Reader* (Hemel Hempstead: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1993), pp. 150–61 [pp. 155–56].
 8. Graham Dawson, 'The Blond Bedouin: Lawrence of Arabia, Imperial Adventure and the Imagining of English-British Masculinity', in Michael Roper and John Tosh (eds), *Manful Assertions: Masculinities in Britain since 1800* (London: Routledge, 1991), pp. 113–44 [p. 138].
 9. In the introductory chapter to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Lawrence writes of his collaboration with his Arab comrades: 'Instead of being proud of what we did together, I was continually and bitterly ashamed' (*SP*, p. 24).
 10. Deleuze's use of the upper case in 'Caractère' harks back to his discussion, a few pages earlier, of the distinction between character and self: '*Le caractère, c'est la Bête: esprit, vouloir, désir, désir-désert qui réunit les entités hétérogènes*' (*HG*, p. 150) [The *character* is the *Beast*: spirit, wish, desire, desire-desert which brings together heterogeneous entities]. Citing Orson Welles's particular insistence on the word's connotations in English, Deleuze aligns it with a Nietzschean will to power which harnesses a multiplicity of forces.
 11. Lawrence's feeling of shame at intimacy between those who are unequal, or not interchangeable, extends to human beings. See Chapter 103: 'Intimacy seemed shameful unless the other could make the perfect reply, in the same language, after the same method, for the same reasons' (*SP*, p. 580).
 12. See, for example, Lawrence's description of the élite she-camel Wodheihā: 'At ascents and descents we used to slide together side by side with comic accidents, which she seemed rather to enjoy' (*SP*, p. 505).
 13. Chapter 32.
 14. See Ronald Bogue: 'Lawrence charts a double map of trajectories and becomings [...]. Traced there are trajectories of a becoming-Arab of Lawrence, a becoming-heroic Rebellion of his Arab followers, a becoming-camel of both, and a general becoming-imperceptible before an overwhelming environment' (*Deleuze on Literature*, p. 175).
 15. *The Mint* was first published in a limited edition in 1936; having been translated into French by René Etiemble as *La Matrice*, it was published by Gallimard in 1955.
 16. Deleuze refers graphically to this episode: '*La matrice s'ouvre sur cette honte du corps avec ses marques d'infamie*' (*HG*, p. 154) [*The Mint* opens with this shape of the body with its despicable marks].
 17. T. E. Lawrence, *The Mint* (unexpurgated edition: Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978), p. 36. Hereafter referred to as *TM*.
 18. As Deleuze observes in a footnote (*HG*, p. 153, fn. 28), Lawrence claims never to have found a master who could command his willing subjection, not even General Allenby. See Chapter 103: 'Allenby came nearest to my longings for a master, but I had to avoid him, not daring to bow down for fear lest he show feet of clay with that friendly word which must shatter my allegiance' (*SP*, p. 582).

19. Gilles Deleuze, *Présentation de Sacher-Masoch* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1967), p. 105. Hereafter referred to as *PSM*.
20. For a careful discussion of this phenomenon as it manifested itself in Lawrence's behaviour, see John Mack's Pulitzer Prize-winning *A Prince of our Disorder: The Life of T. E. Lawrence* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1998), pp. 427ff.
21. T. E. Lawrence, in David Garnett (ed.), *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1938), p. 160.
22. As is well known, Lawrence died as a result of a motorcycle accident in 1935.
23. Cp. Pierre Moinot, *T. E. Lawrence en guerre: Le choix de la servitude* (Paris: Quai Voltaire, Edima, 1994): 'Je découvrais là un homme à la fois acteur et spectateur de sa vie, d'une curiosité et d'une cruauté aiguës envers lui-même' [I discovered there a man who was at once the actor and spectator of his life, with a sharp curiosity and cruelty towards himself].
24. Deleuze cites Spinoza in this context: 'Ce que le corps fait, il le fait tout seul. Lawrence fait sienne la formule de Spinoza: on ne sait pas ce que peut un corps!' (*HG*, p. 154) [What the body does, it does alone. Lawrence makes Spinoza's formula his own: we don't know what a body can do!].
25. Estragon: 'What about hanging ourselves?' Vladimir: 'Hmm. It'd give us an erection'. Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot* (London: Faber, 1965), Act I, p. 17.
26. See also the opening chapter of *Seven Pillars*, which has the effect of establishing this performative doubling from the outset: 'Such detachment came at times to a man exhausted by prolonged physical effort and isolation. His body plodded on mechanically, while his reasonable mind left him, and from without looked down critically on him, wondering what that futile lumber did and why. Sometimes these selves would converse in the void; and then madness was very near, as I believe it would be near the man who could see things through the veils at once of two customs, two educations, two environments' (*SP*, p. 30). The reference to near-madness is echoed by Deleuze, who terms *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* 'un livre presque fou' (*HG*, p. 152) [a near-crazy book].
27. See Maurice Larès, *T. E. Lawrence: La France et les Français*, Tome II, doctoral thesis (1976), reproduced by the University of Lille III (1978), p. 1095. See also the abbreviated version of the study, *T. E. Lawrence, la France et les Français* (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1980). [In the published title of the latter, the gallicised 'Laurence' is returned to its original spelling.]
28. The part of Lawrence was the young actor's first major film rôle.
29. Steven C. Caton, *Lawrence of Arabia: A Film's Anthropology* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999), p. 17.
30. Cp. Deleuze's discussion of faciality in Dreyer's film *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*, in *Cinéma I: L'Image-Mouvement* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1983), esp. pp. 150–53. Hereafter referred to as *CI*.
31. Michael A. Anderegg, 'Lawrence of Arabia: The Man, The Myth, The Movie', *Michigan Quarterly Review*, Vol. 21, No. 2 (Spring 1982), pp. 281–302 [p. 300].
32. 'Lawrence d'Arabie', in the series '2000 Ans d'histoire', presented by Patrice Gélinet, France Inter, 25 November 2005.
33. Dominique Lormier, *Les Chercheurs d'absolu* (Paris: Editions du Félin, 2003).

34. Cp. André Malraux: 'Le désert exaltait Lawrence comme la mer avait exalté Melville, la montagne Nietzsche' (*DA*, p. 1096) [The desert elated Lawrence as the sea had elated Melville, and the mountain Nietzsche].
35. H. S. Ede, *T. E. Lawrence's Letters to H. S. Ede 1927–1935* (London: The Golden Cockerel Press, 1942), p. 27.
36. *La Révolte dans le désert*, trans. B. Mayra and Lt Colonel de Fonlongue was published by Editions Payot in June 1928.

2—Travel by Sea: Herman Melville

1. William P. Trent, *A History of American Literature, 1607–1865* (New York: D Appleton, 1903), p. 390, cited in Harrison Hayford and Hershel Parker (eds), Herman Melville: *Moby-Dick* (Norton Critical Edition) (New York: W W Norton, 1967), p. 624.
2. D. H. Lawrence, *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London: Heinemann, 1964), p. 151.
3. T. E. Lawrence, Letter (26 August 1922) to Edward Garnett, in David Garnett (ed.), *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1938), p. 360.
4. Jean-Clet Martin, 'L'oeil du dehors', in Eric Alliez (ed.), *Gilles Deleuze: Une Vie philosophique* (Paris: Institut Synthélabo, 1998), pp. 103–14 [p. 107].
5. Newton Arvin, *Herman Melville* (Westport: Greenwood Press, 1976), p. 173.
6. Albert Camus, 'Herman Melville', *Les Écrivains célèbres*, Vol. 3 (Paris: Éditions d'Art, Lucien Mazenod, 1952), in Roger Quilliot (ed.), Albert Camus: *Théâtre, Récits, Nouvelles* (Paris: Gallimard, 1962), pp. 1899–1903 [p. 1899].
7. Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1967), p. 469. Hereafter referred to as *MD*.
8. Herman Melville, *Typee* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1938), p. 13. Hereafter referred to as *T*.
9. Gilles Deleuze, 'Bartleby, ou la Formule', in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Éditions de Minuit, 1993), pp. 89–114 [p. 107]. Hereafter referred to as *BF*.
10. D. H. Lawrence, 'Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo*', in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London: Heinemann, 1964), pp. 124–36. Hereafter referred to as *HMTO*.
11. Geoffrey Sanborn, *The Sign of the Cannibal: Melville and the Making of a Postcolonial Reader* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1998).
12. See, for example, 'Année zéro – Visagéité', Chapter 7 of *Mille plateaux*, pp. 205–34.
13. Cp. William Faulkner's description: 'a sort of Golgotha of the heart become immutable as bronze in the sonority of its plunging ruin', *Chicago Tribune*, 16 July 1927, p. 12, quoted in Hershel Parker and Harrison Hayford (eds), *Moby-Dick as Doubloon* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1967), p. 172.
14. Herman Melville, 'Billy Budd', in *Billy Budd, Sailor, and Other Stories* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985), pp. 321–409 [p. 339]. Hereafter referred to as *BB*.
15. Herman Melville, 'Bartleby', in *Billy Budd, Sailor, and Other Stories* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985), pp. 59–99 [p. 83].
16. Paul Brodtkorb, Jr, *Ishmael's White World: A Phenomenological Reading of Moby Dick* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1965), pp. 80–81.

17. Deleuze cites Thoreau, alongside Melville and Jefferson, in 'Bartleby, ou la formule', as the (all-American) models for 'une communauté d'individus anarchistes' (*BF*, p. 109) [a community of anarchist individuals].
18. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden, or Life in the Woods* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1938), p. 161.
19. Jenny Franchot, 'Melville's Traveling God', in Robert S. Levine (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to Herman Melville* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), pp. 157–85 [p. 158].
20. Michel Pierssens, 'Gilles Deleuze: *Diabolus in Semiotica*', *MLN*, Vol. 90, No. 4 (May 1975), pp. 497–503 [p. 499].
21. Walter Redfern, 'Between the Lines of "Billy Budd"', *Journal of American Studies*, Vol. 17, No. 3 (1983), pp. 357–65 [p. 364].
22. Sébastien Loisel, 'La rencontre de Bartleby: Littérature mineure et expérimentation politique chez Deleuze', *Revue d'esthétique*, 'Ce que l'art fait à la philosophie: Le cas Deleuze', No. 45 (2004), pp. 21–31 [p. 25].
23. David Kirby, *Herman Melville* (New York: Continuum, 1993), p. 84.
24. Cp. the poem by Laurie Robertson-Lorant, entitled 'Melville Explains Why He Started Writing Poetry', which contains the lines: 'quill dipped in brine a crippled bird/ I toiled/ the prose was all blubber/ the black pots smoked and boiled / exhausted and drained/ I spat out lines alone', *Leviathan*, Vol. 2, No. 2 (October 2000), p. 118.
25. Letter to R. H. Dana, Jr, 1 May 1850, in Lynn Horth (ed.), *The Writings of Herman Melville: Vol. 14, Correspondence* (Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern University Press and the Newberry Library, 1993), pp. 160–62 [p. 162].
26. Letter to Sarah Huyler Morewood, September 1851, pp. 205–206.
27. John Bryant, *Melville and Repose: The Rhetoric of Humor in the American Renaissance* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993), p. 200.
28. Walter Redfern, 'Giono et la Rondeur de l'amour', *La Revue des Lettres modernes*, Nos 385–90 (1974), pp. 171–86 [p. 174].
29. William V. Spanos, *The Errant Art of Moby-Dick: The Canon, the Cold War, and the Struggle for American Studies* (Durham, NC and London: Duke University Press, 1995), p. 142.

3—Travelling Inwards: D. H. Lawrence

1. D. H. Lawrence, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (with *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*), (London: Heinemann, 1961), p. 134. Hereafter referred to as *FU*.
2. D. H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo* (Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1950), p. 312. Hereafter referred to as *KR*.
3. D. H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), p. 47. Hereafter referred to as *SS*.
4. See *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, Vol. 1, eds Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts (London: Heinemann, 1967), p. 348. Hereafter referred to as *CPI*.
5. See 'Baby Tortoise', *CPI*, p. 353.
6. See 'Lui et Elle', *CPI*, p. 360.

7. I have discussed in more detail elsewhere Deleuze's commentary on Lawrence's *Apocalypse*: 'Nietzsche's Arrow: Deleuze on D. H. Lawrence's *Apocalypse*', in Mary Bryden (ed.), *Deleuze and Religion* (London: Routledge, 2001), pp. 101–114.
8. Fanny and Gilles Deleuze, preface to D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse*, trans. Fanny Deleuze (Paris: Editions Balland, 1978), pp. 7–37 [p. 12]. Hereafter referred to as *PRE*. The preface is reprinted in Gilles Deleuze, *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), pp. 50–70. Since the later form of the essay (now attributed solely to Gilles Deleuze) contains slight variants, I am quoting here from the original.
9. D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse*, in Mara Kalnins (ed.) *Apocalypse and the Writings on Revelation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980), p. 67. Hereafter referred to as *AP*.
10. See Matthew 20:20–23.
11. See Matthew 26:33–35.
12. See Matthew 27:11, Mark 15:2, Luke 23:3, John 18:37. Biblical references are from *The Jerusalem Bible* (London: Darton, Longman and Todd, 1966).
13. D. H. Lawrence, 'Women are so Cocksure', in Edward D. McDonald (ed.), *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1936), pp. 167–69 [p. 169]. Hereafter referred to as *PI*.
14. D. H. Lawrence, 'Cocksure Women and Hensure Men', in Warren Roberts and Harry T Moore (eds), *Phoenix II: Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works by D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1968), pp. 553–55 [p. 555]. Hereafter referred to as *PII*.
15. G. B. Shaw, 'Women are Peculiarly Fitted to be Good Voters', printed in *The New York American* (21 April 1907), and reproduced in Rodelle Weintraub (ed.), *Fabian Feminist: Bernard Shaw and Women* (University Park, PA and London: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1977), pp. 248–54 [pp. 252–53].
16. D. H. Lawrence, 'Give Her a Pattern', *PII*, pp. 535–38 [p. 536].
17. D. H. Lawrence, 'Love', *PI*, pp. 151–56 [p. 151].
18. D. H. Lawrence, 'We Need One Another', *PI*, pp. 188–95 [p. 190]. Hereafter referred to as *WNOA*.
19. Richard Aldington, introduction to D. H. Lawrence's *Apocalypse* (London: Martin Secker, 1932), pp. v–xli [p. xxxv].
20. D. H. Lawrence, 'Matriarchy', *PII*, pp. 549–52 [p. 552].
21. D. H. Lawrence, 'Blessed are the Powerful', *PII*, pp. 436–43 [p. 441].
22. D. H. Lawrence, 'The Spirit of Place', in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (London: Heinemann, 1964), pp. 1–8 [p. 4]. Hereafter referred to as *SPI*.
23. See Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ* (published with *Twilight of the Idols*), trans. and ed. R. J. Hollingdale (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1968).
24. St Augustine, preface to Chapter I, Book I, *De Civitate Dei*, cited from *La Cité de Dieu* (Paris: Librairie Garnier, 1941), p. 4.
25. D. H. Lawrence, 'The Man Who Died', in *The Tales of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Martin Secker, 1934), pp. 1098–138. Hereafter referred to as *TMWD*.
26. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Capitalisme et Schizophrénie: L'Anti-Oedipe* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1972), p. 421. Hereafter referred to as *AO*.
27. See notably Chapters 5 and 6 of D. H. Lawrence, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, in *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (London: Heinemann, 1961), pp. 232–49. Hereafter referred to as *PU*.

28. D. H. Lawrence, 'Art and Morality' (1925), in Michael Herbert (ed.), *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Critical Writings* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), pp. 167–72 [p. 170]. Hereafter referred to as *AM*.
29. D. H. Lawrence, 'Chaos in Poetry', in Michael Herbert (ed.), *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Critical Writings* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), pp. 234–42 [p. 234]. Hereafter referred to as *CP*.
30. See *AO*, p. 58.
31. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1991), p. 189. Hereafter referred to as *QP*.
32. See Genesis 2:21–22.
33. Samuel Beckett, *Three Dialogues*, in Ruby Cohn (ed.), *Samuel Beckett: Disjecta: Miscellaneous Writings and a Dramatic Fragment* (London: John Calder, 1983), pp. 138–45 [p. 145].
34. D. H. Lawrence, *Etruscan Places* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950), p. 78. Hereafter referred to as *ETP*.
35. D. H. Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* (London: Martin Secker, 1927), pp. 141–42.
36. See Abercrombie's 'Ryton Firs', cited in Richard Mabey, *Flora Britannica* (London: Sinclair-Stevenson, 1996), p. 426.
37. Richard Mabey, *Flora Britannica* (London: Sinclair-Stevenson, 1996), p. 428.
38. Letter of 20 May 1929, in Aldous Huxley (ed.), *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Heinemann, 1932), p. 801. Hereafter referred to as *L*.
39. Cp. Lawrence's poem 'Fish', which contains the lines: 'To be a fish!/ So utterly without misgiving/ To be a fish/ In the waters' (*CPI*, p. 337).
40. Rick Rylance, 'Lawrence's Politics', in Keith Brown (ed.), *Rethinking Lawrence* (Milton Keynes: Open University Press, 1990), pp. 163–80 [p. 171].
41. D. H. Lawrence, 'The Theatre', *Italian Essays of 1913*, in Paul Eggert (ed.), *Twilight in Italy and Other Essays* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994), pp. 69–80 [p. 71].
42. See, for example, the opening of section VIII.

4—Land-to-Air Travel: Michel Tournier

1. Michel Tournier, interview on France-Inter radio channel, 4 April 1994.
2. Michel Tournier, *Le Vent paraclet* (Paris: Gallimard, 1977), p. 151. Hereafter referred to as *VP*.
3. Jean Giono, 'Le Voyageur immobile', in *L'Eau vive* (Paris: Gallimard, 1943), pp. 42–44 [p. 44]. I am grateful to Walter Redfern for drawing this text to my attention.
4. Michel Tournier and Jean-Max Toubeau, *Le Vagabond immobile* (Paris: Gallimard, 1984), p. 5. Hereafter referred to as *VI*.
5. Colin Davis, *Michel Tournier: Philosophy and Fiction* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988), p. 192.
6. Michel Tournier, 'La Famille Adam', in *Le Coq de bruyère* (Paris: Gallimard, 1978), pp. 11–18 [p. 15].
7. Michel Tournier, *Le Roi des aulnes* (Paris: Gallimard, 1970), p. 58.
8. Walter Redfern, *Michel Tournier: Le Coq de bruyère* (Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1996), p. 14.
9. Michel Tournier, 'Tupik', in *Le Coq de bruyère* (Paris: Gallimard, 1978), pp. 69–84 [p. 70]. Hereafter referred to as *TU*.

10. Michel Tournier, *Gilles et Jeanne* (Paris: Gallimard, 1983), p. 13. Hereafter referred to as *GJ*.
11. The English equivalent is 'The Maid of Orleans'.
12. Charles J. Stivale, 'Nomad Love and the War-Machine: Michel Tournier's *Gilles et Jeanne*', *SubStance*, Vol. 2 (1991), pp. 44–59 [p. 48].
13. Gilles Deleuze, 'Michel Tournier et le monde sans autrui', 'Postface' to Michel Tournier, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972), pp. 257–83 [pp. 283, 261]. Also, identical in all but minor details, in Gilles Deleuze, 'Une théorie d'autrui (autrui, Robinson et le pervers)', *Critique*, No. 241 (June 1967), pp. 503–25, and Gilles Deleuze, *Logique du sens* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1969), pp. 350–72. Hereafter referred to as *MT*.
14. Daniel Defoe, *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (London: Milner, 1895), p. 88. Hereafter referred to as *RC*.
15. For an interesting discussion of narrative perspectives in the novel, see Margaret Sankey, 'Meaning through Intertextuality: Isomorphism of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* and Tournier's *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique*', *Australian Journal of French Studies*, Vol. 18, No. 1 (January–April 1981), pp. 77–88.
16. Gilles Deleuze, 'La Honte et la Gloire: T. E. Lawrence', in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), pp.144–57 [p.145]. Abbreviated elsewhere as *HG*.
17. Michel Tournier, *Vendredi ou les limbes du Pacifique* (Paris: Gallimard, 1972: 1977 printing), pp. 115,116. Hereafter referred to as *V*. Note that the page numbers of later printings (for example that of 1977) of the 1972 Folio edition differ slightly from the original 1972 printing, the latter having 281 pages, and the 1977 printing having 283 pages.
18. The passage containing this insight occurs just before the narration of the explosion, unintentionally caused by *Vendredi*, which destroys much of Robinson's stores and endeavours.
19. The same one-letter discrepancy between the two words can also be seen, as Walter Redfern points out, in Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and German. He also points to its exploitation in the title of Italo Calvino's novel, *Cosmicomics*. See Walter Redfern, *Puns* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2000), pp. 231 and 270.
20. Tournier no doubt has in mind the Preacher's resonant denunciation of the 'vanity' of life. Yet perhaps he overlooks that, after his prolonged stare at the abyss, the author of *Ecclesiastes* exhorts, hearteningly, towards the end of the Book (Chapter 9): 'Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart'.
21. Samuel Beckett, *Endgame* (London: Faber, 1964), p. 20. In the original French, *Fin de partie*: 'Rien n'est plus drôle que le malheur, je te l'accorde' (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1957), p. 33.
22. Gilles Deleuze, 'Pensée nomade', in David Lapoujade (ed.), *L'Île déserte et autres textes* by Gilles Deleuze (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002), pp. 351–64 [p. 359]. Hereafter referred to as *PN*.
23. Gilles Deleuze, 'Causes et raisons des îles désertes', in David Lapoujade (ed.), *L'Île déserte et autres textes* by Gilles Deleuze (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002), pp. 11–17 [p. 15]. Hereafter referred to as *ID*.
24. Moira Gatens, 'Through a Spinozist Lens: Ethology, Difference, Power', in Paul Patton (ed.), *Deleuze: A Critical Reader* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1996), pp. 162–87 [p. 172].

25. Alice A. Jardine, *Gynesis: Configurations of Woman and Modernity* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1985), p. 223.
26. 'île' being a feminine noun in French, the final pronoun in this sentence could of course be translated as 'it'. However, given subsequent associations of the island with female attributes, I have opted here for her'.
27. See also the reference to 'ce processus dont je suis le théâtre' (V, p. 68) [this process of which I am the theatre].
28. Arlette Boulimié, 'Writing and Modernism: Michel Tournier's *Friday*', *Style*, Vol. 26, No. 3 (Fall 1992), pp. 447–56 [p. 452].
29. Mireille Buydens, *Sahara: L'esthétique de Gilles Deleuze* (Paris: Vrin, 1990), p. 55.
30. Francis Yaiche, *Vendredi ou la vie sauvage* (Paris: Bordas, 1981), p. 31.
31. 'An Interview with Michel Tournier', in Susan Petit, *Michel Tournier's Metaphysical Fictions* (Amsterdam and Philadelphia: John Benjamins, 1991), pp. 173–93 [p. 185].
32. Anthony Purdy, 'From Defoe's *Crusoe* to Tournier's *Vendredi*', *Canadian Review of Comparative Literature*, Vol. 11, No. 2 (June 1984), pp. 216–35 [p. 233].
33. Indeed, some more liberal theologians would argue that, permanent exclusion from God's presence for those unbaptised through no fault of their own seeming to be incompatible with notions of a beneficent God, space should be provided in the doctrine for a so-called baptism of desire, in which an intense desire for God results in accordance of the beatific vision.
34. This is in contrast with the Robinson of Tournier's short story, 'La fin de Robinson Crusocé', who does return, tells his tale, and, when attempting in old age to find the island again, fails to do so. Voyages cannot be re-enacted; the island, like himself, has grown old. See Michel Tournier, *Le Coq de bruyère* (Paris: Gallimard, 1978), pp. 21–25.
35. Karen D. Levy, 'Tournier's Ultimate Perversion: The Historical Manipulation of *Gilles et Jeanne*', *Papers on Language and Literature*, Vol. 28, No. 1 (1992), pp. 72–88 [p. 74].
36. Colin Nettelbeck, 'The Return of the Ogre: Michel Tournier's *Gilles et Jeanne*', *Scripsi*, Vol. 2, No. 4 (1984), pp. 43–50 [p. 43].
37. Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968), pp. 51–52.

5—Travelling on Foot and Bicycle: Self-locomotion in Samuel Beckett

1. Samuel Beckett, *Mercier et Camier* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1970), p. 109. Hereafter referred to as *MC*. Since Beckett composed both in French and in English, and undertook his own translations between the two languages in the case of almost the whole of his *oeuvre*, my practice in this chapter is to cite from the language of first composition. As Beckett's translations are often reformulations, recompositions, in the context of the target language/culture, I provide my own translations into English where necessary, in accordance with the practice adopted in other chapters.
2. Paul Bowles, *The Sheltering Sky* (London: HarperCollins, 1993), p. 13.

3. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci.
4. As so frequently with Beckett, what might appear to be a geographical indication is not a territorially specific one; the insular reference disappears from his English translation. What matters is the notion of remoteness: 'What we seek is not necessarily behind the back of beyond', Samuel Beckett, *Mercier and Camier* (London: Picador, 1988), p. 66.
5. Hugh Kenner, *Samuel Beckett: A Critical Study* (London: John Calder, 1961). See Chapter 3, 'The Cartesian Centaur', pp. 117–32 [p. 117].
6. Samuel Beckett, *All That Fall*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984). Hereafter referred to as *ATF*.
7. Samuel Beckett, *Molloy* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951), p. 20. Hereafter referred to as *ML*.
8. According to Kenner, Beckett told him that he recalled 'seeing such a bicycle when he was a boy in Dublin' (Kenner, p. 125).
9. Charles Juliet, *Rencontre avec Samuel Beckett* (Paris: Fata Morgana, 1986), p. 47.
10. See RUL MSS 1552/1–7.
11. Samuel Beckett, *Footfalls*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984), pp. 237–43 [p. 239]. Hereafter referred to as *F*.
12. Samuel Beckett, 'L'Expulsé', in *Nouvelles et Textes pour rien* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1958), pp. 11–37 [p. 11]. Hereafter referred to as *LE*.
13. Leslie Hill, *Beckett's Fiction: In Different Words* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp. 87–88.
14. Samuel Beckett, *Textes pour rien*, in *Nouvelles et Textes pour rien* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1958). Hereafter referred to as *TPR*, followed by the number of the *texte* under discussion.
15. Gilles Deleuze, *L'Épuisé*, in Samuel Beckett, *Quad, et autres pièces pour la télévision* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1992), pp. 57–106 [p. 59]. Hereafter referred to as *EP*.
16. Thomas Cousineau, *After the Final No: Samuel Beckett's Trilogy* (Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1999), p. 50.
17. See Matthew 27:32; Mark 15:21; Luke 23:26.
18. Samuel Beckett, 'de pied ferme', in 'Mirlitonades', in *Collected Poems 1930–1978* (London: John Calder, 1986), p. 90.
19. Samuel Beckett, *Pour finir encore et autres foirades* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1976), p. 38.
20. R. D. Laing, *The Divided Self* (London: Tavistock, 1960), p. 15.
21. See, for example, the remark addressed to Deleuze and Guattari by Catherine Backès-Clément: 'On vous dira peut-être que vous valorisez la schizophrénie d'une manière romantique et irresponsable' [People will perhaps tell you that you are valorising schizophrenia in a romantic and irresponsible manner] (Interview with Catherine Backès-Clément, *L'Arc*, no. 49 [1972], reprinted in *PR*, pp. 24–38 [p. 37]).
22. Samuel Beckett, *Malone meurt* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951), p. 12. Hereafter referred to as *MM*.
23. Louis Wolfson, *Le Schizo et les langues* (Paris: Gallimard, 1970).
24. Samuel Beckett, *Not I*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984), pp. 213–23 [p. 222]. Hereafter referred to as *NI*.
25. Gilles Deleuze, 'Bégaya-t-il ...', in *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), pp. 135–43 [p. 139].

26. Samuel Beckett, German Letter of 1937, in Ruby Cohn (ed.), *Samuel Beckett: Disjecta: Miscellaneous Writings and a Dramatic Fragment* (London: John Calder, 1983), pp. 170–73 [pp. 171, 172].
27. Lawrence E. Harvey, *Samuel Beckett: Poet and Critic* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1970), p. 249.
28. The English words ‘stutter’ and ‘stammer’ do not, unfortunately, afford these ludic possibilities in conjunction with ‘and’.
29. This is in contradistinction to the ‘usage mineur’ [minor usage] which designates writers, like Beckett and Luca, who embrace the notion of strangeness, or exile, within language.
30. I discuss relationships between Beckett’s writing and the apophatic tradition in Mary Bryden, *Samuel Beckett and the Idea of God* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1998).
31. Samuel Beckett, *Mal vu mal dit* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1981), p. 56.
32. Katherine Weiss, ‘Bits and Pieces: The Fragmented Body in Samuel Beckett’s *Not I* and *That Time*’, in Daniela Caselli, Steven Connor, and Laura Salisbury (eds), *Other Becketts* (Tallahassee: Journal of Beckett Studies Books, 2002), pp. 187–95 [p. 188].
33. I discuss the gender implications of this text in Mary Bryden, *Women in Samuel Beckett’s Prose and Drama: Her Own Other* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1993), pp. 148–53.
34. Samuel Beckett, *Assez*, in *Têtes-Mortes* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1967), pp. 40–41.
35. Earlier in Chapter 1 of *L’Anti-Oedipe*, Deleuze and Guattari cite the end of Beckett’s novel *Malone meurt*, in which a benefactress, Lady Pedal (her name indicative of her association with enforced movement) takes a group of asylum inmates out on a disastrous excursion.
36. Samuel Beckett, *Rockaby*, in *Collected Shorter Plays of Samuel Beckett* (London: Faber, 1984), pp. 271–82.
37. Samuel Beckett, *Murphy* (London: Picador, 1973), p. 5. Hereafter referred to as *MU*.
38. The corresponding passage (and subsequent text) in the original reads: ‘The rock got faster and faster, shorter and shorter, the gleam was gone, the grin was gone, the starlessness was gone, soon his body would be quiet’ (*MU*, pp. 141–42).
39. Gilles Deleuze, ‘Le plus grand film irlandais’, *Critique et clinique* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1993), pp. 36–39. An earlier version appears in the *Revue d’esthétique* (special issue on Beckett, *hors série*, 1986), pp. 381–82.
40. Sidney Homan, *Beckett’s Theaters: Interpretations for Performance* (London and Toronto: Associated University Presses, 1984), p. 147.
41. Samuel Beckett, *Film*, in *Collected Shorter Plays* (London: Faber, 1984), pp. 161–74 [p. 163]. Hereafter referred to as *FM*.
42. Even Nell in *Fin de partie* (*Endgame*), last to speak and first to fall silent in her ascan, is never seen to die or verified dead by the other characters.
43. See MS 1227/7/6/1, Reading University Library. This notebook also contains highly specific diagrams and notes for *Film*.
44. Samuel Beckett, *L’Innommable* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1953), p. 213.
45. Hélène Cixous, ‘Une Passion: l’un peu moins que rien’, in Tom Bishop and Raymond Federman (eds), *Cahier de l’Herne: Samuel Beckett* (Paris: l’Herne, 1976), pp. 396–413 [p. 398].

46. Samuel Beckett, *More Pricks Than Kicks* (London: Calder and Boyars, 1970), p. 186.
47. The term occurs in Chapter 6 of the novel: 'The development of what looked like collusion between such utter strangers [i.e. body and mind] remained to Murphy as unintelligible as telekinesis' (*MU*, p. 65).
48. Samuel Beckett, *Happy Days/Oh les beaux jours*, bilingual edition, ed. James Knowlson (London: Faber, 1978), p. 74. Hereafter referred to as *HD*.
49. 'J'appelle devant l'oeil de l'esprit', *EP*, p. 97. Note, however, that, in *L'Épuisé*, the line is wrongly attributed (either by error or misprint) to Willie.
50. See 'Deleuze Reading Beckett', in Richard Lane (ed.), *Beckett and Philosophy* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2002), pp. 80–92.
51. Samuel Beckett, *Worstward Ho* (London: John Calder, 1983), p. 40.
52. 'Ineffable manière de marcher, tout en roulis et tangage' (*CC*, p. 139) [the ineffable way of walking, all pitch and roll].
53. See, for example, Gilles Deleuze, *Francis Bacon: Logique de la sensation*, Vol. II (Paris: Editions de la Différence, 1981), p. 36. Hereafter referred to as *LSII*.
54. Ludovic Janvier, *Beckett par lui-même* (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1969), p. 105.
55. Already extensively explored by Deleuze and Guattari, notably in *Mille plateaux*.
56. Billie Whitelaw, *Billie Whitelaw ... Who He?* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1995), p. 142.
57. Gilles Deleuze, *Francis Bacon: Logique de la sensation*, Vol. I (Paris: Editions de la Différence, 1981), p. 42. Hereafter referred to as *LSI*.
58. See Gilles Deleuze, *LSII* for reproductions of the paintings under discussion.

Afterword: Strobic Travelling with Hélène Cixous

1. Gilles Deleuze, *Différence et Répétition* (Paris: PUF, 1968), p. 328.
2. Hélène Cixous, *La Venue à l'écriture*, in *Entre l'écriture* (Paris: Des Femmes, 1986), p. 61.
3. Gilles Deleuze, 'Hélène Cixous ou l'Écriture stroboscopique', in David Lapoujade (ed.), *L'Île Déserte et autres textes: Textes et entretiens 1953–1974* by Gilles Deleuze (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2002), pp.320–22. Hereafter referred to as *HC*.
4. Verena Andermatt Conley, *Hélène Cixous* (Hemel Hempstead: Harvester, 1992), p. 23.
5. Hélène Cixous, *Neutre* (Paris: Des Femmes, 1972), p. 62.
6. Cp. Ronald Bogue's Deleuzian analysis of death metal music: 'In sum, death metal's emphatically pulsed, rapid tempos and multiple low-frequency accents produce the overall impression of a music played almost constantly at diverse levels of a breakneck speed'. 'Becoming Metal, Becoming Death ...', Chapter 5 of Ronald Bogue, *Deleuze's Wake: Tributes and Tributaries* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2004), pp. 83–108 [p. 99].
7. Gilles Deleuze, 'Schizophrénie et Société', in David Lapoujade (ed.), *Deux Régimes de Fous: Textes et Entretiens 1975–1995* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 2003), pp. 17–28 [p. 21].

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