

# Introduction

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**A**fter the tenth anniversary marking Gilles Deleuze's death (November 5, 1995), this issue of *Symposium* wishes to pay one more tribute to the "stutterer," whose rasping voice and rhizomatic writings do not, despite the passage of time, show any signs of loosening their hold on our philosophical imagination. I am sure that I express the sentiments of everyone who has contributed to this issue when I say: "Il a été mon maître." While some of us will remember that these are the words Deleuze used to express his own debt to Sartre, I feel even more comfortable in appropriating them as I begin to see how much the relationship that my colleagues and I have maintained with Deleuze resembles the one that he had maintained with Sartre: our intellectual debt to him does not make us his disciples, any more that his debt made him a Sartrean. Never was it more pertinent than it is today to reiterate this thought. There are no Deleuzeans; there are only people using Deleuze-blocks and Deleuze diagonal lines of transformation for the sake of creating concepts in philosophy, sensations in the arts, and modes of living in ethics and politics that are not necessarily (and sometimes not at all) Deleuze's.

Gilles Deleuze taught us that philosophy is the creation of concepts aiming, in a precarious manner, to impose consistency upon a chaos that he himself preferred to see as the seething *apeiron* of Empedocles, rather than as a void and a naught. He placed plenty of demands on the creating philosopher: he asked her to face her canvas and, like an artist, to begin by wiping away the clichés and the ready-mades of the *doxa* that stand in the way of her creation; to suspend the chattiness that the dominant ideology of communication encourages; and to opt for the desert of thinking and writing—a desert always populated by packs and tribes. The result of this condition, he promised, was not a dreaded *aphasia*, but rather the creative *glossolalia* of indirect discourse. As for the veracity of this glossolalia, Deleuze dares us to find it in the interesting and remarkable concepts that would punctuate and sustain it—in other words, in their ability to offer solutions to their parent problems or—perhaps the same thing—in their ability to make existing problems resonate together. *Est enim verum index sui. Salut donc à un maître Spinoziste.*

To create, rather than to represent or to recognize! The artist does not represent or recognize forms; she captures forces. Deleuze allowed this passion for creation to guide his search for an ethical stance that would be in constant experimentation with modes of living and socia-

bility, transcending the moralities of the transcendent ought, the judgment of God, and the omnivorous Self. Such an experimentation, he thought, would locate its own *phronesis* in the wisdom of bodies discovering that, in assemblage with other bodies and in compossibility (in the extension of sympathy, as Hume liked to say), their *vis existendi* is magnified (intensified), and joyful passions point out the direction to adequate ideas. The same passion for creation shows up in Deleuze's politics, the subversive tendencies of which cannot be overlooked: temples are destroyed as others are being constructed. But these subversive tendencies are framed by the leitmotif that says resistance cannot be a substitute for creation. One escapes exclusive disjunctions by creating something new, not by embracing one of the horns nor by playing the divine game of sublation. To reterritorialize in new institutions, to extend and transform existing jurisprudence, to diagrammatize so that hereto distinct problems begin to resonate together—these are signs of creative praxis. *Salut donc à un maître subversif et pervers.*

Deleuze also taught us to be deeply suspicious of the traditional image of thought, with its postulates of representation and recognition, good sense and common sense, and its preference for solutions and immutable knowledge. In his irreverent moments, to attempt to reverse Platonism, he permitted himself this humorous designation of the traditional image: "Good day, Theaetetus!" and offered us instead his preference for the chain reaction made possible by what he called "fundamental encounters"—one capable of transmitting intensities from one gerund to another (*sentiendum* → *imaginandum* → *loquendum* → *cogitandum*), and capable also of supporting a new thought of difference that would no longer function as the old prop for identity—the thought of difference in itself. He spoke of *concordia discordata* between faculties, displacing the harmonious dovetailing of all faculties, which subtends the Kantian legacy and the lived body of a certain phenomenological tradition; he stressed the primacy of problems and apprenticeship instead of solutions and knowledge. *Salut donc à un maître Nietzscheën.*

He fought a good fight against the compromises of psychoanalysis with the ambivalence of the dialectics of the Enlightenment, succeeding in creating the articulation of a new image of the unconscious as a factory of social forces under constant construction, rather than a theater of familial shadows that has to be witnessed and interpreted. He made us see that bodies function at their best when they are no longer, or not yet, organisms but rather surfaces of loosely assembled larval selves (one for the eye, another for the ear, a third for the liver). He launched a theory of impassive and untimely sense—sense best expressed through verbal infinitive modes, in the place of phenomenological and hermeneutic meaning, expressed always in the dative case. He cemented all this

with a theory of time that bifurcates into the virtual *Aion* of the event and the actual *Chronos* of states of affairs—seeing the latter as the actualization of the former, and the former as the mobile and reference point of all counter-actualizations, without which creative imagination and creative acts would be impossible. *Salut donc à un maître Bergsonian.*

None of these claims could hold water without Deleuze's transcendental empiricism (the quest for the conditions of actual experience) resting on the bold decision to open a new domain of philosophical reflection in the new space that is exposed after the performance of an intensive reduction. If becoming is a force field that gives rise to the metastable figures of the same—if, in other words, becoming is the eternal differentiation of a field of forces (as Deleuze, following Nietzsche, assumes)—the genesis of what comes to be and passes away has to be accounted for in terms of the intensities of forces (their differences and degrees) and in terms of the relations they establish with one another in concrete assemblages. Seizing intensities and calibrating their function demands that we go beyond the given (extended entities), towards that which causes the given to be given, that is, intensity. Without this "going beyond," without this intensive reduction, Deleuze's philosophy would make no sense. "Reduction," of course, in this context does not mean elimination of something epiphenomenal for the sake of whatever is deemed to be genealogically fundamental. The world of extended beings with their provisional identities is not an illusion. But to the extent that its constitution has to be accounted for, nothing is accomplished by postulating a transcendental foundation conceived in the image and the resemblance of the empirical and the ontic. The Deleuzian intensive reduction safeguards the reality of the actual (the actually given), but strives to account for it through the continuous interaction between the extended actual/real and the intensive virtual/real. In this case, the intensive reduction opens a transcendental field that is not the usual idealized reflection of the empirical. Virtual intensities raise problems and questions; the actual constitutes solutions and responses, and solutions do not resemble or copy their parent problems. *Salut donc à un maître non-phenomenologue.*

Finally, this tribute would not be complete without acknowledging the charm intrinsic to Deleuze's writings that captivates his readers. This charm is captured in the tension between his sober (some said "dry") style and the playfulness of his aphorisms. Speaking of Spinoza's *Ethics*, Deleuze liked to remind us that in Spinoza there are two *Ethics*: that of the axioms, the propositions, and the theorems, where things move slowly and methodically, and that of the scholia: "Having another style, almost another language ... herald[ing] the sign or condition of the new

man, one who has sufficiently augmented his power in order to form concepts and convert his affects into actions." Deleuze's writings may not have marked the distinction between scholia and demonstrations the way that Spinoza has in his *Ethics*, but they do not fail to have their own slow and methodical exposition and argumentation alongside the "breath of fresh air coming from the backyard." After a long and involved discussion of repetition and the place that repetition occupies in Freud's psychoanalysis, who among us can ever forget the delight we experienced the first time that we came across the haiku-like verse, "*Je ne répète pas parce que je refoule. Je refoule parce que je répète, j'oublie parce que je répète*"? Who among us escaped the call of the shortest and surest way to displace both a widespread mythology of the unconscious and the sovereign claims of consciousness that is present in what follows: "*Ce n'est pas l'inconscient que fait pression sur la conscience, c'est la conscience qui fait pression et garrot, pour L'empêcher de fuir*." Or again, how can we not feel the fatigue of us moderns that weighs on his speech: "*Le corps grec est une matière informée par une belle forme; il est le corps du savoir et de la croyance. Mais pour les modernes, il y a du temps dans le corps. Le nôtre, c'est un corps fragile, toujours fatigué. Mettre dans le corps la fatigue, l'attente, c'est ça le corps qu'incorpore le temps*"? (my notes from the November 20, 1984 seminar at Saint Denis).

*Salut donc à un maître styliste bègue.*

## I. DELEUZE AND PHILOSOPHY

It is thought which is crushed by these paving stones which are called philosophy, by these images which suffocate and jaundice it. "Images" here doesn't refer to ideology but to a whole organization which effectively trains thought to operate according to the norms of an established order or power, and moreover, installs it in an apparatus of power, sets it up as an apparatus of power itself. The Ratio as tribunal, as universal State, as republic of spirits (the more you are subjected, the more you are legislators, for you are only subject ... to pure reason).

Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues*

Le philosophe est l'ami du concept, il est en puissance de concept. C'est dire que la philosophie n'est pas un simple art de former, d'inventer ou de fabriquer des concepts, car les concepts ne sont pas nécessairement des formes, des trouvailles ou des produits. La philosophie, plus rigoureusement, est la discipline qui consiste à créer des concepts.

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?*