Deleuze Connections

is not the elements or the sets which define the multiplicity. What
sometimes it is the AND, as something which has its place between the
elements or between the sets. AND, AND, AND – stammering.

Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, Dialogues

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Chapter 5
Performing, Strolling, Thinking: From Minor Literature to Theatre of the Future

Daniel Watt with a Response from Julian Wolfreys

I am not at home.
True, I am sacked by skin but something is not right.
I'll walk a while
without the least hope of finding a way out
or in.

This begins, as does Anti-Oedipus, with a schizo stroll.
I am imagining Heidegger. He is walking in those dark woods that
surround 'die hütte' at Todtnauberg in the Black Forest. It is winter
and there is a heavy snowfall. The thick canopy of branches has pro-
tected the Pathmarks but, deep in thought, he is still some way Off
the Beaten Track. These mountain tracks - or to use the German of
Heidegger's book: Holzwege - are dead ends (as we shall examine
later). They are paths that end abruptly, seemingly leading nowhere.
In What is Philosophy? Deleuze and Guattari discuss the territory of
philosophy, and the ground upon which its foundations shakily rest.
Heidegger is obviously a very particular thinker of a very particular
thinking of territory:

Heidegger lost his way along the paths of the reterritorialization because
they are paths without directive signs or barriers. Perhaps this strict profes-
sor was madder than he seemed. He got the wrong people, earth and blood.
For the race summoned forth by art or philosophy is not the one that claims
to be pure but rather an oppressed, bastard, lower, anarchical, nomadic,
and irremediably minor race... (Deleuze and Guattari 1994: 109)

It is this bastardly minor race of philosophers and artists that this
chapter addresses. Does this new 'race' ever find a place to 'dwell' ade-
quately? Is it doomed to the anarchic nomadism of sites without places,
habitation without dwelling, and bodies without organs, identities or even minds (save those assailed by a schizo-thought that keeps them in perpetual motion)?

Identities blur and faces fade in and out. Perhaps it is the cold distorting reality and memory. Heidegger fades into Beckett, or perhaps it is Beckett as Molloy, circling the forest in an attempt to escape it. From the pained logic of this circulatory resistance Artaud emerges, but the imagined Artaud from the radio broadcast *Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu*, and it is more his face I think of, contorting itself around the screams and sounds of that performance. There are others, and as with any reverie many things are omitted, nothing quite discernible. Kafka seems to offer some way out — through the door of the hut, perhaps, and then again a dissolution of forms and we are back in the forest, with all these faces somehow pinned to trees; the wood overflowing with posters for the missing — and there are so many missing in the dark woods of Europe.

You will find other signs on branches as you proceed. They are memories; other’s interjections, thoughts from the outside, nothing more, or less. There are animal sounds in the distance. These are unidentifiable and unrecognisable, if indeed animals they are. There will be houses, homes, bridges and pathways. There will be a lot of walking for which we are unprepared, naked and cold. There is history, but one of the future: all the old gods are dead.

Some ‘directive signs’ first.

This chapter engages with the trajectory of Deleuze’s work on philosophy, literature and performance with a view to elaborating the potential offered for a future theatre based on the work of Bene, Beckett and Artaud. But whilst all three are important examples for Deleuze, they by no means constitute a new canon of ‘minor’ theatre. Rather they point to the inherently radical, rhizomatic and often deranged sensibility of performance which wanders through dark woods of thought, to emerge bruised and disorientated at small point in the future. The chapter traces a route from the work on ‘minor literature’ in *Kafka: Towards a Minor Literature*, to the political possibility of the body without organs which offers a resistance to the homely conception of ‘dwelling’, and the post-war implications of ‘building’.

So: ‘Now that we know where we’re going, let’s go there. It’s so nice to know where you’re going, in the early stages. It almost rides you of the wish to go there’ (Beckett 1979: 20).

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**Excursus 1**

So, now that we know where we’re going it is probable that we shall make a detour immediately.

What is it in the work of Deleuze that seems so proximal to the work of the theatre? It can perhaps be found in the fascination with movement in the work of philosophers such as Nietzsche, whose own writing takes on the character of an environment, a space of performance, rather than a process of thought strung along some teleological thread of time. Deleuze clearly states in *Difference and Repetition* that it is in the performative aspect of movement that philosophy finds its moment of becoming:

... it is a question of producing within the work a movement capable of affecting the mind outside of all representation; it is a question of making movement itself a work, without interposition; of substituting direct signs for mediate representations; of inventing vibrations, rotations, whirlings, gravitations, dances or leaps which directly touch the mind. This is the idea of a man of the theatre, the idea of a director before his time. In this sense, something completely new begins with Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. They no longer reflect upon the theatre in the Hegelian manner. Neither do they set up a philosophical theatre. They invent an incredible equivalent of theatre within philosophy, thereby founding simultaneously this theatre of the future and a new philosophy. (Deleuze 1994: 8)

And Deleuze’s own work, when frequently writing on matters ‘theatrical’, cannot be said to be reflective. It does not simply consider the work of theatre but rather enacts it, following in the tracks of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche here. His thinking moves through the new environment that is neither ‘a philosophical theatre’ nor a ‘theatre within philosophy’, but a ‘theatre of the future’.

The theatre of the future does not achieve itself. It is a movement. It is a mode of being that is in process. It is characterised most notably as having no place in which to dwell because it no longer finds its home in the theatre. In ‘One Less Manifesto’, Deleuze offers the passionate possibility of theatre’s transformation, in the context of the work of Carmelo Bene:

Theater will surge forward as something representing nothing but what presents and creates a minority consciousness as a universal-becoming. It forges alliances here and there according to the circumstances, following the lines of transformation that exceed theater and take on another form, or else that transform themselves back into theater for another leap. (Deleuze 1997: 256)

Theatre here takes on its transformative capacity by adapting and relating. It forms a symbiosis, briefly, with other forms of art or ‘bastardly’
activity; writing, walking, thinking. What is most interesting in this
quotation concerns the ‘minority consciousness as a universal-becoming’. The
question of the ‘minor’ is at the heart of the Deleuzian enterprise, or
the movement that fuses a certain philosophy with a certain theatre. The
potential offered by the ‘minor’ is one of an openness to change, to new
surroundings, and emerges from the sort of schizo-stroll which focuses
purely on passage through, not direction towards. In fact it may go
further, by working in reverse, for as Deleuze notes, again about Bene:

The theatre maker is no longer an author, an actor, or a director. [They are]
an operator. Operation must be understood as the movement of subtraction,
of amputation, one already covered by the other movement that gives
birth to and multiplies something unexpected, like a prosthesis. (239)

It seems such an abstract idea, this notion of prosthesis, and indeed it is.
Here, there seems almost an admittance of the genuine awkwardness in
Deleuze’s thinking. As though it were the genuine revolt against being that
operates so much in Artaud, and to which we will turn later. This
suggested ‘operator’ then (certainly not surgeon) removes elements to replace
them with others: a limb for a prosthesis, words for sounds, space for
movement. It is a deliberate act of unbalancing, an unworkable conjunction
that ‘forges alliances . . . according to the circumstances’ (256).

A similar element, the ‘movement of subtraction’, is in play in Deleuze’s
thought on disequilibrium in language in the essay ‘He Stuttered’. There,
discussing Samuel Beckett and Franz Kafka, he writes:

what they do is invent a minor use for the major language within which they
express themselves completely: they minorize language, as in music, where
the minor mode refers to dynamic combinations in a state of perpetual
disequilibrium. They are big by virtue of minorization: they cause language
to flee, they make it run along a witch’s course, they place it endlessly in a
state of disequilibrium, they cause it to bifurcate and to vary in each one of
its terms, according to a ceaseless modulation. (Deleuze 1994b: 25)

The use of major language as minorisation in ‘He Stuttered’ is, of course,
more fully explored (with Guattari) in Kafka: Towards a Minor Literature,
and we shall go there momentarily. But here, like forest paths, the work
of language ceaselessly divides, creating new routes and branches with other
connections and lines to follow. To repeat the connection with the work
of the operator/director, it seems that the minor use of the major language
(French for Beckett, German for Kafka) offers the same sort of ‘unexpected
prosthetic’ that Deleuze finds in Bene. The thinking of the prosthesis,
whilst it may impede directional movement, certainly allows us to think
of different combinations from which to create a theatre of the future.

How might a literary prosthesis, for example, assist us in thinking theatre,
Deleuze and the future? This cannot be thought in terms of a simple ‘subtract-
ion’, for that would draw us down the route of a reduction of theatre,
again, to the text. It is, rather, that the ‘minor’ of literature can also make
us consider the ‘major’ of theatre. It functions like a bridge that appears at
a specific moment in a journey, when you reach a limit. ‘On the wooden
bridge leading from the main road to the village K. stood for a long time
gazing into the illusory emptiness above him’ (Kafka 1976: 277).

Pausing a moment, the bridge brings me back to Heidegger. It has a
very particular place in his essay ‘Building, Dwelling, Thinking’, and, by
necessity takes the final few steps in this first excursus:

To be sure, the bridge is a thing of its own kind; for it gathers the fourfold
in such a way that it allows a site for it. But only something that is itself a
locale can make space for a site. The locale is not already there before the
bridge is. Before the bridge stands, there are of course many spots along
the stream that can be occupied by something. One of them proves to be a
locale, and does so because of the bridge. Thus the bridge does not first
come to a locale to stand in it; rather, a locale comes into existence only
by virtue of the bridge. The bridge is a thing; it gathers the fourfold, but in
such a way that it allows a site for the fourfold. By this site are determined
the places and paths by which a space is provided for.

Only things that are locales in this manner allow for spaces. What the
word for space, Raum, designates is said by its ancient meaning. Raum, Raum
means a place that is freed for settlement and lodging. A space is something
that has been made room for, something that has been freed, namely, within
a boundary, Greek perías. A boundary is not that at which something stops
but, as the Greeks recognized, the boundary is that from which something
begins its essential unfolding. That is why the concept is that of horismos,
that is, the horizon, the boundary. Space is in essence that for which room
has been made, that which is let into its bounds. That for which room is made
is always granted and hence is joined, that is, gathered, by virtue of a locale,
that is, by such a thing as the bridge. Accordingly, spaces receive their being
from locations and not from ‘space’. (Heidegger 1993: 355–6)

It is a curious passage, not for the mystical evocation of the ‘fourfold’
– which he earlier describes as ‘earth and sky, divinities and mortals’
(351) – but rather for its concept of space, or raum (the essay is from the
early 1950s and the echoes of Heidegger’s silence are deafening). This
spacing is made possible by what Heidegger calls the locale, and that
itself is brought into existence by the bridge itself. This is the bridge as an
event, as much as an existent structure. The boundary as described here
also evokes the kind of philosophical writing Deleuze is so interested in
in Difference and Repetition, for it is from the boundary that something
begins to take shape, not to stop. It is a kind of theatre of space that
Heidegger offers here, a sort of future of space which enables events to
happen. Strange it should emerge so rooted in the dark territories of a
kind of Germany, or a type of poetry, because the more one explores the
more the thinking deterritorialises and upsets the very 'boundaries' it
constructs. The space being 'freed' here in 'Building, Dwelling, Thinking'
is one more perambulatory than static; a movement between 'locales' that
defines the adjacent 'spaces' as much as the places themselves.
Arriving at one locale means moving on to another, already, as further
exploration of Heidegger's essay will later reveal.

It would appear that this mountain path has all but petered out; we
will have to search for somewhere else.

'Adjacency – that is the schizo-law' (Deleuze and Guattari 1986: 60).

Excursion 1

I did not think that the future would sound like a manifesto but perhaps
it does.

'We believe only in one or more Kafka machines that are neither struc-
ture nor phantasm' (Deleuze and Guattari 1986: 7). As we examine the
curious machine at work in 'In the Penal Colony', with the further opera-
tions (subtractions?) of the Kafka-machine operating in the background,
it will be worth keeping in mind the processes of movement, performance
and the literary space that is enabled by minor literature.

In Kafka's short story, a foreign explorer makes a visit to witness an
outmoded form of execution on a remote island. The officer, whose duty
it is to apply the punishment, is a maniacal adherent to the strict rules of
the Old Commandant of the colony who devised and built the machine
of execution which administers the sentence by inscribing it upon the
skin of the offender. The explorer learns with shock that the legislative
procedure of the colony does not inform the prisoner of their crime:

"He doesn't know the sentence that has been passed on him?" "No," said
the officer again, pausing a moment as if to let the explorer elaborate his
question, and then said: "There would be no point in telling him. He'll learn
it on his body." (Kafka 1992: 145)

It is apparent that texts are culpable in their own disfigurement;
machines that enact their own internal law, or generate prostheses. They,
like any manifesto, must make a great oration in defence of themselves.
They are obliged to be interesting, to have a certain style and wit to be
readable; without such qualities they would infringe other boundaries of

genre: from fiction into fact, or even writing into art, literature into theatre.
The officer in Kafka's story offers the explorer some texts which show the
design of the sentence that is to be inscribed on the prisoner's skin, yet
these designs do not obey the conventional structures of readability:

The explorer would have liked to say something appreciative, but all he could
see was a labyrinth of lines crossing and recrossing each other, which covered
the paper so thickly that it was difficult to discern the blank spaces between
them. "Read it," said the officer. "I can't," said the explorer. (148)

The bizarre nature of this artistic palimpsest leaves the explorer unable
to read it. It appears to require some specialist knowledge to interpret
it. As with all literature an interpreter is required; a critic, an explorer
or officer of the law, or (in Deleuze's reading of Kafka) a machanic. On
the next page of Kafka's story the officer makes apparent that the under-
standing of the text is dependent on a certain learning:

It's no calligraphy for schoolchildren. It needs to be studied closely. I'm
quite sure that in the end you would understand. Of course the script can't
be a simple one; it's not supposed to kill a man straight off, but only after an
interval of, on average, twelve hours; the turning point is reckoned to come
at the sixth hour. So there have to be lots and lots of flourishes around the
actual script; the script itself runs around the body only in a narrow girdle;
the rest of the body is reserved for the embellishments. (149)

Such a law makes the understanding of the text into an academic pursuit,
of knowledge and meaning. The work of Kafka operates quite differ-
ently for Deleuze and Guattari, and it is exactly here that they put their
machines into play:

A Kafka-machine is thus constituted by contents and expressions that have
been formalised to diverse degrees by unformed materials that enter into
it, and leave by passing through all possible states. To enter or leave the
machine, to be in the machine, to walk around it, or approach it - these are
still components of the machine itself: these are states of desire, free of all
interpretation. The line of escape is part of the machine. Inside or outside,
the animal is part of the burrow-machine. The problem is not that of being
free but of finding a way out, or even a way in, another side, a halfway, an
adjacency. (Deleuze and Guattari 1986: 7-8)

The critic or reader who interprets, will always be walking around the
machine, approaching it from various sides, put simply - only enacting
the process of the machine itself, never actually experiencing it. The officer
will not understand the script, because it is experienced - and learned
upon the body. Its message is illegible; it is inscribed upon the flesh and
must be absorbed through the skin. The law of literature becomes one of
pain, of inscription through affective – not knowable – criteria. The Law is seen to be done, that is what is most important. That it uses the skin of another to show this demonstrates the performative action of literature upon the body. It is this performance that the officer finds most instructive, one that begins as the boundary of the skin is overcome:

When the man lies down on the Bed and it begins to vibrate, the Harrow is lowered onto his body. It regulates itself automatically so that the needles barely touch his skin; once contact is made the steel ribbon stiffens immediately into a rigid band. And then the performance begins. (Kafka 1992: 147)

Yet the real spectacle of the work in progress is only apparent to the prisoner whose knowledge will come from the body. The spectators are there to give testimony that justice has been done, to translate the unreadable words of the law into its idea of justice. Yet the event of this alteration can only take place through the surface of the body of the prisoner and this is why the torturers strive to keep their victims alive for as long as possible, so that the letter of the Law may become an indelible category of knowledge that is marked upon the body. Those who gather to witness the performance transform the physicality of the spectacle into a transcendental category of justice, as the officer attests: 'Many did not care to watch it but lay with closed eyes in the sand; they all knew: Now Justice is being done' (154). Deleuze and Guattari themselves find the story 'too transcendental' and 'too abstract [a] machine' (Deleuze and Guattari 1986: 39-40).

And finally in Deleuze and Guattari's reading of Kafka, and indeed in their reading of Beckett, there is the question of failure:

Kafka thus has many reasons to abandon a text, either because it stops short or because it is intranslatable. But Kafka's criteria are of an entirely new sort and apply only to him; from one genre of text to another, there are interactions, reinvestments, exchanges, and so on. Each failure is a masterpiece, a branch of the rhizome. (38-9)

So again, it appears the trail dissolves into the undergrowth. The means by which minor literature operates is by a sort of exhaustion. This takes Kafka's texts to a point where they operate, painfully, at a performative level for they resist thought. You have to submit to the situation of just inhabiting them, of allowing their machine process to whirl on, as with the earlier quotation concerning Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. But in giving ourselves up to such theatrical 'dwelling' in the text do we find a home of any kind in Deleuze's thought? It is doubtful, as the urge is always on, ever-on, to the next experience, the next impossible event.

I have my doubts if anyone is genuinely capable of this schizo-stroll, the warm hearth of knowledge is always so much more enticing than the psychosis of the woodland dérive, alive with manifold rhizomatic possibilities beneath our feet.

Excursus 2

Excursus 1 ended by seeking adjacency, but also by considering the issue of the locale. A certain written locale comes into being by the citation of certain authors, thinkers, actors. It is curious to find in Heidegger a type of connection beyond space, a sort of invisible rhizomatic possibility that connects all potential eventualities of inhabitation:

To say that mortals are is to say that in dwelling they persist through spaces by virtue of their stay among things and locales. And only because mortals pervade, persist through, spaces by their very essence are they able to go through spaces. But in going through spaces we do not give up our standing in them. Rather, we always go through spaces in such a way that we already sustain them by staying constantly with near and remote locales and things. When I go towards the door of the lecture hall, I am already there, and I could not go to it at all if I were not such that I am there. I am never here only, as this encapsulated body; rather, I am there, that is, I already pervade the space of the room, and only thus can I go through it.

(Heidegger 1993: 359)

This seems a particularly Deleuzian concept. It is a fractured entity containing all possible detours. Heidegger seems to go even further by saying that it is actually space in which dwelling occurs, not even 'things' and 'locales.' The space of which he speaks is also one of movement; by going towards one sustains the space as potential for dwelling.

What might a body without organs (BwO) do in such a space? The outward directionality seems already to suggest a body unboundered, released outwards to space itself. As Artaud rants, against the human, in To have done with the judgement of god:

Two roads were open to him:
that of the infinite outside,
and that of the infinitesimal inside.
And he chose the infinitesimal inside.
(Artaud 1975)

And there is, undoubtedly, always a tension between these two movements. The BwO is torn apart by a competing desire to become a body – 'you are forever attaining it' – and the aspect of movement, already
discussed, which Deleuze and Guattari describe as a kind of surface on which you are 'scurrying like a vermin, groping like a blind person, or running like a lunatic: desert traveller and nomad of the steppes' (Deleuze and Guattari 1987: 150).

It is perhaps the infinitesimal homeliness in the concept of 'dwellings' that Deleuze, Guattari and Artaud find abhorrent. It is this infinitesimal that Heidegger finds so appealing:

The essence of building is letting dwell. Building accomplishes its essential process in the raising of locales by the joining of their spaces. Only if we are capable of dwelling, only then can we build. Let us think for a while of a farmhouse in the Black Forest, which was built some two hundred years ago by the dwelling of peasants. Here the self-sufficiency of the power to let earth and heaven, divinities and mortals enter in simple oneness into things, ordered the house. It placed the farm on the wind-sheltered mountain slope, looking south, among the meadows close to the spring. It gave it the wide overhanging shingle roof whose proper slope bears up under the burden of snow, and that, reaching deep down, shields the chambers against the storms of the long winter nights. It did not forget the altar corner behind the community table; it made room in its chamber for the hallowed places of childbed and the 'tree of the dead' — for that is what they call a coffin there: the 'Totenbaum' — and in this way it designed for the different generations under one roof the character of their journey through time. A craft that, itself sprung from dwelling, still uses its tools and its gear as things, built the farmhouse.

(Heidegger 1993: 361–2)1

It could be the description given by a rambler following a chance invitation to sustenance after becoming lost in the woods. A description added to and 'crafted' after years of retelling. It is rooted in detail and revels in the particulars of history. It makes the house a warm cocoon-like body, birthing its generations and guiding them to the grave. Can such a description, an organ in the body that is 'Building, Dwelling, Thinking', offer any insight into how Deleuze's nomadic theatre of philosophy might function, how the chains of the machine of minor literature can give way to a playful environment where thought and words become movement? Yes, but only at the limits of thinking perhaps, and with a sacrifice of the self to the directionality of becoming. And by that I mean where things collapse back into the type of potentiality that Heidegger describes concerning space. For there, despite how hard we may attempt to become the BwO, the world haunts us with our own identity; one constructed by all the histories we carry and multiply as we 'journey through time'. Relinquishing identity becomes a task in itself, but one

that cannot be 'thought'; it must become. It is a state that Deleuze himself describes as exhaustion:

Only the exhausted person is sufficiently disinterested, sufficiently scrupulous. Indeed he is obliged to replace his plans with tables and programs that are devoid of all meaning. For him, what matters is the order in which he does what he has to do, and in what combinations he does two things at the same time — when it is still necessary to do so, for nothing. (Deleuze 1998: 154)

Becoming the BwO demands a certain exhausted resignation to another sequence of meanings and associations, unpremeditated and uncontrolled, but always present in the manifold possible spacings of the movement of the work. In fact we were already going there from the outset. Artaud again:

When you have given him a body without organs, then you will have delivered him from all his automatisms and restored him to his true liberty.

Then you will reteach him to dance inside out as in the delirium of the accordion dances and that inside out will be his true side out.

(Artaud 1975)

The 'true' liberty of the BwO, as with the 'theatre of the future' and the 'machine' of minor literature, is, in a sense, that they unhose being. They make us 'dance inside out' as Artaud puts it. It is that alienated quality that is both disturbing, and familiar, in Deleuze's work. Deleuze's 'equivalent of theatre' is a threat to being. Not a new one necessarily, but one that enolds a number of movements such as those presented in the work of Bene, Artaud and Kafka. Therefore, while it may be improbable to again attempt to graft Heidegger here, as the unexpected prosthetic, nevertheless I think it possible, for the ambulatory nature of the essay 'Building, Dwelling, Thinking' brings us to a point not far removed from the permanent movement of the schizo-stroll:

The proper dwelling plight lies in this, that mortals ever search anew for the nature of dwelling, that they must ever learn to dwell. What if man's homelessness consisted in this, that man still does not even think of the proper plight of dwelling as the plight? Yet as soon as man gives thought to his homelessness, it is a misery no longer. Rightly considered and kept well in mind, it is the sole summons that calls mortals into their dwelling.

(Heidegger 1993: 363)

Despite the propriety of thought that comes towards the end of this short quotation, there is an acceptance of the movement of dwelling,
If we called such a movement the BwO, or the ‘dances and leaps’ of the mind that Deleuze finds in Nietzsche, then the theoretical trajectory of the schizo-stroll becomes one of accepting the homelessness of being, and the revel of perpetual movement. But this situation is less than liberating, really, less a theatre of exuberance than a puppet theatre of automata. For when Deleuze, Artaud and all the other dancers in this whirling ‘theatre of the future’ jettison the mind, they leave behind a senseless being, battered by the elements, performing only to themselves. Rather than reaching for the ‘infinitesimal’ nostalgia of Heidegger and other ‘reterritorialisers’, perhaps the impossibility of the BwO suggests only that there is much further to travel than Deleuze when considering the event of the theatre of the future; for schizophrenia, with all of its deranged connectivity and sudden impulses, is not the liberating ‘breakthrough’ (Deleuze and Guattari 1984: 362) it would appear to be. It breaks bodies apart and leaves them in dark places, far from help, or hope; ‘you could lie there for weeks and no one hear you, I often thought of that up in the mountains, no, that is a foolish thing to say, just went on, my body doing its best without me’ (Beckett 1958: 22).

Off the Beaten Path or, Notes Towards a Heideggerian Deterioralisation: A Response to Daniel Watt

Julian Wolfreys

1. Do we know where we’re going? Is this true, strictly speaking? Of course there’s always death, we are all beings towards death; and in this anticipatory retrospect we are vouchsafed the most uncanny of ‘dwellings’, an inescapable authenticity in the negation of being as its ownmost inevitability. I can imagine myself, no longer the ‘myself’, when I am no longer even a body without organs, merely a without. Yet, it is important to acknowledge that in knowing where we are going, nothing in fact could be less certain. For while death is that which is inescapable, that which is the future therefore, and one of the few events to which one can, properly speaking, give the name ‘future’ as opposed to speaking of that which is to come (that which may one day arrive but which cannot be anticipated or programmed), nevertheless, I cannot experience what I call ‘my death’. The Authenticity of futurity is always already haunted therefore by its own inauthenticity, except in the fiction of the als-ob, the as if; it is haunted by the impossibility of knowing ahead of time, ahead of the absence of all time, all world, and therefore, all consciousness of dwelling. It is haunted by the impossibility of knowing either ahead of time, in time, or on time. When death arrives, it does so in a manner where time is not, and can never be the issue at stake. Ultimate anachrony, all time gone. Dwell on this: untimely death.

2. Spaces of performance, becoming performative. If what haunts authenticity is inauthenticity, that from which the former cannot escape, then the felicity of a performance is always troubled, spooked we might say, by the very possibility, the eigenartigkeit, the strangeness and singularity of infelicity, the Heimlich, Heimisch as unheimlich, unheimlich. A Deleuzian troping, the plural-motifs – substitution, mediation, invention, vibration, rotation, whirling, gravitation, dances, leaps (Deleuze 1994a: 8) – all are invested with a performativity and becoming which can always slip into the merely programmed or mechanical, and thus into an infelicity that haunts the desire for the truth of a performative deterritorialisation. Heidegger apprehends as much in those movements that he traces of the uncanny, the unheimlich, as the self flees the self in the face of own’s ownmost authenticity.

3. The Deleuzian desire, the programme if you will for a ‘theatre of the future’, immediately apprehends its own impossibility, the inauthenticity that troubles the proposition of an authentic future. Theatre, as that which will surge forward as something representing nothing but what presents and creates a minority consciousness’ (Deleuze 1997: 256), is thus unveiled through its staged metaphor of the authentic/inauthentic performative as that in which the particularity of representation gives way from within, caving in on itself in that modality of its truth where becoming is itself always the endless motion towards an event which I can never experience, for which I can never prepare. ‘Ceaseless modulation’ (Deleuze 1994b: 25) is that very movement that haunts me, the ‘me’ in the place I exist, where dwelling is forgotten, occluded by the quotidian and where I remain on the road with an illusory assurance of believing I know the map and destination. Ceaseless modulation minorises the cogito, soliciting a recognition of what becomes unveiled apophatically, and which can be received, if at all, only through the Kantian als-ob, through the secret of literature for example, or through that disquieting force Husserl calls ‘analogue apprehension’, or ‘apresentation’ (Husserl 1955: 108ff). Thinking (of) prosthesis (the prosthesis of thought), I enact myself as another, a phantom self always in the process of becoming between a self and an other, a ghostly trace of a body, necessarily without organs.

4. So there you have it, suspended for a moment and all time, in no time, a solitary figure, his back towards you, as if he were about to walk away.
stepping off in meditation through the forest, on no discernible path. We cannot get away from Heidegger, even though he appears to be wanting to get away from us. He's walking off in this photograph, his cane held behind his back, thumbs aligned along its uppermost surface, his hat a little reminiscent of Buster Keaton. No path, just the leaves, the trees, and a vanishing point into which he will become as nothing. A future forestalled, whereby a locale comes into existence, only by virtue of what lies ahead, but in which he will never witness himself, or be capable of retreating from; therein is a space and becoming suspended, an image as the impossible time, representing the inauthenticity of being in the oncoming face of the authenticity of a line of flight, mapping the unapplicable becoming of Dasein. Thus in the photo, within representation, we attain a glimpse of what we do not see, indirectly we have made known to us, in temporal suspension, 'the boundary [as] that from which something begins its essential unfolding' (Heidegger 1993: 355–6). The silence here in the woods may well be deafening, as, despite himself, Heidegger gets off the beaten path; but a performative deterritorialisation of the recuperative ontology of Dasein initiates itself, lying in wait.

5. Heidegger walks without path, in the experience of that which cannot be interpreted as such. In this gesture, which many attribute to bad writing, obsfuscation, a terrorist obscurantism and so forth, he institutes the becoming of what, invisibly, is already underway, on the way, without a map of the way: that is to say an 'incipient thinking in the other beginning', which 'em-thinks the truth of be-ing'. This necessary gesture, a leap of sorts, will nonetheless fall into the machine; this is always its risk, thereby forcing an 'opening of the still undecided decision unto the grounding of this truth', even, and especially, when authenticity always retreats before inauthenticity, the felicitable recuperated in the infelicitous, deterritorialisation reterritorialised and so on, all of which result in 'the failure to enact the grounding ... [as] the necessary destiny of the first beginning' (Heidegger 2006: 55). Destiny. First. Enact. Grounding. The transcendentalism of a teleological onto-technics manifests itself in these words, in their reliance on performativity, originality and eschatological assumption. The false Heidegger, beside the other Heidegger, inseparable these two, don't you think?

6. But where does dwelling remain? Deleuze's tectonic fault, that which opens an abyss mistaken as an ocean and a sky, remains within a misperception, always implicit, that one might dwell, and yet not be territorialisled. For dwelling is always alethic, a movement, a becoming which

is also, and simultaneously, an unbecoming; in becoming other than myself, as the limit of myself, across that limit, there remains on the way to death as 'my body doing its best without me' (Beckett 1958: 22).

References

Artaud, A. (2006), Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu (CD), Sub Rosa: Brussels.

Note

1. For a more direct analysis of the essay 'Building, Dwelling, Thinking' in relation to the hut at Todtnauberg, see Sharr (2006: 66–71).