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SYNTHETIC AUTHENTICITY:
THE WORK OF ANGELA CARTER,
GILLES DELEUZE AND FÉLIX GUATTARI

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Comparative Literature, McGill University, Montreal

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A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research in
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ABSTRACT

This thesis constitutes an investigation into contemporary writing -- both fictional and philosophical. More specifically, it is a comparative analysis of the work of British novelist Angela Carter, and French philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, in the light of the concept of *synthetic authenticity*. It is divided into three chapters, "Becomings", "Events", and "Machines", and each chapter presents the work of both Carter and Deleuze and Guattari, respectively, in light of one of these topics. Chapter Two, however, focuses closely on Angela Carter's first novel, *Shadow Dance*, as it relates to the concept 'event'. And Chapter Three focuses on Carter's novel *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*, as it relates to and differs from the schizoanalytic notion of desiring machines.

ABSTRAIT

Cette thèse est une investigation de l'écriture contemporaine, fictive ainsi que philosophique. Plus exactement, c'est une analyse comparative de l'oeuvre de la romancière anglaise Angela Carter, et de l'oeuvre des philosophes Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari à la lumière du concept de *synthèse authentique*. La thèse est divisée en trois chapitres: "Devenirs", "Événements", "Machines". Chaque chapitre présente l'oeuvre de Carter, ainsi que celle de Deleuze et Guattari à la lumière des sujets de devenir, événement et machines, respectivement. Le deuxième chapitre, pourtant, analyse en profondeur le premier roman d'Angela Carter, *Shadow Dance*, en montrant comment il se relie au concept d'événement. Le troisième chapitre montre les différences et interrelations entre le roman *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman* et le concept schizoanalytique de *machines désirantes* inventé par Deleuze et Guattari.

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To write is to become. Not to become a writer (or a poet), but to become, intransitively.

-- Trinh T. Minh-ha, *Woman, Native, Other*

INTRODUCTION

I

Writing is invention and experiment. It is not a matter of being objective and of making one's words conform with things, mimetically -- for words and things are of a different order. It is a matter of being productive, of desiring and producing a non-pre-existent reality: new virtual-actual objects, where reality is this production itself - a production of flows, a production of affects, a production of effects, a production of images.

Writing produces relations, thought-relations, affect-relations, putting words-objects, words-subjects, verbs, affects, sounds, into temporal and spatial relations. It can attempt to describe reality as it is, but reality never ceases to emerge here and now, (or as it is remembered, or as it is desired); in fact, a certain order of reality emerges in writing, and becomes reality *as* writing. At best, writing can attempt to become with or against, and between different orders of reality. Writing produces and simulates: it produces a non-pre-existent reality, or rather a parareality, extra-reality, inter-reality; Deleuze and Guattari have said it produces rhizomes. Barbie has said that flesh is grass. And Carter makes flesh into dreams.

I I

This thesis arises out of an interest in contemporary writing, fiction as well as philosophy: poststructural, postmodern intertwinings, and their structuralist underpinnings. More specifically, it is to be a study of the fiction (and nonfiction) of British writer Angela Carter, and of the literary theory and philosophy of French writers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. My contention is that Carter, Deleuze and Guattari are allies in a *politics and micro-politics of experience and experimentation*, resistance and affirmation. Their work is directed both against reactive and repressive psychosocial mechanisms and towards an engagement in life and the affirmation of thought, art, and chance. This thesis will involve an attempt to present the work of Carter, Deleuze and Guattari in such a way as to respect the integrity of each, but simultaneously forge passages between them, seeing where their ideas and writings converge, where they diverge, and where they remain indifferent.

Such a comparative project involves certain processes, procedures and methodological challenges, which I will attempt to outline. The first process involved a *double capture*. This first stage or procedure, was one of mutual aggression. I was reading one set of texts against the other -- Carter against Deleuze and Guattari and vice versa -- in mono, as rivals, subtractively or competitively. I fell into the trap of having Deleuze and Guattari's voluminous theoretical apparatus overcode Carter's fictions so that I was reading her fiction in terms of their concepts. This was followed by the tendency to measure Deleuze and Guattari's *schizoanalysis* by a stringent feminist

yardstick, by which they are bound to fall short. (These comparative tendencies are extremely difficult to overcome.) The second stage or procedure came about when I learned to read the two sets in stereo...with one another, alongside one another, additively, having one subvert another's meaning, or reading both sets of texts as mutant offspring of a sort of involuntary, enveloping, 'epochal' *metamilieu* or AIR -- their common matrix. Despite the fact that they were almost a generation apart in age, they shared many common influences. Interestingly, Carter had a predilection for French writers (Racine, de Sade, Proust, Rimbaud, Bataille, Baudelaire, Colette), whereas Deleuze and Guattari were crazy about English and American writers (Lewis Carroll, F. Scott Fitzgerald, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Henry Miller, Burroughs, Kerouac). However, I do subscribe to a common AIR notion. One would only have to specify that this air had various currents. In addition to a radical European 20th century intellectual whirlwind of Marx, Kafka, Nietzsche and Freud, there were other literary and extra-literary airs: ringing hoofbeats from the steppes out East, the potent silences of Far Eastern Zen, the passionate cry of Latin American and Mexican modernists, including a more esoteric gust of Borgesian air from Buenos Aires. And, of course, American movies, T.V., blues and jazz. Then there was Foucault. Not to mention ages past: "the Classics", romanticism, and more recently, surrealism, structuralism and psycho-analysis. This first process could be seen as one tendency, the *con-* and *contra-textualizing*, historicizing, tendency of a comparative methodology, which, admittedly, is far too schematic.

A more satisfying alternative may be to perform an *immanent* or *intratextual* reading focusing on a single work or a single author, attempting to read it, him or her in its/their own terms, finding the critical language or *metalanguage* within, performing an 'intrinsic' critique. Such an enterprise is undertaken in the spirit of structuralism, and then deconstruction (Barthes' *Les Deux Critiques*, Eco's *Opera Aperta*, Derrida's voluminous critical apparatus)¹, but it arises, more simply, as the impulse to read as one pleases, or intuitively. In England, there was the Leavis school. And in North America, *New Criticism*. It does seem somewhat perverse to attempt to read Carter as *pure literature*, purely in terms of some sort of great ahistorical literary code, when she was very much in the demythologizing and historicizing business (especially when writing *cultural history*, as she does in *The Sadeian Woman*). She did, however, come to be involved in rewriting old myths and fairytales and in creating new ones. Fabulation need not be timeless, it can be trans-historical.

Demythologizing or fabulating, fiction embraces life, enfolds it, and then unfurls it in a vision. " 'What we call styles," said Giacometti, "are those visions fixed in time and space.' It is always a question of freeing life wherever it is imprisoned, or of tempting it into an uncertain combat."² [< < On appelle styles, disait Giacometti, ces visions arrêtées dans le temps et l'espace. > > Il s'agit toujours de libérer la vie là où elle est prisonnière, ou de le tenter dans un combat incertain."³] Here you have one of the paradoxes of freedom : there is a desire to liberate desire, to liberate life ... and on the other hand, this liberation when it is artistic and also when it is philosophical, takes

the form of freezing things in time and space -- making of these visions of freedom frozen constructs, statues. Call it a Pygmalion complex. Or a Doctor Hoffman complex. It is one of which both Angela Carter and Deleuze and Guattari are perfectly aware. Carter wisely and good-humouredly dramatizes the antics of such a Pygmalion (first and foremost herself as a literary artificer) in *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*, and of the picaresque hero, Desiderio -- desire incarnate -- who destroys him. Novels are events and events are battles dramatizing the struggles of becoming-subjects and the many subject-positions and phases through which they pass. Carter produces these becomings mostly in fictional fashion, through a blend of analysis and synthesis, although she has also written much non-fiction. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, separately and in tandem, produce a pragmatic theory-in-practice (for pragmatics is nothing if not a practice) of desiring-subjects. Their books are conceived as tool-boxes, self-help manuals, weapons with which to trace lines of flight, and *get out of it* -- out of the bind of thinking. Neither art nor philosophy are conceived as ends in themselves, but as tools for blazing life lines. All writing is a love letter, and one only writes out of love, and for new life.

III

This thesis topic began to germinate while I was reading *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*. It just seemed too uncanny. How could Carter have come up with the idea for these *desire machines* at the same time (around 1971) as Deleuze and Guattari were writing about *machines désirantes*? The obvious link seemed to be Freud,

but he had never written about desire in this way. Perhaps the real connection is Sade, after all. Sade notwithstanding, it was Guattari, the proto-schizo-analyst who began to describe the unconscious as machinic. But machines, and desire machines, which may not however call themselves desiring machines, begin to proliferate during the futurist, surrealist and dada-surrealist movements. Kafka's work too is full of such machines, as is that of the notorious pataphysicist, Jarry: Kafka, Jarry and the dada-surrealists were great favourites of Carter's, and Deleuze and Guattari cite the work of a taxonomist of such literary desire machines. Whether Carter was also aware of *Les machines célibataires* by Michel Carrouges is a moot point. In any case, Carter's amazing desire machines, have at once very little and very much to do with D&G's machines, which in turn have very much and very little to do with Carrouge's celibate machines. This is one of those con-and contra-textualizing arguments of little importance, which I will take up again briefly in Chapter Three.

IV

The three chapters in this thesis -- "Becomings", "Events" and "Desire Machines" -- are certainly inter-related, but their inter-relations are not of a linear, or easily identifiable nature. Their relatedness is more in the nature of a resonance, and in a sense this thesis exemplifies or attempts to exemplify what it is about: it is an attempt to think and to produce the unthought, to think and to produce becomings (if only the becoming Carterian of Deleuze and Guattari and the becoming Deleuzoguattariesque of Carter, and the becoming both of one's self, at the same time as contaminating both Carter and

Deleuze and Guattari with my own desires). More specifically, the first chapter identifies what I consider to be a key motif, or *leitmotif* in Carter's work -- that of *synthetic authenticity*. Further, syntheses, authentic syntheses -- the syntheses of the real and by which the real becomes real -- are crucial to Deleuze and Guattari's work at many stages. Chapter One attempts to chart the importance of *syntheses* of a logical, psychological and structural nature, of importance both in Carter's philosophical fictions and D&G's theoretical novels, and how this amounts to a *style*. Deleuze and Guattari honestly do see their philosophy as novelistic, because they see novels as *events*, and events in turn as thought-encounters. My second chapter deals with events, and in particular, how Angela Carter's first novel is an event -- a macro-event -- which is in turn suffused by micro-events. It also argues against the view that a novel is representational by showing what it is that Carter's novel does, and how this *doing* is antithetical to representation, in that novels, as syntheses, create new and autonomous worlds with an intrinsic and expressive logic that has nothing to do with merely representing. In Chapter Three, the critical link between Deleuze and Guattari's desiring machines and Angela Carter's *desire machines of Doctor Hoffman* is investigated, but D&G's desiring machines are also presented in their own right and as part of their schizoanalytic *desiring-programme*. Carter's novel is also explored in its own right as a novel. In fact, desiring-machine mystery is never resolved. It remains amorous. Chapter Three also involves an excursion into the wilds of rhizomatics providing an important link between the work of Carter and Deleuze and Guattari.

V

In the work of Angela Carter, as well as in that of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, metaphysics becomes a source of joy and affirmation both corporeal and numinous. This happens through signs, through the jolting of signs, signs that force thought, or forces that are converted into signs, the violence of which force us to think differently, or to affirm difference and its repetition. *Thought begins with the jolt of a sign.* Thought becomes active, intensified, perilous, freeing itself from reflexion, undoing representation. The inverse may also take place: thought becomes a pure passion, pure sensation, self-awareness and auto-eroticism or enjoyment: the "I smell" of flowers smelling themselves, this essential sense of 'smell' being the passion, or "faculty of feeling"⁴ whereby flowers compose and create themselves: their autopoietic force.

CHAPTER ONE

BECOMINGS

The subtle powerful strength of the imagination
 is that it deals directly with the real world
 -- Philip Pullman, *Galatea* (160)

Syntheses and subjects (being and becoming)

The idea that to take artifice to its limits is to synthesize reality is a recurrent motif in Angela Carter's fiction. One finds a variant of the above-mentioned motif in the first story - "A Souvenir of Japan" - of Carter's first collection of short fiction, *Fireworks*: "And I used to turn over in my mind from time to time the question: how far does a pretence of feeling, maintained with absolute conviction, become authentic?"⁵ Carter has a penchant for inhuman stylization, and paradox. The above motif can be summarized by one of her favourite oxymorons -- *synthetic authenticity* -- which is, if you think about it, the nature of literary artifice. I say artifice, rather than art, to give Carter's literary endeavour more of a perversely pleasurable ring. She was a realist, but one who took just as much pleasure in simulating the real thing, as in simply producing it. Carter is fascinated by the perverse logics of simulation. This fascination expresses itself thematically in her work, via the recurrence of a motif, or problematic *refrain* -- the problem of passion⁶. Carter incarnates this refrain, and she does so by producing variations thereof; both the Count, in *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*, and Fevvers, in *Nights at the Circus*, are prominent examples of the authentically synthetic and problematically passionate which Carter employs to such marvellous effect. In Fevvers' case, her slogan, "'Is she fact or fiction?'"⁷ sums up her allure (...she is a savage anomaly, hatched not born). In the diabolical Count's case, it is that his

performances -- with all the abstract intensity of their unnaturalism -- perfectly simulate an improvisation. "His desire became authentic because it was so absolutely synthetic."⁸ The tension between being real and becoming real is at the heart of the notion of authentic syntheses. (It will be at the heart of my discussions of realism and becomings in this chapter; art and events in Chapter Two; and machinic desire in Chapter Three.) This tension, which proves so fruitful to literary artificers, is also one which teases the brains of philosophers.

Like Angela Carter, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari thrive on *syntheses*, and sometimes these syntheses can become perverse and paradoxical, like those of synthetic authenticity (in which case there are usually *simulacra* to blame). *Syntheses* are of the essence in Part I of their infamous *Anti-Oedipus* (volume one of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*), which is entirely devoted to the connective, disjunctive and conjunctive syntheses of the *desiring machines* which together with desire itself (or the *body-without-organs*) synthesize subjects. These syntheses are again crucial to the constitution of mucks, which become rocks, which become more or less human subjects, some of which never stop becoming monsters, in Part I ("Meaning is Force") of Massumi's *A User's Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. The term *desiring machines* comes to be replaced by that of *assemblage*, after it is given an exhaustive work-out in *Kafka: Towards a Minor Literature*, Deleuze and Guattari's second collaborative work. To synthesize means to pick up and put pieces together, which means to assemble. Assemblage -- or *agencement* in French -- is thus a very appropriate term for what

desiring machines become after *Kafka*. In *A Thousand Plateaus*, they are also called, even more appropriately, *synthesizers*.

What does all this mean? The answer is a pragmatic one, and has to do with the pragmatics of sense. On a pragmatic view, the matter/form dichotomy has been dissolved in favour of material forces. "The couple matter-form is replaced by the coupling material-forces. The synthesizer has taken the place of the old 'a priori synthetic judgment,' and all functions change accordingly."¹ Before working together as a synthesizing dynamic duo, both Deleuze and Guattari were already preoccupied with logical and psychological syntheses -- Deleuze in *The Logic of Sense*, and Guattari in *L'inconscient machinique* [*The Machinic Unconscious*; my translation; as far as I know, this work has not been translated into English]. Both of these works may be called structuralist or functionalist. While I am directly familiar with the former, of the latter I can say only what became of it in a section of *Anti-Oedipus* called 'The Molecular Unconscious', and in essays dealing with very different 'molecular matters', collected in a volume called *The Molecular Revolution: essays on micro-politics, anarchist radio, the future of psycho-therapeutic institutions, becomings-woman, why everyone wants to be a fascist, and sundry other things*. My understanding is that in *The Molecular Unconscious* Guattari works between fields (as is his wont) and tries to see how the

¹ Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus. Vol.2. Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Trans. and foreword Brian Massumi. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987) 95. Henceforth, page references to this work shall be given in brackets after citations, using the abbreviation *ATP*.

unconscious works, giving his investigations a material and physical basis, but combining this with mathematical, logical and linguistic 'solutions'. I am still less familiar with Guattari's solo work than with Deleuze's, but essays such as "Ritornellos and Existential Affects", make me want to read and learn more about this strange schizo.⁹ Deleuze's *Logic of Sense* is devoted primarily to the work of a famous logician and paradoxician, Lewis Carroll, as well as to the logical and linguistic formalism of the Stoics, and secondarily to the psycho-analytic structuralism of Jacques Lacan. It is written entirely in "Series", each of which expresses another aspect of a logic (and psycho-logic) of sense, for *The Logic of Sense* is "an attempt to develop a logical and psychological novel."¹⁰

An answer to the question *what is real?* will seem gnomic: *everything is real that becomes real*. Both fiction and philosophy endeavour to say and to show what is real. The power of fiction rivals the power of philosophy in pretending to the real: pretending to know it, pretending to have it, pretending to be able to produce it or unmask it more authentically. Both disciplines actually add another dimension to reality. Via philosophy, reality becomes real *as* philosophical concept. Via fiction, reality becomes real *as* fictional construct. Both philosophical and fictional techniques, or *arts*, invent reality anew, or, rather, invent new realities, by raising what exists but is unthought to a higher power; as Deleuze and Guattari would say "introducing the unthought into thought." Both fiction and philosophy are experimental machines. In the words of Angela Carter, "to write fiction *as* women [...] is to do with the creation of a means of

expression for an infinitely greater variety of experience than has been possible heretofore, to say things for which no language previously existed."¹¹ For Deleuze and Guattari: "To think is to experiment, but experimentation is always that which is in the process of coming about -- the new, remarkable and interesting that replace the appearance of truth and are more demanding than it is."¹² ["Penser, c'est expérimenter, mais l'expérimentation, c'est toujours ce qui est en train de se faire -- le nouveau, le remarquable, l'intéressant, qui remplacent l'apparence de vérité et qui sont plus exigeants qu'elle."]¹³ Or, they might have said, "that replace the appearance of reality."

Structure and individuations

For classical philosophers, theologians and poets, reality in its pure and perfect form transcends our fallen world, and is beyond sense experience -- heaven, safe at last! (a reality that never changes, that never deceives you...) Reality as the carrot on the end of a church- or state-sponsored stick. Go for it, "it's the real thing." This form of realism can be conveniently, and paradoxically, called idealism. metaphysics or first philosophy (Platonic dialectics is an especially influential form of this virus). *What is metaphysics?* Dead. Dead, you say? Fine, then *what was metaphysics?* For one thing, it refers to the works of Aristotle placed after, or beyond *The Physics*, and was called first philosophy by Aristotle himself. Not dead, then, just beyond. Exactly. In derogatory terms, metaphysics is what became known as mere theory, or abstract and too subtle reasoning: reasoning that does not bear on the concrete, physical world of bodies and things, but rather is involved entirely with the "spiritual", as separate from

corporeality, or safely beyond corporeality, and as wishing to escape corporeality -- in other words, abstract thought. Metaphysics. Its province of jurisdiction is *what is*, and more specifically, *the whatness of what is*. Its truth-seeking method, according to an encyclopaedia entry on metaphysics¹⁴ is *a priori* logical deduction; it produces reality syllogistically.

Diametrically opposed to this, one ought to find an inductive methodology, also aspiring to truth. Its image or model of reality is more down-to-earth. Empiricists and scientists claim, inductively, that reality is material and should be accessible to the senses; their theory deals with natural laws. Whereas deductive logic tends to look at a reality which exceeds individuals (an *ideal*, or *abstract* world), inductive logic tends to look at a micro-reality, one that is on a smaller scale than individuals (a *material*, or *concrete* world). Until the appearance of *Difference and Repetition* and *The Logics of Sense*, Deleuze might easily have been mistaken for a classical idealist and metaphysician¹⁵. Guattari, on the other hand, tended to take more of a scientific and inductive analytic approach, seeing everything in concrete ways and as a molecular process. Together they acceded to a region between these two poles of the *realist* axis: here lies *transduction*, a type of processual logic that synthesizes the deductive and inductive tendencies, and attempts to map processes of individuation, or processes by which things become. Transduction is a term with which I have only recently become familiar. Transduction seems to be a systematic logic that aspires to understand complexity, and that sees reality as being composed of heterogeneous orders -- both abstract and concrete, ideal and

material -- a micro-reality and a macro-reality, with complex becomings in between, amounting to experimental individuations. In a work entitled *L'individu et sa genèse physico-biologique: L'Individuation à la lumière des notions de forme et d'information*, the Introduction of which -- "The Genesis of the Individual" -- I have had the pleasure of reading, Gilbert Simondon explains transductive logics and how it is used in mapping individuations (and trans-individuations).¹⁶ According to this introduction, it is a theory of individuation that is neither atomistic nor hylomorphic, and that includes pre-individual and trans-individual phases.

The living being is presented as a *problematic being*, at once greater and lesser than the unit. To say that the living being is problematic means considering its becoming as forming one of its dimensions, and thus that it is determined by its becoming, which affords the being mediation. The living entity is both the agent and the theater of individuation: its becoming represents both a permanent individuation or rather *a series of approaches to individuation* progressing from one state of metastability to another. [...] The conception of being that I put forth, then, is the following: a being does not possess a unity in its identity, which is that of the stable state within which no transformation is possible; rather, a being has a *transductive unity*, that is, it can pass out of phase with itself, it can -- in any area -- break its own bounds in relation to its *center*. What one assumes to be a *relation* or a *duality of principles* is in fact the unfolding of the being, which is more than a unity and more than an identity; becoming is a dimension of the being, not something that happens to it following a succession of events that affect a being already and originally given and substantial. Individuation must be grasped as the becoming of the being and not as a model of the being which would exhaust its signification. The individuated being is neither the whole being nor the primary being. *Instead of grasping individuation using the individuated being as a starting point, we must grasp the individuated being from the viewpoint of individuation, and individuation from the viewpoint of preindividual being*, each operating at many different orders of magnitude.¹⁷

Although I cannot elaborate much on the nature of Deleuze and Guattari's connection to Simondon, it seems quite clear why his work would appeal to them so strongly, given the inclusive (or synthetic) analytic approach he takes, his emphasis on the pre-individual and trans-individual, and especially the importance he assigns to *the becoming of the being*, as that which must be grasped. As Deleuze and Guattari might have said, << *becomings are individuations* >>. It is certainly the case that as philosophers, theorists and schizoanalysts, Deleuze and Guattari employ a very similar type of logic to that which Simondon calls *transduction*. In fact, both Deleuze and Guattari do mention his work directly, although they never speak of transduction *per se* to my knowledge. The 'signifier' itself is certainly not what matters, but the idea. Deleuze refers specifically to Simondon's work in "The Fifteenth Series of Singularities", in *The Logic of Sense*. Simondon's emphasis on the "pre-individual" is incorporated in Deleuze's *theory of singularities*. Simondon and the pre-individual again play a role in the plateau on nomadology in *A Thousand Plateaus*, for singularities are nomadic. There is no room to elaborate on this, at the moment, but the subject of singularities will surface again in Chapter 3. Suffice it to say that, akin to Simondon, Deleuze and Guattari try to see things, ideas, bodies, both in the light of their involutory as well as evolutionary potentials.

Structure and stylistics

Carter exemplifies a different style of thinking creatively, pragmatically and *in medias res*. She refers to her method, light-heartedly as "thinking on her feet."¹⁸ I

would say that she was -- and to the extent that she is still with us, is -- a passionate realist with a soaring imagination¹⁹. There is no doubt that Carter was a logician, and fascinated by logic, and that her fictional methods involve both an analysis of things in terms of primitive tensions intrinsic to individuals (molecular and electromagnetic forces; attractions and repulsions; ying and yang; positive and negative), and an analysis of macro-tensions (those having to do with the imbrication of individuals in a milieu or socius) of many orders, including those staples of cultural studies -- gender, class and racial tensions, and more interestingly, erotic tensions.

The structural individuations we see in Carter's work are too numerous to list, but generally speaking, it is reasonable to assume (and it is clear from her work) that as a novelist, she works with tensions of both a purely poetic and linguistic nature (micro-tensions), and with 'macro-tensions' of a more dramatic nature, inherent in the stylization of character, time, place and dramatic pace. At the micro-level, a writer contends with pure sensation -- with making us feel things more or less -- also known as affect: at the macro-level, there is pure sense -- making sense of things, creating events that make more or less sense -- creating concepts, or, just, thinking. These two intensive realms fuse, clash and mingle in the poetic and dramatic unfoldings of novelistic space-time and subjectivities.

Micro-stylistics

As a language artisan (both erotic and logical). Carter works with the primitive

tensions in sound. Sounds affect us, and phonetic tensions are something one can maximize or minimize, through strategic arrangements, or orchestrations between consonants and vowels, smooth and hard sounds, lubricious and rattling sounds, sibilants and glottals. It is a question of creating soundscapes and textures expressing and producing sensations. Plurals in English, for example, increase sibilance. Carter excels in this domain; the opening sequence of almost any one of her stories is a masterpiece of sensual and logical mood-making. The physical appearance of language -- its *look*, its graphics or calligraphics -- is another component of a micro-stylistics with affective (and perceptive) potential. Writing, after all, is seen as well as heard. This graphic component in turn has sub-compartments: size (*miniaturization*, *enlargement*), shape (*spiky*, or *boxy*), spacing (one space, or two, or three) and emphasis (the use of underlining, *italics*, **boldening**, CAPITALIZATION). to name but a few. (Graphics tend to be used to less striking effect in most novels, as opposed to their more visually gripping informative cousins -- advertising, and magazines -- see *Wired magazine*.) In addition to 'brute' sound and appearance, a wordsmith may create sonorous rhythms. Since novels are not sung or chanted, the scope of this technique is limited, but open to interpretation. Novelistic micro-rhythms would fall, I suppose, under the rubric of *syntactic arrangements*: it is a matter not only of maximizing, minimizing or harmonizing where the accents fall, as in the simple emphatic series of monosyllables: "rát, tat tat tát, tat tat tát", but of creating more subtle and complex arrangements employing various connective, disjunctive and conjunctive techniques. Syntax often prioritizes, subordinates, and gives orders. But it may also let itself be

taken by surprise, and when in slow-motion, or when aroused out of a reverie, it may be disoriented, and thus, less apt to find its bearings easily; tipsy, it may take its time unfurling. There. is incorrect syntax just. as there is incurrect spelling. "Holy Cow! It is five-o'clock!" Micro-stylistics bleeds into macro-stylistics, forming assemblages, blocks, alliances, *becomings*.

Take for example, a sequence of fictional becomings from Carter's *The Passion of New Eve*:

We reached an intersection and she crossed to the road island and left me stranded on the kerb behind her because the lights had changed: DON'T WALK. That was when she first overtly acknowledged my presence. She turned towards me, laughing, her face changed as if supercharged by pure merriment. Punctuated as she was by the passing trucks and cars, I saw her open her coat to show me, once more, two nipples like neon violets; then the sign exhorted me: WALK. When I reached the island, she had left for me, a twist of dark cotton spotted with white. It was her dress. I could scarcely breathe. I picked it up and wiped my sweating forehead with it.

She stood gazing vacantly between the bars of the iron grille that covered a window of a shop that sold toiletries, but when I reached the place where she had stood, she was already half a block away. The streets of night were deserted of other walkers: only evil doers waited in doorways. A dreadful innocence protected her. She was like a mermaid, an isolated creature that lives in fulfilment of its own senses; she lured me on, she was the lorelei of the gleaming river of traffic with its million, brilliant eyes that intermittently flowed between us.

Once when she was perhaps fifty yards away from me, under the lighted portico of a movie theatre that showed a revival of *Emma Bovary*, outlined against the face of Tristessa, a face as tall as she was, she halted, as if suddenly purposeful, and disappeared for a moment behind a red-painted pillar on which had been inscribed that fearful female sign. When she emerged, she let drop some black, wispy thing and, as I now ran towards her openly welcoming smile, she became, as if miraculously translated, as if all the time no more than a trick photography, posed against a Coke stand fifty yards further ahead, placidly drinking a bright pink milk-shake and laughing, with a great display of yellow, brown-

stained teeth.²⁰

Carter's style: her strength is explicit description or hyper-realism and she produces visions, but also 'auditions' -- making thoughts audible -- and her oft-stated aim, as well as a philosophical problem she plays with: the persistence of vision. Or, how perception, when it pushes the limit (the schiz), plays with the limit, crosses over and back, materializes desire or is desire made material: the perceiver is material desire or desiring material and the perceived is material desire or desired material and together they form a desiring machine. Becomings are what the world does as it emerges. The key word is *does*, and the key idea is a form of time that is a perpetual, or infinite present, i.e. the infinitive of verbs. Simply verbs. If meaning is force, Carter forces meanings to keep moving so that they keep changing, becoming, metamorphosing, constantly actualizing new potentials and making new connections. In *The Passion of New Eve*, Carter self-consciously uses her verbal apparati cinematographically, trick photography included. Carter's chase scene, despite or perhaps because of its phantasmagoric eroticism, cannot help reminding us of Carroll's famous snark hunt, although at this point the snark has no name -- it is just a half-running half-flying thing wrapped in fox furs, a woman-of-the-night becoming, intransitively. (Honeybuzzard, on the other hand, is a portmanteau word (a sweet bastard, half honeybear, half vulture), and we shall get around to seeing what sort of a gothic female fantasy he is, in the next chapter.) "Movement, like the girl as a fugitive being, cannot be perceived. However, we are obliged to make an immediate correction: movement also "must" be perceived,

it cannot but be perceived, the imperceptible is also the *perciendum*." (ATP 281)

"Becoming is a verb with a consistency all its own." (ATP 239) "Becoming is a rhizome" (ATP 239)

Macro-stylistics

At the macro-level, it is a question of "making sense". Angela Carter once described her fictional *modus operandi* as bricolage. In an interview with John Haffenden (1984), Angela Carter described how she views the imaginative life and in turn how she creates fiction in terms of bricolage:

The imaginative life is conducted in response to all manner of stimuli-- including the movies, advertising, all the magical things that the surrealists would see in any city street. Surrealism didn't involve inventing extraordinary things to look at, it involved looking at the world as though it were strange. I have always used a very wide number of references because of tending to regard all of western Europe as a great scrap-yard from which you can assemble all sorts of new vehicles . . . *bricolage*. Basically, all the elements which are available are to do with the margin of the imaginative life, which is in fact what gives reality to our own experience, and in which we measure our own reality.²¹

Assembling new vehicles, bricolage, you cannot come any closer to the tenor of Deleuze and Guattari's desiring machines. (Bricolage, interactivity and experimentation also happen to be key aspects of that potent rhizomatic brew -- Deleuze and Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus* -- especially the way in which they view books as rhizomatic and machinic assemblages, in the "Introduction: Rhizome".)

One might see a novelist as using the following stratagem (as Margaret Atwood did): given situation X, how does it become situation Y. As a *bricoleuse*, Carter saw art as being no different from work, or rather, saw it as a way of seeing how things work, as a way of "asking ourselves questions about the nature of reality"²². About her fiction, she has said: "I feel myself challenged by the world. I enjoy writing fiction, and I set myself a number of tasks each time I write a story or start to plan a long piece of fiction."²³ In her 1983 essay, *Notes From the Front Line*, Angela Carter described her fiction as a vehicle for exploring ideas; she saw herself in her early twenties as having used writing as "a way of attempting to explicate the world to herself via her craft."²⁴ She has also claimed that "a narrative is an argument stated in fictional terms."²⁵ Writing fiction was for Angela Carter a way of asking and answering questions, posing and solving problems: in other words, she wrote as a way of actively engaging the world, not passively reproducing it. She also saw fiction as being interactive, as inviting reader and writer to invent, experiment and become enlightened together:

I try, when I write fiction, to think on my feet -- to present a number of propositions in a variety of different ways, and to leave the reader to construct her own fiction for herself from the elements of my fictions. (Reading is just as creative an activity as writing and most intellectual development depends upon new readings of old texts. I am all for putting new wine in old bottles, especially if the pressure of the new wine makes the old bottles explode.)²⁶

Technically speaking, *macro-stylistics* depends on the subject matter -- on what you "make happen" -- and there are myriad dimensions: mode, myth, genre... to name

but a few of the *new school* major divisions (See Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*), but these have mutated significantly since the 1950's. It is also a matter of selecting when to use direct or indirect discourse; first, second- or third-person narrative; dramatic dialogue and/or description; different narrative devices: memoirs, epistles...; arrangements, articulations, assemblages, endless bifurcations.

But this process of *making something happen* is a *double capture*. The subject matter has to capture the subject -- i.e. it has to *make itself happen*, to impose itself from within -- at the same time as a "speaking subject" captures it in a subject matter. *Content* and *expression* fuse, or at least mate, in a process of *double articulation*; moreover, something passes in between. *Double capture* is an event. Between physical processes of articulation (the articulations of sound and sensation) and metaphysical processes of articulation (those of meaning and sense) there is a machine: call it an individuating machine. Between two sets of inhuman forces -- pure sound, and pure sense; pure matter and pure abstraction -- an aberration springs forth: something we call language (or, sometimes, human language) or the entering into composition of sounds and sense, bringing about processes and creating signs that make sense. In addition, sound and sense do not exist in a vacuum, but in and on a territory or socius, an earth body or body politic. When language is taken up by a writer to create the means of expression for novel experiences, to produce new connections and becomings, this can be called a writing machine. But equally, new experiences, connections, becomings have to take up a writer, and carry her along to produce novel experiments, to create a new

language within language itself. Deleuze and Guattari call this an assemblage.

"Literature is an assemblage." (ATP 4) ["La littérature est un agencement"]²

We may draw some general conclusions on the nature of Assemblages from this. On a first, horizontal axis, an assemblage comprises two segments, one of content, the other of expression. On the one hand it is a *machinic assemblage* of bodies, of actions and passions, an intermingling of bodies reacting to one another; on the other hand it is a *collective assemblage of enunciation*, of acts and statements, of incorporeal transformations attributed to bodies. Then on a vertical axis, the assemblage has both *territorial sides*, or reterritorialized sides, which stabilize it, and *cutting edges of deterritorialization*, which carry it away. No one is better than Kafka at differentiating the two axes of the assemblage and making them function together. (ATP 88)

On peut en tirer des conclusions générales sur la nature des Agencements. D'après un premier axe, horizontal, un agencement comporte deux segments, l'un de contenu, l'autre d'expression. D'une part il est *agencement machinique* des corps, d'actions et de passions, mélange de corps, réagissant les uns sur les autres; d'autre part, *agencement collectif d'énonciation*, d'actes et d'énoncés, transformations incorporelles s'attribuant aux corps. Mais, d'après un axe vertical orienté, l'agencement a d'une part des *cotés territoriaux* ou reterritorialisés, qui stabilisent, d'autre part des *pointes de déterritorialisation* qui l'emportent. Nul plus que Kafka n'a su dégager et faire fonctionner ensemble ces axes de l'agencement. (MP 112)

Literary assemblages seek to raise the affections and perceptions of life, the invisible forces in nature, to a higher power: "with Proust, to make the illegible force of time legible and conceivable." (WIP? 182) ["si nous revenons à Proust [...] les forces du

² Deleuze et Guattari, *Mille Plateaux*. (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1980) 10. Page references to this work shall be given in brackets after textual citations using the abbreviation *MP*.

temps pur devenues sensibles."] (*QQP?* 179) With Carter ... to make the imperceptible forces of love -- attraction and repulsion -- perceptible. A literary assemblage works at different speeds (as does a thesis) and Angela Carter's *oeuvre*, or writing-machine is no exception. In what follows I will give a brief profile of the Carter-machine and of its effects.

Angela Carter effects

Angela Carter (1940-1992)²⁷ has been called -- amongst other things -- a social realist²⁸, a sci-fi/gothic allegorist who writes against the grain of puritanism-cum-naturalism²⁹, a naturalist, visionary and hopeful romantic³⁰, a necromantic dreamer fascinated by rationality³¹, a maximalist and vulgarian, and one of the greatest contemporary sensualists³², a postmodernist and speculative realist³³, and a magic realist³⁴. It has also been said of Angela Carter, that her fiction straddles philosophical fantasy and futuristic fiction.³⁵ These attributes may apply to some of Angela Carter's work, some of the time, but not even such a wide array of descriptions can begin to exhaust the slippery scope of her production³⁶. Some epithets by which Carter herself has referred to her work are feminist³⁷, expressionist and mannerist³⁸, *medievalist*³⁹ and materialist. All aspects of Carter's work are fascinating, but there is room in this thesis to explore only a limited number of them. Carter's work is a fabulous sort of realism -- a contemporary offshoot of the romantic, which became gothic, then surreal, and now? -- let us just call it speculative, and await further analysis.

Synthetic authenticity

"(Pornographic) writing is a cunningly articulated verbal simulacrum, which has the power to arouse, but not, in itself, to assuage desire,"⁴⁰ claims Angela Carter in the prefatory remarks to her *Exercise in Cultural History: The Sadeian Woman*. Carter's style itself has precision, power and cunning; it is a precision instrument for rendering reality via vivisections and syntheses. It is not life that is being vivisected however, but visibilities, thoughts and language: vital effects, which she recreates in exquisite tableaux, succulent diatribes. At times she writes in a flow of remembrances narrated in the first person, as in the story "Elegy for a Freelance" (*Fireworks*, 1974) and *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*, at times in flows of 'real-time' actions and passions, as in *Love* and *Heroes and Villains*, and at other times in more hybrid narrative forms as in her last two novels *Nights at the Circus* and *Wise Children*. Her writing is self-consciously stylized or artificial, its floods and fireworks synthetic, although these fictional syntheses have the feel of events that are as real as real-life hallucinations, or realer. Carter's style veers between the analytic implied by vivisection and the fake or fictional implied by synthetic: her prose flows like the cunningly articulated simulacral tableaux of pornography she disparagingly claims are capable of arousing but not of assuaging desire. Angela Carter, however, does not write hard-core pornography (middle-core, maybe? ... hardly!), but *pornology*. Like the moral pornographer she claims the Marquis de Sade is, Carter is interested in *enlightening* her readers. As a radical materialist, she is interested in revealing the "real relations" between human beings:

"...but I can date to that time and to some of those debates and to that sense of heightened awareness of the society around me in the summer of 1968, my own questioning of the nature of my reality as a *woman*. How that social fiction of my 'femininity' was created, by means outside my control, and palmed off on me as the real thing. This investigation of the social fictions that regulate our lives--what Blake called the 'mind-forg'd manacles'--is what I've concerned myself with consciously since that time.[...] This is also the product of an absolute and committed materialism--i.e. that *this* world is all that there is, and in order to question the nature of reality one must move from a strongly grounded base in what constitutes material reality [...] Because I believe that all myths are products of the human mind and reflect only aspects of material human practice. I'm in the demythologising business."⁴¹

Carter herself experimented in almost every literary genre, from the folktale to literary criticism and cultural history: rewriting fairytales, and adapting them to the cinema and radio show, inventing new breeds of novels, these were a few of the ways in which she operated as a radical bricoleuse, demythologising and fabulist: seeing how things work, working things out in new ways, *as* a woman. Carter believed that "it was enormously important for women to write fiction *as* women--it is part of the slow process of decolonialising our language and our basic habits of thought."⁴² Lorna Sage has noted Carter's streak of masochistic humour, the way her writing turns against itself; her writing is rich in irony but does not lack for other forms of humour either. Carter's portraits of sumptuously decaying worlds are not told objectively: they include their author, and thus their readers as well. We are made to feel the vivisections of 'reality' in our own flesh, to the degree that we desire. But, nor are they told subjectively--nothing in her fiction actually happens to Angela Carter, despite the fact that everything there amounts to a Carter effect.

In the two chapters that follow, we will investigate two of Carter's sumptuously decaying (and synthetically authentic) worlds, alas, only two.⁴³ First, via *Shadow Dance*, the world of 1960's English provincial bohemia. Second, via *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*, a city under siege, a castle of desiring-technology and a series of erotic permutations leading from one to the other and back again. Simultaneously, we will continue to make forays into the philosophical smooth space of rhizomatics.

CHAPTER TWO

EVENTS

Just as anything that wants to call itself a novel is a novel, by definition, so fiction can do anything it wants to do. I think it can do more things than we tend to think it can.

--Angela Carter (*Novelists in Interview*, 1984) 79.

Shadow Dance poses the problem *what is real?*, and in conjunction with this, *what is art?* But of course, *Shadow Dance* would not be a novel, and would not be interesting if it posed these abstract questions directly. It raises certain metaphysical obsessions explicitly, but most are implicitly posed and resolved. As a novel, it grasps life by the middle, creating visions, hallucinations, appealing directly to the senses, making desire and the world of desire material, dramatically and often hilariously material.

The bar was a mock-up, a forgery, a fake; an ad-man's crazy dream of a Spanish patio, with crusty white walls (as if the publican had economically done them up in leftover sandwiches) on which hung unplayable musical instruments and many bull-fight posters. all blood and bulging bulls' testicles and the arrogant yellow satin buttocks of lithe young men. Nights in the garden of never-never Spain. Yet why, then, the horse-brasses, the ship's bell, the fumed oak? Had they been smuggled in over the mountains, in mule panniers? Dropped coins and metal heels rang a carillon on the green tiles. The heels of her high boots chinked as she came through the door.

'Morris!' she said.

[...] 'Hellooo, Morris,' she said; her long vowels moaned like the wind in pines. 'I thought I might see you here.' (*SD* 1)

Carter has a knack for the grotesque (and the arabesque). Ghislaine, the girl with

the funny voice, is a revenant. Her flayed face inspires a sudden terror in Morris. The first few pages describe Morris' encounter with her shattered beauty in long and agonizing detail. Morris thinks he is going to faint. "But he did not faint." (*SD* 3)

Signs

In Carter's first novel, *Shadow Dance*, Morris is forced, "in the interstices of time", and by "a casual piece of violence" -- a gratuitous sign-- a bottle shattering in a gutter at his feet, to feel his mind reel, to feel his flesh crack open, voluptuously. "He felt the bottle shattering against his face and, raising his hand, was bemusedly surprised to find no traces of blood [...] In a metaphysical hinterland between intention and execution, someone had thrown a bottle in his face, a casual piece of violence; there was a dimension, surely, in the outer nebulae, maybe, where intentions were always executed, where even now he stumbled, bleeding, blinded. . . He walked on in a trance, scarred like her." (*SD* 10-11) Has Morris been symbolically castrated? This might be the disturbing question -- to which there is really no answer -- forcing itself upon a reader with psycho-analytic inclinations at this point. Castration aside⁴⁴ (...what a howler! One cannot help musing, really, whatever did they do to Freud? -- those nasty Viennese hussies -- or was it a botch-up circumcision, and all this castration anxiety really sublimated post-traumatic neurosis?), what matters is the movement: Morris' becoming-Ghislaine, becoming 'scarred like her'. For Morris and Ghislaine are caught up in a becoming-monster, and in many other becomings that dance through the shadowland of *Shadow Dance*, a variety of becomings by means of which Morris, who

is man, ceases to be the Adamic fellow he is, and shifts his shape, now dissolving, now disappearing, now "creeping through the abandoned dark, prying and poking" (SD 91) now taking the coward's way out, running away... For Morris is Cain, too. He has a brother, a bastard brother, Honeybuzzard. Who is a rival as well, and an accomplice, in a crime involving Ghislaine. "'But I don't know what he might do with her. [...] He's always seemed so essential to me, like a limb. You can't call your hand a friend, it's just there. And you don't bother to ask it why it does things--picks things up, puts them down. And he was like my hand that belonged to me but I never understood how it functioned.'" (SD 171-2)

How *Shadow Dance* works

Angela Carter wrote nine novels, and may not have written a single novella. *Shadow Dance*, however, Carter's first novel, does have something of the novella about it: something has happened, an event which haunts Morris Gray, an event in which he is caught. "Morris hung motionless in the spring like a fly in a spiderweb, paralyzed." (SD 55) What has happened to Morris, whatever could have happened? *Events*, albeit very special events, are of the essence in fiction. Plateau 8. "1974: Three Novellas, or "What Happened?", of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus* (Volume II of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*), discusses what sorts of questions, what sorts of events constitute the essence of the basic literary genres, tale or story, novella, and novel. They suggest the following:

It is not very difficult to determine the essence of the "novella" as a literary genre: Everything is organized around the question, "What happened? Whatever could have happened?" The tale is the opposite of the novella, because it is an altogether different question that the reader asks with bated breath: What is going to happen? Something is always going to happen, come to pass. Something always happens in the novel also, but the novel integrates elements of the novella and the tale into the variation of its perpetual living present (*duration*).⁴⁵

L'essence de la "nouvelle", comme genre littéraire, n'est pas très difficile à déterminer : il y a nouvelle lorsque tout est organisé autour de la question "Qu'est-ce qui s'est passé? Qu'est-ce qui a bien pu se passer?" Le conte est le contraire de la nouvelle, parce qu'il tient le lecteur haletant sous une toute autre question : qu'est-ce qui va se passer? Toujours quelque chose va arriver, va se passer. Quant au roman, lui, il s'y passe toujours quelque chose, bien que le roman intègre dans la variation de son perpétuel présent vivant (*durée*) des éléments de nouvelle et de conte.⁴⁶

What Shadow Dance is not or does not do

Shadow Dance is not primarily a novel about the counterculture, the hippies nor the Underground, and whether they were in it for the money, or not. Nor is it primarily the story of a crime, a knifing, and then a murder. It is not even a story about a painter, Morris, who hates his paintings, but loves painting, loves all the Francis Bacon flesh and gore of it. And about his villainous friend (but is he really a friend?), Honeybuzzard -- "the Knife" -- and Ghislaine, with her scar "like a big, red crack across ice [that] might suddenly open up and swallow her into herself, screaming. . .", (*SD* 10) and her giggle "[t]he shimmery, constricted yet irrepressible giggle of a naughty little girl, such a young, lovely and wicked giggle." (*SD* 6) Ghislaine's "voice had the asexual music of dripping water, cold and pure, each word clear and distinct, a separate drop dripping on

your head so that after a time you thought you were going mad, as in the old-world Red Indian tortures; but you could not close your ears to her. She used to speak with the electronic, irresistible sing-song of a ravishing automaton; now her voice gave the final unnerving resemblance to a horror-movie woman to her." (*SD* 4) And Ghislaine, for that matter, is not like any real sixties woman, nor is she like anyone Angela Carter knew back then, and were there to exist any such resemblance it is entirely immaterial to the novel *Shadow Dance*. Ghislaine is real only to the extent that *Shadow Dance* makes her real *as* fiction, and as a specific kind of fiction. *Shadow Dance* is not the kind of fiction that represents the sixties. But, if it represents the sixties to some old hippies, then so be it. They, like Marc O'Day, have missed the point: this is the kind of fiction that foreshadows the nineties, and that repeats the thirties, and that aspires to live forever.

Carter has said of *Shadow Dance* that it "was about a perfectly real area of the city in which I lived. It didn't give exactly mimetic copies of people I knew, but it was absolutely as real as the milieu I was familiar with: it was set in provincial bohemia."⁴⁷ To read Carter's first novel as social realism, however, would be dead wrong. Alas, the first essay in an otherwise very interesting collection of essays on Angela Carter's art misreads three of her early novels in just this way. Marc O'Day does make a few important points regarding certain aspects of Carter's novel (he plays on the idea that "the hippies" were exemplary consumers and capitalists, playing the junk and art markets like arts stock-brokers), but on the whole it is lamentably misguided. In his essay '*Mutability is Having a Field Day*': *The Sixties Aura of Angela Carter's Trilogy*, O'Day

makes the claim that "several of [Carter's] early novels actually invite readings in terms of quite traditional literary criticism."⁴⁸ The problem is not that this is a willful misreading, rather that it is an impoverishing one. Some of what O'Day brings to bear on Carter's work from film and cultural studies is interesting in its own right, but it has nothing much to say about her novels *as* novels, nor as novelistic events. Lorna Sage has a much better appreciation of novels as events. In "The Savage Sideshow: A Profile of Angela Carter" -- half critical review, half interview -- she writes (referring, I believe, to *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor* and *The Passion of New Eve*) that Angela Carter's "... last two novels have been about *what happens when* ordinary reality finally withers away, and people's uncontrolled wishes and fears have their chance."⁴⁹ [italics-my emphasis] Novels are exactly about '*what happens when*', even when what happens is barely perceptible, even when what happens are only incorporeal transformations. I have read no criticism about *Shadow Dance*, outside of this excellent profile of Sage's, and Marc O'Day's nostalgic re-appreciation. But since Angela Carter is currently one of the hottest thesis and dissertation topics in *English* circles, it will certainly be getting more attention.

In the same interview, conducted in 1977 (which Marc O'Day cites), Angela Carter does in fact say that she once thought of herself as a social realist, but she says much more than just that. To Sage's question, "...did you have a sense of yourself as a particular kind of writer?", Carter responds, "No, I didn't, I thought I was a social realist. In a very deep sense, I'm spectacularly illiterate. Well, yes, I'm an auto-

didact..." And then, Sage goes on to ask, "So your books don't relate very directly to a tradition?" And Carter proceeds to describe how she became "completely lost to the English tradition. Anybody who's had a stiff injection of Rimbaud at eighteen isn't going to be able to cope terribly well with Philip Larkin, I'm afraid. There must be more to life than this, one says." And how, "the minute I read Racine, I knew that it moved me much more savagely than Shakespeare. . ."⁵⁰ *Wise Children*, Angela Carter's last novel is, however, a glowing tribute to Shakespeare. It is where Carter's work most literally plugs into a "theatre machine", although, throughout her work, theatricality, puppet-theatres, acting, play-acting, peep-shows, freak shows and circuses are the focus of much of her power as well as the theme of power, power relations and desire.

If Carter is a *social realist* it is because she sees reality as social, and society as real. Both are *beings of desire*. Her characters are social animals, even the most misanthropic of them, and there are many misanthropes amongst her casts. If Carter was a social realist, it soon bored her. She may once have thought she was a social realist, but by 1977 (in the interview with Lorna Sage) it was already quite clear that she no longer was, and by 1987, in a televised interview with Lisa Appignansi ("Writers in Conversation")⁵¹ she stated flatly that though a socialist and deeply political writer, she did not write social realism. Carter continues in this vein explaining how she was *contaminated* by 'decadent' influences, especially surrealism. Carter's essay on surrealism, "The Alchemy of the Word" (1978), gives a hint as to just how committed she was to its rebellious aesthetics:

The surrealists were not good with women [...] When I realized that surrealist art did not recognise I had my own rights to liberty and love and vision as an autonomous being, not as a projected image, I got bored with it and wandered away.

But the old juices can still run, as in the mouths of Pavlov's dogs, when I hear the old, incendiary slogans, when I hear that most important of all surrealist principles: 'The marvellous alone is beautiful.' (*First Manifesto of Surrealism*, 1924).

Surrealist beauty is convulsive. That is, you *feel* it, you don't see it--it exists as an excitation of the nerves. The experience of the beautiful is, like the experience of desire, an abandonment to vertigo, yet the beautiful does not exist *as such*. What do exist are images or objects, or people, or ideas, that arbitrarily extend our notion of the connections it is possible to make. In this way, the beautiful is put at the service of liberty.

[...]

So, does the struggle continue?

Why not? Give me one reason. Even if the struggle has changed its terms.⁵²

If Carter belongs to any branch of realism, it is definitely going to be some sort of feminist metamorphosis of surrealism, and at some stage of the game it appeared as if it might be magic realism, but in any case hers was always a very surrealistic social realism.

One cannot help but wonder to which sort of tradition of literary realism Marc O'Day thinks Angela Carter belongs and which sort of literary realism he thinks might yield an appropriate reading. Judging from the "Aura" in the title of his essay, O'Day had Walter Benjamin in mind, although he does not specifically say so. The following passage states Marc O'Day's thesis as to how to read Angela Carter's three most conventionally realistic novels:

The Trilogy novels offer realist representations of the 1960's 'provincial bohemia' which Carter herself inhabited. They deploy a similar motley array of characters, plot structures which can be read as variants of one another, comparable forms of narration, and a wide variety of themes and motifs concerning the sixties counterculture in which Carter moved. In all, they exude a fascinating period aura and are full of charming and nasty contemporary 'notations' - to use Roland Barthes' term for those descriptive details which construct the 'effect' of reality.(4) This essay aims to show that reading these early novels literally affords us valuable insights into the particular cultural and social moment from which Carter's writing derives much of its style, energy and historical vision.⁵³

It is interesting that O'Day would mention Barthes, who was opposed to positivist readings of literature, and in favour of an immanent approach. Traditional or not, the most successful hermeneutic approach would certainly involve extracting one's hermeneutic tools or keys from the text itself. To read Carter's "Bristol Trilogy" or any one of her more conventionally realist novels in the spirit of Walter Benjamin's *The Paris of the Second Empire in Baudelaire* would certainly be very interesting and profitable -- especially given that Carter once claimed: "A very important book to me was Walter Benjamin's book about Paris, which was actually his book about Baudelaire. It was a very very important book for me. Because he deals with the culture of cities, it's a total book about the culture of cities."⁵⁴ But to read them 'literally' as providing 'realist representations' is to diminish their power. It is to read them as documentary history rather than story, novel and art. It helps to remember that, in Deleuze and Guattari's words: "...no art and no sensation have ever been *representational*."⁵⁵ (my italics) ["...aucun art, aucune sensation n'ont jamais été représentatifs."]⁵⁶

Angela Carter does write as one who is fiercely embedded in and who affirms the reality of a certain milieu, a perfectly real milieu. As she says, "it [*Shadow Dance*] was as real as the milieu I was familiar with; it was set in provincial bohemia." *La Bohème*, or bohemia, is also the social and political class to which Baudelaire belonged, and the one which most interests Walter Benjamin, who, it would not be difficult to argue, himself also lived on the intellectual fringes of this class. Although Carter claims that she did not read Benjamin's *The Paris of the Second Empire in Baudelaire* until the late 1970's, there is a strong hint of this book in *Shadow Dance*, in particular, the uncanny coincidence that Morris hides his pornographic pictures of Ghislaine and Honeybuzzard in "one [book] of a history of the *French Second Empire* which he and Honeybuzzard, high on tea, had bought for an outrageous price at an auction when they were thinking, for a time, of concentrating on second-hand books [...] tucked beside a sepia and white photograph of Napoleon III, was a black envelope with a red lining which contained a number of pictures of Ghislaine." [my italics] (*SD* 16) Carter need not have read Benjamin's *Paris* in the early sixties, though she may very well have picked it up or simply heard about it. There is certainly more Baudelaire in *Shadow Dance* than Benjamin. Baudelaire, like Benjamin, was a writer who was often, if not destitute then on the brink of destitution, and who, as Benjamin points out, " [...] did not lack insight into the true nature of a man of letters. He frequently compared such a man, and first of all himself, with a whore. [. . .] Baudelaire knew what the true situation of the man of letters was: he goes to the marketplace as a *flâneur*, supposedly to take a look at it, but in reality to find a buyer."⁵⁷ Angela Carter made her living as a journalist and

novelist, but also eventually taught. She seems to have had mixed feelings about the relative merits of writing for art, or for money. For on the one hand she claims, "Show me somebody who writes for art's sake and I'll show you a bad writer." On the other she states: "I've got a theory that good art never changes the world but bad art does."⁵⁸

Shadow Dance, is not a realist representation of Bristol, although it may provide a real/surreal simulation of things that went on in Bristol during a certain 'era'; but, however excellent its descriptions, however convincing its 'reality effects', and however swaying its aura of 1960's bohemianism, *Shadow Dance* is still first and foremost fiction. It cannot represent anything. Apart from the obvious argument that there are better ways of giving realist representations (photographs, documentary films, or even autobiographies), the fact is that a novel is a novel and that it does something much more important than represent reality, however realist it may be. Novels create autonomous worlds that have an autonomous reality : worlds outside of lived time and space, and yet intensifying lived time and space, translating and preserving the sensations and perceptions captured, for as long as the capturing material lasts. Novels, if they are great art (and sometimes even more so when they are very bad art), make you feel things, transmit sensations and perceptions; they do not represent anything. They are, they do, and they are what they do and as they do it...

A novel is real *as* fiction and it operates on its own terms and by means of its own logics, a logic immanent to a field of values it creates; a novel is self-consistent, and

while it may allude to worlds outside of itself, it functions primarily as a world apart : any individual work of fiction sets itself apart from all other worlds, no matter to what extent it may be said to resemble other works of fiction--contemporary or historical. And it does, it *is* full of echoes and repetitions -- it is an echoing machine -- but through the interference and resonance of its patchwork of echoes it produces something new. It embodies this something else -- a new world -- its own world of difference. It is an *autonomous spacetime* that the reader enters (as Susan Sontag once wrote about Benjamin, in her Introduction to *One Way Street and Other Writings*, and his love of entering books as if they were temporal ruins), *suspending* his or her actual actions, all except for sitting and breathing: the reader suspends himself or herself, just as he/she is *in suspense* and becomes, entering into relations with what happens in the novel (however you care to define or describe it). The important thing is not what a novel *is*, but what it does, what it can do, what it does to you, and what you do with it. *Shadow Dance* creates novelty to the extent that it houses a cosmos and harbours forces, to the extent that it is a compound or composition of sensations, operating at the hinge between the virtual and the actual. In fact the creation of novelty (new effects, affects, percepts) can be said to be the principal function of the novel. It is not that the novel is a mimesis of reality or that reality should be the idea or ideal which a novel sets out to copy. A novel (as the name implies) sets out to create *novelty* : a reality of its own, ideas and events of its own, which would then have an influence on the world, by influencing readers. If it is a copy, a novel nevertheless copies without a model. It is more a work of *bricolage* ⁵⁹, which is just how Angela Carter saw her work.

Perhaps Angela Carter was a fabulist⁶⁰. She was certainly profoundly influenced by Freud's *On The Interpretation of Dreams*, as were the Dada-surrealists. That events like those imagined in *Shadow Dance* might actually have taken place in a small city such as Bristol, England in the 1960's is certainly very interesting and demonstrates to what point Carter was a keen observer and recorder with an excellent eye for detail. But had realist representation been Angela Carter's true vocation she would perhaps not have written novels, or she would have written very boring novels, or devoted herself entirely to documentaries, journalism and the like. In fact, she did write quite a bit of journalism in the sixties. It provides incisive analyses of current events, styles, trends . . . *Shadow Dance*, however, *as a novel*, does not deal with actual events literally any more than it offers realist representations. Consumer studies is certainly not its main concern, any more than linear time is its medium. It is none of those period-specific truth-telling devices that O'Day's sixties fetishism is so eager for. And yet it is interested in *truth*, but of a different kind, of a Nietzschean, inhuman kind, or a Spinozistic expressionistic kind, a truth tending to become.

What *Shadow Dance* does

Shadow Dance is a novelistic event (a macro-event), which is also full of events, micro-events. Thus, *Shadow Dance* is about *what happens* in a town in provincial English bohemia. It is about what is happening to Morris, about what is driving him crazy, what makes him take flight, what makes him love the Struldbrug at the greasy spoon Café. It is about what is happening between Morris and Ghislaine. It is about *the*

return of Ghislaine. It is about what is happening between Morris, and his wife Edna, who, like Carmen, works at a cigarette factory, and what the moon has to do with it. It is about *the return of Honeybuzzard*, AND Emily, and about what happens at the auction, just prior to their return. And about how Ghislaine haunts Morris. "Wherever he went, she would be sure to follow, like Mary and the little lamb of nursery rhyme fame, and he Mary." (SD 28). It is about how Honey is always getting away: "Relationships ran off him like water off the proverbial duck's back." (SD 34) It is about *what happens next*, "and then.... and then.... and then" SUSPENSE! "'I think she is wandering a little in her mind,' he told her, to draw her mind from the uneasy past to the uneasy present. 'she is going looking for Honey everywhere. I think I catch glimpses of her everywhere I go; I've got to thinking that she is looking for me. I run away when I see her.'" (SD 51) It is about how someone is always looking for someone, someone is always running away from someone, someone is always returning from somewhere and taking off for somewhere else : all these parallel and suddenly CRISS-CROSSING LINES, lines, lines. Lines everywhere: the nervous topography, the nervous dynamic (and dramatic) topography of everyday lives. "'I'm not having that woman in my house and that's flat!' He was becoming excited and his voice rose. He crashed his fist against the window pane and all the glass rattled. The slow tears formed, fell down her face. Miraculously he had taken the right line with her, the strong line. The atmosphere between them electrified. Their eyes caught and held. His aching teeth gave a final excruciating chord and modulated to a gentle pianissimo that hardly troubled him." (SD 53) And strings, being strung, being pulled, and arrows flying, and

springing, and springing back, as mentioned once before, "Morris hung motionless in the spring like a fly in a spiderweb, paralyzed." (SD 55) Time stops. Of course, he made it stop. It starts again. Stopping and starting... It is about these speeds and slownesses too. How you learn to jam time, and then again to flow with it ... to the place where you can find your next weapon or counter-weapon, even if it means turning into a grovelling mass of mortified flesh, and howling softly but insistently until she comes. A novel creates a circuit of intensities; energy circulates, libido, numen, eros, desire (call it what you like), such that something has happened, but then again, something is always going to happen and to happen between. Obviously, art mimics life. But then, life also mimics art. "There was the corpulent Oscar, who laid her (while his wife was bearing their third child, as in *A Streetcar named Desire*--life imitating rotten art again, just as Honey always said it did) in his marriage bed." (SD 6)

Female fantasies

Honey is Honeybuzzard, a modern barbarian, sharp and hard as a knife -- a Nietzschean master, gay, reptilian, logical and dispassionate. Morris wishes that he "could simply walk away from him. He has no heart, he has a computer in his breast." (SD 87) Honey despises the human herd, " 'They are all shadows. How can you be sorry for shadows?'" (SD 87) But Morris is sorry, compassionate, malleable, dissolving. Morris is Morris Gray, a dissolving man with dissolving teeth -- they sing as the demon decay decomposes them -- and dissolving resolve. Morris is uncertain, and receptive. Whereas Honey reflects and deflects (everything runs off Honey's back), Morris absorbs.

Honey is white and Morris dark, or at least, gray. Morris is uncertain about his humanity, about what is real, and what not. "He thought as a painter, dreamed as a painter, defined himself as a painter. He could best accommodate the thought of Ghislaine as the subject for a painting, a Francis Bacon horror painting of flesh as a disgusting symbol of the human condition; that way, she became somehow small enough for him to handle, she dwindled through the wrong end of the telescope of art. Yet he could only think in this way, never execute; never paint the painting which would justify treating her as a thing and not a human being." (SD 20) And yet Morris loves things, he loves junk, and he collects junk, and together with Honey runs a junk-shop. And together they form an odd couple, sometimes mildly and at other times violently homoerotic: they poke and pry together, they experiment together, and desecrate Ghislaine together; together they dance in the shadows, and do battle: " 'Don't let me have to kill you, darling,' said Honey. His voice was high, taut and tight. 'This isn't real,' thought Morris. 'I am dreaming...'" (SD 141)

Passion

Shadow Dance is a texture, a fabric made up of lines and of their forces: a map upon which desires are played out. It is also indescribable. But if one verb were to sum it up, it would have to be the verb *to suffer*, for more than anything *Shadow Dance* is a Passion -- the Passion of Morris-Cain and of Morris-Christ (an El Greco Christ). The novel, claims Gilles Deleuze somewhere deep in *A Thousand Plateaus*, is the story of Cain, and of Cain's errant wanderings. Actually this is a repetition by Deleuze of

Masoch's definition of the novel as "cainique" (whereas Hardy's repetition is ismaelite).

L'oeuvre de Masoch, inséparable d'une littérature des minorités, hante les zones glaciaires de l'Univers et les zones féminines de l'Histoire. Une grande vague, celle de Caïn l'errant dont le sort est suspendu pour toujours, brasse les temps et les lieux. La main d'une femme sévère traverse la vague et se tend vers l'errant. Le roman selon Masoch est cainique, comme il est ismaélite selon Thomas Hardy (steppe et lande). C'est la ligne brisée de Caïn.⁶¹

Ishmael is a character who recurs in Carter's novels, most famously as Walser of *Nights at the Circus*. Morris, however, is Cain, and it is true that he becomes involved with a severe woman, Emily, Honey's new girl. And, there are three main women in *Shadow Dance* (although there is also the *Struldbrug*, who is just as important as Edna, Emily or Ghislaine, if not more important), just as there are three types of women according to Deleuze's reading of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs*. It might be interesting to speculate on *Shadow Dance* in terms of the genealogy of Cain, only such a treatment is impossible at present. Suffice it to say that Biblical imagery pervades Carter's work, but that it is condensed and displaced as by dreamwork. If Morris is Cain, but also Christ, Honey is Abel, but also Satan. Ghislaine, of course, is the sacrificial lamb, who is slaughtered in Christ's place. Severe Emily, is a strange cross between Mary Magdalene and Judas. (And the *Struldbrug*, who is the *Struldbrug*? -- this mythic creature, so Nordic, so pagan, who does not at all fit into any of this Christian imagery -- besides being a Swiftian *immortelle*). There is no doubt but that Carter's powers of horror and of the grotesque "perform Frankensteinish experiments on her

characters, and on her reader's sensibilities" as Lorna Sage says they do.⁶² Carter's first novel works with the stuff of romance: love and death. Ghislaine is put to death in a shocking mock-up of the crucifixion. Here, woman is Christ (who in his passion is already a feminine man), the accused, the violator of repressive social norms. Ghislaine is passionate and as a desiring woman accursed. She finds her persecutor in the figure of the priest, albeit an ingeniously twisted one: Honeybuzzard performs the sacerdotal function of condemning Ghislaine, combining priestly with magical powers. Carter's writing is a sort of "health", or medicine (it has its own medicinal qualities) as Deleuze suggests; it is both critical and diagnostic as well as inventive and expressive. It symptomatologizes and diagnoses. Anthony Burgess noticed a peculiar Nietzschean health in Carter's capacity for "looking at the mess of contemporary experience without flinching."⁶³ Carter does not flinch, but she is nevertheless very receptive. She must have found writing to be an enlightening process. For no sooner was she finished one novel, than she was beginning another, and then another and another. Writing is machinic, it makes connections. Without further ado, let us now further investigate machinic desire.

CHAPTER THREE

MACHINES

Le plus grand plaisir qui soit après amour, c'est d'en parler.
 -- Louise Labé, *Débat de Folie et d'Amour*.

Desire

Desire is one. Desires are many and various. Lust, love and will are three kinds of desire: lust, basic, groin-desire; love, in the middle, heart-desire; will, on top, mind or brain-desire. In that order -- primary, middle, and final -- they might correspond to a life-force, symbolizing fluidity; a knowledge-force, symbolizing flesh; and a death-force, symbolizing fire. Of these passions, Deleuze and Guattari betray a predilection for fluxes, whereas Carter seems more taken by flesh. The passions may also be seen to follow a cycle, with preliminary, intermediary and final passions (without any having real priority) if you imagine them in a life-into-death cycle. This sort of classical, tripartite organization, devised in response to a classificatory impulse, betrays, alas, another dominant classificatory drive -- an anthropomorphic or anthropocentric one. Giving way to it puts one in staid company. Desire as both one and many, monistic and plural, is a metaphysical problem, and inexhaustible. But, metaphysics is dead, and to resurrect its corpse twice in one short thesis is in awful taste. Let us then, in haste, proceed to relinquish deism in return for daemonism and desiring machines.

Let us suppose that god is a metaphysical concept. The short story, then, is that de Sade killed god; Nietzsche proclaimed God dead and de Sade a martyr; Freud resurrected one and called the other a pervert; Lacan took both their pulses and called it a phallus; Foucault blushed and called it power, then changed his mind and said take

care of yourself; feminists revolted and said god had been castrated all along, then they got organized and became academics; Angela Carter sized up the situation, and agreed with Eve, Dostoyesvsky and the anarchists that if God were the devil, and the devil a woman, her name would be Emily Brontë; Deleuze and Guattari said piffle, and turned the lot into a schizoanalytic phantasmaphysical demiourgomorphic desiring machine. They called it rhizomatics. (Did *what???* and called it *what???*)

Flesh and grass

"Flesh is grass," says Barbie "absently, as if repeating the lesson for the day."⁶⁴ She is a bit player in Angela Carter's third novel *Several Perceptions*. Barbie's statement is a metaphor, and, on the surface, unrhizomatic, despite the rhizomes in it.

Let me explain. *Rhizome* is a philosophical concept.⁶⁵ Rhizomatics is another name for pragmatics, practical philosophy: a way of cleaving causality, critiquing negativity and joyously affirming corporeality, multiplicity, and chance; it is also another name for the schizoanalytic philosophy of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. Rhizome is about capitalism, schizophrenia and open systems. It is about thought at its most intense and complex. Its inspiration is Lucretian, Spinozan, Bergsonian, Humean, and Nietzschean ... but also Artaudian, Beckettian, Millerian, Sarrautian, Burroughsian and Lawrencian. Comments Gilles Deleuze in conversation with Catherine Backès-Clément (*L'Arc* 49/1972), regarding *Anti-Oedipus* (Volume I of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*):

What we find in great English and American novelists is a gift, rare among the French, for intensities, flows, machine-books, tool-books, schizo-books. All we've got in France is Artaud and half of Beckett. People may criticize our book for being too literary, but we're sure such criticism will come from teachers of literature. Is it our fault that Lawrence, Miller, Kerouac, Burroughs, Artaud and Beckett know more about schizophrenia than psychiatrists and psychoanalysts?⁶⁶

Theirs is a fictional and philosophical pragmatism that takes grass rather than the tree, as in the tree of knowledge, as a model of thought. Rhizome is one of its keystone concepts, but nomad is another, assemblage another -- to name just a few -- for rhizomatics is the ongoing practice of inventing concepts, but just as importantly of feeling and inventing affects. A rhizome has neither beginning nor end, but is always emerging in the middle, between things, *intermezzo*, always connecting to everything else.⁶⁷ The moment of passage or alteration and of emergent affect of which Steven Shaviro writes in the following passage with respect to Georges Bataille is a perfect example of rhizomatic thought, although it contradicts my initial statement about metaphors not being rhizomatic:

[...] for Bataille, "le *copule* des termes [the *copula* of terms]" cannot be separated from "celui [*le copule/la copulation*] des corps [the *copulation* of bodies]" (*OC*,1:81; *VE*,5). Thought must not be posed abstractly, as if cognition were something apart from the passions that constitute and impel it. Thought *is* affect, and not the expression or substitutive representation of affect. And affect in turn is not a fixed state, but the immediacy of a passage or alteration.⁶⁸

Rhizomatic affect-thought emerges, contorts, becomes, in imperceptible (yet felt) zones of articulation, in the interstices of things, in the interstices of words, in the interstices of images, bodies, and in the embraces or abysses between bodies, separating and connecting visibilities and statements.⁶⁹ This is an argument in favour of the materiality of ideas, *and* of the ideality of matter.

Thought proceeds by division, not totalization. What is genesis, ontogenesis, phylogenesis, parthenogenesis, if not creation by division, hence multiplication and individuation. Follow the movement, watch for the multiplicity. Subtract the subject. Presto passion. Agency is becoming a gang, affect a flow. Perception comes along and intercepts. Here you have it, an event. (Whoops, where did it go?) It breaks into a machinic coupling. "...the fabric of the rhizome is conjunction, 'and...and...and...'
...Where are you going? Where are you coming from? These are totally useless questions."⁷⁰

Metaphors eliminate the middle, the *in medias res*, where movement takes place. Barbies generally don't think. Although this Barbie's gnomic utterance -- *flesh is grass* - - may have been disguising a thought under the cloak of an unthinking metaphor, may in fact hold more of the promise of thought than many a more apparently thoughtful statement. (Besides, Carter is English and Barbie American; see below.) It does only just that: holds the promise of thought, and of a new image of thought that turns on flesh and rhizomes, and conjunctions rather than copula. Why conjunctions rather than

copula, and AND rather than IS?

It is only the English and the Americans who have freed conjunctions and reflected on relations. This is because they have a very special attitude to logic. They do not conceive it as an ordinary form containing in itself the first principles. They tell us, on the other hand, that you will either be forced to abandon logic, or else you will be led to invent one! Logic is just like the main road, it is not at the beginning, neither does it have an end, one cannot stop. Precisely speaking, it is not enough to create a logic of relations, to recognize the rights of the judgement of relation as an autonomous sphere, distinct from judgements of existence and attribution. For nothing as yet prevents relations as they are detected in conjunctions (NOW, THUS, etc.) from remaining subordinate to the verb to be. The whole grammar, the whole of the syllogism, is a way of maintaining the subordination of conjunctions to the verb to be, or making them gravitate around the verb to be. One must go further; one must make the encounter with relations penetrate and corrupt everything, undermine being, make it topple over. Substitute the AND for IS. *A and B*. The AND is not even a specific relation or conjunction, it is that which subtends all relations, the path of all relations, which makes relations shoot outside their terms and outside the set of their terms, and outside everything which could be determined as Being, One, or Whole. The AND as extra-being, inter-being. Relations might still establish themselves between their terms, or between two sets, from one to the other, but the AND gives relations another direction, and puts to flight terms and sets, the former and the latter on the line of flight which it actively creates. [...] A multiplicity is only in the AND ...³

Il n'y a guère que les Anglais et les Américains pour avoir libéré les conjonctions, pour avoir réfléchi sur les relations. C'est qu'ils ont par rapport à la logique une attitude très spéciale: ils ne la conçoivent pas comme une forme originaire qui recèlerait les premiers principes; ils nous disent au contraire: la logique, ou bien vous serez forcés de l'abandonner, ou bien vous serez amenés à en inventer une! La logique, c'est exactement comme la grande-route, elle n'est pas au début, pas plus

³ Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet, *Dialogues*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1987) 56-57. Henceforth, page references to this work as well as to *Anti-Oedipus* will be given in brackets following textual citations.

qu'elle n'a de fin, on ne peut pas s'arrêter. Précisément, il ne suffit pas de faire une logique des relations, il ne suffit pas de reconnaître les droits du jugement d'existence et d'attribution. Car rien n'empêche encore les relations telles qu'elles sont détectées dans les conjonctions (OR, DONC, etc.) de rester subordonnées au verbe être. Toute la grammaire, tout le syllogisme, sont un moyen de maintenir la subordination des conjonctions au verbe être. Il faut aller plus loin : faire que la rencontre avec les relations pénètre et corrompt tout, mine l'être, le fasse basculer. Substituer le ET au EST. A *et* B. Le ET n'est même pas une relation ou une conjonction particulières, il est ce qui sous-tend toutes les relations, la route de toutes les relations, et qui fait filer les relations hors de leurs termes, et hors de tout ce qui pourrait être déterminé comme Etre, Un ou Tout. Le ET comme extra-être, inter-être. Les relations pourraient encore s'établir entre leurs termes, ou entre deux ensembles, de l'un à l'autre, mais le ET donne une autre direction aux relations, et fait fuir les termes et les ensembles, les uns et les autres, sur la ligne de fuite qu'il crée activement. [...] Une multiplicité est seulement dans le ET... (*Dialogues*, French Ed., 70-71)

For all that, Barbie, in Carter's David Hume-inspired novel, is limited to being a rich and beautiful American doll-girl, with a Doris Day laugh, and perfect teeth, who wears peacock feathers in her hair and psychedelic smocks, and may have read Walt Whitman once, before she dropped out of college to be carried away by the endless promises of free nomad love and the annihilation of the enemy: Time. That's not exactly fair, she stands for a certain hope, a certain freedom. She is the embodiment of glamorous (and monied) hippiedom, an icon of America, in Joseph's eyes. Her utterance is also music to his ears, if only a faint schizo tintinnabulation.

Barbie's joyous statement was the love generation's philosophy of enlightenment by intoxication (not a new but a venerable thing in the history of the world). Here the copula is not a limitation but an invitation to conjunction. And *flesh is grass* is an

anagram for the more political and anarchic message which runs something like: "Fuck the establishment; fuck the state; down with narrow-minded stuffed shirts and their pea-brained secretaries, and officious officials and ridiculous war-mongering ideologies that suffocate the flesh; peace is love and nature is the marriage of heaven and earth; get high and let your body-mind be free. Open up."

From rhizome to desiring machines

The connection between rhizome and desiring machines (really two words for the same concept) is the break-flow, or machinic coupling: 'and ... and ... and then, ... and then again.' The breaking or interception of one thing by another, one flow by another, one force by another, one machine by another is a desiring machine. Think of an electric current as intercepted by a switch to produce light, the light as intercepted by your eyes to produce an irritation of the rods and cones or nerve endings on your retina, the irritations or intensities as relayed by nerves to the many different stations of the brain... Or think of rays of sunlight as intercepted by chlorophyll-producing plant cells to produce oxygen; oxygen in turn as intercepted by our lungs to feed haemoglobin-producing blood vessels, and so on. Why call it a machine?

A machine may be defined as a *system of interruptions* or breaks (*coupures*). These breaks should in no way be considered as a separation from reality; rather, they operate along lines that vary according to whatever aspect of them we are considering. Every machine, in the first place, is related to a continual material flow (*hylè*) that it cuts into. It functions like a ham-slicing machine, removing portions from the associative flow; the anus and the flow of shit it cuts off, for instance; the mouth that cuts off not only the flow of milk but also the flow of air and

sound; the penis that interrupts not only the flow of urine but also the flow of sperm. Each associative flow must be seen as an ideal thing, an endless flux, flowing from something like the immense thigh of a pig. The term *hylè* in fact designates the pure continuity that any one sort of matter ideally possesses. [...] Far from being the opposite of continuity, the break or interruption conditions this continuity: it presupposes or defines what it cuts into as an ideal continuity. This is because, as we have seen, every machine is a machine of a machine. The machine produces an interruption of the flow only insofar as it is connected to another machine that supposedly produces this flow. And doubtless this second machine in turn is really an interruption or break, too. But it is such only in relation to a third machine that ideally--that is to say, relatively--produces a continuous infinite flux. For example, the anus-machine and the intestine-machine, the intestine-machine and the stomach-machine, the stomach-machine and the mouth-machine, the mouth-machine and the flow of milk of a herd of dairy cattle ("and then...and then...and then") [*Anti-Oedipus*, 1983, 36]

Une machine se définit comme un *système de coupures*. Il ne s'agit nullement de la coupure considérée comme séparation avec la réalité; les coupures opèrent dans des dimensions variables suivant le caractère considéré. Toute machine, en premier lieu, est en rapport avec un flux matériel continu (*hylè*) dans lequel elle tranche. Elle fonctionne comme machine à couper le jambon : les coupures opèrent des prélèvements sur le flux associatif. Ainsi l'anus et le flux de merde qu'il coupe; la bouche et le flux de lait, mais aussi le flux d'air, et le flux sonore ; le pénis et le flux d'urine, mais aussi le flux de sperme. Chaque flux associatif doit être considéré comme idéal, flux infini d'une cuisse de porc immense. La *hylè* désigne en effet la continuité pure qu'une matière possède en idée [...] Loin que la coupure s'oppose à la continuité, elle la conditionne, elle implique ou définit ce qu'elle coupe comme continuité idéale. C'est que, nous l'avons vu, toute machine est machine de machine. La machine ne produit une coupure de flux que pour autant qu'elle est connectée à une autre machine supposée de produire le flux. Et sans doute cette autre machine est-elle à son tour en réalité coupure. Mais elle ne l'est qu'en rapport avec une troisième machine qui produit idéalement, c'est-à-dire relativement, un flux infini. Ainsi la machine-anus et la machine-intestin, la machine-intestin et la machine-estomac, la machine-estomac et la flux du troupeau (<< et puis, et puis, et puis... >>). [*Anti-Oedipe*, 1972, 43-44]

In other words, matter cannot be created nor destroyed, but only transformed, although these transformations may be experienced as destructions and/or creations. Every thing that exists does so ideally, eternally, and infinitely, and is, uniquely itself. However, it is also relatively itself, that is, in relation to some other thing, flows of which it uses to produce itself, i.e. to feed itself. At the same time it also possesses excremental or eliminative functions, the products of which other beings may use as nourishment. One thing's input is another thing's output. This is how the world works! It is a machine made up of machines connected to machines connected to machines connected to machines, break-flow after break-flow after break-flow. However, desiring machines do not end here. This is just the beginning -- the level of primary universal production, or of the production of production.

Desiring subjects

The desiring machines described above, which refer to physical and molecular processes form part of the silent order of machines : they are material processes, hence unconscious. This is what the id is made of. Next (but next does not mean next, exactly; it means "and then...") comes the ego, somewhere along the line there is a superego, and finally, we turn into speaking subjects, or so the story goes. Below is a three-tiered and rather stiff chart giving a bird's-eye-view of Deleuze and Guattari's materialist psychiatric version of the subject as a desiring machine, as described in sections one, two and three of Part I, "The Desiring Machines", of *Anti-Oedipus*. It is missing the arrows or vectors signalling the movements that would show how, according

to *D&G*, different subjects are formed.

Subject-part	Desiring machines	BwO	Syntheses	Energy	New subject-machine
The Id or UCS	production of production	repression (earth)	connective (either/or)	libido	paranoiac
The Ego	production of recording	attraction (socius)	disjunctive (...and then..)	numen	miraculating
The Subject	production of consumption	return of the repressed (capital)	conjunctive ("so it's...")	voluptas	schizo or celibate

The first three sections of Part I of *Anti-Oedipus* give a functionalist or structuralist's account of psychiatry. In effect, *Anti-Oedipus* is a theory of machinic desire, as a process of production (and of the production of production, recording and consumption) wherein producer and product are one, so that -- in a strange way -- the process in effect produces the producer; a producer is, then, simultaneously also product, of a process of production, that is both natural and historical, spatial and temporal (subjective and objective...and the list goes on). This is, to some extent, an appropriation of Marx's account of the fetishistic mirror at work in commodity production. On Deleuze and Guattari's account, a schizophrenic is the unmediated product of her consumptions, the recording of her productions, the consumption of the

production of the recordings of her consumptions. And so, *Anti-Oedipus* is Deleuze and Guattari, as they were circa 1971-72, a fusion of nature and culture (and all the names in history). A materialist psychiatry analyzes more than mental states. It is an ingenious form of auto-analysis, self-help and social-production, for social-production is equated with desiring-production. Self and socius, art and life fuse in desiring-production to the extent that there is "a producing/product identity." (A-O 7) Schizophrenia, or more precisely pseudo-schizophrenic production (for Deleuze claims never to have known any schizos) is presented by Deleuze and Guattari as a sort of bricolage, or handiwork, suffused with joy -- the indifferent joy of primary production, of *making it work*. Their materialist psychiatry is schizoanalysis as unfettered production of new subjects. It is also an unrestrained portrait of a plugged-in dynamic duo, at once a becoming and a resisting of capitalism and schizophrenia. As for Freud, he was a good teacher, and one who was probably at his best when doing self-portraits. Freud was, amongst other things, a great structuralist, and his greatest achievements were not psychoanalytic, but metapsychological, i.e. those writings which take into account, topographic, dynamic and economic processes, in diagnosing mental states.⁷¹

Most of the terms in the above diagramme will be familiar to anyone who speaks English. Freudian terminology has seeped into common parlance over the century, for better or worse. There is one term though -- it's easy to spot -- which no English-speaker over the age of three utters, unless s/he has been reduced to a state of blubbing abjection. Yes, you've got it: it is a three-letter word, *BwO*, a "word without

articulations."⁷² When articulating, one pronounces it *body-without-organs*. I believe I have mentioned it before, without providing a definition. This is no surprise as it is a difficult concept to convey, and most of the definitions supplied in both *Anti-Oedipus* and *A Thousand Plateaus* are very long and complex. However, these are the salient traits: A body-without-organs is an internal limit. It is something like a horizon which a process tends towards, immanently. It exists a priori (hence its immanence), but it also has to be produced, or actualized. In other words the BwO is both actual and virtual. But what is it? It is what desires would seem to tend towards, so, in a sense it is an external object, or an external state, or an action or event. But, since it is immanent, it is also something like an idea one has, an internal object, state, action or event. Actually, it is desire itself, unrestrained by subjects and objects, and thus, the opposite of actual. The BwO is Bergson's virtual: it exists as a *pure past*, and technically speaking it *is not*, because it eludes the present; instead *IT ACTS*. Desiring machines, on the other hand *ARE*. They exist at the level of immediate present, of immediate perception and affect. They synthesize, break and flow.

The body-without-organs, on the other hand, produces counterflows. "Every coupling of machines, every production of a machine, every sound of a machine running, becomes unbearable to the body without organs. Beneath its organs it senses there are larvae and loathsome worms, and a God at work messing it all up or strangling it by organizing it. "The body is the body/it is all by itself/and has no need of organs/ the body is never an organism/organisms are the enemies of the body" [...] In order to resist

organ-machines, the body without organs presents its smooth, slippery, opaque, taut surface as a barrier. In order to resist linked, connected, and interrupted flows, it sets up a counterflow of amorphous, undifferentiated fluid. In order to resist using words composed of articulated phonetic units, it utters only gasps and cries that are sheer unarticulated blocks of sound." (*A-O* 9) This is the BwO as anti-production, as a great inexpressivity and amorphousness, the body without an image. When libido is transformed into numen via the disjunctive syntheses, however (and I must say that I am not at all sure how this happens), the BwO is transformed from antiproduction or repulsion to attraction and "apparent objective movement". Whereas phase one of the story of the production of the subject is that of Judge Schreber and his paranoiac machines -- for the story of the BwO in part I of *Anti-Oedipus* is largely the story of Judge Schreber -- phase two involves the interaction of desiring machines and the body without organs to produce an enchanted recording surface: the production of recording.

The body without organs then forms a surface, a plane, upon which desire is articulated, in resonating series put into resonance via the perpetual displacement, and perpetual nomadic movement of a paradoxical element. For, yes, actually, schizos (as well as paranoiacs and other deviants) do make sense. And sense, is something you produce or assemble; it is there only when assembled and as assembled (Deleuze and Guattari would also say *machined*, or produced by a new machinery) and it never pre-exists -- it is always for the making (desiring-production *and* social production):

It is thus pleasing that there resounds today the news that sense is never a principle or an origin, but that it is produced. It is not something to discover, to restore, and to re-employ; it is something to produce by a new machinery. It belongs to no height or depth, but rather to a surface effect, being inseparable from the surface which is its proper dimension. It is not that sense lacks depth or height, but rather that height and depth lack surface, that they lack sense, or have it only by virtue of an "effect" which presupposes sense. (*LS* 72)

Il est donc agréable que résonne aujourd'hui la bonne nouvelle : le sens n'est jamais principe ou origine, il est produit. Il n'est pas à découvrir ni à re-employer, il est à produire par de nouvelles machineries. Il n'appartient à aucune hauteur, il n'est dans aucune profondeur, mais effet de surface, inséparable de la surface comme de sa dimension propre. Ce n'est pas que le sens manque de profondeur ou de hauteur, c'est plutôt la hauteur et la profondeur qui manquent de surface, qui manquent de sens, ou qui n'en ont que par un << effet >> qui suppose le sens. (*LS*, French Ed. 89-90)

And then, another transformation. "Just as a part of the libido as energy of production was transformed into the energy of recording (*Numen*), a part of this energy of recording is transformed into energy of consummation (*Voluptas*). It is this residual energy that is the motive force behind the third synthesis of the unconscious: the conjunctive synthesis, "so it's..." (*A-O* 16) or the production of consumption. With this third transformation of energy and production, "It would seem that a reconciliation of the two can take place only on the level of a new machine, functioning as the 'return of the repressed.'" How the subject is produced: repulsion gives way to attraction, "but the opposition between repulsion and attraction persists." (*A-O* 17) What happens?! Schreber becomes a woman! via a *celibate machine*, or new alliance between desiring machines and the BwO. But what's even more interesting, Nietzsche becomes all the

names in history. And Beckett's *Unnameable* is an egg, and we never stop being reborn as subjects passing through the intensive states produced by the resonance of the two series of forces: repulsion and attraction. (*A-O* 19)

The following passage from the *Dialogues* of Deleuze and Parnet also employs the image-concept of a *body without organs* from within a "schizoanalytic" philosophy, attempting to rewrite subject-object dichotomies in favour of an *image of thought* that values multiplicity -- a concept with a strongly Bergsonian flavour.⁷³ The passage below outlines very concisely what might be called Deleuze and Guattari's *desiring-programme*. It is one which is developed at length in the Appendix to *Anti-Oedipus* ("Balance-Sheet Programme for Desiring-Machines"; *Bilan-programme pour machines désirantes/1972*)⁷⁴; again in the sixth plateau of *A Thousand Plateaus* ("November 28, 1947: How Do You Make Yourself a Body Without Organs?": *28 Novembre 1947 -- Comment se faire un corps sans organes?*); and again in the two opening sections of *What is Philosophy?*: "What is a concept?" and "Plane of Immanence". To my knowledge the earliest appearance of this *desiring-programme*, in the language in which it is expressed below is to be found in Deleuze's *The Logic of Sense* and *Difference and Repetition*. It is the language of Deleuze's theory of singularities and expression. It is also closely imbricated with Deleuze's work on Spinoza's philosophy of *immanent desire*. I am less certain about the nature of Guattari's contribution to this theory, but I know that it is crucial to an understanding of their joint work:

It seemed to us that desire was a process and that it unrolled a *plane of*

consistence, a field of immanence, a 'body without organs', as Artaud put it, criss-crossed by particles and fluxes which break free from objects and subjects ... Desire is therefore not internal to a subject, any more than it tends toward an object: it is strictly immanent to a plane which it does not pre-exist, to a plane which must be constructed, where particles are emitted and fluxes combine. There is only desire in so far as there is deployment of a particular field, propagation of particular fluxes, emission of particular particles. Far from presupposing a subject, desire cannot be attained except at the point where someone is deprived of the power of saying 'I'. Far from directing itself towards an object, desire can only be reached at the point where someone no longer searches for or grasps an object any more than he grasps himself as a subject. (*Dialogues*, 89)

Il nous semblait que le désir était un processus, et qu'il déroulait un *plan de consistance*, un champ d'immanence, un << corps sans organes >>, comme disait Artaud, parcouru de particules et de flux qui s'échappent des objets comme des sujets... Le désir n'est donc pas intérieur à un sujet, pas plus qu'il ne tend vers un objet : il est strictement immanent à un plan auquel il ne préexiste pas, à un plan qu'il faut construire, où des particules s'émettent, des flux se conjuguent. Il n'y a désir que pour autant qu'il y a déploiement d'un tel champ, propagation de tels flux, émission de telles particules. Loin de supposer un sujet, le désir ne peut être atteint qu'au point où quelqu'un est dessaisi du pouvoir de dire Je. Loin de tendre vers un objet, le désir ne peut être atteint qu'au point où quelqu'un ne cherche ou ne saisit pas plus un objet qu'il ne se saisit comme sujet. (*Dialogues*, French ed., 108)

From desiring to rhythmic subjects

Desiderio is Italian for wish, or desire, and *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman* a novel in which this semi-indigenous and utterly indifferent nomad (or knight errant, if you see him as a courtly lover) and *desiring-subject*, recounts what he remembers about a great war, a war by means of which he became the war's greatest and most unhappy hero. He is not modest, nor remorseful, only full of regrets; however, he could not have acted otherwise. He had to kill that obscure object of his desire, for

otherwise she would have killed him. But, in so doing, he destroyed a part of himself. Could he have known this in advance? *Infernal Desire Machines* is the tale of the multiple journeys of a strange subject in the process of producing, recording and consuming its many selves: Desiderio keeps sloughing off identity after identity, and slipping into new ones. At some points it is a hermaphroditic subject -- Desiderio-Albertina -- and a tragic one at that. Hermaphrodites are tragic only when disjoined. *Infernal Desire Machines* proposes to remedy this... but fails beautifully.

If *Love* is Carter's most schizophrenic novel, and *Heroes and Villains* her most glamorous -- its star-studded cast includes Jewel, Precious, Blue, and many other beautiful and terrible Barbarians -- then *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman* (1972), Angela Carter's sixth novel, is her most apocalyptic, even though it is only the memoirs of a macro-apocalypse nipped in the bud. It is still crammed with micro-apocalypses (she says auto-parodically). *Infernal* begins with the words, "I remember," as do two of Carter's most riveting tales, *The Scarlet House* (1977), and *The Bloody Chamber* (1979). They are incantatory words. As an incantatory phrase *I remember* reminds us that time is multidirectional as well as multidimensional -- that we may turn time back on itself, suspend time present, and revisit the past, or indeed, visit the future.

Time becomes plastic. As verbal memories, fictions can be assembled from it, and magically preserved. Film does the same thing, only it has the additional charm of preserving (and creating) it in moving images. Deleuze, who adored cinema, wrote two

books about it, neither of which I have really read (*Cinema 1: The Movement-Image* and *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*) One of Carter's novels, her second, *The Magic Toyshop*, was turned into a movie, as was one of her tales, "The Company of Wolves"⁷⁵ Carter's *Infernal Desire Machines* has much to say about and much to do with seeing, and image-producing devices or optical prostheses, as well as containing a theory of time, memory and machinic desire.... *Literature is a time machine*, and this novel of Carter's contains time machines within time machines within time machines. (As Deleuze says somewhere about Proust's "anti-logos literary machine" -- it is a way of making time visible. Albertina also happens to be the name of one of the beloveds in *A la recherche du temps perdu*. Carter chose her heroine's name knowingly.) Carter's *Infernal Desire Machines* has about as much to do with remembering as Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*. Nothing. Only involuntary memories are important in Carter's novel. What is fascinating about memory is its cinematic qualities, how it is constituted and what it can do, and does. Moreover, turn memory around and you get *divination* -- a forward-looking memory ... *Kabbalah*, *I Ching*, ... now we are getting somewhere.

I remember. It is also a sobering phrase when it happens to remind us that past experience is indeed inexorably past. (That is, time becomes material: it is embodied in things, in sensual, spatial bodies. On the other hand, time becomes numinous, creating resonances between bodies, creating rhythms.) Without the 'I' however, 'Remember' is triply sobering. As an order word, it functions as a warning: "Remember what your mother told you; remember what happened to so-and-so..." Something terrible

happened: I, Desiderio, killed Albertina; I, Morris, willed the death of Ghislaine; something terrible is going to happen: The Beast will kill Beauty; but, wait. No, no, no. It is the Tiger Lady who is going to shoot the beast dead, as in *The Bloody Chamber*. But then again, it may be Beauty who awakens the Beast, who with her kisses transforms him and herself at the same time, Beauty and Beast, or Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, swept up in a becoming which betrays both species, man and animal, and harbours the promises of hybrids, as in the movie, *A Company of Wolves*. Something horrible or strange always happens, or is always going to happen. It may turn out for the best though, "and they lived *suspensefully* ever after."

Memories, then, aren't always what they are cracked up to be, given the mutable quality of time. *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman* does perverse things with time and time machines. It is not really about remembering *per se*, but more a parody of memoirs (because of the mutable nature of the I-subject) which are used as the verbal equivalent of *trompe-l'oeil* -- some sort of *trompe-oreille*, or "Ear Trumpet". This is very very appropriate indeed, since perhaps the only other surreal novel in the English language is Leonora Carrington's *The Hearing Trumpet*. Be that as it may, the "Introduction" to *Infernal Desire Machines* begins with the words, "I remember everything. Yes. I remember everything perfectly. [...] Because I am so old and famous, they have told me that I must write down all my memories of the Great War,

since, after all, I remember everything."⁴ Chapter One, "The City Under Siege," begins with the phrase, "I cannot remember how it began. Nobody, not even the Minister, could remember." (*IDM* 15) Of course, to remember everything might very well include not remembering exactly how it began. There is really no contradiction here, except for the most delightful of logical contradictions. The more important point has to do with mutation again. For precisely because of time, "I" can never be identical with "I". For all that, "*I*" remembers.

Desiderio recounts the dismembering of time, the dislocation of space, the subversion of identity, the perversion of tastes, sounds, sensations and thought. It started gradually, with small things. "A door one had always seen to be blue modulated by scarcely perceptible stages, until, suddenly, it was a green door." (*IDM* 15)

Now, what Dr. Hoffman had done, in the first instance, was this. Consider the nature of a city. It is a vast repository of time, the discarded times of all the men and women who have lived, worked, dreamed and died in the streets which grow like a wilfully organic thing, unfurl like the petals of a mired rose and yet lack evanescence so entirely that they preserve the past in haphazard layers, so this alley is old while the avenue that runs beside it is newly built but nevertheless has been built up over the deep-down, dead-in-the-ground relics of the older, perhaps the original, huddle of alleys which germinated the entire quarter. Dr. Hoffman's gigantic generators sent out a series of seismic vibrations which made great cracks in the hitherto immutable surface of the time and space equation we had informally formulated in order to realize our city and, out of these cracks, well - nobody knew what would come next.

⁴ Angela Carter, *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*. 1972. New York: Penguin Books, 1994.) 11. Henceforth, page references to this novel will be given in brackets after citations, in the body of the text.

A kind of orgiastic panic seized the city. [...] (*IDM* 17)

There is an unmistakably Proustian flavour to Carter's style in this passage. Nowhere else, one is impelled to exclaim, have English sentences been so meandering and convoluted, nowhere else have they undergone such syntactic folding and unfurling - these petals of a mired archaeological rose which Dr. Hoffman's seismic vibrators are in the process of deflowering. And yet, underneath the Proust, or perhaps beside the Proust, there is something Germanic also in this syntax. The image or metaphor of the language-city, is, if I am not mistaken, Wittgensteinian. Echoes, notwithstanding, both cities and languages are vast repositories of time: in both cases, time is made visible, and time becomes matter, becomes material, or rather, matter mutates, and the rate at which it mutates has been affected.

Those bluff, complaisant avenues and piazzas were suddenly as fertile in metamorphoses as a magic forest. Whether the apparitions were shades of the dead, synthetic reconstructions of the living or in no way replicas of anything we knew, they inhabited the same dimension as the living for Dr. Hoffman had enormously extended the limits of this dimension. The very stones were mouths which spoke. I myself decided the revenants were objects - perhaps personified ideas - which could think but did not exist. This seemed the only hypothesis which might explain my own case for I acknowledged them - I *saw* them; they screamed and whickered at me - and yet I did not believe in them.

This phantasmagoric redefinition of a city was constantly fluctuating for it was now the kingdom of the instantaneous.

[...] the city was no longer the conscious production of humanity; it had become the arbitrary realm of dream. (*IDM* 17-18)

Infernal Desire Machines is very much about time, and about the power of doing things

with time. It is called both a Reality War, and 'war of dreams', but it is, more importantly, a Time War. Dr. Hoffman is a metaphysician (and a metapsychologist too, undoubtedly); it matters less what he is than what he does: slowly suffocate and subvert despotic 'conscious' space-time and attempt to replace it, but with what?

Angela Carter and surrealism

In the sole essay of whose existence I am aware making the connection between the work of Angela Carter and Deleuze and Guattari, the connection made is precisely that between the infernal *desire machines* of doctor Hoffman, and *les machines désirantes* of *Anti-Oedipe*. In her essay, "The Fate of the Surrealist Imagination in the Society of the Spectacle"⁷⁶, Susan Rubin Suleiman remarks, in passing, the connection between Deleuze and Guattari's desiring machines and Carter's desire machines (of Doctor Hoffman), about which she notes the following:

It may be interesting to speculate on the relation of Surrealist ideas about desire to the 'desiring machines' dreamed up by Deleuze and Guattari in their *Anti-Oedipus*, published the same year as Carter's novel. At first glance, the *machines désirantes* may appear close to Doctor Hoffman's desire machines (such is the power of the signifier); but in fact they are far from them and close to Surrealism. For Deleuze and Guattari and for the Surrealists, desire is 'in its essence revolutionary' and implies ceaseless movement - that is why their ideal subject is the bachelor, 'nomad and vagabond' (a kind of Desiderio, perhaps). In their terms as well, Doctor Hoffman's love pens would have to be considered the very opposite of liberation, or revolution. (*Suleiman* 112)

It may be interesting to draw out the possibilities intimated in this invitation to speculate.

In the first place, Doctor Hoffman's love pens in which are bedded one hundred coupling

love slaves, are only one part of one of his many desire machines, which - incidentally - are never called desire machines in the body of the novel (only in its title), but always only machines, or infernal machines. They are certainly all revolutionary in means as well as in their ends, which is to dismantle the status quo, and "reality as we know it".

"... Doctor Hoffman appeared to me to be proliferating his weaponry of images along the obscure and controversial borderline between the thinkable and the unthinkable."

(*IDM 22*) The changes or metamorphoses inflicted on the anonymous city in *Infernal Desire Machines* transform it -- as Suleiman notes -- into a surrealist's dream, and formally into a surrealist collage. The surrealist notion of desire -- strongly influenced by early Freudian psychoanalysis -- was, as Angela Carter notes below, in her essay on surrealism ("The Alchemy of the Word") -- about the liberatory powers of unconscious desire, and seeing the world as if for the first time, creating it anew by force of desire, hence their embrace of revolutionary desire:

Surrealism celebrated wonder, the capacity for seeing the world as if for the first time which, in its purest state, is the prerogative of children and madmen, but more than that, it celebrated wonder itself as an essential means of perception.

[...] Surrealism posits poetry as a possible mode, possibly the primary mode, of being. Surrealism was the latest, perhaps the final, explosion of romantic humanism in Western Europe. It demanded the liberation of the human spirit as both the ends and the means of art.

Surrealism = *permanent revelation*
 Surrealism = *permanent revolution*⁷⁷

Carter's novel does not question the revolutionary powers of desire *per se*, in fact

it makes a point of highlighting the revolutionary potentials of these machines in every possible way. What excites Desiderio's disapproval in the end, is the fact that only one man is behind it. The fact is that, as Dr. Hoffman himself notes, " '... I had thought there were no defences against the unleashed unconscious. I had certainly not bargained for a military campaign when I began transmission. I had not seen myself as a warlord but I effectively evolved into one.'" (*IDM* 211) Hoffman is a fine example of "brain-desire" determining all other desires in the body politic: thus the groin- and flesh- desires of all of those love slaves, the leg- and hand-desires of all of those mercenaries and soldiers, as well as all and any other desires. "The Castle of Desiring-Technology" lays reality under siege, and all 'authentic', that is self-positing, desires are short-circuited and subverted by simulacra, or abstract image-things. And yet, if on one level *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman* is a fine parody of despotic machinic desire from a feminist viewpoint, it is also a wonderfully playful ironic and self-conscious parody of fiction itself, and of the fiction-writing process, hence the unreliable narrator. Two novels and twelve years later, another Desiderio will see the publication light of day: Fevvers, or actually, Fevvers-Lizzie, a couple of cockney Scheherazades. In responding to John Haffenden's curiosity about her singular heroine, Fevvers, and Fevvers' line, 'I fooled you,' (which he reads as some sort of postmodern gesture), Carter explains:

It's actually doing something utterly illegitimate--in a way I like--because ending on that line doesn't make you realize the fictionality of what has gone before, it makes you start inventing other fictions, things that might have happened--as though the people were really real, with real lives.

[...] It is not like saying that you should put away the puppets and close the box. I didn't realize I was doing that at the time, but it is inviting the reader to take one further step into the fictionality of the narrative, instead of coming out of it and looking at it as though it were an artefact. So that's not postmodernist at all, I suppose: it's the single most nineteenth-century gesture in the novel!"⁷⁸

If the problem with Doctor Hoffman's machines is that they are despotically overcoded by his conscious intentions, then this is, in a sense, also the problem with fictional machines, when desire machines become infernal machines. Carter's is a very self-conscious fiction. But to counter the Hoffmans, there are the Desiderios, the indifferent ones, who seem to have no conscious desires, or whose desire is purely impassive. On top of that, Doctor Hoffman began as an experimenter -- a modifier of reality, and a mind-bogglingly brilliant one, if curiously and paradoxically repressed -- a sort of curious synthesis of the wizard of Oz, Reich, Freud, Einstein, Hitler and William Burroughs! " '....These desires must, of course, subsist, since to desire is to be.' So *that* was the Doctor's version of the cogito! I DESIRE THEREFORE I EXIST. Yet he seemed to me a man without desires. 'In this way, a synthetically authentic phenomenon finally takes shape. I used the capital city of this country as the testing ground for my first experiments because the unstable existential structure of its institutions could not suppress the latent consciousness as effectively as a structure with a firmer societal organization....'" (*IDM* 211)

So, that's it!

Angela Carter is/was a realist. She had no desire to do away with reality, but to

synthesize it more authentically. To synthesize means to fabricate, which basically just means *to make*, and in reality all that we are making is real, only some things seem realer than real by virtue of seeming more remarkable, interesting, desirable. This is reality as it pushes your pleasure buttons, the reality of desire and the pleasure principle. But what if reality does not respond to your desires? What if your wishes do not materialize, what if every attempt at synthesis fails. The name given to reality as it disappoints, is, horribly, the reality principle. Get real! it cries. Carter's fictions are not formulaic. Each new novel is a new 'jail-break'. If Desiderio feels that he must destroy that obscure object of his desire, Fevvers feels no need to do so. If Annabel annihilates herself in an ecstasy of narcissistic self-gratification, Nora and Dora adopt a child at the ripe young age of seventy-five and will probably live forever. "Give offence, give pleasure", that is what fiction can do. And that is what Carter's fictions manage to do, fervently.

...for the sake of foolishness is wisdom mingled with all things!
 A little wisdom is no doubt possible; but I have found
 this happy certainty in all things:
 that they prefer - to *dance* on the feet of chance.

-- Friedrich Nietzsche. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

CONCLUSION

I

Angela Carter has built many machines, or if you prefer, written many books. Deleuze and Guattari, who have done likewise, have it that the book is a machine, "un engin". But, of course, every good desiring machine has its body-without-organs, as any schizoanalyst knows, and for every desiring machine and BwO there are attractions, repulsions and the ensuing production of new machines... and finally a new alliance: the production of subjects and subjectivities, "after the subject", or subject-effects.

One can see a book -- be it memoirs, a novel, a romance, a diary or a philosophical investigation -- as a machine for producing subject-effects. There is also a sense in which every book is a sort of secret autobiography. But in any case, it is a form of self-enjoyment and autoproduction, but what matters for the production of subjectivity is that the "I", or the self is subtracted as a result of the transmutation of lived experience and the vicissitudes of living matter -- its oscillations of repulsion and attraction -- into a spiritual journey or quest.

The quest is life, for if book-machines blaze lines, these are life lines. In other

words, life is the great Ur-book, and earth the great Ur-machine.

II

Angela Carter was, above all, an artist -- a writer -- both artisan and erotic⁷⁹ in whose complex illuminations of sexual and political struggles desire emerges in strange and haunting configurations. Like Walter Benjamin whose work she greatly admired⁸⁰, and like his 'modern hero', Baudelaire, Angela Carter earned her living -- with some difficulty, and much ingenuity -- as a writer. She may have seen herself as being, in some ways, in league with the Baudelaires of this world: as belonging to a community of friends, rivals and fellow artisans, all hawking their wares in the bazaars of new fiction.

I would agree that Angela Carter's work is speculative, but only if one understands the term speculative as creating non-pre-existing worlds, and not as reflecting a pre-existing reality. Carter's speculations bring forth new realities and new potentialities and do not simply model themselves on what is already there. Carter's work tends to speculate, precisely, on the nature of reality. both physical and metaphysical or imaginary, and on material processes which bridge the physical and metaphysical worlds. Carter's fictions are critical of all that is self-centred and solipsistic and are intent on opening selves and things up to outside forces with a view to producing new connections. Carter's work poses questions about how we perceive ourselves and others, about the nature of perception and how desires are translated into reality, how

subjectivities arise through different experiences of 'the real': how do we experience our experiences (not just what is real, but what is it made of, how is it made and how does it work?). These are questions Carter poses over and over again, in her fiction. She poses them imaginatively; or she uses imaginative writing in order to question the nature of actuality (of real relations between human beings, as she writes in *Notes from the Front Line*), but, even more, to question the nature of perception, imagination, subjectivity. At the end of these *Notes*, in writing about how feminism had affected her work (and how difficult it was to answer this question), "What I *really* like doing is writing fiction and trying to work things out *that* way."⁸¹

III

For their part, Deleuze and Guattari enjoyed creating concepts. Concepts are incorporeals, even though they are incarnated and effectuated in bodies. And their books are great war-machines, set on destroying all that is complacent, human, all-too-human. And yet, if you look at them closely, theirs are the gentlest of concepts: there is grass, there are events, there are becomings. What sort of fuzzy concepts are these? They are nomadic concepts, and besides being cunning strategists (and blood-thirsty warriors) nomads love jewelry, campfires, singing, dancing and getting lost in dreams under the starry night sky. Far from being hostile to life, as their reputation for being 'post-humanist' might lead one to expect, Deleuze and Guattari are passionate about life -- this life on earth. All that matters for philosophy is how to live life on this earth, intensely, actively, passionately and creatively : theirs is a *geophilosophy* for the present, past,

future.

NOTES

1. Gilles Deleuze poses the question, *What is structuralism?*, and solves the problem in a brilliant essay entitled, "A quoi reconnaît-on le structuralisme?". In *Le XXe Siècle, Histoire de la philosophie*, vol. 8. Ed. François Chatelet. Paris: Hachette, 1973. 299-335. He considers the structuralism of Althusser, Lévi-Strauss, Lacan and Foucault.
2. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?* Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Graham Burchell. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994) 171.
3. Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1991) 162.
4. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?* 212-213
5. Angela Carter. "A Souvenir of Japan," in *Fireworks: Nine Profane Pieces*. (London: Quartet Books, 1974) 10.
6. Angela Carter devoted much energy to this problem, and in 1990 presented a paper on the topic at a Conference on the Language of Passion (University of Pisa, Italy, 1990). This paper - "Love in a Cold Climate. Some Problems of Passion, Protestant Culture and Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*" -- is included in *Nothing Sacred. Selected Writings* (London: Virago Press, 1982) 165-180.
7. Angela Carter, *Nights at the Circus*. 1984. (London: Picador, 1984) 1.
8. Angela Carter, *The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman*. 1972. (New York: Penguin Books, 1994) 168.
9. For more information on Félix Guattari (life and work), see the collection of autobiographical essays and interviews, *Chaosophy*. Ed. Sylvère Lotringer. (New York: Semiotext[e], 1995). For a wonderful introduction to the joint work of Deleuze and Guattari, see Brian Massumi's Translator's Forward, (*Pleasures of Philosophy*) to *A Thousand Plateaus*.
10. Gilles Deleuze, *The Logic of Sense*. (New York: C.U.P., 1990) xiv.
11. Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line". In *On Gender and Writing*. Ed. Michelene Wandor. (London: Pandora Press, 1983) 75.
12. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?* 111.
13. Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie?* 106.
14. Paul Edwards, Editor in Chief. *The Encyclopaedia of Philosophy*. Volume Five. (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc. & The Free Press, 1967) pages 289-307.

15. In both *Proust and Signs*, and *Coldness and Cruelty* (Deleuze's presentation of the work of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch), one discerns a marked idealist (and anti-materialist) tendency: in both authors the materiality of the world (with its inferior signs) is redeemable only through art. Neither Proust's Platonism nor Sacher-Masoch's Hegelianism seem to offend Deleuze at all. In fact, Deleuze remains an idealist, to the extent that he remains a thinker. Even in *Difference and Repetition* and *The Logics of Sense* (his first works "in his own name", published circa 1968-9, at about the same time as Deleuze's book on Spinoza's expressionism), which are written against the grain of traditional metaphysics, his 'material' interests are directed towards *ideational material* (or sense). This is not a criticism. It is only to clarify -- albeit in a roundabout way -- that when, with Guattari, Deleuze writes *Anti-Oedipus*, which is a book of *materialist psychiatry*, Deleuze is coming at it as a philosopher, but one swept up in a wave of *becoming-material*, and the revamping of metaphysics to become *quantum metaphysics*. And quanta, as we know, being both wave and particle, are both ideal and material. Finally, a new image of thought is possible! one which Foucault heralds as *phantasmaphysics*. What interests this new breed of Nietzschean and nomadic philosophers is the *thought-event*, or double affirmation: the affirmation of thought as creative, and as both a *corporeal* and *incorporeal* force, expressing itself in sense-events. This sort of logical battle is still a long way off from street-fighting, or even a milder form of politics. But, a political battle is what ensues with *Anti-Oedipus*.

16. Gilbert Simondon, "The Genesis of the Individual". It forms the introduction to his work, *L'Individu et sa genèse physico-biologique: L'Individuation à la lumière des notions de forme et d'information*. The English translation I am using (translated from the French by Mark Cohen and Sanford Kwinter), is found in *Incorporations*. Edited by Jonathan Crary and Sanford Kwinter. (New York, N.Y.: Urzone, Inc., 1992) 296-319.

17. Gilbert Simondon, *ibid.*, 311.

18. Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line", in *On Gender and Writing*. Ed. Michelene Wandor. (London, Boston, Melbourne, Henley: Pandora Press, 1983) 69.

19. "The soaring imagination", is the title given by Lorna Sage to her Obituary of Angela Carter. (*Guardian Weekly*, February 23, 1992).

20. Angela Carter, *The Passion of New Eve*. 1977 (London: Virago Press, 1982) 22-23.

21. Angela Carter in interview with John Haffenden. *Novelists in Interview*, 92.

22. Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line", 70.

23. Angela Carter, "Novelists in Interview", 79.

24. *Ibid.*, 71.

25. *Ibid.*, 79.

26. Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line," 69.
27. "Angela Carter, born May 7, 1940; died February 17, 1992." Obituaries: Angela Carter. *Guardian Weekly*, February 23, 1992. By Lorna Sage.
28. Angela Carter once claimed, in an interview with Lorna Sage (*The Savage Sideshow: A Profile of Angela Carter*, 1977) that she had once thought of herself as a social realist. In his essay 'Mutability is Having a Field Day': *The Sixties Aura of Angela Carter's Bristol Trilogy*, the first essay in the collection *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on the Art of Angela Carter*, edited by Lorna Sage (1994), Marc O'Day tries to make this description stick. I will argue with the label further on in this Chapter.
29. In Lorna Sage's profile of Angela Carter, *The Savage Sideshow*, *The New Review* 4:39-40 (June-July 1977) 52.
30. By Dorothy Allison in her review of the reprints of two of her early novels, *Love and Heroes and Villains*, in "Love Among the Ruins", *Voice Literary Supplement* (June 1989) 15.
31. By Ann Snitow in her interview with Angela Carter, "Wild Thing, Conversation with A Necromancer", *Voice Literary Supplement* (June 1989) 14.
32. By Guido Almansi, in his essay "In the Alchemist's Cave: Radio Plays", collected in Lorna Sage's *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on the Art of Angela Carter*, 216-229.
33. By Susan Rubin Suleiman, in her essay "The Fate of the Surrealist Imagination in the Society of the Spectacle", collected in Lorna Sage's *Flesh and the Mirror* (98-116), but also in Suleiman's own collection of essays *Risking Who One Is*.
34. By John Haffenden, in the preface to an interview with Angela Carter, collected in his book *Novelists In Interview*, (London, New York: Methuen, 1985) 76.
35. By Santiago del Rey, in "Feminismo y Brujería. Entrevista con Angela Carter". *Quimera: Revista de Literatura* 102 (1991) 21.
36. See Bibliography for provisional details. Full details, however, will not be available until the publication of a *Collected Works of Angela Carter*. Publication of Volume I, *The Curious Room* is either imminent or fact. According to Hermione Lee, in a footnote in her essay "'A Room of One's Own, or a Bloody Chamber?': Angela Carter and Political Correctness" (In *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on Angela Carter*), *The Curious Room: Collected Works, Volume I* is forthcoming by Chatto & Windus, 1995. Copyright, Estate of Angela Carter. However, thus far in North America, only a *Collected Short Stories* has been published.
37. "The Women's Movement has been of immense importance to me personally and I would regard myself as a feminist writer, because I'm a feminist in everything else and one can't compartmentalise these things in one's life." Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line," 69.

38. "I started off being an expressionist, but as I grew older I started treating it more frivolously and so I became a mannerist." Angela Carter in interview with John Haffenden. *Novelists in Interview*, 91.

39. Her training as a medievalist, however, does not manifest itself so much as a concern for things of the medieval period, but rather as a medievalist's love of logics, as a medieval mysticism but of the sort favoured by surrealists: one of profane illuminations, albeit with a feminist twist. But, also (perhaps, foremost) as a sort of medieval fabulism, savage and popular, questing and nomadic, intellectual and exquisite. In an interview with John Haffenden, she states: "I do put everything in a novel to be *read* - read the way allegory was intended to be read, the way you are supposed to read *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight* - on as many levels as you can comfortably cope with at the time." *Novelists in Interview*, 86.

40. Angela Carter, *The Sadeian Woman. An Exercise in Cultural History*. 1979. (London: Virago Press, 1992) 14.

41. Angela Carter, "Notes From the Front Line," 70-71.

42. *Ibid.*, 75.

43. I have tried, mainly, to analyze (and synthesize) Carter's writing by means of Angela Carter's own work as seen by my own (biased, Deleuze and Guattari influenced) lights, although I've read and greatly appreciated the insights of many other critics: especially Ellen Cronan Rose, Carol Siegel, Sally Robinson, Linda Ruth Williams, Lorna Sage, Elaine Jordan -- to name but a few. Unfortunately, there is too little room in a Master's thesis to make use of all that one would like.

44. For those of you who are unfamiliar with Freud's castration anxiety, it is a staple of his psycho-analytic theories and tied up with his elaboration of the Oedipus complex. As gender goes, women are seen to be castrated men, and men may suffer from castration anxiety, especially at formative moments. See below. Having read Freud very selectively, I am most familiar with the link between blinding (feeling blinded) and castration anxiety through his essay "The Uncanny", from which I will quote briefly: "A study of dreams, phantasies and myths has taught us that a morbid anxiety connected with the eyes and with going blind is often enough a substitute for the dread of castration. In blinding himself, Oedipus, that mythical law-breaker, was simply carrying out a mitigated form of punishment of castration--the only punishment that according to the *lex talionis* was fitted for him." [O.E.D. : *lex talionis* - law of retaliation, whereby punishment resembles offence committed, in kind and degree]

Sigmund Freud, *On Creativity and the Unconscious. Papers on the Psychology of Art, Literature, Love, Religion*. Selected, with Intro. and Annotations by Benjamin Nelson. (New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1958) 137.

45. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus. Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Vol. 2*. Trans. and foreword Brian Massumi. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987) 192.

46. Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari. *Mille Plateaux, Capitalisme et Schizophrénie, Vol 2.* (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1980) 235.
47. Angela Carter in interview with John Haffenden, *Novelists in Interview*, 80.
48. Marc O'Day. "'Mutability is Having a Field Day': The Sixties Aura of Angela Carter's Bristol Trilogy." In *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on the Art of Angela Carter*. (London: Virago Press, 1994) 25.
49. Lorna Sage. "The Savage Sideshow: A Profile of Angela Carter." *The New Review*, 4: 39-40 (June/July 1977) 50.
50. Lorna Sage. "The Savage Sideshow: A Profile of Angela Carter." 54.
51. Lisa Appignansi. *Writers in Conversation: Ideas of our Time*. Institute of Contemporary Arts Video & Trilion. The Roland Collection, Peasmarsh near Rye, East Sussex, England, 1987.
52. Angela Carter, "The Alchemy of the Word." In *Expletives Deleted. Selected Writings* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1992) 73.
53. Marc O'Day, "'Mutability is Having a Field Day': The Sixties Aura of Angela Carter's Bristol Trilogy." In *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on the Art of Angela Carter*, Ed. Lorna Sage (London, Virago Press, 1994) 25.
54. Angela Carter, in interview with Kerry Goldsworthy. "Angela Carter" in *Meanjin* 44:1 (March 1985) 12.
55. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *What is Philosophy?*, 193.
56. Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari, *Qu'est-ce que la Philosophie?*, 182.
57. Walter Benjamin. *Charles Baudelaire. A Lyric Poet in the Era of High Capitalism*. 1969. Trans. Harry Zohn. (London, New York: Verso, 1989) 34.
58. Angela Carter in interview with Kerry Goldsworthy, "Angela Carter" 8-9.
59. As novelistic bricolage, *Shadow Dance*, is made up of a multitude of discourses, allusions and intertexts: narrative descriptions in the third person singular, snatches of old and new love songs, much dialogue, direct and indirect allusions running the gamut from the Old and New Testaments to Greek mythology (Orpheus and Eurydice) to medieval romance, Baudelairean sonnets to other novels (from *Don Quixote* to *Gulliver's Travels* to *The Brothers Karamazov* to *Frankenstein*, to *Nadja*, and on), and just as importantly the big and little screens: *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Un Chien Andalou*, *Stan and Ollie*, *Whitehall farce*, TV commercials for Lifebuoy soap and bathroom cleansers, and the list goes on.

60. "Creative fabulation has nothing to do with a memory, however exaggerated, or with a fantasy. In fact, the artist, including the novelist, goes beyond the perceptual states and affective transitions of the lived. The artist is a seer, a become. How would he recount what happened to him, or what he imagines, since he is a shadow?" Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. *What is Philosophy?* Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Graham Burchell. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994) 171.

61. Gilles Deleuze, "Re-présentation de Sacher-Masoch" in *Critique et Clinique*. (Paris: Les Editions de Minuit, 1993) 73.

62. Lorna Sage, "The Savage Sideshow: A profile of Angela Carter," 50.

63. *Ibid.*, 51.

64. Angela Carter, *Several Perceptions*. (London: Heinemann, 1968) 145.

65. *Rhizome* is also the name of a book by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. It was published by Minuit in 1976, modified and reprinted as the introduction to *Mille Plateaux*. English reference: "Rhizome". Trans. Paul Foss and Paul Patton. In *Ideology and Consciousness*, no.8 (Spring 1981) 49-71.

66. Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations: 1972-1990*. Trans. Martin Joughin. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995) 23.

67. Barbie's quote is reminiscent of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, bringing together and onto one productive plane - flesh, grass, passage, life-death-new life, language and leaves of grass and of a new sort of book. Deleuze and Guattari, both deeply influenced by a certain American way of lateral feeling, thinking and creating, take rhizomorphousness as a model for their pop philosophy.

68. Steven Shaviro, *Passion and Excess: Blanchot, Bataille, and Literary Theory*. (Tallahassee: The Florida State University Press, 1990) 87.

69. For more on phantasms, visibilities and statements and a review of Deleuze's two books, *The Logic of Sense* and *Difference and Repetition*, see Michel Foucault, "Theatrum Philosophicum," in *Language, Counter-memory, Practice. Selected Essays and Interviews*. Ed. and Intro. Donald F. Bouchard. (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1977).

70. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, 25.

71. Freud's exact words are: "I propose that, when we succeed in describing a mental process in all its aspects, dynamic, topographic and economic, we shall call this a *metapsychological* presentation." Sigmund Freud, "The Unconscious", *Collected Papers*, Volume IV. Auth. trans. Joan Riviere. (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1959) 114.

72. Gilles Deleuze, *The Logic of Sense*. Trans. Mark Lester with Charles Stivale. Ed. Constantin V. Boundas. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1990) 224.

73. According to Deleuze and Guattari, as accords with Bergson before them, philosophy is a theory of multiplicities, and Deleuze proposes that we substitute theories of the subject with a theory of multiplicities and singularities. See Gilles Deleuze, "A Philosophical Concept", in *Who Comes After the Subject?* Eds. Eduardo Cadava, Peter Connor, Jean-Luc Nancy. (New York: Routledge, 1991) 94-95.

74. The "Balance-sheet Program for Desiring Machines" Trans. Robert Hurley was first published in English in *Semiotext[e]*, *Anti-Oedipus* issue, vol 2., no. 3 (1977). It was not included in *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. (New York: Viking, 1977). It has been reprinted as part of *Chaosophy* (a collection of interviews and other texts by Félix Guattari, some co-authored with Gilles Deleuze) Ed. Sylvère Lotringer. (New York: Semiotext[e], 1995).

75. See Bibliography for details.

76. Susan Rubin Suleiman, "The Fate of the Surrealist Imagination in the Society of the Spectable." In *Flesh and the Mirror: Essays on the Art of Angela Carter*, (London: Virago Press, 1994) 98-116.

77. Angela Carter, "The Alchemy of the Word", in *Expletives Deleted. Selected Writings*. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1992) 67-69.

78. Angela Carter in interview with John Haffenden. *Novelists in Interview*, 91.

79. Actually, the terms 'artisan and erotic' are ones that Benjamin used to describe a certain *esoterism* "subtending his explicit Marxist conceptions. With the common ownership of the means of production, the abolished social classes could be substituted by a redistribution of society into *affective classes*. Instead of enslaving affectivity, a free industrial production would expand its forms and organize their exchange; in this sense, work would become the accomplice of desires and cease to be their punitive compensation. From Gary Smith Ed., *On Walter Benjamin: Critical Essays and Recollections*. (Cambridge, Massachusetts and London, England: The MIT Press, 1988) 369.

80. "A very important book to me was Walter Benjamin's book about Paris, which was actually his book about Baudelaire. It was a very very important book for me. [. . .] I'm an admirer of Walter Benjamin. I read a whole lot of people, in fact, towards the end of the seventies, whose work began to change the way I felt about fiction. And Benjamin was one of them." Kerryn Goldsworthy, "Angela Carter: Interview." *Meanjin* 44:1 (March 1985) 12.

81. Angela Carter, *Notes From the Front Line*, 77.

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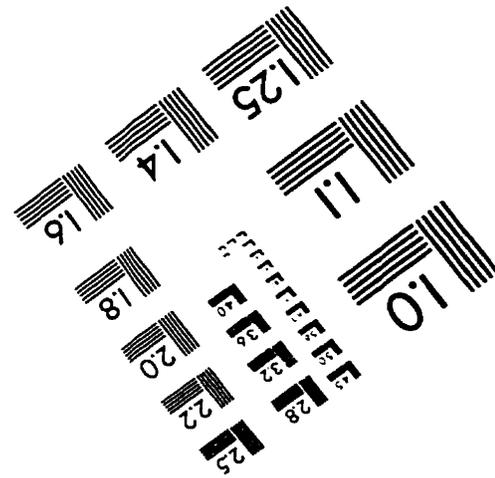
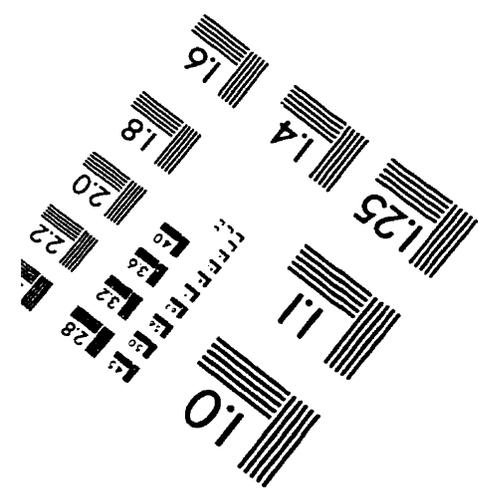
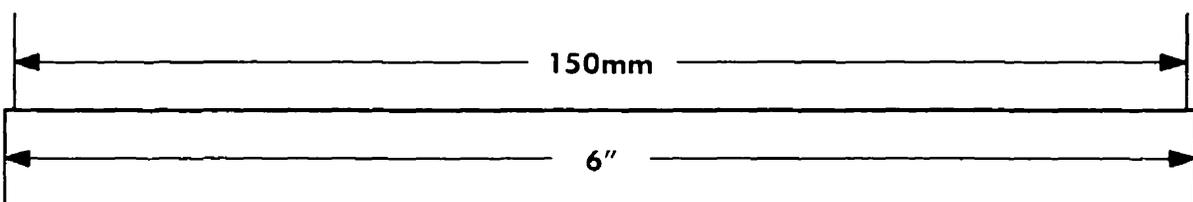
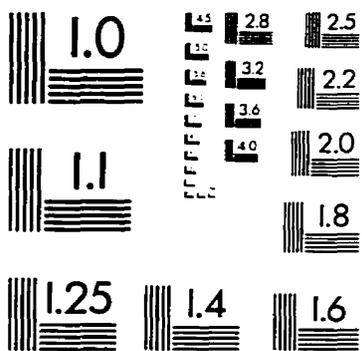
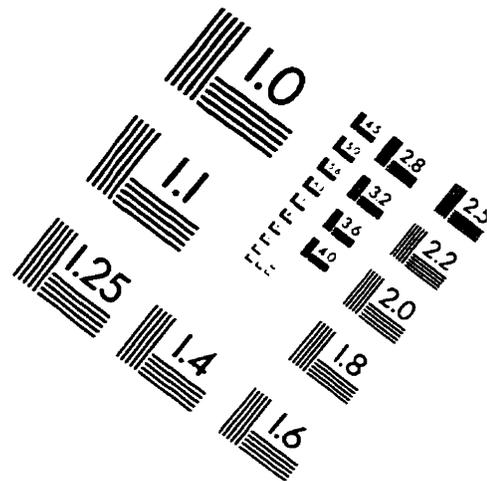
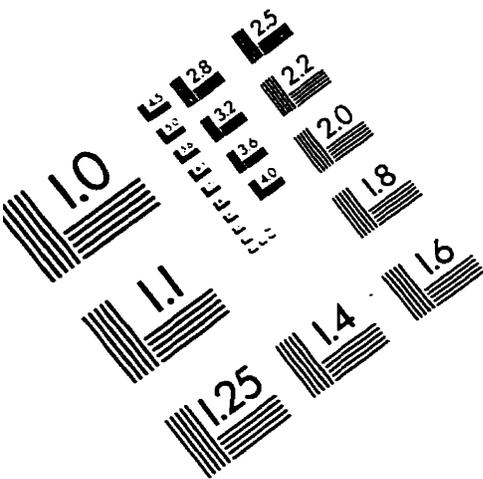
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