

in the analyst's office and projected upon the full body of the psychoanalyst (yes, my boss is my father, and so is the Chief of State, and so are you, Doctor). The pervert is someone who takes the artifice seriously and plays the game to the hilt: if you want them, you can have them—territories infinitely more artificial than the ones that society offers us, totally artificial new families, secret lunar societies. As for the schizo, continually wandering about, migrating here, there, and everywhere as best he can, he plunges further and further into the realm of deterritorialization, reaching the furthest limits of the decomposition of the social on the surface of his own body without organs. It may well be that these peregrinations are the schizo's own particular way of rediscovering the earth. The schizophrenic deliberately seeks out the very limit of capitalism: he is its inherent tendency brought to fulfillment, its surplus product, its proletariat, and its exterminating angel. He scrambles all the codes and is the transmitter of the decoded flows of desire. The real continues to flow. In the schizo, the two aspects of *process* are conjoined: the metaphysical process that puts us in contact with the "demoniacal" element in nature or within the heart of the earth, and the historical process of social production that restores the autonomy of desiring-machines in relation to the deterritorialized social machine. Schizophrenia is desiring-production as the limit of social production. Desiring-production, and its difference in regime as compared to social production, are thus end points, not points of departure. Between the two there is nothing but an ongoing process of becoming that is the becoming of reality. And if materialist psychiatry may be defined as the psychiatry that introduces the concept of production into consideration of the problem of desire, it cannot avoid posing in eschatological terms the problem of the ultimate relationship between the analytic machine, the revolutionary machine, and desiring-machines.

5 The Machines

In what respect are desiring-machines really machines, in anything more than a metaphorical sense? 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 (*nylé*) that

it cuts into. It functions like a hair-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 not unlike the immense thigh of a pig. The term *nylé* in *laéi* designates the pure continuity that any one sort of matter ideally possesses. When Robert Janin describes the little balls and pinches of snuff used in a certain initiation ceremony, he shows that they are produced each year as a sample taken from "an infinite series that theoretically has one and only one origin," a single ball that extends to the very limits of the universe.³⁴ 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 relationship 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 . . ."). In a word, every machine functions as a break in the flow in relation to the machine to which it is connected, but at the same time is also a flow itself, or the production of a flow, in relation to the machine connected to it. This is the law of the production of production. That is why, at the limit point of all the transverse or transfinite connections, the partial object and the continuous flux, the interruption and the connection, fuse into one: everywhere there are breaks-flows out of which desire wells up, thereby constituting its productivity and continually

*The authors' word for this process is *prélèvement*. The French word has a number of meanings, including: a skinning or a draining off; a removal of a certain quantity as a sample or for purposes of testing; a setting apart of a portion or share of the whole; a deduction from a sum of money on deposit. In the English text that follows, in a number of cases the noun *prélèvement* or the corresponding verb *prélever* will be indicated in parentheses following its translation. (*Translators' note.*)

grafting the process of production onto the product. (It is very curious that Melanie Klein, whose discovery of partial objects was so far-reaching, neglects to study flows from this point of view and declares that they are of no importance; she thus short-circuits all the connections.)*

"Connecticut, Connecticut!" cries little Joey. In his study *The Empty Fortress*, Bruno Bettelheim paints the portrait of this young child who can live, eat, defecate, and sleep only if he is plugged into machines provided with motors, wires, lights, carburetors, propellers, and steering wheels: an electrical feeding machine, a car-machine that enables him to breathe, an anal machine that lights up. There are very few examples that cast as much light on the *régime* of desiring-production, and the way in which breaking down constitutes an integral part of the functioning, or the way in which the cutting off is an integral part of mechanical connections. Doubtless there are those who will object that this mechanical, schizophrenic life expresses the absence and the destruction of desire rather than desire itself, and presupposes certain extremely negative attitudes on the part of his parents to which the child reacts by turning himself into a machine. But even Bettelheim, who has a noticeable bias in favor of Oedipal or pre-Oedipal causality, admits that this sort of causality intervenes only in response to autonomous aspects of the productivity or the activity of the child, although he later discerns in him a nonproductive stasis or an attitude of total withdrawal. Hence there is first of all, according to Bettelheim, an autonomous reaction to the total life experience, of which the mother is only a part. Also we must not think that the machines themselves are proof of the loss or repression of desire (which Bettelheim translates in terms of autism). We find ourselves confronted with the same problem once again: How has the process of the production of desire, how have the child's desiring-machines begun to turn endlessly round and round in a total vacuum, so as to produce the child-machine? How has the process turned into an end in itself? Or how has the child become the

victim of a premature interruption or a terrible frustration? It is only by means of the body without organs (eyes closed tight, nostrils pinched shut, ears stopped up) that something is produced, counterproduced, something that diverts or frustrates the entire process of production, of which it is nonetheless still a part. But the machine remains desire, an investment of desire whose history unfolds, by way of the primary repression and the return of the repressed, in the succession of the states of paranoid machines, miraculating machines, and cellbate machines through which little Joey passes as Bettelheim's therapy progresses.

In the second place, every machine has a sort of code built into it, stored up inside it. This code is inseparable not only from the way in which it is recorded and transmitted to each of the different regions of the body, but also from the way in which the relations of each of the regions with all the others are recorded. An organ may have connections that associate it with several different flows; it may waver between several functions, and even take on the *régime* of another organ—the anorectic mouth, for instance. All sorts of functional questions thus arise: What flow to break? Where to interrupt; if? How and by what means? What place should be left for other producers or unproducers (the place of one's little brother, for instance)? Should one, or should one not, suffocate from what one eats, swallow air, spit with one's mouth? The data, the bits of information recorded, and their transmission form a grid of disjunctions of a type that differs from the previous connections. We owe to Jacques Lacan the discovery of this fertile domain of a code of the unconscious, incorporating the entire chain—or several chains—of meaning: a discovery thus totally transforming analysis. (The basic text in this connection is his *La lettre volée* [*The Parloined Letter*].) But how very strange this domain seems, simply because of its multiplicity—a multiplicity so complex that we can scarcely speak of *one* chain or even of *one* code of desire. The chains are called "signifying chains" (*chaînes signifiantes*) because they are made up of signs, but these signs are not themselves signifying. The code resembles not so much a language as a jargon, an open-ended, polyvocal formation. The nature of the signs within it is insignificant, as these signs have little or nothing to do with what supports them. Or rather, isn't the support completely immaterial to these signs? The support is the body without organs. These indifferent signs follow no plan, they function at all levels and enter into any and every sort of connection; each one speaks its own language, and establishes syntheses with others that are quite direct along transverse vectors.

*"Children of both sexes regard urine in its positive aspect as equivalent to their mother's milk in accordance with the unconscious, which equates all bodily substances with one another." Melanie Klein, *The Psycho-Analysis of Children*, trans. Alix Strachey, The International Psycho-Analytic Library, no. 22 (London: Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 1954), p. 291. (First edition, 1932.)

whereas the vectors between the basic elements that constitute them are quite indirect.

The disjunctions characteristic of these chains still do not involve any exclusion, however, since exclusions can arise only as a function of inhibitors and repressors that eventually determine the support and firmly define a specific, personal subject.* No chain is homogeneous; all of them resemble, rather, a succession of characters from different alphabets in which an ideogram, a pictogram, a tiny image of an elephant passing by, or a rising sun may suddenly make its appearance. In a chain that mixes together phonemes, morphemes, etc., without combining them, papa's mustache, mama's upraised arm, a ribbon, a little girl, a cop, a shoe suddenly turn up. Each chain captures fragments of other chains from which it "extracts" a surplus value, just as the orchid code "attracts" the figure of a wasp: both phenomena demonstrate the surplus value of a code. It is an entire system of shuntings along certain tracks, and of selections by lot, that bring about partially dependent, aleatory phenomena bearing a close resemblance to a Markov chain. The recordings and transmissions that have come from the internal codes, from the outside world, from one region to another of the organism, all intersect, following the endlessly ramified paths of the great disjunctive synthesis. If this constitutes a system of writing, it is a writing inscribed on the very surface of the Real: a strangely polyvocal kind of writing, never a binivocalized, linearized one; a transcurative system of writing, never a discursive one; a writing that constitutes the entire domain of the "real inorganization" of the passive syntheses, where we would search in vain for something that might be labeled the Signifier—writing that ceaselessly composes and decomposes the chains into signs that have nothing that impels them to become signifying. The one vocation of the sign is to produce desire, engineering it in every direction.

*See Jacques Lacan, "Remarque sur le rapport de Daniel Lagache," in *Écrits* (reference note 36), of "an exclusion having its source in these signs as such being able to come about only as a condition of consistency within a chain that is to be constituted; let us also add that the one dimension limiting this condition is the translation of which such a chain is capable. Let us consider this game of lotto for just a moment more. We may then discover that it is only because these elements turn up by sheer chance within an ordinal series, in a truly unorganized way, that their appearance makes us draw lots" (p. 658).

These chains are the locus of continual detachments—schizzes* on every hand that are valuable in and of themselves and above all must not be filled in. This is thus the second characteristic of the machine: breaks that are a detachment (*coupures-détachements*), which must not be confused with breaks that are a slicing off (*coupures-prélèvements*). The latter have to do with continuous fluxes and are related to partial objects. Schizzes have to do with heterogeneous chains, and as their basic unit use detachable segments or mobile stocks resembling building blocks or flying bricks. We must conceive of each brick as having been launched from a distance and as being composed of heterogeneous elements: containing within it not only an inscription with signs from different alphabets, but also various figures, plus one or several straws, and perhaps a corpse. Cutting into the flows (*le prélèvement du flux*) involves detachment of something from a chain; and the partial objects of production presuppose stocks of material or recording bricks within the coexistence and the interaction of all the syntheses.

How could part of a flow be drawn off without a fragmentary detachment taking place within the code that comes to inform the flow? When we noted a moment ago that the schizo is at the very limit of the decoded flows of desire, we meant that he was at the very limit of the social codes, where a despoiled Signifier destroys all the chains, linearizes them, binivocalizes them, and uses the bricks as so many immobile units for the construction of an imperial Great Wall of China. But the schizo continually detaches them, continually works them loose and carries them off in every direction in order to create a new polyvocality that is the code of desire. Every composition, and also every decomposition, uses mobile bricks as the basic unit. *Dischisis* and *diaspasis*, as Monakow put it: either a lesion spreads along fibers that link it to other regions and thus gives rise *at a distance* to phenomena that are incomprehensible from a purely mechanistic (but not a machinic) point of view; or else a humoral disturbance brings on a shift in nervous energy and creates broken, fragmented parts within the sphere of instincts. These bricks or blocks are the essential parts of desiring-machines from the point of view of the recording process: they are at once component parts and products of the process of decomposition that are spatially localized only at certain moments, by contrast with the nervous system, which is a great chromogenous machine: a melody-

*A coined word (French *schizze*), based on the Greek verb *schizain*, "to split," "to cleave," "to divide." (*Translators' note.*)

producing machine of the "music box" type, with a nonspatial localization.³⁵ What makes Monakow and Mourgues's study an unparalleled one, going far beyond the entire Jacksonist philosophy that originally inspired it, is the theory of bricks or blocks, their detachment and fragmentation, and above all what such a theory presupposes: the introduction of desire into neurology.

The third type of interruption or break characteristic of the desiring-machine is the residual break (*coupure-texte*) or residuum, which produces a subject alongside the machine, functioning as a part adjacent to the machine. And if this subject has no specific or personal identity, if it traverses the body without organs without destroying its indifference, it is because it is not only a part that is peripheral to the machine, but also a part that is itself divided into parts that correspond to the detachments from the chain (*détachements de chaîne*) and the removals from the flow (*prélèvements de flux*) brought about by the machine. Thus this subject consumes and consummates each of the states through which it passes, and is born of each of them anew, continuously emerging from them as a part made up of parts, each one of which completely fills up the body without organs in the space of an instant. This is what allows Lacan to postulate and describe in detail an interplay of elements that is more machinic than etymological: *parerir*: to procure; *separarir*: to separate; *se parerir*: to engender oneself. At the same time he points out the intensive nature of this interplay: the part has nothing to do with the whole; "it performs its role all by itself. In this case, only after the subject has partitioned itself does it proceed to its parturition. . . . that is why the subject can procure what is of particular concern to it here, a state that we would label a legitimate status within society. Nothing in the life of any subject would sacrifice a very large part of its interests."³⁶

Like all the other breaks, the subjective break is not at all an indication of a lack or need (*manque*), but on the contrary a share that falls to the subject as a part of a whole, income that comes its way as something left over. (Here again, how bad a model the Oedipal model of castration is!) That is because breaks or interruptions are not the result of an analysis; rather, in and of themselves, they are syntheses. Syntheses produce divisions. Let us consider for example, the milk the baby throws up when it burps: it is at one and the same time the restitution of something that has been levied from the associative flux (*restitution de prélèvement sur le flux associatif*); the reproduction of the process of detachment from the signifying chain (*reproduction de détachement sur la chaîne signifiante*); and a

residuum (*résidu*) that constitutes the subject's share of the whole. The desiring-machine is not a metaphor: it is what interrupts and is interrupted in accordance with these three modes. The first mode has to do with the connective synthesis, and mobilizes libido as withdrawal energy (*énergie de prélèvement*). The second has to do with the disjunctive synthesis, and mobilizes the Numen as detachment energy (*énergie de détachement*). The third has to do with the conjunctive synthesis, and mobilizes Voluptas as residual energy (*énergie résiduelle*). It is these three aspects that make the process of desiring-production at once the production of production, the production of recording, and the production of consumption. To withdraw a part from the whole, to detach, to "have something left over," is to produce, and to carry out real operations of desire in the material world.

6 The Whole and Its Parts

In desiring-machines everything functions at the same time, but amid hiatuses and ruptures, breakdowns and failures, stalling and short circuits, distances and fragmentations, within a sum that never succeeds in bringing its various parts together so as to form a whole. That is because the breaks in the process are productive, and are reassembles in and of themselves. Disjunctions, by the very fact that they are disjunctions, are inclusive. Even consumptions are transitions, processes of becoming, and returns. Maurice Blanchot has found a way to pose the problem in the most rigorous terms, at the level of the literary machine: how to produce, how to think about fragments whose sole relationship is sheer difference—fragments that are related to one another only in that each of them is different—without having recourse either to any sort of original totality (not even one that has been lost), or to a subsequent totality that may not yet have come about?³⁷ It is only the category of multiplicity, used as a substantive and going beyond both the One and the many, beyond the predicative relation of the One and the many, that can account for desiring-production: desiring-production is pure multiplicity; that is to say, an affirmation that is irreducible to any sort of unity.

We live today in the age of partial objects, bricks that have been shattered to bits, and leftovers. We no longer believe in the myth of the existence of fragments that, like pieces of an antique statue, are merely waiting for the last one to be turned up, so that they may all be glued back together to create a unity that is precisely the same as the original unity. We no longer believe in a primordial totality that once existed, or in a final

totality that awaits us at some future date. We no longer believe in the dull gray outlines of a dreary, colorless dialectic of evolution, aimed at forming a harmonious whole out of heterogeneous bits by rounding off their rough edges. We believe only in totalities that are peripheral. And if we discover such a totality alongside various separate parts, it is a whole of these particular parts but does not totalize them; it is a unity of all of these particular parts but does not unify them; rather, it is added to them as a new part fabricated separately.

"It comes into being, but applying this time to the whole as some inspired fragment composed separately. . . ." So Proust writes of the unity of Balzac's creation, though his remark is also an apt description of his own *oeuvre*.³⁸ In the literary machine that Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* constitutes, we are struck by the fact that all the parts are produced as asymmetrical sections, paths that suddenly come to an end, hermetically sealed boxes, noncommunicating vessels, watertight compartments, in which there are gaps even between things that are contiguous, gaps that are affirmations, pieces of a puzzle belonging not to any one puzzle but to many, pieces assembled by forcing them into a certain place where they may or may not belong; their unmatched edges violently bent out of shape, forcibly made to fit together, to interlock, with a number of pieces always left over. It is a schizoid work par excellence: it is almost as though the author's guilt, his confessions of guilt are merely a sort of joke. (In Kleinian terms, it might be said that the depressive position is only a cover-up for a more deeply rooted schizoid attitude.) For the rigors of the law are only an apparent expression of the protest of the One, whereas their real object is the abolition of fragmented universes, in which the law never unites anything in a single Whole, but on the contrary measures and maps out the divergences, the dispersions, the exploding into fragments of something that is innocent precisely because its source is madness. This is why in Proust's work the apparent theme of guilt is tightly interwoven with a completely different theme totally contradicting it: the plantlike innocence that results from the total compartmentalization of the sexes, both in Charrus's encounters and in Albertine's slumber, where flowers blossom in profusion and the utter innocence of madness is revealed, whether it be the patent madness of Charrus or the supposed madness of Albertine.

Hence Proust maintained that the Whole itself is a product, produced as nothing more than a part alongside other parts, which it neither unifies nor totalizes, though it has an effect on these other parts simply because it

establishes aberrant paths of communication between noncommunicating vessels, transverse unites between elements that retain all their differences within their own particular boundaries. Thus in the trip on the train in *In Search of Lost Time*, there is never a totality of what is seen nor a unity of the points of view, except along the transversal that the frantic passenger traces from one window to the other, "in order to draw together, in order to reweave intermittent and opposite fragments." This drawing together, this reweaving is what Joyce called *re-embodiment*. The body without organs is produced as a whole, but in its own particular place within the process of production, alongside the parts that it neither unifies nor totalizes. And when it operates on them, when it turns back upon them (*se rabat sur elles*), it brings about transverse communications, transfinite summarizations, polyvocal and transcurive inscriptions on its own surface, on which the functional breaks of partial objects are continually intersected by breaks in the signifying chains, and by breaks effected by a subject that uses them as reference points in order to locate itself. The whole not only coexists with all the parts; it is contiguous to them, it exists as a product that is produced apart from them and yet at the same time is related to them. Geneticists have noted the same phenomenon in the particular language of their science: "... amino acids are assimilated individually into the cell, and then are arranged in the proper sequence by a mechanism analogous to a template onto which the distinctive side chain of each acid keys into its proper position."³⁹ As a general rule, the problem of the relationships between parts and the whole continues to be rather awkwardly formulated by classic mechanism and vitalism, so long as the whole is considered as a totality derived from the parts, or as an original totality from which the parts emanate, or as a dialectical totalization. Neither mechanism nor vitalism has really understood the nature of desiring-machines, nor the twofold need to consider the role of production in desire and the role of desire in mechanics.

There is no sort of evolution of drives that would cause these drives and their objects to progress in the direction of an integrated whole, any more than there is an original totality from which they can be derived. Melanie Klein was responsible for the marvelous discovery of partial objects, that world of explosions, rotations, vibrations. But how can we explain the fact that she has nonetheless failed to grasp the logic of these objects? It is doubtless because, first of all, she conceives of them as fantasies and judges them from the point of view of consumption, rather than regarding them as genuine production. She explains them in terms of causal mechanisms

(introjection and projection, for instance), of mechanisms that produce certain effects (gratification and frustration), and of mechanisms of expression (good or bad)—an approach that forces her to adopt an idealist conception of the partial object. She does not relate these partial objects to a real process of production—of the sort carried out by desiring-machines, for instance. In the second place, she cannot rid herself of the notion that schizoparanoïd partial objects are related to a whole, either to an original whole that has existed earlier in a primary phase, or to a whole that will eventually appear in a final depressive stage (the complete Object). Partial objects hence appear to her to be derived from (*prélevés sur*) global persons; not only are they destined to play a role in totalities aimed at integrating the ego, the object, and drives later in life, but they also constitute the original type of object relation between the ego, the mother, and the father. And in the final analysis that is where the crux of the matter lies. Partial objects unquestionably have a sufficient charge in and of themselves to blow up all of Oedipus and totally demolish its ridiculous claim to represent the unconscious, to triangulate the unconscious, to encompass the entire production of desire. The question that thus arises here is not at all that of the relative importance of what might be called the *pre-Oedipal* in relation to Oedipus self, since "pre-Oedipal" still has a developmental or structural relationship to Oedipus. The question, rather, is that of the absolutely *anti-Oedipal* nature of the production of desire. But because Melanie Klein insists on considering desire from the point of view of the whole, of global persons, and of complete objects—and also, perhaps, because she is eager to avoid any sort of contremains with the International Psycho-Analytic Association that bears above its door the inscription "Let no one enter here who does not believe in Oedipus"—she does not make use of partial objects to shatter the iron collar of Oedipus; on the contrary, she uses them—or makes a pretense of using them—to water down Oedipus, to miniaturize it, to find it everywhere, to extend it to the very earliest years of life.

If we here choose the example of the analyst least prone to see everything in terms of Oedipus, we do so only in order to demonstrate what a forcing was necessary for her to make Oedipus the sole measure of desiring-production. And naturally this is all the more true in the case of run-of-the-mill practitioners who no longer have the slightest notion of what the psychoanalytic "movement" is all about. It is no longer a question of suggestion, but of sheer terrorism. Melanie Klein herself writes: "The first time Dick came to me . . . he manifested no sort of affect when his

nurse handed him over to me. When I showed him the toys I had put ready, he looked at them without the faintest interest. I took a big train and put it beside a smaller one *and called them* 'Daddy-train' and 'Dick-train.' Thereupon he picked up the train. I called 'Dick' and made it roll to the window and said 'Station.' *I explained:* 'The station is mummy; Dick is going into mummy.' He left the train, ran into the space between the outer and inner doors of the room, shutting himself in, saying 'dark,' and ran out again directly. He went through this performance several times. *I explained to him:* 'It is dark inside mummy. Dick is inside dark mummy.' Meantime he picked up the train again, but soon ran back into the space between the doors. While I was saying that he was going into dark mummy, he said twice in a questioning way: 'Nurse?' . . . *As his analysis progressed . . . Dick had also discovered* the wash-basin as symbolizing the mother's body, and he displayed an extraordinary dread of being wetted with water." Say that it's Oedipus, or you'll get a slap in the face. The psychoanalyst no longer says to the patient: "Tell me a little bit about your desiring-machines, won't you?" Instead he screams: "Answer daddy-and-mummy when I speak to you!" Even Melanie Klein. So the entire process of desiring-production is trampled underfoot and reduced to (*rabûtu sur*) parental images, laid out step by step in accordance with supposed pre-Oedipal stages, totalized in Oedipus, and the logic of partial objects is thereby reduced to nothing. Oedipus thus becomes at this point the crucial premise in the logic of psychoanalysis. For as we suspected at the very beginning, partial objects are only apparently derived from (*prélevés sur*) global persons; they are really produced by being drawn from (*prélevés sur*) a flow or a nonpersonal *hylé*, with which they re-establish contact by connecting themselves to other partial objects. The unconscious is totally unaware of persons as such. Partial objects are not representations of parental figures or of the basic patterns of family relations; they are parts of desiring-machines, having to do with a process and with relations of production that are both irreducible and prior to anything that may be made to conform to the Oedipal figure.

When the break between Freud and Jung is discussed, the modest and practical point of disagreement that marked the beginning of their differences is too often forgotten: Jung remarked that in the process of transference the psychoanalyst frequently appeared in the guise of a devil, a god, or a sorcerer, and that the roles he assumed in the patient's eyes went far beyond any sort of parental images. They eventually came to a total parting of the ways, yet Jung's initial reservation was a telling one.

The same remark holds true of children's games. A child never confines himself to playing house, to playing only at being daddy-and-mommy. He also plays at being a magician, a cowboy, a cop or a robber, a train, a little car. The train is not necessarily daddy, nor is the train station necessarily mommy. The problem has to do not with the sexual nature of desiring-machines, but with the family nature of this sexuality. Admittedly, once the child has grown up, he finds himself deeply involved in social relations that are no longer familial relations. But since these relations supposedly come into being at a later stage in life, there are only two possible ways in which this can be explained: it must be granted either that sexuality is sublimated or neutralized in and through social (*and* metaphysical) relations, in the form of an analytic "afterward", or else that these relations bring into play a nonsexual energy, for which sexuality has merely served as the symbol of an anagogical "beyond."

It was their disagreement on this particular point that eventually made the break between Freud and Jung irreconcilable. Yet at the same time the two of them continued to share the belief that the libido cannot invest a social or metaphysical field without some sort of mediation. This is not the case, however. Let us consider a child at play, or a child crawling about exploring the various rooms of the house he lives in. He looks intently at an electrical outlet, he moves his body about like a machine, he uses one of his legs as though it were an oar, he goes into the kitchen, into the study, he runs toy cars back and forth. It is obvious that his parents are present all this time, and that the child would have nothing were it not for them. But that is not the real matter at issue. The matter at issue is to find out whether everything he touches is experienced as a representative of his parents. Ever since birth his crib, his mother's breast, her nipple, his bowel movements are desiring-machines connected to parts of his body. It seems to us self-contradictory to maintain, on the one hand, that the child lives among partial objects, and that on the other hand he conceives of these partial objects as being his parents, or even different parts of his parents' bodies. Strictly speaking, it is not true that a baby experiences his mother's breast as a separate part of her body. It exists, rather, as a part of a desiring-machine connected to the baby's mouth, and is experienced as an object providing a nonpersonal flow of milk, be it copious or scanty. A desiring-machine and a partial object do not represent anything. A partial object is not representative, even though it admittedly serves as a basis of relations and as a means of assigning agents a place and a function, but these agents are not persons, any more than these relations are intersubjective. They

are relations of production as such, and agents of production and anti-production. Ray Bradbury demonstrates this very well when he describes the nursery as a place where desiring-production and group fantasy occur, as a place where the only connection is that between partial objects and agents.⁴¹ The small child lives with his family around the clock, but within the bosom of this family, and from the very first days of his life, he immediately begins having an amazing nonfamilial experience that psychoanalysis has completely failed to take into account. Lindner's painting attracts our attention once again.

It is not a question of denying the vital importance of parents or the love attachment of children to their mothers and fathers. It is a question of knowing what the place and the function of parents are within desiring-production, rather than doing the opposite and forcing the entire interplay of desiring-machines to fit within (*rabattre tout le jeu des machines désirantes dans*) the restricted code of Oedipus. How does the child first come to define the places and the functions that the parents are going to occupy as special agents, closely related to other agents? From the very beginning Oedipus exists in one form and one form only: open in all directions to a social field, to a field of production directly invested by libido. It would seem obvious that parents indeed make their appearance on the recording surface of desiring-production. But this is in fact the crux of the entire Oedipal problem: What are the precise forces that cause the Oedipal triangulation to close up? Under what conditions does this triangulation divert desire so that it flows across a surface within a narrow channel that is not a natural conformation of this surface? How does it form a type of inscription for experiences and the workings of mechanisms that extend far beyond it in every direction? It is in this sense and this sense only that the child *relates* the breast as a partial object to the person of his mother, and constantly watches the expression on his mother's face. The word "relate" in this case does not designate a natural productive relationship, but rather a *relation* in the sense of a report or an account, an inscription within the over-all process of inscription, within the Numen. From his very earliest infancy, the child has a wide-ranging life of desire—a whole set of nonfamilial relations with the objects and the machines of desire—that is not related to the parents from the point of view of immediate production, but that is ascribed to them (with either love or hatred) from the point of view of the recording of the process, and in accordance with the very special conditions of this recording, including the effect of these conditions upon the process itself (feedback).

It is amid partial objects and within the nonfamilial relations of desiring-production that the child lives his life and ponders what it means to live, even though the question must be "related" to his parents and the only possible tentative answer must be sought in family relations. "I remember that ever since I was eight years old, and even before that, I always wondered who I was, what I was, and why I was alive; I remember that at the age of six, on a house on the Boulevard de la Blancarde in Marseilles (number 29, to be precise), just as I was eating my afternoon snack—a chocolate bar that a certain woman known as my mother gave me—I asked myself what it meant to exist, to be alive, what it meant to be conscious of oneself breathing, and I remember that I wanted to inhale myself in order to prove that I was alive and to see if I liked being alive, and if so why."⁴² That is the crucial point: a question occurs to the child that will perhaps be "related" to the woman known as mommy, but that is not formulated in terms of her, but rather produced within the interplay of desiring-machines—at the level, for example, of the mouth-air machine or the tasing-machine: What does it mean to be alive? What does it mean to breathe? What am I? What sort of thing is this breathing-machine on my body without organs?

The child is a metaphysical being. As in the case of the Cartesian *cogito*, parents have nothing to do with these questions. And we are guilty of an error when we confuse the fact that this question is "related" to the parents, in the sense of being recounted or communicated to them, with the notion that it is "related" to them in the sense of a fundamental connection with them. By boxing the life of the child up within the Oedipus complex, by making familial relations the universal mediation of childhood, we cannot help but fail to understand the production of the unconscious itself, and the collective mechanisms that have an immediate bearing on the unconscious: in particular, the entire interplay between primal psychic repression, the desiring-machines, and the body without organs. For *the unconscious is an orphan*, and produces itself within the identity of nature and man. The autoproduct of the unconscious suddenly became evident when the subject of the Cartesian *cogito* realized that it had no parents, when the socialist thinker discovered the unity of man and nature within the process of production, and when the cycle discovers its independence from an indefinite parental regression. To quote Artaud once again: "I got no/papamummy."

We have seen how a confusion arose between the two meanings of "process": process as the metaphysical production of the demoniacal

within nature, and process as social production of desiring-machines within history. Neither social relations nor metaphysical relations constitute an "afterward" or a "beyond." The role of such relations must be recognized in all psychopathological processes, and their importance will be all the greater when we are dealing with psychotic syndromes that would appear to be the most animal-like and the most desocialized. It is in the child's very first days of life, in the most elementary behavior patterns of the suckling babe, that these relations with partial objects, with the agents of production, with the factors of antiproduction are woven, in accordance with the laws of desiring-production as a whole, in from the beginning to see what the precise nature of this desiring-production is, and how, under what conditions, and in response to what pressures, the Oedipal triangulation plays a role in the recording of the process, we find ourselves trapped in the net of a diffuse, generalized Oedipalism that radically distorts the life of the child and his later development, the neurotic and psychotic problems of the adult, and sexuality as a whole. Let us keep D. H. Lawrence's reaction to psychoanalysis in mind, and never forget it. In Lawrence's case, at least, his reservations with regard to psychoanalysis did not stem from terror at having discovered what real sexuality was. But he had the impression—the purely instinctive impression—that psychoanalysis was shutting up sexuality in a bizarre sort of box painted with bourgeois motifs, in a kind of rather repugnant artificial triangle, thereby stifling the whole of sexuality as production of desire so as to recast it along entirely different lines, making of it a "dirty little secret," the dirty little family secret, a private theater rather than the fantastic factory of Nature and Production. Lawrence had the impression that sexuality possessed more power or more potentiality than that. And though psychoanalysis may perhaps have managed to "disinfect the dirty little secret," the dreary, dirty little secret of Oedipus-the-modern-tyrant benefited very little from having been thus disinfected.

Is it possible that, by taking the path that it has, psychoanalysis is reviving an age-old tendency to humble us, to demean us, and to make us feel guilty? Foucault has noted that the relationship between madness and the family can be traced back in large part to a development that affected the whole of bourgeois society in the nineteenth century: the family was entrusted with functions that became the measuring rod of the responsibility of its members and their possible guilt. Insofar as psychoanalysis cleaves insanity in the mantle of a "parental complex," and regards the patterns of

self-punishment resulting from Oedipus-as-a-confession of guilt, its theories are not at all radical or innovative. On the contrary: it is completing the task begun by nineteenth-century psychology, namely, to develop a moralized, familial discourse of mental pathology, linking madness to the "half-real, half-imaginary dialectic of the Family," deciphering within it "the unending attempt to murder the father," "the dull thrud of instincts hammering at the solidity of the family as an institution and at its most archaic symbols."⁴³ Hence, instead of participating in an undertaking that will bring about genuine liberation, psychoanalysis is taking part in the work of bourgeois repression at its most far-reaching level, that is to say, keeping European humanity harnessed to the yoke of daddy-mommy and making no effort to do away with this problem once and for all.

Notes

- 1 See Georg Büchner, *Lenz*, in *Complete Plays and Prose*, trans. Carl Richard Mueller (New York: Hill & Wang, 1963), p. 141.
- 2 Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*, in *Three Novels by Samuel Beckett* (New York: Grove Press, 1959), p. 16. *Molloy* was translated from the French by Patrick Bowles in collaboration with the author. (Translators' note.)
- 3 Antonin Artaud, *Van Gogh, the Man Shattered by Society*, trans. Mary Beach and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in *Artaud Anthology* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1965), p. 158.
- 4 On the identity of nature and production, and species life in general, according to Marx, see the commentaries of Gérard Granel, "L'ontologie marxiste de 1844 et la question de la coupure," in *L'endurance de la pensée* (Paris: Plon, 1968), pp. 301-310.
- 5 D. H. Lawrence, *Aaron's Rod* (New York: Penguin, 1976), pp. 200-201.
- 6 Henri Michaux, *The Major Ordeals of the Mind*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974), pp. 125-27.
- 7 Sigmund Freud, "Psycho-Analytic Notes upon an Autobiographical Case of Paranoia (Dementia Paranoides)," *Collected Papers: Authorized Translation under the Supervision of Joan Rivière* (New York: Basic Books, 1959), Vol. 3, p. 396.
- 8 Victor Tausk, "On the Origin of the Influencing Machine in Schizophrenia," *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, no. 2 (1933), pp. 519-56.
- 9 Karl Marx, *Capital*, trans. Ernest Untermann (New York: International Publishers, 1967), Vol. 3, p. 827. See in Louis Althusser, *Lire le capital* (Paris: Maspéro, 1965), the commentaries of Etienne Balibar, Vol. 2, pp. 213ff., and of Pierre Macherey, Vol. 1, pp. 201ff. (Translators' note: For the English text of Balibar's commentaries, see Louis Althusser and Etienne Balibar, *Reading*

Psycho-Analysis and Familialism: The Holy Family

Translated by Robert Hurley and Mark Seem

I The Imperialism of Oedipus

Oedipus restrained is the figure of the daddy-mommy-me triangle, the familial constellation in person. But when psychoanalysis makes of Oedipus its dogma, it is not unaware of the existence of relations said to be pre-oedipal in the child, exo-oedipal in the psychotic, para-oedipal in others. The function of Oedipus as dogma, or as the "nuclear complex," is inseparable from a forcing by which the psychoanalyst as theoretician elevates himself to the conception of a generalized Oedipus. On the one hand, for each subject of either sex, he takes into consideration an intensive series of instincts, affects, and relations that link the normal and positive form of the complex to its inverse or negative form: a standard model Oedipus, such as Freud presents in *The Ego and the Id*, which makes it possible to connect the pre-Oedipal phases with the negative complex when this seems called for. On the other hand, he takes into consideration the coexistence in extension of the subjects themselves and their multiple interactions: a group Oedipus that brings together relatives, descendants, and ascendants. (It is in this manner that the schizophrenic's visible resistance to oedipalization, the obvious absence of the Oedipal link, can be observed in a grandparental constellation, either because an accumulation of three generations is deemed necessary in order to produce a psychotic, or because an even more direct mechanism of intervention by the

grandparents in the psychosis is discovered, and Oedipuses of Oedipus are constituted, to the second power: neurosis, that's father-mother, but grandma, that's psychosis.) Finally, the distinction between the Imaginary* and the Symbolic* permits the emergence of an Oedipal structure as a system of positions and functions that do not conform to the variable figure of those who come to occupy them in a given social or pathological formation: a structural Oedipus (3+1) that does not conform to a triangle, but performs all the possible triangulations by distributing in a given domain desire, its object, and the law.

It is certain that the two preceding modes of generalization attain their full scope only in structural interpretation. Structural interpretation makes Oedipus into a kind of universal Catholic symbol, beyond all the Imaginary modalities. It makes Oedipus into a referential axis not only for the pre-oedipal phases, but also for the para-oedipal varieties, and the exo-oedipal phenomena. The notion of "foreclosure," for example, seems to indicate a specifically structural deficiency, by means of which the schizophrenic is of course repositioned on the Oedipal axis, set back into the Oedipal orbit in the perspective, for example, of the three generations, where the mother was not able to posit her desire toward her own father, nor the son, consequently, toward the mother. One of Lacan's disciples writes: we are going to consider "the means by which the Oedipal organization plays a role in psychoses; next, what the forms of psychotic pregenitality are and how they are able to maintain the Oedipal reference." Our preceding criticism of Oedipus therefore risks being judged totally superficial and petty, as if it applied solely to an Imaginary Oedipus and aimed at the role of parental figures, without at all penetrating the structure and its order of symbolic positions and functions.

For us, however, the problem is one of knowing if, indeed, that is where the difference enters in. Wouldn't the real difference be between Oedipus, structural as well as Imaginary, and something else that all the Oedipuses crush and repress: desiring-production—the machines of desire that no longer allow themselves to be reduced to the structure any more than to persons, and that constitute the Real in itself, beyond or beneath the Symbolic as well as the Imaginary? We in no way claim to be taking up an endeavor such as Malinowski's, showing that the figures vary according to

*In capitalizing these terms, we have followed the suggestion of Jacques Lacan's translator, Anthony Wilden; see *The Language of the Self* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1968), p. xv.

the social form under consideration. We even believe what we are told when Oedipus is presented as a kind of invariant. But the question is altogether different: is there an equivalence between the productions of the unconscious and this invariant—between the desiring-machines and the Oedipal structure? Or rather, does not the invariant merely express the history of a long mistake, throughout all its variations and modalities, the strain of an endless repression? What we are calling into question is the frantic Oedipalization to which psychoanalysis devotes itself, practically and theoretically, with the combined resources of image and structure. And despite some fine books by certain disciples of Lacan, we wonder if Lacan's thought really goes in this direction. Is it merely a matter of oedipalizing even the schizo? Or is it a question of something else, and even the contrary? Would it be better to schizophrantize—to schizo-phenize the domain of the unconscious as well as the sociohistorical domain, so as to shatter the iron collar of Oedipus and rediscover everywhere the force of desiring-production; to renew, on the level of the Real, the tie between the analytic machine, desire, and production? For the unconscious itself is no more structural than personal, it does not symbolize any more than it imagines or represents; it engineers, it is machinic. Neither imaginary nor symbolic, it is the Real in itself, the "impossible real" and its production.

But what is this long history, if we consider it only during the period of psychoanalysis? It does not take place without doubts, detours, and repentances. Laplanche and Pontalis note that Freud "discovers" the Oedipus complex in 1897 in the course of his self-analysis, but that he doesn't give a generalized theoretical form to it until 1923, in *The Ego and the Id*, and that, between these two formulations, Oedipus leads a more or less marginal existence, "confined for example to a separate chapter on

*Nevertheless, it is not because I preach a return to Freud that I am not able to say that *Totem and Taboo* is a twisted story. It is in fact for that reason that we must return to Freud. No one helped me to make this known: the formations of the *mnemotrans*. . . . I am not saying Oedipus serves no purpose, nor that it (*id*) bears no relationship with what we do. It serves no purpose for the psychoanalysis, that is indeed true! But since psychoanalysis are assuredly not psychoanalysis, that proves nothing. . . . These are things I set forth in their appropriate time and place, that was a time when I was speaking to people who had to be dealt with tactfully—psychoanalysis. On that level, I spoke of the paternal metaphor, I have never spoken of an Oedipus complex." (Jacques Lacan in a seminar, 1970.)

object-choice at puberty (*Three Essays*), or to a chapter on typical dreams (*The Interpretation of Dreams*).² They say that this is because a certain abandonment by Freud of the theory of transference and seduction leads not to a univocal determination of Oedipus, but to the description as well of a spontaneous infantile sexuality of an endogenous nature. It is as if "Freud never managed to articulate the interrelations of Oedipus and infantile sexuality," the latter referring to a biological reality of development, the former to a psychic fantasy reality. Oedipus is what all but got lost "for the sake of a biological realism."³

But is it correct to present things in this way? Did the imperialism of Oedipus require only the renunciation of biological realism? Or wasn't something else sacrificed to Oedipus, something infinitely stronger? For what Freud and the first analysts discover is the domain of free syntheses where everything is possible: endless connections, nonexclusive disjunctions, nonspecific conjunctions, partial objects and flows. The desiring-machines pound away and throb in the depths of the unconscious: Irma's injection, the Wolf Man's ticktock, Anna's coughing machine, and also all the explanatory apparatuses set into motion by Freud, all those neurobiologico-desiring-machines. And the discovery of the productive unconscious has what appear to be two correlates: on the one hand, the direct confrontation between desiring-production and social production, between symptomological and collective formations; given their identical nature and their differing régimes; and on the other hand, the repression that the social machine exercises on desiring-machines, and the relationship of psychic repression with social repression. This will all be lost, or at least singularly compromised, with the establishment of a sovereign Oedipus. Free association, rather than opening onto polyvocal connections, confines itself to a univocal impasse. All the chains of the unconscious are binivocalized, linearized, suspended from a despotic signifier. The whole of desiring-production is crushed, subjected to the requirements of representation, and to the dreary games of what is representative and represented in representation. And there is the essential thing: the reproduction of desire gives way to a simple representation, in the process as well as the theory of the cure. The productive unconscious makes way for an unconscious that knows only how to express itself—express itself in myth, in tragedy, in dream.

But who says that dream, tragedy, and myth are adequate to the formations of the unconscious, even if the work of transformation is taken

into account? Groddeck remained more faithful than Freud to an autoproduct of the unconscious in the coextension of man and Nature. It is as if Freud had drawn back from this world of wild production and explosive desire, wanting at all costs to restore a little order there, an order made classical owing to the ancient Greek theater. For what does it mean to say that Freud discovered Oedipus in his own self-analysis? Was it in his self-analysis, or rather in his Goethian classical culture? In his self-analysis he discovers something about which he remarks: Well now, that looks like Oedipus! And at first he considers this something as a variant of the "familial romance," a paranoiac recording by which desire causes precisely the familial determinations to explode. It is only little by little that he makes the familial romance, on the contrary, into a mere dependence on Oedipus, and that he neuroticizes everything in the unconscious at the same time as he oedipalizes, and closes the familial triangle over the entire unconscious. The schizo—there is the enemy! Desiring-production is personalized, or rather personalized (*personnalisée*), imaginized (*imaginisée*), structuralized. (We have seen that the real difference or frontier did not lie between these terms, which are perhaps complementary.) Production is reduced to mere fantasy production, production of expression. The unconscious ceases to be what it is—a factory, a workshop—to become a theater, a scene and its staging. And not even an avant-garde theater, such as existed in Freud's day (Wedekind), but the classical theater, the classical order of representation. The psychoanalyst becomes a director for a private theater, rather than the engineer or mechanic who sets up units of production, and grapples with collective agents of production and antiproduction.

Psychoanalysis is like the Russian Revolution; we don't know when it started going bad. We have to keep going back further. To the Americans? To the First International? To the secret Committee? To the first ruptures, which signify renunciations by Freud as much as betrayals by those who break with him? To Freud himself, from the moment of the "discovery" of Oedipus? Oedipus is the idealist turning point. Yet it cannot be said that psychoanalysis set to work unaware of desiring-production. The fundamental notions of the *economy* of desire—work and investment—keep their importance, but are subordinated to the forms of an expressive unconscious and no longer to the formations of the productive unconscious. The *anaedipal* nature of desiring-production remains present, but it is fitted over the co-ordinates of Oedipus, which translate it into "pre-oedipal," "para-oedipal," "quasi-oedipal," etc. The desiring-machines are always

there, but they no longer function except behind the consulting-room walls. Behind the walls or in the wings, such is the place the primal fantasy concedes to desiring-machines, when it reduces everything to the Oedipal scene.¹⁴ They continue nevertheless to make a hellish racket. Even the psychoanalyst can't ignore them. He tends therefore to maintain an attitude of denial: all of that is surely true, but it is still daddy-mommy. Over the consulting-room door is written, "Leave your desiring-machines at the door, give up your orphan and celibate machines, your tape recorder and your little bike, enter and allow yourself to be oedipalized." Everything follows from that, beginning with the untellable character of the cure, its interminable and highly contractual nature, flows of speech in exchange for flows of money. All that is needed is what is called a psychotic episode: after a schizophrenic flash, one day we bring our tape recorder into the analyst's office—stop!—with this insertion of a desiring-machine everything is reversed: we have broken the contract, we are not faithful to the major principle of the exclusion of a third party, we have introduced a third element—the desiring-machine in person.* Yet every psychoanalyst should know that, underneath Oedipus, through Oedipus, behind Oedipus, his business is with desiring-machines. At the beginning, psychoanalysis *could not be unaware of the forcing employed to introduce Oedipus, to inject it into the unconscious.* Then Oedipus fell back on and appropriated desiring-production as if all the productive forces emanated from Oedipus itself. The psychoanalyst became the carrier of Oedipus, the great agent of antiproduction in desire. The same history as that of Capital, with

*Jean-Jacques Abrahams, "L'homme au magnétophone, dialogue psychanalytique," *Les Temps modernes*, no. 274 (April 1969): "A. You see, it really isn't so serious; I'm not your father, and I can still shout, of course not! There, that's enough.—Dr. X: You are imitating your father at this moment?—A: Of course not, come off it, I'm imitating your father! The one I see in your eyes.—Dr. X: You are trying to take the role. . . .—A: . . . You can't cure people, you can only palm off your father problems on them—problems you can't get away from. And from session to session you drag along your victims that way with your father problem . . . I was the sick one, you were the doctor. You'd finally reversed your childhood problem of being the child to your father. . . .—Dr. X: I was just telephoning extension 609 to make you leave—609, the police, to have you thrown out.—A: The police? That's it—Daddy! Your father's a policeman! And you were going to call your father to come get me. . . . What insanity! You got all unnerved, excited, just because I brought out a little device that'll let us understand what's going on here."

its enchanted, "miraculated" world. (Also at the beginning, said Marx, the first capitalists could not be unaware of . . .)

2 Three Texts of Freud

It is easy to see that the problem is first of all practical, that it concerns above all else the practice of the cure. For the frenzied oedipalization process takes form precisely at the moment when Oedipus has not yet received its full theoretical formulation as the "nuclear complex" and leads a marginal existence. The fact that Schreber's analysis was not *in vivo* detracts nothing from its exemplary value from the point of view of practice. In this text (1911) Freud encounters the most formidable of questions: how does one dare reduce to the paternal theme a delirium so rich, so differentiated, so "divine" as the Judge's—since the Judge in his memoirs makes only very brief references to the memory of his father. On several occasions Freud's text marks the extent to which he felt the difficulty: to begin with, it appears difficult to assign as cause of the malady—even if only an occasional cause—an "outburst of homosexual libido" directed at Dr. Flechsig's person.² But when we replace the doctor with the father and commission the father to explain the God of delirium, we ourselves have trouble following this ascension: we take liberties that can be justified only by the advantages they afford us in our attempt to understand the delirium.³ Yet the more Freud states such scruples, the more he thrusts them aside and sweeps them away with a firm and confident response. And this response is double: it is not my fault if psychoanalysis attests to a great monotony and encounters the father everywhere—in Flechsig, in the God, in the sun; it is the fault of sexuality and its stubborn symbolism.⁴ Furthermore, it is not surprising that the father returns constantly in current deliriums in the most hidden and least recognizable guises, since he returns in fact everywhere and more visibly in religious and ancient myths, which express forces or mechanisms eternally active in the unconscious.⁵ It should be noted that Judge Schreber's destiny was not merely that of being sodomized, while still alive, by the rays from heaven, but also that of being posthumously oedipalized by Freud. From the enormous political, social, and historical content of Schreber's delirium, *not one word is retained*, as though the libido did not bother itself with such things. Freud invokes only a sexual argument which consists in bringing about the union of sexuality and the familial complex, and a mythological argument, which consists in positing

the adequation of the productive force of the unconscious and the "edifying forces of myths and religions."

This latter argument is very important, and it is not by chance that here Freud declares himself in agreement with Jung. In a certain way this agreement subsists after their break. If the unconscious is thought to express itself adequately in myths and religions (taking into account, of course, the work of transformation), there are two ways of reading this adequation, but they have in common the postulate that measures the unconscious against myth, and that from the start substitutes mere expressive forms for the productive formations. The basic question is never asked, but cast aside: *Why return to myth? Why take it as the model?* The supposed adequation can then be interpreted in what is termed anagogical fashion, toward the "higher." Or inversely, in analytical fashion, toward the "lower," relating the myth to the drives. But since the drives are transferred from myth, traced from myth with the transformations taken into account . . . What we mean is that, starting from the same postulate, Jung is led to restore the most diffuse and spiritualized religiosity, whereas Freud is confirmed in his most rigorous atheism. Freud needs to deny the existence of God as much as Jung needs to affirm the essence of the divine, in order to interpret the commonly postulated adequation. But to render religion unconscious, or the unconscious religious, still amounts to injecting something religious into the unconscious. (And what would Freudian analysis be without the celebrated guilt feelings ascribed to the unconscious?)

What came to pass in the history of psychoanalysis? Freud held to his atheism in heroic fashion. But all around him, more and more, they respectfully allowed him to speak, they let the old man speak, ready to prepare behind his back the reconciliation of the churches and psychoanalysis, the moment when the Church would train its own psychoanalysts, and when it would become possible to write in the history of the movement: so even we are still plouists! Let us recall Marx's great declaration: he who denies God does only a "secondary thing," for he denies God in order to posit the existence of man, to put man in God's place (the transformation taken into account).⁶ But the person who knows that the place of man is entirely elsewhere does not even allow the possibility of a question to subsist concerning "an alien being, a being placed above man and nature": he no longer needs the mediation of myth, he no longer needs to go by way of this mediation—the negation of the existence of God—since he has attained those regions of an autoproductio