

24. On disjunctive logic, see Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, vol. 1, *Anti-Oedipus*, trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem, and Helen R. Lane (New York: Viking Press, 1977), pp. 68–84.
25. *Saint Bernard: L'Art cistercien*, pp. 42–43.
26. *A Thousand Plateaus*, pp. 400–402.
27. *Saint Bernard: L'Art cistercien*, p. 50.
28. Gilles Deleuze, *Proust and Signs*, trans. R. Howard (New York: George Braziller, 1972), p. 100.
29. *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 21.
30. *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 30.
31. Henri Daniel-Rops, *The Church in the Dark Ages*, trans. Audrey Butler (New York: Dutton, 1959), p. 383.
32. *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 119.
33. *L'Europe du Moyen-Age*, p. 59.
34. *The Church in the Dark Ages*, p. 377.
35. *The Church in the Dark Ages*, p. 330.
36. "Romieux": pilgrims going to Rome.
37. *A Thousand Plateaus*, pp. 383–384.
38. P. A. Segal, *Les marcheurs de Dieu* (Paris: A. Colin, 1974), p. 35.
39. *Foucault*, p. 20.

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## The Society of Dismembered Body Parts

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for Steve Hornibrook

THE NOTION OF SOCIETIES formed by contract posits law as the transcendent, universally valid, and transtemporal horizon of the contents of contracts. The notion of contract posits individuals as autonomous agents, individuals individuated as seats of understanding and will.

Our culture also maintains the image of a social body, as a multiplicity of individuals integrated as so many functions of an organism. The body writ small that serves as the analogon for societies consists of a set of parts and organs defined by their functions, which are fixed and complementary with one another.

Recent structuralism identified the social fabric with the system regulating the exchange of words, women, goods, and services. Ferdinand de Saussure's linguistics had separated the value of terms from their meanings: to consider the meaning of a term is to consider the way it designates its referent; to consider the value of a term is to consider the other terms that can substitute for it. It was this view of language as an economic system, a field of circulation of terms bearing messages, that made it possible to view the kinship structures that determine the division of tasks and of power in tribal societies as rules made by men for the distribution and exchange of women. The icons and practices of power, ritual, ceremony, religion, myths, and ideologies will also be envisioned as structured fields for the circulation of different kinds of values.

In the exchangist model, the terms of the social field are not simply individuals, the personas presupposed by the social contract theory. It is fundamental to the exchangist model that the terms be susceptible to several uses, be interchangeable. It is this feature that makes it incompatible with the old

organic image of society, which depicted society as an integrated hierarchy of terms defined by their functions.

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus*<sup>1</sup> offers a new mapping of the libidinal body—the libidinal body of the primary process—which will serve to guide what the theorists have to say about societies. If, when we envision our bodies as organisms, we envision them as integrated sets of functions, the libidinal body being depicted in Deleuze and Guattari is not such an organism; it is the anorganic body, the orgasmic body. What we usually call the body as organism is the body of secondary process libido, the oedipalized body.

An anorganic body is not defined by its constitutive organization, but by its states. *Anti-Oedipus* distinguishes different states of the body. From birth, the orifices couple on to organs they find contiguous with them, and draw in nutritive flows. With the forces of its own strong jowls the infantile mouth draws in the milk, along with gulps of air and warmth. These forces produce plenitude, satisfaction, and contentment, which is not simply an affect shimmering over the inner content. For contentment is itself a force; the infantile body closes its orifices, curls up upon itself, closes its eyes and ears to outside fluxes, makes itself an anorganic plenum—a “body without organs,” in Artaud's expression. This undifferentiated and closed plenum produces and reproduces itself; Deleuze and Guattari identify the id, and the primary repression that produces the id, with this state of the body. Its contentment is a primary mode of death drive, which is not a compulsion to disintegrate into the quiescence of the inert, but a primary catatonia.

Freud discerned libidinous pleasure already in the slaving and drooling with which the infant, over and beyond contentment, spreads a surface of pleasure. Every organ-coupling can, by an anacletic deviation, be turned to the excess production of erotogenic surfaces; the mouth can draw in the nutrients but also slaver and drool, goggle and babble; the anus can release the excrement but also spread it in a surface of warm pleasure. The pleasure surfaces that are thus extended are surfaces of contact, indiscernibly infantile face and maternal breast, infant cheeks and blanket. Here the organs figure not as orifices leading into the inner functional body, but as productive apparatuses attached to the surfaces of the closed plenum of the body, functioning polymorphously perversely to extend pleasure surfaces. The surfaces are surfaces of sensuality, surfaces not of contentment, but of what Freud called excitations, freely mobile excitations. Flows of energy that irradiate, condense, intersect, build, ripple. Excitations are not properly “sensations,” that is, sense data, givens of meaning and orientation, or information bits to be fed into the inner functional body. They are contact phenomena and reveal the other as the convex reveals the concave face of a surface. The

infant extends its surplus energies in extending surfaces, discovers the pleasures of surfaces, discovers the pleasures of having surfaces, of being outside, being born. This extension of the pleasure surfaces to which life attaches itself blocks the compulsion to return to the womb, the primary death drive.

These freely mobile excitations converge, affect themselves with their own intensities, discharge in eddies of egoism. Nomadic, multiple, ephemeral surface egos, where surplus energies are consumed in pleasure, eddies of egoism that consume themselves.

The infant contented—mouth, eyes, ears, fists closed—gives us the very image of the anorganic plenum to which the organs are attached, the “body without organs.” Freud even reduced a great deal of the charm of babies to our fascination with the image of narcissism, of closed individuality. Yet the infantile body is anything but a separate substance. From the first it is in symbiosis with mother, earth mother, and earth; in symbiosis with mother, who is harassed, preoccupied, weighed down with the weight of the world—the social, imperial world. The closed plenum upon which organs are attached, producing surface effects, pleasure surfaces, and eddies of egoism, reduces to the individual mass of the body only in the discourse and practices of our epoch. That the closed plenum upon which our organs are attached is identified with the mass of our own individual bodies is the residue of a historical process of deterritorialization, abstraction, formalization.

The Deleuze-Guattari analysis distinguishes productive apparatuses, “machines” or engines where energy is produced, reproduced, distributed, consumed. Genetics places, at the point of origin of living systems in the nonliving, the maintenance of codes—the DNA and RNA molecules. If vital systems can be called “machines,” it is because their operations are not simply random; they are coded, or, rather, are loci where coding forms and maintains itself.

For Deleuze and Guattari the question of the nature of the social system or structure or fabric is formulated as a question of code. “Society is not first of all a milieu for exchange where the essential would be to circulate or to cause to circulate, but rather a socius of inscription where the essential thing is to mark and to be marked” (p. 142). The social machinery operates essentially to record, channel, regulate the coded flows of libidinal energies. Three different kinds of codings determine the socius as the body of the earth (in nomadic societies), as the body of the despot (in imperial societies), and as the body of capital (in capitalist societies).

Savage societies—nomadic, hunter-gatherer societies—subdivide the people, but not the territory. The earth is the body without organs, the undivided plenum upon which the productive machinery, the organs of men, are

attached; societies are territorial or terrestrial. Men are not viewed or treated as disconnected, separated, from the earth, as sovereign lords of the earth. Savages therefore do not experience human bodies as integral, whole units. The organs and limbs, experienced as productive of substances, flows, and energies, are experienced not as integrated into one another, but as separately attached to the earth.

An individual does not enter the society by assuming civic rights and responsibilities, as a juridical person. An individual does not enter the society by taking up a post in the distribution of tasks that the society has organized, by fulfilling a productive or defensive role. In nomadic societies pretty much every individual performs the whole gamut of tasks; an individual enters the society by initiation. In the initiation ceremonies he will be marked; more exactly, energy-productive organs and limbs will be separately marked. He will be tattooed, scarified, perforated, circumcised, subincised, clitoridectomized. Among the Lani of Irian Jaya, the eagle people perforate the ears of the initiate and insert into them the plumes of eagles, marking his belonging to the high crags where the eagles dwell; among the Kapuaku the initiated will have the septum of their nostrils perforated and the tusks of wild boars inserted, marking their belonging to the dense forest; among the Azmat the initiated will have the ridges of their ears perforated and the teeth of crocodiles inserted, marking their belonging to the swamps and rivers; among the Australian aborigines men at initiation will have the opening of their penis cut back, in monthly operations, until it is open to the root, so that they will urinate stooping like women, marking their belonging to the fertile body of maternal earth. Myths tell of these couplings, these marked and separate productive organs and limbs, and their attachment to the earth: Parvati is dismembered, and her body parts fall to the earth; at Varanasi her vulva falls and, attached to the Ganga, forms a whirlpool; at Rishikesh her eyes fall and form lakes in the Himalayan clefts; at Brindabar her breasts fall and form mountains on the plains. The marked penis of Shiva falls to the earth, forming lingam, stalactites, and outcroppings in rivers, in caves, in high mountains.

It is by attaching the impulsive organs of the bodies of the clan to the earth that the social body constitutes itself. Primitive societies are not constituted by a pact among its members, but by an attachment to the earth; the tribe is a group that inhabits, and that hunts and gathers together on, the productive surface of the earth that is not divided and parceled out among them. It is in being marked—in being tattooed, scarified, circumcised, subincised—that these men constitute a society, a social body or *socius*.

This conception Deleuze and Guattari direct against the exchangeist conception of society, such as that presupposed by Claude Lévi-Strauss. Society is not a network that gets elaborated in the measure that individuals

exchange women, goods, services, and messages with one another, and, in the delay between giving and receiving, contract obligations that are represented by claims. In primitive society I do not have relationships only with those individuals with whom I have exchanged women or goods. I may owe no one anything, but when the clan goes on a hunt, is attacked by wild beasts or human enemies, or pulls up its camp and moves elsewhere, I who live in this area, who have been marked with the tattoo of the leopard people or wear in my perforated septum the tusks of wild boars, have obligations to all those who are so marked. It may well be that I will suffer loss without getting the equivalent in return from the others, or even that I will risk or lose my life. The original obligation, the original debt, is not something contracted personally, when I received something in a transaction in which I agreed to give the equivalent in return. The original subject of obligation is not the persona, the subject as an autonomous and independent agent of initiatives; it is my body, more exactly, my productive body parts, which have been incorporated into the social code by being marked, inscribed, incised, circumcised, subincised, scarified, tattooed. When danger threatens the group, all those who by initiation have been marked with the sign of the boar are obliged to lend their arms to the task. When the group needs to reproduce, and approaches another moiety during the annual betrothal feast, all women who have been clitoridectomized are obliged to bring their reproductive bodies to the feast and accept a man of the other moiety.

Savages do not belong to society as persons, individuals, juridic subjects, but as organs attached to the full body of the earth. The society is the marking of this attachment. The multiplicity of the attached organs extends a productive surface. Deleuze and Guattari do not conceive of the social bond between individuals to be formed by each legislating for the others, nor do they take it to be formed by contracts among individuals who exchange words, women, goods, and services. They conceive it not as a contract nor as an exchange, but as couplings. Couplings not of individuals, but of organs.

Savage society is constituted by the coupling of voice with hearing: Primitive cultures are epic, narrative, oral cultures. In New Guinea, the hunter-gatherer societies, divided into seven hundred mutually incomprehensible languages (fully a third of the languages of humanity) have never engaged in any empire-building. They have no hereditary or elected chiefs. Most of these societies are head-hunting societies. Head-hunting is not war; neither territory, nor booty, nor women are captured in their battles. Rather, each young man seeks out the most brave and the most spectacular warrior on the field to kill, in order to cannibalize his body so as to interiorize his spirit. Men who have killed more than one are not respected and do not gain power over the group; they are regarded as twisted killers. Big men are big by virtue of

two things: The power of language, and the capacity to organize feasts in which the people assemble, reaffirm their bonds, and communicate with distant peoples. They have astonishing memories and linguistic capabilities; they are capable of telling their ancestries back dozens of generations, capable of recalling and retelling in captivating ways the history of the people, its luck and its feasts, its heroisms and its ordeals. It is especially this power to hold an audience spellbound long nights that constitutes their prestige. The languages themselves are extraordinarily difficult to learn; not only is their grammar extremely complex, but they have developed great elaborations of ceremonious, poetic, and epic styles.

A second coupling is that of hand with surfaces of inscription. Primitive societies are not manufacturing, but graphic societies. They inscribe the earth with their paths, their dances; they inscribe the walls of their caves or huts; they inscribe their bodies. Savages do not so much build things, shelters and monuments, as do handcraft; they develop not architectural powers, but manual dexterity. They cut twigs to mark their paths, carve tools, weave baskets and clothing. The markings made do not express ideas, but reveal the dexterity of hands. The inscription is not related to the voice; they develop no alphabet or ideograms. Hands learn skills not by having explained to them the meaning and the methods of handling and manipulating, not by being shown the diagram or the model, but instead by immediate induction: the hands of the child imitate the movements of hands of the men and women. One learns to throw the boomerang by throwing it oneself in the company of the skilled. Like in Zen archery, there are no manuals, no discussions with the master: the master holds and tightens and his bow; one does the same, again and again.

A third coupling is that of eye with pain. The pain inflicted, in the initiation rites, is public, theatrical: one watches, the eye does not circumscribe, survey, comprehend; it winces, it senses the pain. As the young Maasai maiden is being scarified, the thorn inserted again and again to raise scars in regular patterns across her back, down her thighs, all afternoon, the others watch, eyes like flies feasting on the pain.

Savage inscription cuts into living flesh; the markings, perforations, inscriptions, incisions, circumcisions, subincisions, clitoridectomies are painful. Savage societies are machines of cruelty. The pain is by no means minimized; initiation rites redouble the pain, include gratuitous fastings, long incarcerations in dark men's houses, beatings, bleedings. Infections, deaths occur. The markings are done in long public feasts. It is clear that there is a collective pleasure in this savagery, this cruelty that so revolts us, and that also excites us, childhood readers of *National Geographic*, colonialists, mission-

aries, who soon indulge our own cruelties, unleashing upon the savages insults, beatings, hard labor, enslavement. Those who live long among savages soon acquire cruel habits. I remember spending a week with a missionary, a member of the order of Saint Francis, who had been in Irian Jaya for twenty-seven years, and helping him each morning in the clinic he had set up and personally staffed. I was surprised, then intrigued, then revolted by the roughness with which he tore off bandages, by the extra touch of cruelty with which he manhandled and jabbed children while vaccinating them. Those he baptized—initiated into his parish—were also perforated, scarred, marked.

Nietzsche, in the second essay of *The Genealogy of Morals*, speaks of the excitant that pain is for the spectator. When one lies with the sick one, the suffering and the moanings invade the space, invade one's own body, depress and vitalize in the contagion of suffering. But when one actively inflicts pain, on oneself or on others, there is excitement and jubilation in the spectacle of the pain. The eye is a crystal ball, where the pain suffered is transfigured into pleasure received.

Nietzsche observes that the one who is cheated by another who owed him some commodity or service is satisfied, not when justice intervenes and forces the debtor to bring what he owed, but when justice punishes the debtor. What is this? Nietzsche asks. How is it that the creditor could accept the transaction contracted for as fulfilled when the goods were not delivered but the debtor suffered? How can pain be some kind of payment? It is that the original social contract was not for goods and services but for the pleasure of those goods and services. It is that the spectacle of the pain of another can be a pleasure equivalent to the pleasure in those goods and services.

But the original marking is not the result of transactions between individuals freely entered into by which one becomes creditor and the other debtor, a marking that will be effaced when the goods contracted for are delivered. The prime marking, the prime coding, is the socialization itself, which isolates the productive organs of the body and codes their coupling with the body of the earth: the tattooing, scarifying, circumcising, subincising, clitoridectomizing. These markings sear with pain. Nietzsche does not go far enough, when he says that these brandings serve to mark the memory—or to create a memory—with a few "Thou shalt nots." The rites in which they are inflicted are public rites, festive occasions in which the clan affirms its unity. They are destined for the eyes that watch, and that derive from them from the start the surplus value of pleasure. It is not originally a pleasure owed them, contracted for; it is the original surplus value that the socialization itself generates. It is only afterward that one so marked will enter into limited transactions with

other members of the group, will deliberately and on his own contract debts that he will pay or not pay, and if he does not pay, he will have to give his creditors the pleasure of seeing him suffer.

The markings with which savage societies record, channel, regulate the coded flows of the energies produced in the couplings are not *read*. Savage inscriptions are not signs that refer to concepts; they are diagrams and paths for the hand. The leopard footprint one sees on the path does not refer to the name and notion of leopard, but links up directly with the leopard itself. The leopard claw-print that one sees inscribed by human hand on the path or on the body of the initiate does not refer to the voice that utters the name "leopard" and conceives the meaning of that name; it directly designates the leopard itself. The eye does not read this sign; it sees the mark of the beast; it winces; it senses the pain. But now it is the leopard itself that functions as a sign. One takes those marked with the mark of the leopard to be a tribe, a society. (I remember visiting a mine on the Arctic Ocean at the border between Finland and the Soviet Union; the young miner who showed me the mine put out every cigarette he smoked on his hand, which was covered with scar tissue. Then I saw that the other young miners all had the backs of their hands covered with scar tissue. When I saw the scars, I did not read them as marks of words that could be pronounced, like tattoos where one can read things—"47th battalion, Nam"—rather, when my eye fell on them it flinched, seeing the burning cigarette being crushed and sensing the pain. And it is this burning cigarette I took to be a sign of the fiery and defiant young men who had come from the south and gone there, to the mines on the brink of the Arctic Ocean, and whose branding of their own hands functioned as a seal of their fraternity. The eye does not read the meaning in a sign; it *jumps* from the mark to the pain and the burning cigarette, and then jumps to the fraternity signaled by the burning cigarettes.)

Savage societies are transformed or incorporated into barbarian societies, sedentary and imperial, by a change in the nature of the codings. By an overcoding, all the lines of filiation and alliance are made to converge upon the body of the despot. As the productive organs are attached to the closed plenum of the body of the despot, they are detached from the earth, deterritorialized.

Barbarian societies are also characterized by a change in the couplings of the organs that extend the productive surface of the social order. The hand is coupled onto a graphics that is aligned with the voice. The coupling of voice with hearing through the intermediary of writing produces wholly new effects. The eye is uncoupled from pain, anesthetized. Writing begins with

empires.<sup>2</sup> It is contrived for use in imperial legislation, in a bureaucracy, for accounting, for the collection of taxes, for the constitution of the state monopoly, for imperial justice, for historiography. But also it contains within itself a transcendent and despotic law. Savages possess extraordinary manual virtuosity; they do not lack writing for lack of manual dexterity. Writing is produced when graphics are coupled with the voice to become signs of words spoken.

The graphics now do not, as in a claw mark incised on the back of the Yoruba initiate that invites the hand to gingerly feel it, serve as grooves for the movement of hand and body. The graphics are destined for tablets, stones, books; destined to be indefinitely reproduced on more tablets (the textbook explained in the classroom is copied by students in notebooks, recopied by students in bluebooks at the end of the term, recopied later by graduates for articles to be published on more paper). When the savage eye saw the claw-mark cut into the white bark of the birch tree, it winced; it felt the wound of the tissue and the sap of the tree and jumped to the wound on the flesh and the blood of the Yoruba initiate. Now the eye no longer winces when it sees the mark; it does not see the incision with which the pen or the printer has cut into the white surface of the paper. The eye has lost the ability to see the cut, the incision, the wound; it passes lightly over the page, not seeing, not sensing the tissue of the paper at all, but seeing the words as though they were flat patterns suspended in a neutral emptiness. The eye is no longer active, palpating the pain, jumping to the leopard; it is now passive before the flow of abstract patterns passing across it.

Writing is graphics now coupled with the spoken word, but in this coupling the voice is transformed. The voice in its savage relation with hearing exists in a reciprocal relation: the voice speaks; the other hears and answers. The movement is a zigzag from one to the other, and it is broken by pauses, by silences. The voice that is now written has been linearized. The words no longer exist here, in this place, between these two savages stationed on the earth in front of one another; they now exist in a linear progression that has been deterritorialized. When I read, on paper, the lines, "The citizens of New Spain are hereby taxed five gold pesos each per year," all sense of a spot on the earth where these words were uttered is lost; I am not referred to that place, but rather to the meanings of these signs, which exist transtemporally and transspatially. The meanings are there wherever the text is read or recalled; the voice of the speaker does not echo in them. Writing is a form of graphics, Deleuze and Guattari say, that is aligned with the voice, but also supplants the voice. When I come upon the lines, "When noble metals are roasted, phlogiston is released," it would be pointless for me to

strain to hear the voice that uttered them. It is in reading on down the lines that I will discover that phlogiston was a concept of ancient chemistry and will determine the meaning of "noble metals" from the lines of writing that contrast the expression "noble metals" with that of "base metals."

Now the voice no longer resonates, chants, invokes, calls forth; one hears only the voice of a law that orders one to move on down the line. Writing remains aligned by the voice—now a mute, impersonal, remote voice. A transcendent voice detaches itself from the whole of discourse and detaches the resonances from words. The voice is there only as that which once decreed that this inscription means this concept, that decrees that one must no longer settle on the resonance of any sensuous sound but take it as but a sign that refers to other signs. To hear the message, the meaning, one must subject oneself to the law: the phonetic, taxonomical, syntactical, semantical laws of significant language, which are conventional, laid down by decree, by another law that regulates the meaning of language because it regulates the whole of society. To subject oneself to the law of written language is to subject oneself to the one law of the one language of the empire.

When Siegfried, in the Enchanted Forest, hears the murmurs of the trees, he hears their individual substance and tensions and flexions that are being plucked by the wind and resounding. Through the sound and in them, he encounters the inner substances of the trees themselves. Then he drinks the magic potion brought to him by the bird descended from on high, from the throne of Wotan the law-giver, and, suddenly, he hears what they mean. He no longer hears the trees resounding; he hears a message: the warning that Alberich has bewitched him and is waiting to kill him.

You can wander the high Andes and, by night, hear the murmurs of the people around the fire, hear their Quechua tongue without understanding it, hear the light, subtle, supple tripping of their sounds, hear their intonations and their murmurs, hear it as the very resonance of their substance, their gentle, unassertive, vibrant, sensitive way of vocalizing together like gentle animals, quail foraging a field or muttering in a thicket for the night, vocalizing their togetherness. You can look at their inscriptions and see the letters *Saqsaywaman* and *intihuatana* carved in stone or staining the weathered boards of their homes, see these marks as incisions and stainings in the substance of the stone or wood, forming patterns with the cracks and fissures in the stone, the grain and diverse colors of the wood. But if you were to drink some magic potion, some cocktail of coca tea and whisky, and suddenly understood their language, and abruptly understood that they are speaking about "transporting cocaine into the hands of the Colombian agents," then abruptly you have subjected yourself to the codings of imperial society; you have suddenly related their sounds not to their own throats and

substance but to the international code established by the reigning barbarian empire in Washington and Bonn and Tokyo, where cocaine means the same thing—crime—whenever, wherever it is spelled out; and you cannot detach this meaning from their murmurings around the fire without subjecting yourself to the decrees that fix the international imperial code. And you at the same time insert yourself in the code; you find yourself designated as a tourist, an observer and reporter for the empire, another plunderer bringing back to the imperial metropolis handcrafts and idols, souvenirs and memories, and field reports on the activities of the outlaws. If you want to speak of them murmuring together, without subjecting them and yourself to the law, if you want to speak a discourse of nomads and outlaws, if you want to tell of them speaking to you as outsiders, nomads and outlaws, you must never pronounce this word. But how then will others understand what you say—others who, like yourself, speak imperial English, which they have learned and continue to learn from the imperial media? At best you can speak of them in the imperial code, speak of them as cocaine traffickers and terrorists, in such a way the words begin to lose their consistency, become nonsensical, turn against the imperial grammar itself. You can try to make others conspirators who use the imperial formulas themselves as passwords by which the imperial discourse itself turns into babble and din.

Marx had spoken of the dismemberment of the human body in the social machinery of industrial capitalism. Laborers are coupled with the productive process only as hands that assemble on assembly lines, or as legs and backs that bear burdens, or as arms that stoke furnaces. It is only the hands and eyes of clerks in offices that are paid for. Soldiers are limbs connected to weapons, disconnected from brain and imagination. Foremen are eyes disconnected from heart. The capitalist is the calculating brain disconnected from the capitalist's own taste and caprice. The industrial enterprise is the whole body upon which these part-organs are attached.

Marxism invokes the missing whole organism, that of the species individual, to which the diverse limbs and organs, attached to the body of industry, would, in principle, belong. The revolution Marx envisions would bring about the social ownership of the productive enterprise and the individual ownership of the body-parts coupled onto that enterprise. But, in fact, capitalism itself invokes the private individual, owner of all his parts and members, motivated by self-interest, that is, interest in the consolidation and aggrandizement of the self as an integral whole. For the private ownership of productive enterprises, to which large numbers of limbs and members of others are coupled, invokes the subordination of the body of the productive enterprise to the integral body of the individual.

The private individual is constituted by a privatization of his organs, his productive engines. It is the social machine itself that privatizes the organs, decodes their couplings with their immediate objects, and makes their flows of substance and energies abstract. The first organ to undergo privatization, removal from the social field, was the anus. We have long since ceased to use it to make contact with the earth—joining our excrement with the humus, wiping our asses with leaves, peeing in puddles and streams. We have long since ceased attaching an anus to the full body of the emperor. In the Middle Ages theologians long debated whether Jesus had an anus; his priestly role, mediator between God and man, God-man, seemed to require an integral human body, but an anus seemed fundamentally contradictory to his role as transcendent word that inscribes the social coding on earth. Society decodes the flow of excrement, decrees that it cannot be spoken of, that meaning should not be sought in it. It becomes a pure residue, an abstract flow without significance, without coding. The first zone of privacy, of individuation, that is constituted in the core of the symbiotic world of the infant is his anus. One has to cover up one's anus, stop playing with it, stop playing with excrement, stop leaving traces of it in the living room. It is about this private part that the privacy of a whole individual is constituted. The notion of a private individual is that of a source of flows, of substances and fluids and energies, which are of themselves abstract, without social determination, without coding. Freud understood that the phallic phase follows the anal phase and builds on it: the pleasure that the boy feels in the hardening of his penis is felt as a prolongation outside of the pleasure he feels of a full bowel sliding outward. In the Oedipus complex, the boy will substitute for his real penis and this real pleasure the abstract pleasure of being a phallus and make himself into an ego, an ego posited over against others, making demands on others. The individual is identified with the phallus; the core of his status as a private individual lies in the identity of the phallus, which he can hide or reveal according to his own initiative. Deleuze and Guattari emphasize the decoded, deterritorialized nature of this phallic emanation. In primitive societies the boy's first ejaculation and the girl's menarche are highly significant, coded, public events. In our societies the flows of pubescent semen and blood are decoded, deterritorialized, privatized; they are supposed to take place behind locked doors, at night. No one is supposed to see the evidence of wet dreams on the sheets. The privacy of the individual is constituted about these privatized organs and flows.

Marx conceptualized, as alienation, the dismemberment of the body whose productive parts and organs are attached to the full body of industry and invoked the idea of integral man, the man whose body parts would

belong to himself. This notion of integral man, the species individual, has the status of a utopian concept. It would be necessary to show the constitution of this notion in the privatization of the individual about the privatization of his organs beginning with the anus. But then the utopian notion of integral man can no longer maintain the function Marxism allots to it: that of figuring as the benchmark that enables Marxism to criticize the social coding of capitalism, as well as that of barbarism and of savagery. For the notion of the integral man, the privatized body, is a moment of the capitalist coding.

The schizophrenic apocalypse Deleuze and Guattari envision on the horizon of capitalism would not bring together the body parts dispersed across the social field. It would rather free them for ever more diverse couplings with one another.

For the surface productive of the social is being extended, elaborated, transformed not simply by new laws being legislated, by new enterprises being launched for the international exchange of messages, digitally coded information, women, Filipino maids to England or Kuwait, goods, handguns, redeye or silkworm missiles, Korean Scuds to Iran, and Ukrainian plutonium to Japan, and the services of Singapore bankers, Tokyo stockbrokers, and Brussels consultant firms. The social body is being laid bare, laid out, laid, excited, metamorphosed when hands clasp in greeting and in understanding and in commitment and in sensuality and also in parting. When the ear put against the cellular receiver is in contact with a voice from any tribe and any continent. Where automated, robotized, cybernetically programmed industry detaches the hands from any craft, save that of touching buttons that project patterns on computer screens that vanish without leaving a trace. Where the eyes no longer feast on the pain of Iraqi soldiers buried in the sands or the unemployed and homeless in Rio and London and New York, but on pains more fascinating, more ravishing, incomparably more visible—those of *Basic Instinct* and *The Silence of the Lambs*. Where the hands of the medical technician implant the detached, marked, labeled fertilized egg of an upwardly mobile couple in the womb of an unemployed woman. Where eyes watch a CAT scan of a metastasizing cancer or the sonar probe of a pregnancy. Where the car on cruise control races the Los Angeles freeways, the hands free to dial the cellular phone, cut the lines of coke, or cock a handgun. Where the hearts, livers, kidneys of newly executed Chinese prisoners are rushed to clinics in Hong Kong, where ailing financiers and aging media superstars arrive by limousine. When hands holding a video camera connect with hands on batons beating the black legs of a speeding motorist. When hearts, livers, kidneys are being cut

out of young black male corpses and transplanted into anesthetized bodies of CEOs and aging media superstars in exclusive clinics in Hollywood and Las Vegas. Where the cold hearts and annealed nerves of a few youths from despised peoples imprisoned by blockades hijack the most advanced marvels of supersonic jet technology, the most invincible smart weapons. When high school dropouts in Karachi insert viruses on computer disks that shut down the Pentagon. Where hands extend into Alaskan seas for oil-drenched seabirds. Where lips kiss the pain of the AIDS victim, where fingers close the eyes of the one whose agony has at length come to an end.

### Notes

1. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Anti-Oedipus*, vol. 1, trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem, and Helen R. Lane (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1983). All page references in the text refer to this volume.
2. What a strange thing writing is! It would seem that its apparition could not fail to determine profound changes in the conditions of existence of humanity, and that these transformations would have had to have been especially intellectual in nature. The possession of writing prodigiously multiplies the aptitude of men to preserve knowledge. We like to conceive of writing as an artificial memory, whose development should be accompanied with a better consciousness of the past, hence a greater capacity to organize the present and the future. After one eliminates all the criteria proposed to distinguish barbarism from civilization, one would like at least to retain this: the people with writing are capable of accumulating ancient acquisitions and progress more and more quickly toward the goal they have assigned themselves, while the peoples without writing, incapable of retaining the past beyond the fringe that individual memory suffices to fix, would remain prisoners of a fluctuating history which would always lack an origin and the durable consciousness of a project.

And yet nothing of what we know of writing and its role in evolution justifies such a conception. One of the most creative phases of the history of humanity took place during the approach of the neolithic age, responsible for agriculture, the domestication of animals and other arts. To reach it, it was necessary that during millennia little human collectivities observed, experimented and transmitted the fruit of their reflections. This immense enterprise was carried on with a rigor and a continuity attested to by success, while writing was still unknown. If writing appeared between the fourth and third millennia before Christ, we must see in it an already distant (and no doubt indirect) result of the neolithic revolution, but nowise its condition. To what great innovation is it bound? On the plane of technology, we can cite hardly anything but architecture at this period. But the architecture of the Egyptians or the Sumerians was not superior to the works of certain Americans who were ignorant of writing at the time of the arrival of Cortez. Conversely, from the invention of writing up to the birth of modern science, the western world lived some 5000 years during which its knowledge fluctuated more than it was increased. It has often been remarked that between the kind of life of a Greek or Roman citizen and that of a European bourgeois of the 18th century, there was hardly much difference.

In the neolithic period, humanity took giant steps forward without the help of writing; with writing the historical civilizations of the West long stagnated. No doubt the scientific expansion of the 19th and 20th centuries would hardly be conceivable without writing. But this necessary condition is certainly not sufficient to explain it.

If we want to correlate the apparition of writing with certain characteristic traits of civilization, we have to look in another direction. The sole phenomenon that faithfully accompanied writing is the formation of cities and empires, that is, the integration into a political system of a considerable number of individuals and their hierarchization into castes and classes. Such is, in any case, the typical evolution we see from Egypt to China, the moment that writing begins: it appears to favorize the exploitation of men before it favors their illumination. This exploitation, which make it possible to assemble thousands of workers to yoke them to extenuating tasks, better accounts for the birth of architecture than does the direct relation envisioned a moment ago. If my hypothesis is correct, we have to admit that the primary function of written communication is to facilitate enslavement" (Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Tristes tropiques* [Paris: Plon, 1955], pp. 265-66).