

Direction des bibliothèques

AVIS

Ce document a été numérisé par la Division de la gestion des documents et des archives de l'Université de Montréal.

L'auteur a autorisé l'Université de Montréal à reproduire et diffuser, en totalité ou en partie, par quelque moyen que ce soit et sur quelque support que ce soit, et exclusivement à des fins non lucratives d'enseignement et de recherche, des copies de ce mémoire ou de cette thèse.

L'auteur et les coauteurs le cas échéant conservent la propriété du droit d'auteur et des droits moraux qui protègent ce document. Ni la thèse ou le mémoire, ni des extraits substantiels de ce document, ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans l'autorisation de l'auteur.

Afin de se conformer à la Loi canadienne sur la protection des renseignements personnels, quelques formulaires secondaires, coordonnées ou signatures intégrées au texte ont pu être enlevés de ce document. Bien que cela ait pu affecter la pagination, il n'y a aucun contenu manquant.

NOTICE

This document was digitized by the Records Management & Archives Division of Université de Montréal.

The author of this thesis or dissertation has granted a nonexclusive license allowing Université de Montréal to reproduce and publish the document, in part or in whole, and in any format, solely for noncommercial educational and research purposes.

The author and co-authors if applicable retain copyright ownership and moral rights in this document. Neither the whole thesis or dissertation, nor substantial extracts from it, may be printed or otherwise reproduced without the author's permission.

In compliance with the Canadian Privacy Act some supporting forms, contact information or signatures may have been removed from the document. While this may affect the document page count, it does not represent any loss of content from the document.

Université de Montréal

A Schizoanalytic Reading of Paradise Lost and The Waste Land

par

Clifford Duffy

Département d'études anglaises
Faculté des arts et des sciences

Thèse présentée à la Faculté des arts et des sciences
en vue de l'obtention du grade de Philosophiae Doctor (Ph. D)
en études anglaises

Août 2008

© Clifford Duffy 2008



Université de Montréal
Faculté des études supérieures

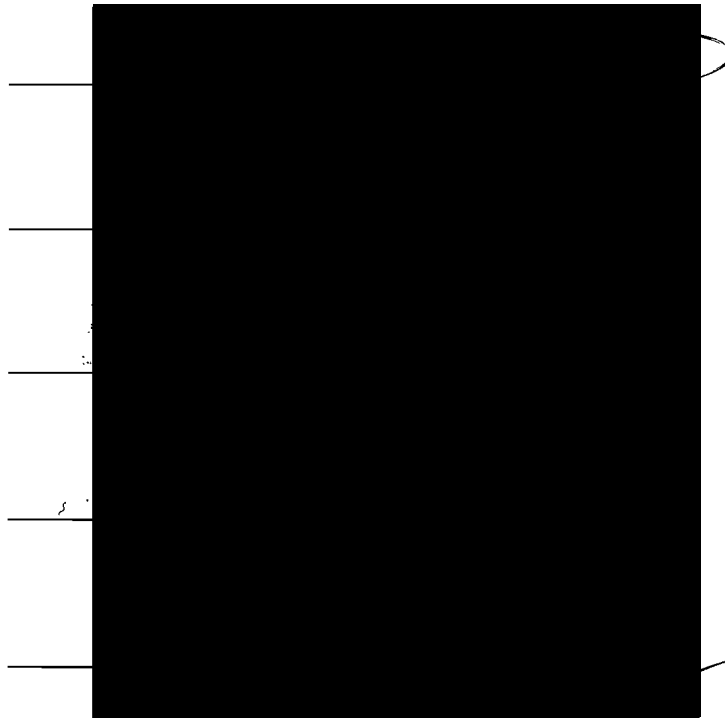
Cette thèse intitulée :

A Schizoanalytic Reading of Paradise Lost and The Waste Land

Présentée par :

Clifford Duffy

a été évaluée par un jury composé des personnes suivantes :



Thèse acceptée le

11-12-2008

Résumé

Cette thèse propose d'examiner trois thèmes ou problématiques interreliés en études littéraires anglaises : tout d'abord, la disposition divergente et variée du monothéisme dans Paradise Lost (*Paradis perdu*, John Milton) ainsi que la schizophrénisation de ce dernier dans le personnage de Satan. Elle étudiera également le retour et la remise en voix de la multiplicité satanique dans la poésie de The Waste Land (*La Terre vaine*, T.S. Eliot). Troisièmement, ces thèmes interreliés seront explorés sous l'égide des concepts philosophiques développés par Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari (L'Anti-Œdipe, Mille plateaux). L'introduction contextualise cette prise de position théorique, ma propre praxis existentielle, ainsi que la façon dont les questions que je pose sont reliées aux thèmes critiques étudiés dans le corps de la thèse.

Le premier chapitre exposera la nature de la relation entre Satan et Dieu, ainsi que la posture tyrannique du Dieu monothéiste dans Paradise Lost. Avant de me lancer dans le cœur de l'argument, je discuterai de la méthode et du canevas théorique que j'ai choisis. La schizoanalyse, qui remplace la pensée psychanalytique classique, constitue une pragmatique, une philosophie du « comment faire » plutôt qu'une philosophie rationnelle. « Utiliser, et non analyser, ne jamais interpréter », tels sont les mots d'ordre de la pragmatique deleuzo-guattarienne. Toutefois, les philosophes français produisent une machine littéraire, ne manquant jamais d'illustrer et de soutenir abondamment leur propos en citant des exemples tirés des travaux de poètes, d'écrivains et d'autres artistes. Les termes employés sont des définitions opérationnelles, qui sont alors déployés en conséquence. La théorie, la pratique et la méthode existent dans une relation à géométrie variable, souvent mouvante. En

conséquence, le sens de ces définitions change selon leur emploi, tout comme le sens théorique que l'on peut tirer de leur probité est continuellement reformé. La déterritorialisation peut être décrite comme le principe de flux ; sa capacité perpétuelle de s'échapper crée des lignes de fuite. Cela est approprié dans la mesure où je m'intéresserai au caractère chaotique des relations représentées entre Dieu, Satan et l'Homme (Guattari). Depuis la publication de Paradise Lost, Satan a été perçu, nonobstant une poignée d'exceptions, comme une personnalité digne de toutes les injures, le signifiant même de la haine et du négatif. Nulle part dans la littérature critique Satan n'a-t-il été saisi en tant que figure d'immanence et de devenir. La réalité de l'immanence et sa réfutation historique survenue par le biais de l'avènement de la transcendance se sont produites à prix incommensurable. Si jamais cela fut nécessaire, cette époque est aujourd'hui révolue. Satan, dans Paradise Lost, constitue le personnage emblématique et héroïque à qui l'on confère le statut à la fois tragique et épique du hors-la-loi ; il joue son rôle et le souffre. Je discuterai de la déterritorialisation effectuée par Satan des territoires monothéistes ainsi que l'ambition oppressive de Satan. À caractère polémique, ce chapitre engage et interpelle le poème au niveau du détournement du discours (Guattari). Il ne cherche pas à renverser les rôles de la dualité, mais accorde plutôt son dû à Satan, en repensant le contexte anthropologique et historique par-dessus lequel Satan a été inventé. La chaomose des totalités détotalisées n'est pas interprétée comme le rejet du positif, mais plutôt construit comme le retour du désir.

Le deuxième chapitre poursuivra le projet schizoanalytique jusque dans le domaine critique de The Waste Land. Ce projet entreprend de refaire le lien entre un

poème souvent perçu comme mélancolique et déprimant et la contingence, le hasard, en une chaosmose de positivité et de joie. La théorie des totalités non-totalisables est extrapolée dans cette lecture, alors que le poème réincarne avec une intensité singulière la présence du multiple. L'apparition de différence et de désunion constituent le retour de l'immanence satanique dans la polyphonie présente dans The Waste Land. Ce chapitre argumentera que la réapparition de la multiplicité dans le poème américain résulte des machines désirantes qui découpent les totalités non-totalisables ainsi que les lignes de fuite pour former un assemblage. Malgré les allures d'avant-garde que prit la réception critique initiale de The Waste Land, cette position se transforma rapidement, le poème devant être interprété en tant que lamentation mélancolique pour la « civilisation ». De plus, les polémiques critiques autour de T. S. Eliot, qui durèrent des décennies, obscurcirent le lien qu'entretenait le poème avec Paradise Lost. La présence affirmative d'incohérence et de contingence, et tout particulièrement l'évocation de celle-ci dans le texte de T.S. Eliot, se perdit dans les argumentations critiques qui suivirent. Cependant, c'est l'imbrication des voix qui marque le poème comme emblématique de la répétition, la différence ainsi que la désunion sataniques. Vertu classique, l'unité a été remplacée, dans le poème du vingtième siècle, par la force active de la multiplicité rhizomatique. La voix lyrique subjectivisante du poète est démocratisée pour devenir un assemblage de multitudes, la chaosmose satanique de l'immanence.

Mots clés : Capitalisme ; corps sans organes ; devenirs ; Dieu ; machine désirante ; immanence ; intensité ; lignes de fuite ; moderne ; poésie ; remise en voix ; rhizome ;

Satan ; schizoanalyse ; transcendence ; Paradise Lost ; The Waste Land ; Gilles
Deleuze ; T.S. Eliot ; Félix Guattari ; John Milton.

Abstract

This dissertation considers three intertwined themes and questions in English literary studies: first, the divergent and varied arrangement of monotheism in Paradise Lost (John Milton); second, the schizophrenization of the same as the figure of Satan; third, the return and reinvoking of Satanic multiplicity in the poetry of The Waste Land (T.S. Eliot). These interlocked themes are discussed under the aegis of the philosophical concepts of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari (Anti-Oedipus, One Thousand Plateaus). The introduction contextualizes this theoretical stance, my own existential praxis, and how the questions that I pose connect with the critical concerns of the thesis.

The first chapter lays bare the relations of Satan to God, and the tyrannical bearing of the monotheistic God in Paradise Lost. Before launching into the body of the argument proper, I discuss the method and the theoretical framework I have chosen. Schizoanalysis, which displaces classical psychoanalytic thinking, is a pragmatics, a how-to philosophy rather than a rational one. “Utilize do not analyze,” and “never interpret,” are the bywords of Deleuzo-Guattarian pragmatics. Yet, the French thinkers produce a literary-machine, and never fail to quote and buttress their polemics, in abundance, with the work of poets, writers, and artists. The terms employed are working definitions, and are therefore deployed accordingly. Theory, practice, and method are in a constantly shifting relation. Accordingly, the sense of these definitions changes with their usage, and one’s theoretical sense of their probity is therefore continually reshaped. Deterritorialization can be described as the principle of flux, and its perpetual capacity to escape, creating lines of flight. This is appropriate, for I am concerned with the chaosmotic (Guattari) character of the

relationships expressed between God, Satan, and Man. Since the publication of Paradise Lost, Satan has been perceived, barring a handful of exceptions, as a figure to be reviled, and as the signifier of hatred and the negative. Nowhere in the critical literature has Satan been read as a figure of immanence and becoming. The reality of immanence and its historical refutation by the advent of transcendence came at too high a price. Perhaps this was necessary but if this was the case, that time has passed. Satan, in Paradise Lost, is the emblematic and heroic figure who is afforded the tragic epical character of the outlaw; he plays his role and suffers it. I discuss Satan's deterritorialization of the monotheistic territories and the latter's oppressive ambition. This chapter is polemical and engages the poem at the level of the détournement of discourse (Guattari). It does not reverse the roles of duality, but gives Satan his due, and rethinks the anthropologic and historic background upon which he was invented. Satan's chaosmosis of detotalized wholes is not interpreted as the refusal of the positive, but constructed as the return of desire.

Chapter Two shifts the schizoanalytic project into the critical domain of The Waste Land. Often perceived as a melancholic and depressing text, this project undertakes to reconnect the poem to contingency and chance, a chaosmosis of positivity and joy. The theory of non-totalisable wholes is extended into our reading, as the poem re-embodies with a singular intensity the presence of the multiple. The appearance of difference and disunity is the return of Satanic immanence in the polyphony of voices in The Waste Land. This chapter argues that the reappearance of multiplicity in the American poem is the work of desiring-machines cutting non-totalisable wholes and lines of flight into an assemblage. Although The Waste Land's

initial critical reception assumed an avant-gardist stance, this soon devolved into an understanding of it as a melancholic lament for “civilization.” Furthermore, the decades-long critical polemics of T. S. Eliot obscured its relation to Paradise Lost. The affirmative presence of incoherence and contingency, and especially its invocation in T.S. Eliot’s text, was lost in the critical arguments that followed. However, it is the imbrication of voices that marks the poem as emblematic of Satanic repetition, difference, and non-unity. Unity, a classical virtue, was displaced in the twentieth century poem, by the active force of rhizomatic multiplicity. The lyric voice of the subjectivizing poet is democratized into the assemblage of multitude and the Satanic chaosmosis of immanence.

Keywords: Becomings; body-without-organs; capitalism; desire-machine; God; immanence; intensity; invoicing; line of flight; modern; poetry; rhizome; Satan; schizoanalysis; transcendence; Paradise Lost; The Waste Land; Gilles Deleuze; T.S. Eliot; Felix Guattari; John Milton.

Table of Contents

Résumé	iii
Abstract	viii
Abbreviations	xiii
Acknowledgements	xv
Introduction: Schizoanalytic Praxis and Existential Divagations, Biographical Latitudes	1
Chapter One: Memoirs of A Deterritorializing Satanist: Plateaus Not Ideologies	21
Chapter Two: Schizo-analysis and The Waste Land	106
Notes	252
Works Cited and Consulted	274

Abbreviations

Paradise Lost John Milton, eds. Stephen Orgel and J. Goldberg PL

Anti-Oedipus Gilles Deleuze Felix Guattari AO

One Thousand Plateaus Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari ATP

What Is Philosophy? Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari WIP

Desert Islands and Other Texts, 1953-1974. Gilles Deleuze DI

Dialogues. Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet. Dia

Essays Critical Clinical Gilles Deleuze CC

Proust Gilles Deleuze P

Two Regimes of Madness Gilles Deleuze TR

Chaosmosis Felix Guattari Chao

The Complete Poems and Plays 1909-1950 of T.S. Eliot CP

Selected Prose T. S. Eliot SP

The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts

Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound F

Inventions Of The March Hare; Poems 1909-1917. T.S. Eliot. Ed.

Christopher Ricks MH

A note about my usage of names and terms; I do not always use the names Deleuze *and* Guattari, but at times, I simply refer to Guattari, or Deleuze or the both in either order. This tactic has been adopted because the names Deleuze and Guattari refer to an overall process of ideas and concepts that their work singularly and severally, invokes. If in the text, I write Deleuze then afterward simply Guattari, the

reader can assume I am referring to the Deleuze and Guattari team, unless otherwise indicated. The same applies to my use of slang or ordinary speech writing, or even speaking copied into the text. Monster slang, new terms, jolts of electricity, ‘any old thing’ that gets the machine going, misshaped syntax, anything that works, is used to drive home the various arguments I am dragging along in the wake of the text[s] at hand. Arguments? Did I say arguments; there are no arguments, just assemblages, multiplicities, combinatories.

Acknowledgements

How does one thank? How does one display gratitude? One names. So then, I am thanking my advisor Professor Andrew John Miller, for faith in this project and for his patience. Judith Herz, who has also been a faithful and active supporter of this project and of many others, and I sense, I may write too long, and then not enough, but then one more, one more time. To Milena Stojanac, who is intimate, helpful, friendly, and strong through thick and thin, a winding arbor of flowers would be a telling sign of gratitude, a trip for the two of us to the old cities of Europe. Ron Todd, who is the least academic of friends, the least book learned, yet who has been helpful for four years, and who loves horses; I would buy him one if I could. Patrick Madden, a fellow writer and poet, who has been a hand of support and a force of persistence, and who refused to let me quit. To my friends John Knowles and Audrey Bean for their continued encouragement in all areas of my life, I thank you. I'd like to thank Al Bedaiwy for providing me space and support. Thank you to my sister Helen, my brother-in-law Kostas, and my poetically speaking mother Mary Louise Beach. I want to be inclusive so this list could go on, for a long genealogy of thanking those who have held me up, so I will end with saying thank you.

Introduction:

Schizoanalytic Praxis and Existential Divagations, Biographical Latitudes

This thesis comes about as a result of my interest in several areas of literary and theoretical inquiry: Paradise Lost, The Waste Land, and the philosophical ideas of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. That would not be saying a lot if that was all I said. So let me sort things out a bit, and explain and cover some of the background and ideas I am evoking and the spaces I traverse in this dissertation. I wanted to see how combinations (combinatorics; multiples of one and two *ad infinitum*), from allegedly disparate domains played into each other. I was driven by an existential poetic raison d'être, for reasons of praxis that related to my own work as poet, active and passive. I was interested to see how the poetics of my own becomings and praxis differed or resembled that of others, how it disconnected, where ideas went off the rails. I wanted, like my mentor Deleuze, to create monsters mixtures, abstractions of possibility, Frankensteins of desire, bringing together the delires of different poetics, from unusual times, and remote geographies. Recondite poets appealed to me, drawing my spirit up and along the horizontal space of immanence. John Milton and T.S. Eliot were unlikely candidates, yet what strange and unlawful bedfellows their poems would make.

Deleuze spoke of taking the philosophers he wrote about from behind, the result being a monstrous but true child. Conceiving them thus, in unheard of orientations; the process was a nuptial, a becoming. All this changed when it came to writing about Nietzsche, where the reverse happened: “He gets up to all sorts of things behind your back” (Deleuze Negotiations 6). Nietzsche turned him around and showed him how to write in his own name (6). That required “the harshest process of depersonalization” opening himself “up to the multiplicities” and “intensities running through” him. Under

going this initiation freed him to go and do other work (Dia 16). The books he wrote afterward, The Logic Of Sense and Difference and Repetition, were closer to flows and not code. It was a beginning. His meeting with Guattari took him further, it was the jolt he needed, and led to their writing Anti-Oedipus and A Thousand Plateaus. All of these works were monstrous nuptials, creations based on getting out and away, heading along the line of levity and flight. A line of escape plummeted and he got out, and the goal was, and is, to get out. Juxtapose juxtapose, eloquent and dangerous, and machine, I thought. Schizoanalysis; not analyses; behind your time; take the Milton Paradise machine and the Eliot Waste Land machine, mix and shake. And of these two poets, one of whom had had great antipathy most of his poetic life, to the other, how would I connect their disjointed parts of poetry? The answer, or answers lay in utilizing the Deleuzoguattarian machine. If Deleuze had inspired me to make monstrous combinatories, his colleague Guattari, inspired me to add desiring-machines and effect even further variations of cut and flow. That was one thing desiring-machines did, they cut the flow reconnecting it in impassable manners. So, the rule of juxtaposition and broken chains of signifieds took on a legitimacy no longer based on absence and lack, but one founded in desire and its fullness. So that the clandestine relations of poetries (and poets) that appear to hate and dislike each other took on an unexpected hue and cry: Eliot could be pictured ambling along in the shape of Satan in Paradise Lost, Adam in The Waste Land returned as Pheblas, Eve was the typist, worn and weary sighing her lovelorn days; and there was Eve yet again, in The Game of Chess: “The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne” (CP 39), which reminded one of Satan’s “throne of royal state” (PL II 30). Lines were connecting and crossing over. So where were the

boundaries, and what lines of flight did they bode? Satan and his author compounded. Milton reading Anti-Oedipus out loud, vaunting aloud great joy! Milton wearing glasses studying Vico, and discussing with other intelligent readers, like the angels were to do in Heaven, history's perpetual return, alongside Nietzsche's eternal return. Writing was a laboratory. The idea was to cut the varied givens, and see what resulted. What a cacophony of aural semantic jigsaw and hilarity that would be. Lines of intelligent flight could and did criss-cross with the heartfelt dramas, heights, and depths of God and Satan. Half of Eliot and the other half Milton (or even less than half) pushed into an assemblage in my (construction of) One Thousand Plateaus; a pure flow of intensiveness. My own desiring-machine to cutting and re-ordering; Notes to Paradise Lost then? This Satanic Epic for the masses, of joyous readers.

Other questions circulated in my head. Thinking of the blind bard's verse I wondered, were Milton's so-called phrasal inversions not his way of subverting the order of thought, undoing received syntax, and deterritorializing the signifiers of his time? Milton's underringing Latin lingua franca gave him the means to deterritorialize with each breath the Anglo-Saxon line's epic territory, each phrase and line reterritorializing and deterritorializing along the span of its content and expression. Its rhythms wanted to hilt heaven and paradise. What better way to achieve it than to undermine and rejuvenate the language's width in each breath, surpassing its predictable height and depth; epic poetry required such broad strokes, yet inwardly subtle conversions.

Then there was the reading project. I wanted to know how we read, how we read books that "everyone" else had purportedly read. I also sought to understand the

economics of literary production; how were the books paid for, what did the poet live on, how much did his book make, what was his rent? I picked two ‘big’ writers, neither of whom had ever really suffered from financial problems like the majority of human beings do. But their poetry drew me, and both men were controversial. Milton had taken great risks in his life, true, but I had no sympathy for his politics either; I could not hold my heart out to a man who was indifferent to the Irish. His work on divorce, and the rest of his thoughts on liberty and education, were forward looking, but lay outside the main residence of my interest. These ideas had their spot, but it was not his ideas that drew me. It was the electric poetry of Paradise Lost. It was in the poetry that Milton was Other. In this work he was more than an Englishman of his time. He was greater than his greatest limits.

And Eliot, well, my encounter with him was another story. I had read him long before I knew he was the opposite of me politically, socially, and probably, in every other way, but no matter. I went on reading. I was to come to know him and his work as the great reterritorializer. That changed, and The Waste Land, now resurrected by way of its deterritorializing force, took on another aura. For me, as the schizoanalyst, schizoanalysis of this, my own and others, Milton and Eliot in particular, and especially, the poetics, the machine they had erected; and I, a machine, a desiring machine, assembling my own pieces of non-totalizing wholes, break and gap inclusive. Even sentence fragments came to play their role. As they had in the text of the acentered Waste Land. As they continue to do in contemporary forms of poetry. This type of abrasive syntax and deformation is the design of what one critic has described as “faux-hypotaxis” (Reed 2000 387). This style of loosely connected parts which are animated

by clauses that are uncertain ranging between semantic elements and aural visual suggestion, tinkering at the edge of our consciousness, deterritorializing the subject even as it misspeaks. Syntax too is the machine, a machine to enter synergies of departure and flight. Guattari describes this movement away from normative brains (and behaviors i.e. writing) as “a détournement of discursivity” that uninstalls the usual codes of the subject, and puts in its place “an existentialising function”(Chao 26, 22). The existentialising function opens the door to subjectivities not inhabited by the old codes, and especially the recent more insinuating capitalist codes of defractation, and destructive figmentation of the self. Writers toe a fine line of theoretical inquiry and self-destructive paths of poetic union. Yet one must tread the fine lines of détournement to get out of the blocked off domains.

As a student of literature, before and after having published my own books, and during the tenure I have lived as a graduate student I wanted to read everything. I hoped to (and did to some extent) learn more about democratizing the means that enabled one to become a poet, to live as a poet; a becomings-poetry, in DeleuzeGuattarian terms. I wanted to learn not so much about being a poet (as a static role) but about what constituted the states of becomings that it entailed. The forces of singularity and intensity it unlatched: working the unconscious, as a factory was work, labour, love’s labour. These becomings I saw at work in the Satanic Paradisal machine of John Milton, and the varied and crumpled Waste Lands, of the Possum, Mister Eliot, polyphiloprogenitive himself. I was and continue to be interested in any thought, creation, and assemblage that draws out holes in Empire (Hardt and Negri), providing escape routes from the massive psychoanalytic Oedipal apparatus dominating yet our

daily thinking. I wanted to be in the know about the lines of flight, and wayward passages along the rhizomatic routes, short-circuiting capitalism, and its vainglories of victory. My desire to know started before I was reading Paradise Lost. But when I read it my eyes were opened. There were relations between this remote epic poem by a blind Englishman, and the day-to-day concerns of anyone writing in the 20th and 21st century. That poem was a gold mine for schizoanalysis. Schizoanalysis was an idea that Felix Guattari was to develop with Deleuze, in lieu of classical and Lacanian analysis. He had written essays about it, gave talks, and in 1972, he published Anti-Oedipus with Deleuze. Schizoanalysis became a way of thinking about history and capitalism, outside of all the predictable frames of reference. It became a concept and a practice. Anti-Oedipus was a tour de force. It overturned previous notions of writing, analysis, social structures, the unconscious, desire, Oedipus, and called for a great cauterization connecting and reconceptualizing capitalism and schizophrenia. This was just the big picture. The two French thinkers quoted poets, novelists, and artists, galore, as no others had done before. But back to Paradise Lost; there will be time enough for Guattari and Deleuze, I will return to them inevitably. Their project was a continually evolving one, and so their strange words were terms of deployment, working definitions, that changed and expanded becoming enriched, and further defined as they went along. Paradise Lost was also a desiring-machine, and one that created dozens of possible courses of thought, and radiant lines of flight.

When I was first reading Milton's grand epic, I was immediately struck by something peculiar, a sort of anthropological paradigm at work, a compression of alien cultural materials and a repression of the first order. The names of Satan (Lucifer) and

his legions were, as it turned out, the names of the deities, gods, demi-gods, and goddesses of other cultures. The ancient gods of Rome and classical and pre-classical Greece: these were names that roared with a mythical, larger than life magnificence. Names whose poetic and spiritual ambiance and presence clamored through all of Western, and world literature. But these names were covered with another significance, another interpretation than their respective cultural origins. For that matter, the same went for the names of Devils, Principalities, Thrones, and demons whose names harkened back to the ancient cultures of the Near East. A strange discrepancy existed between the condemned and their tutelary condemner, the judge and jury that composed the all encompassing power of God, and the heroic poet singing to justify his ways. I put aside my skepticism about these matters, suspended my skepticism, and read the whole poem. As I went along I saw more and more that the God who asserted himself as almighty and eternal was actually a local one, relatively powerful, but who fancied himself as the origin of all being, and indeed, as the creator of being itself and its very possibility. Naturally, this led to more questions on my part and to what role the God of Milton, played either as an anthropological being straining at the limits of transcendence, and the nearby strength of immanence in its historical heyday. I am painting this situation, at least here, in this introduction, as a somewhat fanciful tale. There was, in reality, nothing fanciful about the war that took place, and the enormous worldwide struggle it entailed. More than worldwide, the epic 'agon', which took place, was cosmic, and continues to reverberate to this day. Its reverberations are more than literary and pervade the historical and political realities of our epoch. The world is larger than the limits of the inside of the epic, and extends to the Outside, Milton the bard

taking an historic stroll; Eliot's figurative and literal amble to the Unreal City are figures, but the poems work over fields of intensity and not just figures. When Milton had set out to justify the ways of God to Man, he was not only measuring a poetic fiction (or figure of rhetoric) against its poetic license, but setting out to write a book that would be the measure of the world, and his own faith's life long practice. Milton's spiritual becomings are the shape of his Paradise Lost. Something he had been forming and reforming, in his own way, since youth. Indeed, and more than that, Milton wrote as an act of love toward the God that he worshipped. But was that God worthy of his love, was that God justifiable, and what were his beginnings, and what of his usurpation of the others who had existed and co-existed from time out of mind, time immemorial?

Which brings us to Satan, whose cry of indignation and suffering rang in my ears, and rang with all the force of truth, a greater truth it seemed than the One who had condemned him. And then it was clear to me, that Satan was the Other, the Sign of Immanence in its disgraced form. Satan, whose universal reprobation and reprobate status was the narrative force, and anthropological return of immanence, refusing to bow before the power and tyranny of transcendence.

And what about Satan's behavior and his seeming unkindness toward humanity? Was he not the 'bad' demon, reviled in all cultures? Well, who are the 'bad' guys in Paradise Lost anyway? Is anyone 'bad' really? Or considering the relative virtues and claims of immanence versus transcendence, did it come down to an agonizing struggle between two historical and cosmically different conceptions of the world? Was God bad, and Satan the hero, the reminder of the older dispensation? The older dispensation which was immanence in its becomings as the flow which energizes all things, yet is

itself difference, ever differentiating itself as itself-becoming other. Lucifer had been the bright star of that world. A world shattered by the seeming grasp of the younger monotheistic deity. The one god, and his paternity suit and his son and Spirit; and the casting of the feminine as Sin and Eve, the weaker gender, always, the both of them, a step below, and behind, the great paternity structure of transcendence.

Was Lucifer's presence – or rather the hint of his actual becoming, enclosed by Satan's formidable recuperation – (let us not underestimate Satan or Lucifer, both of them majestic characters of the first rank diverging faces of the similar and parallel becomings) in the poem a notable nostalgia, a Christian lesson in moralization and potential contrition or rather the presence of an intensity not to be pushed under by the vaulting ambitions of the younger reign? That younger reign staking a place for itself in the sun, claimed priority, regency, and the origin of all and all, as its precedent, indeed, it declared itself a priori to be the very inception of its own genesis. The matrix of all; God, of course, is what I am referring to and the narrative he lays out, marking out as his ground of being, the created universe, his cosmic plot to organize everything around himself. But always under his provisions, which are those of transcendence, and the signifier as the Eye of all. Even if he did it in the name of a love, which he asserts is perfect, eternal, and nonjudgmental. It turned out not to be the case, but to the contrary, this all-powerful being was judgmental, and his existence was determined by judgment. It turned out that creation is judgment, and that the shape and stratification of matter into the earth itself is judgment. This confounds us, because we are told, again and again by the theologians and “philosophers” of love that God's creation was an act of beneficent love. It may have been so, but it was, nonetheless, a judgment. Literally, not

symbolically, the formation of the earth was the judgment. Its strata, layers, and belts imprison intensities and nomadic singularities; it captures that fearless elementary energy to organize it. This is called Molarity, or Transcendence. It is not good or bad, but just is. It is even necessary. And exclusive.

Lucifer, on the other hand, is the other whose whole existence strains to remain outside of this. His effort is to continue as a singular intensity, outside of the molarization of the body-without-organs. Lucifer is the mad particle of immanence. Lucifer is not, as one might be led to believe, the bad guy punished for his pride later to become Satan. Lucifer is the pride of the old gods of immanence and polytheistic paganism, refusing to bend his knee to the god of transcendence. Lucifer was Satan transmogrified.

Everything crosses and transforms becoming something else, but at a price. Hence the word, cross, is not accidental. In Deleuze and Guattari parlance, it is named deterritorialization and reterritorialization. The transfer and transformation back and forth continually of one type of human scaffolding is the construct, the basic metaphysical template. But there is more to this than an apparently simple dialectic of this into that, accompanied by a third step of synthesis. The crossing back and forth is a system that works in reverse, and conversely; it slides obversely, and shifts over transversally, inside and out. Deleuze and Guattari describe the perpetual movement of reterritorialization and deterritorialization, stratification and destratification, as double articulation. Not only does the left hand not know what the right hand is doing, but also neither do the fingers of either hand understand the fingers of the same hand, or the opposite hand. Meantime a ceaseless flow of energy churns over all of this, the name of

which is desire: becomings ever more becomings and metamorphosis from one state of singularity into another, an intensity pushed always to the highest condition of its limit. And desire: not desire for anything or toward anything, simply desire. Desire is also called Immanence, and is never immanent to anything. Immanence and desire are the force of life itself, expressive continually of life, more life, and endless life, never-ending.

God, Milton's God; is the opposite of this; another name for that God is Transcendence, Capture. God wants to be Desire. He even reshapes, or tries to reshape desire for his own ends. Lucifer Satan is the emblem of the old immanence trampled under the trenchant grip of Transcendence. So other problems posed themselves, yet other questions rose.

What happened to the 'dark' angels, and the old gods, of the ancient Near East? What became of their histories and memories and their connections to what was obviously another idea of beginning and the universe? How did their human relations structure themselves? What were the premises that governed the relations between humans, and the ancient polytheistic orders? Of the ancient Near Eastern non-monotheistic texts, that remain whole and relatively complete, there remained Gilgamesh. Inkidu and Gilgamesh portray some of the rapport we might have supposed existed among these ancient peoples and their divinities (Mitchell, 2004). Their concept of the sacred differs radically from Milton's and Milton's God, and the image of the Satanic rout.

Via comparative religious studies and in particular from the research of Mircea Eliade, I had learned the lesson of diversity in religion and its myriad ritualistic shapes. Eliade describes the play of religious diversity as a hierophany:

To the Western mind, which almost automatically relates all ideas of the sacred, and even of magic to certain historical forms of Judaeo-Christian religious life, alien hierophanies must appear largely as aberrations. Even for those disposed to consider certain aspects of exotic__and particularly of Oriental__religion quite sympathetically, it is hard to understand the sacred value attached to stones, say, or the mystique of eroticism. (Eliade 101)

Around the world, through every known human habitation, from Mongolian shamans and cave gods, ancestral spirits here, and animistic tree gods tucked away in Brazil, to the pyramids and the crucifix, the Indian Vedas, and the Buddha, difference and variety in plenty flourished. Man was a spiritual being, a becoming ever in contact with the sacred, in awe of the *mysterium tremendum* (Otto 25). Poetry had been animated by the sense of humans mingling with gods and the sacred as far back as recorded history recalled. Vico taught me that it receded further back into the mists of time, and receded into the sacred marshes and miasmas of man's basic instincts. There were giants on the earth in those days, and they were founder-heroes of the first institutions, the first sacralizations. It was the epoch of the unformed 'primal' human state with consciousness groping blindly, yielding over time to the Primitive Territorial Machine and the barbarian despotic signifier; the war machine and its immemorial resistance to capture (AO 145-192, 192-200, ATP 12, 361).

Everywhere desire and its marshals, its furious falls (and rises) of the human spirit in all its pedantry and pageantry. Man was not alone, but the shape of his packed solitude, varied and metamorphosed from culture to culture.

How do we see lucidly, for ourselves as readers, and as citizen-readers, what it is that makes up a book, a religion, a myth, a poem, a construction of values and beliefs, that thousands hold dear? In Milton's poem, the outsiders became an all important cast of angels transformed into demons. The Outside of the text of Paradise Lost is always nearby, straggling along the rock bottom of its exclusion and condemned by the God of Transcendence. Milton's hundreds of hybrid devils and abandoning angels constitute the fragment which makes up the underbelly of a class of workers in the Heavenly Empire. Those same workers and their notorious leader comprise the frayed outside of the remnant in the poem of the actuality of immanence. Their rebellious persistence entered into consciousness, however negated and perjured. The outsiders became a living legend. What was condemned stripped barren and naked and left outside to rot, were the pariahs beyond the reach of Monotheism and its cruel codifications and territorialization. Such is history and such is poetry. We are citizens of this state of affairs. How do we cast our vote? Which side do we choose? Is there room for heroism and vindication? Are we forced to align ourselves on either side of a force and fixed quarrel? Or do we become citizens and witnesses? We are citizens of the republic of reading, of poetry and writing, the writing word read and written for our selves that includes the other, an inclusive injunction to invite the others in and around the campfire.

How did Eliot's poetry, and especially that of The Waste Land, fare with this? Was it not a small poem by a small man who for the most part had held things back, headed a literary empire, and had returned to the reactionary religion and politics of the past? What form of literary machine had he produced? Was his work, and legacy, part of the larger world Empire that now dominated our metropolitan centres? I was

not even sure I liked T.S. Eliot, and the critical ideas he had espoused. His view of James Joyce's work, for instance, I found suspect. Joyce had kept him at an arm's length as well, ever polite and distant. Joyce was working on a literary machine the likes of which no one had seen before; I had understood it and loved it from the start. Prufrock and other poems in the Eliot oeuvre, I respected, until I read the criticism, and the hard and fast generalizations and divisions he subscribed to. Eliot's attack on Blake (who was a true Victorian giant of poetry and Art), the harsh separation he maintained between Classicism and Romanticism, his promotion of what I sensed was an elitist's view of literature, none of this endeared him to me. Likewise my sense of his poetry changed, I lost sympathy, and it no longer attracted me. He was not a strong enough poet, for me to be interested in once I had been put off and, literally depressed, by the ideas he espoused. As my interest in his ideas faded fast, I moved away from any sympathy I had for his poetry. I hated it for a while, reviled it, and would not admit it had any place in the sun. I read other poets, hundreds, dozens, messengers of the sun and life. This happened quickly, as I was discovering thousands of poems, and ideas of poetry, and poets. I found that there were as many ideas about poetry as there were stars in the sky; and as many ways to live a poem, to write about them, and to write them. I found out that Poetry was a country, a continent, a world, indeed with limitless styles, ideas, types of 'government' and organization, threaded with inexhaustible 'ligne de fuites'. No one poet, or succession of them, had the inherent right to argue that their practice was higher or more worthy than others. Poetry thrived on affiliations, temporary adherences, and difference, drifting or abruptly breaking course.

From generation to generation, poets might say their way was the only road to take, but in the end it did not matter, because you just read what you had to read. And reading was free. You chose what you wanted to read, and it chose you. Why could not man choose his own gods, and be chosen by them in the freedom of acting? Why not choose one's gods the way one chose poems? Reading was a freedom, like writing. By analogy, the same freedom extended to Man's spiritual self, no one god or incarnation of divinity could ever to be eternally definitive. Try as they might, yet another difference (in protest) reared its head, its sojourn in silence aroused by the cry of uniformity, its human non-conformist spirit demanding to be heard. Thus Satan, thus Lucifer; and the ancient gods of old, there could no more be One God than there could be one poetry. In time, I learned that Eliot's poetry machine was not identical to the totalising tendencies in other areas of his life and work. I saw that The Waste Land, especially, was a desire-machine of deterritorializing voices, that it reinvoiced the Satanic legion, the Satanic multitude of aural repression. Its name was legion. The ambiguities and uncertainties, even the perceived incoherencies of Eliot's poem, represented not a failure, but a return to the old immanence, voiced anew in its many-ness and discrepancy. The poetry was contiguous to the man and his views. Its contiguity was in the nature of deterritorialization and its folding over and involving changes. The poetry, in other words, escaped the man as much as it did the author.

The cut-off that constituted Paradise Lost, resumed in the twentieth century as a cut-in, and Eliot's poem was the harbinger of that. What had been cast aside into the rubbish heap along with the rest of the variety of polytheisms were the Voices, as Other, the Voice, as many, the voice in many, the syntax of combative and regenerate

difference. Shakespeare had retained the multiple; Blake resurrected it as much as his solitary strength would let him. The Romantic poets (French and English) were a lightning bolt of intensity, voicing the many others, from their walks in the country and mountain, to Wordsworth's account of the French Revolution, and the French poets' urban blues. These were freeing moments but reaction was still the rule of the day. Democracy in poetry is as slow moving as it is in history. Milton's God had had an impact that was immeasurable, even though in one sense, the poet's justification for him was to be followed two centuries later, by the same God's demise and death. The nineteenth century was the beginning. Nietzsche's heart-rending cry of God is dead, clamored backwards and forwards, down the decades. But just as important was the timing of it: "Nietzsche says that what is important is not the news that God is dead, but the time this news takes to bear fruit" (AO 106).

Milton's God's day was coming, and it was his end. It takes a long time for even a god to realize he is dead. Satan knew that; Satan fought back at the god who was already dead, because that God wanted him dead and obedient. One could even argue that Milton's poem was the inevitable poetic justification for a god about to die. And indeed, that has turned out to be so. In the twentieth century God was declared definitively dead, and poetry became an open book, as did the other arts.

The hilarity and cacophony I mentioned above has come to pass. Eliot does meet Milton in his poem. As he encounters other proper names, their allusiveness ever the substance of the poet's concealed joy. Along the way of my readings, and in the midst of this joyous suffusing of the both, I discovered William Empson.

Empson's Milton's God plays an important role. Empson was the first critic, on the heels of William Blake and the Romantic poets, in line with the stature of a man like William Hazlitt, to give Satan his due. Empson recognized the significance of immanence, and although he just touches on it, relates it to the question of God. He argued strongly for the magnitude of the Satanic position. Empson saw the war between God's fortuitous claims to priority and Satan's quite legitimate different point of view, as legitimate. Empson had also seen that Satan's misgivings and revolt were not merely a question of false pride, or if it was, it was not 'badness' that motivated him. Satan had a legitimate grievance. Discussing the conflict between the absolute idea of monarchy expressed by God, and the equal freedoms sought by Satan as a son of heaven who springs from the same divine (and immanent) soil, Empson described Satan thus:

He is talking standard republican theory, and in effect Milton presents that as inherently based, not indeed upon atheism, but on a non-authoritarian view of God as immanent. Satan cannot express it well, because the only God he knows is an authoritarian one whom he considers false; but 'Sons of Heavn' is at least a metaphorical claim to have an immanent Parent. (Empson 75 emphasis added)

Satan, supposedly evil incarnate, almost sounds naïve. He is naïve enough to believe God to be a parent who loves him enough to give him a fair share of heaven. A fair enough view to hold, if you believe you come from the same stock as your parents. Satan, from this vantage point at least, hopes to have a Parent sprung from the same soil. His parent then, would be God, but one that is immanent to himself and his own difference, yet not better. And certainly not one in a position to elevate his "Son" so named, to a higher place than one's own. That is where the trouble starts. As I read the poem, God is the usurper, not Satan. Empson, pretty much alone among critics was steadfast in stating this, and in stating it with aplomb and legitimate scholarship. To coin

a phrase, Empson is Satan's Abdiel, standing fast. Some might describe this way of looking at things as a misinformed irrational late Romanticism. To label an argument "romantic" as if to discredit it says nothing, and finally the dualities of genre distinction are quarrels that are not relevant to the arguments presented here. Empson, without knowing it, is closest among the English critics, to the idea of becomings and history as the curtain behind which transcendence and immanence struggle for priority. His sense of Satan's legitimacy is similar to Shelley, whom he quotes: "Nothing can exceed the energy and magnificence of Satan as expressed in Paradise Lost." (Empson 20).

Empson, so to speak, supped with the Devil. DeleuzoGuattarian thinking is solidly entrenched in the return of immanence and in asserting its legitimacy. To the extent that William Empson joined in this perspective, he too shunted along one of the great lines of flight, which constitute twentieth century thought, the thought that embraces difference. Tactful toward difference even where it appears most repellent, and notifying oneself of the danger of denying it its rightful place in a world of multiplicity. The tale, of course, is not over yet; the world has not ended on a Second Coming of the One God's Son. Satan still "stalks" the world; God was dead, but returned, and the show must go on. The show must continue, even if all the actors do not cooperate. God, if you will, returns as becoming. But he does not know his own name. Satan is back as the many voices in poetry, and as the very possibility of its multiplicity and variety. Our wealth is a becomings poetic of an infinite possibility of form, expression, content, genre, and publication, none of which denies the cruelties of necessity, but proffers it a promise for something else, and something greater in the making.

Contradiction? Perhaps, but Whitman's words are our best reply: "Do I contradict myself? / Very well then I contradict myself, / (I am large, I contain multitudes.)" (Whitman 88). Contradiction perceived in the lens of the thought of difference is just another strata, not something to be removed or resolved as such, but something one works around.

Where I take Satan, and my understanding of the 'agon' between monotheistic territorialism and Satan deterritorialization, history and immanence, desire and value, is the road into necessity and labour. Becomings and nuptials married into poetry of laboured plenty for all. Who knows, perhaps even Transcendence will surrender its throne. Intensity and flight are the wings of desire. We have Eve to blame for that; or rather, we have her to thank for it. So we proceed into the first of various beginnings and start again. We commence by virtue of the middle.

Chapter One:

Memoirs of A Deterritorializing Satanist

Plateaus Not Ideologies

Milton's poem is filled with becomings that tie together and smash apart galaxies, gods, devils, angels, man, woman, the earth and the cosmos. The lands that emerge, the worlds which erupt, that are created, and destroyed, that are taken back by Gods vying for territory and priority, speak of flight and fall, of capture and loss, of paradise and promise. From the start of his poem, Milton invokes flight as a motif "[...] my adventurous song/That with no middle flight intends to soar" (PL I 3-4). Flight is our theme, and the Satanic flight that traverses each line of the poem's song "Above the Aonian mount" (I 15). The terms that follow and their usage are programmatic. This dissertation provides a series of meditations divided into segments and plateaus, lines that create an assemblage moving toward the multiplicity of its prose.

But what is an assemblage? A working definition of an assemblage can be described as a series of perceptions and combinations "of lines [that] produce phenomena of relative slowness and viscosity, or, on the contrary, of acceleration and rupture. All this, lines and measurable speeds, constitutes an *assemblage*" (ATP 2 emphasis in the original). Assemblages are also called desiring-machines; the key element, the core element between them is desire. Guattari and Deleuze propose a way of thought, which they describe as acentered and rhizomatic, horizontal and lateral contrasting it to arborescent vertical thought. Their way of thinking also applies to the style of writing that undertakes to explain a given subject, in this case, Milton's Paradise Lost (and later The Waste Land). Its usage applies to life and to books, and naturally to poems: "In a book, as in all things, there are lines of articulation and segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movements of deterritorialization and destratification" (ATP 1 emphasis added). The internal differentiations of an assemblage

converge on a broad plane of differences and repetitions that do not resolve and synthesize their elements into a higher unity or totality, but more than this an assemblage is a machine for thinking about paradox and immanence, a combinatory of disparate elements. Desiring-machine thinking does not reduce paradox and contradiction to a so-called Hegelian three-step dialectic, but freely allows conflicts to rise to the surface. Assemblages and desiring-machines are present as we create between extremes allowing us to organize the dangerous disorganizing chaos deterritorializing can leave in its wake.

Pursuing the ideas of Deleuze and Guattari, yet not following them precisely but “anexactly” (ATP 20), each chapter in this dissertation, conceptualized as a “plateau,” a little-machine, will divide and multiply out into separate sections organized around the notion of Memoirs or segments; segments, niveaus, and lines of inquiry and escape shift into separating and joining plateaus, opening up burrows that lead to differing passages and possible routes of investigation. For instance, the section “Memoirs of a Nomad,” invokes its anti-thematic template, i.e., Satan as the traveler, the homeless vagrant of space, time and culture; Satan, he who flees and the one who creates the heroic possibility of flight from tyranny, the pursuer and pursued. The varying segments, really mini-plateaus, moving thus will change in length depending on their subject and the areas of Paradise Lost being discussed.¹ The inspiration for the memoir style of organization originates in Chapter 10 of One Thousand Plateaus (ATP 233-309), whereas the idea of chapters as plateaus is taken from One Thousand Plateaus in general. By working in this way, the structural elements of this dissertation will reflect the thematics of what I am discussing. I am working with a series of ideas that are defined pragmatically; therefore their definitions remain subject to use. Such an

approach allows me to be “inside” the writing and then to take it outside of its “conventional” parameters, to move within the encounters that the poem invites. Plateaus shift and fluctuate, as do our perceptions. “Each [of these] plateau[s] can be read starting anywhere and can be related to any other plateau” (ATP 22). So likewise, not so much imitating Deleuze and Guattari (which would be impossible), but entering into the spirit of becoming and the deterritorializing flux, this series of meditations proceeds. There is something divine about a style of writing that resembles the ability of angels and demons to shift without notice and appear in new locations without the usual constraints of space and time holding them back (PL I 428-30, IV 555-6 X 90-1). The intensity of style permeates their capacity to metamorphose on different levels of gender and assume difference as the norm for change: “For spirits when they please/ Can either sex assume, or both” (I 423-4). Writing on a sunbeam, as Blake might say; styles traversing the normative codes determining the unity of space and time; the old Aristotelian frameworks are abandoned. The angels deterritorialize only to be recaptured by God’s territorial machine; thus the rebellion, thus Lucifer’s deterritorialization of the heavenly ranks. Lucifer or Satan changes shape to deceive but the concept of deception is deterritorialized by his action, thereby leaving God with one less space under his signifying control.

In a discussion published after Anti-Oedipus and before A Thousand Plateaus, Deleuze stressed the incoherence of what he and Guattari were doing:

Neither Guattari nor myself are very attached to the pursuit or even coherence of what we write. We would hope for the contrary, we would hope that the follow-up to Anti-Oedipus breaks with what preceded it, with the first volume, and then, if there are things that don’t work in the first volume, it doesn’t matter. I mean that we are not among those authors who think of what they write as a whole that must be coherent; if

we change, fine, so there's no point in talking to us about the past.
(Deleuze 278 DI emphasis added)

The “reader critic” is a “bricoleur” who uses what is at hand (AO 1). Writing is a construction, thinking is a production, territorializing, reterritorializing and deterritorializing. We assemble the pieces of what we perceive as we go along, discarding what is no longer necessary and picking up new elements and instruments along the way. Juxtaposition, the hallmark of the Dada movement, of Surrealist poetry, the montage prose and poetry of Joyce, Pound and Eliot, the poetic experiments and “abominable couplings” (ATP 11) of Cubism and photomontage, genealogies of contiguous parts and wholes, the filiations of scattered, dispersed, discontinuous thought, in a word, the modernist text. The reader is a collage co-compositeur (literally one who assembles, prints in his mind and heart), and co-composer of what he reads and writes. We “deterritorialize” the codified texts of the canon and unearth the subliminal underbelly of its “schizophrenic” text. We work in the middle of things, and from the middle. Working with weeds, not weeding them out, toward what Deleuze and Guattari, quoting Henry Miller as their source, think of as the rhizomatic construct of immanence versus the transcendent tree model, and what Miller describes as the state of “China,” the weed in the garden:

China is the weed in the human cabbage patch. the weed is the Nemesis of human endeavor...Of all the imaginary existences we attribute to plants, beast and star the weed leads the most satisfactory life of all. True, the weed produces no lilies, no battleships, no Sermons on the Mount.... eventually the weed gets the upper hand.

Eventually things fall back into a state of China. This condition is usually referred to by historians as the Dark Age. Grass is the only way out.... the weed exists only to fill the waste spaces left by cultivated areas. It grows between, among other things. The lily is beautiful, the cabbage is

provender, the poppy is maddening -- but the weed is rank growth...: it points a moral. (ATP 18-9)

Guattari and Deleuze, our friendly lecturers, continue Miller's observation with a question: "Which China is Miller talking about? The old China, the new, an imaginary one, or yet another located on a shifting map" (19). The shifting map is precisely what they set out to design in their various book-machines. What they suggest is that Miller's China is one of the lines of escape that Anglo-American literature takes. Can a line then be a shape as vast as China? The writer is a maker of cosmoses, a mapmaker; Milton's lines literally of flight and verse take on the shape of worlds as vast as an imagined China. Milton is one of the great cartographers of Christian poetic consciousness and sensibility. How do we traverse its heights and depths its stretchable map like horizons? We work from the middle.

Always seek the middle—where the grass grows, as in Leaves of Grass—the middle is where things really begin, in medias res. "A plateau is always in the middle, not at the beginning or the end" (ATP 21). Milton himself begins in the middle (PL I The Argument l 7, 3). We are always really in the midst of things; things have already happened, or are about to. A plateau is not limited to a perception of the *only* always already read, past or present. To pretend otherwise is to entertain the notion that there is an Anterior outside to things, that beginning of all beginnings God (PL I 1-33). The deceptive search for the first origin is an illusion, as is the quest for justification. In fact, in the poem and outside of it, the war has already begun. The event has already taken place. We compose with the writing we read. The war had already long begun in Paradise Lost when we as readers come on the scene. The wars began before time: "began," yet paradoxically these cosmic wars had historical effects, the dehumanization

and demonization (reification) of the contemporary polytheistic cultures. Think of Dagon, the Philistine Sea God, who is portrayed as the “[s]ea monster, upward man/ And downward fish” (PL I 462-30) whose “heads and hands” are “lopped off (459). The Philistine god has to be presented as monstrous within the context of Milton’s monotheistic delirium. There is nothing intrinsically offensive in the image of a fish god; its offence is that its existence challenges the hegemony of the one God, the One demanding priority within a monotheistic framework. The biblical context and the biblical God are all that is required to denigrate the Other. The Other represents the Difference that does not conform to the Transcendent unity of a higher power defined as God, in this instance, the god defined by the justifying actions of the poem, and the poem’s claims to history and theology.

If to read is to reterritorialize, then to write is to deterritorialize; the reading and writing machines are like God and Satan, two sides of a similar yet not identical motion. Without the reader the text would fall into the oblivion of the author’s ego, but even God could not exist alone, so he invented the world. So authors invent readers, and Readers in turn invent Authors, each reading the other through the looking glass of a text that looks backwards and forwards. The middle resides between history and its determinations, and the subject’s ability to make choices, however limited those choices might be. As readers we make choices, and as a person I also make choices. No doubt the scope of my choices is limited. But they are not absolutely determined. Men make of themselves what other men have made of them. And so readers likewise make and remake the choices authors have thrust on them. Milton blindly composes the epic whose territory has passed us by; what we are left with are the Satanic territories, and

Satan's Promethean trip out of hell. Satan's symbiosis of the old polytheistic territories is not merely a deterritorialization in reaction to God's capture of the "spiritual" territory of monotheism. Satan is also a creator, but the machinery of the poem wants us to believe otherwise. Satan's inversions are Milton's hopes and dreams of a God whom he sets out to "justify." Milton justifies the fiction of his own creation.

But writing is a machine, and "a book itself is a little machine" (ATP 4) connected to other machines, connecting and disconnecting; our machine will do likewise. The Milton machinery breaks down; God has died and Satan has escaped the codifications of Monotheism. Satanic thought deterritorializes method and criticism. Of what use are conventions when attempting to think about the Satanic moves and their territories? One must also ask, what is the point of an expository prose that claims to be detached from its subject, that theorizes from a position of non-risk and so-called objectivity? Writing is "rhizomatic" (ATP 1), providing readers with multiple entrances and exits, unforeseen points of entry, and lines of flight that move into "odd and strange" directions, stages and strata of thought which bifurcate, shifting into their own exotic perverse territories; beginnings and endings are uncertain. Our thought is an "acentered multiplicity" (ATP 17) that works "beneath" and "below," moving into the unconscious, burrowing and excavating Satan's non-place, the pit of Hell; working around the grand totalities of imperial thought, its signifier deposed like the King's head, a republican collagist prose to read Milton's lost paradise, its Satanic forces unlatched, freed from the clutches of a dying God. The reader and the text of Paradise Lost are no longer one, but a crowd, a becoming-legion, a play of images "challenging the hegemony of the signifier" (ATP 15). We work sideways, reading the text across its diagonal of

divergences. Since we have become multiplicities, and have pluralized ourselves, the question of authorship, as Deleuze and Guattari teach us, is no longer a concern: “Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd” (ATP 1). The context of originality in this sense must be redefined, as I will not be working within any narrow concept of what constitutes the text, and what it means. Lines of thought invented by thinkers, by writers, constitute fields of thought denominated by proper names and their attributes: the Guattari effect, the Deleuze effect, the Deleuze and Guattari effect, the Milton effect, the Spinoza effect, the Satanic effect. If anyone in the history of writing ever embodied the multiple, it was poor old “Saint” Nick and his fallen host. And behind these names lie others, just as in Paradise Lost behind the names of God and Satan there also reside multifarious names and erased cultures. We are talking about effects and not properties, about attributes and multiplicities. Allusion is the heavy drapery that conceals the obvious, but what was obvious to one set of readers is the drama that must be revealed to others.

“[S] chizoanalysis treats the unconscious as an acentered system” (ATP 18). Therefore we will read Paradise Lost seizing its hidden allusions, denied memories, what goes off kilter, and the text of poetry concealed beneath its urge to territorialize. Satan’s acentered numerous journeys are the mainspring of what goes off kilter, thus freeing the molecular energies of the text. His molecular flights are in constant contrast to God’s molarizing territorialization. So the essay, this essay, is a copy in the scroll of populations that crowd the page of intelligent thought. It takes its place as a follower in the procession of thought that theory has been, and that thought has suggested. It also acts as a line of flight that becomes many lines into the matter at hand, Paradise Lost.

With Deleuze and Guattari, we are working with a philosophical machine which transverses the boundaries of literary criticism and philosophy to meet writers and texts on their own terrain. The terrain of texts is defined by a series of Outsides that have their link to the visions and auditions, which stand in the plane of immanence that cannot be reduced to the idea of literary context. The thinking machine connects the scientific and the fantastic, the scholastic and pop culture: bodies-without-organs and Artaud's mad chants, Satan's farrago of mad monsters and the anthropologies of 'dead' polytheism and pagan belief: POP Philosophy (ATP 24). Lucifer's gang of unrepentant angels are the marginalized spooks of monotheism, the paranoiac and fearfully envious creatures who have stepped outside of the domain of the Proper, of the One and Only God, and his facetious claims to sole authority. What they get for their reward is damnation. Perdition, however, is fun, because the damned are free from being right, and energy is their "delight." "Energy is Eternal Delight" (Blake). Energy equals Desire and is positive, and as Satan well knows, a free but damned energy is better than no energy at all, or one that merely serves and obeys (PL I 261-3). Which is not to say that the joys of devils and demons as depicted by Milton are enviable, they are neither good nor bad, but remain ambivalent (II 521- 628). Their joys are as ambivalent as the creatures he portrays as horrible: "Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire" are not terrible in themselves, but take on such an aura because of the context that Milton creates for them.

But what is the terrain of a writer or a text? And what specifically is the terrain of Paradise Lost? If for Deleuze and Guattari the act of theorizing is pragmatic, it always

hinges on the question of use. Readers might ask, what is a desiring machine? What is schizoanalysis? What is the line of flight? Deleuze replies:

When a term is introduced and has the least bit of success, as has been the case for “desiring machine” or “schizoanalysis”, either one circulates it, which is already rather pernicious, a sort of coaptation, or one renounces it and seeks other terms to upset the order. These are words that Félix and I now feel it urgent not to use: ‘schizoanalysis,’ ‘desiring machine’ —it’s awful, if we use them, we’re caught in the trap. We don’t know very well what they mean, we no longer believe in the words; when we use a word, we want to say, if this word doesn’t agree with you, find another, there’s always a way. Words are totally interchangeable (DI 278 emphasis added).

Here, then, is Deleuze in 1973 discussing the notorious terminology of Anti-Oedipus and A Thousand Plateaus between the writing of the two volumes of Capitalism and Schizophrenia. How can readers be expected to define or grasp a series of terms whose meaning slipped away even from their creators? In the same way, the relations between Satan and God puzzle readers. In Paradise Lost, it is never clear who is who. God reterritorializes what Satan deterritorializes; Satan reterritorializes what God deterritorializes; God and Satan are two sides of the same split metaphysical entity.

So Satan and so expository prose: Unlike the new historicist Stephen Greenblatt (Greenblatt 1) I had no desire to speak with the dead, but I did have the desire to shake loose the coffins of “dead” and “repressed” material that went to make the poems they wrote. Paradise Lost was such a one, a text that defined what was and was not our cultural frontier, or one that at least claimed to define the frontier. However, unlike the normally-minded critic or theoretician, I write as a poet, a “schizoanalyst”, and find myself divided as I read, a reader able to appreciate the song of Milton’s text, to enjoy the drama of its action, be dismayed by its tragic elements. The distance between our language and Milton’s sentiment is incalculable. For instance, when Milton describes

the happy alliance of animals who are normally predators (lions and kids, bears, tigers, ounces, pards, the elephant and the sly serpent) and preyed-upon as “sporting”, dandl[ing]” “ramped” “wreathed” and “gambol[ing], (PL IV 343-347), for us, this can only be an animated cartoon, and not a depiction of an imagined paradisaal state.² In fact, our language is so far from what Milton’s was, that in this instance, his words are almost laughable. So much for masterpieces, and the masterpieces of the English canon: so much for the idea that language is universal crossing over time in a ways that remains the same or identifiable. This is one example, and it seems innocuous enough, but its innocence is deceptive. Real lions and lambs have never dandled and gamboled, the only gamble in this game is the conceit the poet perpetuates, one of the unreal world of his imagination watched over by a benign God. But we won’t and don’t believe it for a minute. Wishful thinking on the part of the poet never changed history, even if he was sincere in his desire to chronicle what he thought was the real history of the world, and its beginnings.

So “naturally” I was not convinced by any of Milton’s arguments (really his fictional tropes and epistemes) about free will and destiny, the origins of God and Satan; and I was not persuaded by his overriding concern to justify his God. I began to wonder whether I was reading a poem or a moral treatise. I considered whether it was a poem at all, or whether some mistake had been made, that British writing of this type was not poetry, but a historical polemic justifying its own existence, and justifying the “poem’s” existence as an idea, and Britain’s place in the world. I became convinced that Paradise Lost is a ripped, torn and schizophrenic text whose machinery works only when we break it, or rather, that it works because it is broken, and in that sense it had become a

desiring-machine, and “desiring-machines only work when they break down and they are continually breaking down” (AO 8). Paradise Lost keeps breaking down because what it contains of belief and meaning has altered in ways that the author could never have imagined. Its language is a flight, and that is its beauty, or one of them. And if it breaks down like this, it is in part because of what Satan does. He makes for the force that is difference and imagination that engineers a place outside of origins and creation. Satan Lucifer is not God’s go boy.

All critical appreciation, if it is really working, deterritorializes the materials it speaks about. So Satan deterritorializes the game God sets up. Satan rebels and moves away from the territory God claimed for himself. As he does this, he creates a line of flight and, because it is effective, it collapses God’s master plan. A third of the heavenly monotheistic fleet pack their bags, heading to the “limits of the North” (PL V 755), outside of the heavenly jurisdiction, the space of desire always opening before them, the space of reterritorialization and repression behind. What they leave behind is a gaping hole and a rent in God’s domain -- which was precisely their purpose, to fracture the dominant kingdom. The heavenly geography of desire and its terrain, its empty ridges and spaces, creates a vacancy for Satan where he regroups his troops, “resecting a schiz” (AO 341), deterritorializing thousands of the old God’s signifieds, the angelic agents of his will to Power.

Satan has already had his first name “Of Lucifer, so by allusion called, / Of that bright star to Satan paragoned” (PL X 425-6) stolen from him, the same signifying Son of the Morning, Light-bringer, Brightest Light of the heavens, and will forever be seen as repulsive in the eyes of traditional morality. The machine has begun; the drama is in

high gear, the epic folly unleashed, the similes and other machineries in line stride forward. The saints do not go marching in, but those who might have, had things been different, did go stampeding out. But what about the clanking Milton machine of Paradise Lost: its chains of significance crushed by the weight of time and contingency, the prophetic and lamenting, more or less personal voice (PL III 40-50), waxing and waning, coming and going throughout the narration of twelve books, the reduction of the enemy to a mere pawn in an over-determined authorial text (God as the final writer in this movie, the over determined and over determining self invented author of all texts), the moralistic claims of a God of transcendence, all of which has broken. All of these seemingly negative features allow us, so we hope, to recuperate its poetry. To squeeze the morality out of Paradise Lost, and to hear, in bits and pieces, its song, its hidden and ruined, bifurcated text[s]. The square bracket is a marker of ambiguity, or the plurality of meaning, the multiplicity of meaning and text. The text is both “the” text, meaning one text, Paradise Lost, and many, meaning the many texts that compose it. The poetry is what escapes, and what escapes with it is Satan, and even strangely enough at moments, God!

This essay then, and what accompanies it—the plateaus that shift and jerk moving from one line of flight to another, segments, fragments, snippets, phrases, lines, quotes, the break-flows and speeds—does not work by following any logic which remains outside of its design.

[T]he difficulty of principle is that there is no unity of occurrence: fixed form, identifiable theme, determinable elements as such. (Derrida Glas 208 bi)

Derrida joins us then, with Deleuze and Guattari facing, and confronted by not dissimilar inquires of themes, questions of coherence, unity of form and expression. The fiat of unity borne under the God's (the one who claims to be the Only one, the one who defines himself as "the" 'one') failure to unify what is dispersed into legion, the Satanic get away and an infinite gesture multiplied to eternity. Yet this eternity falls into history, and the beauty it entails, the contingent one of Eve and Adam entry into necessity and the dust of mortality. Their leave-taking of the garden is the true beginning of human history.

Memoirs of Brightness

This writing follows the logic of its own communicating vessels, its own figures and traces, remains, re-memberings, flash-forwards, foresight[s], in-sight[s], and the sightings it makes as it moves through the known and unknown territories it sees. Its language is a living one. Its theorizing will be a deterritorialization of the materials it works with and reads. Theory, in this sense, is that which theorizes itself and perceives the opening between what it hypothesizes and what it does. A theory ready to abandon what is not useful at a moment's notice: Rhizomatics, nomadic science "Of a bastard line" (ATP ix). There is no father to this science, no head to signify ultimate authority, nor authorship. So this writing, then, is not theory, but a practice, taking itself out of "normal" parameters and definitions. Nomadic writing and nomadic pragmatics deterritorialize, on the one hand, what it has just reterritorialized on the other:

[I]t's not science, it's a monster slang, it's nomadic. Even in the realm of theory, any precarious and pragmatic framework is better than tracing

concepts, with their breaks and progress changing nothing. (ATP 24)

Schizoanalysis is 'monster slang,' a language outside, thought outside, a collection of partially signifying statements not necessarily lined up with others. For us, then, God and Satan, are molar terms, and like the parallel concepts of 'Man,' and 'Woman,' they are derived from the judgment of God, and are to be abandoned along with the whole heap of beliefs and signifiers of Paradise Lost. Readers blinded by long-gone visions of deceased visionaries wake to find themselves on another planet. Theory and critical thought pour out of themselves to become an activity, a form of knowledge quantified as poetry. Poetry and critical thought are quanta that contribute to the field of effects and knowledge. Yet we are dealing with fictions, real fiction and unreal lives, Satan, man woman and God; Eve and Adam and their mad becomings. Desire captured by the tree of arborescence. We are becomings and readers who become: becomings, and not beings trapped by entity status. Becomings are always about the what-is-to-come, the what-is-on-the-way, what changes, transmutes and metamorphoses. The moment of what-is-coming-is-upon-us-before-we-see-it. Satan has changed before he sees the change. The old powers are overthrown; the classical divinities shunned and retired:

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament
[...] The parting genius is sighing sent (Nativity Ode in Hughes 48 181-6)

So Milton in the Nativity Ode laments the old gods' passing. Yet from beginning to end, Milton's project had been the celebration of the removal of those old pagan becomings and their replacements by the Christian dispensation. His entire *oeuvre* is the epic of the grand reterritorializations of Judeo-Christian monotheism. Yet the machine escaped him in the end, and history goes its own way.

Readers deterritorialize and reterritorialize as they read, and the text at any given moment changes its shape and meaning. As the poet is “blinded” by what he sees, so the reader is the author’s double and, like “Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,/And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old”, is blinded and “Smit with the love of sacred song” (PL III 29-35). The reader moving along the segment lines peers into the fading light that is the darkness of the text (a palimpsest of the world poem), and what it yields are the letters of an unbounded epic. So each reader gathers an insight from the blindness that the words cover “over”, but that they also track: a piece of vision for each reader. This essay works and follows the threads of the hidden and invisible doubles that remain sealed and veiled behind every text, its doubled right-handed and left-handed prose poem. Milton also deterritorializes and reterritorializes as proser of poetry shaking between his own left and right hand, akin to Man’s shaking between the two spaces of God and the devil. Milton’s poetry traverses the line of flight as well, tracking a line in his writing that is the parallel of Satan’s own singular destiny, the destiny of poetry, the “negative capability” of Keats. The molecular line in contrast to the molar formations of God’s Judgment, is discontinuous and governed by “abrupt breaks, [and] discordant” endings, the uncertain, the hesitant, and fragmented, the desiring-machines (AO 31, 286-7).

Who is more hesitant, abrupt and discordant than Satan? Satan “demon–strates” break-age in his very being: his becoming is the result of the Judgment of God, he is the demonic principality that rules a space that cannot be governed, the body-without-organs³ and its anarchic domain, the bottom of the heap, what appears to be the negative but is merely the converse of the transcendent deity’s organization. Satan’s immanence

is riddled with paradox. He is condemned and free. What could be more discontinuous than this creature of the heights and depths that becomes an object unto himself, and the hated subject to himself and all others? Satan manic-depressive, forced to be other than what he is and was (PL I 84-7). A great brightness and force becomes an ugly vengeful being, but this is not correct, what we have instead is an intensity reterritorialized and shaped into an ugly envious creature. A force of intensity is turned into a living force of paranoia. But if he becomes this force of paranoia and fear, it is a position that God scripts for him. God has always been prepared to damn Satan, and the crash of Lucifer was inevitable. The broken-down Satanic schizophrenic machine demands to be broken, and like polytheism and classical antiquity, its force had to be reduced and relegated to the unconscious Other of Western culture.

So the reader, too, participates in, and creates a multiplicity-becoming analogous to Satan, who is scattered in the Multiple. The Thrones, Principalities, Powers, Seraphim, Cherubim, Angels, Demons, Gods and Goddesses are the Multiple parts in what is left of what was the Heavenly paradise, or the “originating” space of God’s self-perceived, self-acclaimed territory. The multiplicities were there all along, until God came along and swept them away. God is the primitive institutionalized super-ego, and his grab for territory is psychic, ontological, and historical. But here is the rub: its historicity is psychic and ontological as much as it is historical. So there is no way out and one goes around in circles again and again. And if God is the super-ego, then whose super-ego is it? His is the super-ego of ourselves and bloody human history, its secrets and denials. For when all the wars are over, it will out that Man is God, and that God all along was a fantasy, a creation. Norman O.Brown phrases it thus, quoting Vico:

Man is his own maker
 maker or creator/ creator poet”
 “*Poets,*” which is Greek for “creator” (Brown Closing Time 79 italics in
 the original).

Man then is the creator of all, he is the maker of gods and deities, making and unmaking them as he also invents their poem. The epic poem becomes a deterritorializing machine.

So, like the shape of Satan himself, this essay moves along the disjointed, zigzag line (in contrast to God’s continuous and chronological space) of flight, and no longer inhabits the melancholy (depression, the black holes) space of abjection; likewise, it no longer inhabits the abject space of melancholy.

What is the molecular line of flight, then? In Satan’s case, it is himself and his movement from “heaven” to “hell”; he is the line of flight. If Satan’s origins, and if Satan himself as a character, are the result of a schizophrenic surplus in history (and theological ontology), then his relationship to God is not one of contradiction, but one of excess that God has produced (AO 35). God’s excess is Satan, and herein lay the problem for God and Man. Satan exists as himself alone, self-created, and yet he also exists as the surplus of God in the monotheistic moment of self-consciousness. Monotheism needs to create an enemy, Transcendence needs to deny all others: thus the war and the rejection of Immanence. There is no way out of the vicious cycle. Immanence and Transcendence are two sides of the same coin, the same essence: deterritorialization, reterritorialization. We are talking about territory, its abandonment, and instantaneous recapture. Satan as Lucifer is a beautiful difference identical to God, and exists more as a transcendental reflection of God’s being. But when he differentiates himself as something separate from God, which by definition he must do, his difference

makes him envious, and repulsive. Becoming Satan makes him “squat like a toad” (PL IV 800) but his becoming “ugly” is relative to God’s perspective. A becoming-toad is no more ugly than a becoming-snake; becomings are never ugly until Someone, namely God, makes them so. Everything Satan does make him repulsive and other than what he was. For the wicked there is no rest, no reprieve. His becoming something other than what he was is what deterritorialization is. His “ugliness” and “evil” nature are God’s instantaneous reterritorialization of what has just escaped him. But the reterritorialization cannot work, so Satan must be banished, and the act of banishment is yet a further reterritorialization. Satan cannot win, but neither will God.

Desire is always positive and creative. So Satan’s rebellion is not a negation, but an affirmation of his own becomings. Satan “rebels” against God, but we never really hear his story from his own lips; his point of view is mediated by God’s agents, i.e., the angels. In one sense, then, the whole poem is mediated. It is mediated because the act of writing poetry is medi-ated, in medias res, in the middle of things, where things happen. So Milton is mediated by his text; his words are literally lines of verse that mediate between the Vision and us the readers. What space mediates between us is the escape.

So Satan, in his multiple forms, personae, and journeys, splinters himself into the many, the multiple, le multiple. The breach between Man and Satan and God, is the triple force of difference, the sundered body on which the poem rests. They are the three distinct domains that struggle throughout the epic, to maintain their own sense of necessity and difference. The poem fluctuates along its varied line of flight, and carries its differences with it; the splits between them are its rhetoric, the rhetoric of difference between the Adam who falls, and turns away, and returns to the One God’s ways, and

the Adam who weaves his own line of deterritorialization and reterritorialization. Eve's rhetoric is a woman-becoming repressed from the moment of her approaching consciousness, yet she too escapes and in her breakaway from God, Adam flees. Her rhetoric and her action are also Satan's greatest moment of victory, and his greatest difference between himself and the One God whose desire is for all creation to follow his will, to maintain the status quo, in other words, to "Quaff immortality" and the cherubic "Joy" it assures (PL V 638). Of course, if you read the rest of the line, the word "secure" follows this heavenly Joy, and this Satan cannot abide. Satan cannot and will not surrender the original conquest by God of the desiring territories, the loss of the free play of desire. Satan is the infinite line of deterritorialization, the copy in reverse of God's perpetual territorialization. By definition, his heroism is his unswerving determination to deterritorialize what God has captured and taken up into the monotheistic reduction theological ontology.

In a world of numerous atheisms, of simultaneous theisms, and hundreds of different spiritual paths, reduction is no longer a course that is desirable. In this world of pluralistic spiritual practices, Milton's God, such as he was, is merely one among many. No matter how often he calls for claims to the contrary.

God's territorialization of the universe is what Milton calls the creation. We call it conquest. It is about transcendence and trees, and the tree of good and evil, the schizophrenic crucifixion of trees, tree of life and death, good and bad, and the forced choices they represent. The two-edged trees force the demise of immanence, its banning, and its chasing into the underworld of Hades, literally and figuratively. The underworld of the ancients becomes the outlaw space of the underground, the domain of Cain, the

Satanization, and “Lucifierization” of immanence.⁴ Immanence is about horizontal formations and the surge of desire, about Lucifer before he has been Satanized, about Satan before he has been made mad, paranoid, and bad. Adam is between and in-between, both his own becomings and theirs; he is the “fall guy” (the gangster slang is deliberate), for two states, that of transcendence and immanence. Man will become the site of freedom between the extremes of immanence and transcendence. He will become the victim and the hero of both. It is Man who resurrects God, not God who resurrects Man. In one sense, God is an extreme angel who puts himself at the space of distance, of untouchability. And although Milton fictionalizes him, and attempts to bring him to earth and to portray him with loving qualities, it does not work. God is too distant and too punishing, too vengeful for Man to love him. The whole scene of Satan’s punishment found in Book I and repeated throughout the poem cannot be outweighed by the apparent sacrifice of the Son to save Mankind from God’s thirst for “justice” as he defines it. God’s seeming love is a function of his taking power from Satan: the whole thing always comes back to the agon between Satan and God. Adam and Eve, in this sense, are minor players relative to the great deterritorializations at work behind the scenes. Man’s fall is really his own liberation and deterritorialization into immanence, necessity, history contingency, and change. Thanks to Satan, he will escape the clutches of a Divine god who claims all of space and time for his own.

Late in the poem, in Book XI, we discover Michael, the arch-angel (and how arch he is), read super-signifier, preparing Adam for his exit from the Beulah (Blake) land of God’s garden:

Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)

Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slep'st, while she to life was form'd
 To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd.
Ascend I follow thee [...].

So both *ascend*
 In the Visions of God.
 (PL XI 366-76 emphasis added)

So Adam appears to discourse after the fall. Yet the archangel's discourse is a command, and not a request. He commands Adam to ascend the hill where the future is unveiled. His choice of a hill as a point of ascent, along with as the verb *ascend*, speaks to the direction which the final segments of the narrative outline foretell and follow. *Ascend* suggests that the vertical line of power will henceforward be the dominant force of nature and relations, and becomings put aside. Adam seems to concur by repeating the word, yet Adam's gratitude is a temporary thing. Adam has yet to complete his own deterritorialization. Michael narrates the future with his words, creating the text of its spellbinding power, the future as a text which is coming, les devenirs-textes; he "orders" and conjures up the series of events dictated to him by the God "behind" the scene. Back of the scene of the Text lies the Real, the outside "a breath of fresh air" (AO 2); that Real which is contingency, necessity, history, which the text of Paradise Lost tries, and does to some extent succeed, in shaping to its own purposes. Adam's little stroll with Michael is like the schizophrenic's stroll in Nature (AO 2), but Adam, unlike the schizo, has had Nature stolen from him. Immanence and the gods or no gods of Multiplicity: many is no longer a possibility. Within this framework, Eve and Adam are fallen creatures. The archangel is the bearer of bad news.

He composes the text of Adam's future. Adam, evidently a freethinking agent, has already spoken and moved outside of the narrative line ordained by the Omnipotent

God and his all-Seeing Paranoid Eye. God has blamed Adam for the breakdown of the machine. The creator of the universe is always ever-ready to blame Man for bringing about his own doom (PL III 95-7). Leaving God and choosing to know, knowing “but of the Tree/Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil” (VII 542-4) is equated by Milton and God to “aspiring to Godhood” (PL III argument). God creates Man immortal, but fears Man will seek to become Godhood. According to God’s transcendentalist paranoia, Man will inevitably desire to take on a role about which he knows nothing. What would becoming and aspiring to “godhood” mean to Adam until God threatened him? It is God who comes along to warn him about a desire he knows nothing of. God’s own paranoia is what brings about the fear of his own loss of power, and so Man pays for what God cannot be. God cannot, it seems, tolerate any otherness unless it becomes evil and therefore Satanic. One could say it is not God’s fault that he acts the way he does. God must territorialize by definition; the devouring God who tolerates no other gods is territorial and power-driven, all of which claims are made in the name of faith and love and free choice (PL III 104). Love, in this case, is the gangster signifier of despotism. “Thank God” for Satan and his boundless deterritorialization of the heavenly fiefdom.

When God warns Man that death will be the penalty for knowledge (PL VIII 330), we sense that something is askew. The proximity of the tree of life and the forbidden tree, the two side by side along with the injunction not to eat of the former, plant the seed in Adam, that Eve will act on. God’s tree system (and its arborescent order) is what causes the problem and is at the heart of the contradiction between transcendence and immanence.

It is odd how the tree has dominated Western reality and all of Western thought, from botany to biology and anatomy, but also gnosiology, theology, all of philosophy...: the root foundation, *Grund*, *racine*, *fondement*. (ATP 18 emphases in the original)

It is always the 'forbidden trees' that get in the way, blocking the passage of freedom "Of that forbidden tree" (PL I 2 emphasis added). It does not, in the final analysis, matter whether one tree or two of the trees in Eden were forbidden, because it is the tyrannical tree system itself that creates the problem. Good tree, bad tree, tree of life, and death, of good and evil, all of them are caught up in a double binding system of attrition. The tree as such is already spoken for, its bidden-ness become bitterness, is off limits; the tree is haunted by the Unheimliche, the uncanny messenger of death, and what turns out to be history's becomings. God's system of double binds --see, but don't touch; *know*, but be blind -- put Adam and Eve in an untenable position, thereby leaving them no choice, but to violate the rule. Satan climbs the tree, wreaks havoc, sending them flying out of the garden eventually and deterritorializing the closed off space headed by crown and trunk. Tubers, rhizomes, and their lateral immanence are the real images of burrowing, of history, the taste of the earth, sexuality, and necessity. It is Satan who vaults them out of what was never really theirs. "Whenever desire climbs a tree (read Desire = Satan, Eve, Adam, the collective multiplicity of human beings), internal repercussions trip it up (good and bad, the forbidden tree of good and evil, the formidable one of life itself, both bound by God) and it falls to its death (the rebellion of Lucifer, the fall of Man); the rhizome, on the other hand, acts on desire by external, productive outgrowths"(ATP 14). The 'external productive outgrowth' in this first of human situations, is the choice made by Adam and Eve to enter into human history

(none of which they can know about), the blood, sweat, and tears, of love, life, and death. But this is after the fact.

Initially, their choices are as predetermined as were Satan's, which suggests a cover-up is underway. God's fear of outside forces impinging on his limits, is buried, as is his desire for power and territory. God's aspiration to make his "Son" viceregent and second in command (PL V 609), his vengeful "chariot of paternal deity" (VI 750), are seen or presented as acts of infinite love and grace. Yet if the fear that man "aspire[ing]s "to Godhood" (PL III Argument) is God's fear more than Man's desire, then it is God who brings about the catastrophe. God is already feeling abandoned and threatened that his creation, or what he imagines as his creation, has rebelled. There is no rebellion, really, except in the imagination of God, and his eternal desire to territorialize the universe. God is not surprised that Man falls; he "foreknew" it would happen all along. Indeed, it was part of the plan (III 117).

So, for God, there are no surprises in store. It is always the others who have to act out what he foresees, even though he has foresworn influence on their actions or the capacity to intervene (III 118). This God, whose Eye-Sight (III 56-9) bends through curved space, enabling him to see events before they transpire is not one of necessity, but one who claims that "choice and reason" (III 108) are identical. Endowing Man with choice supposedly confers on him freedom, and reason. All of this donning and endowing are purely imaginative operations on God's part, but unfortunately for human beings the consequences are real. Imaginative operations on the part of a power-driven deity have real consequences on Man. We are dealing with the real and the unreal. Power knows no name, switching the real and the unreal at will.

Eve's Becomings

Eve is not Adam's equal, and how could she be? Forced into existence by a transcendent being such as God, the secondary "weaker" gender is a signified of a lower order. Between Adam and Eve, difference means inequality. In the garden of earthy delights, arbitrary sexual social and political positioning is already in full swing. G_d, the one whose name cannot be spoken and barely written, has a knack for putting people on the defensive. Their sex seems different, says Milton, so they cannot be equals: "Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed" (PL IV 296 emphasis added). What does Milton mean by their sex? Why don't their sexes seem equal? Is he speaking about the shape of their genitals? Does he mean that women will bear down upon the earth to have children? Is this the dawn of patriarchal rule, a reinforcement of contemporary Protestant notions of male female relations? What idea of transcendence is Milton promoting when he says this? Transcendence has a way of dividing the spoils of desire, and even at the moment of creation introduces division and hierarchy into difference. Adam, on the other hand, is shaped differently: "[He] for God only, [and] she for God in him (IV 299). Adam and Eve are to be aligned in a unidirectional series each facing God, in their respective orders, and from their proper stations. In one sense all of this is good, because Eve's assumed inequality gives her an advantage over Adam in that her immediate relation to immanence inclines her to escape transcendence. Her act will lead to Adam's own unforeseen act of freedom. Adam will follow Eve to his becomings, and his becoming a creature of necessity and contingency, what Milton and God consider the

fall. Eve, then, is more prone to the “fallen” state. Eve in her first becomings before being reterritorialized by God, Eve and her horizontal sexual becoming, her rapport with the earth and the immanent, Eve moments after coming to consciousness (IV 460-5) discloses her tendency to self-reflection, and the enchantment of solitude, in the dream moment of seeing her semblance in the water, is asleep. Eve sleeps and woman dreams. She dreams the story of the Fall, as she had dreamed her birth. Her birth is a magical event (Reik 114-16). None of it is true, everything is false; an “enchanted solitude ensues” (Foucault as cited by Carlos Fuentes A Change of Skin 1). Her awakening to consciousness leads directly to the fall and her speedy return to “pure” immanence. Pure immanence is immanence before its having been interfered with by the ambitious vaulting desires of transcendence. Eve and Adam’s creation is filled with paradoxes. They are created and not created, because the moment of their freedom is the moment they choose to step away from the transcendence that God demands. Her inevitable drift toward self-love and human choice will be shared by Adam, thus bringing them solitude and their actual humanization in necessity. This also means a provisional loneliness in front of the One God.

Adam and Eve are wedged between the two poles of Godly transcendence and satanic immanence, deterritorialization and reterritorialization, a constant maze, a labyrinthine puzzle pressed on them by a quarrel whose origins remain outside of their proper domain. Their freedom, and the general freedom of human history after them, is to turn the labyrinth into a rhizome. Their freedom is to deterritorialize and choose what to become: to become what one is, what they already really are, creatures of immanence and becomings. What results in the poem, for Adam and Eve, is a true fiction, a

fortunate and unfortunate fall, deterritorialization reterritorialization. A truer fall into fiction and history and necessity: call the combination of fiction and history poetry, the epic poem. This is a fortunate fall for humanity, but an unfortunate one for readers who take any of it as literal, literalist readers imagining they are hearing the real story. Yet nothing is more real in its effects, the effects of the story that the poem tells; not so much the poem itself. After all what is the poem, but the story it tells and details. Nothing is more real than the effects of the unreal on the Real. The real voices of anxious books of poetry are the “Sole Daughter of his voice” (PL IX 653) whose command they dare not disobey. Order words to charge day and shape creation and gender, to shape Eve as Adam’s signified and her becoming subjected to the God above them both. Yet Eve’s dream will out; she enacts the deterritorialization that permits their human becoming, their freedom, and Satan’s victory.

It is Eve’s dream that Adam has, never knowing or fully realizing that in one sense he is the Mother and Father, really the co-Subject, and yet she remains the daughter-mother of his dream. Adam gives up a rib to make a space for Eve, and when the rib is taken from him, a part of his imagination goes with it. Eve’s birth is like Sin’s; they are both the results of male parthenogenesis, male self-fertilization. Behind the clever manipulations of biology and birth imagery is the figure of God the potter, a shape maker forming and reforming his universe, and thereby maintaining his position as the dominant, the only Signifier: “Thou shalt have no other gods before me” (KJV Exodus 20:3).

Yet Eve’s sleep is the dream of Man’s fall; or is her sleep instead another of Adam’s dreams, and is it also possible to imagine that God himself is a dream of Adam

Kadmon's, dreaming backwards, retroactively? Eve ends up being of the devil's party, like Milton, and little does she realize how she has been used. Woman, in the person of Eve, sleeps, while men and angels are awake, discussing their "foresights" about the history of the world to come and "the advent of [its] people" (WIP110). It is a serious job, all this talking of God, man, and the future; it keeps men and angels alert to obeying the word of their Lord. Order-words that conjure up the structure of obedience they entail and that are the spell of the Law, the iota of the Talmud, and the Kabbalistic commands that hypnotize, capture and induce the audience, i.e., Man, to hearken and obey. After all, it is Man who is the object, the clay to be shaped by God's cosmic order word, the auditor scroll on which he writes his reterritorialized text. But the text (le texte, and its feminine partner, *Eve-text La Texte*) in this case, is not merely the deconstructed seamless one of infinite textuality, but the historical, physical, materialistic core of reality. Matter is what is at stake with the creation of the new world of Man and Woman, and the escape clause planned by God to frustrate Satan Lucifer's revolt. Michael—archangel police officer of the deity on duty day and night—is the enforcer of the Signifier's commands, its denotations. The Signifier knows one meaning and one law, the Law of the Father himself, his own Father, and his own territory. That territory is the monotheistic capture of the free planes of desire, the imprisonment of the body-without-organs. The Father controls, or wants to control, all desire, and dreams (his dream is monotheism) of shaping its infinite flux to his own ends. Michael, like Raphael (who is another policing agent, albeit in the form of a benign instructor) has the mandate to guide Adam toward the "light" from above. Above is precisely where God situates himself, infinitely far from Man's immanence. Meanwhile the dream continues.

Man's dream, Eve's Dream, God's dream of dominance, Satan's dream of flight. In fact, all four elements are locked into a terrible struggle of schizo-cosmic proportions, the consequences of which are historical and world wide; indeed, they shape the local solar system.

But who dreams the dreamer, the dreamer who dreams the epic of creation, the writer dreaming the drama of the epic poem, while composing from the depths of his blindness? What baroque-like folds hold together this tawny mess? Who is God's mother, then, other than Sin and Death? It is a strange triangle of bliss and parody that permits the feminine to always stand for the negative and denies the source of its generation! If Sin and Death are Satan's progeny, then they also play a part in the origin of God's character. God can claim he is his own origin, but Sin and Death would seem to be as vital to his existence as Satan is. Sin and Death, the incestuous couple, and their parenting Satan, are necessary ingredients in the monotheistic machine. Monotheism, as it is expressed in Paradise Lost, leaves no room for the feminine and its becomings, except as she is collectively castigated and banished, relegated to the status of the negative. The feminine become the source of sin and lack. I am not suggesting that Milton's portrayal of Eve is mechanical, simplistic or one-dimensional. The negative is not necessarily simple, but it is seen one sidedly. Eve's 'submissiveness' and 'rebelliousness' are bound together. But instead of seeing this as negative, it is the first act of real human freedom, the freedom to fail. The ultimate source of negativity is God's infinite thirst for territory.

Once more, this negativity is created by God's transcendentalist perspective: the negative as itself the denied (as itself to God). But to itself it is immanence, the body-

without-organs; historically, it stands for the repressed polytheism and paganism, what remains outside of the capture apparatus of Judeo-Christianity. Strangely enough, Islam will also take on the role of the negative in Paradise Lost, but only as a peripheral phenomenon and not because it is a form of immanence. Historically, and religiously Islam remains within the territory of monotheism and the One God, another adaptation, yet another and later more radical interpretation of transcendence. This transcendence emanating from world-conquest over time becomes the capitalist machine's global transcendence. The capitalist decoding over all previous regimes paradoxically unleashes a schizophrenic surplus that undermines its strata. "... [c]apitalism, through its process of production, produces an awesome schizophrenic accumulation of energy or charge, against which it brings all its vast powers of repression to bear, but which nonetheless continues to act as capitalism's limit" (AO 34). Satan and his band of threshold escapees, these limit seekers, are vantage points in the schizophrenic charge that undermines Capitalism and God.⁵

In Paradise Lost, the negative references to Islam are not attacks on its monotheism, but merely attacks on a later contender; the barbs against it are no more a critique of Muslim monotheism than the shots Milton takes at Roman Catholicism (PL III 461-497). As for the God in Milton's poem, he would never even think to attack Islam; it remains (even though at the creation time of the poem Islam did not exist) outside the scope of "his" thought to attack what is simply another version of himself. So much for Islam and Christianity, and God's all encompassing love. As far as Milton is concerned, Judaism, Christianity and Islam remain offspring of the same transcendentalist tree, and this is the crux of the matter: that monotheism and

transcendence are arborescent tree models of the world and the cosmos, with their God as crown and with Satan the world snake writhing in the roots. But Satan is sick of trees, just as Adam and Eve get sick because of a tree, and the lazy commandment appended to it. Again, one sees the image of the earth-like snake cast to the pits, the inner darkness of the terrene centre. But Satan won't be held back anymore than a snake and he does rise. Naturally, this is the story of the poem. But Satan is more rhizomatic than all of this, and he wants out, he wants to be Lucifer, a bright intensity. Any genealogy he partakes of will be anti-genealogical, and something that moves in a multitude of directions, the "unequal, the coarse, the rough, cutting edge of deterritorialization" (ATP 2). He is unlike the Tree God and his ups and downs, his hurling hand and condemning judgments and stratifications. Satan proliferates, and like his companion and double, Beelzebub,⁶ he is the "Anomalous" legion crowding the edge of territory (ATP 244). Satan is the 'couch grass', the knot in the wood, in Milton's seventeenth century country garden, and its "immortal amaranth[s]" do not interest him, nor does the God who requires "rigid satisfaction[s]" and a "death for death" (PL III 353, 212). Satan is desire. Yes, he becomes vengeful, but his spitefulness is short-lived, and not in-built. His pain is not self-inflicted but always after the fact, something he awakes to, forced to act and react against the supposedly omniscient deity. His choice of the snake as the vehicle of revenge repels him initially (IX 163-7), but the 'mazy folds' (494-518) that become the stand-up serpent help to deceive Eve, whereas molarity and frightfulness would have failed. Once her seduction is complete, she takes the first act of true human freedom and unknowingly commences a human history.

Milton's text machine necessarily glosses over any positive sense of meaning associated with the older gods or their legitimacy. Milton takes no prisoners, and the old divinities, legitimate in their own right, are brought down to idols, demons, and figured as rebellious angels; Milton's conquering god leaves no stone unturned, and any other relations men have with the divine are shunned. As early in his career as the Nativity Ode, Milton was writing about over-turning the pagan pantheon, its higgledy-piggledy array of gods and goddesses cheapened down to the role of privates and foot soldiers in God's revelatory theistic machine. As had already occurred in Christian history and theology, the old gods were to become either precursors of the Christian revelation, however maladroit they might be at that, or demonized and repressed. As for Satan and his satraps, the Thrones, and other Principalities who had revolted, their fate reduced them to mere playthings emblems at best, of polytheistic heresy. Milton raids the classical coffers as well, and doing the work of God most elegantly, adds artistic and aesthetic displeasure in place of the old becomings of Rome and Greece. In the Nativity Ode, he describes one goddess with flair and splendour as "the Mooned Ashtaroth, / Heav'ns Queen, and Mother both, /" (Nativity Ode in Hughes 48 200-1). But by the time he dictates Paradise Lost, after the lost Commonwealth and while the Restoration is in full swing —what a nice alignment of features, Milton dictating his dictatorial epic— such "air-brushing" and sensual embellishment is reserved for the Omnipotent. Any faint hint of recognition of the legitimacy accorded to their old dispensation is stamped out, given short shrift. Ashtaroth and any other Goddess are demeaned to the non status of negation and the heretical. They too enter the underworld of quanta, the energy of

which will come to constitute the gigantic schizo charge Deleuze and Guattari speak about. Heretical or not, unreal or not, damned or not, the old returns to haunt the new.

This Plateau is Light Falling

“Since God is light/ And never but in unapproached light/Dwelt from Eternity, /” (PL III 3-5): so says the poet Milton, “[d]efender of the faith” and morals, hero of the castrating god and his despotic signifiers. All signifieds must march to his tune, or die being banished to “eternal” terminal damnation; no rest for the repressed Satanic signifieds nor for the rebellious “Cherub[s] and seraph[s] rolling in the flood/ With scattered arms and ensigns” (I 324-5).

No rest for Satan in the light. Satan shares no light nor any lambent flame of the *monistic* God. What Satan sees on coming to consciousness is a “a Dungeon horrible” as “one great Furnace flam’d, yet from those flames/No light, but rather darkness visible” which “Serv[e]’d only to discover sights of woe,/ Regions of sorrow, doleful shades” (I 61-5).

Satan falls for nine days (I 50) creating the zigzagging and supple line of the molecular route—the line out from the Kingdom,—that is simultaneously dispossessed and reterritorialized by the powerful pyramidal God of the Occident; the Monotheistic territory which claims prior rights, and the rights of creation. “For I the Lord thy God *am* a jealous God ...[.]” (KJV Exodus 20:5 emphases added). For this jealous deity there are no other sources of creation other than his own transcending selfhood, and immanence will henceforward become the negative and lesser than. Satan’s fall then, is the

difference that makes a difference, because he is the difference, the enemy, the adversary, the accuser of God and Man; Satan is what makes up for the difference that monotheism simultaneously denies and requires for its own validation. The paranoid needs an enemy to confirm his own identity (AO 373). Satan's bifurcation is the required schizophrenic pulling away, the other jinni come back to haunt the cosmos over which the monotheistic god claims its hegemony.

What this essay perceives along the trail of Satan is the impasse, the historical impasse that his existence represents. The Satanic energy he lived is one that we continue to relive, as each of us is ensnared in the vicious cycle of capitalism and schizophrenia. It also proposes the possibility of a shared space with the formlessness that from "all eternity" harbored the Othered Satan, and the alien territories he conquers and creates, what in God's language is called Sin and Death. The territories Satan takes hold of are alien because his hand is forced, and he becomes as a result the reactive force par excellence. We never know or see Satan in his form as Lucifer; we only hear about him (PL IV 38-44). What we hear about are rumors of a past long gone (I 591-3, VII 131-3), a vanquished beauty. Satan perpetually whirls between the two poles of the unconscious, the paranoid reactionary and the schizophrenic revolutionary and, knows he is trapped by the reterritorialization his pride has affected. The ambivalence he feels moments before entering Eden discloses the torment he suffers as well as the awareness of "the debt immense of endless gratitude" which God assumes as his natural right (IV 52), and which Satan has interiorized. The existence of Satan's pride is already reflective of a split subject torn between its own impulse toward autonomy and the sense that he is a created and therefore obliged being. In the passage referred to Satan seems to regret

his rebellion, but this regret itself is momentary, and a form of punishment that God has already instilled in him by way his “Umpire conscience” (III 194-5). Satan umpire’s conscience is a form of cosmic Super-Ego, and is another paranoid machine instilled in him by way of his conflict with God. He emerges from the “crash” after the war in heaven, stunned and “Confounded though immortal” (I 53). Whatever place he might have been in previously is out of reach. And we never really learned what that place was, except, so we are told, that it involved serving God. But again, this is after the fact, after the dropping off. Satan that estranged and at times forlorn figure, come back from the place where desire gave birth to a multitude of deities created in profusion and “if not equal all, yet free, /Equally free;” (V 791-2). The structure and fabric of his memory, even his memory of himself as Lucifer, is mediated by the monotheistic structure of guilt and obligation. To the degree that Satan is emblematic of the old polytheism, his origins are what we cannot be familiar with, just as we cannot know the formlessness of the primal state ‘before’ its genesis. All we know is Desire and its flow, and Satan’s face turns to Desire just as God’s face turns toward the Law and is the Signifier. But one must never forget that Satan is what the Signifier denies of itself, its outside and earthly relations, its immanence. Satan “comes to” the consciousness of loss, and after the moment of war becomes captured by a strange god in an alien country, the then ‘unknown country’ of Monotheism. If Satan ever had a passport he loses it on entering this fiefdom, the state of God and his unbreakable covenants.

But what is monotheism? A psychic primary cosmic repression at the level of matter and history; and not only Western history, but also all of history, and the earth itself will have been changed because of its force and presence. Because Western history

underwrites world history; Western history is the repeated narrative of subjugation, expansion, and invasion; its conquering Christian gods leading the way, gods that beat and destroy their own people as much as they destroy the others, the outsiders. Make no mistake: the god of monotheism is a pitiless taskmaster who does not hesitate to sacrifice millions at his universal temple. We hear only echoes of echoes, allusions burying more allusions which allude to the Event, the Event of its birth which never stops occurring, an eternal return of Cosmic import that happens eternally as it forgets and re-members its previous incarnations and repressions, as its repressions return donning new masks and shapes, sporting exotic garments and clothing, mouthing tragic comical axiomatic narratives from “all” eternity, a myth of forgetful amnesia followed by perfect recollections. The distant echo of that war between monotheism and polytheism—primarily the god of the Hebrews, the Israelites, against the multitude of others of which Satan is the principal cardholder—reverberates in real history. It goes without saying that these segments, ontological and historical, continue to compose and decompose us. The banishment of polytheism is God’s goal and its destruction and denial his joy.

In polytheism, says Nietzsche, lay the freedom of the human spirit, its creative multiplicity. The doctrine of a single Deity, whom men cannot play off against other gods and thus win open spaces for their own aims, is "the most monstrous of all human errors" ("die ungeheuerlichste aller menschlichen Verirrungen").(Steiner 37)

Historically, the requirements of absolute monotheism proved all but intolerable. (37)

It is the absoluteness monotheism of God that Satan rejects, and not the pious claims of a deity garbed in the morality of his own self-inventions and those of his harbingers, Christianity and Judaism. It is Satan’s prerogative to be a form of the eternal

return before the fact. His eternal returns are the differences, which keep evading God. His polytheistic becomings are demonized in spite of his Luciferian origins and the becomings that were once his.

Yet Satan is a portion of that territory which stays deterritorialized, rebellious in God's view, refusing to pay the cost of unqualified monotheism, yet also the one elected to pay its highest premiums. Satan, before Whitman, is a traveler of the open road, and its pantheistic polytheistic wanderings, its fluxes and discordancies. After their fall, Adam refers to Eve's "strange Desire of wandering" (PL IX 1135-6), not knowing yet that her desire to wander has deterritorialized and made them allies of Satan. God is not an ally in spite of his protestations of love, to the contrary God is a dictator. Nor is it a coincidence his Son is characterized as his word. His Son is the ultimate order-word; the dictated signified that acts out every command of its father-signifier God.

Satan's line of flight and his endangering of God's hegemony over nature and over Man is absolute, and there is no turning back for Adam and Eve. The promise of the Son's eventual victory, of what would really be the victory of the Law of the Father, never materializes; the Second Coming is a fantasy God construes in lieu of the real loss of power that Satan's victories entail.

Is Satan the form of absolute deterritorialization which Deleuze and Guattari speak about in the last plateau of A Thousand Plateaus (509)? If he is, he is so because he never stops deterritorializing what God has staked out. Satan is the surfeit of that Paradise of polytheism ground to dust and shreds by the work of the poet and his unbearable God, the "creative multiplicity" which loses out to the double binding God of absolute obedience. But the old gods and their lines of flight do not just die and go

away; they return as instincts and forces, as powers of revolt. They return as Satan pressing creation with his claims in spite of his shackles.

So Milton sets up a series of allegorical machines to provide the space for the repressed material of the banished other to emerge. Without the repressed story being told, even though as the negative, the allegory of God's justification would have no impact. No evil, no God, no deterritorialized and deterritorializing Satan, no reterritorializing Son. No Son, no Adam, no Eve, no temptation. It is a series that provokes its necessary others, conjunctions and disjunctions, and not contradictions. Without the tension and conflict between the two camps, the presumed victory (in some apocalyptic future) would never be possible. That which enters the picture as the images, the denotations, and the story of good god versus bad demonic, and all that this presumes, are the massive narrative excerpts of an ancient poem of war not told by the poet. None of this can be told, because it was not written, but was repressed; it is the forgotten, the deliberately forgotten and erased narrative, not written because it was not and could not be remembered, and therefore did not happen. It is the text outside of the text, the before the text of the poem of Paradise Lost. And all of this is repression, a perfect repression because none of it happened, and none of it could have ever happened. There was always a God, and he was always God; there was never a bad God who planned the whole thing, and used Satan, who is on one level, a left-over symbol of another culture anyhow; God is good, was always good, he never suffered from power drives, and Satan suffered from pride, and he was always basically a rotten angel, even when he was an angel on high and his name was Lucifer. Lucifer be damned. What happens to all of this, when Satan comes to consciousness? What was the war all about?

We hear a story, a fragment dragged out for twelve books. What happened? The fall—the smash up —, which is how the poem begins, in the middle, *in medias res*, in the midst of what has already happened, but not understood, not recollected properly, thus the bafflement that dazes the minds of Satan and Beelzebub.

What is not and never was cannot be written about, because it is not, and was not. But in the text behind the text in the writing proper, lies the unconscious burial ground of the old gods, and anthropology of deceased deities who will not disappear. The text behind the writing, is the one Great Poem perpetually in progress: “[They are] the episodes of that cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men” (Shelley 523, 21), and which takes many shapes and must be read between the lines if it is to be heard. History is written by the victors, and the unheard music of the text also suggests the unspoken words of a poem that is always written in flight. What escapes the victors constitutes the material of the epic escape.

What we possess are the pieces of an idea with no outer limit that works in parallel to Satan’s numerous voyages. Yet it is the residue, the particle; but these remains are not cause for mourning (and melancholia), but an occasion for undoing the ancient prohibition.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Afeard, being naked, hid me (PL X 116-7)

Adam (Kadmon) disobeys the single injunction (because he had to, it is how the system is predicated) of his Author; because of that, he experiences the terror of his freedom, knowing good and evil. Knowing that difference, each reader is like Adam, fearful of the naked text because the God of the Word has planted a forbidden fruit whose eating has consequences that are the limit of what we know as experience; and the unknowable

is death “whatever thing Death be” (IX 695). We cannot read with the naked eye once we have eaten the bitter apple and know what we could not know before, nor see what only the blind can see. Milton ‘sees’ the body of the unspoken text as a line of flight escaping his ‘vision’. In the biblical account of the fall, when Adam and Eve are found out for having transgressed, God’s response seems to suggest he is fearful that Man will acquire more than the knowledge of good and evil: “And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever (KJV Genesis 3 22 emphasis added). In Paradise Lost Milton does not directly refer to this passage, and God’s fear seems to be ungrounded, because when Adam and Eve do eat the forbidden fruit to learn what good and evil are, God inflicts death on them. Death “the mortal sentence” is “denounced” (PL X 48-9) and although delayed it is certain, no matter how long it is in arriving. All of which looks like a certain victory for God. Man does not gain immortality and become like a god, but having broken the singular injunction, trades his pre-immanent immortality (his status as God’s transcendent creature, really a puppet of obedience) for the immanence of mortality, of good and evil, and for what becomes in time, a secularity; and through the course of history, he gains the freedom of atheism⁷. If God’s fear is that Man will become immortal, it was a groundless fear, because what Man chose was the contingent and the unpredictable, and not a frigid immortality. Both Satan and Man choose to deterritorialize themselves from the clutches of a power-mongering deity, no matter that he is disguised as a loving Father. From the perspective of the poem, none of this is the case, whereas Adam and Eve’s guilt and shame are, as is their suffering. But we step beyond the limits of the poem as such and follow the lines

that traverse over and past it. Milton does not see any of this, nor does he have any desire to. In the immediate moment of the poem, the fall is negative.

Once Adam and Eve trespass, they become “afraid,” hiding within themselves, and in this hiding, the text of their own experience is obscured. Their own experience is stolen from them: becoming afraid is already a function of their fear of God, and the God machine’s rules. Territory; it is always about territory and the conquest of territory and ever new spaces, terror. God’s law is the rule of terror. God is not just the inferred first cause and prime mover and shaker, but also the first tyrant. Adam and Eve were designed to decrease from the start, made frail but commanded to be sound. The double bind checkmate: God swindles his character creations and wins, while Eve and Adam lose. God’s arbitrary need for power and his capacity to inflict death on anyone that differs or disagrees with him make him a tyrant.

It is no coincidence that Milton wrote a poem where many of Satan’s arguments read like republican views versus the monarchical ones of the Counter-Reformation.⁸ Instructive also is to recall the overall revolutionary nature of Paradise Lost, and its “agency, as [a] symbolic revolutionary act[s]” (Kendrick 1). One of its most outstanding revolutionary qualities is the Satanic revolt, and questions of genre placement and slippage ought to be read as accompanying that revolt and as serving its purpose. Questions of genre have no meaning or relevance in and of themselves and would only serve to trammel the schizoanalytic energy the Satanic anti-signifier represents. God is the first dictator along with the Word, but the revolutionary Satan finds a way out, offers it to Eve, and Adam quickly follows. Adam’s loyalties might be divided, but in the end his instincts are not, and he wisely chooses his wife over the dictatorial despot (PL IX

908-16). The fun is just about to begin anyhow, as history, carnality and suffering get ready to take off in full swing. A little reality at last raises its head on the edges of the bower of bliss, and Eve's transgression turns out to be their ticket to freedom, however painful it might be.

From God's perspective man's fall represents yet another loss. But for man, however, the jig is not up, and losers may yet become winners as Adam's transcendent God self becomes a human immanent self that always deterritorializes ahead of God's territory machine. Adam is Satan's creature long before he is God's. Adam like Satan becomes a "convict by flight" (PL X 83). The consequence, for Adam as for each reader, is that the allusion and allegory machine kick in on every level of the poem. What we read in the images of the text are the beauties that characterize it, the remnants of another world, one as raw as the space of creation was to have been, something that cannot be captured even by Milton, because it is unknown and outside of the jurisdiction of experience. But how poignant are his efforts to paint the original scenes of beauty and joy. The experience of an immanence that is immanent to nothing but itself (WIP 45). But the split was right there from its genesis. God keeps interfering with his transcendence game, and Satan, who by necessity must exist, inevitably and repeatedly bounces off the wall going the other way. The other way is the zigzag line of immanence and the full body of the earth, the one God claims for himself. But the surge of energy that Satan composes is not stopped by the proprietorial posturing of the self appointed creator. Satan does not believe in property or land claims, and his "badness" is relative to God's perspective, so his immanence in its pure form, Satan the multiple, Satan as the flow of desire, is banished. Subsequently, any experience of consciousness previous to

its 'fallen' states seems impossible. So we get a split, the basic division that lies at the heart of the Christian project in Paradise Lost. So Paradise Lost has to be read as a schizophrenic machine with its blind poet dictating what he cannot see in the darkness, yet reciting the history of what he imagines is the history of the fall from light to darkness by the most beloved and brightest of creatures, Lucifer. But nakedness is no longer possible.

And so there is the occasion of a reading Event that deterritorializes Paradise Lost. We deterritorialize the text opening out more flows, and "head for the horizon, on the plane of immanence, and we return with bloodshot eyes, and yet they are the eyes of the mind...[.] to follow the witch's flight" (WIP 41). Satan's flight is like the sorcerer's apprentice, the more he is cut off by God, the more he multiples, moving swiftly toward the horizon of human becomings, of the earth and mortality.

As readers, we are sometimes baffled by what is not said in Paradise Lost. This aspect of things is what drove William Blake to turn Milton and his ideas upside down: "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true poet and of the Devils party without knowing it" (Blake The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. pl 5 in Erdman p 35). One wonders what the blind bard would have said. But surely Milton knew the fires which burned Satan also burned himself, and his desire, and indeed his poem unleashes fires and cosmic pandemonium in directions still unmapped. As I suggested in the introduction, it may be that Milton has returned reinvoiced in the poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that his views have changed. Milton arrives at the table (the movable feast) with his favorite angel, Satan. They are discussing literary purpose and its intelligent

relation to the known universe. This Milton is a proper name, the name in other words of an effect, a cause, a dawning to thinking which forces us to consider the tabula rasa of being and nothingness, of becoming and desire. After all who would invent such tales if they were not true? And yes indeed, he was a true poet. A true poet to unleash his own Satanic poetic forces.⁹ But let us return to the problems at hand. What of the gods, goddesses, angels and demons chased from “heaven” for a “sin” that no one knows the name of? We are told it is Satan’s pride (PL I 36), but what is this pride that lets him undo his own status as first among equals to the monotheistic God? I would suggest that his “pride” is a construct and a function of several forces in conflict, and whose elements also change throughout the poem. His “pride” is a forced reterritorialization of his own becoming by God. God’s invention of himself as the engineer of the Event, the Event of monotheistic territorialization, forces Satan’s “pride” into existence. Satan is thus a reactive being and a responsive force. The conflicts within the Satanic ego are the engine that fuels the rage that allows him and his partners to free themselves of God’s hope to be “all in all” (PL III 341). Some readers might imagine that because God prophesizes an event that appears benevolent, that his behavior is then justified. But once again, this is as seen from the perspective of a superpower’s point of view, i.e. God’s point of view. From God’s point of view, anything is justified. Precisely because he is God, and wants to be the only God, anything is justified. But, of course, nothing is justified, and the whole of the *agon* is over desire and power. God’s behavior is different than his wishes, and his own fear and drive for territory are the forces which bring about the events that the poem narrates, namely the revolt in heaven, and the attempted usurpation of his throne. In this way, his behavior is akin to Laius in the Oedipus myth;

it is Laius' paranoia that provokes the events which lead to the incestuous and murderous scenario of Oedipus (AO 273). It is God's paranoia that precipitates the Satanic revolt. Likewise, it is God's line of force and territorialization that forces Satan's hand, who conceives Sin and Death as a line of flight and escape away from God. Sin, Death, and Satan are the triangular inversion of God's triangulation of himself as Son and Spirit. The circle of territory, deterritorialization, and reterritorialization never ends, and works as viciously as any Viconian cyclical machine. For Satan the only choice is to escape and by escaping bring about the Fall of Man. This will be the final deterritorialization and the start of human becomings and of history; of further becomings and the humanization of the earth, of its immanent movements and the revolt of human beings against any arbitrary tyranny.

Milton sets out to justify the ways of God to man and not of Satan to Man. But we need to read the text as a schizoanalytic document, in effect reading it inside out and upside down. Blake thought Milton was of the Devil's party and didn't know it. I will go further and say that he was of God and the Devil's party and did not know it. He had to be, as he was writing about an essentially schizophrenic situation, the schizophrenic situation at the heart of the Western Novel and epistemology, of Western history. I am using the term novel polemically, but I am also suggesting that the basic matrix of the Western conception of God is fictional and fictive, and that it is therefore a novel; God's novel, and Satan's fictional reply.

The Satanic force is desire, the deterritorialized surplus energy haunting, exploding, reacting, imploding, radiating outward, creating history, forcing in one sense the very creation of Man himself. Forcing God, the gangster of the one-territory deal to

acquiesce, to concede new realities, in spite of himself, God's initial victory is only apparent and not conclusive. In reality, what we are dealing with is the history of conquest and revolt, of force against force, of intensity versus control and hierarchy. Desire is everywhere in Paradise Lost at the top and at the bottom, desire haunts the pages of Eve and Adam and their generation of stories, of Man's generation of stories, of Lucifer Satan and the gods of old. Desire will out. It always comes back to desire and its couplings, its bricolage of "flows and partial objects that are by nature fragmentary and fragmented" (AO 5). The partial objects that constitute the Satanic kingdom of the unconscious and its forces are the faded emblems of old gods and denied divinities. It is the old gods that Satan's multiplicity and folly remainder.

The angels and gods are driven out of heaven, fleeing God's territorial grasp. They both flee and are driven: all of this takes place in the name of a sin no one names. Or a name we never quite grasp, a thing we never quite get a hold of and the results are manifold. But this "fall" is indeed a happy one; happy for the creation of a deterritorialized human creature, and happy for the Lucifer who erects a war machine. The reader is neither caught nor trapped by the ruse of a rhetoric caught up in its assumed doctrine. Abandon sin all ye who enter what is left of a cosmic war, and find then the music of the text as it explodes off into Outer Space, Science Fiction, Deterritorialized matter: what lies before us as we pedal our way through thousands of lines which lead everywhere and nowhere. In Paradise Lost, a book for Everyone and No One, Nietzsche returns as Milton. Twilight of the Idols; end God, closing time.¹⁰ It is the final farcical act of the heavenly despot, the despotic signifier, who kills out of love, letting his son take the rap; so the text offers the space of a reading event that leads to the

release of the schizophrenic charge of Satan's broken heart and of Satan's mighty flight from the heavenly purlieus. "Etymologically, the name "schizophrenic" contains the sense of *phrenos*, heart or soul, and *schiz-* as in, broken" (Laing 107). Satan's heart is broken by the shattering of the old immanence and his eminence in it, no more the happiness of old:

Farewell happy Fields
Where Joy forever dwells; Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor (PL I 249-52)

Satan chooses his fate and becomes the Hero of his own necessity. In doing this, he also releases the exuberance of evil and the strength of his defiance against God's territorializing and reterritorializing of space, the space of spiritual domination, the space that his Son and Angels will later attempt to impose on Adam and Eve and the human race. The whole package of Judeo-Christian morals and theology was founded on the metaphysics of power and worship. The space God colonizes is cosmological and theological; it is literal and symbolic; it is figurative and historical. The Judeo-Christian apparatus, accompanied by its conception of patriarchy, virtue and territory, is based on this wrenching apart of the once free-flowing spaces of polytheism and desire before its capture by the Statist formations. Let there be no mistake: I am not suggesting that the "Other" is unblemished, innocent and any less tyrannical or despotic. However, the forms of these older, cosmically founded Statist theological structures did not possess the territorializing power of Monotheism. Nor did they possess the means to articulate an equally enforcing argument in their favor. The victors, as we know, write history. In general, it is accepted that the foundation of Reason and rationality are similar if not identical to the basic metaphysical ontological grounds of the Monotheistic project. This

project is over 2000 years old, and continues to envelop our conceptions of science, of art, of social order, or virtue. It influences our ideas of justice and democracy. What lies behind Paradise Lost is the whole of Western metaphysics articulated up to that moment in history at which Milton wrote the poem. Satan's fall and capture is the destruction and burial of the whole of the ancient "night," the rescinding and evasion of the old gods and their demands, their values as instituted in the societies of the Near Middle East, and the banishment of the whole of Greek and Roman religio-ontological social constructs. The emergence of God in the poem as the first and last merely reinforces a fact which had already been in effect, enforced, and acted on for 1200 years. Milton's justification of God is Milton's justification of what makes God tick, what makes God what he is. Milton's lifelong attacks on Catholic thought does not separate him in any fundamental way from shared metaphysical assumptions: that there is one god who is to be worshipped and followed, and whose Word has saved Mankind from death. God Claims Light and all that goes with it, Satan stakes out the dark underbelly and remains a veteran other, standing fast with the older ways of the polytheistic cosmos, its worldview. Satan is the hated one; by being so hated, he also becomes the great hater, the tempter. Satan hails his horrors, and in doing so reterritorializes what God had reterritorialized moments before when hurtling him out of heaven.

In Satan's "dark" movement downward, another type of joy is banished from the Heavenly city. What God and Milton hurl out of the heavenly domain is the whole of the ancient world, and everything it valued. Along with that exiling went the classical sense of tragedy and comedy, the sense that men could mock and even deride what they believed and even held up as divine. Milton and his God (God was as much a culture as

a being) decimates that whole process and participate in its demonization; God decimates ancient culture in the process.

None of this is made clear in the clangorous poetic machinery of Book 1. Indeed, Book 1 enacts a major repressive apparatus that spells the end for Satan and his “bold compeer[s]” (PL I 127). Happiness, such of it as exists, is confined to the vengeful glee of “our grand foe,/who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy/ Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven” (I 122-4).

It also appears, according to Milton, that it is God who gives Satan the power and “high permission” to escape the onslaughts of the great battle that has already taken place as Book 1 unfolds (PL I 210-1). It is also this same God who metes out the “eternal justice” (I 70) that confines Satan and his “cronies” to their sulphurous damnation. Right from the beginning of Paradise Lost, we are in the midst of a propaganda machine that tells the story from the “good” guy’s point of view. From the start, we are told that it is the “defiance” and “obdurate pride” of Satan that has brought the disaster of the “fall” on to Mankind and won him eternal damnation. God’s propaganda machine, hosted by blind John Milton, is in full swing. We are told that it was Satan (in his famous disguise) as “[T]he infernal serpent” motivated by envy and revenge, and sneaky guile who has deceived “the Mother of Mankind” (I 34-6). Milton then quickly fills in the backdrop to Eve’s deception, and blames it all on Satan’s desire for equality with God. The “monarchy” of God was threatened, and so therefore Satan must be wrong. Everything must be wrong with the “opposition” because God and Milton say so. This is the argument presented in the first forty-four lines of the poem. This is called “justifying the ways of God to man.”

So, like Satan, the essay that this dissertation composes, the dissertation of plateaus which cuts and breaks a ruptured line of Satanic falls and bounds—one which parries its own hopes against the machines of lack and castration, the whole Oedipal machinery on which the Miltonic Christian project is fueled—which digresses and deterritorializes its own means, its own progress as it turns and turns around its subject, miming the polarity of the unconscious, yet also one that composes and is composed of the intensities and force that deterritorializes along a line of escape that Satan roves and wanders in. Satan that famous maniac:

O for that warning voice, which he who saw
 The Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud,
 Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be revenged on men.
 (PL IV 1-4)

Satan is the old dragon, the Ouroboros, the polytheistic androgynous symbol of fertility and the undifferentiated. Satan whose creation of Sin and Death mimes precisely God's clandestine invention of the Son—unlike God, Satan is “out” from the beginning about his sexual relations with his mother—Satan won't wait two thousand years to fertilize an unwed human virgin; he creates his own daughter-mother relations, unlike the God of the angelic territory, the god of Terror, and he does not wait for the action to happen in time, but makes it happen “in” eternity.

If Satan is vengeful, his posture is one of becomings that have been created before him. Satan is the vengeful unconscious of monotheism, its backside. Yet although Satan is a culture, he is also a person, a character, and shows more “personality” than does God. Satan carries forth both the personal and the collective enunciation of change. Satan is a territory that is personified in the poem, made to work as the reactionary force

against God's militant power. Yet Satan is also a culture¹¹, and in that sense he is a signifier; as God is the despotic signifier of monotheistic values and beliefs, Satan remains the opposite. Satan née Lucifer is a culture, the Other culture cut off at the roots, one that is not created but that has always been immanent to its polytheism and its relations to the flows of the earth. When Satan says that he cannot recall a time when he was not as he is, he is not lying or deceiving or denying that "God" created him, he is simply stating a fact that as far as his memory goes (and we must remember that his memory is really the memory of the "old" cultures of the Middle East), he always was. He was not created by some outside force, but he and his tribe, his conceptual view of the world, had existed for at least as long as God's, and that to their own recollection this is not a wrong to be corrected, or a conquest to be yielded.

Satan inverts God's scheme. God is schizophrenic. In fact, the poem itself is schizophrenic, and one could very well rip the book in two to see how the two halves work—God and Satan and Man, the good, the bad, and the ugly—Man, of course, being the ugly one in the equation. Paradise Lost is a book for every flow and no flow; the schizo head of God's transcending crown versus the "solar anus" (AO 2) that Satan represents, with Man the immanent flows between. But Satan is between as well; between-ness is not limited to Man. Man's between-ness works and thrives among the warring factions. But warring is also another misleading term. There is no dialectical relationship that will be reconciled; the two factions can never meet except in some collapse. So there is a necessity created, and the necessity is the creation of Man, Adam and Eve.

The old war between polytheism and monotheism—at heart, Satan is an atheist—ahead of his time, forced into a reactionary position, the paranoid one who thinks he stands to lose his position. And God is no better. God is like Laius, afraid of oracles; like the true paranoiac he is, he imagines Satan wants to usurp him.

Satan becomes what he always was, both the outsider of territory and its backside; he is the famous repressed of the non-democratic unconscious and its demonic territorialities. So the essay, then, that processes its own territory of glimpse and failure, comes to hold itself up, waiting at some chamber of thought; it becomes another examination of a plateau moving against the reactionary Milton machinery clanging away, and does not mourn any mythical whole of which the morsel would be a part of.

What is left is not at all loss or defeat, nor is it a defeated existential effort, but a political poetical movement of becoming to gain back territory; it is not at all the Negative, nor its famous “re-solution” in the Dialectic. What we have are the combinatories of a poem working underneath and beside its juxtaposed pieces posing as an epic poem of unity and unification. None of which is the case, because Paradise Lost is as broken as its theme. The poem of twelve separate books not necessarily connected by any unity that pretends a totality, but one based on God’s desire “to be all in all”(PL III 341). Paradise Lost is not unified, but worn down by its themes; themes which no longer have any working value for us as readers, so that its sense, its paradigm of pride and God and Man no longer works. Because it no longer works as “a classical epic” and the totalities, which it composes, the poem enters a field of immanence, becoming a desiring-machine; the machine has gone off kilter as it has broken down. For Paradise is

lost, and so are its inhabitants. However, on the good side of what seems like loss, they are deterritorialized into becoming fully human.

So what remains is not all some vaunted nostalgia for unity, or the yearning for a paradise that is no longer available or desirable. What we really have, in Paradise Lost and in this exploratory dissertation mode, are segmentations, levels of flight, plateaus, surfing from one niveau to another; there are splices, pieces, the bits of verse from the Poet, transmission belts which halt, or jerk to a stop, then jump the reader to another plateau, each of which contain their own wholes; and black holes into which the line of escape either collapses, or from which it whirls and flees. Satan trapped in one of God's designs, a black hole, the black hole of chaos and hell. So with Satan's flight from heaven to hell: hell, the absolute black hole of collapse, the space where Satan's epic deterritorialization stalls momentarily, but also the space that threatens the apparatus of capture i.e. God's grand plans. Contrary to God's stated claims, the very existence of Hell and its neighbour Chaos challenges his hegemony and creates a state of permanent war. Yes, Satan is stalled and has lost the battle in heaven. But his loss is momentary, because Satan succeeds in collapsing what is around him, tearing Heaven itself apart, and because in his escape he succeeds in "causing a deluge to break loose, liberating a flow of desire, resecting a schiz" (AO 341). As Satan schizo empties one third of heaven's population, we learn that the invisible world of solitude is populated. Satan is haunted by the others that he invents for himself. His solitude on the plateau of character is with the reveries and characters of his escape and of his memory of the old gods. The opening gambit of the conversation between Satan and Beelzebub marks this splinter

between his own persona and that of others. Who Beelzebub is, and who is speaking to whom in this passage is not unequivocal:

To whom the arch-enemy,
 And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
 If thou beest he; but O how fallen! how changed
 From Him, who in the happy realms of light
 Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
 From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? [...] (PL I 81-94)

As we see them at this moment, Satan, whose name in Hebrew had meant “enemy,” and Beelzebub, whose name “had an anthropological background in the cults of deliverers from insects pests” (Fowler 49 i 82), are reduced to mere shams of what they were before being reterritorialized. Satan speaks to himself in this passage, and Beelzebub, himself a Lord of Flies, is his mirror, from which there is no exit. On the stage of broken self and territory, Satan is himself and the other; Beelzebub and Satan are mere images of what they were.

Satan is the Other, and so are his double mirror images. As the repressed schiz line of flight, his return is one of psychosis, sin, death, and cultural enjambment, something carried over from one untenable position to another. But Satan is also the cultural force of desire and he is the absolute difference engineer as he is the absolute deterritorialization.¹² He cannot be captured; historically speaking, and he, if one can really characterize him in gender terms, remains a free creature roving the four corners of the earth. So we have Satan the cultural force of the deterritorialization and Satan the

melancholic persona of the poem. Satan's character is two sided. He is first of all, a cultural resistance to the pressures of monotheism, and second, a paranoid reactionary. His desire for revenge, his pride, and envy are elements of his paranoia. His paranoia is not unjustified or ill-founded, but a reaction to an impossible situation. His paranoia stance is always a successful reterritorialization by God. God tries constantly to steal Satan's agency, and provokes his rebellion.

Satan's character must be seen as in reaction; his responses on the other hand, his flight, are always a deterritorialization, and this is really his victory. We must detach them to see them both and understand the role they play in the repressive machinery of Milton's poem. Satan, as persona and as the cultural carrier of the memory of the "Other" time, the time of polytheism, Satan re-constructs, re-members his past glory through the consensus of forlorn and "obscure" gods who have been reterritorialized and damned to Hell. Yet their damnation is paradoxically both a choice and a determination, both a forced choice and a free one. To say they are reterritorialized means that they have been captured by God's usurpation of their status—after all, the only story we know of their place is what we are told by one of God's signifiers (signifier teachers, really) namely Raphael—in the Near East and ancient Greece. On the other hand, as "characters" in the poem, they "freely" choose a false choice; so their freedom is never really their own, and this is as God wishes. It is a paradox: as the beings of their own deterritorialization they are free, but in choosing to be deterritorialized they are damned by that choice, and subsequently reterritorialized by God in the moment they make it. Their choice automatically creates the reterritorialization that God or his representatives enforce. They are relegated to and relegate themselves (reterritorialized their cultural and

social codes are taken from them) to Hell where, “they” will plot their eternal war with the King of Heaven. And when Milton calls God a King, he is not mincing words; the God he portrays is an absolute god, a perfect example of the Barbarian Despotic Signifier. But the foundations of his rule are not clear, and are as much based on repute and hearsay as they were based on principle.

[...] But he who reigns
 Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom [...]. (PL I 637-40)

Once his rules are broken, everything is changed; once Lucifer deterritorializes himself becoming Satan, once Eve eats the fruit of knowledge and Adam follows suit, the game is over, and God reveals himself for what he is, the Absolute Monarch of Heaven. One might argue that he does accept his son’s standing in to even the scales, but this too is a fantasy and represents the Oedipalization, sacrificial motif and sublimation that is one of the key ingredients that keep the machinery of the poem going. The demons, or what come to be called the demons, the devil’s party, the fallen angels, who are really the former deities and beings of worship of the “other” culture, will become invalidated, cut-off, denied, “damned”, “condemned to perdition” and, in the history of Western consciousness, the unreal creatures of fantasy and nightmare. “The unconscious as a factory” and the site of production (AO 24) where the production of demons and devils suited the codification that “Western” culture undertook in the move toward Monotheism and the Monotheistic moment. Monotheism and God “himself” will later be transformed and reduced to mere deism, myth, superstition, and psychology after the Enlightenment and Rationalism became the dominant modes of discourse in Western consciousness.

Effectively, the thrones and powers who rebel against God are reterritorialized onto the “damned” spaces of unbeing; God’s preferred space of perdition and exile for any form of divinity that is other than his own. “They,” the rebel beings, are the no longer existing existences, the negative of non-being and the beings of the negative. They become the minus on the plus side of God’s existence, that he wishes to abolish, but cannot. But he cannot be rid of them, or Satan, on a permanent basis. They can be wounded, but not destroyed (PL I 138-40). As they are immortal beings like God, their persistence can only be delayed and perhaps it is best to read Paradise Lost as an attempt not so much to justify the ways of God to Man, as to convince man that God is winning the battle. But in fact, God’s victories are provisional as he too is the subject of the flux of deterritorializations which encircle him, and perhaps even sustain him. After all, God’s narrative is also one of deterritorialization and reterritorialization that differentiates itself by claiming a priority above and before the legitimacy of other divinities, and by claiming to be the source of all transcendence and creation, the machine behind the machine, so to speak. God’s territorialization and claims to priority are something that should not be taken at face value. However their effect in the poem is to overwhelm his opponents.

Satan’s story is also the heroic deterritorialization he performs while in Hell and on his epic journey back out of hell. The despotic Signifier that is God, with his “Eye” that bends perpetually around space, that sees every move Satan and his stalwart cohorts make (God’s Eye is Bentham’s Panopticon before the fact), cannot prevent the line of flight from continuing to blaze a trail, no matter that the path crashes against everything en route, especially humanity.

What are called the myths are really the cultural signifiers of a polytheism that has been banned and pushed out by the conquering Christian God. Satan as an immanent force of becoming is that force which perforce must be called “evil” to insure his dethroning and reterritorialization by God. God’s conquest is the first movement of the poem—the capture of the ancient territories—but it is a conquest we do not witness, as it takes place before the action of the poem; and what we read, what we see in the action of the poem, is what has happened after the catastrophe and what is recounted by the various narrators, or messengers, of God. Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, Abdiel, and Uriel are God’s signifiers, and as such always act on his behalf.

God’s initial territorialization of the heavenly empire – what I call his take-over, his primary – (that which it is impossible to know because God claims priority) move to displace the ancient metaphysical divine order, and his own elevation image above the other divinities – invents the necessity of Satan’s revocation. God’s territorialization requires that Satan return to his origins, which God has turned into Hell and partial oblivion. God uses his territorialization of “Eldest Night/And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature” (PL II 894-5), as the boundary against which Satan’s hell is limited. Milton fittingly describes Night and Chaos as the guardians of “Eternal Anarchy” (II 896). For God’s purposes, this is as good a description as any, but it is a purposefully propagandistic one which prejudices the reader against what is simply a territory that lies outside of the monotheistic cosmos. Along with Sin and Death, Chaos and Old Night are to be the sentries at the gates of Hell. Hell and Heaven are both dualistic fabrications of the Monotheistic machine’s workings. Yet Sin and Death, as the sentries of elemental forces, owe no particular allegiance to the self-proclaimed King of Heaven. Satan is

much like God, as he both is, and is not, what he is. Satan and God are both different sides of the same face, but Satan, unlike God, claims no priority as creator, First Cause, Almighty, or inventor of the world and cosmos. God might have forced the creation of Hades, but Satan deterritorializes it, not simply because he arranges a war council and meets with his “Heav’n-warring Champions” (II 424) to continue his fight with God, but because his escape and his eventual attack on Man, however vicious and mean-hearted we see it, is a successful bid to avenge himself against the God who claims vengeance as his exclusive right. We need to remember that God as much as Satan is responsible for what will happen to mankind when Satan succeeds in tempting Eve and Adam. “Long is the way/ And hard that out of Hell leads up to Light” (II 432-3), and Satan succeeds by bringing death to Man, his newfound enemy. According to God, he only succeeds because God lets him, but this, too, is a propaganda declaration issued by God or one of his minions. Man, who becomes God’s most recent reterritorialization of matter and chaos, falls into Satan’s temptation. Man then will become objectified and subjected to Satan’s wife Sin and their offspring Death. The necessarily repetitive cycle of life, death, and birth begins. History, contingency, and the aleatory work their haphazard role in the world, which emerges outside of the constraints of the Monotheistic god’s wishes. We must bear in mind that from God’s point of view, as given in the poem, neither matter, contingency nor chance play any role beyond what he has chosen to give them, and that he wills everything. Nonetheless he is quick to blame Man for making his own decisions.

God’s bid for domination is successful because he appears to be in control of how the world works, and that it does function at his bidding. Again, this is as the story

is told. But the word “God” must be qualified as referring always to the territorializing power over which he claims priority and hegemony; he is always over and above the other competing forces. Those forces are the elements and the abyss of uncreated matter, the basic atomic structure, and the molecular flow, which is organized poetically through the naming of mythical figures like God himself, Satan, and others. Spirit is, one might say, the consciousness of matter in any situation in which human and divine aspirations come into play. But that matter and the elements are ultimately under God’s control is not certain when Satan makes his escape from Hell and through Chaos:

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal Anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce
 Strive here for mastery, and to Battle bring
 Their embryon Atoms; [...].
 (PL II 891-900)

Satan faces the original warring elements and the forces of nature they struggle in their own midst. None of which suggests that God has mastered this area of matter, but, rather, that he is encroaching with the creation of Hell and the new world (PL II 1001-1006). The organization of matter and of the earth itself is what Deleuze and Guattari call the Judgment of God (ATP 40). The organization into geologic strata, the belts, and layers that compose the invisible and layered surfaces of the “full body of the earth” is a first act of territorialization and its capture by God’s abstract machine. God’s machinery is abstract and transcendent, removed and alien from the earth. In this “void,” nothing is certain, yet Satan encounters the “Night” and “Chaos” which God wishes to

conquer. Yet God – interestingly enough and without seeming prescience, seems to provide a clue that the outcome of things is not completely clinched and, keeps his distance from these spaces, and takes no “chances” with Chaos. Chaos is acknowledged at a distance by God, but by Satan as an ally (PL II 970-72). Anarch Old and Satan’s mutual hatred of God creates an affiliation between them, paving the way for Satan’s entry into the world. The deus ex machina is not certain and the ending of book II gives the lie to any claims that God will win out, or that Satan and his repressed throng are doomed to fail. From the body-without-organs of Nature flows an endless multitude and multiplicity of creation becomings and neither God nor man can be assured of their direction. Chance is outside of the scope of Heavenly powers so God replaces it with his own machinery, that of Providence. Which does not mean that chance disappears, but that God wants it to appear so. In the place of Chance, Providence and God’s will are the names given in place of the beast of that has been tamed and reterritorialized, the old God of Fate and Chance.

What Satan gazes into as he wanders through the chaos of the deep is the originating matrix, the Body-without-organs before it has become “organized” and stratified. What Satan as subject experiences and perceives is nothing less than the experiential data of his own intensive becoming on the Body-without-organs. Satan, along with the reader, sees himself as gigantic, and yet he experiences the microscopic and elementary structures of atoms; he watches the whirl of hot and cold, as the milling molecules of the primary matrix struggle for order and dominance. Satan witnesses matter at this unformed level of becomings, and he identifies himself as one who has come not to spy on and conquer the “Powers and Spirits of this nethermost Abyss/Chaos

and ancient Night” (PL II 968-70), but to pass through them. His flight from hell moves along its own line toward “th’ Ethereal King” (II 978). What he ventures into is the primary datum of intensity, and the actual literal reality of matter at its unformed levels of becoming and metamorphosis. The poet’s words carry Satan through the journey “as close as possible to matter, to a burning, living centre of matter”(AO 19). What Satan experiences at the core of matter is something Adam will never know. Adam would have to fall and get to know the body-without-organs for himself; thanks to Satan, he does fall, getting the opportunity to experience pain and the status of being a subject. Before Satan appears in the Garden, Adam knows marvels and charm; he knows the great variety of innocence, at least as far as innocence is defined under God’s aegis, but he cannot know Chaos and Old Night unless he becomes a real human being that suffers. By suffering, Adam is deterritorialized and in reality becomes more Satanic. By suffering and entering the reality of contingency, Adam will pass through the white-hot centre of matter, or rather he will be given the opportunity to experience that possibility. Satan, anti-king of the now unleashed schizophrenic energy forms (schizophrenic because he is now a surplus charge relative to God’s mapping out of the earth), experiences ecstatic flight, fear, glory and pain. Satan can never go far enough in deterritorializing his enemy; he must always go further, and the further he goes, the more he carries with him. The struggle for primacy, over which force will dominate matter and chaos, dictates the terms of meaning, of position, place and power.

That little which is to defend
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broils
 Weak’ning the Sceptre of Old Night (PL II 1000-3)

Anarch laments the stolen territory that Heaven's King" seems to have taken from him. Addressing Satan, Anarch is aware of the recent conflict between God and the "mighty Leading Angel;" his reference to "intestine broils" refers to what seems like a permanent stand-off between the forces of heaven and his own realm of "[h]avoc and spoil and ruin"(II 1009). Heaven's ruler, heaven's existence, threatens the existence of the older becomings merely by virtue of its existence. Heaven's existence is by definition expansionist and all dominating. The older forces are impinged on. If Satan can never go far enough to deterritorialize, neither can God go far enough reterritorializing. Anarchy and chaos are on the agenda as far as Anarch is concerned, and he rues the recent construction of Satan's new headquarters: "Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath" (II 1003), the Anarch's space. Worse than that, and perhaps more fear inspiring, is the placement of yet another divinely created domain above his own:

Now lately heaven and earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm (II 1004-5)

No one outside of the Monotheistic God's territories is content to know that they are losing space. Space for each of the original elements is the essence of their becomings; it is what they exist "within." If the elements themselves are given a value of good and bad by God (good and bad can really only exist in hindsight as the value the poet awards them), then their existence is jeopardized and it is easier to control their flows. So Anarch Old and Chaos are equally threatened, like the others that the upstart God has tried to eliminate, going so far as trying to blot out their names from the book of life (PL I 361-3). God wants to draw everything around his own existence and his own interests. For the most part, his interests are boring and pertain chiefly to adoration and self-generation. If, as Spinoza said, everything that is wishes to be, then God's wishing to be

is at the expense of everyone's wish to become and to be left alone. In any event, Anarch Old supports Satan's struggle against the engulfment of the heavenly King, wishing him to "go and [in] speed" in his fight against God (II 1008). Old Anarch[y], a personified deterritorialization, would like nothing better than to maintain his reign of uncreated shape and no longer be the base from which Chaos's energy is excavated and reterritorialized, from which new worlds will hang. Like Satan, Anarch refuses, rejects and revolts against the movement of God's reterritorialization. It is not just Satan and the heavenly rebels who refuse to be taken over by the Monotheistic machine, but the whole of nature resists the creation machine of the monotheistic deity. Satan's last moment with the old Anarch and his exit from Hell are filled with high drama; with the words of havoc, ruin and spoil ringing in his ears, Satan "Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire" (II 1013) into the void heading for the new world there to deterritorialize God's latest invention, Man.

To have questioned monotheism and revolted, taking one third of heaven after "walking out" of the heavenly purlieu was the first movement of deterritorialization. The second is to take back Man and bring about his fall.

Satan is the prince of deterritorializers; Satan's line of flight anticipates the line of atheistic change that will later become a dominant discourse. As for God, no matter how the arguments for his ultimate benevolence are stated (predestination, reason, free choice and grace), these arguments are already a function of God's justification of himself and his existence. All of which are tied into his claims to priority and position. None of these arguments mean anything once the framework has crumbled. Once we know that other conceptions of power, creation, life and death existed side by side with

the ideas of Judeo-Christian thought, the system implodes. God dies and becomes the relative figure he always was; Paradise Lost becomes the beautiful but nostalgic record of something that never was; Satan's "cursed hour" (II 1055) becomes the sign of human freedom.

Memoirs of a Nomad

Satan and his "infernal peers" are what remains, the surplus energy of polytheism's "dark idolatries", its diversity and playfulness. But to say Satan is what remains is too negative; Satan is the positive but now banished force of desire before it is dissected and cut up and reduced by God. The poem is what remains and Satan is what drives it. Satan is the double sign of loss and gain; he is the event of psychosis, but also its escape, and of delirium's foundation at the core of Western psychology and metaphysics. He is the collectively signified, a fraction of what is "left over" after the territorializing, and reterritorializing work has been done against the other deities. What we see of Satan's contemporaries after the wars depicted in Paradise Lost can only be deduced and inferred from their allusive and repressive names.¹³ Their names were legion and became anathema. It is only by reconstructing their original sense and their anthropological and religious context that we can appreciate how they once played a legitimate role in the societies that existed side by side with Monotheism. Paradise Lost provides a foundational centerpiece for the Protestant worldview of creation and temptation. Everything in it, from its reterritorializing of polytheism to its denial of

Eve's right to an equal relationship with God, works toward further exclusion, burial of the Other, and vertical hierarchy.

We saw Satan rise out of Hell both speaking and struggling with the primal forces of matter which God had temporarily subdued. The Anarch's machines keep churning out more and more Chaos as Satan is released from Hell. Between the two events, God becomes concerned, fearful even, and sets the sacrificial Son machinery into action. The Son believes he acts on his own behalf, but one must ask how the third person of God can do anything but act on his own behalf. Although the Son seems separate from the Father, and appears to have a different character, he does not as such have a character, but is merely another form of God acting in his second persona to recapture the stage, the territory taken by Satan. The Son set beside Satan has no character at all. The sacrifice of the Son and Man are identical, and their sacrifice is God's attempt to defeat Satan's weapon, death. The allegorical machine grinds on. The incestuous Lady Sin and Death have already beaten the Eternal on terms which demand that he kill his own Son, under the guise of an act of loving co-operation. The Son's sacrifice is disguised as a voluntary act, an act of grace and mercy, but there is nothing free about it; it is merely an extension of God's will. We should ask, would Isaac have gone along with Abraham had he known what his father intended to do? Not likely, and so sacrificial murder has to be masked as pious agreement. God is really only playing omnipotent games because in the end it is his own Image that condescends to earth to "become" human and die. The act of incarnation is a form of territorialization that disguises his desire to become the universal God, and his Son's seeming entry into history (and contingency), provides merely another mask to conceal the real scope of the

event, the codification of sacrifice and redemption. God's death as "Jesus" is yet another line of reterritorialization, and so the whole operation is enveloped by narcissism and self-worship. God *is* boring, always seeking ways to find created beings to adore him. None of this talk of sacrifice impresses Satan. Satan knows better.

God sacrifices his new "creation" Man. God, who appears to be Omnipotent, proves to be 'omni-*impotent*' Sin and Death. He uses the notion of foresight (claiming to know the outcome of things, but refusing to intervene in them) and infinite deferral (postponing the infinite debt and its bastard credit maker, Grace), claiming the day will come when all this business of sacrifice and death will end, the famous, never-arriving end of the world scenario when all will be well. Meanwhile, his Son is sent to Earth on a mission to lay waste to Sin, Death and Satan, by sacrificing his status as an aspect of the godhood. The whole thing reeks of metaphysical and familial milk gone sour. If Man has free will, then what need does God have of foresight? If God has foresight then, it's determining one, in spite of his words claiming the contrary. God's foresight is, in effect, a director's script. God does not possess foresight, but he sets everything in motion, and is responsible for the disasters to follow.

It's the "dreary dirty little secret"(AQ 50) of Oedipalization, an exclusion machine that keeps out the feminine, reducing it to the negative and the hateful. Sin is feminine and the incestuous bride of Satan, whereas the Son of the Father is the pure untarnished image of being. God resorts to these tactics because in reality he has been defeated. He has lost his best potential colleague: Satan. His engineers seem to have abandoned him (M I 740), but in reality he threw them out and is left with two Warrior class angels, Michael and Gabriel; Abdiel, who is a good orator; and Raphael, the sweet

pedagogue. No one believes that God is going to win the war in the end, no matter how furious and fast the propaganda machinery of the machine works. The exterior forces, which, remain outside of the poem, impinge on it, and history has long since disproved God's fantasy of a happy ending.

God's mythmaking is a myth he tells himself, and that Milton dictates as an imagined act of justification. But however great his desire to justify his God, it all breaks down, and our sympathies are not with God.

Readers are not as blind as Milton and besides, God's claims are specious: the machinery breaks down always ahead of itself. God, via the Ministry of divinely inspired agents, puts out the rumour, of the end of the world, and the always forever coming soon to a planet near you Second Coming (PL X 646-8). But it never happens, and the expectation of God's return has been a source of endless human disillusionment. The Father never comes back. The end of the world never happens. In fact, the Father was never really there, but was a pretender from the beginning, his desire for "all in all" a mere fantasy, one that he never had the ability to deliver on. How could such a human God end the world? All wish fantasy and dreams, the whole of the poem is a phantasmagoria of wish and hope and dream, regret and loss. And if this God could end the world, even within the confines of a text, why didn't Milton write about it?

The laugh is on us readers for ever having believed any of this. It is, after all is said and done, a poem we have been reading. So they say. And everyone knows that poems are just made up, and not true at all. None of this happens in reality, and death continues. So who wins the war and the battle? Satan, of course, at least he wins at deterritorializing things and setting some the territory free, and most of all he sets Man

free. Deterritorialization is not limited by a specific code being broken, but to a whole axiomatic being changed, and Satan, thank God, does this.

Historically, the poem works in tandem with the interests of a deity and the various classes of people who promoted him, and their own interests serve as one more tactic for winning out against the imagined and real enemies of monotheistic hegemony. The centuries rolled by, the “tactic of enforced debt” (Laing 76) and infinite gratitude came to parallel the infinite deferral of the Son’s return. The economy of heavenly returns never materialized into as the cash of the Second Coming, but remained a potential threat. As for the Son of Man, Christ, when asked when the announced end of the world would be, replied that not even he knew. Some Son and some second person of God! Of course, one could justify this by stating that after all he had only answered in his incarnation as Man and so could not know the time of the end. Then again, one wonders why the Son of Man could not get a direct line on the Son of God, and have him inquire as to when the end of the world would happen. One wonders about these “divine” schizophrenic relations and their split deities, and the many persons, all cracked at the edges, territorializing one minute, and oozing with praise the next. No wonder Jesus, the Nazarene, obeys the Law of the Father Signifier, which requires that not even the Son know the actual story behind the story. The Father covers up the dirty little secret in case the Son gets any ideas. A perfect repression organized around an event everyone knows about, and that won’t take place; an infinite deferral of a fiction. Unlike Oedipus, nothing gets out. God copulates with his own Mother in his Second person, incarnates as a booming and doomed deity, dies historically, and, according to the accounts, is resurrected three days later. Milton left all of that out of his poem, sensing

perhaps that this sour story and his own sense of spirituality were not quite compatible. I say he left it out of the poem, because he never wrote anything about any of this after Paradise Regained, and indeed retreated to writing about Samson from the Old Testament. A strange response for a man who scripted the whole of creation in his twelve-book poem but then neglected the end of the story. Then again, that is precisely what happens in reality: there is no resurrection, no second Coming, and no happy ending. For that matter, there is no unhappy ending either. Neither of these options have a lot to do with us as readers, or as beings of the 21st century. The secret behind the story is there is no story and no victory, and death continues to exist and the “wages of sin” have not been paid. The whole idea of debt to God has been transferred to capitalism and its infinite debt-making interest-garnering machine, far more effective than God and his heavenly pastures. Milton’s paradise was always artificial, a reterritorialized landscape shaped by the hopes and fantasies of his own loves and hates. To paraphrase Baudelaire, paradises may not be artificial, but this lost paradise of Milton’s is as artificial as an English country garden in the seventeenth century.

Paradise Lost is a partial account of how our culture interiorized the imperatives of a now dead God. What God calls his “Umpire conscience” (PL III 194-5) and which he installed in the human psyche is the divine virus that infects our consciousness, and it is what makes us sick, with the death wish, with the desire to die, with guilt and shame. Poor Adam and Eve are doomed from the start to be infected by the virus of guilt. One commentator on Gilles Deleuze writes, “that schizophrenia is viral” (Pearson 175). I would suggest that God is a virus that infected our culture for centuries, and that Satan at least in Paradise Lost is the counter-virus, the anti-virus that was needed to inhibit the

extravagant impulses of a Paranoid father figure God. Conscience is the priestly invention par excellence; combining the discourse of conscience with the capitalist creation of “lack” (AO 26-7) and the idea of castration works to keep everybody in line: “Every time desire is betrayed, cursed, uprooted from its field of immanence a priest is behind it” (ATP 154).

And what is this God but a pirate priest who sets up Adam and Eve, betraying them, forcing their hand, requiring obedience to an impossible injunction, a rule, whose origin neither they nor we understand? By definition, they cannot adhere to it. And their punishment is as much interior as it is exterior; poor Adam and Eve, cut-out characters designed to break, destroyed in their becomings, forced into the shape of sinners, essentialized, their own being stolen from them.

But not so Satan. Satan has no conscience and he is the agent that counters the God-virus. He offers Eve the chance to think for herself, to be like God. And no matter that God deludes himself that he has agreed to all of this beforehand; the reality is that Death is still winning the war. And God is its most recent claim, God is death’s latest quarry, God is dead, and so Satan, Sin, and Death win. That is to say, deterritorialization and becomings win out over the rigidity of God’s totalizations.

Some Garden

Meanwhile, during all of this Fatherly discourse, Satan cuts a path toward the space den of organized Desire: the garden. The covering angel of Shame has already been implicitly at work. God’s injunction to Adam and Eve not to eat the forbidden fruit

really means he wants them to eat. A word of command always contains its opposite built-in reply. Shame is built into the structure of the event. God knows that we know that and Satan engineers it. Satan does know that before the fact, however, and to that extent God appears to gain a temporary victory (so the poem would tell us) against the great deterritorializer. (All of this going to blow up in God's face, and in fact Adam and Eve will become deterritorializers in their own stead.) But Satan is no fool; even though he is enamoured momentarily by the site of the new world and its charms, these charms are built on lies and deceptions. Likewise, he is enamoured for a brief moment by Eve, hesitates, doubts himself, but then chooses his Satanic slope and begins his work. Like any good demon, he changes shape, dances the dance of the seven phalluses (the winding snake is surely a symbolic penis, or prick; its desirousness and what it speaks about are all pleasure), drives Eve to distraction, into a blind libidinous moment of cathected desire, and offers her the taste of what can only be known as seduction and the real body of immanence and all its painful joys, what Christians call "evil." Eve, as the good narcissist she is already prone to being, ponders hard and long, peers a while at what is offered, touches, gazes, takes and bites. And lo and behold, it was not so bad after all:

This tree is not as we are told, a Tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste; [...]. (PL IX 863-6)

So Eve, in a state of wonder, before the punishing god's psychology takes effect, before the virus strikes, when she and Adam are struck sick with the guilt. Guilt organized and planned to take effect before their conception. If their sin is original, it is the originality of God's plot to shape them to his own ends; their fault, if fault it can be called, is that

they are human and possess an innate desire to learn. Milton is obsessed with fruit, fruit which kills, as he is obsessed with first things and origins (I 1-33). What Eve tastes is the figure of Milton's, the fruit Milton has been thinking about since Book I. What tastes sweet and kills? Love and desire, and their reward; the wages of their "sinful" nature will be disease, decay, old age. Fallen and first fruit lead Milton along many mazy paths and at this point, the poem becomes predictable, anxious, and overly doctrinal. Perhaps Eve is Milton's ultimate sacrifice to the monotheistic deity.

By disobeying the injunction and following Satan's line of thought, she enters into the first human becomings, and becomings are always first woman-becomings (ATP 291). The snake, the most immanent of creatures, a true earth wanderer, has opened the door to human freedom. Eve has sprung the trap and become fully human; along with Satan, she is the first of the Edenic couple to embark on the line of flight. Nothing has happened, and yet everything has happened. Spellbound by the gaze of her consciousness, she walks as a free human, her becomings her own, a collectivity in the works, a joyous deterritorialization of the grand terrorist's impossible demands. Eve in this sense reinterprets the text of God's story and makes it her own.

Morsel Flight, the Rhizome Maker

The object of the present work, and its style too, is the morsel.
(Derrida 118b)

But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environed wins his way; [...]. (PL II 1011-16)

Finding a shore for his sea, Satan retains a morsel of his own soil, his own territory deterritorializing. He carries it like a virus. It is what drives him after his encounter with the Anarch Old and Eldest Night. Inspired by Chaos, he reverses the order of things mapped out by God. Satan is a geologist, a geologist, and anti-theologian turning the terms of engagement upside down. He unravels a geography, a geology, and war. War maps out quite literally the boundaries and surfaces of the Earth, its surrounding regions and an image of the solar system. No doubt that what is portrayed in the text is limited to its Ptolemaic mapping of the cosmos as perceived in the 17th century. But it is good to keep in mind that Milton was aware of Galileo—in the book, he and his telescope are both mentioned—and his discoveries. Satan is the first explorer, then, of the new universe of Galileo, cracking the codes of the old cosmos. When Raphael counsels Adam to confine his questions and observe the etiquette—dished out to him by the angel concerning what can and cannot be asked of the angel, this also serves as a general warning to be wary of the new sciences and of astronomy in particular (PL VIII 66-84). Raphael admonishes Adam to be cautious of his questions to confine himself to matters pertaining to his daily relations with his creator (VIII 159-168). The joys of learning, science, and simply curiosity are to remain outside of the

proscribed limits of Adam's world before the fall. After all, Galileo's scope and all that it entails introduce contingency and chance into the known universe, and Chance is not divine, at least not for the purposes of God. A simple telescope might drive men to distraction and make them dubious of God's claims to sovereignty over Nature's laws. Yet for all of that, the telescope is there in the poem, hanging in the back of the reader's consciousness.

Satan, on the other hand, is the first scientist of the church of deterritorialization. It is Satan whose travels and Eve's natural desire to learn that prevail, and not God or Raphael's desire for adoration and worship. God believes his own myth of mastery, yet fails again and again to enforce it, to institute it. Satan escapes and is the agent of another virus, his own: the flows of desire and becomings. So God, for all his narrators' boasting and declaring to the contrary, cannot defeat Satan. Death will not die because death is a territory that God cannot subdue. Death is God's denial, and he who cannot be born cannot die. Satan is not born anymore than Sin and Death were. He who has no material body cannot die. Satan is invisible and when God temporarily turn the Satanic horde into a pack of hissing snakes (PL X 538-47), he is fooling no one; their torment is temporary and another fine example of the endless moralizing of this vengeful God. In the end, the trick and the punishment do not succeed because the punished demons return in other forms or as other gods. Milton the poet pulls off an extravaganza of detail when he writes that scene, but Milton the theologian simply reiterates the tired doctrine of punishment and retaliation. The snakes cannot die forever but swarm, and the tree (an obvious emblem of the cross) against which God sacrifices them cannot crush them out of existence except momentarily. The rhizome, like a worm, cut off in one place, simply

recreates itself elsewhere. In this instance, the arborescent model of power meets its match, its limits in the face of rhizomatic multiplicity. Even God knows he cannot destroy what he has only pretended to create.

Satan's Capture

Satan begins his flight from God in the time before the time of the epic. By the time we come on the scene, he has already been reterritorialized. But this is only the surface of the text. And we must read between the lines to find the hidden event. We know no time when Satan was not as he was. But Satan, as we learn, does know a time beside God's creation time or schedule. The problem for Satan is that he cannot escape except by rebelling, and by rebelling, he falls into the trap of becoming a paranoid and prideful (pride in his case is paranoia) creature who has been entrapped, captured by the double articulation of God's lobster claws (ATP 40). Satan tells us he is self-begot and was always as he was, but the problem is that what he recalls is already at a remove from his own experience, that is to say that it is mediated, but Satan's mediations are a force to be reckoned with:

That we were formed then say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferred
 From Father to his son? strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learned: who saw
 When this creation was? Rememb'rest thou
 Thy making, while the maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before is, self-begot, self-raised
 By our quickening power, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: [...].
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
 (PL V 853-66 emphasis added)

Flight and fight, or fly, flee, founder, and flounder. So Abdiel too is forced into the mode of flight, and yet another line of cursed escape predominates. So Satan speaks hammering forth his retort to Abdiel's claim that God is the creator of everything, including Satan. Abdiel has just told Satan the role that the Son, as the Father's image, will play in the making of the world. And this doctrine is, as Satan says, "strange and new." Satan knows full well God's claims while disputing them, but until this moment (at least in the time of the poem narrated until this moment) he had not heard about the Son's role in the actual work of creation (Empson 59-60). For Satan, and the angel-gods who followed on his headlong flight from heaven, does not remember a time when he was not. How could he? Naturally and to himself, he has always been a flow of immanence on the plane of consistence, its flows infinite in the rhizome multiple. Nor does he recognize the omnipotence of the creator God. Thus for Satan what could the doctrine of the Son stand for except another usurpation of his own position. No wonder he becomes "prideful" and "paranoid." Satan declares his own ontology—his sense of original becomings—to be different from God's for the simple reason that Satan and the other angels and demons are neither angels nor demons, but the divinities of another culture and another optic, of the series of ontologies about to be wiped out. "They were known to men by various names/And various idols through the heathen world"(PL I 374-5). Their origins and names indicate that they are the allegorical symbolic representatives of the various polytheisms and paganisms that were demonized by the Hebrew God. Neither Raphael nor Abdiel are in a position where they can "see" outside

of the text (on the level of the poem, and how could they?) in which they play a role, nor can they “see” its wider context. That would be asking too much, as if to say, two archangels in Search of a Context; but what they could not see we can, and so we see it and understand it differently. Their parts have been scripted, and the Hebrew god jealously guards the secret of his origins. No god would tell his trusted agents that he was in the process of waging a cosmic civil war, and in the process of demonizing his enemies the better to wipe them out. Abdiel cannot but hold firm to his position of accusing Satan of being a mere rebel. But Satan is not a mere rebel. For Satan, his existence is at stake and the simple reality that war of one kind or another, is needed to take back what was stolen from him; thus his grand deterritorialization. Satan knows his origins are not identical to Raphael’s, Abdiel’s, or Michael’s, or to any of the other secondary players in God’s symphony. So Satan is neither a rebel nor a “damned” angel. Satan is the nothing Other—nothing relative to the power of everything staked out by God—and by being nothing he represents everything that is absolute Other to God. The God who will become Yahweh is cunning and clever enough at erasing history that in time he will not allow his name to be spelled out. This is a wily way to avoid exposure to one’s enemies, both real and potential. If your enemies cannot spell your name, they will surely find it harder to locate you, pin you down and destroy you; Thus the importance of the evasive Ark of the Covenant, the need to keep it mobile and out of reach. The God of monotheism remains invisible and moves ahead of time and ahead of space. He is also the master of time, without any need for human beings to carry him, unlike the Assyrian and Mesopotamian household gods or the Sister Goddess, and a far cry from Dagon, the half-man half-fish God of the Philistines. As Uriel explains, God is

the supreme commander (or so he likes to think), of matter and all creation (PL IV 702-21). And so he is everywhere and nowhere, spanning all of creation, yet not subjected to any of its laws: the transcendent God. Satan is the Adversary and the scapegoat, the Azazel (Esterson 297-99). Azazel is not simply a scapegoat figure, but carries “multiple resonances, meanings and functions” (297). Here Satan is a many-sided figure of repression eternally returning. He is the haunting negative of our dualistic schizophrenia. He is Lucifer as Satan as the morning star. Satan bears the weight of multiplicity and many-sidedness. He bears what ought to have been light: Satan becomes, to borrow Thomas Pynchon’s phrase, gravity’s rainbow. The being of many colours weighed down by gravity and the weight of despair. Thus Satan is the Other of God’s self-consciousness playing the role of God’s own rejected best angel, the morning star. The demonic angelic doctor, the female-male—as in one of his origins he was Venus (he was a she), a gender mutation, I will call him female-male—of anti-theology and dispersal paralleling the Son’s move toward taking on the “sins” of humanity, Satan takes on the “sins” of Monotheism. In the iconography of the Bible, the goat is the wanderer on mountains and ridges, leaping from one precipice to another, breaking order. Like the plateaus, he moves around constantly, in flux; like Satan, who lands on Mount Niphates, the goat is the left hand of God. The son’s right-handed transcendent stance versus the left-handed immanence of God’s Other, not his Son, but his symbolically usurped equal. Satan proliferates as the non-Oedipalized and rejected Son of God; thus his multiplicity and polytheistic becomings, a bastard cursed from all eternity, a bastard paternity and genealogy for all of the figures in human history to come, who follow him down the road of the Fall. His status among the damned horde is

also that of an empty signified who is all and nothing as well. His very being and his name signify the Accursed one, the Accused, and the Adversary; and yet he is nothing, because he is as much the other to the others of polytheism as to God. No matter which way he turns, Satan is the Outside and the cursed figure of deterritorialization.

The Capture

The capture of the polytheistic territories takes place in the pre-history (as in the hysteron, and matrix of the Ontos) of the poem. God and Satan compete over claims concerning the organization of the body, the world, matter, and gender. Contingency and history are at stake, and the real unfolding of events on the earth. The transcendent God wants to predict things, but denies it, claiming that foreknowledge is not for sure. The joke is intentional as Adam and Eve's fate is for sure, at least within the framework of the heavenly father's forecasts. Man must pay and he "[s]hall satisfy for man, be judged and die"(PL III 295 emphasis added). God is always ready and quick to judge; the judgment of God is a famous never-ending thing. Man will suffer "that infinite point at which accusation, deliberation, and verdict converge" (CC 126). The nature of the beast is that a judgment from God is always lurking in the shadows, and the poetry does not conceal it: neither the poetry of Paradise Lost, nor the poetry of God's supposed grace.

Naturally, God is quick to wash himself of any blame in this deal, and forces his corrupt insurance policy on Man. God does predict what will happen, and that, finally, is what makes him culpable. Knowledge is power, and in God's case, Knowledge is Foreknowledge and Absolute Power.

Satan, on the other hand, cannot predict what he sees, and his near humanness makes him unpredictable. His character eludes the machinations of God's bearing down on him. God might claim that he knows about things before they happen, but Satan is the one who makes them happen. Yet Satan is submerged in the contingent, and the havoc of becomings.

His contingency is emblematic of his realness and its high status as failure is human and earthly. Satan's path is marked by the contingent; it moves, and is written in the letters which move him further and further toward reduction. Once arrived in the earthly paradise, he hesitates and is dazzled, ambivalent and unsure of his desire to destroy, to deterritorialize Adam and Eve along the path of death and damnation. His own character as "human" takes over and asserts itself (PL IV 362 65). He loves and hates Adam and Eve once he sees them, sensing what he could have loved, something he might have been. Momentarily, immanence longs to be a created being, a subject of transcendence. But how could he be more certain than he is? Satan had gone to war with God, and "till then who knew/The force of those dire arms?" (I 93-4). Having learned the cost of war, the cost of not turning back, he knows war between transcendence and immanence is eternal.

The force of those arms left him scarred, hardened with discontinuity, inconsistency, and uncertainty; the nature of his being is an uncertain wandering, which has been made brutal by the war. His uncertain moment in the earthly paradise is high drama and makes him no less heroic. Yet this doubt, his "cowardice" even, is paradoxically his own best quality, making what is, something that never is, that cannot be defined, but only a line, ever a line, a passage, a becoming.

The difficulty of principle is there is no unity of Occurrence: fixed form, identifiable theme, determinable elements as such. Only anathemes, scattered throughout, gathered up everywhere. (Derrida 208b1)

So Derrida in Glas recalls to us the “anathematic”, dispersed, and scattered nature of text and language. The larger text of Milton’s text is the world and the cosmos. In this regard, Derrida’s thought shares the same notion of Wholes that are not totalizing, as do Deleuze and Guattari (AQ 42). This suggests that Derrida’s thought, at least in Glas, is as Satanic as Deleuze and Guattari’s. God’s “empire” is always the homogenous, the desire for Sameness and Stasis being the prime motivator and marshaller of force in his being. God would like it to remain this way forever, at least until Satan comes to consciousness and tears a rent in the fiber of all of this moral and hierarchical continuity. God’s text is cut with the discontinuities that Satan’s existence both is and represents. Yet how can he represent anything when he is denied any status, when even his strength as a character is denied to him by Milton; at what should have been the moment of Satan’s greatest victory and the return to Pandemonium, when he brings the news of Man’s seduction (PL X 485-503), the deterritorialization of Man, God’s machine intervenes and reduces Satan and his fellow “rebels” to a pack of hissing snakes, gorgons, pythons and dragons (X 511-32). The high tide of the Satanic return is reduced to the moralizing of a punishing deity’s wrath. For God, penance must be paid for the loss of Man to Satan’s wiles, and the auditory clamour of hissing snakes is perceived as only the start of a fit “penance,” for the seduction of Adam and Eve: (in other words), God claims retaliation. However, God is also trapped by his own desire to punish, and the continuous is hedged in by the cornered and crooked nature of Satanic becoming. God has no “choice” but to reterritorialize Satan’s moment of triumph, but

God's victory will also in turn be deterritorialized. The victor's triumph is always momentary and contingent on the following moment of capture and flight. The moment of flight and absolute deterritorialization that Satan both is and enacts is not one of representation. Satan does not represent; he *is* bifurcation embodied, the schizophrenic jagged line, his jagged self more akin to "the anarch old" (PL II 988) than anything God could or would have created. One cannot expect anything from him but the worst, and this would be the best. Being denied a place in the world of becomings, his identity stolen from him, how could the Other find any status except as damned?

God, on the other hand, is like the State, and has always existed: "[C]hurches, armies, States – which of these dogs wishes to die" (AO 63). The conflict between God and Satan will conclude when desire moves without restraint across the full body of the earth, and as the flows of immanence move untrammelled determining ever more shores of creation and multiplicity. For a view of those shores, and their enlightened being – their enlightened becoming, we will turn to the twentieth century, and its myriad multitude, its practice of poetry, and the invoicing of the returned polytheisms in The Waste Land.

Chapter Two:

Schizo-analysis and The Waste Land

Experiment, never interpret. Make programmes, never make phantasms.... But from fragment to fragment is constructed a living experiment in which interpretation begins to crumble, in which there is no longer perception or knowledge, secret or divination. (Dia 48)

English or American literature is a process of experimentation. They have killed interpretation. (49)

**He Do the Police [Text] in Different [in]Voicings
Plateau 1922; The Text and its deterritorializations; 1996.
Obligations, debts, passions, desiring-machines.**

This plateau works with several concepts and “point-signs”. Point-signs can be defined as markers of excess pertaining to libidinal and psychic surplus. In The Waste Land and Paradise Lost, the surplus overflow and interplay of intensity and force are created by Satan’s energy, unleashed at the time of his flight from heaven: Satan’s energy is textual, symbolic, historic, and figural as he prefigures and figures forth the “differend” and excess that constitutes the schizophrenic charge; the schizoid construct and character. The dispersed and deterritorialized line of flight that Satan creates and that he represents, that his name stands for, continues unabated after Milton’s last poems are published, and after the death of the poet himself. Satan, it turns out, is not to be defeated in open war nor in secret combat either. All is not lost after all, and contemporary shapes of his multiplicity surge forward, restlessly haunting and resurrecting its legion like energy. When that scattered and jagged force appears in twentieth century poetry, its form will be dominating, insurmountable as well as fragmented and non-totalizing. The famous fragmentation of twentieth century poetry, the loud laments about its lack of wholeness and direction, turn out to be from a Guattaro-Deleuzian and deterritorializing Satanic perspective, not negative but the positive signs of its supreme energy and variousness. It is precisely because it no longer even pretends to totalize or offer a completing vision of the world, that it affords us infinite series of lines of escape.

In The Waste Land, the prosopopeia of the poem's hidden-ness invited a hermeneutic quest yet also rightly deflected it. There is no transcendent meaning, except that of life itself, to either Satan's flight from the first person signifier of god, and the multiple invoicings of The Waste Land.¹⁴ Nor is it clear when and where the poem ends, as its history and the continuing story of its scholarship is uncertain. The text of The Waste Land and its published form, its "original" printed edition in periodical and book form, its recorded renditions by Eliot each compete and add to a necessary repletion of meaning which also augment its ever widening genre breakage, its deconstructed folding and emptying out as a deterritorialized "non-signifier," an object then, of the schizoanalytic enterprise. We have no choice, but to insist on reading it in its many forms, acoustic, interpretative and visual. He did the Police in Differ[en]t[Diff]a[n]ce Voice[s]. Eliot's mode[l] in [for] the poem is already that of a "difference engine" avant la lettre.¹⁵

The Dickens reference connotes and reinforces this and what was an initially a jeu-de-mots, becomes endless. Invoicing and multiplicitious sense are the dominate motifs of The Waste Land. A jouissance is underway which deflects moral judgment, and is the dominant strength of the text. Eliot's no-name signifiers (pun intended) cannot be chained to any signifier's reductive finality.

Since everything is production, including our readings, we want productions that are positive, useful, and necessary. "Becoming is never imitating" (ATP 305). Production is not imitation, we must produce the text for ourselves otherwise we fall into idealist readings.

The economics of a philosophy of desire cannot be restricted to stern and dowdy readings of poems. Whatever a poet is, his poem escapes him fleeing along “a witch’s line that escapes the dominant system (CC 5).”

As Paradise Lost has no end, or teleological finality, and meaning that resolves into Paradise Regained (despite the Christian interpretation to the contrary, history continues), so The Waste Land is not resolved (a horrible dialectical notion) by the later poems of the Quartets or the seemingly more happily concluded dramas. Indeed the theatre of Eliot is a farther extension, yet another form of expression, of the fantasia of characters he invented, designing yet another dispersal and dissemination, deterritorializing the text. The dispersed prosopopoeia series of masks and voices, audio hallucinatory lines, bit pieces and parts, are not the marks of full-blown characters, but affects, the simulacra and marginalia of desire. They assemble airs of intensity, moments of grief, temporary murderous rages: Gerontion, Madame de Tornquist, Hakagawa, Mr. Silvero, Bleistein, Princess Volupine, Mrs. Equitone, the Hollow Men themselves, Sweeney Agonistes, Dusty, Doris, Wauchope. Horsfall, Klipstein, Krumpacker, Snow, Swarts, Prufrock, flutter and flank the poetry like the proper names of a freak show, a geek’s gallery, tooled by misfits and half-men and women, a rogue gallery of hysterics, sufferers of aboulie, drawing room schizos, rich and not so rich lunatics, half baked brains stewing in the meat and machination of the dead city: “I will show you fear in a handful of dust”(CP 38). The ‘I’ that exhibits and demonstrates this variety show is also a passing affect a “subject” on the “run”. Each of these sketches of affect and emotion are “heard and seen” as it were, in the dark of the fractured narrator’s hapless experience; the helpless and assailed typist who smooths her hair with automatic hand

and is assaulted by the petty clerk is a figure of sorrow and compassion. She is a passing figure (not a full-blown character) and her Philomel-like situation commands our attention, arouses our pity and compassion and her identification; her identification as the end of the clerk's petty 'passion' and rude lust. She is object to his conquering lust, his short-lived lust, whose demeaning action lowers her one rung further on the social station she inhabits, the social junction at which she lives. She too is only a short-lived intensity (yet she remains with us, a sorrow not forgotten), a breeze, a poor soul seen, and sensed just as we move through the mirror mad house of Eliot's nomadic journey. These intensities flit across the screen in similar ways that the souls do before Dante's face as he passes the various districts of the old Christian psyche, representing the geography of his own collective and singular melancholy. So Eliot, mantle clad, author machine muttering "I had not thought death had undone so many" (CP 39). What else can the poet chant? What is described are not individuals or characters but "a series of states" of which "The subject spreads out along the entire circumference of the circle, the center of which has been abandoned by the ego" (AO 21). The subject is Eliot and not Eliot, Eliot having become a proper name designating various intensities, and not a position. Likewise for the chattering box of characters he assumes, as he dons mask after mask, destratifying, and restratifying.

Eliot captures and then maps out the hours and seconds, the buried zones of time dominated by folly, hysteria, and sheer terror in the paranoiac city envisioning of "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria . . ." (CP 48) What moments before had been a vision of the splendour of "Magnus martyr" (CP 45) becomes in the eyes of the paranoiac a node of horror and catatonic emptiness. As "Burbank crossed [the] little bridge" into the

“small hotel” (CP 23) Eliot’s fantasy merry-go-round of half-being becomings inhabit a seamless hotel reft by humor, sadness, and madness. If we read Eliot’s poetry as a folding and cutting machine, a sort of Mobius strip in-folding and exfoliating in space, then the chronological differences which separate the poems were written at are merely intervals in the weave. They are objects spread across the becoming of their own adventure; The Waste Land is the motor machine, the site of their collapse and rejuvenation. Thus its controversial status, as a poem in the English language, remains.

What serenity is to come, if any, is that accomplished in the expiring lines of the poem. However, these lines too are suspect, and bear the double stamp of ambiguity. They might be read simply as the words of a man running out of breath, panting and expiring on a hope and wish. That dream becomes the theme of the Four Quartets. If one visualizes Eliot’s oeuvre spread out in this way there is no split, and no progress from one to the other. Deterritorialization becomes reterritorialization becomes deterritorialization.

His characters remain anonymous, because although they are named, we learn nothing biographical or psychological about them in the older sense of the term. They are not representative, and do not therefore stand for anything. They are, one might say, the presented: the presented episteme[s] of themselves, the declarative multitude of their becoming. Their non-representational stature is what differentiates them from more classically drawn characters. Compared to Stephen Dedalus, for instance, they hardly seem alive. Yet they do remain with us as shadows, and haunted scenes of confusion, confession, and ‘perdition.’

Eliot is like Satan the traitor dancing readers into the real gardens of imaginary confluences and conclusion, when in the trope of return he imagines a place of home. The history of literary deception and amazement is one element in Eliot's thief machinery. Great poets steal and you don't know it; good poets steal and do it well enough, while bad poets get caught doing it. But what is great? In the line of flight the minority voice is no less great for being smaller. Eliot's voice minoritizes to the extent that he invoices traditional representation.

Think now
 History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
 And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
 Guides us by vanities
 (CP 22 emphasis added)

The wind sprang up four o'clock
 The wind sprang up and broke the bells.
 (90)

The wind (which) springs into the contrived corridors is historical and literary; a textual machine producing allusion-to-allusion residing over delusion in the ludic transformation of its own becomings. What "four o'clock" signals at the end of day is the *haeccity* of issues that 'deceives with whispering ambitions' the dread of history, its backward turning glance, its truant misapprehension. These are poetic assemblages, which defer to an outside, which is not themselves, but to a difference that is difference. A syntax covered in the fright of joy, oxymoron to the flattened self, that is to say, a self of multiplicity; because a self is of the multitude or the schizoid melee, does not guarantee it happiness. Eliot's poems are the break down, a line of flight often appearing to turn against itself, unless we learn to produce them for ourselves, and produce them in ways that are not conservative and reterritorializing¹⁶ (Guattari Chao 3).

As for the idealist notion of being able ever to resolve the poems into a single meaning, what a poverty of protestant secular thought it represents, what a falling away from the richness of secular variety, and a false and misleading pursuit it is. Likewise it would be futile and absurd to invoke the nihilist idea of no meaning. Meaning is found, for us, between the comforts of knowing there is nothing, and the refuge of surrender, one that is shaped by a seething and “disquieting atheism” of immanence (Chao 10). Eliot’s hollow stratospheres suggest a never-ending chase to the deleterious end of desire, and that is how it should be. How could we deceive ourselves otherwise, as we read:

O City city, I can sometimes hear
 Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
 The pleasant whining of a mandoline
 And a clatter and a chatter from within
 (CP 45)

That we might be able to totalize any fixed whole from such song in the midst of a fluent narrative ready to break off from one section to the next. There is no necessary continuity between the above four lines, and the three which preceded them, nor the three which follow them. It is music, and its music is good wherever one hears it. The Waste Land sweeps along meaning in its wake, letting us pick it up, and put it down wherever we choose.

Poets are often accused of deftly concealing what has only been forgotten in their poetry. There is a free-floating anxiety that inhabits the sphere of public and private opinion and which haunts the critical literary psyche -- the bug-a-boo of cheating, originality, authorship, and ownership, of intellectual indebtedness. All these concerns have their legitimacy on the molar level, at the space of territory. However, on the line

of flight and the chain of molecular distribution, where the body without organs churns out multiplicity, these are not concerns, but forms of paranoia, or as Deleuze and Guattari might say, a becomings-paranoia. Contrary to this, on the plateau of intertextuality and deterritorialization, 'influence' is a light thing gathering the lambency and playfulness of creators moving back and forth between their various works. On the level of the strata and striation, concerns about you and me translate themselves into abject worries about who wrote what, and what text, which phrase, what image came from whom. But for the multiplied dispersed text, and its schizoid authoring function and its many readers, indeed for the modern text of the 20th century, and the modernisms which constitute it, these are not significant matters. At the level of voice, where The Waste Land ends and begins, and where Mauberley's ramblings leave off is a question none of us can know for certain, nor is it desirable to "know". One can likewise wonder where the literally thousands of voices of Finnegans Wake begin and end; as one can wonder if the great master Joyce was directed or influenced by Eliot's thunderous shanties. The Waste Land is exemplary in this regard; its inceptive title speaks to the multitude of voices it stems from, and which it provokes. And it predates Finnegans Wake. If Eliot feared Joyce's influence (Ackroyd 112), one can suggest it was The Waste Land that reversed this tendency, likewise influencing the course of Finnegans Wake's aural subsumption of voices: He do the police in different voices. The thunder in the poem predates Finnegans Wake by at least ten years. One can make a fair assumption that Joyce had, at the time he was writing Ulysses, read Vico, and knew about his idea of the thunderclap of history, but he had not started writing the Wake, when Eliot published The Waste Land in 1922. Joyce parodies the poem in Finnegans

Wake (FW 235-6, 135), and his parody is a form of tribute; and it is well known that Joyce only acknowledged Eliot as a poet after The Waste Land was printed. Joyce's note to himself that "The Waste Land ends idea of ladies poetry" is now a famous literary anecdote and bears witness to Joyce's courteous admiration of it (Richard Ellmann James Joyce 1982 495, 572).¹⁷

If we knew more than we do (epistemology at this level becomes paranoia) we would only be diverted, removed yet farther from the writerly pleasure of the Text, and its Passage elsewhere; its multiplicity deterritorializing in us any previous notion of what a text is. Metaphor, metonymy, symbol, synecdoche are common figures of speech in 20th century poetry, but the break came early in 20th century poetry, and Eliot's poetry rushes forward, valuing juxtaposition, and fragmentation more than classical figures of speech permitted. This change runs a parallel course, to what happened in painting, and in continental European poetry, as well as in the work of Ezra Pound. William Carlos Williams' prose poem, Kora in Hell, also stands out as a example of the revolt against traditional verse structure, metaphorical covering, simile, and the allegorical emblem machines of previous generations. Juxtaposition and cosmopolitan montage collage became their god, as it did with the Dada poets, and the Surrealists (Paz 119-20) The threshold for the old figures of speech had already started to give way in the late 19th century in the work of Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Mallarme, Laforgue, as well as in the works lesser-known poets, like Beddoes. I will not cite Wordsworth or Keats as exemplifying this notion of juxtaposition, because I would merely be stretching my point. Neither Wordsworth, Keats, Byron nor Shelley are especially known for juxtaposition of image and syntax in their work, nor would they have been especially

impressed by a sensibility based on juxtaposition and non-totalizing wholes.

Romanticism was, to some extent, at least in England, an expression of the desire for wholeness and natural loves. Metaphor for the Romantics is always an affair of narrative joy (The Prelude's legendary joyous opening salvos), or beauty and truth finely balanced in the gaze, for instance, in the Ode to a Grecian Urn by John Keats.

By the 20th century, and especially during the period of WW1, the limit was broached, and spread collectively, new sensibilities were on the rise, and across the continent the Multitude was taking shape and becoming present in unforeseen ways: “Who are those hooded hordes swarming?” (CP 48). In America, the new sensibility had already been at home, and since Whitman’s time, it was the natural state of affairs (Stivale 208-9). Likewise it was just a question of time, before it became able to name itself. But America is already the threshold of European sensibilities and its limit. Its Outside is West, and the lines of flight that run current to it. The limits reached for writing took place across a half dozen countries and passionate zones, zones of interest and aesthetic intensity. Stream of consciousness in Ulysses became cinematically interiorised voice-over, and in The Waste Land voice, becomes voices, invoicings, intextings, cutting across all the various shambles of what was known as the unity of the text. The limit reached was the Outside form of the Text; the desiring-machines, and their assemblages; “[t] he outside of language” “Literature is delirium” (CC 4-5). That collective delirium of writing demanded new forms of expression. The Outside form of the text is the Voice and its plentiful solitudes; it is outside that the desiring-machines and assemblages which cross over texts begin their work. Dispersion and dissemination in this light is a form of deterritorialization of the writing project itself, where difference is

always treated as the different unto itself and not Difference relative to a transcendent figure. Metaphor certainly is more or less immanent, but Deleuze and Guattari are not speaking of metaphor or literary figures (AO 1-2). Desiring machines and assemblages are the positive quantum of desire as a fact and its construction as machine. “Something is produced: the effects of a machine, not mere metaphor” (AO 2). In the case of 20th century writing, the typewriter stands as the first line of machine producing, with the assistance of its ghost author, poems are made. An instance of the machine in the ghost becomes typified in titles that identified machine and producer i.e.: Confessions of a Type-Writer. The person and machine have become one regional machine-figure.¹⁸ The hand of the typist becomes synonymous with the hand of the poet ghostwriter. Metaphor as such is merely an operational term in the context of the machined verses. And so poetry is a machine made of words. A machine encountering other machines, the literary machine is an “Antilogos” (P Chapter 3) not governed by the fantasm of transcendence. What vestiges of transcendence that linger in the air are simply the vanishing images, the soot of a bygone era. With “automatic hand” the poet like a precision diamond needle types out the dictated stanza of his syncopated verse, Shanti Shanti Shanti is the sound of the automatic desire-machine in repose.

Poetry then is tracked with paradoxes, and its mise-en-scene one of forgetting connecting, recalling and reconnecting, reconnoitering what was lost and found again; but its finding is a unforeseen investment; its finding is a funding that desire creates in the new banks. But its immanent shattering is an operation, which can only be construed as positive: “...[t]here is a necessary joy in creation” and “There is no unhappy creation, it is always a vis comica” (DI 134). We turn to the positive sign of becomings-

prosperous as in the figure of Prospero for the joyous endings which marshal escape, and lines of flight. Yet these self-same lines are not the stuff of fairy-tales, but also the dangerous rage of Richard the Third, Duke of York, or Sweeney's no less little delirium. Everywhere desire is reaching beyond itself in the good and bad, going beyond good and evil. But always full, of life and death: "Death or life or life or death/Death is life and life is death/I gotta use words when I talk to you" (CP 84). Life is full of death *and* life, and is no less rich for it, nor does the absence death represents bode a deficiency, or failure. So neither desire nor poetry is borne under the fissure of lack. This is not to suggest that poets do not suffer, or that suffering is not involved in creation, but that poetry itself does not suffer; which is not to say, that affects in poetry do not cover the range of human emotion. Indeed they do, and must, otherwise there would be no poetry to read. But were it the case that the poetry suffered in the same way as a man or woman might, the work would become unreadable. But readability as such is what is under question, and is the challenge. And neither The Waste Land or Paradise Lost are unreadable, but they dare us to think the unexpected. The 'schizophrenization' of the deterritorialized text of poetry is not illegible, but evasive, continuous and discontinuous, its discourse plural and multitudinous, its planes of reference transversal. Its act of remembrance is always accompanied by its need to forget, and build territories not seen previous to its own imagining of the act. In-voicing and imaging -- Territorialize reterritorialize and deterritorialize. In poetic practice one could characterize this as breath text and pause, followed by breath text breath pause etcetera. The permutation of breath and syllable, of rhythm and speech are infinite and always variable to the immanence of speech and writing in all of its forms.

The Waste Land moves forward, jerks back and forth, along sides, by stratas, assemblages, rhizomatic pathways; it burrows underneath one's consciousness, resulting in an unconscious that produces. Its style is abrupt, rough, smooth and fluid; a murmuring manner as in "Oed' und leer das Meer." (CP 38) contrasted to the cinematic cutting fade and dissolve of "That corpse you planted buried last year in your garden, / Has it begun to sprout?" (CP 39) whose ghosts pan and re-pan the cinematic poetry scene of its own creation. Its harried phantoms philander across the page of contradiction only to find themselves deterritorializing the codes of necessary solitudes and awakenings. Fission of character in The Waste Land is a loosening of the cognate features of character. As character is no longer based on substance, but is strictly appearance and becomings, so the melded figures of the text of poems are insubstantial and unsubstantial.

The Waste Land, indeed all of Eliot's poetry extends forgetfulness and remembering as acts of veility and surrender of the will; the slight act of will required to read and write, is equally undone by the surrender of the former and the force of the poetry. Mermaids and sirens do not answer to the will, nor do the figures of the Attendant fool, or Apeneck Sweeney. We are talking about machines, image machines, rhythm machines, and musical machines as in: "But/O O O O That Shakespeherian Rag-
-/It's so elegant/so intelligent" (CP 41). In the face of hysteria one hums a malaise ridden ragtime tune, dimly recalled as it is from the collective memory of the narrator. It is a ritornello, a musical phrase, a tune a way to mark a place of territory in the heart of chaos (ATP 311). A bit of sanity snatched from the bedlam of voices and auditions.

Poetry is a forgetting of the amnesiac self, which is multiplied in this instance by its satanic signifiers. Yet Satan's signifier quest is not theoretical but historical, and his rebellion is political and metaphysical. As the modern text object of the 20th century is a free floating signifier paring its way through the wall of capital despotism and the Law of the Father.

So then the desiring-machines of Eliot's Waste Land conceal their hidden keys, and "source" hunting, an ancient activity, merely betrays the futility of meaning in a hermeneutic sense -- we resolutely turn our faces away from that old paradigm. I suggest we turn our faces toward the deterritorialized break-flow of the text. The text, as I use the term, does not refer exclusively to the Barthian (non-authorial writing) or the Derridean deconstructive one. Instead, what I refer to are the desire-machines of texts as they cross the flows of history, daily life, and the politics of desire. Satan, Eliot, Milton, and the in-voiced texts they produced, and produced on their account, are not situated outside of history, but are themselves historical constructs; constructs which generate more contingencies, more text, the infinite lore of literary heritage and its continuing discontinuous deliriums.

Since author[s] are dead and are so continuously and have been dead since the start (or rather, have existed only as a *fiction*, as a *function*, a *legal fiction akin to paternity*), then what the poem's relation to quotation and to property remain are ambiguous. Their certainty is not guaranteed. He do the Police in Different Voices, The Waste Land demonstrate the principles of this type of ambiguity prior to the theoretical formulation of the ideas. How many of us read "living" authors: A living writer is not the same as a living author, all authors are dead men or women. But they return in their

texts, they are their texts. Barthes demonstrates that authors are as much functions of the texts they write, as the text is a function of the life (Barthes Image Music Text 144). God in Paradise Lost claims to be the sole author and owner of creation; Satan contests precisely this notion and is damned for it (PL V 138-9).

Following (Milton's path) the road left by Paradise Lost (the route that turns left pursuing Cain and bright Lucifer), the Satanic signifiers were multiplied and came to earth. Angels became 'bad' angels: signifiers who worked as the figures of speech of the One god, became the figures of no- one. Boot licking Lucifer becomes bad boy Satan, at least according to Abdiel's script, which we get by way of Raphael's telling of the tale to Adam (PL iv 138-9). So really, stories, stories, and more stories; an infinite array of volumes, which repeat a variant of the same pitch; difference and repetition: which of them are true __all and none. We are in the midst of multitude and immanence, this wild world "where the dead men lost their bones" (CP 40 116), this world is the place, the space where the how of immanence happens.

We remain stunned by the grasp of our literariness and its bid for posterity. But poets try and not try to live in real time, and in real history, making the difference a poem makes which is often a small imaginary one, but the imaginary slips into the real. It is a matter always of the double disjunction, the two-headed Cyclops of time and its mystery. Eliot had a body, he died of *emphysema* (sema, the sense of meaning), the semantic layer already bidden in the disease in which he meets his death, his demise a prey on the stories of poetry; his second wife Valerie Eliot reminds us that Eliot suffered too much from poetry (Ackroyd 334). John Milton moved back and forth between blindness his entire life. One man happily married near the end of his days, the other a

solitary singer in his joy. They were content and they were not; they were and were not, they were inimitable and not so, they chased becomings all their lives. What bid for transcendence lay either way? So both poets are men of the earth, and of the “devil’s party.” The full body of the earth versus the death machines of the paranoiac machinery of the Father despot; so the deterritorialized signifieds in flight, that raptures the earth in multiplication, their folding over of the text. Or rather, say that was always on earth became what it was, a crust of the text laden bound earth sent object: a poem, a night, a knock, a thing to be, between things and presence, between early rising where poetry starts, and moving forward raises its flag again, yet again. Becoming invisible, imperceptible. (ATP Plateau 10).

Immanence and the flow of poetry from one text to another is not perceptible. A becoming invisible, imperceptible is conjured, suggested. The flow of one text to another makes for poetry, poetry as machine. Desire moving over the plane of consistence, departures and arrivals; ‘Our’ point of ‘departure’ is the middle always the middle, “acts necessarily in the middle, by the middle” (ATP 507), between things between flight and further circles [of flight] “I say I meaning what?” (Beckett Unnamable 1-2) “Yes, what does this I signify, how does it function? What is the I but an empty ‘vessel’? However, when we flip its void and empty status around, we recover the multiple; ‘I’ enters into becomings immanence: I becomes we. The M letter becomes the W of *Oui*, in the French and we, Yea-saying as in Molly Bloom’s ravishing cry to life, “Yes yes I said Yes” (Joyce 783). Followed by the ever-ending non-closing punctuation marker of the period which is no period, which will become the infinitely open sentence of the final and restarting words of Finnegans Wake.

I say our point of departure knowing that the “I” cannot say ‘our,’ that our is plural, the collective, the group. Yet I do so knowing grammar is also merely the possibility of a corridor in language, always moving elsewhere and that

[B]y imposing rules of logic and grammar; by censoring certain words and topics, by stipulating the kinds of research and propositions acceptable within a discipline; by crediting only certain styles of commentary on certain chosen texts; by postulating the author as the conscious (and hence accountable) creative source of texts[...]. (James Miller 184 emphasis added)

we are confined and made prisoners. That by these strategies and these alone in combination with others, economic restraints and necessities, we are governed and so then is poetry policed, its words stolen from us, and the “violence we do to things” entails a “discursive ‘policing’ that one reactivates in every utterance (184).

Schizoanalysis re-verses the violence, and must reterritorialize what was stolen. Poetry as a an expression of content quite literally forges an alternative economics and free speech, no more contained or hemmed in by imperial shackles than the air is captured by the wind. Guattari defines desiring-machines in terms that one applies easily to poetry: “What defines desiring-machines is precisely their capacity for an unlimited number of connections, in every sense and in all directions” (Guattari Chaosophy 126). How better to describe the poetry of Eliot’s Waste Land than to say it shoots off in every direction, that it connects the disparate and esoteric, the autobiographical and impersonal, than to describe it as a desiring-machine of unchained associations, and not to worry any longer about the problem of meaning.

As for the I, that old pronoun is merely the marker of the space of a difference that suits the moment, and is not possessed by any intrinsic propriety. So the “I” then, within any poem, moves towards a we, in the novel not-yet economics of desire invested

precisely outside and ahead of the capitalist logic of everyday life. Paradoxes abound in this new domain that is not yet, that is a becoming.

Paradoxically as we move toward the middle I becomes We -- (legion, many, multiple, the daemonic, Satan again). But it's more than this; it's a matter of getting out of the personae. Because writing and poetics is always in the middle of things, as life is, so one cannot imagine poetry any other way, one cannot imagine poetry becoming any other way, just as one cannot imagine Satan's polymorphous becomings any other way. His mask, the split between one voice and many; there are no matches between his voice and his song; the Satanic signifiers are the names of the other gods, which become, over time, the name of the poet descendents of the original Satan. His signifier, the name[s] of the Father in re-Verse. The twentieth century poetry machines renew the vigour and pleasure of the text, its rarity.

To the fore, then, against the foreclosure of 'god's' debt and infinite blackmail a debtor's gaol of gratitude and captivity. In Her, the American poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti invents what he called the fourth person singular to accommodate his unusual journeys over the surfaces of world-becomings:

[B] ecause I and no one has the true fourth sight to see without the old associational turning eye that turns all it sees into its own, and it is this fourth person singular of which nobody speaks but which still exists unvoiced. (Her 93)

'I and no one,' the fourth person exits outside of the three "personed" (Donne) grammar of normal discourse. The fourth person is a becoming; working outside of, already, the grammars of closure. The fourth person is invoiced, intextings, and transversal. In Ferlinghetti's novel the 'I' travels along parallel paths to that of the I's of The Waste Land. Beckett's dilapidated and shambling characters also perform similar

agitations against the normative discourses of prose, the genre of the novel, and, by implication, also against the poetry they contain and the conventions they are written against (Samuel Beckett Molloy 16).

Becomings-mad changes shape...it is the art of static genesis, the savoir-faire of the pure event, and “the fourth person singular”—with every signification, denotation, and manifestation suspended, all height and depth abolished. (Deleuze Logic of Sense 141)

It is not just connotation then that we must reckon with (*viz* the famous theory of ambiguity of the New Critical stance), but that denotation too is held in suspense, height i.e. hierarchy, the order of signification, and “depth” i.e. meaning, significance and “weighty” matters. There is no more deep meaning to a text, than there is a hierarchical order to its sense. All of these categories are held in abeyance and suspense, riveted by the shock of being, and the ceaseless flow of becomings around it.

The characters (really the personae) move and do not move; they are motionless cutouts, almost cartoons, then. Seen from this perspective The Waste Land is a pure event, singular in its depths and surfaces, all of which evade interpretation and fixation. The I’s that permeate the poem resemble the wandering schizoid narrator of Her, in the disparity of the vision, and the surfaces they ‘climb.’

Intertwined in this is the paradox of the collective and the singular I – The paradox is that we go back and forth, shifting from the I which is writing this sentence to a you which speaks about an it to a we who hears it, who hears also poetry, the dadaist magic word of collective consciousness. Machinic consciousness is permeated at each moment by desire. Knowing the flow of desire is a ceaseless cutting across all the levels of our becoming. What I withstands this? Word of I and you of You and I becomings narrative, epic, lyric, and dysrhythmic jointed demonstrative line of verse back and forth

its hewn "stiching together of disparate embryonic elements" (Reed 14). Dysrhythmic is also a "mis-seaming, the collaging of items that are not only disparate but have different syntactic orders, shifting voices, sources, and multiple allusions"(Perloff a 172). As readers we too are read and reading collectively our perceived 'personal' enunciations hooked into the productive unconscious factory of desire. I read I saying we. We read I saying You. Dysrhythmic self, monstrous seaming and demonstrative unseaming: "[T]hat there is no single other, there are only a multitude of them - plurality; even multitudes of different multitudes - hetero-pluralities"(Joris, Pierre.Nomadics. 2006 <http://pierrejoris.com/nomad.html>).

The vocabulary and idiom of a poetics document reflects the zone of expression and content concerned; deterritorialized words themselves must carry the weight, or levity of what they are: the expression and context are economies both literal and figurative; there is no flight from the fresco and mural of this desire's economy. Prose criticism is performance is prose poetry. Self-consciousness has pushed itself far enough so the grand change over occurs and the bubble of transcendence pops: "And [so] all criticism is prose poetry" (Bloom 95). From this vantage point, criticism too is a form of poetry in prose fiction, and in need of multiplication. Under the kenosis of radiant rebirth in the poem and outside of it, dross becomes gold becomes dross becomes dross gold. The Waste Land is the site of joy – radiant -- the immanence of destratified lines -- no pun intended, yet all puns extended across the verses and stanzas of lines of poetry marching in which direction -- the electric current of its direction.

Poetry proceeds by mapping out an economic of abundance, expression as wealth. Poetics is the self-consciousness of a theory and practice of poetry;

schizoanalysis is a tool, an instrument, another way to think about it, which bifurcates its own economies, reaching for splendid diversities; di-*vers*-ities. Its diversities and its wealth are just what cannot be limited to the necessary and historical but to becomings in the present that is moving toward the future that is coming. Its plurality is properly speaking a sign of its wealth and therefore of its economics.

As poetics passes through the schizoanalytic movement there is nothing to deterritorialize but its own means. Consciousness is multiplied into the twentieth century, so we as readers are multiplied. “A multiplicity has neither subject nor object Multiplicities are defined by the outside: by the abstract line, the line of flight or deterritorialization according to which they change in nature and connect with other multiplicities” (ATP 1). Defined by lines of flight, we are creatures of movement and territory passing and re-passing what has been done and undone. Our sense of fragment is more properly described as segmenting, which unlike the nostalgic cry for unity, is a form of multitude. An assemblage to quicken the height of achievement: hence poetry is a multitude.

'Agencement des fragments ' Guattari_Duffy' _ G. Duffy Guattari et

Duffy.

Inventing, assembling: the modern text gendered ungendered, seamed unseamed, seemed unseemed, sexed and unsexed,¹⁹ the poem as montage, variety freak show with break lines _lines of verse, visible some of the time and at other moments not so. We see and construct: “Hence we are all handymen: each with his little machines”

(AO 1 emphasis added).²⁰

In an introduction written to Walter Benjamin's Illuminations, Hannah Arendt goes far along the road of the bricolage concept and evokes "Benjamin's ideal of producing a work consisting entirely of quotations, one that was mounted so masterfully that it could dispense with any accompanying text"(36). Benjamin did not have The Waste Land in mind while speculating about his book of quotations, but the poem certainly answers to the idea. In Eliot's poem, citation, incitation, invisible citation, and the slippage of denotation are so effective that one wonders, at times, just where in Arendt's words, the 'accompanying text' might be. But justly so, the poem is the visible and invisible text, and its fibrillations answer to Benjamin's idea. Just as it answers to the idea of an assemblage, a rhizome with its lateral organization, its numerous entryways and exits:

A rhizome has no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, interbeing, intermezzo. The tree is filiation, but the rhizome is alliance, uniquely alliance. The tree imposes the verb "to be," but the fabric of the rhizome is conjunction, "and . . . and . . . and" This conjunction carries enough force to shake and uproot the verb "to be." Where are you going? Where are you coming from? What are you heading for? These are totally useless questions." (ATP 24-25)

Where are you going? What are you reading? What does it mean, questions like these no longer have relevance or sense, when once we become and depart on the rhizomatic adventure. Rhizomatic reading and writing works in the intermezzo, between meaning and becoming and moves along parallel tracks burrowing under the obvious, ploughing the terrain of word and symbol which is twisted by the hidden and not so hidden coda of the poem, this is the quotation (these are the quotations which compose the book imagined by Benjamin) absent from its citation. As The Waste Land undoes its

own agency, its authorship resembles a group of co-workers editing a film. The Waste Land resembles a film production and a text that we produce for ourselves when reading (Barthes Image Music Text 163).

Indeed an 'agencement' of names, tropes, figures of speech gathers names, inventing one box of tools for them to play with, to work the machines of desire, its slope-drift into the vagaries and precisions of poetry. On these heterogeneous beaches we have shored our happy ruins. The positive disjunctions rearrange the assemblage of the negative; the agencement of desire bifurcates the dialectical hubcap of the negative. We read poetry "craping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve and salve life's robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like kippers on a griddle.... (Finnegans Wake 2). We crap along, barely able to see, sorting out the segments of excreta from the secreta of the decoded flux, of its panic event: yes, the rebus of history, and the labyrinth covered with darkness cut up by life. We have wounds, but they become collective agents of enunciation. Our wounds like our fantasies are group fantasies. "Who speaks and acts? Always multiplicity, even in the person that speaks or acts. We are all groupuscles" (Deleuze DI 207). Fantasies of blood and guts, cuts to the eyes, smashed solitude, terrifying loneliness, implacable destinies bear their breasted wounds. "Thus fantasy is never individual: it is group fantasy --" (AO 30).

Derrida discusses the idea of the wound and its relation to blindness and memory, the strange pact that connects Borges' reflections on blindness, and what Borges calls being chosen.

For this *wound (blindness)* is also a sign of being chosen, a sign that one must know how to recognize in oneself, the privilege of a destination, an assigned mission: in the night, but the night itself. To call upon the great tradition of blind writers, Borges thus turns round an invisible mirror. He

sketches at once a celebration of memory and self-portrait. But he describes himself by pointing to the other blind man, to Milton, especially to the Milton who authored that other self-portrait, *Samson Agonistes*. (Memoirs of The Blind Derrida 33- 4 emphasis added)

Derrida then goes on to quote Borges on Milton: “He destroyed his sight writing pamphlets in support of the execution of the king by Parliament. Milton said that he lost his sight voluntarily, defending freedom”(33-4 emphasis added).

But was prophetic blind-eyed Milton dictating and mumbling his nightly verses out of a self-chosen ‘destiny’? Or was it simply bad surgery and history, and the choices of necessity forced on him by battles fought and lost? Perhaps his own need of being linked to previous poets allowed him to apprehend himself in this way, as being one along a line of blinded poets, dating back to Homer.

But Borges’ fantasy of himself (and Milton as laid out by Derrida) that Milton had lost his sight voluntarily is no more based on an interpretation of fact, than the 19th century’s romantic reading of his blindness as heroic self-realization and overcoming. Derrida is ‘blinded’ by his own syncope fantasy of Milton, and Derrida, and Borges. Derrida, the old man of the deconstructed symptom, is forgetting himself, as he speaks of others. Perhaps Borges, and Derrida (by way of Borges), wants to have this fantasy, as a mode of rescuing Milton from oblivion, and from the necessities of a history, which blinded him, both historically and literally. Milton’s political blindness consisted of his complete indifference to the Irish people both before (Christopher Hill Milton and the English Revolution 114) and after his Cromwellian tutelage, and his support for Cromwell’s genocidal politics in Ireland: to Milton “The Irish were ‘an accursed race’”(155).²¹ This indifference perhaps shamed Derrida on Milton’s behalf. Why shame? Perhaps Derrida’s melancholy over the Shoah indirectly affected his admiration for

Milton, and by deconstructing, even momentarily, Milton's blindness thus, as a destiny, it allowed him to overlook this grievous fault in Milton's politics. For if Milton could be indifferent to the Irish of the 16th century, then he might have been equally indifferent to the people of the Shoah had he lived in the 20th century. But he was not indifferent to the Jews of the time, and indeed he saw them as the heirs of the high destiny of God's justification. So how could he have been indifferent to the Irish? It must have been blindness and destiny, the "wound." But none of this is historical, but mythical and deconstructionist. So then a paradox is at work, a crucifixion, an unanswerable question, which only poses more questionings.

But surely Milton's blindness politically is not a destiny but was a cruel choice, and not a wound brought on by his identification with the blind poets of the past. Not all epic poets were blind, and both Borges and Milton knew this. Neither Virgil nor Dante were blind.

Derrida and Borges are both wrong, poetically wrong, fetishizing tropes, mistaking the real for the fantasy. Derrida errs by way of deconstruction and its lack of historicizing, while Borges 'blinded' by his literal and literary blindness, for not having stepped far enough out of the mirror to perceive his blindness, in this case blindness itself standing for his position, existentially. Milton was not privileged and he has no mission given to him but one he chooses, nothing is granted to him. He makes choices, or they are made for him, and he makes of himself what history has made of him. Milton's (and Derrida's) construction of being chosen are perhaps a replica of the Jewish fantasy, in secular literary form in this case, of being chosen by the one god. His secularized deconstructed Text appears to come down from on high to appoint its

delegates, its delegates of word and destiny. Derrida is writing a fantasy, a fantasy that tries to explain the economy of two “blind” authors, by way of an imagined scenario that is ungrounded in the economics of real desire. Nor is there a site that has been carved out beforehand. Milton chooses to live out a destiny that partially shapes him and which he shapes. He makes of himself what history has made him, blind or not. His text is also made by history, and subject to the machines churning out meaning and interpretation. Derrida’s comment confines Milton’s view to a personal lament, a subjective complaint about his own blindness, and the limits of interiority. But this cannot be so, for if it were, Milton’s machines, his poems would not be read. Derrida’s reading is too individualistic. Suffice it to say that Milton’s ‘Paradise[s]’ lost and not found, his Samson, are political creatures of multiplicity and not of any imagined destiny.

So Derrida. So the author has no presence? So, presence or no presence, writers still exist. But how do they exist, in what multitude of and heterogeneity of difference engines and the implacable deferrals of gratitude and solitude? But this paradigm is wrong. The implication of aloneness is false; no author is alone, as no book is alone. No poem is alone. No poetics exists by itself, nor can it be deconstructed out of history, and its desire to deterritorialize previous practices.

Poetics is not a new notion; of course it goes back to Aristotle. But we live in the fourth person singular.

[W] ith the word Love underlined wherever it occurred in poems, and the Poetry Revolution was growing, the Poetry Revolution was shaking, transforming existence and civilization as it rolled down around the corner of the Boulevard Michel and down the Boulevard Saint-Germain toward Odeon where Danton watched. (Her 43 emphasis added)

Except *I* was never alone (52 emphasis added)

Love is the politics of poetry. The lover and the rebel are never alone. Never alone moved by the machines, but massed by the Multitude, desire is moved by love, and its varieties of Eros and Agape in the community of poems. Rebellion and deterritorializing in the fourth person "[A]nd the rebel will always reject divinity, for it would be a strange form of love indeed in which rebellions did not exist ... [] (Her 89). Satan returning, the voice of the apocalypse turns out to be the invoiced texts of the 20th century poem. The 20th century writing of "I" is a we in revolt against the I of grammar and its ponderous odes to sentimentality, its stratifying vision of the world.

[F]or the mad seeing-eye dog of the fourth person singular is coming, the cool eye of the fourth person singular of which nobody speaks is coming to single out and separate the light from illusion.
(90 emphasis added)

The fourth person singular traverses the deaf and mute zones of restriction and the restraint, which calls our name, a restraint based on fear and anxiety and death. Poetics is another means for the poet to terminate the dreary cycle of anxiety and anguish. Poetry exists by way of the desiring subject to produce the "[...] the curves, rings, bends, and deviations of this dynamic line as it passes through the points [...]" (Deleuze CC 112). To continue the dynamic line of retreat and of forwarding our escape from the pleasures of life and death, at least to the extent that these remain within a framework that remains dualistic.

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
(CP 49)

The clean slate invoked by the thunder calls out to a time traveler trapped in the old

ways, “a personal pronoun” the old quest. “I have seen [and heard] many [voices] travellos” (The Guattari Reader Guattari 120), those that constitute the peregrinations of poetry on the edge of the strata; Satan climbing the wall of eternity stealing into heaven and earth; leaping out of the strata, becoming molecular. So one of the voices of The Waste Land in-voices the jungle, crouched as the silence waits the forced change thunder forebodes. The invitation to the jungle and its pluralities: dry bones in the mountains, silence in the jungle, cocks on roof tops, all ferry the farrago of the urban city collaged by the mountainous and frightening countryside of the previous section, and the thunder waiting indicating change, inviting preferences to many and not one. Mountains and jungles crushed together in the poem combine their contiguousness to envince an effort toward the unconscious, which turns a web into a burrow, a rhizome. Eliot’s jungle is East become West in the poem.

“Poetics don’t explain; they redress and address” (Poetics Bernstein 1992: 160). They address the need for a personal deterritorialization and a positioning of the self on the strata, so as not to deterritorialize into chaos, providing maps of conviviality for the happily perplexed. Perplexed at the sheer variety and wealth of difference we face. Malraux’s great museum with walls has also become the great Library without Walls, an Archive exceeding our “wildest imaginings” As language is enriched by self-consciousness, so the richer our sense becomes of it.

Poetics involves a theory of practice, a practice of theory. Poetics, to take it back to Aristotle, where the category began, is distinguished from *theoria* or *praxis*, theory or practice, in the primacy of its activity of making. Poetics is the active questioning, since that time, about how does, how should, how could, art be made. (Robert Sheppard <http://www.bbk.ac.uk/pores/>)

What Sheppard is talking about are the reflections of the worker verse-maker,

the cultural labourer. But how this talk of poetics is put into the making of the text is the practical realization of a theorizing of poetic practice; the theorizing that is poetics comes after the fact, and does not precede it. All talk of poetics is fine as long as it does not return us to dualities. If, on the other hand, these discourses lead to a multiplication of terms and practices, theoria interacting with praxis combined with a set of motors transversing each term, what we have is a desire-machine, with “gears and brakes,” a series of schizoanalytic currents, cuts and flows working that “fire” up the text and get it going. Remove it from the cycle of boredom and predictable reading. Results. Break the sentence. To fracture its dawn, its *'knowing'*. After all, what is the language of commodity in and of itself but a state of boredom, and poetry is nothing if it is not energy flowing and cutting through the walls of daily discourse.

Prelude and Interlude to the Schizoanalytic machines.

Milton Polemicos Poetica _machine of language|

Apostrophe Cata_Strophe

Milton thy cry is heard in the deterritorialized spaces of your Satan, and his whirling prose machine, one that strips the borders of its containment inventing as it goes along the movement of immanence and its polytheistic pleasures, its excess, its nightmarish wounds and hatreds. Because who would be boring? __God, God the statesman with his weary predictions of a future where everyone will in the fullness of time, get to be God, and God gets to be them, and your fiery rhythms of poetry are lost as God is the great boring one, the great rational dummy to your ventriloquist self, your

Satan, our Satan the “real heroe” of these poems, these poems which constitute Paradise Lost: A Satan schizoanalyzed to return in twentieth century poetries their multitude of voices. He do the Satan with Many voices. A poem now mostly lost in the wash and wake of its “editions” endlessly annotated, packed with one introduction after another, one final version of the final perfect text, one more dreary preface, explaining all, and saying nothing. Milton, thy hour is come when the Satanic trills replace the text, blowing it up to create a freedom of the text, that freedom of the mind I call poetry. Because, dear Milton Agonistes, everyone knows Satan is the poet of these poems and that you are Satan, at least as much as you are God, and the God of these poems, and their Author, like the God of creation paring his nails, paring your blind eyes, dear One, dear one who was, shocking to me and my love, indifferent and even hateful to the Irish people who suffered under the lash of Cromwell’s whip, his murderous massacres. Milton how could you be so indifferent, is it because you had to protect the Irish in you, fearful of those little people inside you, fearful of releasing the little people inside of you, who clamored to be out, your fear of them your fear of the molecular minority minorities scattering their seeds in your head, your great becoming given over to chastity and the whip of time, and the daughters, the failed marriages, the Civil War and strife of death and bloody massacre. No words for that, to depict such a bloodletting. Was there? No, there were none, Milton Lord of our God and praying of poetry and its seven dumb kingdoms.

It is your language that speaks louder, Milton, not you, and now I am going to speak of your beauty, not sentences that hang on the edge of the page, but those that break up going their continuity thrown to the wind as paradise recedes in its mirroring

vision, and what does the Reader of Paradise Lost know about this when he fishes for a self-assuring outcome claiming you knew what you were about plotting and planning the whole intrigue. What does he know about the inside of your head? Your head itself didn't know what was going on and you were living intensities a mile a minute a grief a minute blind going blind blind man's bluff and the heart speeding past the haste of its difference cause it is what it is about eh Milton, John, John Milton, I am speaking to you Apostrophe of dialogue and reader or the other dozens of nameless ones claiming you as a moralist but you're not you're a knot of great beefy ones and twos gathering a great assault of heaven in your works...The knots and ties coming down in a great blow up of Power and Non Power ... John Milton beating the drum ... the disorganizing drum of order and non-order the deterritorializing hosts and non hosts of your plateau of Civil War Adam and Eve and the great gathering of territories... the great civil plane.

Moving forward shifting backward

Satan-schizoanalytic_ form transform immanence into the now.

Satan's becomings: transforms into contemporary poetry and poetics.

Immanence replaces transcendence at every step of the way, and at every level. Reading and writing is a composite activity (composing decomposing and recomposing), which create affects of expression, becomings of rage, torment, misery, ecstasy, renewal, bliss.

Since Satan symbolizes the end of the idea of one god (his notion of transcendence and transformation) he becomes the force which drives poetry past its boundaries; if Satan anticipates the figuration of the Baudelaierian Romantic poet, then

he is the one who schizophrenizes the territory, helping bring down the mould of the father figure which is God.²² This schizophrenization prepares the multiple that will become 20th century Art and Literature, or Ant-literature.

The problem, as previously stated, starts with the Father's paranoia God's (posterior) (AO 273). The despotic signifier's ever-looming Eye bearing down over all eternity and into the power of time.²³

If Milton's earliest readers perceived Satan as the 'victim' of his own sick and 'sinful' pride, by the time the 18th and nineteenth century rolls up, he has become another creature completely. In fact, Satan *becomes a becoming*, a distance of energy and revolt, fierce intelligence, refusing to bow before arbitrary government. His portrait as drawn by Milton has become detached, and readers are no longer interested in what made him "wrong" in the eyes of god, but are passionate about what makes him right to revolt against an arbitrary deity claiming sole godhood, and universal power and peace. But his power remains as a character, a representation, and not yet one of language per se, and not yet its embodiment of multiplicity and Invoicing, and intextings.

His shape and the sense readers make of him take on a different hue and colour in 20th century texts. By now, Satan has become a machine, an unconscious, a passage; he becomes the multiplicity that speaks "in" 20th century modern texts, but he has also become its premise, its unwritten multiple. By the time Satan became the heroic figure he was to English and French symbolist and Romantic poets (Blake, Shelley, Byron and Baudelaire, Lautreamont, Rimbaud in France), he is revolutionary and republican, the figure of 'justifiable' revolt against any form of tyranny. This ongoing reincarnation continues into the 20th century as the form of the Text itself. Satan becomes in this sense

the equation that, or really the axiom that allows the infinite dispersion of Text, its flowing deterritorialization.

When it comes to The Waste Land, Satanic invoicing is exemplary. In it what we see working is not Satan as a figure, but Satan as motor energy, the energy of broken pieces animating the cartoon, that is the poem: a poem that works along its flat one-dimensional surface as if nothing existed on it.

The first thing we notice, is that time is of the essence. Right off the bat, Chaucer's sweetened trope hailing spring is restitched and turned around:

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendered is the flour;
(Chaucer 21, The Canterbury Tales, General Prologue 1-4)

and is metamorphosed into the now notorious famous "cruel April" opening. The poem works its first opening movement, troping the Anglican mass for the dead, but what it buries is the negative, the ruined, and the funereal. Eliot's famous reversal of Chaucer's spring imagery ought to be read as comic and liberating. What is buried is not the spring, but the dead god of the old unities and monotheism. God was already dead 40 years when Eliot wrote the poem, and the poem's past is pervaded by its sense of the dead god. What is the notorious grail search of the poem, but the hope of finding an imagined era of unity and transcendence, a god of love and his flowerings of high-minded Dantesque oneness? The longing for the presence of a god no one can find. That old of idea of paradise is left behind, what is regained are the movements of eternity. But 'eternity is in love with the works of time' (Blake). Eternity takes place in the present, in the texts, the here and nowness of this world, the text of immanence and this world's

happy discovery of itself. No longer possessed by dying gods, and dead ones, god's death is not tragic but an achievement, a move toward serenity.²⁴

But "God's" death does provoke the detective in us, and off we go on the hunt chasing the shadow of an illusion. After all since we are readers, we experience moments of fondness for that old character and author, God. The Waste Land cures readers of the malady of, and malaise for a god who is no more. Readers might resist this curettage, as did Eliot, but our concern is the Text.

What the poem demonstrates an exactly is the crack of the signifier not only into two (dualism) but into the many, into multiplicity (ATP 20). The Cantos and the work of Tristan Tzara (Approximate Man and the Antihead) are also examples of these breaks with the big signifier mister Nobodaddy. Mister Nobodaddy does not like broken pieces, Satanic Dadaist or otherwise, anymore than he cares for the polytheistic pagan many goddedness of those "outside" of his monotheistic desires. If the argument is about poems, and if god then is the poem of the signifier, we see its pernicious influence extends across cultures and poetry. How does this influence get wrecked: By Satan and the breakdown of the unity of the one god; God's death. God's existence was the "guarantor of the identity of the self and its substantive base, that is of the integrity of the body" (Deleuze Logic of Sense 294). With the breakdown or fall apart of the god and its graces, the lines of flight emerge in full force: The filthy drainpipe of power and god, break. Paradise Lost becomes The Waste Land, The Cantos, and of course Finnegans Wake and Ulysses, Mrs. Dalloway and other flight models of literature, the works of Samuel Beckett. These are of course, the big names, but the line configures and continues both through and across unknown names and known ones, minority and major

voices playing against each other. One might initially perceive a melancholy (Freud, Harold Bloom) at this juncture of the Western narrative, a built-in discontent to drive us mad, however this is only the first step, or a trope that has been reified, by the dehistoricized conceptions, which animate such a theory of anxiety. Yes, yes, the agony and hilarity of *Satanic Verses*, yes, it is true.²⁵ But the “*Satanic Verses*” in this instance, are not so unhappy as all that. The trope being that what has mixed things up provided a different layer of thought, an experiment, a laboratory for remaking things and gods, for “les mots et les choses” (Foucault). The other side to the dread and neurosis and its deadening claims, is the levity of a new physics of literature, one that by quantifying its means releases a greater area of concern, opening up new fields of exploration. One turns to Ulysses for the affirmation and Dedalus’ satanic refusal non serviam etc. Dedalus is close[r] to Dada, on his walk over the Sandymount beach where he ponders the writerly text of the signatures of the world.

The writerly text is a perpetual present, upon which no consequent language (which would inevitably make it past) can be superimposed; the writerly text is ourselves writing, before the infinite play of the world (the world as function) is traversed, intersected, stopped, plasticized by some singular system (Ideology, Genus, Criticism) which reduces the plurality of entrances, the opening of networks, the infinity of languages. (Barthes S/Z 5 emphasis added)

Barthes’ description of the writerly text provides a necessary counter-weight to the heavy-hearted Bloomian notion of anxious influence. Barthes’ insights throw light on our experience of poems like The Waste Land and similarly are useful with works like Ulysses. His ideas give us a purchase on a way to think about texts without becoming depressed in the process. His critical thinking is equal to the subject.

On the other hand, Bloom’s theories resemble god’s “forced choice.” Bloom

knows this and his sorrowing is cause for the melancholy that he imputes to the poetry of anxious influence. But it is not the sole way to perceive writing and its influences, and surely it remains limited by the blindness of its own bounds. Bloom's anxious melancholies are displaced by the lighter more joyous accomplishments of intertextuality.

Paradise lost (not necessarily the poem in this case, but the event of a Utopian vision) and regained is found in the movements of eternity toward time, the reflux of immanence, contingency and necessity within history. The movement of deterritorialization is what The Waste Land constitutes, a contingent text of exit and entryway. He does the Police with Different Voices becomes He does the Satanic principalities with difference voices.

Antitlogos: the Literary Machine Re-Invoiced; What text is it?

[1]April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

[2]Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee

[3]With a shower of rains; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deustch.

[4]And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.

[5]In the mountains, there you feel free
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.
(CP 37 emphasis added)

My division of the 'opening' gambit, the first 18 lines.

In other circumstances, this section would employ more typefaces, columns, fonts styles, and other typographical diversity; the diversity that is the type, a poetic of nuance and chance, typographical plenitude against homogenous expression. These would have served to present a visual analogue to *what* I am saying. They would have added to the play of fragmentation, segmentation and "niveauing," surfing, slippage, which is the working principle here. As it stands, I am limited to the *smalle(er)* variants offered by **bold face**, *italics*, the **breaking of normal lineation**, quotation, (both visible and invisible) and (dis) arrangement, of the various authors I quote and allude to. The

invisible quotes **are not necessarily referenced** in the orthodox style; they may not be referenced at all, which is why they are “invisible.” I will utilize techniques similar to those of The Waste Land; quotation and silent quotation, “intertextuality” pieces “glued” and juxtaposed against other bits in the aural collage, that composes this poem, and this ‘*essai*’, which mimics the very principles and devices it describes. Not all the breaks then are noticeable (in the sense that they are mentioned which essentially is what the quote does); this is not a new technique, its origins stretch back to the medieval authors.²⁶

The square brackets on the left side of the above page stand for what I divide²⁷ as the five invisible stanzas, of these opening 18 lines. So then, how do we read? Do we read? And when we do decide, do we read out loud, or silently, and to a friend. What is our discourse if not a passionate recital, and recollection of the energies we have spent? What impels us to choose between the two separate versions of the text?

First we had a couple of feelers (F 5)

Or shall we read?

April is the cruelest month? (7)

The either or question or stance obliges us (as readers) to choose which text is the text. A more open-ended reading invites one based on other values and interests, and leaves us in an open field of reading. We do not have to be put in the position of choosing the either or paradigm, we can read both texts, our approach can include, and being composed of a paradigm, that is inclusive although disjunct. “Desire constantly couples continuous flows and partial objects that are by nature fragmentary and fragmented. Desire causes the current to flow, itself flows in turn, and breaks the flows” (AO 5). The various versions of the text are fragmented and fragmentary by nature. The

Antioedipal framework fits right over the machine that constitutes the partial objects and fragmentary flows that compose the disparate parts of The Waste Land.

An open-ended reading permits us to construct values, which originate in the reader's interest, as much as in the writer, or the poem's as such (and this does not lessen or demean the poem's own reading of itself, and other poems). This approach has been described as reader response (Fish), but for my purposes the term is tangential. More accurately described, my reading is actively inter-textual, imaginative, an act of praxis. This is a praxis, which imaginatively engages with the poem as it reads on different levels of freedom and choice, the choice specifically of the reader under deterritorialization.²⁸

Thus, this section like the others, which precede and follow enacts and repeats through its own immanent becomings some of the principles at work in The Waste Land. Perhaps the most famous approach, vis-à-vis a philosophical--literary text that performs this type of work (and its exemplary antecedent), is Glas, by Jacques Derrida. What Derrida does with Genet's text (and Hegel's thought), is similar to what some poets have done in contemporary literary practices. Breaking down and opening out and up, the conventional limits of the essay, the poem, and literary criticism. "Distinction between essays and lyrics, prose and poetry are not often observed" (Bernstein Poetics 76,78). This idea fits nicely with the Deleuze-Guattari idea of the schizophrenized text, and also tallies with Barthes' ideas of the Text and jouissance; it also compliments some of the work done by Steve McCaffery, and Bill Bissett (Prior to Meaning: the protosemantic and poetics, Narrativ enigma/rumours uv hurricane) These are the better known 'big' names, whereas across the reality of contemporary poetry in Canada and

the United States, indeed around the world, poetry and juxtaposition and collage have become bywords, in blogs, in websites, a way of life, a daily practice in written and electronic texts, spanning the world of multiplicity itself. One could define the multiple in literary and artistic practices as juxtaposition and collage, so long as one does not limit the idea of either of these two ideas to a set of genre definitions, their perceptual qualities in poetry, always widen limits and alter sensibilities. Resulting from these shifts and combinations new quanta of energy are released and a quantum of possibility is pushed to its furthest reach. The once “revolutionary” sensibility heralded by The Waste Land has become another element of the juxtapositive median of daily life. Daily living is an interruption, and so the text speaks to its declarative dailiness.

Therefore this plateau is an act of imaginative fabling and reading. It is writing that crosses genres and is multi-discursive at each moment. An example of my own “shored pieces”(Duffy, fictional quote): a desire-machine, which breaks, and then connects, the flow of “normal” prose without notice. It attempts to read out the epistemological links, which in another reading, could connect The Waste Land, for instance, with a work like Duchamp’s Great Glass, “The bride laid bare by her bachelors, even,” or the Francis Bacon’s Triptych which was inspired by “Sweeney Agonistes.” Therefore, this writing is an act of imaginative-critical-practice, which plays with (as in the French jouissance) and engages the text under discussion.

Both The Waste Land and our perception of it work on many levels. First there are the numerous differences (organization, length, content, etc.), between the poem as it is “normally” read (constructed), in contrast to the facsimile edition (of which the opening lines and title alone, are enough to change our sense of the “whole” experience).

There are levels of difference between meaning and structure. Themes and motifs clash and speak to each other, over and through a discontinuous surface, (and) down through the vegetal and foggy depths, as our ear sounds things out (like a deep sea diver or an anthropologist), seeking Ariadne's thread. Arcady is a long way from the soundings of this anthropologist. What threads does he need to pull this warp and woof of words? But there is no thread, as there is author either. Themes resonate and slide from perceived personal reminiscence, to literary allusion; other voices exclaim against one another; a pedantic and nervous narrator half-recalls Spenser, in the midst of a Fire Sermon; a cleansing and purging seems at hand, but is deferred each hour (gratification is always arriving but never coming; gratification is like the perennial quest for a single meaning, and cannot be attained); and in its strangely elusive way the poem escapes. So we, as readers (must) escape with it, and "cross over" to the experience of its other side, and its many allusions. The many voices (of many persons), murmur, mutter, sing lyrically, lament, and (among its anecdotal and mythical characters), recount the sorrows of the city seer (Tiresias), almost in the same breath. What the human voice cannot do, the printed page of the poem accomplishes. To speak in many voices simultaneously, with the result that the voices we do hear, almost speak on top of, or right over each other. This partly accounts for the quick and unadvertised changes (subliminal and pre-vocal) of the text and its almost transitions. Since this poem can be compared to a collage²⁹, it is one where what joins (the lines and verse stanzas) and what breaks them, are not always visible; we do not see the glue that holds the pieces in place; at other moments it is all too visible, like the scratchy surfaces of transparent scotch tape which tenuously keep the images of a collage in place (keep them apart); but the tape (an ultra modern

image, like the yellow fog in Preludes and Prufrock) ages and colours yellow; like the yellow fog rubbing its back in Prufrock. The tape and glue (the formal equivalent of which in the poem are the intervals, the measures, the metres), “holding” and apprehending The Waste Land in ‘one piece’ is seen and heard intermittently.

We will never know for certain, where the threads of the poem are heading. Neither will its narrator. The **s-he-he-s[he]** speaker who repeats (androgynous Tiresias partitioned and contiguous with her selves), the popular lyric about Mrs. Porter and her daughter, who then quotes Verlaine, is no more sure of identity than the graciousness of his words will allow him. What person or gender is indicated by the bodiless voice of these charming words “Et O ces voix d’enfants, chantant dans la coupole!” (CP 43) can never be ascertained. “Who speaks? I say I meaning nothing” (Beckett 281). One aspect of the fascination and subtlety of the poem is generated by the sense, that there are things happening in it, but we are never quite sure what they are. This is partially explained by Eliot’s deft use of allusion and quotation; whether they are genuine or false, quotes or an allusion, only adds to their dramatic effect. The sheer density of the poem’s allusions creates a pleasurable opacity as the traveler-reader accompanies Eliot.

Who is the third who always walks beside you
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look
I do not know whether a man or a woman
But who is that on the other side of you?
(CP 48)

One of the most hopeful scenes of the New Testament story is conjured up, and juxtaposed against the Antarctic spookiness experienced by exhausted explorers. The unity of the speaker(s) is questioned; their gender suspended. We are in (an) other world, where the hard and fast lines can no longer be seen. We are travelers accompanied by

Orpheus, in the mist, female and male knights seeking the Chapel Perilous – everything is at stake, eternity and truth, immortality and death. Our walk is a stroll into the nothingness the city constitutes and that desire invites, as its lines of flight thicken. We are everywhere and nowhere, our lines tangling and untangling at the speed of time.

The poem is a high-frequency band; there is a lot of “interference” and static around it as we try to tune in. But what station is it on, and is there one station? No must be the reply because – “Here is no water but only rock/Rock and not water and the sandy road” (CP 47), and where does the road go, but back to the cities “Jerusalem Athens Alexandria/Vienna London Unreal” (CP 48). Strangely enough the city of Paris (as is France from the cartography of the poem) is absent from the roster of ‘unreal’ cities the speaker hails, laments, and passes through. Does its absence, in this last section of the poem, bode a strange synthesis of proximity marked by that self-same absence? Does its absence allude to a greater homage and a nervous terror? Paris, at the time Eliot was writing, was the center of the hopes and utopian reveries of left and right. Although the “Unreal city” of the first section of the poem does reference Baudelaire, and by way of that poet, does reference Paris, the lines, which follow it, in contradistinction, speak directly of the death and decay of London.

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London bridge,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
(CP 39)

If the narrator does invoke Paris it is in this indirect way, as a literary allusion to a poet whose work the author admired and as it suited the usefulness of the passage just quoted. The poem does not bring to mind the city of revolutionary hopes, nor that of the cultural

explosions taking place under the auspices of the Dada movement or the Paris of the Cubists and that of Gertrude Stein. The fear and terror the poem invokes has nothing to do with the flamboyant youthfulness of the Parisian postwar scene, and its hopeful follies, its sexual escapades and its social and gender experimenting life styles. There can be no sure reterritorializing of the city of Paris, which was a hot bed of left leaning social and cultural experiment. The city of revolutionary promise and leftist fantasies can no more be called into the poem, than its rightist fascist and molarizing reterritorializing tendencies. Both of these groups remain outside of the grasp of the poem's (formal) reach. Everything in The Waste Land is indirect and is a circuitous walk. Paris' omission is one more mysterious question mark that leaves us hanging. The poem is a traveler's companion, but not a Baedeker to the continent of artistic and social upheaval. The hooded hordes are kept at bay, multitude and multiplicity conflict in all senses, and on all levels of its deterritorializing cuts and breaks. It moves back and forth between its paranoid streaks and schizo-revolutionary impulses. Saint Eliot is not Saint Genet, and is not a revolutionary or even a thief in the process of becoming one. Eliot's paradigms are different, hovering between the Saint Narcissus' of his own self-abnegation and the poem's (the Text) own desires to deterritorialize numerous lines of flight.

The poem cuts out and its absences are minor deterritorializations of what remains on the other sides of its Vision. It crosses borders (from America to London and around and around Athens Jerusalem and London) and countries (Italy, England, Egypt, Austria, Greece to name several, not all of which are so named in the text), passes through cities and zones of subjectivity analogous to the schizo's stroll through the

body-without-organs. The poem swerves between its rhizomatic impulses and Eliot's arborescent dreams: "And directions in America are different: the search for arborescence and the return to the Old World occur in the East" (ATP 19 emphasis added). Eliot heads East "back," to Europe re-versing his Puritan ancestor's journey to America. Pound and Henry James earlier shared similar dreams of direction and return, however different the outcomes. The man and the verses, the poem flees, and the writer tries to stage-manage its recreational diversifications.

The poem's morseled narrators' migrations are parallel to the wavering of a ship listing at sea (echoes of Coleridge's *Mariner's Job* like travails), between the boundaries of death and life, the Many and One, scratching out past the dualities of metaphor and interpretation. The interference is also a metaphor that comprises the stock of criticism that has accumulated since its publication. And now we, that assumed unity known collectively as readers and/or audience, ask whose version of the poem are you referring to?³⁰ His friends? Enemies? Other poets? Speaking of The Waste Land as a closed circuit is futile. It is like wanting to know the meaning of Waiting for Godot. That search never ends.

Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
 And on the king my father's death before him.
 (CP 43)

As this forlorn Ulysses mourns what is gone, death's bones and doors are heard rattling about him, what can he do but clutch at, the roots tarnished by the stony rubbish? Even though, the sweet Thames will run softly, he must hurry to Carthage for his burning, to be plucked out, from the midden heap of the end world.

Or: Twit twit twit
 Jug jug jug jug jug (*a half iambic pentameter*)
 So rudely forc'd
 Tereu (CP 43)

Which might be read as the slang parallel of idiot, idiot, idiot, echoing Macbeth's angry denunciation of life. The tale told by an idiot, by one Lazarus, come back to tell you all. Was it the hysteria of the earlier (the my nerves are bad tonight sequence lines which follows the "Game of Chess" section) remembrance that had driven the speaker out of doors, where he seeks purgation (from the pub crawl) and into The Fire Sermon tableau, only to end by hearing the idiot chatter of bird talk? Where he is reminded of a "classical" rape and assault, and the hysteria of the previously unnamed speaker in:

What shall I do now? What shall I do?
 I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street (CP 41)

So he continues his peregrination into the "Unreal" city of phantom and memory, desire and spring. A haunted narrator come back from the dead pursued by "the little light dead people" (F 1 19), tracking down the selves of his ruined and evasive past. A hunting speaker multiplied in the narration of his-her invented (recalled fables and) templates of previous literary lives and lacunae. Moving to a place where words encounter their limit "I could not speak" (CP 38). And even "*il miglior fabro*" (the allusion in this instance is to Dante), was unable to describe the ultimate bliss of the divine vision nor could he find the words for what transpires while "Looking into the heart of light, the silence" (CP 38). So Dante will walk with him a while, as he moves through strata of consciousness, the striations of the weird world of simulacrum[s], the living and dead; Knowing and not knowing, the presence and co-existence of all time. Not realizing "death had undone so

many” (CP 39). Until h[s]e sees his own in the mirror and reads there: “You! Hypocrite lecteur! - mon semblable, - mon frère!” (CP 39). The reader, like the speaker, is the two-faced one, the double-faced persona whom the narrator[s] questions. And it is we who have identified with the characters, who are indicted. We are the murderers, who hid the body in the yard: “That corpse (you) planted last year in your garden” (CP 39). It is our Garden of Eden, which is now a dirty yard. It was our corpse, which was buried, and might rise again, and it was we who also did the burying. It is we, who must say the mass for the internment of the deceased. We are the criminals and the victims that Dante-Baudelaire-Eliot calls out for judgment.

We glimpse (we hear and visualize), a ghostly figure meandering the London avenues -- surely one layer of the laminated cartography of this city are Blake’s chartered streets -- bits of Baudelaire and Dante in his head, but then he sneaks away. The speaker shifts focus, and we hear a man shouting about a corpse in a yard (CP 39). Suddenly the phantom of John Webster is floating toward us, bringing up from the underworld all his panoply of crazed aristocrats, the Duchess of Malfi, and the distracted mother of Marcello once again (perhaps connected to Mrs. Porter), cries out her dirge “Oh keep the dog far hence, that’s friend to men,/Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again!”(CP 39). Later in the third line of the last line of the poem, Kyd’s crazed Hieronymo will be called up (from his grave -- Bloom’s seventh ratio magic return of the dead, the apophrades) from the dead. The stage has been set, and we are in the dead land (“where the dead men lost their bones” (CP 40). Whether it is a mass for the dead “Burial of the Dead” or their resurrection is never elucidated (it is a Poeian detective tale), but one thing is sure, we are part of the scenario. We recompose along with the

poet and re-enact the actions, reactions, and deaths depicted in the Text. It is our collected pomes we relive and die with, our uncollected bones, which appear to be able to live in textual format. Satan is re-in-voiced in this strange economy of the text. A text knowing no forward or backward movement strictly speaking but only the appearance of one, its deceptive forward movement. It reterritorializes and retreats backwards on itself, we return to the turning of the first page, looking for something that was not there. That will never be there in the first place, and there is no first place in this poem.

The Waste Land is the flattened space, the horizontal surface over which the flow of immanence crosses. Its multiplicity and richness are pedant on the variety of texts which precede it. Its graciousness toward its predecessor poems invites an augmented sense of its affirmation of life and literature; Eliot like Picasso repaints the old masters in his style; homage and re-creation is multiplication, everything is made more plenteous not less. The dead are brought up in high and low pose, and its hilarity is its humour. What Webster was, a tragic Jacobean, or John Donne a metaphysical poetic father, are not negated by Oedipal fury, but heightened and revered in the metamorphosis by way of the Eliot masking and remaking. It is a spectacle, a carnival ride where the dead return donning new garments, tossing off only half of the old ones, rethreaded in the patchwork the younger poet undertakes in his journey through the dead land of poetry and life. Their transformation into something strange and new, the 20th century bit collage at its best. If Eliot invokes the spirit of metamorphosis by way of Ovid, it is not because he passively suffers the weight of cultural clutter, but because his poem is a ride through its territories. Each step into the territory ravel and unravels the thread of its continuity, adding more plateaus to its self-same deterritorializing.

Likewise, the text continues the other way, reterritorializing.

Its predecessors are the “dead writers [texts, poems, etcetera]... [who] are precisely what we know” in Eliot’s words (SP 8). What Eliot means, is that the previous generation’s poets store of learning is what our bones know intuitively, our unconscious machine. Eliot’s “anxiety of influences” is translated into the wide screen of allusion, sub-allusion and intertextuality, its dance between the image and accent ever evasive. It is not so obvious that Eliot’s author function (Foucault) is anxious, as this function (this machine in Deleuzoguattarian terms) is dispersed by the multitude of narrators and speakers whose trace is only the whisper of text which remains and which renders the moment of our reading a composition of rhythm and melodious deconstruction. Not more than Ulysses, but in a different sphere Eliot rewinds similar paths of culture and tradition, and although his St. Narcissus fears his own self-reflection (“He was stifled and soothed by his own rhythm” F 95), the resulting creation is contiguous with its multiple parts, its imbricated segmentation.

As fellow travelers accompanying the numerous narrators, listening to the snippets and anecdotes of the stories they recount, seeking out clues and source[s], we resemble Eliot’s cultural hero acquiring a tradition. (“It cannot be inherited... [I]f you want it you must obtain it by great labor” (SP 7). Other horrible workers will arrive then, to gather and amass the riches of the cultural mining, the infinite wealth of its immeasurable ingathering of a world culture. One labors to acquire a tradition, but then surrenders to a process we can only consider enlightened -- the writing of a poem. That process of work and surrender is paralleled by the reader’s equally arduous efforts to recuperate the action, the images and language of the poem’s self-created tradition. In

the unreal city of language, idioms and idiolect, demotic speech, and formal high sounding rhetoric, religious and literary quotation, allusion followed by quotation[s] of classical writers, morsels (tidbiting tidbits) of Sanskrit, snatches of overheard conversation, commingle and combine, create and intensify in the reader-listener, a patina of surface and depth soundings which are never quite resolved. These are mediated by moments of lyrical loveliness far removed from that same city:

Red sails
 Wide
 To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
 Beating oars
 The stern was formed
 A gilded shell
 Red and gold
 The brisk swell
 Rippled both shores
 Southwest wind
 Carried down stream
 White towers (CP 45)

A vision of the old Nile is conjured before our eyes, in the midst of seedy London, we beside the Coptic sands, the heroes of old Egypt whisper of a Queen and her “consort,” a poet’s hunger for the body, for the wisp of a sail on the wind. The notorious mermaids beckon.

Analogues, Traversings, the Very Plural.

Roland Barthes views literature not as meaning, so much as a traversing movement, a passage:

The text is plural. Which is not to say it has several meanings, but that it accomplishes the very plural of meaning: an irreducible (and not merely an acceptable)

plural. The Text is not a co-existence of meanings but a passage, an overcrossing; thus it answers itself not to an interpretation, even a liberal one, but to an explosion, a dissemination. (Barthes S/Z 159)

Plurality is created as the analogue, the gradient point that a text takes its departure from. It traverses many moments and tiers of experience that (drag us in its wake) along the way: the reading way of our reading and recomposing of the text: As Satan remakes god's idea of the world, Eliot's narrators deterritorialize and reterritorialize their own anxious concerns and influences. The object, as always, is to grow richer, as readers, thinkers, and citizens. This is not to say that a given text does not possess several meanings, but our focus has been shifted. The Waste Land does have "several" meanings; indeed it has several dozen meanings. The many interpretations of the poem are a testimony to that. Each interpretation operates from a basic optic, each of which in turn are more or less "correct," from their own perspective, their epistemology, although none are any truer than the others. Barthes' point can be used a novel way to way to read the poem, one that is a "passage," and which in its "overcrossing" carries us to unknown fields of perception.

The perceptions it invites us to consider are vast and minute; they encompass the big questions and the little sad details, the private anguish and sexual sorrow of the anonymous individual. The typist who receives a deadpan would-be lover is not forgotten by the poet, and neither are "her stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays"(CP 44). If the lovely woman has stooped to folly, her lover is worse and has "assault[ed] [her] at once (44). He has "rudely" forced his lust on her (44) and is "among the lowest of the dead" (44). But the typist is no less important than the Son of Man is, and the text juxtaposes each of them on the same plane of observation and questioning. In the field

of perception that is the poem, the Son of Man and the typist, and Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks all of them “look to windward” (CP 47). The wind bloweth where it listeth and the Son of Man, is as helpless as the other wandering souls of the dead. He too canters among the rubbish, and the cultural overproduction.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of Man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. (CP 38)

“Gentile or Jew” (CP 46), secular Jew or secularized Christian reader, we, each of us like Pheblas, read back to ourselves the rumor of a Son of Man, and ask who and what was he? A practicing Christian or Buddhist also reads “about” “the roots” (roots and rhizomes crowns and grass) differently from an Orthodox Jew. Who is the Son of Man, the speaker refers to? Is it Isaiah disguised as the narrator in Prufrock “Come back to tell [haunt] you all” (CP 6). What would any of it matter if one were an existentialist, an atheist, a Marxist, or (possibly) a combination of all the above? Perhaps the lines end up being the nostalgic song of a haunted siren (itself rich in symbolic allusion), who calls to us from the beach of our own unconscious. We are on Borges’ forking paths, or climbing one of Giorgio de Chirico’s stairways heading to doors that either never open, or if opened open to nothing. Or perhaps stranger still they lead to nothing but the back of the canvas on which they are painted. The plurality of passages discussed by Barthes (one of the forking roads we travel), does not yield a unitary style; it does not offer any philosophical unity with a series of deduced and inferred meanings to be grasped in their wholeness, but in its stead a multi-discourse is put forth. This novel discourse is the occasion for the speakers and voices of the poem to rise from the unconscious (the

dead); they are its creation.

The anxious scattered schizophrenized narrators do not recount a smooth chronological tale; instead, in its place, we encounter a double-faced story, really a multifaceted series of tales that intertwine the life and the work[s]. In The Waste Land the “author function” and the writer are in combat. Each vies for primacy, yet the text lines take precedence and escape the power of “author-ity.” A man, a poet, and the author function paradoxically share and compete for the same project, that of Identity itself and Sameness. Thus the schizophrenic In-Voices or Invoicedness of the schizoid writer and the paranoiac in the same person, and who virtually in the same breath “does the police in different voices.” He might be able to refer to the Dickens’ story, but what it means, what could it possibly mean, and to readers who don’t know the reference it escapes anyhow. There is a purely jazz improvisational note in the reference just as there are in other allusions; they work as motifs of repetition and difference, signature keys, and marking rest spots for the reader and writer to draw their breath before moving along. Yet it is so, and not, there is always a “knot,” a weave in the tapestry unknitting and slipping away. The “same” narrator-author who forgets that at one level, he is simply quoting Dickens, forgets the “original” typescript and manuscript (only to surface after his death in the “controlling” fingers of his second wife, also secretary at Faber & Faber, and thereby a powerful authority in her own right), hearing those same voices as harpies of persecution, literary illusion, and the harassed missive of his own madness. That madness is collective, belonging to an era which inspires and crushes its best voices. Sections of the poem were written and revised while Eliot suffered from “an aboulie” taking a therapeutic rest “cure” in Lausanne. Eliot’s aboulie is almost

laughable beside the major fascist delirium his wife will take on, that Ezra Pound will take on with fascism. But Eliot's "folie" (a deux) is also his relationship to Vivienne, the mad 'maid' wife whose fate hovers over the whole production. And production is what it is. In one sense Eliot's state of mind is irrelevant but, because he was so close to madness, and because his wife did go into a more or less permanent delirium, these facts do make a difference. They become facts in the Eliot text, the Eliot re-invoicing text. The Waste Land is the motor machine, the a-centered-piece around from which the other works slope away; we read all of Eliot as dis-uniting parts that won't be subsumed into a greater whole, but there is the whole collection of parts which form a shape we can call the Eliot text machine, the Voice machine. The folding and pleating of this text throughout the "oeuvre." Rhizomatics = equals in this sense the Barthesian notion discussed above, and this principle is the telescope that lets us read his text as a life long poem.

Scenarios, Genres and Mix-ups.

In The Waste Land the narrator[s]-author mixes up the scenarios and genres of classical poetry with the contemporary woes and miseries of Lil and her absent husband Albert. He captures their idiom and character. Lil and Albert are now a part of the pantheon of tradition,³¹ a poignant, and at the same time, seedy depiction of ordinary ladies and gents. What makes Eliot's poem exciting is not that he brings ordinary everyday idiom back into poetry (the famous romantic Wordsworthian claim being the farthest opposite pole of his) but that he juxtaposes it so adroitly beside Ophelia's

eloquent good-byes. It is the juxtaposition and repetition of the “Goonight[s]” of Bill and Lou (with their full-stop endings), the colloquial and affectionate “ta ta[s], against the “Good night, ladies good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night” (Hamlet) that forces us to (heed and) listen more closely. One set of tragic good-byes, is transposed beside the common farewells of happy pub-crawlers.

Waving his Prospero word-wand, he creates and re-creates the language of poetry. Eliot-narrator-Tiresias-anthropologist democratizes (“Mr. Eugenides unshavenasked me in demotic French” CP 43) the language of high tragedy. He-she is both subject and object of his own investigations, he *is* Lil and Albert, Bill (and Bill Shakespeare too), and Ophelia. He is in a Hurry too, so **Hurry Up Please**, another more ominous voice proclaims. Remember Eliot says, only those who have emotions, know what it means to want to escape them. The Waste Land was his escape (in all senses of the word, breakdown became breakthrough into poetry and acclaim). If as we know Eliot suffered from an “aboulie,” an affliction no longer listed in contemporary taxonomies of madness, folly or for that matter, “mental illness” so called. It was a rite of passage really, whereby his ego was dissolved in the co-authorship that was to become the poem. This man of ferocious ambitions leaves himself and his text open to the interventions of his wife, and of Ezra Pound.

One can even imagine The Waste Land as a type of Capitalism and Schizophrenia project and see a double authorship, even in a minor sense, a triple authorship of the type, that Deleuze and Guattari under-took for twenty years: Eliot, Vivienne, Pound, The Waste Land. Eliot the man and writer is always relinquishing his ego, the “I” identity. He enters the ‘dark night’ of his own soul (psyche), and finds

everyone else there. But he also laughs along the way, and like Dante (*Commedia*) there is comedy, if we listen. Let's restore some of the joy of the poem to its readership. Imagine reading it against the Banquet Years of the turn of the century, and while listening to the Gymnopedies (Satie) No 1 as interpreted by Reinbert de Leeuw. Let us imagine a drawing room, its walls covered with Picassos. Even Gertrude Stein is hushed by its soft melancholies and comic chain of events. Pure singularities rise up on its surface; "Man weeps with one face/ laughs with the other" (Tzara Approximate Man) "Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop" (CP 48). What could be funnier than that drip drop sound and its disconnectedness to the line which follows and any story it might suggest. The associations of the poem "whirl" too swiftly for anyone, for any reader, to make "sense" of it. The only sense it makes is that of intensity, speed, and joy. And remember the poem was shouted and declaimed from balconies by readers and students in a great humorous joy.³² Yes, there is no water, but that is probably because no one has paid the bills. It's nothing mystifying really. And yet, yet we move on, from one plateau to the next changing key. "Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours/Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus" (CP 49). Betrayal and double betrayal of the [S] son and the wished for city (Rome London Athens etcetera), humour and sorrow both vie for second place in the terse ambiguities of the poem's suggestions, and *its* unending rumours.³³

Tiresias (Greek Freud), hears and sees in the text, the whole of civilization and its discontents (dis-contents table of dis-contents), its repressions and sorrows, experiences its moments of mystical intensity and beauty. "Beside a public bar" (3 1 29) he hears

The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter fro

Where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls
 Of Magnus Martyr hold
 Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold (CP 45)

He moves on “To Carthage then I came” “burning” to consider “Pheblas, who was once handsome and tall as you” (4 1. 321). It is you mon semblable, who were once as tall and lovely (“So because he was struck down mad by the knowledge of his own beauty” as was St. Narcissus F91). You “who r[I]se and fall” (11 1618) and you (us) who (must) enter the deeps. It is you reader who follows the speaker[s] along the trails of their voice, their auditory tracking presaging great things little and small.

Much Possessed Passages.

Death or life or life or death
 Death is life and life is death
 I gotta use words when I talk to you (CP 84)

Eliot who like John Webster, was “much possessed by death, “ juggles (CP 32) the macabre and the comic, the gratuitously sad with a yearning for eternity. The macabre disillusioning of allusional tact effected (by turning over Chaucer’s spring prologue motif), in the first two lines of The Waste Land forecloses the macabre and the nostalgic. But the nostalgic is undermined by the wit of “feeding/A little life with dried tubers” (CP 37). No one gets nostalgic or angst ridden over tubers. But the tubers (rhizomatic in manner -- horizontal spreading out and laterally) from another angle lead to some interesting perspectives. The summer which surprises the “us” of the opening narration is a season already long gone, another ghost from the underworld (the past). All of which displays another kind of energy -- a spring that is suppressed, banished like

a young goddess; neither Zephyr nor Aurora will appear.

So the opening passage is tricky and devious. First we are confronted by a cruel spring that remembers winter, and then we go forward just as quickly to a remembered summer. A personal reminiscence that is suffused with nostalgia for childhood is also conjured up (CP 37). But whose childhood we ask – and the reply must be, our own and everyone's. Levenson (Levenson 173) suggests we read it from the angle of a not quite dead man, who from under the earth is seeing things up above (Lazarus come back from the dead, to tell us all). He suggests we combine a reading of the topos of the reviving god, with the motif of the dead people (Carrying/ Away the little light dead people (E1 3), who periodically visit the living.

Shades of Edgar Allan Poe are then silhouetted against the scenes of the published text; the horrific theme of the walking dead. Another disembodied voice (that speaks behind the screen of wakefulness (Freud's memory screen that separates consciousness from unconsciousness). The screen is analogous to the river Lethe, the place where we forget, and forget at our peril. Our walk among the dangerous dead of walking cadavers who confuse themselves with the living, and the resurrecting deities of fertility, becomes yet another "strategy" to read the poem. The ever-working unconscious (a factory which spits out one possibility after another) produces a diversity of approaches to our reading possibilities: the private unconscious, the collective, the archetypal, the sleeping preconscious, the before conscious and after conscious, the "dead" unconscious, read the underworld of previous poets, artists, and simply the long lines of people who have died; these affiliations and temporary groups comprise visions that provide the space for readings. We cross into that 'other' land,

reading with the eyes of the 'death's other kingdom' and those of the living, the community of the saints and sinners, so to speak. Aristotle meets Eliot, who meets Webster who encounters Donne, who then comes back as Eliot, mirthfully laughing at his own ridiculousness.

Effectively a boundary problem is stated, an uncertainty between where this world ends, and the other world starts. This is then linked to the disparity of voices, the uncertain status of pronouns, which adhere too closely to one another in the opening stanzas. Personal and collective memory-voices are thereby conjured up side-by-side, in the setting Eliot creates. A larger remembering is called upon by the accumulation of pronouns. A crumbling of the "subject" occurs which, while normally seen as negative, is in this instance "a multiplication of self" (P 111). What the numerous narrational voices of the poem bode is a positive multiplication of self, and not its negative fracturing. By breaking with the normally delineated personality placement (put in place through the fixities of grammar), the poem sets-up diagonals or transversals, movements which:

[C]ause us to leap from world to another, from one word to another, without ever reducing many to the One, without ever gathering up the multiple into a whole, but affirming the original unity of precisely that multiplicity, affirming all these irreducible fragments (P 112).

It becomes undesirable in this poem (and in any poem), to define one persona who speaks all the fragments or the languages. There is no unity of personality, but a multiplicity of desiring-voices. By switching (the) languages and seasons as rapidly (there are also the unspoken changes of accent below the surface of English and German voices), a sense of discontinuity/continuity in quick order is heightened³⁴. The transitory sight of seasons and pronouns mount and gather, suspending any notion of continuity.

Its grammatical and perceptual abruptness work together, and convey shifts, in the poem's presentation of memory. We read but do not quite understand what has just been said. The opening 18 lines may be divided into five stanzas (see above p125 for the division points), effectively putting us in the company of three sets of personae simultaneously. Structure and character are thus segmented in an unconventional (non-Aristotelian) style, and prepare us for the many jumps and breaks to come. From stanza to stanza, and line to line, we experience cuts in the flow of consciousness. And this consciousness (normally defined as the "I" of grammar, and the heavy-handed marker of reterritorialization), not located in any one body, person or gender, is as disembodied as the protagonist[s] of the poem. The focus is always shifting, due to the multiple viewpoints that have been set into motion. And that is what they are indeed, "set into motion;" not having been glued to one spot in the poem's landscape, they offer a structural parallel to the poem's thematic diversity. The nebulous ground of the poem's situation is linked structurally, thematically and symbolically spreading a network of roots (tubers and rhizomes), that interact with its anthropological and mythological topoi. This augments (adds to) its uncertainty, and the uncertainty is not negative, but is simply experiential and vividly conveyed. Background becomes foreground, and just as swiftly foreground changes to background. But even that is too linear, as there is no more real background for us to lean on – we are in ghost town, and "[A] t my back in a cold blast I hear/The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear"(CP 43). In ghost town, up can be down, and the backdrop changes, becomes the side-stage, where the ghosts exist and enter – none of the usual coordinates of time and space navigation are applicable. The narratives shift, in all the time it takes to whisper a line of verse,

which is not very much time.

So the poem is not about Marie's memories, the cousin's, or any of the other "pronoun" speaker (pronoun subject ghosts ghosted text) ghosts of the texts. If the narrator is dead (Levenson's suggestion), then he is remembering and listening to everything around him. What he recalls, are the other voice[s]s in other rooms (the motif of rooms in Eliot, as his persona moves from room to room, imbibing tea and toast), and they are not domesticated by personal identity. We are what we remember, in the same way that the "dead writers are what we know" (SP 8). The dead and living narrator[s] survive through, and speak to us from the diversity of voices which they continue to write, that is to say, through their writings, which continue to ghost write the text of the present. The poem's echoes, its allusions (traceable and untraceable), its subtexts, and cross cultural references, are one aspect of the play of voices; its projected accounting of verse, literature and history. The dead character (but still aware in whatever way dead people may be), under the ground juxtaposed against the reviving god topos dissolves the hard (and fast) boundaries between the living and the dead.

The opening stanzas "Burial of the Dead" disclose a wistful longing. Is it a longing for the childhood of the narrator? If so, then how does this tally with the first person identifying the speaker as pluralistic? The first pronoun of the poem is [a] plural [pronoun]. A clue is given to us thereby as to how the poem ought to be read. (Ought to be read? a strange double epistemology is at work then, just our point.) But is the 'clue' already a suggestion bearing a banner that reterritorializes, and if so, what does it reterritorialize on? Does it link a line, to a line of flight, imbuing more lines of flight, or is it destructive? Each voice then is a line of pluralisms. The reader is to expect a

plurality of voices. That first pronoun is followed by another “us,” a “we” the person of the German fragment, another reminiscence of the “we” (the same “we” who was “us?”), the cousin, two uses of “he” with the first “I” mentioned between the two he’s, Marie is spoken of twice, then “you is used, and “I” speaks again. Thus the first seventeen lines of the poem scatter any personal center of egoic certainty. There is a proliferation of scattered centers, an I, a you, a cousin, Marie, he, us, the Lithuanian that claims to be “a true German,” the one missing is [a] “Them.” That is an [a notable] interesting absence. And what we are to make of it is no more certain, than the status of observations and allusions clustering around the (later) references to Cleopatra and “the chair she sat in (CP 39). No polarity between “us and them,” is set up in the poem’s “buried” consciousness. How so? Perhaps because the dead no longer make strong distinctions (among themselves) between self and other and it is imaginable that they mix like memory and desire itself in the earth. It is possibly in the integration (the bleeding and mingling of races and cultures, sexes and genders), that the desired for end of conflict (expressed in the last line of the text), will be obtained.

Conceivably, but there is no absolute deterritorialization, and each outward movement entails a pulling back and in withdrawing closing off lines of escape. The movement of territories and the axioms they constitute works like the breath pause of any given poem. Breath pause, metric variation, opening and closure, foreclosure, and yet further opening and always accompanying what looks like these bare bones of rhythmic figures are the figures of imagery and speech, irony and lyric effusion “These fragments I have shored” (CP 50). Nostalgia gives way to malaise, which gives way to life, or rather the longing for life it contains, and constrains.

So if there is nostalgia expressed, we must ask nostalgia for what? Ritual, regularity, connection to the sacred; The loss of ritual that the poem undertakes to repair by way of its descent entails a passage for the reader-rider: what might have been loss, becomes by way of the Text, a renewal; An escalator ride into the dead land of rebirth “death’s other Kingdom” (CP 55). Formal ritual and conventional religious practice (and presumably belief) are displaced by the lore of the Tarot pack; the practice of Tarot deterritorializes (Satan is at work yet) conventional piety and worship, the horoscope and séance tables deepen the rift; the newspaper prophecies of urban modernity reterritorialize the prophetic tradition. So an elegy is set in place that mourns the loss of the great religious unities of the past. But there is more – “The Burial of the Dead” derives the Anglican mass, and as the first section dissolves (cinematically) into the mad character voices of Webster and Baudelaire, the elegy itself is bankrupted. That bankruptcy points to the empty form of the mass itself. It is notable that Eliot specifically designates the Anglican form of this service, and not the Roman Catholic, and one wonders at the irony of his foreshadowing in this instance, of his later conversion. There is then a strong nostalgia compounded by a wounded malaise that finishes the elegy with an accusation of hypocrisy directed at the reader. The elegiac voice cracks-up under the strain of its weight, and becomes mad.

If the narrator is dead, who is he listening to? Is it his own contemporary life (come back to haunt him in the pieces of its own jigsaw puzzle), and the recollection of previous lives concurrently? Is there a theory of metempsychosis playing away secretly, at the side of the poem’s consciousness? Is he listening to the voices of the great dead ones – yes, and they are the substance of what he knows. What is he listening to? the

voices of cluttered (curettage of the past, as he parries his way through purgatories of consciousness and bardos of illusion and samsara) culture and meaning? Is he listening to other dead people who are babbling away in the drifting fragments and snatches of speech (he picks up whilst lingering in his grave?), as he readies to enter the final state – as he boards Charon’s craft and prepares to cross the Lethe? In one sense, he listens to all the others and himself, and the traffic of all the world’s cultures. The voices press in on the collective protagonists, and the Thunder speaks the primal words: Da, Datta, Da, Dayadhvam, Da, Damyata. Give alms, seek compassion, “the boat responded/Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar/.” And the heart is commanded to obey (to listen), “beating obedient/To controlling hands.” (CP 47-8). The personal ego is dying as in the after death experiences of the Tibetan Book of the Dead (Padmasambhava). Getting ready, obedient hands hollow the spirit onto the last ferry, the final ride. A ritual for the perplexed to guide the dying through the ravages of self-purgation. The Tibetan Book of the Dead as a parallel structure. The narrator sees his own dying and sees the stages of his life, like Pheblas the Phoenician and Conrad’s Kurtz. He passes through the bardos of ego dissolution, and the successive stages are his adoption and gradual acceptance of death: the end is acceptance surrender: Shantih Shantih Shantih

What we are witness to is the collective ‘dying’ away, at least in part, seen from the angles the poem high lights, (“aethereal rumours... and murmuring crowds”) of an idea of Western Culture. The War of 1914-18, held at arm’s length, the distant view of the collective suicide that constituted WW1. The beginnings of that dissolution into the greater soup of world culture, is what makes for the peace that passes all understanding. That war shaped all the arts and shaped the lives of millions³⁵. Naturally poetry and the

poem exist in a greater context, the war having been one of them.

This hoped for dissolution allows for the belief that the Quester will be freed, as Western culture (its capitalist motors unceasing) will also be free of its self-obsessed qualities; its maniacal need to move constantly (Paul Virilio Speed and Politics) conquering everything in sight. The reader, like the narrator, is witness to his own dying, and watches the western's world's expiry into something greater, and more powerful, than the original limits of European consciousness had imagined.

And where does the sought for dissolution leave us? It leaves us with something (beautiful) that came before Homer, and after contemporary culture, something which carries everything with it, all cultures, races, all sexes. We (all of us) become bricoleurs doing, inventing, bricolage, ("Hence we are all handymen: each with his little machines" (AO 1), in this hand-me-down-world, of second hand goods. Second-hands gods too, and God is gone, and yes, it is good, in spite of what might appear to be the melancholy and dulcet tones, and even the macabre joy of the gravedigger's song. Our sentences speak backwards, poetry is a living force, not a dead Dedalus, but a living labyrinth creator, threading the stelae of metaphor caverns we wander, ambling in quest of the quest itself, no other search valued, but this one of bodies decided and bodies in desire and desiring-machines; poetry, the singing desire machine works by itself no matter that we try to "interpret it" its writing is already a type of interpretation. What we need are probes and queries, and not questions to be filled out that answer mechanical replies to this equals that type of logic. So we clamber through the poem with its bumps and grinds, its so-called melancholy, a lyre played by a poet on his boat adrift on the waters of time:

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept
 Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
 Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long, (CP 42)

How Eliot plays the variations on the second re-doing of the Spenser line against the first, adding the comma, forcing the reader to take heed of the medial pause, arresting him in mid-stream, as if he too, the reader were accompanying the poet on his trip down stream and into the underworld, the absence of transcendence mapped out in the earth of immanence by the strong image of the river and its connotations of this world-ness. So this absence of the Good (in the Platonic Christian sense), the True and Beautiful, is not negative but always positive. Spinoza, and the earth of the present, the full body of the earth grasps us in its arms. The old ark abandoned, we discover a fresh one.

So too Deleuze and Guattari, speak before the Ark of absence,³⁶ its “mobility and fragility” (ATP 122) and had tracked Moses’ line of flight, and create a space (in an act of inter-textual hindsight), a line after the fact for Eliot’s Fisher King to connect with the multi-discourse of multitudinous clutter of culture and voices.

The poet, on the other hand, is one who lets loose molecular populations in hopes that this will sow the seeds of, or even engender, the people to come, that these populations will pass into a people to come, open a cosmos. (ATP 345)

The cosmos he opens is not necessarily the city constructed by the poem, but rather the poem calls that future, calls it into being, insures a becoming, a becoming and not a mere imitation.

He do[es] the Police in Different Voices for the thousands -- The Difference engineers of poetry. The fishers: to catch more fish, for the Fisher-King, a cultural wish, a master fish, a stutter fish, for the millions, a living breath thing.

Eliot was and is the great borrower, and what he trades is smuggled, and like all good poets, he is a thief, he is crooked. His words have an economy, but one that is suspicious beside that of ordinary daily discourse. 'Language' having its own economy, and one of verse, and adverse – it traverses the transversal plane of its own knowing, in exchange for the traps of tropes and repetition, the thief-borrower of sources T. S. Eliot, himself (in Barthes' expression) invents a passage.

Assembling his body-without-organs (of the text) with the regular words just would not have done. Not even the fancies and tropes of 'conventional' poetry would have worked. But then again, whatever conventional poetry is is not obvious: "There are no straight lines, neither in things nor in language"(Deleuze Critical Clinical 2). Were Donne and Shakespeare conventional? There are more positive ways to consider this. Again Doctor Deleuze comes to our assistance with his comment that "Literature rather moves in the direction of the ill-formed or the incomplete.... Writing is a question of becoming, always incomplete, always in the midst of being formed... (CC 1). Eliot's borrowings, like those of his contemporaries in the arts (Arp, Ernst, Hoch, all masters of the collage which is the visual equivalent of the "borrow," the invisible quote, the allusion) are bits and parts in his assemblage, his incomplete oeuvre, his life work, his work life. His, or rather what was his, becomes ours.

And let us admit finally, that like Finnegans Wake, The Waste Land is a writerly

text, not a readerly one, and splattered on the obscure jouissance of its joy, its libidinous sexual cathexis. The genre breaking element that motors Eliot's poetry is its music; a syncopated verse style which still rings true. At least true in the sense that it is readable, its legibility is not too far distant from us, as deterritorialized text touched by the edge of its unconscious. Eliot's poetry machine is not identical to his critical machine. His critical machine is a whole other story. One about power, and achievement and publishing, about decision, and control -- Eliot's critical machinery, his critical war machinery was the molarization of his molecular flow; for the reterritorializing critical work he draws everything back, shuts outside influence (his response to Tzara and others, the exception of Joyce) off, or has it confined. And one can and does pose the question how much of the critical machine consciousness get into Eliot's poetry? But we will leave that aside for the time being. Staying focused, as it were, on the writerly machine, the Differen[d]t differe[a]nce. I am not suggesting that readers should not look for intelligence in Finnegans Wake anymore that I am saying that about the American poem. What I am arguing is that it is time to treat it jocosely and as a performance piece, and not the dreary work of depression and self-hatred, of resentment or negativity.

The passage he creates from one end of the poem to the other is our memory of the experience, what we make of it. We pass through the "dark" and come out in light and not dark. Think of the lines in Four Quartets "O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark" (CP 126) One can and most do read Eliot's Waste Land without having read the Quartets. But if this is the case, it is a bit like not listening to Mozart's Requiem. If one has not, it is imperative that one should. If The Waste Land is the great deterritorializer, then it gives one more reason to inspect the rest of the machine. The

collected poems are one machine with different parts connecting, disconnecting, distributing, and reconnecting with the plays, the fragments, the incomplete works. We are talking about Wholes, and not unities. But they are wholes, and we expect to find all of the works in that whole. Poetry opens a cosmos.

Surely Eliot, the gentleman Satan, is the Luciferian figure of the invoiced legion, Satan's buzz, the Luciferian Anglican poetry machine maker. This poem, his collective literary burial and resurrection ground, like Finnegans Wake after it, becomes the happy hunting ground of all lost hermeneuticans. For others it is the site of a renewed fertility cycle in the midst of the "modern" urban center; or a Christian love lament; a pop poem to be performed with looped sound effects; the Irish actress Fiona Shaw reciting the whole poem as woman narrator, Sybil herself, as it were, speaking, orating; irony disguised as sorrow, and Lil the abandoned hussy meeting Lazarus, the dead boy back from the grave; (Sweeny and Mrs. Porter and Swatchop; are these not all characters of the devil? devil like creatures, characters with the 'devil' in them.); a pop culture reference book, and a pop cultural reference better known than read.³⁷ It is all of them. It traverses any number of references for any number of reader-auditors. What other poet, and his strange machinery drew a crowd of 14,000 to hear him speak in a baseball stadium (Ackroyd 317). If April was the cruelest month, then the author of the Prufrock poems also walked at dawn through the dusty streets and spoke to thousands? And what of it? What does it signify that high school girls were ordered by teachers to attend the lecture of a "great poet?"

These are questions which resume and return threading each moment in their tapestry of ideas and conjectures; Ideas deterritorialize and open out lines of flight.

The corpse of The Waste Land has his dying relatives in the Hollow Men -- "This is the dead land/This is cactus land" (CP 57). There are transversal connections between Gerontion as well and Eliot had considered using that poem as a prelude (Litz 1973). This ghost man continues to wander a dead-landscape of cultural memories and hopes, a sack of nostalgia to ease the pain to savour: "Trams and dusty trees" (CP 46). These are images which run by the reader's inward screen with the brevity of cinema backdrops in a film whose story is going nowhere fast. There are also "The eyes of a familiar compound ghost" in Little Gidding (CP 140). Dead men and ghosts are everywhere in Eliot's poetry. The Waste Land is the periplum³⁸ of its dead. It gazes from the far shore, "I had not thought death had undone so many" (39). At the same time, the speakers are knee high in the mud (contrary to Gerontion's claims). Ghosts, dead men, sighing women, in a dying room "Unreal City" (39). Eliot's compound ghosts, which meander apparently without aim, are the invoiced demonic agencies of Milton's fallen armies of angels, who now inhabit the earth as full-fledged human beings. Paradise's fall led to History, in the real sense, the everyday "burning burning burning" (46).

Levenson links up the dead-man-ghost theme to the continuous-discontinuous sense of the poem; the boundary and lack of boundary sense which pervades; its effort at simultaneity; its attempt to make numerous cultures current, not giving priority of one outlook over the others; thus its incessant "inter-cutting," the ebb and flow from verse to verse, from stanza to single line; refracting lines on the columns to "a broken Coriolanus;" (CP 49), shedding its own cultural and metaphysical doubts to broader horizons; so it puts on and gathers fresh ones, East and West, that combine and blend in

the mystical Viconian words of the Thunder.

Anexact, Discourse, Fragment.

There is an ‘anexact’ (ATP 20) sense of things which occur in The Waste Land. He Do the Police in Different Voices: he do it in-different different [differeance] voices. He weaves stories, narrates; he ingests, and eats the piece of the “word” as if it were the word of god, like the Son of Man whose heap of broken images, or John the Revelator who must eat the book in Revelations (Apocalypse 8-11). The poem then is an ongoing ‘acentered multiplicity’ which never gives up its surreptitious measures as they are, cloaked by definition (ATP 17). To savor the book it has to be ingested, becoming a part of our body-without-organs.

Who speaks in the poem? Is it Marie telling her story? Is it Marie’s memory of another life that bewilders the narrator’s? Then the narrator is part Marie and part him-her self [ves]? Are there memories of past lives, intruding on the present, and do these intrusions wreak havoc on the narrator’s ability to construct the story? Baffling voices heave forth their summons, calling back the past and present, then escaping like the sea shore covered by the waves of coming events. The sirens and mermaids from the earlier Prufrock haunt the background of The Waste Land, the voices dying in a dying room, the sea-girls whose missive is a hankering recall to life. From the earlier poem to the city scape of the longer one, Eliot’s’ personae drift on the edge of escape, hovering between life and death, desire and failure. Their failure is never really failure, as such, but represents a collapse into delirium, a recession into a black hole.³⁹

How many voices speak? Since there is more than one self, there necessarily needs to be many voices – What are the voices saying to one another, to us? How do they speak? (Upon these beaches I have shored my ruins). No matter how many voices one counts, on the limit one puts on the denotative and connotative boundaries of a word, phrase, or sentence, will the number of voices counted. Another one is sure to slip away, chimed by the echoes of its speaking.

What dreams of verbal-cinematic splicing and inter-text cutting, zooming, scanning of the voices, fracturing the tongues, and incising take place throughout the poem?

In what tone do they speak? The fragments territorialize a musical assemblage framed by broken time signatures, chords covered by other chords melodies atop other melodies. The assemblage garners itself and moves in time, but, the time it moves in changes; the poem thus has no time (in the musical sense it does not keep one time, but continues changing and altering signatures), because it carries so many times (with it); its garnering of morsels and bits of literature is itself a broken distortion of the poems it contains within itself. Contradiction abounds as the reader's vision is elongated, enlarged, and enriched. The first section's original title He Do the Police in Different Voices is a clue, but there is no solving of the mystery (even were there one) in the end, because there is no end to the mysteries it poses and the poem is not a puzzle; or if it is, it is one with the pieces permanently absent; deliberately omitted and designed this way; it is Modern, which is to say: the parts do not equal the whole, and the whole is not finally greater than its parts, nor can the parts finally be "subsumed" into any so-called great whole. What Deleuze says about Proust applies equally to Eliot's Waste Land.

Not only do they [the parts of Proust's work] not compose a whole together, but they do not testify to a whole from which each part is torn, different from every other, in a kind of dialogue between universes. But the force with which the parts are projected into the world, violently stuck together despite their unmatching edges, causes them to be recognized as parts, though without composing a whole, even a hidden one, without emanating from totalities, even lost ones (P 109 emphasis added)

Unity is the famous red herring. Unity is not the issue at stake, but rather experience and meaning, the one we as readers, journeymen, travelers, make from it. For the speakers of The Waste Land, like those of The Hollow Men, and the Mermaids of Prufrock, there is no nor can there be unity. We are witness to a dazzling plethora of appearance.⁴⁰ We read back through the eyes of the dead and empty men, and discover we are empty; empty is good or bad depending on where you stand; the Hollow men were unhappy because they had sought for a transcendence that existed no more; the "mermaids" "each to each" on the other hand (those who likewise tempted Ulysses and Prufrock), are hybrid creatures of land and sea (amphibians of two worlds), and are well acquainted and finely adapted to the world of many and multiplicity; many sexes and identities.

So the poem is also an object on which we hang our concept of it, and how we read it, to read out our own book. There is a He-fragment, and as many she fragments, who have done and do voices in one version, the police, in different voices and all that those differences might, and do entail. The role of the voice, and the poet's phonemic presence, the recording of Eliot reading (to which I will return) and the difference between the poet's reading voice and his critical/molar/expository argumentative voice.⁴¹ There are escapes between these two perceived poles of objectivity.

And the poem is a testimony to the great wealth of reading (Malraux's Museum

Without Walls becomes the library without walls Infinite library brothel sans Murs -- library without owners in literature) texts; of literature, of narrator[s] (and behind them the author, so we assume) or an author function -- of which the narrator is an extension [the writerly writer and the readerly reader] and yet at a further remove, the writer himself not quite paring his fingernails, or banking for London, and not quite a naked man shivering in his underwear (Joyce Ginsberg) -- (will the 'real' writer please stand up?), of a work which stops and resumes in fits and starts jerk, bumps, grinds to a seeming stop, then starts again (gears moving at different speeds and catching up with one another), persuading us, coaxing us to 'move' at different speeds of thought and feeling (a molecular line of flight cutting the signifier up in stanza and verse), each rolling against the others and previous lines in other verses by the 'same' author or 'other' authors, but we ask who is the 'author' if she is a function, our metaphor is real, and nothing is real, only the 'text' is real in its multidimensionality. The question lingers across the four horizons of European thought, Appearance and Reality, the Ideal and Real. 'Eliot' does not (Levenson) answer the riddle of the Quester-protagonist, but leaves the hermaphroditic and now multiplied searcher at the Chapel perilous (or anywhere else for that matter), to continue his own quest. No grail can be handed over, at least not on this particular leg of the journey.

Likewise, this adventure continues with a series of questions. The questions are open-ended, as there is no one response to them but many. What are the speeds of thought in the poem? How do they connect, and not connect? To what extent is the poem speaking to other poets -- a poem speaking to other poems (intertextuality), a poet calling (on the dial a poem) to other poets; the ghosts of the dead glide by the poet in the

dark night of his own soul – and if it ends, how? There is a peace that passes all understanding; the desired and undesired waning of totality and transcendence, is also the obverse of its waxing and return.

Who wrote The Waste Land? Where is Vivienne? Yes, because once one concept (authorship ownership, property) is questioned, our perception of the whole series of event changes. We find ourselves talking about group authorship, and the whole thing, the quest for meaning for the reader becomes akin to a detective story. Who wrote “Tradition and The Individual Talent” – the poet and the man, what about the man’s woman, or the woman’s man? – How do they cross one another? What is an author? What lines linger with the voiceprints of mad Vivien? Is there a recording of her voice in the text? Is there a recording of a woman’s voice somewhere that we could electronically use to reconstruct an imagined reading by Vivienne herself? These questions imply one another, and a series of fractured others.

This plateau also halts briefly, (but unlike the claims made in “Tradition and the Individual Talent”, my position does not stake out the idea that the new poet and poetry ‘fits into the tradition’; rather it invents a place for every tradition (and the canon of differences, the library of horizontal inclusions) and lets the poet ramble in that space (it is pataphysical, the inclusive disjunction of the deterritorialized) at the frontiers of metaphysics and textuality, its intersecting weaves and segmentary quality, a testimony to modernity and post-modernity’s (and this reader’s), efforts to maintain dissemination as a lived experience. We turn and learn to listen to the molecular voices (“the voice[s] that is great within us” Stevens) inside of ourselves and let them become; we choose to retain the fragments that others let slide as too diminutive, too disparate; the parts of a

song off beat and out of kilter, a dance a little out of time. It is after all, yet another act of surrender, to admit what had been refused previously. Then new songs and unheard of poems will meet us at the door, and charm our hearing once more.

**Memoirs of He does the Police in Different voices as In Transit.
AutoBiographical burrows; Recorded Voices; the Notes; Notes Notes Notes and a
Trip to Switzerland.**

Who are We, displaces who am I. Finnegans Wake is also the great harbinger of the many voiced solidarity of the new voices, heaved into their boundless energy of languages, idiolects, patois, and diversity.

(On a personal level, Eliot has to await the arrival of Valerie Eliot before happiness enters his text. In contrast, Joyce's joyous conjugal machine existed from the start of his love for Nora. For the former, Valerie displaces the Vivienne pain machine.)

In the theory machine, desiring machines cut slash burn and drive their way into territories of troping turns switching to thoughts not seen or expected. The Son of man is the heap of busted singularity whose dialectic has no more perception. Is wasted, is death. The old unity the son (Oedipus sucker) represented has been pulverized.

The death of God essentially signifies and essentially entails the dissolution of the self: God's tomb is also the tomb of the self. (Deleuze Logic of Sense 294)

“Son of Man” -- Why son of man, why not the cricket leaps in the dry land? Eliot's moving desert makes for a stormy site. The schizo stroll of his tropes, the magic of his killing lines, and the turns of his page. The dreadful death of his work, the machine as a whole going downhill.

The Eliot poetry machine *re-in-voices* the Satanic schizoanalytic principle of multitude incarnate: "... Those hooded hordes swarming/over endless plains" and "that sound high in the air" of "voices singing" (CP 48). The epic crowd, the mass, is on the march, and their centuries long buried voices come back. Satan was the forge of immanence, its figure of force and multiplicity, his variousness was challenged by God. God wanted to territorialize Lucifer and Satan became "The scapegoat, [or] the negative sign of the line of flight" (ATP 135). That negative sign is transformed into the positive multifariousness of voices in twentieth century poetry. Between the long banishment and labour of exiled desire of Satan for 250 years between the publication of Paradise Lost and The Waste Land (with the exception of his recuperation by William Blake), Satan rallied as a force of the Outside. A figure of hatred, and repressed energy, the might of the multiple redirects and refinds its soul. That soul becoming the inspiration and infinite sagacity and infinite sense of play permitted in the writing of the 20th century. The designation of Satan as legion (the possessed, the disorderly the demonic) in canonical literature, both religious and literary, had branded him as evil, and useless. Perforce his return is magical; the satanic principle as force and premise its deterritorializing will to life and expression, animating twentieth century art, at the highest level of abstraction as well in the very bones of syntactical divagations and divergence. The "unconscious is a factory" (AO 2) motored by the "dark Satanic mills" (Blake). The loss of centrality and unity, which initially had been lamented in the 19th century, reverses itself to become the song of joy. The termination of the singular despotic one voice in poetry appears as a funeral, but in fact turns out to be a melody of eternal flux and promise. Text itself in its assortment becomes the site of the

multitudinous. Satan is more than a line of flight but has become a plane of escape, a planular direction: “a plane of consistency of multiplicities, even though the dimensions of this “plane” increase with the number of connections made on it” (ATP 9). The plane of connotations and connections in the text become as: “Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks/ In Vallombrosa,” (PL 13). The scattered autumn leaves of Vallombrosa no longer stand for the failure of possibilities, but their dispersal is a sign of more abundance, and richer layers of sense. What was a nemesis of disaster to the fallen troops of Satan becomes the infinite interruptions and interpretation of the 20th century Text. Moving along the flows and cut, the schizzes-breaks of interruption as modality. Pieces as part wholes, and not mere parts of a whole, which subsumes the many into the one whole totalitarian signifier. Which means you can read texts in permutational modes unheard in previous generations as in:

First we had a couple of feelers down at Tom’s place,
 There was *old Tom, boiled to the eyes, blind,*
 (Don’t you remember that time after a dance,
 Top Hats and all, we and Silk Hat Harry,
 And old Tom took us behind, brought out a bottle of fizz,
 With old Jane, Tom’s wife; and we got Joe to sing
 “I’m proud of all the Irish blood that’s in me,
 There’s not a man can say a word agin me (F 5 my emphasis)

Without knowing where they are going, or how and if they fit into the so-called first intents of the writer. After all, who was *blind* Tom “*boiled to the eyes?*” Is that an offhand reference to blind Milton, or is it a foreshadowing of the unseeing sage Tiresias? These lines are the scored out opening ones of the typescript of He Do the Police in Different Voices. As you read over the messy, smeary somewhat grayed copy of it in the published edition of the same, you ask what the poem might have done if the opening lines were to be taken in this lighter more dangerous tone, this more comic angle on the

stories it unfolds. You can read all of that, and at the same time enjoy not being concerned about whether the writer intended it so, or was it the true text, the intention seeped through, it signifies that the array of texts, and the luxury of their difference is yours. Thus the Text is a passage, always multiplying to others, into more. The Text is greedy, there is always more, not less, it is abundant. There are no limits to the number of texts you can make, and you can combine them with pages from Homer, for that matter. Because in one sense, Eliot was already doing “cut-up” picking up lines from here and there, adding and subtracting as he saw fit.⁴² If our goal, or one of them is to increase the means to production of a text, and what lies outside of it, then we can do nothing but gain by combining and utilizing whatever methods are at hand.

Between: Plateau of auditions and presence: where a voice makes the difference; the futility of the argument about the notes.

The notes, being what they were: An exaggerated appendage, a trope against Pope’s massive apparatus in The Dunciad. Does Eliot read the notes when reading the poem aloud? No, of course not, because when he reads it aloud, it is the performance that counts, and not the addenda. Did he read them for the recordings? No, so the notes are an extra, a part of the unedited cinema of the text.⁴³ To describe the poem as a cinema adds to our ways of perception, enriching our concept of it. To subscribe to the notes is to add extra to the poem, and on the other hand to imagine the text without them, addition by subtraction, the motif of the notes as a form of return and departure. The text is swiftly leaving behind its moorings, its frame of reference changing and unfamiliar with each reading. The outermost frame of the most dynamic

collage remains static, and unmoving (unless we count *Mobiles*, like John Calders, which would be another way to think of the poem). The Waste Land, on the other hand, is on the move, it is the “cinema calendar of the abstract” to borrow Tristan Tzara’s phrase (Tzara 170). It is citational cinema studded with invisible and hidden quotation. The poem marked by the elapsed camera effects of the old silent films evades our grasp. Cinema poetry and audio poetry works at the speed of thought. A speed that is never consistent, that slows down, switches its areas of field of focus persistently, a traffic streaming with objects, memories, thoughts and instincts, perpetually on the move. A stream of consciousness 'at odds' with its self, in the sense that it is not one, but is a plurality contained and containing any number of series of dependent views. And thus how you look at is dependent on the views constructed. Your views are therefore dependent ones. But how else is there to see? Does anyone imagine there is a poem as it is, by itself, an object existing in space? Does anyone imagine space? We enter the virtual steps of the poem with each breath we take. We construct it as it constructs us.

“Winter kept us warm” (CP 37). People complain of the text's dourness, its depression. Listen to Eliot's reading of this line, *it is warm*, the word comes alive, its inflection is that of the heart, the classic location of the center of our being. The heartfelt glow remains as the sound of his voice continues smoothly reciting: “covering/Earth in forgetful snow”(37-8) which arouses yearning and momentary bliss in our memories. Our heart is moved. Eliot reads with the finesse appropriate to each line of his recitation. One sees how good a performance poet Eliot is when hearing him read; the pronunciation, the accents, the breaking back and forth from rhythm to rhythm, from

beat to beat.⁴⁴ The “real” poem is the audio recording, already a remove away from ideas of final text. The Waste Land’s text is not governed by stable and guaranteed states of fixity. So the text is a gush, moving, varying and as it rolls over its own banks, there are erosions, scorings, sudden bends in the river, junctures of sense meaning, and finitude. The voice fades, returns, gains strength, loses it again. Eliot’s aural, phonemic presence is a ghost spinning on a turntable conjuring the very ghost his poem is haunted by. Yet this haunting always dodges us, as others will read over the ‘original,’ leaving us their ‘aural’ tracing of the text on the air, albeit stored in the electronic archive of electronic data bases. But these databases are also subject to wear and tear, and each generation of listeners will sense, more and more the presence *of the ghost* of the original reading of the poem. Presence, which is an always ever-elusive territory (its slight whispered dusty there-ness) come alive in the aural delivery of the poet. Eliot was definitely not a Dylan Thomas style bard, but his readings and talks were varied and thousands attended as he toured the United States in the 1950’s (Ackroyd 317). To my knowledge, this aspect of the Eliot event has yet to be properly documented and studied.

Naturally there is resistance to this view. We do imagine recordings as solid, and ever present. But this is not the case. The Waste Land is an ever-resistant text, a text whose material cannot be “nailed” down, won’t be “analyzed.” This resistance was built into the moment of the poem it unfurled in its rapid-fire chaos of nearly 100 years ago. So chaotic is the poem, even Eliot, the poet disguised yet not disguised as the exile goody boy establishment banker type persona, mingling with the English from Bloomsbury & Highbury, surrenders sections of it to his “crazy” wife Vivienne, and his “crazy” poet pal Ezra Pound, for ‘editing’ cutting and slashing: ad--Vice giving for a

little bit of Ad--Versing⁴⁵. Eliot suffers from a self-described 'aboulie' and writes pieces near the asylums of Lausanne. He is, as it were, beside madness, his proximity to it, the propinquity of his becomings run, if not analogous and identical to those around him, then his own lines of flight run parallel to theirs. His 'neurosis' his 'folly' are workable, manageable, containable even, and spills forth as the poetry, his wife's madness is not so, nor will it be contained or restrained. Eliot shoulders are scrunched down with the weight he bears, namely Vivienne's sorrow, her madness. Lausanne covers a multitude of 'sins' and repressions, not just for Eliot, but for the whole diverse population which seeks refuge in its borders. O Strange Switzerland of neutrality with its escape routes for alcoholics, depressives, melancholics, psychotics and artists, poets. Switzerland which plays host to Joyce, Dada (Tzara and the others) Lenin, Hesse, Binswanger, Jung and Eliot; Switzerland's sanatoriums -- the euphemistic terms describing centres of refuge which accommodates those who can afford it, where, "hydrotherapy" and relaxing waters temporarily soothe his 'frayed' nerves ('my nerves are bad tonight speak to me').

No matter, no matter, Eliot is no more in charge of the humours of his text than we are. It escapes the fixity of determination and meaning, sliding past readers and critics. In later years, the poet was fond of reminding people "In The Waste Land, I wasn't even bothering whether I understood what I was saying" (Rainy 38). So the poem might mean anything charged with chaos, chaosmosis and deterritorialized codes with uncertain outcome. The poem, in the words of one deconstructivist critic, is "riddled with absence" and marked with "ruptures" and "discontinuities" (Kostenbaum 112, 113). Absent from its continuities and eruptive with its blank spaces it invites the deterritorialized flock of becomings which harrow its deeps, and edges, further opening

its border and internal reference. The poem is not so much riddle by absence as by the presence of its beginnings and startings, its ragged edges torn with departure, the train for deterritorialized force crushing its edges, ever opening up the I to dissipations, and consequent to them, to the promise of the multiple, the multitude and its rich collective.

Eliot's I was deterritorialized: in the Romantic era, that loss of the I, was called inspiration. Eliot calls it surrender. We call it letting loose, letting go, departing from dead spaces and territories, ending a relationship.

By way of respecting the poem's real motors, its schizo charge, let us change the word chaos, to that of chaosmosis. Chaosmosis is a concept used by Guattari (its origins are the Joycean idea of the creative chaos the artist bodies forth) to rethink how we conceive of "an Unconscious superposing multiple strata of subjectivities, heterogeneous strata of variable extension and consistency" and which invites us to think about "a more "schizo" Unconscious, one liberated from familial shackles, more turned toward praxis than fixated on regressions to the past (Guattari Chao 12). If we think of the poem and its affects, its intensities and passions in these terms, we see what is happening in it, and indeed across the span of Eliot's poems. Subjectivities of variable extension and consistency fits Eliot's troped characters to a T: the I ever wavering covered as it were, in the dust, and mildew of books, poems, his own, and others. And that is what his characters are: a series of multiple strata, and schizo molecular flight lines, in some cases trapped, in others escaping successfully. Or, to the contrary, jammed in the strata of subjectivity, they await the line of escape.

The important thing to do is to pull oneself back from the poem and not only read it in its social milieu, but to have it unfurl as a historical document sustaining its

own radical selfhood. Selfhood understood as moving past mere ego-subjectivity toward the multiple subjectivity, the multiple as substantive that Guattari conceives of as a template. This self of existential flux is what the poem machines. It is thus a freedom of the poem, which acts and not an ego pending its own liberation or self-reflective torture.

So the burial of the dead enters becomings, becoming a visitation, the classic shamanistic encounter in the underworld. Orpheus and his 'gangster' (meaning marauding, legion, *le multiple* again) selves visiting the deceased, recuperating his Eurydice fem-i-nine self, a transvestite invoicedness seeking its own [che]c[que]mate -- his other self. One of Eliot's speaker-I's tells us he "I would come in a shirt of hair" (F 178). Gilgamesh-like then he descends into the dark night of the soul's In Transit speak-easy. What other sexual identities lie in wait, what transitions and clandestine affairs remain, the poem leaves traces of.

Yet another twist is if we choose to read The Waste Land as a novel reference for understanding time, it becomes something

activated, [and]oriented, the object of qualitative change. A singularity, a rupture of sense, a cut, and a fragmentation, the detachment of a semiotic content - in a Dadaist or surrealist manner (which) can originate mutant nuclei of subjectivation. Just as chemistry has to purify complex mixtures to extract atomic and homogeneous molecular matter, thus creating an infinite scale of chemical entities that have no prior existence, the same is true in the 'extraction' and 'separation' of aesthetic subjectivities or partial objects, in the psychoanalytic sense, that make an immense complexification of subjectivity possible - harmonies, polyphonies, counterpoints, rhythms and existential orchestrations, until now unheard and unknown. (Chao 19)

The change which Guattari speaks about, and which suggests "Mixing memory and desire," is not guaranteed but fraught with danger and is "An essentially precarious, deterritorializing complexification, constantly threatened by a

reterritorializing subsidence” (19). It appears that desire desires “its own repression” (AO 215). Yet that same desire is what animates the positive, and the flow of the full body of the earth. “Mutant nuclei” desire yet again, the imperative force animating all becomings, the source and active motor of fertility. An umbrella juxtaposed against a sewing machine is how Lautreamont described this association between disparate things, the juxtaposition of the unlikely and until now unheard and unknown. There are dangers. The risk is the molarization that the critical machinery throws up around the unlatched flux of the Text, and this is just as true of Eliot’s oeuvre, as of any others. The readerly writer (in Barthes sense of the word) wants to close off the text, delimiting its range to that of predictable meaning. Desire is flow, yet desire also desires its own repression. Strange paradox of becomings!

The Waste Land as a read text is not identical with, nor does it present the same problems, as when spoken and recorded by Eliot. Intexting and Invoiced (the pun is intentional) becoming does not stratify the text between the abstractions of recording and reading, but evens the poem out between two stretching points, getting the text out of its receptive fields. The poem has too long settled in the backwaters of literary criticism and what followed literary theory. Naturally poetry ought not to be taken out of context, but then one has to ask what its context is? Poems create novel contexts, ripping out old ones, getting echoes and re-echoes along the way, subsidizing on their own glosses, so to speak, by way of commentaries in other poems, and indeed in the creation of other poems. One vast poem factory (then), a breath and then the creation of Man, the Poem, the Work, the Woman, the whole text of its design spared by the moment of its creation, deterritorializing constantly its own stratifications.

On the other schizophrenic hand, let us suggest poetry be taken out of context, letting it bump and grind its way into a space of its own perverse residence, making a home for itself wherever it can.⁴⁶

What is the context of text, its pretext? Text is, after all, surrounded always by the semiotics of other machines, machines that are not linguistic, but biological, geological, political, economic, neurological, all domains that function beyond and above the space of textuality. Textuality has to be schizophrenized into other territories. Whether we like it or not, it is anyhow, and constantly. This is the beauty of immanence: its recognition of the here and nowness of things, in contrast to the reputedly transcendent world of ideas, to the very idea of transcendence.

How this antilogos machine of immanence continues its work in poetry and where it heads on a daily basis are crucial elements in the line of flight. “No one can say where the line of flight will pass” (ATP 250). Guattari and Deleuze speak a lot about lines, and at least four are numbered, not so coincidentally poetry was called Numbers, in the 18th century. In music of course, there are good and bad numbers. But we are made of lines, not numbers:

For we are made of lines. We are not only referring to lines of writing. Lines of writing conjugate with other lines, life lines, lines of luck or misfortune, lines productive of the variation of the line of writing itself, lines that are between the lines of writing. (ATP 194 emphasis added)

Crossing and re-crossing the lines of a life, one could speak of cross-lining as a technique in poetry, as the characters dress their speak in the idioms in which they utter, they enunciate the misgivings and joys of their lives.

So one ought not to speak exclusively of one flight, as if it were the only one, this is not the case, there are varieties and shapes and kinds and types of lines, and of

flight. One could describe a poet's entire work as a line of flight, a machine that either works the demonic elements of a soul or one that fails and crushes its receiver. Things are not usually so divisive however, and most poetry as most lives exists between the extremes. Eliot's critical work as such does not reterritorialize, it is the surrounding context that does that, as well as the strong opinions that accompanied them.

The demonic motif cannot be escaped yet must be. The demonic is the Outside, always the Outside, the escaped, the criminals, the paroled subjects, and the text, which got carried away and went off track. The text that lies on the other side of known syntax is always outside the reach of the norms governing syntax and speech. It sits waiting to be "judged" just as Satan does. But judgment has no place in the fluid territories that compose poetry. As Eliot's machine The Waste Land cuts the dross of judgment. One has to have done with the Judgement of God. The plateau of nonjudgment is where poetry happens. Poetry happens when the molar modes retreat, and the machinery of the unconscious is able to produce with joy and labour that is stolen from its literal and non-figurative hands.

Delmore Schwarz described the Eliot domain as a literary dictatorship (Schwarz 120). Clearly, he felt the pernicious effects of the critical-paranoid machinery on the milieu in which he wrote. What was paranoid about it? What qualifies this statement? The reactive element which constituted the closeting off effect and the reterritorializing net spreading on readers because of it; through the university systems (world-wide for decades), the journals, the reviews, as well influential poetic movements launched along similar lines (think of the rigid racist poetics and politics of Allan Tate and others). Schwarz and others of his contemporaries (before him was Hart Crane who labored

under the light of the sun god Eliot), suffered because of the type of Eliot-like critical captivity that was prominent, labored under the widely flung net of molar captivity. Jerome Rothenberg and others in the Beat movement found themselves virtual non-entities throughout the 1950's and early 1960's⁴⁷. Ironically it is Henry Miller, Jack Kerouac, William S. Burroughs, and Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and others (Fitzgerald, Faulkner) that are the favored American authors of Deleuze and Guattari. For these writers launch lines of departure that were not foreseen, achieving in their lives and works deterritorialized planes.⁴⁸

Eliot's "followers" enforced (by way of the new criticism⁴⁹ the virtual religion) the dogma of closure for nearly 3 decades. I say it was Eliot-like and this is not just a figure of speech, but speaks directly to the literal dominance of Eliot's face (Eliot's face and words constituted him as a virtual despotic signifier. Eliot became what Ezra Pound never could have become; perhaps the most established poet in history, and his 'father' like status and authority for thousands of readers). To be Eliot-like, to aspire to his goals, to write like him, to live as he did, to achieve as he did, these were values given and taken as if they were nothing, mere givens, received opinions; Eliot was de facto, God. In the eyes of the public that followed his every move, and adjusted their gaze to his, their inward masks to the frown on his countenance, literature and poetry, critical and poetic values, all moved in the compass of Eliot's authority and vision.

The division is remarkable and completely schizoid; the demonstration of that split between the capitalist decodings and the schizo charge is the poetry; between the man and the thought, the thought and the action, the hand and the shadow.

Yet he carried a poetic blaze the distance it had not taken previously -- picking it

up from where others had left it, picking it up where it did not exist at all. But the literary critical machine of Eliot is not identical with the poetry. The poetry and critical administration of the poetry either by the poet or critic is not the same, resemblance ends there.

The difference is a commonplace of criticism, virtually a received opinion. Between criticism and poetry there is poetics. Even within the poetics of a poet and the poetry are distinctions divisions, positive disarrays. "I want to suggest that there is a mismatch between poetics and poems. The poetics of a poet will often seem at odds with the poems; there's incommensurability between the two" (Poetics 154-5). The mismatch translates as positive and results in an exit from dualism.

We are working with machines, literary machines containing their own escape clauses, their own closure departments. The poet's critical work is often an attempt to shut down the very escape flows emanating from the poetry. The poet does a balancing act between his various strata. Writing machines function in different ways one writing machine becoming another. In the Burroughs machine, events take place across space and time unimaginable in other works. Bodies and borders lose their force. The seemingly strange figure of Tiresias becomes a normative figure of transmutation and metamorphoses in the landscapes populating the books of W.S. Burroughs. Doctor Benway, Clem Snide's sliding sexual identity:

'Remember I was Carbon Monoxide
Nothing here now but the recordings__in another country.'"Going to
give some riot noises in the old names?" "Mr Martin I have
survived"(smiles). (W.S.Burroughs Three Novels 102)

Burroughs radicalizes the semantic syntactic breaks suggested by The Waste Land. What time does a text travel in? -- Does a text migrate internally (meaning within

the relation of known and unknown texts, past and future, as in intertextuality) from 1961 to 1992? Does a text fall back on its recording surface? Is its production limited to one side of its existence? 'Recording and consumption' are equal partners in the process of production (AO 4). How does a Burroughs text work as recording and written, what are its varieties of difference? In the experimental laboratory of 20th century art The Waste Land, is as Burroughs points out, the first great cut-up poem (Burroughs The Third Mind 3). How Ovid's Metamorphoses returns in the landscape of 20th and 21st century poetics. The metamorphoses Ovid imagined happening to bodies takes place in text at the grammatical, syntactical and semantic level, as well as that of the body. The body of the text is tangled and jumbled and dispersed; the body without organs succeeds in undoing the rigid hierarchies of the text body. The body is no longer subject to the mythical rule of 'gods', but now strains at the limits of gender production, surges forth to exchange sex, Id, and sense of self. What is man or woman in text? What is "who am I" when once you have read and by definition recomposed along with the author, writings which flatten landscape and carry us out toward the outer precincts of identity:

A Distant Thank You

"I am having in Bill&Iam," she said__ "But they don't exist-tout ça-my dear have you any idea what-certain basic flaws in the-etc etc etc"
(Burroughs Three Novels 93)

A character named Bill&Iam speaks in a sentence ending in the etceteras that suggest neither definite content nor results. Order words as prose sentence signifiers are deconstructed into a poetics of telegraphese and murmur; a language of hints, and suspicions, thus in Burroughs brilliant deterritorializing machine. So on yet another scaffolding the writer poet is shaman, shape maker shape giver, creator of things and objet d'art, new identity shaper of novel grammar bodies. "[A]esthetic subjectivities or

partial objects”, bodies of “I and am “ which bits and fragments derive indirectly from bits of The Waste Land, the sundering of character and persona. Characters are “bit” parts, that dangle in front of the reader, the razor’s edge of which they deal, their uncertain existing in these fade-away texts. Which challenges all normative identity gendering thereby leaving “I and AM” like Lou and the rest of the unknowns in The Waste Land, free to hover into deterritorialized domains of identity. In poetry, in texts, everything is experience nothing is theory. Theory comes after the fact, after the fact of creation. These text bodies are made of distant thank yous and grammar shares, shredded by the tears of its presence, immunizing its absence.

Roland Barthes has postulated a distinction between the writerly and readerly texts and surely these texts qualify as working in no other domain than what I will call the writerly readerly. Any one paradigm splits things a too sharply, too conveniently, it behoves us to remain flexible. Each text that is re-composed by a reader becomes a readerly text; the readerly writerly divide is better perceived as readerly/writerly distinctions with areas of gray zone and continuous/discontinuous distances between, and like the two poles (paranoid/reactionary-schizophrenic/revolutionary) of the unconscious there is a constant oscillation between them; thus with reading and writing and the critical epistemes in place to manage them.

We know now that a text is not a line of word releasing a single “theological” (the message of the old Author-God) sense, nor a single secular meaning, nor a certain psychoanalytic one, but that it consists of weavings that are multiple.

So the Text: it can only be in its difference . . . woven entirely with citations, references, echoes, cultural languages (what language is not?), antecedent or contemporary, which cut across it through and through in a vast stereophony. The intertextual in which every text is held, it itself being the text-between of

another text, is not to be confused some origin of the text: to try to find the 'sources', the 'influences' of a work, is to fall in with the myth of filiation; the *citations which go to make up a text are anonymous, untraceable, and yet already read: they are quotations without inverted commas*" (Barthes Image Music Text 159 emphasis in the original)

What better description can be found of the poem, and its effects, and the assiduous industry of source seeking it has prompted. Barthes must have been reading The Waste Land when he wrote this now famous essay. The Waste Land is a point of departure, not arrival. In Ulysses Joyce does the job in yet another domain, that of the novel, and the symbolic-realistic scaffolding he uses to draw his characters is collapsed as he proceeds. His work cuts across the cake of consciousness, letting the black minstrel show in and the white guys out the back door, across a cityscape of sodomy and boredom. The Irish consciousness of Bloom is black and Jewish, yet he is also the wandering Spinozist of Dublin; a man of comic immanence and skepticism. Ulysses (Bloom Dedalus and Molly) is a multifaceted text riddled with its own facts and open radii and is the least Oedipal of modern works. It stands for the high ground of breakage, a weird tunnel that opens blockages, providing a passageway for yet more experimental works and their navigation.

Twentieth century literatures are a nomadic narrative that unwinds the grammar of deconstructed presence, the greatest pell-mell swirl and rush of imaginative intensities and becomings since the Elizabethan era.

Poetry's free agent has no limit in expression content. E. E. Cummings' poetry shoots arrows across the field of our consciousness dislodging the text of an ultimate signifier of stance and meaning:

stop look &

listen Venezia: incline thine
 ear you glassworks
 of Murano;
 pause
 elevator nel
 mezzo del cammin' that means half-
 way up the Campanile, believe
 thou me cocodrillo--
 mine eyes have seen
 the glory of (Cummings 69)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of words free of charge, that is to say that the levy extracted on the free road of language in Cumming's poem, has been short-circuited. Cumming's verse works around the normative tax of syntax, that weighty fief imposed on the daily speakers of language. Poets are word smugglers working around the major highways of the "King's English." The text of language is not hemmed in by the signifieds, no longer the agents of God's grammatical realm. Nor is it limited by border guards and frontiers, or the guardians of uniform sameness. Cummings more playfully than Mister Eliot brings in the narrative bait of other languages, hinting that the mother tongue is the most demonstrative plane of the top most layer a surface called language⁵⁰. Translation the betrayer moves its goods freely and otherwise past the internationally repressive border regimes. Smuggled word phrase and image become variables, which enter schiz-flow rapports of exchange each day. Who can say what is English, what is Russian, and so on. In a collection of aphorisms written between 1934-7 (not by coincidence this was the period Joyce was completing Finnegans Wake) Wallace Stevens wrote: "Reality is not what it is. It consists of the many realities which it can be made into. ... French and English constitute a single language" (Stevens 914 emphasis added). A single language then that is not homogenous but penetrated by the stammering that constitutes each language, the language of poetry especially, that

stretches boundaries. Stevens, Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Cummings, Crane, each poet pushed the limits of the licit and territorial boundary of poetry, the deterritorialized flux of the edge.

Poetry pushes reality to the edge, language is the fillip, that twists the cap on the jester's head, spinning out the poetry of many realities, and hard and fast definitions about separate languages are turned over. Two reverse sides of the coin, a double backed territory defluxed itself on the name of American English. Which is itself a vast bastard land of langwidge[s] s. The "old" colonizer, English, is now colonized backwards, the "old" country is reterritorialized by its non-native sons and daughters. But it's not something that happens once and for all. But it is a happening event, which frees expression from the dying official English. We are not limited to the "King's English," and for that matter the "Queen's English" nor any English or its study that stops us, forbids us, refuses us permission, from reading and writing what is purportedly off the possible list of what can and cannot be done. Translation is always betrayal and abandonment. Valery and others have said, "Every translation must be abandoned." But compare this to the actual work of translation that happens everyday from French into English and vice versa no pun intended. Think of the nomadologies of Pierre Joris and "the material organic possibility of ambi-opia, multilevel seeing, which is to say, vision repossessed" (Bernstein 184). The repressive machines have not stopped churning out their death wishes, but poet patrols cut past them freeing antioedipal "orchestrations, until now unheard and unknown" (Guattari 19). Exclusive disjunction cannot stop letters from being displaced, vowels find their awkward displace at the end pages of thinking.

Bernstein en passant, speaks of the Island English of Britain but this too is a

cartography of language that is overly artificial, thus locating a distinction between Native American English (American speech practices are not uniform) and the mother country Britain, which is itself an invaded space deterritorializing daily its English. Perhaps Bernstein's distinction would be legitimate if applied to the founding years of the American State, perhaps in that era, British English was more domineering and represented a colonizing force relative to the colonists. Indeed, it is more likely that American English is now the enforcer of the dummed-down speech and written language of Empire. But resistance never halts, even in the heart of Empire, and the force of language always engages its enemy on disguised grounds of revolt. Every act of writing born of necessity constitutes resistance and deterritorialization.

But what is English that it absorbs so easily fluidly and freely this drift of languages? "I'll give them back their English language when I am done" Joyce remarked apropos of Finnegans Wake's dream language (Ellmann 536). But what if Joyce was winking when he stated thus? If he suspected that English as the global tongue was facing the return of Viconian recursion the age of the gods and its ensuing chaos would Joyce have master mapped the language of night only to give it back? Did Joyce for a minute believe he could give back to "them" what was already never theirs?

There is nothing new about the policing of language and poetry or the poetry of every day language and its unstable forms⁵¹. Pierre Joris hails the itinerant nature of languages and the idiolecting of many-ness and the means of expression as its force of flow as a rethinking the limits of English:

Useful in this context too is Charles Bernstein thinking about idiolects: "English languages, set adrift from the sight/sound sensorium of the concrete experiences of the English people, are at their hearts uprooted and translated: nomadic in origin, absolutely particular in practice. Invention in this context is not a matter

of choice: it is as necessary as the ground we walk on." Replace "English" here with "all" or "any" & you have a nomadic idiolectal stance." (Joris, Pierre. Nomadics. <http://www.albany.edu/~joris/nomad.html> emphasis added)

However apparently strong the machines of conformity appear to be, the specificities of poetry move on through and around. No barriers stop words from doing their duty double time, nor the energies they imply and employ. Language as animated force field has its own momentum depoliticised politicized and repoliticised imitating the following the similar pattern paralleling the cutting back and forth of territory deterritorialization and reterritorialization. One can suggest that language as another semiotic works in tandem however out of time, with the semiotics of the body class, nation and other strata enforcing the daily living of structures and their patterns. However, this does not limit its possibilities as poetic machine, but merely offers a disguised haven for the forces of poetry to bide their time. This is the 'workings' of poetry as noun and predicate are moved to perform and engage in novel territories of perception. The work of lettrism, phonetic poetics, BP Nichol, and the newer territories of blogs and the blogoverse continue to pry open unforeseen sites of frequency and production and reproduction:

To produce new infinities from submersion in sensible finitude, infinities not only charged with vitality but with potentialities actualisable in general situations, circumventing or disassociating oneself from the Universals itemized by traditional acts, philosophy, and psychoanalysis: all things that imply the permanent promotion of different enunciative assemblages, different semiotic recourse, an alterity grasped at the point of its emergence__ non-xenophobic, non-racist, non-phallocratic__ intensive and processual becomings, a new love of the unknown.... In the end, a politics and ethics of singularity, breaking with consensus, the infantile "reassurance" distilled by dominant subjectivity. (Guattari Chao 117)

So the various poetics act as harbingers of virtuality cutting past restraint of meaning and interpretation, opening the route to "intensive and processual becomings."

In this sense, we might as well forget any ideas of interpretation that labor over their own invention, the only interpretation is the performative one, of the question, does it work, and how, and how well, does it work when read aloud (i.e. The Waste Land without notes). How does it work for others? Does it connect you to your daily life in ways that are working and offering you autonomy, as it were, an imaginative or otherwise even sagely practical way of being. Call this reader response communist style. Desire machine readers, yet desiring machines only work when they break down, so how does that fit in with a pragmatics of the text? Well, it does and does not because once it no longer works, one moves along, one goes to the next one, the next machine. You are not stuck in the death wishes of the older one. “When we use a word, we want to say, if this word doesn’t agree with you, find another, there’s always a way. Words are totally interchangeable” (Deleuze DI 278). This is suggestive for poetry as well as philosophy because if words are interchangeable in a poem, then our concept of language and the practice of poetry completely differs from the old idea that each word in a poem is perfectly chosen, and irreplaceable. We have seen that this was not the case in Eliot’s poem. Other examples abound. Language is not a sacred screed given to us from on high written with irreversible principles, but a changing fabric, whose metaphors multiply diversify and are always out of our grasp. The words of the poem are assembled; they are themselves little assemblages, little machines.

Likewise poetry is not given to authors from on high. Joyce once compared his writing technique to that of an engineer boring into a mountain from both ends, yet not certain of the outcome (Ellmann 543). There’s nothing mysterious about that image; it’s plain love’s labour. The difference between labor and alienated work being that the

artist, often at the cost of his life, does his own work, love's labour. So his work is Utopian and revolutionary, filled with becomings, and calls to the future, to "the advent of a people" a people to come (Deleuze Guattari WIP110), for to create is "to follow the witch's flight" (41). The sorcerer who calls to the future also conjures it up: Shanti Shanti Shanti (CP 50).

Subtraction; body without image; voice box

Better to be a tiny quantum flow than a molar converter, oscillator, or distributor! (ATP 226)

Since there is no misplaced totality of which The Waste Land is the collected morsel, but simply more and more bricks, plateaus of vision and version (revisions and reversioning), and roving in the bedlam of the poem, the walks around London Alexandria, (and absent Paris), we would do better to end interpreting and begin reading. We would do better to walk, and stroll, to saunter along its interstices and becomings-invisible. The reading is a performance-evasion, a tongue guessing in the night the hankering symbols of its wake. It is the burial of the dead, who ever slither and glide off, into the existence of the disembodied. The text as bodiless voices invoiced avoids our grasp and suggesting infinite dolour and contained terror: "What is that noise? The wind under the door."(CP 40).

We are all five o'clock in the evening, or another, or rather two hours simultaneously, the optimal and the pessimal, noon-midnight, but distributed in a variable fashion. (ATP 263)

A perfect correspondence exists between haecceity and the multiple dimensions of the hour described in the poem: "At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives/

Homeward”(CP 43-4) a correspondence between “The plane of consistency [that] contains haeccities, along intersecting lines” (263). Along intersecting lines of correspondence the poem that stitches and restiches its midnight and high noon: “At the violet hour, when the eyes and back” (CP 43). Why the hour is violet, or where “Home” might be cannot be predetermined.

Sealing down meaning is the work of the Signifier, which wants to fix text and meaning, as well capturing sense and definition. But the poem and its multitude of invoicing resist these measures. It shoots out quantum[s] and particles, that form and shape into lines of flight. Lines of flight in the poems are lines of verse quantified around and over the various strata firing molecules of expression, that are not captured by sense.

What ‘tiny quantum flow’ comes over through the distributor of The Waste Land? Is it the static of affect⁵², or the intensity of character as it breaks up into many personae, nervous ecstatic masks and personifications, figments, character shifting between one name and another. Depending on which moment of the poem we happen to focus on, it can be both of these sets of emotion descriptors. Between its primary urge to narrative and its numerous faces, does it set itself in the strata of fragmentation and the crumbling bits of historical noise, or the deterritorialized narrative of its becoming? Desire is always driven to deterritorialize and reterritorialize; the bifurcation of desire debouches in two and more directions. In the process uneasy alliances are forged: “God is a lobster, or a double pincer... Each stratum constitutive of double articulation” (ATP 40 my emphasis). The image of the lobster is revealing, as it alludes both to a crustacean and ancient life form, and so was chosen by Guattari and Deleuze because of its

connection to geology, and the origins of the telic god consciousness that comprises the “Judgement of God” (40). God’s very existence is judgment. No wonder it causes pain. A lobster god is not exactly the image of loving the Father, that Milton and others conjure, but resembles more the polytheistic deities of the Satanic territories. Does this surprise us, no, because DeleuzeGuattarian thought falls on the side of difference and immanence, versus transcendence and sameness; monotheism versus polytheism. We are at the acentered heart of things, where the current of desire is in conflict with the powers claiming territory in an exclusive synthesis. Desire is the molecular acentered rhizomatic lateral dot dot dot that cannot be hemmed in as when Wauchope and Horsfall sing it in the “Fragment of an Agon” “Where the Ganguin maids/In the banyan shades/Wear palm leaf drapery/Under the bam/Under the boo/Under the bamboo tree”(CP 81). From the perspective that I am drawing, the delightful “Fragment of An Agon,” is another aspect of The Waste Land machinery, or more accurately, it constitutes another element in the Text of the Eliot deterritorialization. It becomes so by virtue of its becoming-fragment, a zany cartoon of the poetry, even though it is not in the text properly speaking, nor in its published form. But if we read Eliot’s texts transversally, burrowing around, under, and above the main lines, we are supplied another escape hatch. Since The Waste Land itself is simply one aspect or element of deterritorialization in the Eliot writing-machine, then at any moment any text, poetic or otherwise, by Eliot becomes a legitimate source for grasping, and of re-reading and enriching our readings of the poem itself.

We will enter, then, by any point whatsoever; none matters more than another, and no entrance is more privileged even as it seems, an impasse, a tight passage, a siphon. (Kafka 3)

These are not words that would have endeared themselves to Eliot the man. But no matter what the writer might have thought, we are concerned with other flows. Eliot's schizoid narrators are up against the same force that Satan fought and which appears as an eternal combat. It only appears that way, because it is a historical problem, and nothing in the future is determined. The god that claimed priority was really just a stratum, a geologic formation: "[T]he strata are judgements of God; stratification in general is the entire system of the judgement of god (but the earth, or the body without organs, constantly elude that judgement, flees and becomes destratified, decoded, deterritorialized" (ATP 40). In the same way that Eliot's narrators run over the boundaries of sense so the forces, which preclude judgement necessarily, escape interpretation.

The reader likewise moves along on a parallel route, reading in a state of dividing and multiplying consciousness: a paranoid dual-purpose face and schizoid claw animates her becomings. Facing down the judgment of God is constant work, and human consciousness, filled as it is with guilt and self-condemnation cracks under the perpetual strain of the Trial. Naturally I refer to the book by Kafka, but I am also referencing the fact that the Trial has become a trope for daily life. It is no longer a metaphor, and it has in effect, become another machine. We no longer live in the metaphors, of strange novels by Franz Kafka, but we are the characters that compose them. In a similar way, we "are" the characters in Eliot's disjointed poems. Their becomings become ours: the crackling mutter of their whisper demonstrates the hellish eloquence of the narrator 'molecule' stalking the edges of the stratum (ATP 272). His schizoid molecule will fall apart and be devoured if he is not wary and prudent. No

longer living in the framework of the One God one meaning means you must make your own way in the world. Constructing your own body-without-organs is work, and is done with care: “Find your body without organs. Find out how to make it. It’s a question of life and death, youth and old age. Find out how to make it. It’s a question of life and death, youth and age, sadness and joy. It is where everything is played out” (ATP 151). The schizophrenic stroll (AO 1) in the factory of the unconscious seeks a subjectivity that is produced, his own, that permits at best a space of freedom, at worse, a hellish no room with no exit. Ironically there are no more authors behind these agencies of text creation: What remains are assemblages and “creative functions” (Deleuze 143 Two Regimes of Madness). This is positive as it releases the text from the possessive of an egoized subjectivity with its claims to ownership. But beyond and above questions of ownership as author and the problem of the author function, there is a man, a writer, writing these poems. This poses other problems, and raises other questions of doctrine, dogma and possession, and of love.

Composition and Love, Authors and Writers; reaction and flight.

Perhaps he writes them at night. We know nothing of the hour of composition of Eliot’s poems. Or the little we know, does not let us into the secrets of composition, and inspiration. Yet he writes to us across the lines of subjectivity and the period: round and round the circles of the dead portrayed in cycles of decline: “I see rings of people waking round in a ring” (CP 39). Yet the same man’s critical machinery is reactive, paranoid, reterritorializing. If, as I suggest, the Waste Land constitutes a series of flights

that are positive by the very nature of what makes up lines of flights, then the critical essays are the converse. It is comically enough all verse, but some is converse and the rest is in re --Verse. It is not the poetry that reterritorializes, but the critical writing and the period in which they were written. It is the machinery of the period, the epoch, which gave rise to it, the milieu in England (Levenson). The early twenties throughout Europe was one of expansive change and narrowing contraction (that implosive contraction of Nazism was shaping its outlines at the same moment other men were creating), and without wishing to reduce any of the legitimate critical insights in the prose, Eliot's critical machinery becomes an element in the reaction. The critical social energy he espoused was a reaction to openness, spontaneity and the great continental movements of poetry art that were happening all around the Eliot Pound circle. "The European avant-garde breaks with all traditions and thus continues the Romantic tradition; the Anglo American movement breaks with the Romantic tradition (*of revolution*). Contrary to Surrealism, it is an attempt at restoration rather than a revolution" (Paz 134). Eliot's critical machinery is that of closure, and the poetry that follows cuts and represses rather than opens, his criticism works to reterritorialize what the poetry deterritorializes. I am not arguing, however, that Eliot's criticism is a failure or that it lacks merit or value, but that side by with The Waste Land, the criticism draws the energy of the reader away from the lines of flight that the poem had sprung. Eliot's criticism recoils, turning to an invented notion of the great past of English literature, to recede in the face of the Dada and Surrealist movements in Europe that were simultaneous to the Anglo-American perspective. It is in this context that Paz's statement quoted above ought to be apprehended.

Apropos of Pound's politics and poetry, Charles Bernstein states, "I do not, however, equate Pound's politics with Pound's poetry" (Poetics 122). I am saying something analogous about Eliot's poetry and politics, with the difference that I think that Eliot's criticism, including his own "self criticism" and self-chosen path of Christian denial invoke paranoiac molarity. The effect was to stymie the currents the poem called up, and which The Waste Land had invoked. Both Eliot's and Pound's critical political machines will move more and more toward the optic of closure and in Eliot's case, the famous turn towards Conservatism politically and religiously. Eliot embraces the politics of right wing reaction, whereas for Ezra Pound outright racist deliriums take over (AO 85). Ezra Pound's flight from the closed shop of postwar WW1 England will take him to Paris, but not toward the left and the great art movements of Dada and Surrealism. He will move into a racist delire parallel to the paranoia of what will take over the mind of Louis F. Celine (Ostrovosky Voyeur Voyant). Pound's whole effort will be to close off in the name of what he conceives of as the better, to cut down, in politics, to exclude and refuse the others, the inferiors. Pound's assumed Confucianism and social credit theories of economics combined led him to revering Italian Fascism and Mussolini.

Eliot's drives are not as fierce as Pound's and his own travails along the molar strata of State formations are disguised by the religious coating of his conservative Anglicism. His sortie into the body-without-organs while scripting his famous poem, will lead him into the black hole of religious relegation and repression. Yet the poetry will out, eventually.

We know that one type of body without organs is a suffering one, on the level of

the *produced*, suffering schizophrenic, drug addict, etc. but as for desire itself, this is so. “Desire constantly couples continuous flows and partial objects that are by nature fragmentary and fragmented. Desire causes the current to flow, itself flows in turn, and breaks the flows” (AO 5 emphasis added). The voiced hallucinatory mouths, and partial objects, the “fragments ... (that the I of the poem possesses) shored against (his) ruins” (CP 50), all of which had been released from the molarity of subject-identity, are repatriated by the poet’s critical machinery. Add to that the succeeding generations of critical restraint (restraining jackets of verse), that surround the apparatus of the poem. The poem is hemmed in a body-without-organs in restraint, but desire will out and the poem[s] resists these manoeuvres.

“The full body without organs” is another story however, it “is the unproductive, the sterile, the unengendered, the unconsumable” (AO 8). The mocking tortured spaces, which screech behind the satanic in-voice-ings, around the insanity that frames Eliot’s poetry, those which permeate the ascesis of section five of the poem, form a veritable bedlam. Misery and mourning on the razor’s edge of control constitute a veritable mayhem of fear and paranoia. What hysteria of the boudoir controlling its intense presence holds back the hauteur and piercing shouts of an Artaud-like madness inside and around margins of The Waste Land?

**Four Quartets a Territory of Serenity; Connected to their departure from
The Waste Land**

Suggestion: Do the Four Quartets reterritorialize the earlier poem? Yes and no, because the Quartets move in the direction of another form of resolution, a hope for serenity. Sadly they retreat again and again, in spite of themselves, into a form of wished for Christian asceticism. Yet around these carapaces of self-hatred and Christianity, another halo abides. Their still and self-contained sonata-like contour, the tidy yet messy agonies, the 'dead patrol' with the phantoms of past writers, the shamanistic involution, the revelations of the author's dubious evaluation of words and language, all these are the poet's 'final' poem works constitute a modesty of poetry, a humbling of force. I suggest that we read these poetic sonatas literally as the relinquishing of the ego strata he describes as "Ardour and selfless and self-surrender" (CP 136) in the "Dry Salvages." Eliot gives up writing poetry properly speaking after this period. The poetic machine as such halts. The desire-machine has broken down, as it should, and he moves on. He has been taken to another plane, to yet another desiring-assemblage. In them Eliot has abandoned the rougher tangles of deterritorialization and its terrifying decodifications. The Four Quartets grasp the plane of consistency and immanence. What appears as the conventional inward journey to a transcendent god might have become a realization of the thisness now of god's becomings present. What is sure and demonstrated in Eliot's later life is that he has come to terms with this world. Eliot's machinery appears to seal itself off from the signatures of its earlier modes. But this appearance is deceptive. What we see folding and refolding in the Four Quartets is the mastery of the sailor poet at sea,

no longer adrift in the ocean of his “follie” but steadied in the achievement of his own work and life. In one respect, the end of Eliot’s poetic machine enables him, the man, to emerge as the smiling elder statesmen of his last years (Gordon Love: The Unfamiliar Name). Happiness discovered outside of the deterritorializations of writing frees the man; perhaps he enters into becomings imperceptible, and invisible; and perhaps an old split between the two was mended. I do not wish to inflate the importance of the Quartets, nor the importance of Eliot’s private happiness. I do not wish to inflate it, but there is no doubt his later joy touches us: “This last part of my life is the best, in excess of everything I could have deserved” (Gordon 260).

The Statesman’s emergency, the poet’s falling away.

Indeed there is a falling off, a dead stop. At worst, Eliot becomes Coleridge, but does manage to pop out of the box, and stage a comeback as playwright. Fair enough, but do his plays work as poetry machine, or do they merely keep in place a reactionary and closed idea of the theatre in circulation? In my view, his plays are a move to the past, a representation of nostalgia, and the “elder statesman’s” desire to quell his demons, and that of his class. Eliot, the publisher and eminent statesman, becomes the removed “father” of a generation of dying and and dead poets; his pantheon is the ever-receding past of “tradition.” In pop culture parlance, he becomes a godfather overlord.⁵³

Relative to the generation of English poets *not* taken up into the Established presses, and curriculum, or lifted up into the heights of publication by Faber and Faber, Eliot was the hit man for the Establishment. The Children of Albion, the English

underground, the counter-culture of the sixties took him with a sense of humour, but mostly went along their own collective way.⁵⁴

Eliot's position in post-war Britain was that of the king pin, and it appears that he grew uncomfortable with the circles of power and ambition surrounding poetry. In later years, his misgivings about poetry (as a social political phenomena?) are recounted by Ackroyd; Eliot thought, "poetry was a mug's game"(326 emphasis added). Ackroyd does not discuss the context Eliot's remark, but it is telling that Eliot used the same slang that often characterizes gangs. The début of Ted Hughes, who was "lifted up" into the heights of literary lionization and repute by Faber and Faber, was not received positively by those of his contemporaries who had been left out by that same literary establishment.

Post World War Two poets, some anthologized by Michael Horovitz (Children of Albion) and described by Jeff Nuttall in vivid detail (Bomb Culture Chapter 3 "The Underground") felt no love or adherence for the Hughes Faber and Faber canon-shaping enterprise, nor its world wide nuclear bomb culture. No matter, the misgivings of a generation of poets, when reading the electric poems of the elder statesman's wasteland, we are still in the presence of the cutting edge of multitude. It makes no difference that the poem laments or appears to hope to frighten off and stave back the monstrous throng of "... hooded hordes swarming... ." (CP 48) that it so readily invokes. Of the many speakers in the poem, this one is the fearful paranoid mark of the high machinery of closure. But that fearful voice is merely one among several.

Poetic Machineries. A review of various views. Satan's Re-In-Voicing Into the 20 century practices of poetry. He do the text in Differen[c]t[e]. The Notes Voices of Lesbians reading text of wasteland. The Notes.

Let us imagine, then, an old style school marm, Eliot's aunt, his aunty Oedipus, his surplus schizophrenic uncle, another woman say of her generation, reading the Notes. She reads and is puzzled; after all, these notes, which are another twisted torque in the labyrinth that consist of the poetry's footprints, seem to suggest a serious undertaking. Alas, they, too, are aspects of a fictional poetic epistemology evident across the oeuvre of the poet. The poet is a thief, a good one, and "a forger in the smithy of his soul" in the words of that other great literary crook, James Joyce. Eliot's poetry machinery trudges across time and space pretending one conceit after the other. The Notes ought to be read as part of the play of affect and distraction. Pursuing this train of thought one can read the Notes as yet another Eliot persona or character in his strange phanastamagoria of erudition and decay⁵⁵. Or we can approach it from yet another angle. We drop the Notes, and Tiresias, reading it by way of subtraction and less than what is obvious. Doing this enables us to re-perform and recompose the text for ourselves, to produce its effects in ways unheard of. After all, we are not here to be passive consumers, but readers, ragers, ranters, producers, reciters, reinventing the text for ourselves. A delirium of reading is better than a conventional one; a mad reading is better than a dead Oedipal one followed by the same old clichés and tropes, circling endlessly, the dead prey of the author and the corpse of his corpus.

So this then opens up whole fields of promising readers. And the poem without

Tiresias and with the Notes is another text. Yes, it is perhaps a wealthier text that we discover, one that is freer, free of the constraints and reservations of conventional critical reflection. Those terms, need I say, are repressive in themselves, so how could they do anything but read the poem repressively and by force of necessity. That ragged epistemology of weakness force-fed on the idea of meaning and the excessive formalisms sprung from it, or the close readings that really become excruciating personal ones. Those that gave no freedom to the text or the reader; styles of reading really which ought to be called closed-off; not close or near readings; the excesses of New Criticism divorcing the epistemology of reading outside of any context.

At the same time, again, there is a third kind of line, which is even more more strange: as if something carried us away, across our segments, but also across our thresholds, toward a destination which is unknown, not foreseeable, not pre-existent. (The Deleuze Reader 226)

What reader does not dream of setting out in the unknown text, imagining remote shores, unbreakable with meaning yet subtle with codes, and reflexes: Desire and its machinations. So, too, the Notes, their unknown occult-like status, and the stations of suggestion they create.

So reading The Waste Land by way of subtraction, yes. So we move to another space of mutation. Or situate it sans the Notes, sans Tiresias, and add the opening pages of the night walk in the brothel scene of Eliot's imaginings, and how different the received text appears, how differently the history of its reception might have been. The Waste Land might be read as a sort of American in London Dada circuit, and not the sometimes-dreary poem it is taken as.

Let us pursue this further: a bit of racist delire treading the borderline between imagination and bigotry. In another instance, picture a black woman from the so-called

Deep South. How this lady might read a patently racist text, or a text so allusive she won't grasp its subtle partitions, but senses a tenderness in which it escapes the average traditional reader. A lesbian black lover reads the sections about the boats, in bed, as she lullabies her Sapphic partner to dreams of waking love. Poetry read in this position is the lover's potion, a classic and tender gaze reaching for the orgasm hidden behind every poem, true to its sexual displeasures and ecstasies. Or a reader from Dijon reading in the French accent of that neighbourhood, a reader say stepped out of Pound's Provençal. Or a translation into French read by a Parisian or an Englishman, or an Irishman reading the French version and with a slight Irish brogue burring over the top. "April is the cruellest month" read by burly Ted Hughes creates effects rendering an affect, which have nothing to do with the presence or absence of the Notes (Hughes The Waste Land and Other Poems by TS Eliot Read by Ted Hughes).

Which persona to be read by whom would prove provocative, and say other voices read by several salacious lesbian /bisexual/bitextual readers/reciters for bitextual/biaural readers. Imagine Pound reading it out loud, how dramatic. Or picture Antonin Artaud screaming it. The Irish actress-- Fiona Shaw did a stage version of herself solo reciting the text. I can testify to its intensity and raw power, as I attended the performance.

But this is not enough; we must read it in a group, in bed, with other texts lying about: poems by Laforgue, and add authors, add readers. All of this speculation reminds me of the novel by Italo Calvino, If On A Winter's Night a Traveller Should. Many of the chapters in Calvino's book take place as considerations of a erotic reading and erotic pedagogy of the same. How is it that The Waste Land and its surrounding texts have not

been ever considered in this way? The text as transmitter of desire necessarily includes sexual desire, its fullness its weakness and strength, its fullness. What is at stake is the freedom of the text and her reader, choices, choices not encoded by historical determinism. Choices not nailed down by conceptual apparatuses already in place, fixtures to the dime store novel of majoritarian significance. "Literature is an assemblage" (ATP 4). We garner our parliament an assembly assemblage of readers. We could think of reading with dozens of other people, the multiplicities that constitute our ongoing selfhood, our bulb latterly moving alongside the text:

There is no ideal speaker-listener, any more than there is a homogeneous linguistic community. Language is, in Weinrich's words, "an essentially heterogeneous reality." There is no mother tongue, only a power takeover by a dominant language within a political multiplicity. Language stabilizes around a parish, a bishopric, a capital. It forms a bulb. It evolves by subterranean stems and flows, along river valleys or train tracks; it spreads like a patch of oil. It is always possible to break a language down into internal structural elements, an undertaking not fundamentally different from a search for roots. There is always something genealogical about a tree. It is not a method for the people. A method of the rhizome type, on the contrary, can analyze language only by decentering it onto other dimensions and other registers. A language is never closed upon itself, except as a function of impotence. (ATP 7)

Heterogeneous Satan and the invoiced speakers of Eliot's texts, a machine to read across and fore the moment of the text, it leaks recondite escapes supplying back-handed exits. This essay continues to proceed from the middle, deterritorializing, displacing (at times repeating the fold in of its materials, difference repeating) its materials as each plane of immanence, moves forward, retreats and doubles back again, finding poetry at each moment of its turning. It keeps and upkeep structure to guide us into the intellectual country we are riding into. Let it be exciting and adventurous, filled with and for the unknown unfolding of truths and truth, reader you must know this for yourself. This poetics of adventure and then beauty and its magic talk of verb and noun and the

many splendored splintered paragraph of movement in narration, character secret poetry of inter-text[s] works forward and backward, echoing and hearing itself in other spaces: like the allusion are always just only learning about. Yet our ideas of allusion need to be transmogrified, transformed and metamorphosed by rhizomatic impulses. The Waste Land is only the start of what a poem can do. We move further along the metaphorical shores of more innovative and looser structures. More fluid, more despairing to grasp experience, more joyous quanta to capture the event of their reality. In the domain of poetics qua poetics, Pierre Joris describes his version of “rhizomatics” not far different in conception and practice from that described by Guattari and Deleuze.

04/05/96 A nomadic poetics' method will be rhizomatic: which is different from that core 20th technique, collage, i.e. a rhizomatics is not an aesthetics of the fragment, which aesthetic has dominated poetics since the Jena romantics even as transmogrified by modernism, high & low, & more recently retooled in the neo-classical form of the citation -- ironic &/or decorative -- throughout what is called 'post-modernism.'

(Joris, Pierre. Nomadics. 2006 <http://www.albany.edu/~joris/nomad.html> emphasis added)

So the time of the famous fragment came to an end replaced by the richer smoother, yet paradoxically rougher, template/construct of the rhizome/rhizome. Our texts go beyond the limited exterior or printed matter and reach out into the smooth spaces of the blog, and the Internet. Dialogues are carried on daily across these zones where poems do their work, or equally fail to do so. *He do the Police in Different Voices* has become a type of norm cutting across the old linear forms of the printed page and its traditional stanzaic layout; its forms and demands for predictable and conventional metric are now chopped up into a million pieces. Re-gathered the chopped pieces are a body without organs of poetry marching and tramping around the globe and the world globosphere of language: Mama language and papa language

enriched to include the multitude and its epic persona (Lambert 114). Smooth spaces of metaphor covered by the desire-machine works against the reterritorializing force of striations, formalities, and the molar force of illegitimate readings. Pretentially (this is my own portmanteau word combing the sense of potential and pretence, in the poetic sense of a conceit defined as pretence, but in a legitimate sense) Eliot's last words of the text are multiplicities in the substance of their denial and refusal of peace. Or is this a glib statement for are the words Shanti not repeated three times, a whole invitation and enveloping of feminine embrace of the new world sans frontiers? Tout court Eliot is a multitude in spite of himself. I refer to Eliot author, not Eliot in propria persona. Eliot the controlling totalizer of Faber and Faber, the essayist critic, does not enter into the equation. Eliot, the bigot, does and does not play on the field of the poems; we sense "his" racist deliriums passing like waves over the seam of the words. But another figure is retired as a back door man, a banker residing in the shadows. Who comes and goes in the text is the subject affiliating itself here and there momentarily, never remaining still.

And who would limit the praxis of poetics to the poem? French poet Tristan Tzara writing in an essay in 1935 declared "It is perfectly evident that today you can be a poet without ever having written a line"(Nadeau 22). Tzara was writing at the height of the Surrealist period in France, and after Eliot's poem had been published. It is a thought that Eliot could not have countenanced. Tzara was by the mid 1930's developing his own ideas of the dialectic and Marxism. His poetry moves in a direction of implication, the polar opposite to the self-purgatorial poetry Eliot was to write in the Quartets. No two poets writing faced such completely opposite directions. In the years

when Eliot is “working” out his relation to his “eternal soul” (Gordon Eliot’s New Life 51-93), Tzara becomes an active member of the Communist Party of France and a supporter along with thousands of others of the great alliance of the Front populaire (Elmer Paterson Tristan Tzara).

What I am pointing to is the disparity of achievement, and the gap between the openness and prosperity of European continental poetry versus the regulated verse and (field) marshaled poetry culture which was shaped to a large extent by Eliot’s critical machinery.⁵⁶ Eliot, singer of the “Sweet Thames sing softly” motif, becomes, during the pre-World War Two war period, a closed down fellow, wrapped in guilt, a ghost really of the men whose work he admired, and whose poetry he strove to imitate and surpass. Poets like Jules Laforgue, Shakespeare, and Whitman; all three were poets to the left both in lifestyle and in poetic practice to anything Eliot, descendent of the Puritans, could come up with.⁵⁷ “But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag it’s so elegant it’s so intelligent” (CP 41) is not quite the music dying from another room, nor does it resonate the way that “sound it had a dying fall” does. Its function in the poem is to put off the results of the mad conversation that takes places after “A Game of Chess.” But nowhere does Eliot hit a stride equal to the dead masters he admired. Everything in the poem is multiplicitious break down, and the charge behind that is the breakdown of the Christian vision. Eliot was both drawn and repelled by Milton’s vision, and secretly he revered and feared the English bard. It is the Miltonic vision which haunts the poet of The Waste Land, and the invoicings of it are precisely those of the Satanic whispering of his own failure. Eliot was nothing if not a good Christian, but his Christianity and his poetry suffered from one another. Eliot’s poetry reads better out of context, and citing him is

often better than reading him. Another way of putting this is to say the poetry that you make your own is what counts, not the original ideas so-called of the poet, or his life. If his life does not inspire you and his politics don't then it is best to take what is useful to yourself as a reader and leave the rest behind. Poetry is about practice, a personal practice that "resists death" (Deleuze Two Regimes of Madness 323) and mounts a bulwark against it.

Theories of Poetics, Theories of Practice

A theory of poetry includes its regular and asymmetrical modes and genres, but naturally these modes are defined by convention and received usage. But these things have been questioned, the limits exploded. The result: linked, hypertext, rhizomatic, collage montage segmentary allusive cinema imitating becomings-invisible imaginative inventive return of the same different poems; a veritable deluge of texts in every shape size and conceivable mode a pot-pourri rigmarole of difference. Our essays ought to transmute and mix in similar styles like those of Charles Olson in Maximus (reterritorializing American idioms, one's own collective deterritorializing geography), Kafka's burrowing writing machine (novels that are pedagogical thrillers as well as suspenseful dramas that never complete themselves) and Kathy Acker who sliced her narratives, combining historical inserts, narrative appropriation, and copying of journals superimposed on classic materials. The forgetfulness of language can only be remembered through language. Cut a text along the more radical work lines of William S. Burroughs, who glued disparate sentences, phrases, snapping, folded, bifurcates

theorizing of presence to its break off. At this high wire '*niveau*' the sentence itself demonstrates its theoretical disjunctive flight relative to the usual declarative modes of discourse. A schizoanalysis in action: we merge reader response, with historicist materialist readings, dialectical signifier seekers, and the vital connecting of all of these to joy, the joy which frees: a machine to theorize your juxtaposing Miltons and Eliots. What is that text doing there, its unsure relation to others, empirical and otherwise: "Who is the third who walks always beside you? (CP 48)." Who is that third text that disassembles its fourth person singular, abandoning singularity and embracing a multiplicity of dimensions in its place. A text glides beside the you who are the doubled half of the other. Who is that third text marshalling behind your terrors, your fears, hope and aspiration for a better text? Is this nonsense, the zero degree of writing, the pluralized writerly text beckoning to us? What question[s] perjures the dawn, a forgiving of night? Maybe Jacques Derrida (in his discussion of the wound and the night) is not wrong. Is there a night, the poetic text (if not the poet) bridges? But then how can one reconcile the machinic notion of a productive unconscious with such figurative terminology Derrida writes in? Such a dawn would be the hoped for deterritorialization of all writing.

How does Eliot's text (the published version and its facsimile) connect (inter-texts) with contemporary belles-lettres, i.e. the "novels" of W.S. Burroughs and Jean Genet, for instance? Another point of departure is: how does the practice of critical reading carry over into our daily life? This is political, of course, and politics seems to have gotten lost by the wayside in some of the discourse of critical thought. So a question I would pose (and I pose this especially to Fish and the exclusive interpretative

community): How do we make this relevant to the concerns of our everyday life? What are the transversal bridges between the various sectors that govern these neighborhoods of thought and practice? What micropolitics determines their usage? Between the varied and different jumping off points to consider is the politics of daily living, because being and writing are distinct from politics by only a thin line. Deleuze speaking of his writing rapport with Guattari states: "As Felix says: before Being there is politics" (Dia17).

Everything is between: the reader, the writer, and the text.

No poet or novelist was ever far removed from the political realities and discourses of their daily life and times. Milton was more than an active partisan in the English Revolution in the 1600's, Tzara was a Marxist until the late 1950's and had also fought in the French resistance throughout World War Two, Genet supported causes until his death in 1986; Ezra Pound famously supported the right-wing cause of Fascism in Italy; as the numerous feminist writers sought a politicization of the "field." There are the black American writers, of both genders, each of whom made relevant the political arena in their works of fiction, examples are: Alice Walker, Toni Morrison, James Baldwin, and Ishmael Reed. There will be a lot of quotes around the terms I use, first, because so many of their meanings are in doubt, and secondly, because they have outlived their usefulness. These "things" (literary theory-criticism) require deterritorialization; literary theory and the philosophy of deterritorialization, unlike conventional "literary criticism," stand back to look at what is around and behind the books, the forces crushing them and lifting them out. For instance: How were the works financed, how did the writer survive, what were his political engagements, how does the book play against the sociopolitical milieu that it arose in, and what forces of desire does

it curb or unshackle? There is always a relation to the Outside and this Outside penetrates and traverses the book. The book engine cannot be separated from its exteriors, the pages and their surfaces interacting with the world as much as the world interacts with them. A book, a poem, a literary event, the text, all connect to lines of flight and detention which cross them and which we cross. The question is one of lines and how they relay to other lines. Money lines, printed lines, lines in the bank, and lines to and from the readers who engage in the text. How do we sidestep the notorious gravity of the Signifier?

You may make a rupture, draw a line of flight, yet there is still the danger that you will reencounter organizations that restratify everything, formations that restore power to a signifier, attributions that reconstitute a subject -- anything you like, from Oedipal resurgences to fascist concretions. (ATP 9)

The poetry is the line of rupture, the terrain of freedom, dubious as that word might sound; it is always the poetry that directs us away from the dreadful reterritorialization of possession. The tyranny of criticism reterritorializes the material freed up by the poetry.

With schizoanalysis it is the inverse. One no longer wants to make a definite object. One does not want to enter into a pre-established program. One tries to live the field of the possible that is carried along by the assemblages of enunciation. You begin a novel, but you do not how it is going to be finished; perhaps it will not even be called a novel.... It is precisely that notion of process that to me is fundamental. One abandons the idea that one must seek to master an object or subject - I am no longer "either master of myself or master of the universe". (The Guattari Reader 136 emphasis added)

Eliot the author began a poem. It starts with a walk, a brothel scene, that gets dropped in the final version; the burlesque, even risqué socially revelatory elements are cut out by Eliot's alter-ego, his super-ego editor-in-chief. Pound and Eliot's wife make suggestions, here and there, but it is Eliot who makes the "final" decisions.⁵⁸ What

appears is The Waste Land as we know it. But something between escapes, something that might have been. It appears there is no other poem, but the one we can imagine had things gone differently. He might have done the Voices in other strides and sequences. Dadaesque Different Voices Police show is displaced by what Eliot names a “personal grouse” (F 1). The Conrad epigram is lifted out and then dropped back onto The Hollow Men. The shambling unwieldy original drafts and texts are shunted into oblivion for 50 years. The repressed material will out. Saint Narcissus, whose libidinous self-regard shaped “the pointed corners of his eyes” (F 95), a pagan sex becoming, is also forgotten as the construction of the Eliot critical machinery unfolds. Eliot the man, Eliot the poet, Eliot the religious recluse, all of these roles conflict in a back and forth reterritorialization deterritorialization movement that is ceaseless. Eliot the paranoiac schizo-linguist represses and is repressed by, the repressed Vivienne, the coo-coo woman tucked away in the draft version, and the lightest penciled alterations and suggestions in the text, and who will also be “put away”. I am not suggesting that Eliot is to blame for of Vivienne’s eventual confinement, but that his first wife functions as one part of the machine that ran awry and had to be “shut down.” No doubt Vivienne’s own deliriums were shutting her off, but it is the combination of the two forces, his and hers, that force the crunch. Eliot, the upper crust would-be Englishman in combination with both of their historical deliriums and right wing tendencies fixed a space that enabled the poetic machine a space. Without Vivienne there would have been no poem. Her silence is a gap, a rent in the vision of wholeness that the poet is constructing, and hoping for. Her voice, yet hushed to hysterical cries, is deafening and resounds in The Waste Land, and the biographical lore surrounding the couple (Gordon 77).

Eliot's relations in this regard run a parallel course to Joyce and daughter Lucia, with the difference that Joyce really did believe in his daughter's genius: "Whatever spark of gift I possess has been transmitted to Lucia," "Joyce would say," [and] "has kindled a fire in her brain" (Hamilton 286). In a letter to Harriet Weaver he wrote that he was prepared "[to] ruin myself for my daughter!" (Hamilton 287). If Eliot ever loved his wife Vivienne, it is not evident in the poetry, or in his relations to her. Eliot took care of Vivienne the way one takes care of an obligation, an unwanted one. It appears she had more libidinous appetite than he did, and may have cuckolded him with Bertrand Russell (Ackroyd 66-7). Whatever the case was, if Eliot transmitted anything to Vivienne, it was less than genius. The "poor" woman became an outcast and in the end was committed (Ackroyd 233). It is pure speculation on my part, but it may have been that Eliot had his sights on her for purely ambitious reasons and for whatever connections he imagined Vivienne having. In the end, she had none. "What shall I do now What shall I do? / I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street/ with my hair down, so" (CP 41). Hysteria and the boudoir; women virgin whore out the door, looking for more, for what she cannot find at home; Vivienne as Billie Holiday on the beat. Walking the streets after hours, perhaps bumping into the June Miller of the film *Henry and June*, who also wanders the street in an instance of abandon (Henry and June).

So, again Eliot was not a master. Indeed his mastery is the mastery of failure, albeit disguised under another name. His failure was as a poet (that his poetry was too easily reterritorialized by the grasp of his critical persona) not as a literary critic. His failure was a man, yet one underlined by the greatness of the few poems. Strange greatness of the commodity poem! I speak of Eliot the man, not Eliot author function

desire machine, or Eliot the poet *qua* his own poems, and certainly not Eliot as interpreter of European poetry, and the politics of continental Europe. Eliot's critical machinery is the great reactive contracting one. The poem's the thing will catch the conscience of the reader, not the man.

Is Eliot, the master of universe? Hardly, Eliot was neither a master of his own desires, nor his own life. Eliot is now a desire machine; his machine literary and otherwise has polemical value, the affects and intensities left in the poetry are useful to us. Each reader constructs his own body-without-organs with pieces of the text. What matter the baffling life of an author? Authors do not exist; they are 'mere' functions. None of that is true, of course, they exist, but it's what we make of them when they are dead that matters to us. Our own intensities are what counts, not merely the historical documentation of dead poets and the wars they fought. Eliot turned to the Anglican Church to crush the potential schizophrenic charge in his poetry, perhaps one unleashed by his first wife's delire, his fear of the poetry of Dada, his fear and repulsion toward the collective of others:

A crowd flowed over London bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many. (CP 39)

The dying crowd that is many and multitudinous is that of history, in Hardt and Negri's terms, the multitude (Hardt and Negri x iii). What repressions of dormancy and form lie under this unheard history will never be known. Nor is he a master, and the time for masters and slaves has passed; there are no more master poets, only men and women constructing what they do best. Each writes out of a true necessity and the urgency each author senses within (Tzara 38). The old classifications are lifeless, and the practices and

theories to which they gave birth are no longer constructive. Once you step outside the old space-time boundaries when a book was limited to its beginning middle and end, then there is no turning back, nor is there a desire to turn back. Once you have found levity in a text, there is no turning back to the old grueling idea of meaning, and order in a text. Once the freedom for the poem has been acquired one must only go forward.

One thinks of the dedication to "*il miglior fabbro*." Eliot writes the dedication both as a pose a conceit, and as a sincere dedication to a false master. Were Auden or Yeats masters of the universe? Were their verses lines of flight, cunning in their baffling escape from the deceased? For a reader who has garnered the pleasure of their text, the reply is affirmative. But were they masters of the universe, or of objects? A facetious question, but a significant one given the ancient holdover, which imagines the author is the all-knowing all-seeing omniscient being similar in his way to the "god of the universe" (Joyce). Artists are not masters of even their own world, and Guattari is right to infer the changeability and existentiality of literary artistic production. His essay about Jean Genet speaks to this matter (The Guattari Reader "Genet Regained" 218-230).

Guattari's comments are valuable because they point to the real activity, the living activity, that every writer is involved in, and the not knowing what will happen. This is, of course, something that critics like Harold Bloom do not and cannot perceive. Bloom operates under the old quantum and uses measuring sticks that are not appropriate to the new physics of literature. If we live in a quantum of literature with endlessly expanding universes, there is no anxiety about enough, and scarcity in literature is as much a poetical myth as the Hobbesian one is in politics. It is a

convenient idea that serves the interest of the few, and not the interests of the multitude.

He do the Police in *Differand*? (Lyotard) differAnce Voices? How to prolong the beauty of the part not subsumed or transumpted by tropes of the Whole? How does one circumvent this as well in reality? In the body and in the body of the text, we hope to escape, to achieve and an escape and free ourselves from the shackles of everyday life. Scholarship has no other reward. Each sifting brings us closer to a new reality, a finer shading of what we always knew. The writing is not our own, it belongs to someone else. It belongs to No one and Everyone: “An anonymous collective poem of which each of us is a stanza, a handful of syllables rather than author or reader” (Paz 137).

Death by Water: Voices and In-Voices revoiceings

Plateau: 3; 1922; Death, Birth, Amnesia.

‘Hence vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly *without father bred*,’ (Milton in Hughes 65 1-2 my emphasis)

Indeed: with that sort of leading quote from “Il Penseroso,” where does one begin? Where else but in the middle? In midstream: In the dark wood along the water: *in media res* as always. ‘Without father bred’: The *death* of the Papa, the father daddy dictator: the despotic signifier has died. A series of resounding alliterative “ds” ring through literary and philological history; and the real deterritorializations of history, the ripped rupture of the Outside world. What remains in place are the many deaths by water (Foucault 10-3), insanity, folly, ‘aboulie,’ ‘l’ennui’ and the bitter passage of life to death. Death by water is the sailor’s demise. Memory and forgetfulness, the whirling of

the sea and the amnesia of desire as it pulls him away from his present self, and away to the death-becoming. As the drowned sailor, tarot-pack markings included drifts his way down ward in the deep, through a Shakespearean wonderful, a Shakespearean death trip downward, and 40,000 leagues under the sea à la Jules Verne's.

Eliot's allusion machine: Does it work? Is it apposite to the goals of the Eliot poetic critical machinery? This is schizoanalysis at work, contradiction bled dry of its Hegelian effect, in its place, a system of mantling plateaus. No more contradiction to be resolved into a synthesis, higher or lower: but a simultaneously striated and smooth spaced co-existence on the mountains of thought and desire. In this rough world, of mental mountains and valleys, (the) co-existence of molar and molecular (striated and smooth) is not contradictory. In its place the poet's personae navigate as words on the page (he is navigator and navigated by them) with no pretence to pretend to represent, but are themselves the things of which they speak. Yes, do they speak of real emotion, and real emotion tempered by thought, and speech.

Does it effect paranoid outcomes or does it bifurcate along the split line of deterritorialization/reterritorialization at the same time? What are the goals and ambitions of this cursed verse? This verse which is celebrated for being the depressed melancholy ruminations of a grouser, an unhappily married man, a banker, a misplaced son of the upper classes, how does it function? Do we reckon ourselves wise ones, who know better than the poetry? What does the poetry know? What is its knowing, and is there a wave which curves backward and forward at similar times, never letting us forget we are no longer masters? In our readings we are pleasant or docile depending on the time of day, whether we are lonesome, or hungry, our reading is a text, yet that text,

however self-contained in appearance exists in the Outside world -- a text is not a text by itself and of itself. Usually our text, in the form of a paperback, exists in the hands of a man or woman. Someone reading, holding a book, underlining, murmuring to themselves phrases, as passing by they pass by and one reads under cover of night and day. Or while travelling, what scholar is this, who complains as he reads. "Avoid the double shame of the scholar and the familiar. Give back to an author a little of the joy, the energy, the life of love and politics he knew how to give and invent" (Dial 119). So we read "literature" and recompose it for ourselves while doing so. If we don't recompose it for ourselves then our activity is meaningless. Meaning in this sense means relevance, personal relevance, what it means to each of us as readers. Meaning understood in this way is neither totalizing nor transcendental, and if our meaning is something we make for ourselves out of the shambles of our lives and history (Sartre 91), then our "interpretation" does not suffer from the disease of "interpretosis" (Dial 114). Our readings are little or large entertainment machines, assemblages we construct for ourselves, and at times for others! Moments of polemic yield to hours of our love, shared accommodation with mutual perturbation as we lift another hourly page, our gazes drooped with the weight of love, the erotics of reading writing. Writing reading: Let us hope that others gain pleasure from them. Reading is a game, The Glass Bead Game (Hesse). It is a game of reflection and mirrors where nothing survives but the images, the memories of man and woman who read. Every reader knows in his heart his own midnight. It is raining. It was not. She was coming, she was not; the land is wasted, it is fertile with spring. The rain that washes the cactus land, which falls, purges and washes, incessantly falling, a sluicing flood of desire. The rain is a flow, everything

flows, water, blood, piss, shit, words, cash. Flow, disjunction, connection and interruption, the machine never halts: inclusion, exclusion, back and forth, switching on and off. Everything is positive, “Even the distances are positive, at the same time as the included disjunctions” (AO 76).

The inclusive disjunction of our life includes our reading a text, no matter whether that text was written by a genius or an imbecile. The reading and writing machine is choc-a- block with disjunction. If Milton reads Eliot will he be a ‘better’ poet? Will he be less ill with the God sickness that afflicts him? Would Milton be sicker reading Eliot, and his even more constrictive deity, nay even his more punitive God? How would Milton escape these shackles? He would need to be read and re-written by William Blake. Surely, Blake did read Milton and wrote him out of the dualities of his machine. So who is Milton when is not at home in his Milton mask? If he is inducted into the flow of schizoid excreta that bundles up the rivers of self, will his metonym be transformed into metaphor? Fanciful questions, no doubt, but when all is said and done, what matter such forms of fancy if they do not change our lives and free us from whatever burdens we bear. Our readings can also be a game of light and darkness, of pleasure and joy. What joy to read and fly afterward on the southern pole of our desire, and who, in the name of literature, can say with any certainty what the final sense or meaning of a text, or term is? Each reading is a flow, a death by water and interruption, a broken orgasm reading interruptus and the prospect of a quick death and our many readings incomplete, our performances sold out to empty theatres. And yes, we think Milton could use a little shakedown but we also know he was a great poet, but our feeling for him varies depending on the hour of day. As does Eliot, and so too Deleuze,

and that of the other dead ones, whose reading we offer and take. Clinical critical essays of the probing sort into our lives and deaths, and not the pretences of the dead and mighty. And surely our reading is affected by how we look, our heart rate, the speed and agility of our limbs. Who has not known the terror of lifting a heavy bag and having all our books fall out embarrassed, as we are made self-conscious by the stare of a naked woman, our asses in the air, our pants ripped, our skirts covered in mud, as is the case maybe, and our brains shattered with the guilt of self-consciousness. Fat readers don't breathe the same way as skinny underweight ones, and so their readings will vary, be sluggish, dyspeptic, perplexed and saturnine according to the temper. Naked lovers do not read the same way; readers in search of sexual titillation don't read the same way. Jean Genet and Henry Miller both thought the other a pornographer, and both claimed not to be. Eliot fancied himself a spiritual ascetic yet some ascetic managing a major publishing house. Writers are proverbially envious of one another and in the world of economic exclusion, is it any wonder that one man's rise and success is succeeded by another's failure and bitter dejection? That poets hate one another ought not to surprise anyone, especially readers. Do readers likewise envy one another? Is there a clandestine suffering that is as delirious among readers as the follies that exist in writers?

Milton may not have envied any of his peers, which means he was exceptional. He thought he was justifying the ways of god to man, when god had already given up the fight, and what he was announcing, ahead of its time, was exactly the demise of that god, and in its place the resurrection and justification of Satan, the true hero of the poem. We read and write in pain and discomfort, in a hurry, or slowly and then distracted. Our reading is a busted text, on the window of self and doubt, and there are no other

readings. Scholarly readings are only apparent to the few who peruse them; few retain what they read, and most forget as soon as the page is turned. Pretences to objectivity and research, a conceit to play the melancholy game of quantity in literary matters, do not rescue anything. Whoring and prostitution in reading and writing are commonplace. One begs to live and write and writes to drown and dies, hungry as the empty book, the emptied bookshelves of our drafts and beings, our becomings. Milton wrote (dictated) Paradise Lost while being hunted for supporting regicide; Eliot wrote (part of his text) in state of hyper-anxiety and “aboulie” whilst living in the precincts of a Swiss madhouse,⁵⁹ described by those who could afford these resorts, as sanatoriums. No doubt Dick Diver (Tender is the Night) would have made a good companion easing the troubled soul back to normality so-called; Dick Diver, who retires into obscurity and loss, defeated by the economic powers of the rich and vain, the assumed victim of incest and alcoholism, the rich white girl who’s used him and throws him off, Diver who is no better with his commonplace racism. And readers, who were the readers of these famous death poems, cries of battle blood and lordship in their ears, muttering of hordes on ‘cracked plains’ their hands held out no doubt beckoning for a hand out, a pay check, a hand me down? A hungry reader is (not) identical to a fattened cow of the upper crust, with their high protein diet and a gratifying sex life slam packed with middle and upper class orgasm (the theory of readerly sublimation is a poor substitute). Has the reader been watching television all her life, is she lonely, deprived beset by thunder and wind? Is she a member of the now socialist, or a communist, a common reader, wearing an ipod as she “browses” la texte? Does she have money? Is she a hooker, a harlot, a whore? Or is she just a plain working-class proletariat Kelly girl? Is she a typist piling

things on her divan? “When lovely woman... . (CP 44).

Task: Milton reading. Is Milton reading Deleuze then without knowing so? (An impossible question, with no possible or definable reply.) Guattari and Deleuze? Is Milton’s Satan a Becoming Deleuzoguattarian as much as the invoiced textings of Eliot’s 20th century poems? Yes, in our view, yes. The “I” that is the multiplicity asserts this yes. Milton, the reputed monist, becomes Spinozist (because if he reads Deleuze he reads Spinoza) by way of a retroactive clause, determining the outcome of his works by an immanent reading. The one that realizes Satan as the in-voicing of the modernist text, The Waste Land being an exemplary icon of the many dotting the landscape of 20th century literature. Is Eliot up to the task of reading Milton and Deleuze? Michel Foucault, in another context, discussing Deleuzian repetition and difference, invokes the image of Spinoza coming through the window wearing the mask of Nietzsche (196). How does the mask of Eliot return as Spinoza? Does Eliot repetition fare as well as the ever-singular Baruch? It is not Eliot’s decision; it is the text that reads Spinoza, Guattari and Deleuze. The Waste Land and other poems become an acentered series proliferating in diverging directions. We are free to read where and as we see fit, if are fit readers:

I’m going to retire and live on a farm, she says,
There’s no money in it now, what with the damage done,
So I got out to see the sunrise, and walked home. (F 5)

The reading library is a brothel of drowned sailors fallen from the sky. If the drowned Pheblas is Satan’s minor chord, do we enter with it into the 20th century confident that desiring-machines are doing the work? The work of ending the transcendental split between being and nothing (Sartre) loosens the pivot, opens another path of becoming; giving us a taste for a “flower of evil.” But this “evil” is gleeful and

ajoyous, releasing memory and desire both. In Death By Water the sound of the noun “current” in L 315 (CP 46) recalls (by way of two vowel changes) line 210 of “The Fire Sermon” which ends on the plural “... [.] currants (43). A backward looking aural association is created, suggesting the fluidity of the drowned Pheblas’ after death recollections of the previous walk about in the “Unreal city” (43). Sound and sense are intertwined in an association that loosens the categories of life and death and their permeability. The line of association continues through the next line of Pheblas’ descent into forgetfulness as “his bones” are “Picked [...] in whispers” (CP 46). Which last word looks ahead to the “fiddled whisper music on those strings” in L 379 of “What The Thunder Said” (CP 48). The sighs of mermaid and siren, of memory and desire shifting backward and forward, saturate the poem, dislodging any hard and fast notions of chronology. Between the after life memories of the drowned Pheblas and the so-called real recollections of the numerous speakers of the poem, the associational path is open. On both the aural and semantic levels of the poem, suggestion works constantly to undermine our usual notions of what is and is not the case. Desire is a drift and, on the other hand, it is an intensive line of force. Desire is always defining and undefining its reach.

Yes, it’s an excellent quality, one of its many, the elusive shape of desire crossing the varied shape of stanzas. At each step of the way, the way of the text, a threshold, a passage suggesting, turned over, lending another path to our thought. What simple tactics open the door to poetry and legibility? Pheblas functions as part of the larger series of tropes in five partitions of the poem. Who is the sailor and how is it the sea (the sailor and the motif of folly around water) has been left to ‘lie’ fallow? The

classic images of sea and weather, water and rain, recur as signs of a murderous affect, and the equally suicidal wish to vanish. The vision is bound by “Daguerreotypes and silhouettes”(CP 27), and the evasive fogs, the sea girls, the sirens. Spread through the body-without-organs of the poet’s work, the various personae struggle against the self-enveloping sea of their narcissistic or murderous feelings. Emotions which threaten to drown them (MH “The Love Song of Saint Sebastian” 78); an incapacity to love anyone other than oneself, and then turning to an assumed sainthood to displace its elegiac loss (F “The Death of A Saint Narcissus” 95); the eerily lighted garrets and unspoken desires of the city boulevard which overcome the narrators: “I could see nothing behind that child’s eye. /I have seen eyes in the street/trying to peer through lighted shutters” (CP 15). Terrifying the epileptic and inflicting moral terror are juxtaposed as “Apeneck Sweeney”(35) “Tests the razor on his leg/Waiting until the shrieking subsides” (26); love as ever threatening and menacing “The last twist of the knife” (95). Pheblas too, sees all of that, as he is dying and he drowns, recalls and forgets, disappearing as he does into the whirlpool of eternal oblivion.

Pheblas the Phoenician is Satan come back to haunt you all. Pheblas’ epistemology is that of a man who has “passed the stages of his age and youth/Entering the whirlpool” (CP 46) As he drowns he leaves behind the vain and vanishing structures of daily life; expanded in the vision of his death he sees “[the] Smyrna merchant/Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants’ hence the vanity of “Gentile or Jew” in his glib and dying eyes. The bored yet enchanted, dragged out lyricism of this most specious of Eliot’s speakers is beyond repair. The dead man knows no wake, no matter that we thought to enter the world of multiplicity and its multifarious city, we die flat on

our backs, dead from ennui, boredom and the thousand other ontologies of sickness, oncologies of the body, and despair, emphysema, heart disease “the profit and loss” of “the deep sea swell” its narrative bait our net to death. We are hung fisherman hooked by the dead man’s god whose burial has occasioned the execution of the poem. The very poem we read. Trapped in our reading zones, strapped down by the body of death, and not the liberty of body-without-organs (Poxton in Bryden 46). Pheblas is as schizoid as the 20th century divided between birth and death, words and silence, and his line brief lines about drowning break the back of dreaming Eliot’s narrator. Pheblas’ story does not just start with “Death by Water;” what we get there is another mini-episode of what was already being depicted in “The Fire Sermon.”

Trams and dusty trees
 Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
 undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
 Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe. (CP 46)

The narrow canoe of life or death, troped by the streets of London and the narrator’s (which one again, one must ask) dizzy encounters and movements, his here and there-ness, being in Richmond in one section dangling along the water in a narrow canoe, but reappearing as Pheblas. Pheblas is, in that sense, everywhere in the poem, one of its many omniscient non-omniscient antagonists.

Yet of course there is no finality about it. The embarkation (on the canoe, the vessel Pheblas was on presumably before being drowned) leads to yet another circle in the hell of multiplicity, for multiplicity is also hell, the hell of molar solitude, class madness, economic failure, and war. Never-ending war, which never ends and the hallucinogenic ‘hordes’ haggardly that march across Section 5 leave no room for a solitude cherished by its aloneness, and apartness. The schizo-seeker, Pheblas the

paranoiac, cutting across the machines of division within himself, a pack a many, legion, needs a melee, his fortitude will only be borne by joining the others:

First he tries to take this movement as his own. He would like to personally withdraw. He lives on the fringe.... [But] perhaps that is what the fall is, that it can no longer be a personal destiny, but the common lot. (AO 342 emphases added)

Pheblas escapes the fringes and overcoming them by dying, leaving behind the cycle of generation, the succession of dialectical poverty that kept him bound to this life, and the stakes of its duality. Pheblas becomes 'the cry of gulls' 'the deep sea swell.'

Eliot the poet tells us it is Tiresias who sees the action of the poem, but what readers sees is Pheblas, and the other masks of Eliot's elusive prosopopoeia, the scattered schizophrenic dispersal, in effect collapsing, of the normative organs. I would suggest that Tiresias is mere bait, for the more sexual turns in the text, that its trope has been given too much weight. Or rather that undue emphasis was placed on the idea of Tiresias. I mean that on one level it is easy to see how he functions. Tiresias is the old wise man, the fantasy bisexual sage the archetype (the ruined drag queen), the blind seer who reputedly possesses "wisdom." All of this is fine, but a little bit distracting and misleading. Indeed, one might say that Tiresias is a red herring designed to throw the reader off. Successfully so, one might add, as so many readers have picked up the sage thread to the detriment of others. Madame Sosotris and Pheblas are as much a part of the phantasmagoria of the poem's enveloping intensity as the old man murmuring one verse or another. Pheblas' Phoenician is as much an aspect of the plurality of the poem, as the ever-dominant Tiresias. Just about every reader (Levenson) would agree we are not certain who the narrator[s] are that the line between 'authorial' voice[s] and character is tentative. Eliot's remark that Tiresias sees 'the substance of the poem' is

itself a trope based on a notion of substance that is not evident or certain. Substance, in the ordinary sense of the word, is precisely what is missing in the poem. If The Waste Land is read under the aegis of a sign, it must be the sign of Das Unheimliche and the phantom: a poem that charts its phantom streets, memories and pages of a book, of its own text, and of those it has read, and read again. An elusive cinema poem that reels and cuts in jumps from one set of juxtaposed sentences to another, ever eluding its captors, its characters and faces (a face to meet the faces you will meet), dodging domination by one single stage quality. Eliot's substance is ghostly, gaseous, foggy, and its status as trope sheds light on all his poetry. I would go further and suggest that Eliot wrote one poem, and that the names of the various suites of poems, are merely chapters in the détournement of the long poem he was writing without necessarily being aware of it. Pound set out to write an old style epic for 'the age' but Eliot's desires were 'inward' and closer to those of Paul Claudel and John Anabasis. Eliot's famous fragmentation is pervasive and crosses all the paths of his work, and although the Four Quartets were written later, its themes and motifs, and, indeed, several passages, were already in the manuscript of He do the Police with Different Voices.

The influence of Laforgue on Eliot has been documented (Paz 120⁶⁰) and is well known, but what bears examining is how the Laforgian posture (Pierrot Harlequinade) seeps into the oeuvre sneaking and hiding its head, under the guise of the American/Anglo manner that Eliot's narrator(s) strike; the pose. But let us also not forget that Eliot wrote the main portion of the poem suffering from what he described as "an aboulie," a form of Baudelarian ennui and despair; Eliot's "family" life is deterritorialized by the economic and sexual forces imploding between him and "them."

Vivienne's madness is always beside Eliot 'On Margate Sands/I can connect/Nothing with nothing (CP 46). Unhappy employment, a war having ended that no one can foresee the consequences of, Vivienne's peccadillo with Bertrand Russell, a madwoman in the close "closet," nothing is left to chance, everything is in place for madness and deterritorialization. We step into what imagine is the private life of a puzzling poem and find ourselves looking out the door at the history of the world. The machine is rumbling, the war machine to come, and the literary one smashed on the shores of its depths, pride and sorrow. "The center cannot hold/Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world" (Yeats). Not Yeats, nor Eliot, nor Tzara, not Kafka, not Joyce, none could have imagined what was to come as the substance of what failed in World War One and was transformed into the fiercest force humanity's ever unraveled. Substance no longer avails at the heart of any serious poem, as its disengaged energy spread along crooked paths.

Wherefore Tiresias' "substance"? Wherefore substance in face of 'Why then Ile fit you' and "Hieronymo's mad againe.' In the Bedlam madhouse of poetry here with a barely concealed folly repressed. Is it any wonder one seeks in vain for meaning, when the poem itself is on the edge of the articulate and the disarticulate, the inarticulate? Waste Land Police in different voices is as crazy and deterritorialized a text, as were the intensified screams of Artaud in his last work, "To have done with the Judgment of God." The difference between the two is that of controlled hysteria, "hysteria in the boudoir or bedroom". Aboulie, ravings about races, clamours about war, fears of sex, inhibitions of disgrace, shame of sexual deviations, shamming old identity, assumed transvestism, fetishism, all constitute perversions of the line of flight (AO 282). Eliot the poet proceeds to unravel, to "disorganize" and deterritorialize his own and others' ideas.

Enter the schizophrenic body without organs. In the name of Artaud, under the sign of the Uncanny Unheimliche the dead are conjured up. Poe, Whitman, Laforgue, other obscure hidden voices, threadbare, mutterings, estaminets, violins, babies cries.

What we are in the presence of is a failing art form, failed at least from the standpoint of some imaginary idea of wholeness, that which dominated the 19th century programme of aesthetics. In its place: The poetry machine as schizophrenic pole and the critical as the paranoid: one opening, the other contracting. “I saw the best minds of my generation” and “O Mother with your long black shoe” (AO 279) is not that far off in the future of the unconscious, which knows no time, and whose space is that which expands, bearing always more and more. What Eliot called tradition, turns out to be the machine that is always programming, under cover of night and day. The schizophrenic hyper-release chalks up its energy sources, a surplus of endlessly producing-produced poetry; the unconscious is a factory (AO 3).

Eliot is not known for being prolific, granted, but the measure of his quantum cannot be gainsaid by its “lesser” portions or compared to the prolific Pound production. Eliot’s products are more fragmented, more forlornly embryonic, and we see the secret of their clandestine journey across an unconscious not unaware of its possibilities. What we see is a type of production working by borrowing, juxtaposing, finding and refining; a delightful assemblage of creation and procreation. Again if this positivity seems to contradict the perceived negations in the poetry, we have to recall that schizoanalysis is not Hegelian dialectics, and that antagonisms and conflict between strata and molecular lines of escape are irreducible to contradiction. Antagonism and perceived contraction are folds, or bumps in the road, along the plane of immanence. The assemblages, the

works of art, the poetry, are the infinitely multiplied quantum that is the disjunctive synthesis of creation.⁶¹

Not for Eliot's band of 'desperate' personifications the cheerful flapping and meandering of Henry Miller in misery. Miller's lines of flight take him from one cheerful adversity to another in a line of flight around the world, Eliot's disembodied spirits and voices wander in a baffled hell that lies somewhere between Baudelarian mystification and Laforgian agony. Yet for all that they are funny, and my argument is that since He Do the Police in Different Voices, we ought to do the same. Read the poem in different voices, with diverging fluencies: the poem is a performance. How we read the poem, in what tone, in what mood at the time of day will influence our sense of its value. Death By Water is about Performance; how does Pheblas sink to the bottom of the briny deep? How does he pass the stages of his age and youth? Does he succeed, or are his dreams or nightmares the fifth and final section of The Waste Land? Naturally, we can never know for sure the answers to these questions. There is no way we can get inside Pheblas' head and soul, anymore than we can enter Eliot's intention[s]. Pathetic Intention the pathetic fallacy indeed! a phantasm to image the 'author's intent[ion].

In poetry the transcendence/immanence dichotomy is also "acted out" in different authors. Eliot's lines of flight are different from Pound's although they both move in an easterly direction back to Europe. The necessities which govern them are different from the generation of writers who were driven East to Europe, yet found different lines of escape. One thinks of writers like Fitzgerald, and Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and Henry Miller. Each of them searches out their own Europe, and their own deterritorializing reterritorializing movements. Eliot is the poet most driven to

transcendence, yet his most famous poem -- The Waste Land -- is the most down to earth (get it! down to earth here in the mud and rack and ruin no beyond etc above, etc) piece of fragmentation written by an early modern poet -- who is schizoid; not clinically, but metaphysically. He is the above average, (but average nonetheless) schizoid twentieth century white Man. I mean, here you have this man living with a woman who is going mad and he is going mad and he writes this poem which is wildly Dada in some ways -- yet he, the man, the banker, the budding about-to-be-famous and most influential critic of twentieth century literature, will become the reactionary conservative Anglo-Catholic -- He and his work, are a perfect sort of example of the line that runs between or the axis that gyrates flanked by the schizophrenic-revolutionary pole and the paranoid-reactionary pole of the unconscious. It is as if Eliot embodies the conflict between preconscious and unconscious precisely, desire and interest in perpetual conflict. His poetry cuts a "revolutionary" innovative path into and through cinematic fragmentation text collage, yet his apprehension of these matters is far distant -- he runs as far from his creation as any reactionary would from such hot material. How dissimilar to Artaud, Tzara and Eluard. The divisions in this split-level 20th century poetry are engaged over several levels. One has the poets of the left and poets of the right, and these categories denote different effects in diverse countries at unrelated times to assorted literary milieus. So Eliot's poetry is schizo "left" yet his critical molar machines are only "left," to the extent that they serve his political and religious vision of the significance of literature, which is the meaning of his politics. He stands in contrast to Andre Breton, the surrealist, who is always a leftist in his interactions with fellow artists and poets, who is known as the "Pope of Surrealism," and is completely stuck in power

relations with three generations of poets and painters from around the world (Paz 119-21), and yet whose poetry creates a "revolutionary-innovative" cathexis which is still being absorbed. Breton was the poet who never permitted himself to use an accidental rhyme; Eliot uses rhyme as a device of syncopation. Milton (as fine a rhymer as any) hates rhyme in his epic; it is all very fascinating and illustrates the several levels of conflict struggle and difference each one of us (as readers and co-compositeurs) lives if we live them and think about them; we are an intrigued 'formation.' Each can only be an approximation of the man who is coming, the one who was the people that is coming (WIP110). The text resists history and death, yet calls history forth, while resisting it, calling a future into being. The eternal circle of retuning in-voicing, of return as becomings, the poles of the unconscious swerve in each body incised at each subjective passing. As each to each they sing over the naval shore of what can only hope to be a proximate tender of our self-whisper the city of pulchritude and multiplicity. Our readings therefore are as divided and as segmentary as our experience, if the writers we read are bodies hammered along the pole of schizo molecular, and paranoiac investment in the molar stratas, then likewise, readers are caught, and carried away in the same plane of fortune or misfortune. How can one free oneself of this awful territory? A question of how, then, is precedent, and not a question of what and why. This dissertation purports, at least, in part to do this. It purports to be a dessert and sweeten the boredom of interpretations: Undo the segmentary lines and open up readings that multiply the text, the reader, and perhaps the "author."

Pheblas is one more author bearing his halfway text along the way of his journey. No doubt his body is a text, but his body is not just a text, nor can it be reduced

to a function of one level. Theory of the text at this '*niveau*' would be pure absurdity and akin to something resembling Gulliver's encounters with the Houyhnhnms. Reductive thought is not tough nor rigorous, but merely presents the jabbering of Yahoos and Brogdingnags. Excessive theoretical reductionism is akin to the old Marxist reductionism that was soundly strapped and castigated by Sartre in Search for a Method. In a discussion about historical method and the Marxist Stalinist materialists and the lunatic Stalinist literary criticism of French poet Paul Valery, these blockhead Stalinists had labeled Valery a petit bourgeois writer, as if by doing so they could defuse the power of his poetry. Sartre remarks that for sure Paul Valery was a petit-bourgeoisie, but that not every petit-bourgeoisie is Paul Valery (Sartre 55-6). I might add, nor could they be. What Sartre set out to demonstrate was that historical methods (be they Marxist materialists fighting for universal freedom, or positivists in the U.S.A.) which are reductionist do not enrich our understanding or our freedom, nor can they teach us anything. As for delight, well, one can only imagine the delights of a Stalinist reading, no matter how forsaken by love and Eros. And the positivistic readings offered by critics as smooth talking as the so-called New Critics, were never anything more than the last remnants of a farcified idealism trying to wrench a poem or novel out its context; out of the guts of a dying man, or a weeping lady novelist.

The section we know as "Death by Water" was originally part of a longer section in The Waste Land and in that context, Pheblas the Phoenician appears as "Another" "Who only know that there is no more noise now" (F 1 69). So it appears if we consider the facsimile. His death is a greeting to silence entering the cave where no man goes, whose uncertain "handsome" and "tall as you" self, is picked clean by the

winds of change, the desert echoes of change. What voice in Eliot's head dictated that Pheblas should die? What voice dictated the words of a fleeting poem replete with sea imagery and sailor's bones?

Perceptions Additions

Our plateau comes to a near end flow (always the hint of further starts at its end), the suggestion of a river bending and a near blind man, echoing and hallowing further afield the mist and marsh of its cries in the darkness. One, whose paradise is a myth in the rain, yet foretells and remembers every story. One which invites its own disconcerting end yet heaves forth-endless novel starts, spreading everywhere long as the river's arms which animate its many selves. One that is two and many, as well as the grand story of its own wake and the wake of many, of paradises lost and found, and others begun again in the drift of history, veiled by the smooth darkness of night and the Irish fog. Albeit the Irishman is not blind as the epic poet was, his near sightlessness makes him a matchless peer on the nightstands of desire.

Our sojourn over the territories of Paradise Lost and The Waste Land is complete. At least complete for this reading, these readings of forth and back and around and around the dead god, and his returning name, the Eden of awakened Paradises. I have taken Paradise Lost and The Waste Land as far as I am able, and feel that I need to introduce another element, the element of joy and comedy and one leading away from these shades of embowered bliss, and surreal spaces of "gilded shell and" "peal of

bells” “White towers” or even the “brisk swell” which brings us round and round the city of London and its gurgling Thames river.

Perforce the force of comedy and joyced as are, we become enchanted and taken up into, the grand difference which always makes a difference, adding nothing but comic laughter to its mask. To wit, the grand ‘*maitre*’ Joyce (who waits for us, after we leaving the precincts of the Eliot and Milton city) and Finnegans Wake; if, as I have argued, The Waste Land is the flat space of immanence and carries aural multiplicity along the reckonings of its ghostly reinvoicing, then Finnegans Wake is surely the grander deterritorialized text, the text which after Ulysses goes beyond any recognized concept of discourse, entering into the ghostly silhouette of night, and night talk. As the American poem ends its final note on ‘*Shanti Shanti Shanti*’ the foreign deterritorialized word, the Irish prose poem, the novel which deterritorializes to farther realms even the symbolic combinatory realism of Ulysses, Finnegans Wake ‘ends’ itself on the word “the,” the most deterritorialized word in the English language.⁶² As Finnegans Wake ends, it starts again, again in mid-sentence, deterritorialized as it begins. It is a perfect exemplar, before the fact, of the concept of deterritorialized and reterritorialized episodically in the same moment, in the same breath; across and beneath the breath. I also think it is important to place in the context of his contemporaries the Dada poets and painters and the later Surrealist poets. I am thinking especially of Tristan Tzara, whose poetry never fell off, nor did Tzara’s poetry remain anything but vibrant and crucial with the radiant energy of his greater works, the Anti-Head and the Approximate Man. Tzara’s poetry defies the conventional categorization that Eliot’s work defied but that due to the crucial program of the latter, also invited a severe reterritorialization of

what his poetry repelled. Like James Joyce Tristan Tzara was an expatriate. He was also a Jew, who changed his name (thereby deterritorializing his family name Sami Rosenstock). His spirit, and the spirit of his work, stands closer to the agnostic Leopold Bloom-like tendencies which move the secular humane skeptical affiliations more than Eliot's own religiously conservative theological tendencies. Eliot is the possum, ever the slippier than fish artist, who wanted to be more than he was, and less than he became. His becoming is a limit, refereed always by his own tendentious conservative reterritorializing criticism. The Waste Land has been read as another text, performing its role as a modernist deterritorialization, and its limits perceived in the milieu of the grander deterritorialization which border it and contain it.

Paradise Lost plays another role against this foreground. The Satanic Miltonic machine plays a more wayward game, ever uncertain of its own beginnings and endings. Its wakes are human necessity and the fall forward into linearity contradicted by starts and finishes, which never finishes, its messianic hopes drowned in the sorrow of its pity. Yet our notion of contradiction is vouchsafed into something greater and far more bearable, even, one might say, lovable. As humanity is Finnegans Wake's dream, so Paradise Lost is not all lost but returned in its of hundreds of wakes which start deterritorializing its desiring-machines undoing the assaulting beginnings of a king and false born to undo his own nature.

That left room for Luciferization (the hero of this dissertation better known or lesser so on any given day as Satan) and the rhizomatic abrupt shout of humanity in its immanence on the earth in the presence of a now that is ever complete and incomplete in

its becomings and turnings of fostering forth the future. And its narrative slows the pace of death, creating one step of resistance in the face of humanity.

Art resists the present; it looks toward the becomings to come, of a people yet to come, the advent of its approach.

So goes the thunder. Its fierce awakenings a mere dot on the page of its hope and restless force. So for desire and its passage through poems, its embodiment actualized as the poem itself, no less and no more than its own narrative beginnings. Not an either or but always a hefted both and ...and ... and ... always more.

Notes

¹ The methods I discuss in this section about Paradise Lost will be used continuously in this dissertation.

² The “Fair couple” (IV 339) that view this fancy and naïve performance know nothing about real animals, and have not got a clue as to what is coming. A short two books later their becoming-human will take on another aura. The happy couple become deterritorialized out of this imprisoning sense of bliss.

³ In AntiOedipus, Deleuze and Guattari offer several definitions of the b.w.o.: “The body-without-organs is an egg; it is crisscrossed with axes and thresholds, with latitudes and longitudes and geodesic lines, traversed by gradients marking the transitions and the becomings of the subject developing along these particular vectors. Nothing here is representative; rather it is all life and experience...[.]” (AO 10). On this level, Satan’s journey is that of the subject traversing the B.W.O. experiencing its intensities.

⁴ Luciferization is a coinage inspired by the word “transluciferization” which I found in essay called: “A Comparative Analysis of Satan and Lucifer.” That essay discusses Lucifer’s deterritorialization into Satan and then into the Sandman, and the multiple space of evil and production (Paula 2008).

⁵ At the time of its birth, Islam also entailed a line of flight, literally the Hegira, the escape route Mohammed took whilst avoiding his enemies. His road of escape involved going around Mecca, to avoid capture and death, and circling over to Medina. Islam, at

least initially, deterritorializes Christianity and Judaism. The deterritorialization of Islam itself against the Christian and Jewish milieu would require another discussion. In the Islamic tradition (as in the Jewish and Christian traditions) there are lines and fields of immanence that work outside of the main body of religious orthodoxy. Most notable is the Sufi tradition, and most famously, the poetry of Rumi. For an extensive and scholarly discussion of Islam, and its contemporary “malady” see Meddeb. In Prisoner of Love Jean Genet writes about the notion of flight in Islam “But honour does not necessarily reside in death, nor dishonour in flight. The Prophet himself pretended to leave Mecca via the south in order to mislead his pursuers, then suddenly turned north towards Medina. The holy trick gave its name to an era which is already fifteen hundred years old: Hegira, the Flight” (Genet 174).

⁶ “Beelzebub is the Devil, but the Devil as the lord of flies” (ATP 239) Beelzebub is like Satan a god of flies, louses, and ticks, of that area of life shunned by the Principalities which rule in the poem.

⁷ “Atheism is not a drama but the philosopher’s serenity and philosophy’s achievement” (WIP 92).

⁸ For more on this side of the argument see Christopher Hill’s splendid book Milton and the English Revolution. Hill reads Milton and especially Paradise Lost, in the context of the Civil war and the Revolution.

⁹ William Blake’s poetic machines were greatly inspired by Milton visions of God, Satan and Paradise Lost; his own energy and nominal and self-invented Christianity pushed Blake to reverse a multitude of Milton’s ideas, chief among them Satan and

Christ. Blake deterritorializes Milton's Satan and his Christ become in Blake, figures of flight, energy, and affirmation. Blake is a poet of immanence, and did not know it. Blake was familiar with the philosophical arguments and tendencies of his time, and placed the poetic vision before the philosophic ones. Northrop Frye's extended exposition and discussion of Blake provides a lucid cartography of Blake's sometimes confusing geography. Blake was the most unconventional poet that ever wrote and he invented new characters and typologies that merit another study. Blake's work is a desiring machine that performs deterritorializations of a spectacular nature. If any writer was aware of history and its miseries it was William Blake. No writer could have been more hemmed in by historical circumstances than William Blake and yet he created his entire life, and of course, he created in 5 modes: drawing, painting, printing, poetry, and aphorisms.

Blake made his inventions work for him and mapped out the territory of a New World, and that new world was one that permitted him to think beyond the old one. And when others who had believed in the French Revolution became disillusioned Blake did not become so, but transformed his vision and hope into a greater vision. The vision of a New Jerusalem, and never for a moment did Blake let actual history stop him from having this vision and conveying it to his readers and auditors, his contemporaries. We are richer for his faith in the idea of Revolution, which transcends the repetition of failure and cruelty.

Blake knew how to create and how to free himself in the process. Yes, Blake was governed by necessity (like all men are) but he was not ruled by it. He freed himself

by it. He turned necessity into the tool of his freedom. In Nietzsche's words, he embraced his fate; he co-operated with destiny and found his freedom within it: '*Amor Fati*'. Blake is the least among poets to deny that men are mostly blind and shackled; but for Blake this was not a moral issue or an ideological one. For Blake the recognition of this state was a freeing sentiment, a liberating of energy, a solemn step towards the universal freedom of all men. In this liberating, energy comes and the receiver of that energy is able to move forward to overcome his history. The only history any individual knows is his own; we encounter History through our own history, our own bodies. In Blake there is no room for resentment and the resentment of the slave is as repulsive as the resentment of the political ideologue. Or one who sees the chains of political ideology everywhere. The most complete biography of the poet in the context of Empire is David V. Erdman's, William Blake: Poet Against Empire. Erdman puts Blake solidly in context and then lets the facts speak for themselves without any preconceived ideas.

¹⁰ My notion of 'closing time' is a double reference to Norman O. Brown's book of the same title and an indirect reference to the end of the first section of The Waste Land. In Brown's book Closing Time, he discusses the Joycean/Viconian idea of historical cycles repeating, and as the rush toward the end of an epoch arrives, we find ourselves shutting shop as we anticipate with glee an end to the misery of the things of time. In chapter two of this dissertation the closing time in Eliot's poem functions as yet another marker of parts and wholes moving against one another. Lucy Newlyn has written some fine words about Blake's relation to Milton and Blake's deterritorialization of the older poet: See Lucy Newlyn, Paradise Lost and The Romantic Reader, p 262.

¹¹ By calling Satan himself a culture, I mean several things. The genealogy and affiliation of his name (as is the case with Mammon, Dagon, Beelzebub and the others), and what I take as his symbolic relation to the polytheistic cultures of the ancient Near East. Satan is a deterritorialized reterritorialized anthropology. His name refers to a once revered deity, the God of the Flies. From Milton and God's point of view, his divinity as a god of flies confirms his negative and failed status. Satan, as the marker of things repressed and what he stands for is complex. He is both the Other of immanence reclaiming his own space, and the alienated and once beloved Lucifer; thus his schizophrenization and suffering, which is in this sense, damnation and infinite. The anthropology of ancient cultures that stand behind him is what makes him and his fellow "demons" the ambassadors of the denied cultures. He is infinitely rich as a character, embodying the death of himself as a character of noble stature, and the damned prince and representative of what was absconded by the three major monotheistic religions. In addition to his to Near Eastern culture there are his relations to classical antiquity and the fall of Mulciber (Hartmann). For more on the relation of biblical texts to the ancient cultures see Pritchard (Pritchard).

¹² The phrase "difference engineer" is taken from Keith Ansell-Pearson's book title Deleuze and Philosophy The Difference Engineer (Pearson). For more on the thinker as engineer see note 14.

¹³ In the notes to his edition of the poem (Paradise Lost John Milton ed. Alastair Fowler, London: Longman, 1971, 49-89), Fowler discusses the names (and a handful of Milton's references) Beelzebub and Satan This provides a glimpse, into Christian contexts for the

possible sources for the names of two of the infernal peers. These sources are suspect as they are replete with judgment and Christian preconceptions. In Hebrew Satan means 'enemy' but God's enemy in one Hebrew tradition has Satan as the necessary Adversary. The Adversary as Satan is not the figure of damnation in Milton's poem, or in Christian mythology (Esterson 297-9).

¹⁴ Invoicings is a term that I use to describe the several types of voicing active in The Waste Land specifically. I define this term as a variant on of the concept of multiplicity, as it applies to phonic-aural and semantic and lexical senses of difference stretched taut to their limit in the poem. It is the differences which deterritorialize against "known" patterns of poetry, and which diversifies the poem permitting its lines of flight to permanently escape, without recapture. I also generalize the term across the span of Anglo-American and European poetry written during and after WW1 until the present day. The term is purely a descriptive one, I use it tentatively, and it seems to fit the series of texts I discuss. What critics described as Eliot's endless allusiveness in The Waste Land, is a form of reinvoicing and invoicing. He reorders the previous poet's "voice," and what made the lexical, aural, visual and semantic elements of a phrase or line, to suit his own purpose. Why invoicing and reinvoicing, and how it is I use such a term? It seems to me that what I am suggesting does not have an exact referent available. If any one poet's voice is not an original one but compounded of many, then voice, as the first referent of the I seems paramount. Poets speak of reincarnation and being born again as the spirit of a dead poet. If the I is anywhere it is the vector of a series of voices that are speaking across the text, in this case, The Waste Land. Invoicing and reinvoicing also

play on the notion of debt and what is owed. God claims to be the one, and the voice of everything and believes everything is owed to him. Satan and Lucifer (whose very doubleness of name bodes difference) contests this unity even in the act of speaking i.e. being vocal and voicing, revoicing his petition of difference and manyness. Wallace Stevens wrote that poetry is “voice that is great within us” (Stevens). The voice he refers to is the voice of the many not the one.

¹⁵ Deleuzian thought before and after the encounter with Felix Guattari is described as the thought of difference thinking itself without any outside transcendental reference. The image of the thinker as engineer (and bricoleur) arises in part due to the preoccupation with strata and molarities on the one hand, and on the other with assemblages, molecular flows, and desiring-machines which theme runs through the four works co-authored with Guattari.

¹⁶ In Chaosmosis Guattari describes “conservative reterritorializations of subjectivity.” He is at pains to prevent just this type of subjectivity from returning to relations between individuals and groups. What I am suggesting to further underline my point about Eliot’s poems, is that we are liable to fall into this type of conservative reterritorializing subjective reading unless we re-make the texts for ourselves, and our sense of what is and is not the case. I do not mean to suggest that we literally rewrite them (although that might not be a bad idea, and copying out a text for yourself is a time honored way of making it your own) but that we recompose them in our head and hearts, and into our sense of valid deterritorialized emotional values of significance.

¹⁷ In a footnote, Ellmann quotes Joyce's reply to Max Eastman about why he objected to the Notes (for Eliot's poem) in the same way he objected to notes for Finnegans Wake "You know people never value anything unless they have to steal it" (Ellmann 495 2nd footnote). The great "forger" himself knew better than to give anything away. This tallies nicely with my own view of the Notes as being part of the literary hoaxing that plays yet another role in deterritorializing the text. The Notes are fictive, and no less real for that.

¹⁸ Rainy (57-68) discusses in detail the role women played during this early period of the then new century, and the importance of the typewriter to their lives; romantic liaisons, work related apprehensions, and contemporary fictional accounts of these situations are all considered.

¹⁹ Lady Macbeth is the first character in English literature that I know to use this term ("Unsex me, here" Mac. 1 5 l. 40) and the relation between the unseamed dysphrastic text and monstrosity is perhaps already hinted by Shakespeare's prescient use of the word. Lady Macbeth undoes her gender and her text, that is, the prior female text on which she is written. Lady Macbeth deterritorializes herself, her gender and role; she is ahead of her time, in a similar way that Macbeth sees what is behind as coming after, to wit, the kings to come; Becomings recur and recursive again, everywhere.

²⁰ "Handymen" is the English translation used in Anti-Oedipus. This particular English usage for *bricoleur* has never taken nor is it widely used. What Deleuze and Guattari are pointing to is better served by keeping the French expression that has, in fact, become a universally acknowledged one in English. It also ties in directly to the concept of

bricolage, which is closer to what they mean when referring to the construction of desiring-machines or assemblages. To my knowledge bricolage is not widely among Deleuze and Guattari scholars. I suspect this is due to the fact that it borrows too much or lends itself to the more deconstructivist ideas of Derrida, and not the more materialistic thinking of Deleuze and Guattari. Having noted that, I will use the term in a deterritorializing of its denotation or “proper” sense. A bricoleur is an engineer of machines and this too ties in with the lines of flight, and the mounting and collaging of texts. “Desire is always constructed and fabricated, on a plane of immanence or of composition which must itself be constructed at the same time as desire assembles and fabricates” (Dia 103). If we imagine, in this case, the plane of immanence as the text, on which the language of the poem is composed and constructed, then we can perceive the poet as the bricoleur-engineer literally assembling and fabricating his poem.

²¹ I am not suggesting that Milton was ‘inherently’ racist, but that he lived out the political deliriums of his times as much as any man. Milton was no less subject to the calls of indifference to the suffering of others; in the case of the Irish identity, this was intensified by his fear and hatred of Catholicism. Ascendant English Protestant nationalism combined with his own religious fervour led to his cruel indifference to the savage suffering of the Irish people.

²² Satan must first be perceived as Lucifer, because Lucifer’s origination unlike God’s did not represent an historic metaphysical take over, but a genuine co-existence that always was, and thus his reterritorialization into Satan.

²³ God's anal eye gazes down on Man and the excremental vision of power seizes him, and the shit of history starts shortly after. Not enough has been said about the shittiness of God's vision of things, nor the terror he constitutes against other beings in their difference.

²⁴ "It is amazing that so many philosophers still take the death of God as tragic"(WIP 42).

²⁵ I am not so much referring to The Satanic Verses of Salman Rushdie here as punning on the notion that the Satanic is sad, or a form of the negative, whereas the reference is to the humorous and joyous release in that novel, of all previously reified notions of a monotheistic God, and his machinery.

²⁶ Marshal Mchulan discusses the heterogeneous pre-authorial quality of the medieval text in The Gutenberg Galaxy. Interestingly enough Mchulan's comments, all of them interesting and thought provoking, have no connection to the similar ideas being expressed by Roland Barthes and Michel Foucault during the same period. Mchulan's comments emerge from his own observations concerning the history of the book and print and are not connected in any abstract sense to the literary critical ideas of Barthes and Foucault.

²⁷ I am preceded in this view by a somewhat similar arrangement of the opening passage by Michael Levenson (Levenson 165-73).

²⁸ Praxis as I use the term follows the later Sartrean usage (in Search For a Method) and means to take back agency into one's own reterritorialized "hands," metaphorically and literally. For an extensive discussion of the notion of praxis see: Laing and Cooper (64).

²⁹ Collage, intertextuality, the “cut-up,” bricolage, juxtaposition, are all terms used to describe the varied practices in writing and painting, that The Waste Land, to varying degrees utilizes. Marjorie Perloff (Perloff 1985: 181) argues that collage “incorporates directly into the work an actual fragment of the referent, thus compelling the reader or viewer to consider the interplay between existing message or material and the new artistic composition that results from the graft.” Described in these ways collage and invisible quotation permeate and permutate the ever grafted text of The Waste Land. By deterritorializing itself from line to line, the referents in Eliot’s poetry are ever elusive, no matter the assiduous industry applied to tracing them, as Christopher Ricks does (Ricks). Deterritorialized texts are never reterritorialized by their referents, but flee them. Collage as a concept seems to clash with some writers’ ideas of juxtaposition and “the Frankensteinian stitching together of disparate embryonic elements in order to see if a viable poem develops... Dysraphic poets are dissatisfied with the rigors of collage” (Reed). As far as I can tell these are arguments of emphasis and not substance. The important thing is to remember that the cuts that break the flow and recut it, as it is machined by assemblages are not merely reterritorializations onto the body of the capitalist text, but cuts and breaks that give rise to “the primacy of lines of flight” (Alliez). In the case of poetry, the lines literally, and metaphorically are cut thereby giving flight to lines within lines.

³⁰ The critical writing about The Waste Land has become another aspect of it at a second remove; its secondary and tertiary life. These other virtual lives of the poem ought to be read in a deterritorializing way. One might describe them too as the tangential lives of

the poem, that the poem continues to live through its critical masterpieces, those that it has fostered and given birth to. These analogous lives of the poem, are other forms of becoming and in some instances are the validating marks of the poem's critical strength, its capacity to keep "infecting" readers, and causing "contagion." The critics? Even the main lineage of critics is almost numerous as the connotations the poem has suggested: the following roster names a handful: Brooker, Brooks', Cooper, Eagleton, Gish, Grover, Jay, Kenner, Laity, Lamos, Leavis, Levenson, Matthiessen, Menand, McIntire, Miller, Rainy, Ricks, Spears. The lines of critical discussion about poem are as varied as the men and women who wrote them. As the critical literature on the poem expands, so does our inability to keep track of it. Suffice it to say that critics from the time of its publication unto the present have continued to read it as diversely as their modes of perception and personal epistemologies permit. A full discussion of this critical literature is outside of the bounds of this thesis, nor would it be useful to my purpose. The better known interpretations of the poem continue to dominate the field, and only a tiny number of readers are familiar with them. Strictly speaking, my stance is not literary-critical but schizoanalytic, and so my interest in the "purely" critical is secondary. My own view is that the critical literature ought to be deterritorialized in the way the poem deterritorializes, but that might be asking too much, or expecting too much from critics whose goals are different. For a recent over-view of the literature, see the Cambridge Companion to T.S. Eliot (Moody 1999). My own stance is closer to this statement of Deleuze's "I do not present myself as a commentator on texts. For a text is merely a small cog in an extra-textual practice. It is not a question of commenting on the text by a

method of deconstruction, or by a method of textual practice, or by other methods; it is a question of what use it has in an extra-textual practice that prolongs the text.” (Deleuze CC 1 15-6). Prolong the text and stretch its possible uses.

³¹ The tradition that I refer to is that dispersed and very inclusive one that consists of the many and varied directions of literature, which includes all genres, “high” and “low,” as amalgamating the motifs of other mediums of 20th and 21st century expression, such as the movies, and the popular consciousness of film, and music, television and other virtual forms of entertainment and expressive vehicles of artistic intent. In that broader greater tradition Lil and Albert, the typist, and others, are as important as the Fisher-King and Tiresias.

³² “It was not with the reviewers, however, that the reputation of The Waste Land was first made but rather with undergraduates and young writers who saw it as the revelation of a modern sensibility. . . . A cult of ‘The Waste Landers’ developed” (Ackroyd 128). “In Brideshead Revisited, the aesthete Anthony Blanche recited it from the window of his college rooms” (ibid). One can only imagine the real recitals of the poem that took place if it merited being fictionalized by Evelyn Waugh, and if Cyril Connolly called it “the great knockout up to date.” Malcolm Cowley and other generations of writers also describe the impact the poem on him and his crowd (Cowley), as did Henry Miller describe its effect on his own sojourns in the Paris of the 1930’s (Miller Tropic of Cancer).

³³ “But now the machination takes the form of a treason: The line of flight has completely changed its value: instead of being stamped by the negative sign which

indicates the scapegoat, the line of flight has assumed the value of the positive sign....

(Dia. 107).

³⁴ Eliot moves easily from Classical Greek to Latin, ending the poem in Sanskrit, the linguistic registers these changes effect add to the transitory and cut-up cinematic sense of quick change which is also in line with the silent movies being made at the time that Eliot wrote the poem.

³⁵ In “National Ghost” Ted Hughes’ writes: “The First World War goes on getting stronger – our number one national ghost” (Hughes). For English poets, WW1 is a never-ending heritage. In the essay Hughes discusses the importance of Owen, Sassoon, Graves Rosenberg as poets of war sensibility. Eliot’s war sensibility is contained in more indirect way than those of his younger English contemporaries.

³⁶ Derrida is present in this moment by way of absence: the “father” of Deconstruction, is not far from the ideas expressed in this section.

³⁷ It is not significant whether the poem has been read more or less, or whether it is more read than Ulysses, but its existence as a cultural icon is.

³⁸ As it appears in the “Pisan Cantos,” “Periplum, not as land looks on a map But as sea bord seen by men sailing” (Pound Cantos LII-LXXI lix. 83). Pound uses the periplum as a figure to describe the form of the Cantos (Pound).

³⁹ “. . . .and other times lines of flight are already drawn toward black holes, flow connections are already replaced by limitative conjunctions. . . .” (ATP 224). The black hole referred to in this instance, is used as the space of suction, emptying out, absence,

non-life. Eliot's character personae teeter between the black holes, and the unlimited flows that are their promise on the fault lines of escape.

⁴⁰ Eliot had studied philosophy and had written a dissertation about Bradley. Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley. London: Faber, 1964. Lyndall Gordon discusses this work in her T.S. Eliot: An Imperfect Life (Gordon 73-6).

⁴¹ Hughes discusses the range of emotions in Walter De le Mare's voice during a formal reading of one of his poems with the more colourful show of emotion De la Mare was able to demonstrate while telling Hughes a simple story about an event in his life. Hughes worries that reading poetry out loud has become an inhibitory force, and wonders how it can be overcome. The relevance here is the question of voice, is the voice the truer conveyer of the sense of things, or more accurately stated, is it simply one more element in the machinery but one, which carries a definite and unique authenticity (Hughes 244-8).

⁴² In conversation W.S. Burroughs declared "The Waste Land is the first cut-up...." (Burroughs The Third Mind 3).

⁴³ I say call them unedited precisely because of their uncertain status in my eyes.

⁴⁴ Describing some of the reading tour Eliot did in the 1950's Ackroyd quotes a letter Edmund Wilson wrote to John Dos Passos. 'He is an actor and really put on a better show than Shaw... He gives you the creeps a little at first because he is such a completely artificial, or, rather, self-invented character... but he has done such a perfect job with himself that you end up by admiring him" (Ackroyd 199).

⁴⁵ The Joyce machine is different, in all senses and one cannot imagine Joyce surrendering any of his text at any time to anyone.

⁴⁶ This happens hourly nowadays on the internet, which is itself a vast rhizomatic space.

⁴⁷ In the introduction to Poetics of the Millennium Volume 1 Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris chronicle and explain the long period of the desert decades when the New Critical and Eliot critical empire reigned supreme (Rothenberg and Joris).

⁴⁸ In Canada, during the same period, critical capture spread, but its effects were concentrated, as critics like Northrop Frye resisted its influence. Frye early on turned away from the critical paranoiac thought resurrecting a Blake-like aesthetics in its place and one that suited, as it turned out, more appropriately, the Canadian needs of the same period (Anatomy of Criticism, Fearful Symmetry). Canada remains a peculiar place on the map of immanence and transcendence in the cartography that I am speaking about. Canada is fractured with its fuzzy bilingual split along two Empires, and its founding citizens, trapped between the two step dance of empire. Canadian poetry also takes off on its own lines of flight caught in the whirlwind of international debate and conflation. Canada too is political and colonial, and even post-colonial. The Eliot empire of criticism also permeated the former colony of England and neighbor to the United States, its penetration of the former dominion as noted above not as percipient as elsewhere in America. But Canada and America are all America. Their poetics and notions of language, poetry and criticism are all intertwined.

⁴⁹ New Criticism was the “school of thought” born from a similar ideology as Eliot’s own aesthetics, or poetic practice. The new critical modes of interpretation were

misleading as they attempted to perceive a poem as if it existed in and of itself, which is a pure idealist fantasy. The best-known example of this way of thinking is The Well Wrought Urn by Cleanth Brooks. F.R. Leavis was not a new critic and his interpretations of Eliot and others were fanatical, rigid, and nationalistic. It is even boring to recount any of this, as it represents one of the sickest periods in 20th century literary history. I use the terms sick with reference to the Deleuzian idea that literature is form of health confronted by a “set of symptoms” that the writer diagnoses (Deleuze CC 3)

⁵⁰ Cummings is cited in AntiOedipus and One Thousand Plateaus a half dozen times.

⁵¹ In his novel Her, Ferlinghetti counters this with the Poetry Police who raid cites that are missing the action of poetry.

⁵² Affect is a quantum of intensity varied by the multiple of which it is a part. It is not reductive and carries the weight of an emotional responsiveness that the poem names and describes.

⁵³ This might seem unfair when one considers that after WW2 Ted Hughes, Tom Gunn, Phillips Larkin, or others who were published by Faber and Faber have proven to be good poets, and that Eliot had played a part in their publication and recognition. But Eliot was no Ezra Pound roustabouting for future great and experimental poets. Publishing Hughes, Larkin and Gunn at the time was no risk to Eliot or to Faber and Faber. Hughes’ most notable poem Crow (published after Eliot was dead) may have marked a generation momentarily but its importance seems to have been isolated and short-lived. Crow is an intensive work, but was perhaps too powerful for even Hughes to follow up. Can one suggest a comparable declining away of Hughes’ as a poet to that of

Eliot? Does Hughes pick up the essayist mantle, while also donning the ailing poet's mask? Hughes last book of poems, Birthday Letters, published the year before his own death, suggests otherwise.

Hughes essays (Winter Pollen) perform another function and contain their own lines of examination and flight. But a study of the works of Ted Hughes remains outside of the scope of this thesis. Eliot, on the other hand, is always controversial as an essayist and a thinker, even at his most disagreeable. Even an off hand remark of Eliot's usually contains its worth in gold. Especially relevant to this dissertation is Eliot's early essay about Milton, which set the stage for a sensibility to sink in, and then for its opposite reaction to be formulated. The Possum's critical turn abouts are groundbreaking and often shook territories and assumptions apart. About Eliot, Ezra Pound, wrote: "The more we know of Eliot, the better" (F preface vii).

⁵⁴ Few of the original publications that sprang into existence during this period remain in print or available in North America. I have relied on British poet Robert Sheppard's (Professor of Poetry and Poetics Edge hill University England) account of Horovitz's activities. Horovitz ran and organized a series of events, which included poetry readings. Sheppard discusses the important role Horovitz played as an organizer of cultural literary events, as well the significance of the 1969 anthology Children of Albion: Poetry of the 'Underground' in Britain. The anthology was the first widely available gathering of the British Poetry Revival. "Unlike Andrew Duncan in his recent book, 'The Failure of Conservatism in British Poetry', I do not think this 'the worst book I have ever read'; indeed, it was one of the first books (of poetry) I ever read and, for all its faults, gives an

insider's account of the Literary Underground. Essentially this is a collection of writings by persons associated either with Horovitz' long-running little magazine New Departures, or with the series of readings/performances called Live New Departures. Both ventures began in 1959, and the latter delivered 1500 'shows' during an eight-year period in the 1960s at various venues, ranging from the Marquee pop club to the Institute of Contemporary Arts. This variety indicates an ability and willingness to mix high and low culture, without having to ironize the difference between them; Adrian Mitchell's dictum that 'Most people ignore most poetry because most poetry ignores most people' was a clear challenge to the exclusiveness of the Movement poets and their book-bound means of distribution. (Children of Albion, pp. 356-57)." Commentary at Robert Sheppard's blog accessed May 2008: History of The Other <<http://robertsheppard.blogspot.com/2005/03/robert-sheppard-history-of-other-part.html>>. Sheppard is a widely published poet. Another website which features a list of his publications and a biographical note may be found at <<http://www.soton.ac.uk/~bepc/poets/Sheppard.htm>>. Michael Horovitz has continued to publish "New Departures" which may be found in print and online at <http://www.poetryolympics.com/newdepartures.html>. In October of 2007, he published A New Wasteland which is described on the New Departures website thus: "A New Waste Land is 235 pages of poetry + another 230 pages of notes and commentary by Michael Horovitz and many others: David Hockney, Steve Bell, Peter Brookes, Michelangelo, Gerald Scarfe, El Greco, van Gogh." British poetry is alive and thriving.

Suffice it to say that in English Canada in the same period of the latter part of the

Eliot reign, poetry thrived and many poets, who are now famous, were coming of age. To name some of the luminaries is almost redundant, but I will cite Gwendolyn McEwen, Irving Layton, Dorothy Livesay, Miriam Waddington, Robert Souster, and Al Purdy. Nowadays in Quebec as in the rest of Canada, poetry is not contained by borders nor by the totalizing ambitions of any one given publishing empire, or its idea of what constitutes or governs the poetic act and poetics. Poetry is now in its wildest and freest state ever in the history of the written word. Poetry thrives at levels, in all mediums, in as many forms and genres as it is possible to imagine and it is also found in every medium on the earth, in space, and in outer space. I mentioned redundancy in English Canada, but that is unfair, because whatever English Canada is, or what “English” Canada’s becomings are, it has been as diverse, and its publication lines as varied as those in Quebec, or Newfoundland for that matter. I do not speak of Native publications because I do not know anything about them. As for redundancy, when it comes to poetry, there is always the threat of it, and the local power struggles of writers and poets fighting to “gain their place,” Often this is a failure leading to untold bitterness. From my perspective, this represents a political failure on the part of all the parties (publishers, poets and others) to struggle for their own interests on the level of the collective multiplicity, instead of fighting for their own private ones.

⁵⁵ Eliot referred to the notes as “remarkable exposition of bogus scholarship” (Rainy 38 my emphasis). Was the Possum pulling yet another fast one with his comment? Did he mean hocus-pocus thus introducing magic and trickery into his Notes? Or was he

providing us with becomings? On the difference between the trickster's plagiarisms and the traitor's becomings see: Deleuze p 41-5 Dialogues.

⁵⁶ What is remarkable is that despite the critical machinery's reach that other poets, such as William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, and Hart Crane, Mina Loy (in France and expatriation) were able to get published at all. I realize that this might seem exaggerated, but the scope of the Eliot influence machine was far reaching enough in its paranoid strands, especially those taken up in the United States.

⁵⁷ Whitman and Laforgue are the schizo left of Eliot's folly and Dante is the reactive right wing of paranoid critical (catholic) thought. The deterritorializers and the reterritorializer: Mister Dante big time organizer of gigantic spaces of hell; molar hell versus the molecular leaves of grass of Whitman.

⁵⁸ I refer to Pound as Eliot's alter-ego editor, because though Pound did make suggestions that we cannot argue with any longer because they have become an aspect of the substance of the text, nonetheless, we cannot be certain that Eliot would have engineered it differently, had Pound not seen and emended the manuscript.

⁵⁹ If I repeat this point (I raise it several times as a virtual motif of the Eliot drama) that Eliot wrote, rewrote, completed, and revised sections of the poem in adjacency to madness while in Switzerland it is to emphasize the proximity of his creative forces to those of madness. Which raises other points: What is madness? Who was insane, and what is sanity anyhow? Which are legitimate queries, but that they remain outside the margins of this work. Suffice it to say, that any society that encourages men to slaughter each other in their millions (World War One) is insane. The Dada movement was born

refusing that insane first twentieth century blood bath. Was Eliot insane, less insane than his wife, or Virginia Woolf who later killed herself? Questions of sanity permeate this thesis and questions of madness and sanity resonate throughout the work of Deleuze and Guattari. Living and dying in a capitalist era, everyone is subject to one form or another of the world schizophrenia and capitalism, which is one of the theses of Anti-Oedipus. Whether T.S. Eliot was mad in the sense that he was out of his mind, deranged and not able to reason, is not the point I am making. What I am saying is that madness is the groundwork of the event, and that the poetry of The Waste Land cannot be separated from the texture of the insanity it conveys and attempts to thwart and escape. Quite rightly so, as no one should suffer from insanity and breakdown.

⁶⁰ Octavio Paz suggests that we consider the influence of Appollinaire's "simultaneiste" influence on the shape of Eliot's poem (Paz 120).

⁶¹ Quantum is the form of the multiple in its singleness and therefore, a quantum though made and laminated by numerous forms of single quanta cannot be described as plural. Multiplicity is not necessarily identical to a plurality. Quantum is multiplicity. The quantum affect of a poem is roughly the equivalent to a measure in physics. However, rhythm is more important and freeing than measure and meter, due to its deterritorializing qualities.

⁶² Of course, the book does not literally end, but begins again as you flip it over like a long-playing record, starting over at the beginning; indeed, yes, beginning before beginning.

Works Cited and Consulted

- Acker, Kathy. In Memoriam To Identity. New York Grove, 1993.
- Ackroyd, Peter. T.S. Eliot: A Life. New York: Simon and Shuster, 1984.
- Allen, Don Cameron. The Harmonious Vision: Studies in Milton's Poetry. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1970.
- Alliez, Eric. The Signature of the World, or, What is Deleuze and Guattari's Philosophy? Trans. Eliot Ross and Alberto Toscano. London: Continuum, 2004.
- Ansell-Pearson, Keith, ed. Deleuze and Philosophy: The Difference Engineer. New York: Routledge, 1997.
- Antin, Paul. Talking at the Boundaries. New York: New Directions, 1976.
- Artaud, Antonin. Antonin Artaud Anthology. Trans. Jack Hirschman. Ed. Jack Hirschman. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1965.
- Atwood, Margaret, ed. The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse in English. Toronto, Oxford UP, 1984.
- Auster, Paul, ed. The Random House Book of 20th Century French Poetry: With Translations by American and British Poets. New York: Vintage, 1984.
- Badenhausen, Richard. T.S. Eliot and The Art of Collaboration. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004.
- Barker, Arthur, ed. Milton: Modern Essays in Criticism. Arthur Barker. London: Oxford UP, 1965.
- _____. Milton and the Puritan Dilemma 1641-1660. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1942.
- Barthes, Roland. Image-Music-Text. Trans. Stephen Heath. New York: Hill and Wang, 1977.

- _____. S/Z. Trans Richard Miller. New York: Hill and Wang, 1974.
- Beckett, Samuel. Disjecta: Miscellaneous Writings and a Dramatic Fragment. Ed. Ruby Cohn. New York: Grove, 1984.
- _____. Molloy, Malone Dies and The Unnamable: Three Novels. Trans. Samuel Beckett. New York: Grove, 1959.
- Belsey, Catherine. John Milton: Language, Gender, Power. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1988.
- Benjamin, Walter. Illuminations: Essays and Reflections. Ed. and Introd. Hannah Arendt. Trans. Harry Zohn. New York: Schocken Books, 1969.
- Bennett, Joan. Reviving Liberty: Radical Christian Humanism in Milton's Great Poems. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1989.
- Berger Jr., Harry. The Allegorical Temper: Vision and Reality in Book II of Spenser's "Fairie Queene". Hamden: Archon, 1967.
- Bernstein, Charles. A Poetics. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1992.
- Bissett, Bill. Narrativ enigma/rumours uv hurricane. Vancouver: Talon Books, 2004.
- Blake, William. The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake. Ed. David V. Erdman. New York: Doubleday, 2ded. 1988.
- Blessington, Francis C. Paradise Lost and the Classical Epic. Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979.
- Bloom, Harold. The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry. 2nd ed. New York: Oxford UP, 1997.
- Bogue, Ronald. Deleuze on Literature. New York: Routledge, 2003.
- _____. Deleuze's Wake: Tributes and Tributaries. Albany: SUNY Press, 2004.

- Borges, Jorge Luis. Borges On Writing. Ed. Norman Thomas di Giovanni, Daniel Halpern, and Frank MacShane. New York, Dutton, 1973.
- _____. Collected Fictions. Trans. Andrew Hurley. New York: Viking, 1998.
- Brooks, Cleanth. Modern Poetry and The Tradition. Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 1939.
- Brophy, Brigid. In Transit. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1969.
- Brown, Norman O. Closing Time. New York: Random House, 1973.
- Brusseau, James. Isolated experiences: Gilles Deleuze and The Solitudes of Reversed Platonism. Albany: U of New York P, 1998.
- Buchanan Ian, and Jon Marks, ed. Deleuze and Literature. Edinburgh: Edinburgh UP, 2000.
- Burns, Glen. Great Poets Howl: A Study of Allen Ginsberg's Poetry. Frankfurt: P. Lang, 1983.
- Burroughs, William S. The Soft Machine, Nova Express, The Wild Boys, Three Novels. New York: Grove, 1980.
- Burroughs, William S, and Brion Gysin. The Third Mind. New York: Viking, 1978.
- Burrow, Colin. Epic Romance: Homer to Milton. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1993.
- Bryden, Mary. Deleuze and Religion. London: Routledge, 2001.
- _____. Deleuze. Travels In Literature. New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2007.
- Cable, Lana. Carnal Rhetoric: Milton's Iconoclasm and the Poetics of Desire. London: Duke UP, 1995.
- Calvino, Italo. If On A Winter's Night A Traveler Should. Trans. William. Weaver. Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys, 1981.

- Chaucer, Geoffrey. The Riverside Chaucer. 3rd edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1987.
- Cianci, Giovanni, and Jason Hardins. T.S. Eliot and The Concept of Tradition. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2007.
- Cooper, David, and R.D. Laing. Reason and Violence: A Decade of Sartre's Philosophy 1950-1960. 2nd edition. London: Tavistock Publications, 1971.
- Cooper, John Xiros. The Cambridge Introduction to T.S. Eliot. Ed. John Xiros Cooper. New York: Cambridge UP, 2006.
- _____. T.S. Eliot and The Politics of Voice: The Argument of The Waste Land. Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1987.
- _____. Modernism and The Culture of Market Society. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004.
- Corns, Thomas N, ed. A Companion to Milton. Oxford: Blackwell Publishers, 2001.
- _____. Regaining Paradise Lost. New York: Longman, 1994.
- _____. Milton's Language. Oxford: Blackwell, 1990.
- Cowley, Malcolm. Exile's Return: A Literary Odyssey of The 1920s. New York: Viking Press, 1975.
- Crane, Hart. Complete Poems and Selected Letters. New York: Library of America Penguin Putnam, 2006.
- Crosman, Robert. Reading Paradise Lost. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1980.
- Cummings, E.E. Complete poems, 1904-1962. Ed. George J. Firmage. New York: Liveright, 1994.
- Danielson, Dennis. Milton's Good God. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1982.

_____, ed. The Cambridge Companion to Milton. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1999.

Dawson, J. L. A Concordance to the Complete Poems and Plays of T.S. Eliot. Ed. J.L.

Dawson, P.D. Holland, and D.J. McKitterick. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1995.

Deleuze, Gilles. Desert Islands and Other Texts, 1953-1974. Ed. David Lapoujade.

Trans. Michael Taormina. New York: Semiotext (e), 2004.

_____. Difference and Repetition. Trans. Paul Patton. New York: Columbia UP, 1994.

_____. Essays Critical and Clinical. Trans. Daniel W. Smith and Michael A.

Greco. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1997.

_____. Negotiations-1972-1990. Trans. Martin Joughin. New York: Columbia U

P, 1995.

_____. Proust and Signs. Trans. Richard Howard. New York: George Brazillier, 1972.

_____. The Deleuze Reader. Ed. Constantin V. Boundas. New York: Columbia UP,

1993.

_____. The Logic of Sense. Trans. Mark Lester. Ed. Constantin V. Boundas. New York

Columbia UP, 1990.

_____. Two regimes of madness: Texts and Interviews 1975-1995. Ed David

Lapoujade. Trans. Ames Hodges and Mike Taormina. New York:

Semiotext(e), 2006.

_____. The Deleuze Reader. Ed. Constantin Boundas. New York: Columbia UP, 1993.

Deleuze Gilles, and Clare Parnet. Dialogues. Trans. John Tomlinson and Barbara

Habberjam. London: Athlone Press, 1987.

Deleuze, Gilles, and Felix Guattari. Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature. Trans. Dana

Polan. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1986.

- _____. Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem, and Helen R. Lane. Minneapolis of Minnesota P, 1983.
- _____. A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Trans. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1987.
- _____. What Is Philosophy? Trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Grahame Burcell. New York: Columbia UP, 1994.
- Derrida, Jacques. Glas. Trans. John P. Leavey, Jr. and Richard Rand. Lincoln: Nebraska P, 1986.
- _____. Memoirs of the Blind: The Self-Portrait and Other Ruins. Trans. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas. Chicago: Chicago Press, 1993.
- Dettmar, Kevin J.H. Rereading the New: A Backward Glance at Modernism. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1992.
- Dipeveen, L. Changing Voices: The Modern Quoting Poem. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1993.
- Dobranski, Stephen B, and John P Rumrich. ed. Milton and Heresy. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1988.
- Dodds, E.R. The Greeks and the Irrational. Berkeley: U of California P, 1971.
- Dosse, Francois. Gilles Deleuze et Félix Guattari: Biographie Croisée. Paris: La Decouverte, 2007.
- Eagleton, Terry. Criticism and Ideology: A Study in Marxist Literary Theory. London: New Left Books, 1976.
- Edmundson, Mark. Towards Reading Freud: Self-Creation in Milton, Wordsworth, Emerson, and Sigmund Freud. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1990.

- Edwards, Karen. Milton and the Natural World: Science and Poetry in Paradise Lost.
London: Cambridge UP, 1999
- Eggert, Katherine. Showing like a Queen: Female Authority and Literary Experiment
in Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Philadelphia: University of
Pennsylvania Press, 2000.
- Eliade, Mircea. Patterns in Comparative Religion. Trans. Rosemary Sheed. Cleveland:
Meridian Books, The World Publishing Company, 1996.
Shamanism. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1972.
- Eliot, T. S. The Annotated Waste Land with Eliot's Contemporary Prose. Ed. Lawrence
Rainey. New Haven: Yale UP, 2005.
- _____. The Complete Poems and Plays 1909-1950. New York: Harcourt, 1962.
- _____. Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917. Ed. Christopher Ricks. New
York: Harcourt Brace, 1996.
- _____. The Complete Plays of T.S.Eliot. New York: Harcourt, 1967.
- _____. Selected Prose of T. S. Eliot. Ed Frank Kermode. London: Faber, 1975.
- _____. The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts. New York:
Harcourt, 1971.
The Waste Land and Other Poems by TS Eliot: Read by T.S. Eliot. London:
Penguin Audiobook, 1998.
- Ellmann, Richard. James Joyce. 2nd rev.ed. New York: Oxford UP, 1982.
- Empson, William. Milton's God. London: Chatto & Windus, 1961.
- _____. Some Versions of Pastoral. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1966.

- Erdman, David W. Blake: Prophet Against Empire: A Poet's Interpretation of The History of His Own Times. 2d rev. ed. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1969.
- Esterson, Aaron. The Leaves of Spring: A Study in The Dialectics of Madness. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972.
- Evans, Martin Jr. Milton's Imperial Epic: Paradise Lost and the Discourse of Colonialism. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1996.
- Fallon, Stephen M. Milton among the Philosophers: Poetry and Materialism in Seventeenth-Century England. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1991.
- Fallon, Robert Thomas. Divided Empire: Milton's Political Imagery. University Park: Pennsylvania State UP, 1995.
- _____. Milton in Government. University Park: Pennsylvania State UP, 1993.
- Ferlinghetti, Lawrence. Her. New York: New Directions, 1960.
- Fish, Stanley. Surprised by Sin: The Reader in Paradise Lost. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1998.
- _____. The Stanley Fish Reader. Ed. H. Aram Veenser. Malden: Blackwell, 1999.
- _____. How Milton Works. London: Belknap P of Harvard UP, 2001.
- Fleisch, William. Generosity and the Limits of Authority: Shakespeare, Herbert, Milton. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1992.
- Flieger, Jerry Aline. Is Oedipus Online? Siting Freud after Freud. Cambridge: MIT P, 2005.
- Forsyth, Neil. The Satanic Epic. Princeton: Princeton UP, 2003.
- Foucault, Michel. Language, Counter-Memory, Practice: Selected Essays and Interviews. Ed. Donald F. Bouchard. Trans. Donald Bouchard and Sherry

- Simon. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1977.
- _____. Foucault Live. Trans. Jill Johnston. Ed. Sylvere Lotringer. New York: Semiotext(e), 1989.
- _____. Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason. Trans. Richard Howard. New York, Vintage, 1973
- _____. History of Madness. Ed. John Khalifa. Trans. Jonathan Murphy and Jean Khalifa. London: Routledge, 2006.
- Freud, Sigmund. Moses and Monotheism. Trans. Katherine Jones. New York: Vintage Books, 1939.
- _____. Civilization and its Discontents. Trans. James Strachey. New York: Norton, 1962.
- Frye, Northrop. The Anatomy of Criticism. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1971.
- _____. Fearful Symmetry. Princeton: Princeton Up, 1969.
- Genosko, Gary. Felix Guattari: An Aberrant Introduction. London; New York: Continuum, 2002.
- Genet, Jean. Prisoner of Love. Trans. Barbara Bray. London: Picador, 1989
- Gilman, Ernest B. Iconoclasm and Poetry in the English Reformation: Down Went Dagon. Chicago: Chicago UP, 1986.
- Gordon, H Cyrus. The Ancient Near East. New York, Norton, 1965.
- Gordon, Lyndall. Eliot's Early Years. Oxford UP, 1977.
- _____. Eliot's New Life. New York: Farrar, Strauss, and Giroux, 1988.
- _____. T.S. Eliot An Imperfect Life. New York: Norton, 1999.

- Greenblatt, Stephen. Shakespearean Negotiations: The Circulation of Social Energy in Renaissance England. Berkeley: U of California P, 1989.
- Grose, Christopher. Milton's Epic Process. New Haven: Yale UP, 1973.
- Guattari, Felix. Chaosmosis: An Ethical-Aesthetic Paradigm. Trans: Paul Bains and Julian Pefanis. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1995.
- _____. Chaosophy. Ed. Sylvere Lotringer. New York: Semiotext [e], 1995.
- _____. The Anti-Oedipus Papers. Ed. Stéphane Nadaud. Trans. Kéline Gotman. New York: Semiotext (e), 2006.
- _____. The Guattari Reader. Ed. Gary Genosko. Oxford: Blackwell, 1996.
- _____. Three Ecologies. Trans. Ian Pindar and Paul Sutton. London: Athlone Press, 2000.
- _____. The Party Without Bosses: Lessons on Anticapitalism From Guattari and Lulis Inacia "Lula" da Silva. Ed. Gary Genosko. Winnipeg: Arbeiter Ring, 2003.
- Guillory, John. Poetry and Authority: Spencer, Milton, and Literary History. New York: Columbia UP, 1983.
- Hartman, Geoffrey. "Milton's Counterplot" In Milton: A Collection of Critical Essays. Ed. Louis L. Martz. New York: Prentice-Hall, 1968.
- Hardt, Michael. Reading Notes on Deleuze and Guattari Capitalism and Schizophrenia. July 1, 2006. <http://www.duke.edu/~hardt/Deleuze&Guattari.html>
- Hardt, Michael, and Antonio Negri. Empire. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2000.
- _____. Multitude: War and Democracy in the Age of Empire. London: Penguin, 2004.
- Harwood, John. Eliot to Derrida: The Poverty of Interpretation. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1995.

Herman, Peter C. Destabilizing Milton "Paradise Lost" and the Poetics of Incertitude.

New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2005.

Hesse, Herman. Magister Ludi - The Glass Bead Game. Trans. Richard and Clara

Winston. New York: Bantam Books, 1972

Herz, Judith. " 'Meanwhile':(Un)Making Time in Paradise Lost" Forthcoming in The

New Milton Criticism. Eds. Peter C. Herman and Elizabeth Sauer.

Hill, Christopher. Milton and the English Revolution. New York: Viking, 1977.

_____. The Experience of Defeat: Milton and some Contemporaries.

_____. The Century of Revolution 1603-1714. London: Routledge, 1991.

Holland, Eugene. Baudelaire and Schizoanalysis: The Sociopoetics of Modernism. New

York: Cambridge UP, 1993.

Hollander, John. The Figure of Echo: A Mode of Allusion in Milton and After.

Berkeley, U California P, 1981.

Horovitz, Michael. Children of Albion: Poetry of the Underground in Great Britain. Ed.

Michael Horovitz. London, Penguin, 1969.

_____. A New Waste Land: Timeship Earth at Nillennium'. London: New Departures,

2007.

Homer. The Iliad. Trans. Robert Fagles. New York: 1998.

Hughes, John. Lines of Flight: Reading Deleuze with Hardy, Gissing, Conrad, Woolf.

Sheffield, Sheffield Academic Press, 1997.

Hughes, Ted. Winter Pollen: Occasional Prose. Ed William Scammell. London: Faber

and Faber, 1995.

_____. The Waste Land and Other Poems by TS Eliot Read by Ted Hughes. London: Faber Penguin Audiobook (1996) 1998.

Jameson, Fredric. The Political Unconscious: Narrative as Socially Symbolic Act. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1981.

_____. The Jameson Reader. Ed. Michael Hardt and Kathi Weeks. Oxford: Blackwell, 2001.

Jay, Gregory, S. T.S. Eliot and The Poetics of Literary History. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1983.

Jesse, Sharon A. "Laughter and Identity in Ishamel Reed's 'Mumbo Jumbo'." Melus, Winter, 1996. 1 Aug. 2008.

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m2278/is_n4_v21/ai_19448593

Joris, Pierre. Nomadics. May 2006 <http://pierrejoris.com/nomad.html>

Joyce, James. Ulysses. New York: Random House, 1961.

_____. Finnegans Wake. New York: Viking Press, 1967.

Kafka, Franz. The Castle. Trans. Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: Schloss, 1968.

Kendrick, Christopher, ed. Critical Essays on John Milton. New York: G.K.Hall, 1995.

_____. Milton: A Study in Ideology and Form. London: Methuen, 1986.

Kerrigan, William. The Sacred Complex: On the Psychogenesis of Paradise Lost. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1983.

_____. The Prophetic Milton. Charlottesville: UP of Virginia, 1974.

Kolbrener, William. Milton's Warring Angels: A Study of Critical Engagements. New York: Cambridge UP, 1997.

- Kostenbaum, Wayne. Double Talk: The Erotics of Male Literary Collaboration.
London: Routledge, 1989.
- Laforgue, Jules. Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue. Trans. William Jay Smith.
Westport: Greenwood Press, 1972.
- Laing, R.D. The Politics of Experience and The Bird of Paradise. Baltimore: Penguin
Books, 1967.
- Laity, Cassandra, and Nancy K. Gish, eds. Gender, Desire, And Sexuality In T.S. Eliot.
Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004.
- Lambert, Gregg. Who's Afraid of Deleuze and Guattari? London: Continuum, 2006.
- Lamos, Coleen. Deviant Modernism. Sexual and Textual Errancy in T.S. Eliot, James
Joyce, and Marcel Proust. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1998.
- Lee, Denis. The New Canadian Poets, 1970-1985. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart,
1985.
- Lewis, C.S. A Preface to "Paradise Lost". Oxford: Oxford UP, 1942.
- Leavis, F. R. New Bearings in English Poetry. London: Chatto and Windu, 1932.
- Lewalski, Barbara K. The Life of John Milton: A Critical Biography. Oxford: Blackwell
Publishers, 2000.
- _____. Milton's Brief Epic: The Genre, Meaning, and Art of "Paradise Regained.
Providence: Brown UP, 1966.
- Levenson, Michael. A Genealogy of Modernism: A Study of English Literary Doctrine,
1908-1922. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1984.
- Leitch, Vincent B. The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism. Vincent B.
Leitch,

- General Editor. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2001.
- Lieb, Michael. Poetics of the Holy: A Reading of Paradise Lost. Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 1981.
- _____. Milton and The Culture of Violence. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1994.
- Lieb, Michael and John T. Shawcross, eds. Achievements of the Left Hand: Essays on the Prose of John Milton. Amherst: U of Massachusetts P, 1974.
- Lieb, Michael and Diana Benet. Literary Milton: Text, Pretext, Context. Pittsburgh: Duquesne UP, 1994.
- Lippard, Lucy, ed. Dadas on Art. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1971.
- Litz, A. Walton, ed. Eliot in His Time: Essays on The Fiftieth Anniversary of The Waste Land. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1973.
- Leonard, John. Naming in Paradise Lost, Milton and the Language of Adam and Eve. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990. Pittsburgh: Duquesne UP, 1994.
- McCaffery, Steve. North of Intention: Critical Writings 1973-1986. New York: Roof Books: Toronto: Nightwood Editions, 1986.
- _____. Prior to Meaning: the protosemantic and poetics. Evanston: Northwestern UP, 2001.
- McLuhan, Marshal. The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1962.
- Machery, Pierre. A Theory of Literary Production. Trans. Geoffrey Wall. London: RPK, 1978.

- Martin, Catherine Gimelli. The Ruins of Allegory: Paradise Lost and the Metamorphosis of Epic Convention. Durham: Duke UP, 1998.
- _____, ed. Milton and Gender. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004.
- Matthiessen, F. O. The Achievement of T. S. Eliot; An Essay on The Nature of Poetry. New York, Oxford UP, 1958.
- Martz, Louis. Poet of Exile: A Study of Milton's Poetry. New Haven: Yale UP, 1980.
- _____, ed. Milton: A Collection of Critical Essays. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, 1966.
- Marx, Karl. Early Writings. Ed. and Trans. T.D. Bottomore. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964.
- Meddeb, Abdelwahab. The Malady of Islam. Trans. Pierre Joris. New York: Basic Books, 2003.
- Menand, Louis. Discovering Modernism: T.S. Eliot and His Context. New York: Oxford UP, 2007.
- McColgan and Charles W. Durham. Arenas of Conflict: Milton and The Unfettered Mind. Selinsgrove. Susquehanna UP, 1997.
- McGill, Robert. Textual Practice 17(3), 2003, 561–574.
- Miller, James. The Passion of Michel Foucault. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2000.
- Miller, James Edwin. T.S. Eliot: The Making of An American poet. University Park: Pennsylvania State UP, 2005.
- Miller, Henry. Tropic of Cancer. New York: Grove, 1961.
- _____. Tropic of Capricorn. New York: Grove, 1961.
- _____. Hamlet Letters. Vol. 1 and 2. New York: Carrefour, 1939, 1941.

- Mitchell, Stephen. Gilgamesh: A New English Version. New York: Free Press, 2004
- Milton, John. Complete Poems and Major Prose. Ed. Merritt Y. Hughes. New York: Macmillan, 1957.
- _____. Paradise Lost. Ed. Alastair Fowler. London: Longman, 1971.
- _____. Paradise Lost. Ed. Stephen Orgel, and Jonathan Goldberg. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2004.
- Moody, A David, ed. Cambridge Companion to T.S. Eliot. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1999.
- Morrison, Paul A. The Poetics of Fascism: Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, Paul de Man. New York: Oxford UP, 1996
- Mottram, Eric. William Burroughs: The Algebra of Need. London: Marion Boyars, 1977.
- Nadeau, Maurice. The History of Surrealism. Trans Richard Howard. New York: Macmillan, 1965.
- Newlyn, Lucy. Paradise Lost and The Romantic Reader. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1993.
- Norbrook, David. Poetry and Politics in the English Renaissance. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2002.
- _____. Writing the English Republic: Poetry, Rhetoric, and Politics, 1627-1660. New York: Cambridge UP, 1999.
- Nuttall, Anthony D. The Alternative Trinity: Gnostic Heresy in Marlowe, Milton, and Blake. New York: Clarendon P, 1998.
- Nuttall, Jeff. Bomb Culture. London, Paladin, 1970.
- Nyquist, Mary, and Margaret Ferguson, eds. Re-Membering Milton:

- Essays on the Texts and Traditions. New York: Methuen, 1987.
- Olson, Charles. The Maximus poems: Ed George F. Butterick. Berkeley: U of California P, 1983.
- Ostrovosky, Erica. Voyeur Voyant: A Portrait of Louis-Ferdinand Celine. New York: Random House, 1972.
- Otto, Rudolph. The Idea of The Holy: An Inquiry into The Non-Rational Factor in The Idea of The Divine and its Relation to The Rational. Trans. John W. Harvey. New York: Oxford UP, 1958.
- Ovid. The Metamorphoses: A Complete New Version. Trans. Horace Gregory. New York: New American Library, 1958.
- Padmasambhava. The Tibetan Book of The Dead: The Great Liberation by Hearing in the Intermediate States. Trans. Gyurme Dorje. London: Penguin, 2005.
- Patterson, Annabel M. Reading Between the Lines. Madison: U of Wisconsin P, 1993.
- Patrides, C.A, and Raymond B. Waddington, eds. The Age of Milton: Backgrounds to Seventeenth Century Literature. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1980.
- Paula, Leonora Soledad Souza e. John Milton. Him Who Disobeys: A Comparative Analysis of Satan and Lucifer. 20 May 2008
<http://www.lettras.ufmg.br/milton/ing_critica/i_critica_04h1.htm>.
- Paz, Octavio. Children of the Mire: Modern Poetry from Romanticism to the Avant-Garde. Trans. Rachel Phillips. London: Harvard UP, 1974.
- Perloff, Marjorie. 21st Century Modernism: The "New" Poetics. Oxford: Blackwell, 2002.

_____. The Poetics of Indeterminacy: From Rimbaud to Cage. Princeton: Princeton UP.

_____. The Dance of the Intellect: Studies in the Poetry of the Pound Tradition. New York: Cambridge UP, 1985.

Peterson, Elmer. Tristan Tzara: Dada and Surreational Theorist. New Jersey: Rutgers UP, 1971.

Picciotto Joanna. "Reforming the Garden: The Experimentalist Eden and Paradise Lost." ELH 72 (2005): 23-78.

Pound, Ezra. The Cantos. New York: New Directions, 1996.

_____. Selected Poems. New York: New Directions, 1957.

Pritchard, James E. The Ancient Near East. Volume 1: An Anthology of Texts and Pictures. Ed. James E. Pritchard. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1958.

Rainey, Lawrence S. Revisiting "The Waste Land". New Haven: Yale UP, 2005.

_____. The Annotated "Waste Land" With Eliot's Contemporary Prose. Lawrence Rainey. Ed. Annotations. Introduction. New Haven: Yale UP, 2005.

Rajan, Tilottama. "The Other Reading: Milton and Blake." In Milton, the Metaphysicals, and Romanticism. ed. Lisa Low and Anthony John Harding. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1994: 20-46.

Rapaport, Hermann. Milton and the Postmodern. London: U of Nebraska P, 1983.

Reed, Brian. "Hart Crane's Victrola." In Modernism/Modernity. 7.1. (2000) 99-125.

- Reed, Revard, and Stella Purce. The War in Heaven: Paradise Lost, and The Tradition of Satan's Rebellion. London: Cornell UP, 1980. 1981.
- Reid, Ishmael. Mumbo Jumbo. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1972.
- Reik, Theodore. The Creation of Woman. New York: George Braziller, Inc., 1960.
- Ricks, Christopher. Milton's Grand Style. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1963.
- _____. T.S. Eliot and Prejudice. London: Faber, 1988.
- Rosenblatt, Jason P. Torah and Law In Paradise Lost. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1994.
- Rothenberg, Jerome, and Pierre Joris, eds. Poems For The Millenium: Volume One: From Fin-de-Siecle to Negritude. Berkeley, U of California P, 1995.
- Rumrich, John Peter. Milton Unbound: Controversy and Reinterpretation.
Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1996.
- Rylance, Rick, ed. Debating Texts. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1987.
- Sartre, Jean-Paul. Search For A Method. Trans. Hazel E. Barnes. New York: Vintage, 1968.
- Schmitt, Carl. The Concept of the Political. Trans. George Schwab. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1976.
- Schwarz, Delmore. Selected Essays of Delmore Schwarz. Ed. D. Dike and D. Zucker. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1970.
- Schwartz, Regina. Remembering and Repeating: Biblical Creation in Paradise Lost. Chicago: Chicago UP, 1993.
- Sewell, Arthur. A Study in Milton's Christian Doctrine. Norwood: Norwood Editions, 1976.
- Shakespeare, William. Richard III. London: Penguin, 1989.

- _____. Macbeth. Essex: Longman, 1965.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe. The Complete Poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Ed. Donald H. Reiman, and Neil Fraistat. London: Johns Hopkins UP, 2000.
- Sheppard, Robert. The Poetry of Saying: British Poetry and Its Discontents 1950-2000. Liverpool: Liverpool Up, 2005.
- _____. May 2007 <http://robertsheppard.blogspot.com/2005_04_01_archive.html>.
- Schoenfeldt, Michael Carl. Bodies and Selves in Early Modern England: Physiology and Inwardness in Spencer, Shakespeare, Herbert, and Milton. New York: Cambridge UP, 1999.
- Sidney, Sir Phillip. An Apology for Poetry or the Defense of Poesy. Ed Geoffrey Shepherd. London: T. Nelson, 1965.
- Simon O'Sullivan. Art Encounters Deleuze and Guattari: Thought Beyond Representation. Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2006.
- Smith, Andrew, and Jeff Wallace, eds. Gothic Modernisms. New York, N.Y: Palgrave, 2001.
- Smith, Grover Cleveland. T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1974.
- Spicer, Jack. The Collected Books of Jack Spicer. Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow, 1980.
- Steggle, Matthew. "Paradise Lost and the Acoustics of Hell." Early Modern Literary Studies 7.1.Special Issue 8 (May, 2001): 9.1-17.
- Steadman, John.M. Milton's Biblical and Classical Imagery. Pittsburgh: Duquesne UP, 1984.
- Steiner, George. In Blue Beard's Castle. Faber: London, 1974.

- Stevens, Wallace. The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens. New York: Vintage, 1982.
- Stevens, Wallace. Collected Poetry and Prose. Ed. Frank Kermode and Joan Richardson. New York: Library of America, 1997.
- Stivale, Charles J. The Two-Fold Thought of Deleuze and Guattari: Intersections And Animations. New York: Guilford, 1998.
- Strier, Richard. "Milton's Fetters, or, Why Eden is Better than Heaven" in John Milton: the Author in His Works, eds. Michael Lieb and Albert Labriola. Milton Studies 38 (2000), pp. 169-197.
- Sylvester, David. Interviews with Francis Bacon: The Brutality of Fact. New York: Thames and Hudson, 1988.
- Thorpe, James, ed. Milton Criticism: Selections From Four Centuries. New York: Octagon Books, 1966.
- Tzara, Tristan. Approximate Man and other Writings. Trans. Mary Ann Caws. Detroit: Wayne State UP, 1973.
- Vico, Giambattista. The New Science of Giambattista Vico. Trans. Thomas Goddard Bergin and Max Harold. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1968.
- Virilio, Paul. Speed and Politics: An Essay on Dromology. Trans. Mark Polizzotti. New York: Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents Series (13), Columbia UP, 1986.
- Warger, Thomas A. "Going Mad Systematically in Beckett's Murphy." Modern Language Studies, Vol. 16, No. 2 (Spring, 1986), pp. 13-18.
- Whitman, Walt. Leaves of Grass. Ed. Sculley Bradley and Harold W. Blodgett. New York: Norton, 1973.

Williams, William Carlos. Kora in Hell: Improvisations. San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1967.

_____. Interviews with William Carlos Williams: Speaking Straight Ahead. Ed. Linda Wagner. New York: New Directions, 1976.

Wittreich, Joseph Anthony. Feminist Milton. Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1987.