

Untitled #2

Taija Mars McDougall

All right, gentlemen, I'm taking over now.
— Jonathon Jackson

There is much to say about the deep details of the interplay between Black American and French radical left scenes of struggle that emerged in the 1960s and 1970s. While the happenings and contact points suggest intimacy—particularly when it comes to Jean Genet, who writes the introduction to the original edition of *Soledad Brother*—that French intellectuals parasitically took up the challenges of Black American Maoisms in the mid-twentieth century to furnish their own intellectual legacies is not of central importance here.¹ What I am concerned about are the specifics of George Jackson's thought throughout *Soledad Brother* and *Blood in My Eye*, the energy that his thought is invested with, and what Deleuze and Guattari do with his work, specifically the quote which they mobilize in both volumes of *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. I am concerned in multiple directions. Firstly, how do Deleuze and Guattari mischaracterize Jackson's words, bringing a weapon on a stroll, as it were? In their mischaracterization, which provides critical theoretical scaffolding for their concept of the "line of flight" or "line of escape"—the concept that powers fugitive movement as Black politics—falters. Instead, if we read Jackson with Jackson, we can reject escape and flight as at the heart of a revolutionary praxis. We can do something else, look to other forms of movement, and different orientations that are not based on the empty space that Jackson occupies within Deleuze and Guattari's text and thought.

Schizo/a on the Way Out

Where is the schizo/a? The focus has tended to be on what the schizophrenic figure at the heart of Deleuze and Guattari's work *does*, but *where* does the schizo/a do it? Taking a moment to situate them might prove useful for our purposes. They—singular—are located in a system, we say. While those around them drift through the machinery like Hexxus, the schizo/a breaks... "He [*sic*] is transsexual. He [*sic*] is trans-alivedead, trans-parentchild. He [*sic*] does not reduce two contraries to an identity of the same; he [*sic*] affirms their distance as that which relates the two as different."² The schizo/a figure, rather than slipping and sliding and stumbling through the machinery of binary organization, opens the machinery of the hyphen, of the grammar and its postulates. The opening of this machinery, blowing holes in walls and ensuring that something of the wall can never be put back in its place,

opening up spots for flows and intensities of desire to move. So, where are they? If we do not know where they are, how can we possibly plot them in order to, in some way, know where they are going? Immediately we are in a spatial conundrum where the schizo/a is concerned. There are other conundrums, but these come later—or something akin to later. If we can figure out the place, maybe we can figure out the time, where they are going and what time it will be when they get there. From here, we can look in different ways in order to sort out the other, further puzzles.

Deleuze and Guattari give us a clue as to where the the schizo/a is and where we can locate them. They are *within* something. This is locked into the logic of the chosen diction as Deleuze and Guattari write: “we must not flee...But the revolutionary knows escape is revolutionary.”³ Elsewhere, “there is no so such thing as relatively independent spheres or circuits: production is immediately consumption, and a recording process (*enregistrement*), without any sort of mediation, and the recording process and consumption directly determine production, though they do so within the production process itself.”⁴ The schizo/a is *within* the spheres or circuits, the network of the socius. Perhaps, more accurately for Deleuze and Guattari, they are in multiple things all at once: the social field, the Oedipal triangle, in process, in production, being recorded, and at a meeting libidinal banker’s office attempting to take out a loan. These could all be one and the same. And in fact, they are. They are all instances of the socius *within* which the schizo/a can be located. They, like the rest of us are *within* that social body that holds the apparent patent, copyright, and so monopoly, on the codings of desire.⁵ Immediately and without mediation, then, we have our first notion of where the schizo/a is. There are some hints throughout *Anti-Oedipus* that suggest how the sphere or circuit in which the schizo/a finds themselves might appear, or at least what features it has, were we to attempt to list it with a real estate brokerage. Most importantly, there are walls.

The coding sphere or circuit, or socius, in which we can locate the schizo/a is, firstly and most importantly, walled. This leads to certain architectural questions. Is a ceiling a wall? Is a floor a wall? Which walls are loadbearing? Can the integrity of the wall be compromised? Are they opaque or transparent? While the questions themselves appear superfluous, they simultaneously suggest and delimit the potential movement of our friendly schizo/a who, it appears, is *in* for a walk, rather than out. But then, there is also another wall: a schizophrenic wall. Deleuze and Guattari go further: “Very few accomplish what [R.D.] Laing calls the breakthrough of this schizophrenic wall or limit...but the majority draw near the wall and back away horrified.”⁶ The schizo/a is there, bounded by the walls of the socius, and, critically, there is a there-there, a walled territory in which the production of everything, from desire to coffee grinders and plastic doohickeys, occurs. There is mommydaddyschizo/a producing the collapsing oedipal nightmare and the teacherdoctorschizo/a producing the medicodiscursive terrain and the treecityschizo/a producing nature. For Deleuze and Guattari, the schizo/a is everywhere within the socius, or potentially everywhere as the overcoded and the

overcoding of a bourgeois city—the Freudian child lives at the corner of Mommy Road and Daddy Drive—which is always becoming-nation, -house, -site and so on. They, the schizo/a, according to Deleuze and Guattari, are within the machinery, but is also “beyond territoriality, because he [sic] has carried his flows right out to the desert.”⁷ The schizo/a is in the socius for a stroll, in the way that Deleuze and Guattari assume they are moving *in* for the kill, or that we are *in* for a treat.

So, we find our schizo/a in a socius-with-walls, the place in which all the machines find themselves as they attach, detach, assemble, disassemble, resemble. A place that is factory-like that drives many into the always waiting embrace of madness, but not the schizo/a, who repurposes the energy here into a movement that is apparently utterly different than the rest of us. Their movement is seemingly the key to some sort of revolutionary spirit and action, to the correct political position and posture, to breaking-through, rather than down. The schizo/a schizzes, and if they are so full of potential for revolutionary change to the socius, if their movement can break its walls, then it behooves us to ask about their movement. How do they move? What is the content of such movement? Is it so different? Described variously as flowing, oozing, strolling, wandering about, migrating, the schizo/a, to Deleuze and Guattari, encapsulates these various dance-steps that do the work of breaking through the walls of the socius. Their movement has a component of breaking, even if none of the above verbs adhere to such a conception. For example, for a flow to be liberated, for it to move beyond the walls of the socius, it must flow at such a concentration and with such strength that it can “blow the cover off.”⁸ If they ooze, there must be something corrosive, something in that movement that allows them through these walls. Regardless, the schizo/a, as Deleuze and Guattari imagine them, has some way of breaking through the wall.

Deleuze and Guattari tell us that the schizo/a has broken through the wall, out into the desert, the implication being that there is nothing out there but the sands of time, racist stereotypes from Disney and Outness. Even in the desert to which they appear to exit, they exit to that space and reterritorialization is immediate. The socius expands out to meet them, what were solid walls proving to be elastic, mutable, a limit that can be approached but resistant to breach. This is the “two-fold movement” of de- and reterritorialization that Deleuze and Guattari detail in both *Anti-Oedipus* and its companion text *A Thousand Plateaus* and the moves that sit at the heart of a post-68 modernity and attendant lessons in political organizing. The first move is the move away; the second is the working out of the “re-” prefix in relations of power: reconstitution, reorganization, reinstitution, recognition—break the “re-” away from its stem. Codes are seemingly broken and overwritten, but there are still codes, which are moving, in contest and contention. These codes circulate in a prepositionally absolute way and the schizo/a streaks alongside as they break. Yet, Deleuze and Guattari suggest a prepositional orientation that is for the schizo/a:

we have distinguished the schizophrenic process (“the breakthrough”) from the accidents and relapses that hinder or interrupt it (“the breakdown”), and because on the other hand we have posited paranoia no less than schizophrenia as independent of all familial pseudo etiologies, so as to make them bear directly upon the social field: every name in history, and not the name of the father.⁹

The distinction between ‘through’ and ‘down’ as the orientation and direction of our friendly schizo/a’s breaking gives us a clue that we should perhaps reject Deleuze and Guattari’s own characterization of the movement of their own character. The schizo/a liberates flows of desire when they break through the walls. The schizo/a breaks the wall, but they do not leave. They are still *within* if they move to the desert, which is, sadly still within a territory in which they can ooze and flow. The desert, the body without organs, it is another aspect of the same machinic configuration, another part of the factory of the socius. The social machine, for Deleuze and Guattari, is identical with the desiring machine and the body without organs, the desert that the schizo/a moves towards, experiencing *x*, where *x* can be anything produced, as a process of production. The wall that drives others to horror is the one the schizo/a apparently breaks. This is the essence of schizo/a’s movement within what we have called the socius which is something like a factory, but we can likely call it a prison in the same way that we can follow Foucault if we so choose.¹⁰ There could be further precedence for calling this walled place where the schizo/a was, is, and will be, a prison. Who do they choose to uphold as emblematic of the schizo/a figure? Here we find George Jackson. We also find John Brown, Jack Kerouac and Céline, but we will focus on George Jackson as his praxis, I argue, is what they have in mind when they are considering the movements of the schizo/a, the one who breaks through.

Breaking through is the move of the line of flight, which is itself deterritorialization.¹¹ It is to fly, not in the sense of a bird, but in the sense of an escape, to create an outlet. It is the “through” in breakthrough, which implies the way we can understand the nouns and verbs of the proclamation and proposition, how they relate and in which directions, with which orientations and when. The schizo/a opens the line of flight, sets out the line of flight, as they approach the frontier, which is something to cross, to push back, to go beyond.¹² Bound up in the becoming, which Deleuze—with Parnet rather than Guattari—writes, is the geographic.¹³ This is the movement of the schizo/a, the schizo/a movement can be motionless, can be to-not-travel, but simultaneously immobile and with big strides. It can be paradoxical; it can be generative, for Deleuze following Toynbee, as it creates new weapons. Yet, to follow Deleuze to the letter suggests that we can put immobile movement to the side and adhere to the constructive work that Deleuze and Guattari contend is the unbuilding of heterogenous chains of signifiers, “carrying them off in every direction.”¹⁴ The schizo/a out for their stroll strolls polyvalently, in

multiple directions at once, outward towards, and with each brick of the signifying chain in hand, they have a weapon.

Taking these steps to focus on the materiality of where the schizo/a is and what they are up to is crucial if we intend to understand the nucleus of Deleuze and Guattari's text and project in *Anti-Oedipus*. It is a plunge deep into the text that advocates the reconsideration of psychoanalysis, deepening it to a schizoanalysis. I contend that Deleuze and Guattari envision a specific example of a schizo—gendered here—at the heart of their project. The schizo *par excellence* is not John Brown as they themselves suggest, but rather he who follows, he who they invoke, conjure, and call upon to give their work a scaffolding. The schizo that Deleuze and Guattari have in mind is George Jackson. I will, in the next section, move further into this point. Here, we can join arms with Jackson and accompany him on his stroll. He will have to go in just a moment, so we will have to be quick.

Blowing off the Cover: combat, poetry, sticks

We have sat down to interview the schizo/a, and we have found something we can work with. Something we can report back to the department with our overpriced but charmingly kitsch “Field Notes” notebook from the utterly non-self-reflexive University Bookstore in hand. We have some ideas about this character, where they live, how they move about, what their authors, Deleuze and Guattari think about them. We have located them, situated them, not at the corner of Mommy Road and Daddy Drive, but in the vast factory of social coding, with wall(s), ceiling(s) and floor(s). They are out for a stroll, but until the schizo/a comes into their revolutionary potential, bears witness to the wall and is faced with the reality of the breakthrough, the risk of breakdown exists. Deleuze and Guattari, but the former in particular, consider George Jackson, prisoner theorist, Black Panther Party Field Marshall, to be the schizo/a they have in mind when they detail the movements and location of the schizo/a. The schizo/a Jackson, ungendered, is in prison.

Michelle Koerner has noted in “Line of Escape: Gilles Deleuze’s Encounter with George Jackson” that this quote of Jackson’s appears three times in Deleuze’s oeuvre, accompanied by his name, and each time it is without “introduction, explanation, or elaboration as though the line were ripped entirely from historical considerations.”¹⁵ While Koerner goes on to castigate simplistic and reactive readings that lean on Deleuze and Guattari for ahistorical appropriation or dangerous decontextualization, she also compels readers of Deleuze and Guattari and Jackson to pay close attention to “the way that blackness claims an unruly place in philosophy and philosophies of history” and this is precisely what I aim to do with what follows from here.¹⁶ Appropriation and decontextualization of Jackson’s work and life is not the concern, but what Deleuze and Guattari, and those who take on a politics of fugitivity as the revolutionary position and posture, base their thinking upon and how and why the line of flight as a moving assemblage of escape/counterattack fails. To read Jackson with Jackson and to read Jackson in the space and face of his own

absenting, which is the tactic this paper will deploy from here, reveals that we must move elsewhere here. In short, for Jackson we must recognize and utilize his writing as a weapon, as Koerner and Jean Genet have indicated, but in the constant mistranslations of Jackson and his critically underexamined absence from the citational record of all Deleuze's texts, we will see if we can discern precisely where the line of flight, and the politics of fugitivity break apart, where the escape/counterattack posture misses Jackson's subterranean thought.¹⁷ Even if Jackson is the schizo/a *par excellence*, we are brought to a point in which signification has failed and it is from this failure that, if we are lucky we can catch the train with Jackson, not out in the desert, but perhaps somewhere else.

Turning towards the translation of *fuite*, Brian Massumi has written that we should not understand 'flight' here as flying, but rather as the companion noun of fleeing. Massumi goes further to write that like the movement of our schizo/a above, *fuite* encompasses leaking, oozing, flowing, and the movement to the vanishing point, to disappearing. Hence, the translation of *ligne de fuite* into both line of flight and line of escape.¹⁸ Hovering here for a moment on the problem of translation for Deleuze's English translators, we are faced with a question that straddles the three sites in Deleuze's oeuvre where Jackson is invoked.¹⁹ How can it be that different translations of the same passage are always retranslated into English differently? The direct quote from *Soledad Brother* reads "I may run, but all the time that I am, I'll be looking for a stick."²⁰ In *Anti-Oedipus*, Jackson may take flight and will be looking for a weapon. In *A Thousand Plateaus*, he is looking for a gun as he runs, and Jackson disappears *in toto* in the original French.²¹ In "On the Superiority of Anglo-American Literature" with Claire Parnet, he is looking for a weapon again.²² Jeremy Matthew Glick has written that to prefer and preserve 'stick' is to recognize in Jackson "a deep commitment to improvisation" and upholding Jackson's words exactly is critical.²³

Michelle Koerner asks how a line in French, under translation from English, can prove to be such a sticking point for translators who are bringing Jackson's quote back into the original English. I submit that this relates to the shadow of Jackson in Deleuze's thought, and of Jackson's role as schizo/a more generally.²⁴ With the schizo/a, who in their movements about, unbuild signifying chains, straddle binaries that then break under their weight, let loose flows that can lead to blowing off covers—of societies and beds—and leave the confinement of specifically coded desiring-production, to take a piece of the socius that organizes desire, even it is to be remade differently as it is re-territorialized.

Deleuze's thought is subtended by Jackson's words and Jackson's life. In terms of publication timing, with *Anti-Oedipe* published in 1972 and Jackson dead at the hands of the state in 1971, Jackson's thinking predates Deleuze and Guattari's. His work in *Soledad Brother* and *Blood in My Eye*, which despite any effort to transfigure Jackson into a romantic revolutionary-cum-passive victim of state violence is wholly mislaid. It is to misread, at a fundamental level, the meaning of the quote

itself. George Jackson. “I may run, but all the time that I am, I’ll be looking for a stick.”²⁵ Again, “We must accept the eventuality of bringing the USA to its knees.”²⁶ Further,

“And it follows that if a thing is not building, it is certainly decaying—that life is revolution—and that the world will die if we don’t read and act out its imperatives. Not on its own will it die, but rather because the forces of reaction have created imbalances that will kill it: “The seeds of its own destruction.” Our destruction too.²⁷

Immediately, we are brought into direct confrontation with Deleuze and Guattari’s own notion of Jackson’s thought. While they claim that the “Hegel-style destructions, ways of conserving” must be abandoned, arm in arm with our schizo/a as they lead the way, even if their recording, unbuilding “code does not coincide with the social code, or coincides with it only in order to parody it” they conserve and preserve in ways that Jackson does not.²⁸ These works of disconnection and reconnection, strolling out into the desert, scrambling the codes, but leaving coding intact are contra Jackson as he writes, “It isn’t revolutionary or materialist to disconnect things. To disconnect revolutionary consciousness from revolutionizing activity...is idealistic rather than materialist.”²⁹

While we are confronted with guns, weapons and sticks in Deleuze and Guattari, in Jackson we have only the latter. He writes in *Blood in My Eye* that “[t]he task of the revolutionary is to make revolution.’ The word ‘manufacture’ can be substituted for the word ‘make’ and the meaning comes through a little better for us.”³⁰ To create by hand, to build, to create, know the intimate involvement of one’s body and bodies in the breaking of revolutionary waves upon the shores of world. This is the revolutionary task that Jackson sets before us that Deleuze and Guattari turn away from in favor of the schizzes, the processes, and procedures that in *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, “never consist in running away from the world but rather in causing runoffs, as when you drill a hole in a pipe.” And further, “that group or individual creates the line rather than following it, is itself the living weapon it forges rather than stealing one.”³¹ In the mistranslations, from gun to weapon—but only a stick for Jackson—a piece of the scaffolding falls away. The stability of Jackson as our friendly neighborhood schizo/a renders schizo/a activity and energy in a different light.

Now with Jackson we are faced with a repetition in Deleuze’s work and I would go so far as to suggest that this represents a compulsion to repeat. It is a compulsion to conjure Jackson, to mistranslate, to furnish lines of flight and invoke his name only to catch the resonances and reverberations with their conceptions of the schizo/a. It is not a repetition of appropriation or of decontextualization as Koerner warns us against, but rather a repetition of misunderstanding, a repetition of disengagement with Jackson’s theoretical work, and disavowal of the ground he breaks. Put differently, it is a repetition of a commitment to becoming-black, to blackness as a political positionality that can be put on like clothes—or a cape, to

Deleuze and Guattari's mind—and, the implication is that it can be removed, that becoming, which is always in process, in the midst of its procedure, can be stopped. It is a repetition of an evacuation—not an escape—that removes Jackson, his being, his theoretical contributions, his black body, confined and taken apart by the state, from the text itself and so from the political, from the discursive. To make him uncited, in the original French and translated German, to open a space for the citation and to commit him to absence is emblematic of this repetition of evacuation. Becoming-black is, in short, more revolutionary than being black. Jackson's failed escape, as he runs, the perpetual motion machine, is what makes him black to Deleuze and Guattari. Jackson, the conjured spirit, the exemplary schizo/a, who can unbuild the signifying chains and break through the walls, liberating flows and scrambling codes—transwhiteblack like John Brown—escaped, got away. There he goes: "*il se peut que je fuie, mais tout au long de ma fuite, je cherche une arme.*"³² Worse still, if we read Jackson with himself, and with Afropessimism, we are confronted with something akin to an ontological limit of vital mobility.³³ Further, an epistemological limit to vital mobility as his work cannot be cited, cannot be indexed, does not only move in the ways that Deleuze and Guattari envision in their schizo/a. He moves some other way. In short, faced with the gap that stares back at inquiring eyes and minds from page 393 of the reference notes to "Introduction to Schizoanalysis" we find where our codes and language not only fail. They disintegrate, lapse back into the deathly conservatism of the world—of anti-blackness of black death for white psychic health and its material configurations—and we stumble upon the pathogenic nucleus of such flights of fancy as the line of escape.

The Dragon has Come: Working (preposition) Jackson

Now that we have cleared the air, we can perhaps cut to the heart of Jackson's theoretical contribution that is utterly different and totally unfamiliar to the schizo/a of *Anti-Oedipus*. Throughout *Soledad Brother*, the more personal and seemingly unguarded version of literary and theoretical George Jackson, we are met again and again with a Jackson who is on the run. It is not particularly surprising that a prison epistolary is concerned with the pressing problem of capture and escape. Fugitive notions and wishes are woven through the text, leading to the escape as counterattack, counterattack in escape reading of Jackson that serves as a scaffolding of fugitive practice and politics. The stealing oneself—tenuous as a 'Black oneself' may be—is the becoming black that Deleuze and Guattari mention. If we follow David Marriott's critique of Fred Moten's fugitivity, it is the perpetual exceeding action of the black being that is the hallmark of fugitive movement.³⁴ We would assume with Jackson that he engenders this exceeding of blackness as he writes "I still think of myself as a black, and an African but I can't be satisfied with myself until I am a communist *man*, revolutionary *man*" (emphasis Jackson's).³⁵ This appears as exactly the disavowal of racial positioning that Moten and Marriott are speaking about, and the escape of our schizo/a. But there is something else happening in the italicized

repetition of ‘man’ that importantly does not accompany ‘black’ nor ‘African’. In one sentence, Jackson reveals the proto-pessimism of the social death of blackness, the always already severed ‘black’ from ‘(hu)man’ and the possibility of ‘becoming’, of in his being doing as Deleuze and Guattari say. He would be scrambling the codes that bar ‘black’ from being joined by ‘man’, ‘African’ from ‘communist’, and joining, in his being, black with revolutionary. We have thus arrived at fugitivity, at exceeding the racist disavowal, escaping the “racism of its history.”³⁶ Complete and full circle.

Wait. “I haven’t seen the night sky for a decade” Jackson writes from “June, 1970 7.”³⁷ This line comes in a letter to Joan, a member of the Soledad Defense Committee, as he tells her further “Last week (?) when I mentioned that I felt older than I am, I wasn’t referring to my knees or elbows, back or hands, nor did I mean that I felt in any way wise. I feel old Joan, in the sense that a paper parget is old after about an hour on the Police Academy practice range. Used.” The codes that he seems to have so diligently scrambled to Deleuze and Guattari’s mind snap back in to place.³⁸ Jackson’s capture, his confinement, exceeds and specifies his running. His counter-attack is not counterattack so much as a movement that is built upon a different emphasis entirely. If we delve into the movement that Jackson is envisioning in the quoted line, we can see the glimmers of something else, a different move. To be clear, this is not a refashioning of a social life a la Moten, but rather a way to understand the meaning of a revolutionary black politic that is not bound up with escape, but rather with the turn, with the grasping of a weapon, with improvisation, with a position to defend as the outer limit of the world stays at a constantly-receding horizon.

“I may run, but all the time that I am I’ll be looking for a stick! A defensible position!” If we loiter here, we can pick apart some of the implications that will first lead us to a different revolutionary trajectory. Jackson, his black body lived and died in the carceral system, which is always already also in captivity, is on the run, moving away, outside protection—which is not the same thing as outside—with the Weathermen. Jackson, as Deleuze and Guattari’s schizo/a is on the move, on the run, but Jackson takes this movement further. There is a step missing in the schizo/a-move, which we should probably understand as a dance. When we recoup the declarative exclamation that follows and reattach it to Deleuze and Guattari’s schizoanalytic furniture, the move, is clear. Jackson is not advocating for escape in the way Deleuze and Guattari write is the correct posture of the revolutionary, which is to unbuild, to scramble, to liberate flows of desire, reorganize the signifying chain through disorganization. Instead, Jackson is looking for two things: a stick—a weapon of improvisation—and a defensible position. This second sought-after object, the defensible position implies that the movement is not one of a line, but rather one of a turn. Because “it’s never occurred to [Jackson] to lie down and be kicked! It’s silly!” he writes as the passage in *Soledad Brother* continues, “When

I do that I'm depending on the kicker to grow tired. The better tactic is to twist the leg a little or pull it off if you can."³⁹

In essence, it is not that escape is always already also counterattack, as effective counterattack requires something different by way of tactics than fugitive movement, than disavowal of disavowal of anti-blackness, than solitary thefts of one's body, successful as those fugitive moves have been. It is about the turn back to the attacker. Jackson's work is not solely about the revolutionary-on-the-fly and in isolation, no matter how he spent his days in state capture. Scenes of subjection break in on him and his writing suggesting that his is not solitary action. He writes to Fay Stender in the "April, 1970 4" letter that he doesn't "want to raise any more black slaves. We have a determined enemy who will accept us only on a master-slave basis. When I revolt, Slavery dies with me. I refuse to pass it down again. The terms of my existence are founded on that."⁴⁰ He writes elsewhere, "I am tortured by the vision of someone like myself standing at the bars of his cell two hundred years from now cursing *me*—dereliction."⁴¹ The perpetual escape comes apart as Jackson homes in on the turn as the move of revolution, even if the revolutionary may have to run.

Here sits the correction of the correction of opening space for Jackson only to leave it blank, floating in these theoretical waters.⁴² In this rereading, the orientation of Jackson's revolutionary strategy changes before us. He is no longer the schizo/a, liberating flows of desire; he is revolution, a swimmer in the ocean of violence. As he writes his poem of love and combat, pace Jean Genet, Jackson evokes Frantz Fanon, as the latter writes, "In the armed struggle, there is what we could call the point of no return," and again a few pages later, "the armed struggle mobilizes the people, i.e., it pitches them in a single direction, from which there is no turning back."⁴³ At the point of the "armed struggle at the heart of every revolution" (*BME* 77), is the limit, the wall, the point in which the world has come loose. In approaching the limit, to turn back is to find the terrain behind utterly deformed, deranged and to find that "*we can'* is a fundamental antecedent" to the Black "survival projects."⁴⁴

However, we are left with the problem of Blackness, the remainder. Jackson writes "It is the relationship that much change."⁴⁵ We can open this line up multiply to interrogate Blackness as remainder, excess, as suspended in the world. I want to define relationality as a capacity to find and communicate oneself relative to other subjects, but also relative to the world. Put differently, relationality requires the capacity to narrate and be narrated in ways that allow for prepositional acknowledgement, for the capacity to offer intelligible answers to questions of 'When?' 'Where?' and 'How?' that sync up with recognizable concepts of time, place, agent and action. With Jackson as Black being—not becoming-black—we can see the ways in which relationality fails. He writes in *Soledad Brother*:

My recall is nearly perfect, time has faded nothing. I recall the very first kidnap. I've lived through the passage, died on the passage, lain in the

unmarked, shallow graves of the millions who fertilized the Amerikan [sic] soil with their corpses; cotton and corn growing out of my chest, 'unto the third and fourth generation,' the tenth, the hundredth. My mind ranges back and forth through the uncounted generations, and I feel all that they ever felt, but double. I can't help it; there are too many things to remind me of the 23½ hours that I'm in this cell. Not ten minutes pass without a reminder. In between, I'm left to speculate [sic] on what form the reminder will take.⁴⁶

I take this as emblematic of the failure of prepositional relationality. We can ask Jackson 'When are you?' to be granted an answer that suggests that Jackson is out of time, out of cartography, turning back to the attacker to find the attacker was everywhere. We can pose the question for which no one is prepared: When do we start? The answer will confound, as for Jackson, we started already. We have, in the fullest sense of the academic cliché, always already started. He is not only in Soledad Prison; he is in the hold, on the plantation, on the run. Perhaps we could say Jackson is under the prison, since the hold, between the plantation, until the run. Jackson's passage does as it says; it ranges back and forth, out of the bounds of relationality. There is no contradiction; there is no time. There is the turn back to struggle only to find that struggle was in front and before and beyond the black, waiting, already enveloping, swaddling, covering with a sheet. Jackson does not himself scramble the codes, as Deleuze and Guattari write is the move of the schizo/a. His, ours, is a world in which codes, which thrive on relationality to be sensible, are predicated on his incapacity to find himself within them, to access them in ways that are intelligible to the world. To work with Jackson, to work with black thought, is to bracket the preposition. It is to build survival projects without preposition, to move as the guerrilla moves to move, as the black femme moves, who are one and the same. That is (preposition) the street, (preposition) the prison, (preposition) the home, (preposition) the school, and to know that the attack, the predator is always already everywhere. On your mind, under your bed, and worst of all, in your heart.

Opportunity as obituary: Deleuze on the couch, with Jackson in Deleuze, who is in Jackson

We have come quite a way and it has not been easy going. We seem to be a little out of breath; perhaps it is time to take a rest.

Deleuze writes of his philosophical method being an act of:

taking an author from behind and giving him a child that would be his own offspring, yet monstrous. It was really important for it to be his own child, because the author had to actually say all I had him saying. But the child

was bound to be monstrous too, because it resulted from all sorts of shifting, slipping, dislocations, and hidden emissions that I really enjoyed.⁴⁷

This passage takes on a terrible valence when we take George Jackson and Gilles Deleuze together with a citational practice that leaves Jackson out but produces a theoretical child all the same: the line of flight. It is no wonder that it is one of Deleuze's most influential, and no wonder it is at this moment we are confronted with the specter of miscegenation and its brutality-inducing anxieties. Does the line of flight pass? Is it a black thought, hoped to be made white through its white mom-mydaddy Deleuze, but always failing because it is itself predicated on a disavowed dyadic move—the turn and the grasping of or for weapons—one that Deleuze and Guattari could never envision? To mount a politics on the turn with your weapon would mean a shot away from Deleuze and Guattari, from the unbuilding, scrambling, breaking-through, frenetic moves of the schizo/a to the rhythmic movements of blackness, the survival projects, the armed struggle—we have our sticks. To work, build, love, care and fight without preposition beyond the point of no return. This is not the child that Deleuze envisioned, but—shame—it is the one he got. As a way of closing I will finally turn to Freud's characterization of dream analysis and the hole that sits in the references to *Anti-Oedipus*, where Jackson could be but is not. I do this in order to lay out some questions that will have to be taken up further if we aim to understand the deeper texture of the hidden claim above. We could take *Anti-Oedipus* as we can take Lacan's seminars for the psychoanalytic encounter. The former appears as schizoanalytic encountering, in process. The ways in which the text is shot through with exclamations, declarations, "destroy, destroy."⁴⁸ We are somehow with the text offered a glimpse, perhaps more than was or could be intended, into an unconscious. I say this because to follow Freud:

There is often a passage in even the most thoroughly interpreted dream which has to be left obscure; this is because we become aware in the work of interpretation that at that point there is a tangle of dream-thoughts which cannot be unraveled and which moreover adds nothing to our knowledge of the content of the dream. This is the dream's navel, the spot where it reaches down into the unknown.⁴⁹

This moment, where words fail, where language is confronted with the tangle of the unconscious, with the dead matter at the nucleus, the wholly unfamiliar with the rejoinder that it is oneself right there faced with the structure of the Symbolic. In this empty space where no language exists in *Anti-Oedipus*, where Deleuze and Guattari, nor their editors, nor their German translators have left Jackson out, and worse still where the English translators have left us with an enticing and foreboding gap, we reach the navel. If theory itself has a navel in Freud's sense, then what is theory itself? And if a gap shaped like Blackness—or Blackness shaped like a gap—sits at the heart of the pulse of theory, the move from nowhere, what it disavows is crucial. Theory fundamentally and necessarily disallows and prohibits the

theoretical intervention of Jackson, and of those who seize upon the possibility of Black insurrection. This structure bars the turn and the grasping of the weapon, putting these moves out of the frame of action, banishing them from theory's symbolic structures. Even as one knows something has to be done that move is left as a tangle of images, words, pulses, with empty space right at the center. We encounter the impasse of Western theory. We are suddenly, if the metaphor holds, out of time, without negation, faced with the thudding drumbeat of the drive of western metaphysics forged in the subjection, violation, capture and demands no action, no insurrection. This is the "primal scene" of western philosophy, no matter the time, the forging of its unconscious as one that is latent with the black imago, and George Jackson whose poems of love and combat explicitly call for the hyperbolic ocean of violence that could make the world stop.

Endnotes

1. See Taija McDougall "Left Out: Notes on Absence, Nothingness and the Black Prisoner Theorist," *Anthurium* vol. 15, no. 2 (2019).
2. Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Trans. Robert Hurley, Mark Seem, and Helen R. Lane. London, UK: The Athlone Press, 1977, 77.
3. *Ibid.* 277.
4. *Ibid.* 4.
5. *Ibid.* 139.
6. *Ibid.* 135.
7. *Ibid.* 67.
8. *Ibid.* 277.
9. *Ibid.* 278.
10. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*. Trans. Alan Sheridan. New York, USA: Vintage Books, 1977, 288.
11. Gilles Deleuze & Claire Parnet, "On the Superiority of Anglo-American Literature" in *Dialogues II*. Trans. Hugh Tomlinson & Barbara Habberjam. New York, USA: Columbia University Press, 1987, 27.
12. *Ibid.* 28.
13. *Ibid.*
14. Deleuze & Guattari. *Anti-Oedipus*. 40.
15. Michelle Koerner. "Line of Escape: Gilles Deleuze's Encounter with George Jackson," *Genre* Vol 44, no. 2 (2011), 161.
16. *Ibid.*
17. *Ibid.* Jean Genet, "Introduction to the First Edition" in *Soledad Brother*. Trans. Richard Howard. Chicago: Lawrence Hill Books. 331-339.
18. Brian Massumi, "Notes on the Translation and Acknowledgements" in *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Minneapolis, USA: University of Minnesota Press, 1980, xvi.
19. I choose 'invoke' consciously; while I will not claim that Deleuze, with his collaborators, appropriate Jackson's thought necessarily, they allow Jackson to be minimally material considering they do not cite him in the bibliographic endnotes. They conjure Jackson forth to make a point, and Koerner notes that this is a procedure that occurs throughout *Anti-Oedipus*. Whereas she writes that these are a series of deployments that can be termed variously, with Jackson, this categorization rings false, particularly when confronted with the apposition of Jackson's thought in Deleuze's work.
20. George Jackson, *Soledad Brother: The Prison Letters of George Jackson*. Chicago, USA: Lawrence Hill Books, 1970, 328.
21. Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari, *Mille Plateaux: Capitalisme et Schizophrenie*. Paris: Les éditions de minuit, 1980, 250

22. Deleuze & Parnet. "Anglo American Literature." 27.
23. Jeremy Matthew Glick, "Aphoristic Lines of Flight in *The Coming Insurrection*: Ironies of Forgetting yet Forging the Past—An anamnesis for George Jackson," *Situations*, vol.4, no.2, (Spring 2012), 106.
24. It is appropriate to call Jackson a shadow in Deleuze's work, not quite there except to take a warning shot and disappear again, menacing in the best ways. I do not mean 'shadow' here to denote a following or less than, but to shade the ghost. Jackson's absence is predicated on Deleuze's presence, a deeply uneasy symbiosis, a parasitism.
25. Jackson, *Soledad Brother*, 328.
26. George Jackson, *Blood in My Eye*. Baltimore, USA: Black Classic Press, 1972, 1.
27. *Ibid.* 22.
28. Deleuze & Guattari. *Anti-Oedipus*. 311, 15.
29. Jackson. *Blood in My Eye*. 22.
30. *Ibid.* 16.
31. Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Trans. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis, USA: University of Minnesota Press, 1980, 204.
32. Deleuze & Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*, 277; Jackson. *Soledad Brother*, 328.
33. Paul Moyaert, "The Death Drive and the Nucleus of the Ego: An Introduction to Freudian Metaphysics," *The Southern Journal of Philosophy*, vol. 51 (2013), 97.
34. David Marriott, "Judging Fanon." *Rhizomes*, iss. 29 (2016); Fred Moten, "Blackness and Nothingness (Mysticism in the Flesh)," *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, vol. 112, no. 4 (2013), 737-780.
35. Jackson, *Soledad Brother*. 308.
36. Marriott, "Judging Fanon."
37. Jackson, *Soledad Brother*, 313, 312.
38. *Ibid.*
39. *Ibid.* 328.
40. *Ibid.* 250.
41. *Ibid.* 211.
42. Jared Sexton, Private Conversation, 29 November 2018.
43. Jackson, *Soledad Brother*, 47; 50.
44. Shoshana Felman, "The Originality of Jacques Lacan." *Poetics Today*, vol. 2:1b, (1980/81), 45-57; Jackson, *Blood in My Eye*, 82, 186.
45. Jackson, *Blood in My Eye*, 183.
46. Jackson, *Soledad Brother*, 233.
47. Gilles Deleuze, *Negotiations: 1972-1990*. New York City, USA: Columbia University Press, 1990, 6.
48. Deleuze & Guattari. *Anti-Oedipus*. 311.
49. Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Trans. James Strachey. New York City, USA: Basic Books, 2010 [1900], 528.