
To Be or Not to Be Socrates: Introduction to the translation of Félix Guattari's *Socrates*

Flore Garcin-Marrou

Abstract

The Fonds Guattari contain a number of unpublished manuscripts catalogued under the title of 'écrits littéraires' which include a set of theatrical dialogues. Noting the scope of these titles, as well as their likely models, Guattari's theatrical practices are introduced with reference to the only play that was actually staged, *Socrates*, courtesy of Enzo Cormann at the Théâtre Ouvert, in Paris, in 1988.

Keywords: theatre, postdramatic, schizosophy, archives

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari are not known for having a deep, enduring interest in theatre. Deleuze ([1988] 2004) explained in *L'Abécédaire* his disinterest in theatre with force and clarity: 'Theatre is too long, and too disciplined'; it is 'an art that remains entrenched in the present and in daily issues, while never advancing beyond the dimensions of the present'. While showing admiration for the directors Bob Wilson and Carmelo Bene, he nonetheless expressed regret unambiguously: 'I cannot sit in an uncomfortable armchair for hours anymore. That alone destroys theatre for me.' While Deleuze took theatre along new lines of flight and pushed it to the verge of pure abstraction, Guattari explored the links between theatre and television, theatre and cinema, and theatre and music. He intimately hoped to become a man of letters or a man of theatre, and he wrote six plays for the stage between 1980 and 1990: *The Case of the Lancel Handbag* (*L'Affaire du sac de chez*

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Lancel), *Psyche Ghost Town* (*Psyche ville morte*), *The Moon Master* (*Le Maître de lune*), *Socrates* (*Socrate*), *Aimed at the black man, killed the white one* (*Visa le noir, tua le blanc*) and *Nighttime, the End of Possibilities* (*La Nuit, la fin des moyens*). All these plays are unpublished in France.

These are neither philosophical dramas, nor are they what is often referred to as ‘Theatre of Ideas’ – the theatre of Jean-Paul Sartre, for instance. Instead, these plays are sometimes reminiscent of the *Ubu* cycle of Alfred Jarry, at other times suggestive of the Dadaist and surrealist theatrical experiments. Guattari referred to them as ‘chaosmic sketches’, and he wrote them rapidly and with no intention of philosophical seriousness. The plays are composed in the tone and style of daily life, peppered with occasional childish wit. Guattari satirised and mocked the patrons and icons of psychoanalysis (Freud, Melanie Klein, Jung) and of philosophy (Socrates, Lucretius), and, of course, himself. Guattari stages a crisis of the character which implies a crisis of dialogue and fable. The personalities of the characters are ill defined. They are devoid of idiosyncrasy and like the coming together of collective enunciation, so that their subjectivities are schizophrenic and kaleidoscopic. The dialogues no longer mean anything: words are scattered like palimpsests; they go through the bodies of the characters which thereby become the source of jumbled social, political and poetical thoughts. The story that is being told has lost its logic along the way. The heterogeneity of dramatical elements is the foundation of a rhapsody whose elements are assembled like a patchwork reminiscent of the *Riemannian* framework that is repeatedly mentioned by Deleuze and Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*. What Guattari brings on stage is the ‘schizo’ theatre which was devised with Deleuze as early as *Anti-Oedipus*: it is no longer an opportunity to interpret theatre but to experiment with it.

Socrates may have been written for one of the theatrical representations that used to be staged each year, on 15 August, at the La Borde clinic where Guattari worked for most of his career. In March 1987, Guattari and the lighting designer Jean Kalman considered staging *Socrates* and they thought of the following cast: Ryszard Cieslak (a favorite of Jerzy Grotowski’s) in the role of Socrates, Maïté Nahyr in the role Carmen, Hans-Peter Cloos in that of Alphonse and Gabisou in that of Challenger. *Socrates* is actually the only play by Guattari that was staged: the playwright Enzo Cormann and actor Arnaud Carbonnier organised a performance in the Théâtre Ouvert, in Paris, in 1988.

In Aristophanes’ *The Clouds*, Socrates had already been portrayed as a ridiculous character: Socrates was a bum, sleeping on a pallet

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full of fleas, and trying to see the world of Ideas by ascending in a basket suspended from a tree bringing him up to within a few metres of the sky where Ideas were supposed to be located. Guattari, in his own manner, places the Father of all philosophers upon the stage in a most unflattering light. The plot of *Socrates* can be summarised as follows: the character called Georges claims to be Socrates. Carmen, his wife, tries to calm him down. Georges seems to be suffering from a spasm of delirium, a spell of mystical hallucination, during which he thinks he is the Greek philosopher. Socrates is now nothing more than a schizophrenic, the herald of the terrorism of the Logos, detesting Lacanism, evoking the poisonous thought of Ferdinand de Saussure, and connecting linguistics to the Geneva School linguistics and the Geneva Conventions of humanitarian law . . .

The play starts with a triangle made up of husband (Georges), wife (Carmen) and lover (Challenger) – typical vaudeville material – and builds to something quite different: subjectivity enters a crisis as relativism and falsification are unbound, echoing the restoration of illusions that was expressed in *Difference and Repetition* as well as in *The Logic of Sense*. The bombing that rains on the scene marks the end of a world, and the scene then transforms itself, first into an icefield, then into a tundra with a burning bush. Georges is trapped in his delirium, or in a locked room (possibly standing for his brain), but this situation is eventually disrupted by Challenger's appearance – a *deus ex machina* wearing the uniform of an American soldier. Challenger is a recurring character in the works of Deleuze and Guattari: an heir to the character of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*, he embodies the concept of the *double bind* in *A Thousand Plateaus*.

This play confirms that the theatre of Guattari is consistent with the definition of the *postdramatic theatre* theorised by Hans-Thies Lehmann: there is a crossover at work as all the other arts are involved in it. This is another form of *theatre total*, and it considers that neither the action, characters nor the dramatical conflict are essential elements to produce theatre. Drama, which entered a crisis in the late nineteenth century, is taken beyond its own limitations, towards new lines of flight. This drive carries it towards freer forms, and sometimes towards the absence of forms altogether.

Reference

Deleuze, Gilles and Claire Parnet [1988] (2004) *L'Abécédaire*, Paris: Editions Montparnasse.

Socrates

Félix Guattari¹

In a shadowy light.

- Georges: I am Socrates.
Carmen: Now, now, here he goes again!
Georges: What? What's wrong with this? I am Socrates, big deal!
There's no need to make a mountain out of it! *He goes near Carmen and starts talking with a Russian accent:*
What is it, my Karmen, my candy Karma?
Carmen: It's ok, drop it!
Georges: Would She rather be my Catholic Caramel?
Carmen: Stop it, you're a real pain!
Georges: Notwithstanding, could I have the great good fortune and privilege to have a conversation with Her about a question that I dare describe as being in our common interest?
Challenger: Can't you see she just answered: not now!
Georges: Could I be a-dreaming? Or could it be that someone just had the nerve to talk to me instead of her? Stand back, turkey turnkey!
Carmen: Will you please stop your act! Come on then, come here: what was it you wanted to tell me? *She beckons Challenger to walk away.* Challenger, you will give us some space for a minute, won't you? *To Georges:* And don't *you* take advantage of the situation. And try to understand this is the last time.

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Georges: The very last one! Damn! If that is so, I will relinquish it for good then and might come to wearing my heart on my sleeve and having death on my banner. Surely you expected this to happen, my darling chimera: I'm not really the half-hearted kind. Shit, I'm a proud man after all!

Carmen: *Threatening:* Shut it! Come here, and come here quick. *Georges moves near her, scared, with bulging eyes.*

Georges: But I haven't done anything wrong!

Carmen: Come on, what is it you wanted to say?

Georges: Don't you worry! It's nothing really. For one thing, I've already told you.

Carmen: What? That you're Socrates?

He nods pitifully.

Carmen: *To Challenger, who is still within earshot, though with his back turned:* Did you hear him this time? See, it's all starting up again.

An increasingly loud droning of planes can be heard. It is reminiscent of the bombers of the previous world war.

Challenger: *Sidles up to Georges in a friendly way.* Are you at least positive about this?

Georges points to the sky.

Challenger: Yes, I know that it's the Americans, but we should not worry too much about it!

Georges: It sounds more like military sedition to me.

Challenger: Forget about it. I'd rather hear about how it all came back.

Georges: *Casually.* How what came back? My being . . . Socrates? Oh, that's easy enough. First there was like the striking of a match that is being broken in the middle, except that this time there was also the empty shape of sound – does that make any sense to you? So tell me, you really think that there is going to be war again?

Challenger: Maybe you haven't counted properly?

Carmen: How many weeks late?
Georges: I don't really know, it's difficult to say. But what I know for sure is that all the tests are positive.
Carmen: Surely you should have taken precautions.

...

Alphonse: *Greeting Carmen ceremoniously.* Do you know, fair lady, that this could be a massive breakthrough!
Challenger: What's-that-you-say?
Alphonse: My heartiest apologies, ladies and gentlemen, for interrupting your conversation. But when I saw what was brewing, it came as a shock and I said to myself, dear old Alphonse, surely the time has come...
Challenger: What's that intrusive one going on about?
Alphonse: In my defence, you cannot ignore that in case of *force majeure*, they'll discard you as vain and smug if you don't have a stooge, but if there's two, or three, or four, or plenty of you, then no one will question your words. Therefore, bear with me, though I do not have the honour of a formal agreement, things can go smoothly...
Challenger: That's what you say!
Carmen: But Mister... what's your name again?
Alphonse: Alphonse, from Belgium.
Carmen: Dear Alphonse, since Alphonse you are, what have you inferred from your first approach to the problem?
Alphonse: The truth is, little more than the common folk, except that in this type of case one is entitled to expect additional information...
Challenger: *That's* what I was expecting.
Carmen: Information about what, if you please?
Alphonse: *Doubtfully.* Something like a spiritual increase, a right to follow, a guarantee that it'll work or die...
Carmen: Couldn't you be any more explicit?
Alphonse: Oh, but what do *I* know? Something that'd say he is mortal...
Carmen: Quite a vague thing to say!
Alphonse: Or that he is a man...
Challenger: I can't see any connection here!

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They say the final lines from the top of their voices: the droning of the planes, which had at first decreased, gets louder and louder until it completely covers the voices. All the characters eventually flee from the explosion of bombs, leaving no one on the stage but Georges.

...

Georges walks to and fro.

Georges: In the shell of anguish

 A voiceless
 So
 Soundless
 Sound
 Stone-deaf
 Signifier signifying little
 Beginning of something new ...

An extremely tall postman who is very busy deciphering the address on a parcel walks past without seeing him.

Postman: I say, this thing here is absolutely illegible.
 BER... MACR... ARBEIT ...
Georges: *He walks up to him:* May I?
Postman: Who are you?
Georges: Me? Hem... Let's say I'm Socrates.
Postman: Wait a minute... That doesn't look right. That's
 pushing it a bit! What with our poor wages! By the
 way, your thing, how do you spell it?
Georges: What? Socrates? The way it is pronounced: S for
 Socrates, O for Octavian, C for Caligula... But let me
 have a look ...
Carmen: *Interrupting:* Don't give it to him! Don't you give it to
 him!

The postman raises his arms, holding the packet really high, so that none of them can reach it.

Postman: God! Make up your minds!
Carmen: But I'm telling you he's not the one!
Postman: *Showing the parcel.* But then, this thing here, who'd that be destined for? *Showing Carmen.* And that whirligig there, where does she come from?
Georges: You might call her my wife.
Postman: Good heavens! That's the story of my life, when there's too many things and too many people, I get mixed up.
Carmen: Stop the chatting, give that to me now.

She grabs the postman by the sleeve and tries to grab to parcel.

Postman: Ouch! Mrs Socrates, have mercy! I happen to be extremely ticklish! No! Anything but that! Stop it or I'll call for help! Help! Someone help me!

Challenger walks in.

Challenger: Hey! You weirdoes! What's the racket all about?
Postman: It's because of the Socrateses, Sir, they keep pestering me while I'm on duty.
Challenger: But you're mistaken, my dear friend! These people have nothing to do with Socrates!
Postman: Ah! Teach me something! It's my lucky day! But then... But then...

He scrutinizes the label on the parcel again.

Postman: Heavens! It does look like this is the name that's written there.
Georges: *Shouting in triumph:* Ah Ah! Of course! Zounds! I told you! Who was right? And how much had we bet on this?
Challenger: Be it as it may, Mister postman, rest assured that your man is not here.
Georges: Stop there! It's postmarked isn't it? What do you make of that? Where does it come from? Check the postmark! *Georges starts jumping in the air again to try and grab the parcel.* The postmark! The postmark! We want the postmark! I'm a taxpayer, I am! And I am entitled to read the postmark...

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Carmen: *Reproachfully.* See the state he's in because of you!
Postman: Calm down, my friend. Wait, we'll check that together. It seems indeed to be a foreign stamp. *He shows the postmark to Georges who is standing on the tips of his toes.* There, *you* read it, for I haven't got the right glasses.

Georges deciphers the postmark painfully.

Georges: D... E... L... Deli.
Challenger: New Delhi?
Postman: I'd rather expect something like Delicatessen.
Challenger: In that case, you could have Delfzije, Maigret's hometown.
Postman: No, it's De... li... gny. Or maybe: Del... phoi. Yes, that right: Del... phi. Delphi, in Phocis, on the hills of Montparnasse. Ah! Hometown! Home sweet home! Benzai! Benzai!

He catches the postman unawares, snatches the parcel out of his hands and flies away with it.

Postman: Wait! Wait and see! Per favor, Sir Socrates! You could at least sign the receipt for me!

Upset, he turns towards Carmen and holds out his ball point pen to her.

Postman: You, Mrs Socrates, you're the last reasonable person on this planet! You ain't gonna let me down, are you? You're gonna sign my receipt for me, aren't you?

Carmen walks away with a shrug of her shoulders as the poor postman falls on his knees, his arms still outstretched in her direction.

Postman: *Facing the public:* It's no wonder, in front of such ungratefulness, that the tricuspid valves of a man end up falling apart. Oh! I know that quite a few of us would have equally overlooked such an apparently futile stumbling of the symbol. Nothing to write home about, nothing to upset the original cosmic soup. Ok!

I grant you that! Except that this comes as an echo to the cracking of the match that was previously pinpointed by our dear Georges, so don't we have ground to fear for the worst now: a general tumbling down of the dominos, a thorough and rolling disorder of all sports! But let's not procrastinate any longer, and let's now hunt for our unfortunate friend.

...

Georges, holding the parcel in one hand and a bike in the other, is walking deeper into the ice flow.

Georges: They wouldn't have treated me any worse than this if I had robbed the key to the wind and rain!

Challenger's indistinct talking in the distance.

Georges: Goodbye! Vain mobs! Watch as I'll go and vanish into the chasm.

Challenger: Georges! Don't screw things up! Wait for me!

Challenger trips over a tree stump and falls down into a pond.

Challenger: OUCHa! Somebody help me! Georges, can't you see I'm burning?

The head of Georges comes out of a burning bush on the tundra which is standing, as though on purpose, right next to Challenger.

Georges: Who art thou? Who comes hither and dares interrupt my celestial journey?

Challenger: But Georges! Don't you recognize me? Georges, Mister Georges! It's me, Challenger, your faithful adversary.

Georges: *Raising his arms in the air:* Ah, dear Mister Challenger! What a surprise! And how is war developing? And how is our Lady-Wet-Blanket doing?

Challenger: You must be referring to Mrs Carmen? Well, she is as good as can be really. By the way, she insisted that I bring you back home *presto*.

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- Georges: Well, there, sweet companion . . . for the time being, I am far from being done with all the life that's going on here. *He holds out the parcel.*
- Challenger: What! You still haven't opened it?
- Georges: It takes a fair amount of caution, if I may say so. And in those days
- Challenger: Do you fear something like a parcel bomb?
- Georges: Please! Don't make me say things that you wouldn't want anyone else to have hushed from you! And do mark that I leave you with the entire responsibility of your assumptions. For, the truth is . . .

I have been through so many tropical torpors,

Brain horrors

Semantic storms

Used so many verbs in the spring of the future

In the present of the summer

In the imperative of the winter,

In the imperative of the autumn.

I have been through red fire,

I have swallowed purple pills,

I have chewed some . . .

What's their name again, those flowers with orange bells, as crispy as pizza crusts?

Challenger: Hem!

Georges: *With a motion of his mouth.* Ok then. May the bubbling torrents of octopus ideas and one-eyed algae that stew in my heart of hearts overflow and cover all things. But, enough emotion, tender Challenger, I've had enough of your standing here, sheepishly listening to me, you drive me nuts and bolts.

He holds out a huge gun and starts firing in the air.

Georges: Away you go, villain! Or it will be the end of you. Let's go! A fair amount of soup and to bed! And give the certified copy of my feelings to Carmen loud and clear.
Challenger: Precisely, she had thoroughly insisted that I

Gunshots again, this time aiming at Challenger's legs.

Georges: We know your tricks, you scoundrel!
Challenger: The bugger is going for my legs! Me, a mere messenger. Have mercy, mercysir, have mercy.
Georges: *Derisively.* Mercysir! Mercy sir who?
Challenger: *With a ceremonious bow:* With your permission, I figure
Georges: There ain't no father figure or mother figure anymore, not as long you haven't poured your heart out, my good man. So, back to steerage. And first, port. What can you see?
Challenger: From port, I see the tundra's heart beating wildly. I see the chamois on the top and brim of laws, I see the gossamer sparrow and the tarantella mozzarella, I see
Georges: Here, right in front of you! Damn! Right here—*he points to himself*—what is there that you can see?
Challenger: Hem!
Georges: Avanti, popolo!
Challenger: What I see here, Master? But with no hesitation and no stooge, I see you, quite simply you, in your unflinching splendour, both unmatched and unequalled.
Georges: Isn't that just great? Pure wool! And with a handsome model, I grant you that. But me who what?
Challenger: *Aside.* The bugger! He's trying to trap me!
Georges: Come, speak boldly, regardless of my opinion and if you have something better to say, you'll have my blessing, I promise. I wouldn't be so surprised if your views turned out to be better than mine, for you seem to have studied these questions and learnt from the lessons of the other.

Challenger: When the salting came

Salazar

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Went to meet

With Balthazar

Hola, Caesar! . . .

Georges: You're evading my questions, you fool! Will you answer? Am I, or am I not the ultimate destination of this parcel? And there's no room for any mistaking, for you could *presto* become the final destination of the present bullet.

Showing his pistol.

Countdown: 7, 5, 14, 8, 3, 2 . . .

The bombing starts again.

Challenger: That's it! You're Socrates! Have it your way, scum!

Georges: I didn't quite hear you, say it again. And double-quick or I'll blow your brains out!

There is some shy knocking at the door, which is soon followed by various sounds of pipes coming from the opposite wall. This gives way to new, louder sounds from the ceiling. It all combines to form a kind of symphony. Georges stands up cautiously and goes to look through the keyhole. He turns the lock as noiselessly as possible and comes back to his seat.

Georges: *Whispering.* At first, I hadn't taken it really seriously. *Whispering.* At first, I hadn't taken it really seriously. Those things, you think that it will always be soon enough to think them through again. Moreover, in those days, I was still chased by that pack of children who cried out to me, from morning to night: 'Hola! Father Hemlock, aren't you going to open your parcel?' So I would turn around, good-humouredly, and threaten them: 'Just you wait, scoundrels, wait until I catch one of you!' They went and came like a flock of robins. But the day when there was no one and nothing . . .

Scratching at the door.

Carmen: *With a plaintive voice.* Open, I beg you. Open, I know you're in there!

The phone rings. Georges's gaze goes from the door to the phone that is on the floor, and back again. He tiptoes his way to the phone, lifts up the receiver and puts it down without bothering to listen to it.

Georges: It feels like it's all starting up again!

Crystal clear voices seem to be raining from different sides:

Chorus: A B C D time has come . . . when time's up . . . it's not time . . . when time's up

Multiple voices: Daglock, clock, knock, flock, lovelock, hemlock, wedlock, unlock, Sherlock . . .

Georges: Where was I? Yes, at first, I always came back without frowning to the cracking that they would later describe as essential:

CRACK

DIMENSION

NO HESITATION

This is all very nice, but, then, you're kind of stuck there. And meanwhile, I heard the echo of the nagging nag of the poor postman's despair or, to put it differently, it was like the bursting of all possible factorial analysis, what others had hurriedly linked to the fall from the post horse, which is famously crucial in the monograph of 'Little Hans'.

Someone kicks in the door. Georges leans against it to prevent it from being destroyed.

Carmen: Georges! Georges darling! Open to your Candy Carmen. Come back to me, don't leave me! You'll be my Socrates for life and I'll be your tarantella for the

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weekends. And every now and then, I swear to you, I'll hallow thy name, oh, my Socrates! The only object of my impact!

She puts her ear to the door, as Georges starts whispering again.

Georges: Apparently, nothing proves that this is actually hemlock. There's no tag on it, after all! Let's suppose it is though, we can't be sure that the bloody parcel was really addressed to me *in vino veritas*. We can't be sure that Postman Lanky wasn't the king of cheats and, supposing, just supposing, that the name here on the label is indeed Socrates, we still have to prove with no manipulation whatsoever that the applicant is indeed *recto verso* the one that's here talking to you Ladies and Gentlemen, and moreover that he-had-always-been-that, that is, that he was a man, and to top it off, that he was mortal and all that comes with that. Therefore, during that time, you must realize that . . . (*He gives the finger*) I'm taking to my heels! Especially since we've left aside the question of whether it is possible to be a man without being mortal and *vice versa*, to be mortal without being a man, which is a lot less economical, I grant it, but there's no avoiding that you'll always have variations galore, all you can eat, and even, in the most extreme cases, it would have been seriously wise to actually give me some hemlock, but we should have checked in good time: *PRIMO* that it was *safo*, of the *Conium maculatum* type, not *Aethusa cynapium* or dog parsley, or sweet-and-sour-to-wash-it-down and, *SECUNDO*, that I hadn't myself been mithridatparalized in my suckling days or by a habit contracted while ambling around the world. And if they relentlessly told me that I moaned so much about the soup that someone would eventually think something about myself, *vergogno*! I would say to them, *in vitro and in peto*, that even facing them and without hindsight I would always have the liberty to come back to the shortest way, that is, speaking from a phenomenological point of view: what is that little thing our lives come down to? A something *outside*

surrounded by a certain quantity of something *inside*. Presumably! Or if you'd rather, an outward doubled with some kind of interiority. That's not bad, boy! It has the same hard-on as Archimedes's lever. From then on, you can gather the ins and outs of why I fell pregnant. For, beware, my friends, no one ever speaks about that thing here! It has become, sort of, one two three, Totem and Taboo. But let us just suppose—a simple supposition, that we tie it back to that story, a medley of a story, with a clown's knickers and with my sister who has a bun in the oven! Mehr licht! Yet another bountiful idea! They give you three caskets: that of the body-jug to pour life (*he puts his hand on his stomach*), that of the gloom-room that is besieged by that mad woman (*he points to the door behind which Carmen is still restless*) and that of the hemlock to see the spry old birds through (*he pretends to drink a cup*). Alleluia, come down Yahweh! Bring down dawn and some phylum to unfreeze what's coming next . . .

The ceiling tumbles down under the weight of Challenger who is dressed up as an American soldier. The strings of his parachute keep him hanging in the air.

- Georges: Oh my! You again!
From outside: What's the matter with you my angel?
- Carmen: You're not hurt, are you? Would you like me to call the firemen?
- Challenger: *Telling him not to reveal anything with his forefinger on his mouth.* Hush. *He now points to his ears:*
Mission Alcibiade: I have come *incognito*.
- Georges: *Turning in Carmen's direction:* Don't you worry, ginger, everything's ok.

Georges climbs on a chair to try and take Challenger off his hook but the latter pushes him away.

Challenger: Let me do this, it's a rising model.

Challenger now shows what he meant and uses a remote control to go up and down. Then he starts twisting and turning above the parcel.

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- Georges: We can see what the little bastard is driving at. So that's why he had come back to see me. I'm such a scatterbrain: I thought he wanted to take care of my transcendence! But why do they all make such a fuss about the bloody grinding process of the partial object!
- Carmen: Georges! My beloved Socrates, I sense that you're hiding something from me. Will you open to me, *psychorama mio*?
- Challenger: *Whispering*. Don't do anything! It's probably a trick from the left. I'd rather you gave me the thing—*he points to the parcel with his foot*. Quick! I still have quite a bit of shopping to do: the night is coming and the shops will close. *He goes up and down impatiently*.
- Georges: *Stubbornly refusing*. There is no reason to do this! There is no reason to do this! It could only upset me!
- Challenger: Cut the crap: if you're a French patriot, you have to give it to the American scholars.
- Georges: By Jove! And in no time they'll be coming up with some devilish object!

Challenger is gesticulating like a mad man while ordering him to remain silent.

- Georges: After Star Wars, the logo war! That's where one hundred years of Lacanism took us! But as far as I know, the Saussurian Conventions of Geneva haven't ruled out the use of signifying gases have they?

Challenger, in one final effort, manages to grasp the parcel with his feet and starts to rise.

- Georges: Stop! Not so fast! Sign a receipt or, at least, an acquittal, and I'll go and join him on the road of sex, join him in the alembic of sex!

Georges holds on to Challenger's leg; they both disappear through the ceiling while Carmen keeps on whining, desperately banging on the door.

Note

1. Translation by Solène Nicolas. © Bruno, Emmanuelle, Stephen Guattari, Fonds Guattari, IMÉC.