In the Act: The Shape of Precarity

In a text on Guattari, Deleuze speaks of two Guattaris, a Pierre and a Felix (he was called Pierre-Felix). According to Deleuze, one was "like a catatonic head, a blind and hardened body perfused by death, when he takes off his glasses," the other "a dazzling spark, full of multiple lives as soon as he acts, laughs, thinks, attacks." These are the two schizophrenic powers of an anti-I. The petrification and the spark (in Palbart 1994: 9, my translation).

Shortly after Felix Guattari's death, Peter Pal Palbart - schizoanalyst, philosopher - wrote a text that he ended with an anecdote about Guattari's inherent doubleness, wanting to get at the complex overlapping, in Guattari, of what Deleuze calls "petrification and spark." The anecdote recalls a trip taken to La Borde, the clinic where Guattari worked and lived. The anecdote goes like this:

In 1990, passing through France, I went to visit the La Borde clinic with Guattari. We left Paris by car. He asked me to drive, and while I was driving, he slept, like that, without his glasses, petrified, as Deleuze describes it. It is well known that sleep can confer on the sleeper the guise of a rock, but the next morning, awake, Guattari hadn't changed... I had never seen him this way, even during his many trips to Brazil. To escape from a situation that made me a bit uneasy, I decided to go out and walk with my partner. Guattari wanted to accompany us. We walked in silence. It was late afternoon. We listened to the noise of our steps and far-away sounds. Evening was coming. A neighbour greeted us. Everything was bucolic. And then we found ourselves in front of a pigsty, in silence. So I tried to converse with the pigs, using my limited knowledge of oinking. Slowly, the dialogue became more animated, and Guattari began to participate in the conversation. He laughed a lot, and he oinked a lot. I think that in this day and a half spent at La Borde, this was the only conversation we had - oinked. In front of the pigsty. With a collective of pigs, in a veritable becoming-animal. I left the next morning, troubled. I told myself that a thinker has the right to remain catatonic, to become dead, to oink from time to time, if it please him or her. To tell the truth, since that day, I never stopped envying this catatonic state. Sometimes, of my own accord, I find myself this way, to the distress of those around me...

[Later, in] re-reading some of his texts, I understood that his silence at La Borde was not only a petrification, but also an immersion in a kind of chaosmosis, the mix of chaos and complexity, of dissolution, where what is to come must be engendered (Palbart 1994: 10).

1. Depression
In his several texts on the alignment of depression and capital in neoliberal times, Bifo (Franco Berardi) uses the figure of Guattari as a means of delineating the way "the winter years" affected Guattari's capacity to act. Using Guattari both as a beacon for a thought in the act, and as a troubling signpost of the impossibility of the act, Bifo suggests that Guattari's depression not only left him paralyzed in the face of life, but put him in a situation wherein he gave himself to causes that he didn't believe in. Bifo explains: "I sensed and was convinced that in the final decade of his life, Guattari had at several points undertaken a political commitment in which he did not deeply believe, that is, seeming to him to be his duty to 'hold on', that he needed to get past this rather difficult, regressive period, etc. And I perceived a kind of exhaustion in his will to maintain a position. So in this phase of the Guattarian itinerary, what seemed to me to be missing [...] is a reflection about depression. While one would need to enter more fully into this concept, depression basically is a disinvestment of libidinal energies in facing the future, in facing the world. Naturally it's a question of a pathology, but not only that. Or rather, in short, the pathology is not something to be undervalued" (2008: 158).

For Bifo, it seems to be important to play depression against *Anti-Oedipus* and its construction of desire. He writes: "Felix did not pay attention to depression, neither as a philosopher, nor as a psychoanalyst. And we can easily understand why. The methodology [demarche] of the *Anti-Oedipus* is not easy to reconcile with the possibility of delving into depression. Depression is not just a condition among others, in which a machinic unconscious is assembled, made of existential and chaosmotic fragments proceeding from anywhere to everywhere else. The *Anti-Oedipus* does not know depression; it continuously overcomes, leaping with psychedelic energy over any slowing down and any darkness" (2008: 11). Personalizing Guattari, Bifo becomes the (psycho)analyst: "Felix knew this, I am sure, but he never said as much, not even to himself, and this is why he went to all these meetings with people who didn't appeal to him, talking about things that distracted him and making lists of deadlines and appointments. And then he would run off, adjusting his glasses to consult his overflowing daily planner. And here again is the root of depression, in this impotence of political will that we haven't had the courage to admit (2008: 13, translation modified).

Using his friendship with Guattari as a guarantor, Bifo undertakes a specious project, specious because based on a proposition, it seems to me, that both discredits Guattari's and Deleuze and Guattari's life-long investment in the prepersonal and the group subject, and misinterprets the machinations of desire as outlined so clearly in *Anti-Oedipus* as not belonging to the individual. Bifo's is an approach that instead returns to identity to place Guattari in the figure of the patient and, even worse, to suggest that Guattari's personal struggle with depression kept him from doing his work. A cursory exploration of Guattari's "winter years" suggests quite a different story - what of the years of practice at La Borde, inventing new forms of encounter, learning with schizophrenics, with psychotics, with autistics? What of the rich concepts developed in Chaosmosis or The Three Ecologies, both books that continue to be very relevant today? It seems, quite the contrary, that Guattari was very much at work despite and perhaps even because of, his depression, channeling as he did, the pretrification and the spark.
Bifo needs Guattari as the exemplary figure to be able to argue as he does that we've fallen on depressive times that divest us of our investment in the act. His argument, over the last decade, is that this current neo-liberal period has left the body disempowered, our collective nervous system besieged by the forces of a capitalist take-over which has stopped us in our tracks. We can, and indeed, we must no longer act. As outlined by Gary Genosko and Nicholas Thoburn in their introduction to Bifo's *After the Future*, Bifo argues that "activism is the narcissistic response of the subject to the infinite and invasive power of capital, a response that can only leave the activist frustrated, humiliated and depressed" (2011: 7). Activism, Bifo suggests, is a desperate attempt to ward of depression. "But it’s doomed to fail and, worse, to convert political innovation and sociality into its opposite, to ‘replace desire with duty’" (Genosko and Thoburn in Bifo 2011: 7-8).

For Bifo, depression is "a product of the 'panic' induced by the sensory overload of digital capitalism, a condition of withdrawal, a disinvestment of energy from the competitive and narcissistic structures of the enterprise. And it’s also a result of the loss of political composition and antagonism" (Genosko and Thoburn in Bifo 2011: 8). In Bifo's words, “depression is born out of the dispersion of the community’s immediacy. Autonomous and desiring politics was a proliferating community. When the proliferating power is lost, the social becomes the place of depression” (2008: 13). In these pages, I hope to challenge Bifo's account of depression, and particularly his account of the relationship between depression and activism, by paying close attention to the story told by Peter Pal Palbert of the chaosmosis at the heard of the "not-me" which is inhabited at once by petrification and spark. Taking the act not as that which is in the service of the neo-liberal economy, and placing depression out of the context of an individual sadness, I want to explore the operative passage between petrification and spark. And, through the figure of neurodiversity, I want to explore the precarity at both edges of this spectrum, focusing particularly on how time plays itself out in the fold of the sayable and the unsayable, the rock and the spark.

In doing so, I do not want to discredit the fact that there is extensive turmoil in the face of neo-liberalism's excessive take-over of what a body can do. There is no question that these are troubled times. Nor do I want to suggest that depression isn't terrible. It is. What I want to do is propose another account of the time of experience, and against Bifo's proposition, propose that these are not, and should not be, passive times. Depression, I want to argue, does not necessarily entail a loss of the capacity to act.

In my own struggle with depression, it has become clear to me that what we call depression is nothing if not plural: it expresses itself in an infinity of ways from sadness to hunger, from loss to anguish and anxiety, from a quiet panic to a full-fledged panic attack, from the stillness of a body incapable of moving to a frenetic body. Indeed, as many of us have experienced, depression as a treated phenomenon (particularly for those of us who take SSRIs) is most often less about sadness than it is about an uncontainable sense of self. Depression in this guise is closer to anxiety, though it does not necessarily express itself as an outward anguish. In my case, it comes
closer to a sense of disalignment with time. The world moves too quickly or too slowly in ways that are difficult to connect to. It is as though there were multiple speeds and slownesses in continuous unalignable disjunction. Medicated, the sense I have is that it becomes easier to align and the field of relation stabilizes enough to allow a co-composition across worldings. I can participate. But this is not a personalizing "I." It is a schizo-I, as Deleuze notes in his account of "Pierre" and "Felix," a schizo anti-I in the sense that there is no absolute integration, but an emergent potential for co-composition across experiential time both quick and slow, a belief in the world as a mobile site to which alignments are possible.

These alignments are not given, however. They must be crafted. And so an anti-depressant is only the first step. Opening the way for a co-composition that potentially aligns itself to times in the making, requires, I believe, a rethinking of the act of alignment itself. It requires what Guattari would call a group subjectivity, an account of a collective that exceeds the personal. And, to connect with this collectivity in the making, it requires techniques for inventing modes of encounter not simply with the human but with the wider ecology of worlds in their unfolding. For the collective as a mode of existence in its own right is not the multiplication of individuals. It is, rather, the way the force of a becoming attunes to a trans-individuation that is more-than human. To become-collective is to align to a chaosmosis in a way that prolongs the capacity of one body to act.

This is not to underestimate the pain, difficulty, even horror of depression, nor to underplay how complex misalignments make us feel our silence on the one hand, or our anxiety on the other as signs of our misalignment in the world. Nor is it to argue that drugs against "depression" in its widest definition should be handed out as liberally as they are. It is simply to speak, across my own experience, and the moving reading of Peter Palbart's account of Guattari's pretrification, about how to think time in its complex realignments with experience in the making.

Neurodiversity

I want to begin this exploration with an emphasis on what I have called "autistic perception," defined in brief as the perceptual tendency in autistics to directly perceive the world in its edging into experience, focusing the conversation toward the wider discourse of neurodiversity. Neurodiversity is a good place to think about the complexity of experience, for it is within the movement for neurodiversity that we find the claim that our difference, particularly in our modes of alignment with the so-called typical, should be respected and honoured. In the words of the neurodiversity movement, "Neurodiversity is about accepting that there is no normal human brain, that being different is okay, and to work together to discover how we all can participate to the best of our abilities in our lives. We are optimistic that with the proper supports and accommodations, positive attitudes, acceptance, inclusion and encouragement, that every (autistic) person is able to communicate, interact and contribute to society while meeting individual needs and respecting one's sense of self and personal rights" (http://nostereotypeshere.blogspot.ca/p/neurodiversity-statement.html).
It is very common for autistics to suffer from the disabling anxiety that is on the spectrum of what is treated as "depression." It is also very often asserted by autistics that they have a strange sense of time: "Time perception in autism spectrum disorder is a part of the complexity of the condition. Many people with autism experience fragmented or delayed time perception, which can present challenges to social interaction and learning" (http://autism.lovetoknow.com/Time_Perception_in_Autism_Spectrum_Disorder). What I want to do by aligning autistic perception of time to the perception of time in the wide array of depressive disorders is not to suggest that we are all autistic, or that all autistics are depressed, but to explore the relationship between autistic perception and time. In particular, by turning to the concept of autistic perception, which I explore at length in my recent monograph Always More Than One, I want to explore how depression - as the experience of time's differential - is itself on the continuum of autistic perception. This, I hope, will open the way for an account of neurodiversity as a site of political potential, calling forth an alignment between autistic perception and schizoanalysis as defined by Deleuze and Guattari.

Autistic perception is the name I give to the field perception autistics describe in their accounts of experience. In opposition to what Anne Corwin calls the neurotypical tendency to "chunk" experience, there tends within classical autism to be a direct perception of experience in the making that defies immediate division of the environment into subjects and objects. Autistic perception is therefore a direct experience of worlding - a direct experience of relation, a capacity to feel the force of an event's unfolding in the time of the event. Walking into a room, Anne Corwin speaks of not at first perceiving tables, chairs, people, but seeing the edging into experience of fields of colour, tendings toward form. The ecology of experience is itself directly perceived in all its relationality. Once the environment begins to stabilize into form, the difference in coming to perception persists for the autistic: what tends to be selected for perception is not reduced to the human. The ray of light or the intensity of a sound or the quality of a colour often turn out to be more enticing than the face of another individual.

This processual approach to experience in the making makes felt perhaps more acutely the lingering of time. Of course autistic perception of time varies as much as there are autistics, but there are some salient characteristics. For instance, those on the spectrum "experience a delay in how they process certain stimuli, including time. It can sometimes be hard for them to comprehend that hours have passed. For example, a person with autism who has echolalia may hear a phrase in the morning and repeat the phrase hours later out of context"(http://sfari.org/news-and-opinion/news/2010/time-perception-problems-may-explain-autism-symptoms)."Anecdotal reports suggest that individuals with autism have trouble gauging how much time has passed, and parsing the order of events" (Mascarelli 2010).

Within depression, a similar set of symptoms express themselves. Steve Connor writes: "People with severe depression have a disrupted 'biological clock' that makes it seem as if they are living in a different time zone to the rest of the healthy population living alongside them, a

This may connect to the strange experience of time described by so many people who suffer from depression: “When I am depressed I feel like time goes slowly, yet at the same time I feel like I – or anyone else – has hardly any time to live at all. It feels as if time is running out.” "Yes, days go past slower and more boring feeling like everything’s going to drag on. On the other hand I can feel like life going too fast and the years are flying by and start getting depressed thinking not long to live now etc.” (in Radcliffe http://www.academia.edu/895934/Varieties_of_Temporal_Experience_in_Depression). "You cannot remember a time when you felt better, at least not clearly; and you certainly cannot imagine a future time when you will feel better. Being upset, even profoundly upset, is a temporal experience, while depression is atemporal" (Solomon 2001: 55)

If autistic perception is the direct perception of experience in-forming, it is also a direct perception of time, but not metric or measured time. It is the direct experience of the time of the event. Event-time is experiential time, time felt rather than abstracted. It is the time of the oinking, in Peter Palbart's story. This is the moment in its alignment to itself, to its enfolding. But it is not time in the sense of a pastness that can be recorded on the present. It is the now felt in its entirety, in its interminable infinity. And so it passes too slowly, eating up all the future time in its wake. Oscillation: too slow, too fast.

Language

When experience resists external organization according to a metrics of time, the linearity of language's enunciation is invariably affected. The experience is that of words blurring, of the impossibility of composing a thought that will survive articulation. For the autistic, especially the one on the classical end of the spectrum, where motricity is affected such that vocal chords cannot be properly located to permit speech, language comes slowly, finger by finger, on the keyboard. But it also comes slowly experientially, moving around images that become metaphors rather than direct statements. As autistic Larry Bissonnette writes: "Typing is like letting your finger hit keys with accuracy. Leniency on that is not tolerated. Am easily language impaired. Artmaking is like alliance people develop with their muscles after deep massage. You can move freely without effort" (Savarese 2012: 184).

Language comes in fits and starts, in a time all its own. Watching Chammi communicating in the film Wretches and Jabberers (Gerardine Wurzburg 2010), we see a familiar scene: he types, his mother facilitating not only by touching him but also, as is often the case, by encouraging him to continue when he becomes anxious, or deactivated. He types, one letter at a time, his whole body involved. A sentence comes out. And then he pushes the chair away, runs into the next room, waves his fingers in front of his face, eventually coming back to his chair where, out of the frenzy of the movement, another sentence is typed. When asked about why he needs to move around like this, Chammi types: "killingly hard to figure out, the pattern of movement I need to type my thoughts."
Movement makes time, makes time felt. It activates the field in its emergence, making felt how spacetime composes with the time of the body, in the bodying, and, in this case, with the time of language. But let us not forget that the time of the body is doubled, petrification and spark, on a spectrum that is precarious at both ends. As I did in an earlier piece, I'd like to think of the time of the body in the moving as the shape of enthusiasm. Think the shape of enthusiasm not as a personalized body that is enthusiastic, but as the experience of bodying that shapes the event and is shaped by it. The shape of enthusiasm is how the differential of bodying is expressed: the shape of enthusiasm is itself a spectrum that swings in an oscillation that moves from the potential energy of petrification to the expressive, potentialized energy of the spark. The shape of enthusiasm gestures toward the more-than in the event that exceeds this or that form. This is an enthusiasm, a chaosmosis, not with life already engendered, but in the very act of engendereing. At the petrified limit, an enthusiasm held in abeyance, absolute movement, energized potential. At the exhuberant limit, an enthusiasm fully expressive, in the moving.

Chammi’s frenetic movement between sentences foregrounds a bodying that takes the shape of enthusiasm, a bodying here attuned to and in excess of, the articulation of words. This is shaping that defies description, at once anguished and exuberant, frenzied and ineffable. Movement here is itself expressibility, not a deviation from language, but its extension, in co-composition.

Amanda Baggs, also a non-speaking autistic, writes of this experience of the movement of thought in terms of patterns. Hers is a reimaging of body language away from its position as secondary to the act of linguistic articulation: for her the bodying comes first.

There are entire groups of autistic people out there who communicate with each other using our own unique forms of body language that are different from nonautistic body language, different from other autistic people’s body language, specific to ourselves, specific to each other. Who communicate best reading each others writing, looking for the patterns that exist between the words, rather than inside the words themselves. Who communicate best by exchanging objects, by arranging objects and other things around ourselves in ways that each other can read easier than we can read any form of words. Who share the most intimate forms of communication, outside of words, outside of anything that can be described easily, in between everything, seeing each other to the core of our awareness. Who see layers upon layers of meaning outside of any form of words (April 18).

Amanda Baggs also speaks of feeling patterns: "But I can see the patterns of movement in other people, including cats, whether or not I see them well in the usual forms of visual perception. And those patterns of movement tell me more than any word ever could" (April 18). These feeling patterns are felt expressions of a language in the making that has not yet expressed itself in words, a language closer to Larry Bissonnette's statement above regarding painting: "Artmaking is like alliance people develop with their muscles after deep massage. You can move freely without effort." This is nonverbal communication, but it is also more than that. It is a form
of language that invents its own time and takes that time, operating at the preconscious level. Amanda Baggs emphasizes this when she says that "forms of nonverbal communication I understand best are unintentional, in fact. That’s one reason tests using actors don’t work on me. I know an autistic woman who failed a test of nonverbal communication because it used actors and she kept describing their real feelings instead of their acted ones" (April 18 http://ballastexistenz.wordpress.com). Patterns emerge and in their emergence create fields of expression in the making.

For an autistic bodying which resists containment, agitated and agitating, what is also apparent is that language cannot easily be sequestered to the page. Language is in the moving, in the shape of an enthusiasm that lingers precariously both on the side of anxiety, worried that communication will prove impossible, and on the side of a kind of overpowering Spinozist joy which cannot contain within itself the measure of language in its linear representation. The words just can't do it on their own. Hence their rhythm, their force of the metaphorical, a mobility that dances before it signifies. As autistic Tito Mukhopadhyay explains with reference to his use of poetic rhythmic language: "I use verse when I get bored of writing a dragging paragraph. …I get nagged by this boring state that the topic holds for me. Because of that, I seek a way out to recharge my senses. A verse makes me free. A verse recharges my senses” (in Savarese 2010).

Depression in its alignment to anxiety petrified is not without vitality affect. Nor is it without movement. It is as uncontainable as the spark of its opposite, and as precarious, and no less intelligible. But it does speak differently. For its shape is always closing in on itself not into a subject or an object but into an annihilation of experiential time's movement. Direct perception of movement-moving is hampered. It's like walking in molasses. If the shape of enthusiasm is the tremulous field of expression itself, its exuberance, depression is the field's petrification at the limit where expressibility is closest to foundering, especially when called on to order itself into a linguistic articulation that makes normative sense. There is simply nothing to say. But there is something to oink. The conversation not yet mapped out, the opportunity to body, to sound, to express in a collective voicing that has not yet been organized is available, and it is this that Peter Palbart hears that afternoon at La Borde, and it is also this, I believe, that we often hear in the words that align to autistic perception. For the spectrum that precariously balances between petrification and spark is extraordinarily mobile, even when it tends to one or the other extreme, and perhaps especially so in autistic conversation where each word, each letter typed, is a reactivation that must relocate the otherwise dislocated, multiplying body.

Citing Anne Donnellan, Ralph Savarese writes about the challenge autistics have in "staging the customary relation of the senses and body parts, which must subtly cooperate to produce the seamless integrity of neurotypical functioning. The tricks that autistics employ to compensate—touching something to make sight useable, for example—reveal the necessary relation: there are no discrete faculties. As the drive to pattern links distinct entities through a process of visual or auditory comparison, the equivalent shows up in language through the practice of touch-based typing. Touch literally coordinates thought, and not just any kind of thought: rather, sensuous, relational thought" (Savarese 2012: 188). Language comes relationally, and remains relational:
the process of facilitated communication, as mentioned above, almost always involves the participation of a body close at hand, a body touching, encouraging, watching, feeling. The patterns that Amanda Baggs speaks about are part of fielding this relation, felt in the nonsaid that challenges the very idea that to speak is to speak alone, independent of a sharing of the field. As Larry Bissonnette describes it, "ladle of doing language meaningfully is lost in the soup of disabled map of autism so I need potholder of touch to grab it" (in Savarese 2012: 189).

Because language to a large degree needs what Savarese calls "an organized, or at least semi-organized, body," and autistic perception is all about the experience of perception as ecological rather than organized into preconstituted categories, the autistic must find ways to locate language that coincide with the fragility of preexistent framings, including that of the body itself. It is in this vein that Larry Bissonnette speaks of “‘petrified' verisimilitude into an arena “stimulated…by intuitions of plentiful feelings and sensations” (in Savarese 2012: 197).

Schizoanalysis

The schism between expression and enunciation, the intense passage between petrification and spark, the shape of enthusiasm that bodies, these are schizoanalytic tendencies. Or, said differently, the schizoanalytic, the "non-I" of the double which expresses itself as the schizo-flux in *Anti-Oedipus* can be felt in the bodying-forth that composes at the edges of language and the movement of thought. Schizoanalysis composes with autistic perception.

Autistic perception emphasizes a modality of perception shared by all, but felt directly by so-called neurotypicals only under certain conditions. Depression is one of those conditions. Exuberance is another. In these conditions, what is felt is the precarious edge of existence where experience is under transformation, where the field of expression resonates with its own becoming. Falling in love is an example of an event where the shape of enthusiasm overtakes the boundedness of the subject to foreground the opening the field of relation provokes. The deep silence of depression, where the world seems to be infolding, or the inner anguish of anxiety, where speeds and slownesses seem to be out of resonance with the world at large, these are also events where the relational field vibrates and the sense of a pre-constituted self falls away. But for the autistic, this is the norm, and it is from this event-time that ecologies of experience are composed.

This state of vibratory composition, where self and other are not yet, and where the categorical does not take precedence, is very much the state Deleuze and Guattari describe as the eventful field of potential. This field of potential is not embodied by the personalized schizophrenic. As they repeat throughout *Anti-Oedipus*, their interest is not in this or that schizophrenic - "someone asked us if we had ever seen a schizophrenic, no, no, we have never seen one" - but of a schizoid pole in the social field. Over and over, they emphasize that schizoanalysis is not about the production of a schizophrenic, but about the schizophrenic process (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 380). Of course, Guattari worked daily with schizophrenics, but not with "the" schizophrenic, not with schizophrenia as a general idea. Indeed, all of the therapeutic techniques at La Borde
emphasized the singularity of a given therapeutic event: there was no generalized therapeutic matrix. This is what Deleuze and Guattari emphasize throughout *Anti-Oedipus*: schizoanalysis reinvents itself through each of its desiring operations. It cannot be contained or described: it is always in the act.

This attention to the difference between the schizoid pole and the production of the schizophrenic as an individual is similar to the distinction I make between autism as a medical category and autistic perception. I am not making a value judgment on autism when I describe autistic perception, nor am I suggesting that all of autism can be subsumed under its mantle. Rather, I am drawing attention to a perceptual tendency that seems to be extremely pronounced within the autistic community, and also present in each of us who figure elsewhere on the spectrum of neurodiversity. This perceptual tendency reminds us that there is no preconstituted body that stands outside the act of perception, and that objects and subjects are eventful emergences of a relational field in emergence.

Schizoanalysis, as Guattari emphasizes in an interview after the publication of *Anti-Oedipus*, "introduces into analytic research a dimension of finitude, of singularity, of existential delimitation, of precariousness in relation to time and values" (in Genosko 1996: 136). It does not seek to "discover" the unconscious, but asks it instead to "produce its own lines of singularity, its own cartography, in fact, its own existence" (1996: 137). And it does so not through the individual, but through the prepersonal force of the group-subject, a collectivity through which experience becomes multiple. To bring to it the language of autistic perception is to emphasize how the schizoanalytic process foregrounds the becoming-multiple, in an emergent ecology, of the shape of enthusiasm. Not this body, this experience, this identity, but a collective field-effect of relationscapes that map themselves out according to emergent cartographies that exceed this or that subject or object. Experience makes itself felt as multiple, and it is out of this multiplicity that an account of its effects can be expressed. Like the conversation with the pigs, where the force of the oinking exceeds one person's voice, or even one person's idea of what constitutes a conversation, the becoming-multiple of experience through the group-subject allows a fractured, complex and expressive field of enunciation to emerge. This field resists interpretation: it cannot be explained away. In Guattari's words: "the term 'collective' should be understood here in the sense of a multiplicity that develops beyond the individual, on the side of the socius, as well as on this side (so to speak) of the person, that is, on the side of pre-verbal intensities that arise more from a logic of the affects than from a well-circumscribed, comprehensive logic" (in Genosko 1996: 196).

Schizoanalysis is always in movement: it is a process, and always on the side of production. What can a body do is its mantra. "We cannot, we must not attempt to describe the schizophrenic object without relating it to the process of production" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 6). Always linked to desire (also in the mode of production) schizoanalysis taps into the force of a bodying that shapes experience into its exuberant potential, exuberant not in its attachment to a subject, but exuberant in its chaosmosis, in the force of its expression across the precarious chasm of petrification and spark. A productive, material intervention emerges that takes the site of
expression as exemplary of what it does, not what it fantasizes. What happens, as Whitehead might say, happens, and it is how its effects resonate that makes the difference. Not what you think you see, but how the seeing materializes, and what it does. So you don't perceive chairs? Sit on the ground instead. The face doesn't form? Follow the light effects. Writing refuses to come linearly? Mobilize the words in the moving. Stand! Run! Jump! Wave your arms! Huddle, vocalize: whatever it takes. Because this is where the thinking happens, this is where language resides, a language that does not need to come out in words, but if it does, will be of the bodying.

I call it the shape of enthusiasm because it shapes desire in the moving, desire in the sense that it wants more, in the act. "A truly materialist psychiatry can be defined [...] by a double operation: introducing desire into the mechanism, and introducing production into desire" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 22, translation modified). We are of course here not talking about a therapy in any conventional sense. We are talking about modes of existence too often sidelined because they can't be fit into the social categories we continuously reproduce. And wasn't this Deleuze and Guattari's project, to fight this encroachment of censure into the very process of becoming-body?

Desire

This is where Bifo gets it wrong, it seems to me, positing as he does desire as a counterpoint to depression or panic. He writes: "The process of subjectivation is based on conditions that have dramatically changed in the forty years since the publication of Deleuze and Guttari’s Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia. Reading that book was a defining moment in my intellectual and political experience, in the first years of the 1970s, when students and workers were fighting and organizing spaces of autonomy and separation from capitalist exploitation. Forty years after the publication of that book the landscape has changed so deeply that the very concept of desire has to be re-thought, as it is marking the field of subjectivation in a very different way" (http://th-rough.eu/writers/bifo-eng/reassessing-recomposition-40-years-after-publication-anti-oedipus). For Bifo, Deleuze and Guattari's concept of desire "is in itself a force of liberation, and thus we did not see the pathogenic effects of the acceleration and intensification of the info-stimuli, that are linked to the formation of the electronic infosphere and to precarization of work" (http://th-rough.eu/writers/bifo-eng/reassessing-recomposition-40-years-after-publication-anti-oedipus). And yet, Deleuze and Guattari are at pains to emphasize that desire is not reducible to a force of liberation, or a joyful act. As Guattari explains in an interview after the book's publication: "Our conception of desire was completely contrary to some ode to spontaneity or a eulogy to some unruly liberation. It was precisely in order to underline the artificial, 'constructivist' nature of desire that we defined it as 'machinic': which is to say articulated with the most actual, the most 'urgent' machinic types. [...] Desire appears to me as a process of singularization, as a point of proliferation and of possible creation at the heart of a constituted system" (in Genosko 1996: 128).

No mode of existence is outside of the workings of desire, Deleuze and Guattari argue. "In truth, social production is desiring production itself under determinate conditions. We maintain that the social field is immediately traversed by desire, that it is the historically determined product of
desire, and that libido has no need of any mediation or sublimation, any psychic operation, any transformation in order to invest the productive forces and the relations of production. There is only desire and the social and nothing else" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 29, translation modified).

To think the shape of enthusiasm in its precarity is to emphasize the materiality of Deleuze and Guattari's argument in *Anti-Oedipus*: "desire produces the real, or stated another way, desiring production is nothing else than social production" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 30, translation modified). Autistic perception co-composes with schizoanalysis: it speaks to the force of expression at the heart of that which is precariously produced. For desire does not produce an object, or a state. It produces effects, and affects, each one singular and precise to its operations. Schizophrenia, as defined through this matrix, is how desire touches the limit in its social production. Schizophrenia as a process is the autistic perception of the social.

This is another way of saying that what desire produces are tendencies, emphases, openings, cuts, ruptures. It does not produce objects, and cannot be identified as such. It passes between, leaving effects to be mobilized in its wake. This is why it's a machine in Guattari's sense, because it co-composes with experience. Nothing mechanistic here: only "agencements," to turn to the untranslatable at the heart of Deleuze and Guattari's oeuvre.

Autistic perception sees/feels the workings of desire, its machining, its functioning. These are the patterns Baggs writes about, the mobility in Larry's metaphors, the killingly difficult in Chammi's explanation. What is perceived here is the field itself in all its complexity where, to quote Deleuze and Guattari again, "everything functions at the same time but amid hiatuses and ruptures, breakdowns and failures, stalling and short-circuits, distances and fragmentations, a sum that never succeeds in bringing its various parts together to form a whole" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 42, translation modified). Productive disjunction, or, in Deleuze and Guattari's vocabulary, inclusive disjunction. A panoply of indecipherable effects, directly felt, in the rhythm of a collective oinking.

Composing with autistic perception, schizoanalysis's task is not to decipher experience, but to find modalities of expression that honour its precarity. Undoing experience of its reordering through the figure of the stable "I," schizoanalysis opens experience to its perpersonal singularities. "The task of schizoanalysis is to tirelessly undo egos and their presuppositions; to liberate the prepersonal singularities they enclose and repress; to mobilize the flows they would be capable of transmitting, receiving or intercepting; to establish always further and more sharply the schizzes and the breaks well below conditions of identity; to mount the desiring machines that cut across each and group it with others. For each is a groupuscule and must live as such [...] Schizoanalysis is so named because throughout its entire process of treatment it schizophrenizes, instead of neuroticizing, like psychoanalysis" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 434, translation modified).
To push experience to its schizoid pole is to take seriously the way in which modes of existence are multiple, not only double, but uncountable in their potential expressivity. Where the shape of enthusiasm is most palpable, this multiplicity is often decried as "too much," "too noisy," "too uncontained," as though a return to the solitary, characterizable individual will provide solace. Certainly, it helps to have access to motor skills that can dependably find the right letter on the keyboard, but surely this is not enough to convince us that multiplicity is a travesty. And yet, this is what we say every time we bemoan the fate of autistics, or when we speak disparagingly about the complexity of neurologies (and their infinite expressibilities) that evade the comfortable center where we imagine existence is at its most dependable.

*Anti-Oedipus* remains a revolutionary book, and a current one. Taking the force of desire as its mantra, it speaks not to pathologies that are disabling, but to their very potential. It's amazing what a group of depressives can do! Just watch the news: demonstrations are happening everywhere and with each of them we see an emphasis not on specific demands, but on a reorienting of modes of existence that challenge the neoliberal politics which frame our existence. Mobilizations like the recent ones in Turkey may begin to save a park, but very soon they are about political reform, about neoliberal dominance, about life. And this is not an isolated case. In the 2012 Montreal student strike we saw a similar emphasis not on discrete demands but on a wider rethinking of what it means to learn, to live, and to live well. This, it seems to me, discredits Bifo's suggestion that "the global movement against capitalist globalization reached an impressive range and pervasiveness, but it was never able to change the daily life of society. It remained an ethical movement, not a social transformer. It could not create a process of social recomposition, it could not produce an effect of social subjectivation" (2011: 12). For Bifo, the ethical and the actual are here set apart. But isn't that to miss the point of the desiring machine that cuts to recompose? Sure, the effects have not been felt in every corner of daily life. But they are felt: I can sense it in the classroom, in the collectives the SenseLab works with, in our own excitement about new forms of knowledge and new directions for education. Are things rough? Yes, absolutely. Neo-liberalism strangles potential every day. But that doesn't mean that we have failed, and that passivity or non-action are what is called for.

**Activism**

In a bid to do away with activism, Bifo writes: "The term 'activism' became largely influential as a result of the antiglobalization movement, which used it to describe its political communication and the connection between art and communicative action. However, this definition is a mark of its attachment to the past and its inability to free itself from the conceptual frame of reference it inherited from the 20th century. Should we not free ourselves from the thirst for activism that left the 20th century to the point of catastrophe and war? Shouldn't we set ourselves free from the repeated and failed attempt to act for the liberation of human energies from the rule of capital? Isn’t the path toward the autonomy of the social from economic and military mobilization only possible through a withdrawal into inactivity, silence, and passive sabotage?" (2011: 36-37).
I would like to address Bifo's remarks through a return to *Wretches and Jabberers*, and in particular to a conversation about activism. *Wretches and Jabberers* maps three encounters between Larry Bissonnette and Tracy Thresher in their travels from the US to India, Japan and Finland. These encounters are with autistics on the classical spectrum who, like them, use facilitated communication to speak via typing. There are many things that are striking in these encounters, but what was perhaps most surprising to me was that all the autistics, whether from India, the US, Japan or Finland, typed with the rhythm of poetry I have become familiar with through the work of American autistics such as DJ Savarese, Larry Bissonnette and Tito Mukhopadhyay. Ralph Savarese calls this "autie-type," the singular lyricism that seems to be the autistic mother tongue. But that aside, what also brings these individuals together is their activism. This comes up in every conversation. Shortly after having arrived in India, in dialogue with Chammi, Larry types: "I think we are big time movers making a difference in peoples' lives who can't talk but are making a difference." The words don't come easily, and Larry has to fight a meltdown to get them out, but still he finds a way to turn the conversation to what is most important. Naoki, the autistic they meet in Japan, a prolific writer who lives in Tokyo, runs up and down the stairs and seems to jump off the walls before he can sit down to write. But then the words come, without pleasantries, engaging immediately with the urgent questions at hand, wanting to be involved in the movement for neurodiversity. From Larry to Naoki: "mobilize letters like patterns of thought like proud autistics we are." No time for small talk: every word takes an effort. Writing, thinking, is in the act. And necessarily so, for the stakes are clear. Tracy, who travels around the world with Larry and their facilitators, does not at the time of the film have a home: living conditions for autistic adults are extremely precarious. Despite the fact that he serves on 2 state-level advocacy committees, he depends on people who are paid to take care of him, and wonders every day whether he will be able to continue to afford to pay them. And yet, his commitment to neurodiversity is unwavering. Depression, anxiety, the agony of difference - these all remain. But they are not decisive in the way Bifo outlines. Rather, they are productive, expressive of the multiplicity of experience out of which the movement for neurodiversity composes. "Let's begin the world's intelligence magnified organization," he types in conversation with Naoki and Larry. In Finland, a similar encounter occurs. In their first conversation, again without preamble, Antti, who spends his days in a care centre folding towels and doing other kinds of busy work, types: "I'm interested in talking about our current experience, how we have changed as people. [...] I think now is a good time to bind the strings of friendship between us strong people who will pass the message." Later Tracy adds: "we are a perfect example of intelligence working itself out in a much different way."

In the act - the force of activism - is not about one individual. At its best, it is about how the collective operates as a group subject. This is what resonates in *Wretches and Jabberers*, not despite their anxiety, their unwieldy oversensing bodies, their depression, but with this difference, in the shape of its enthusiasm, because of it, in the urgency of expression that is spoken in images that pull us into the movement of thought. Larry, Chammi, Tracy, Naoki, and so many others have work to do, and doing it is their mode of existence despite the exuberant, frustrating, excessive, disactivating interruptions to the flow of words. Desire is revolutionary not when it is individualized (or turned against itself, as in Bifo's account of depression), but
when it creates differential effects. "And if we put forward desire as a revolutionary agency, it is because we believe that capitalist society can endure many manifestations of interest, but no manifestation of desire, which would be enough to make its fundamental structures explode" (Deleuze and Guattari 1983: 455, translation modified). What is revolutionary is not the act in itself, but the opening of the act to its ineffability, to its more-than.

When the more-than is explored in its effects, a schizoanalytic process has begun. This process, as Deleuze and Guattari are at pains to show, is not a method, and it is not a therapy in any conventional sense. It is an activity, an urgent tending in the direction of a decentering that is interested in the strange range between petrification and spark, between the saying and the moving, between the frenzied vocalizations of the autistic and the rock-like silence of the depressive (who may inhabit one and the same bodying). There is no order here - just a set of productive effects from the disarray of a field in motion. But something does emerge, and sometimes it can be heard or read - a collective oinking, an engaged discussion, a mobile patterning, an aligning to time in the making. And from here, new value for the expressible begins to take form that composes across difference.

Neurodiverse modes of existence must be created, and they must compose across difference in ways that remain mobile, in the act. Pathology is not the answer. Co-composition across the spectrum is necessary, as much between the precarity of the shape of enthusiasm at its two poles as on the spectrum of our collective difference, autistic or not. For we all have access to autistic perception, and we are all susceptible to falling into depression. For those of us for whom autistic perception comes less quickly, less easily, perhaps it's time to learn to chunk less, to refrain from quick categorization. This will likely not end neo-liberalism, but it will continue the engaging process of inventing what life can do when it composes across collective resonances that listen to dissonance.

Bifo writes: "we have today a new cultural task: to live the inevitable with a relaxed soul. To call forth a big wave of withdrawal, of massive dissociation, of desertion from the scene of the economy, of nonparticipation in the fake show of politics" (2011: 148). Wouldn't such a task be the very recipe for the kind of pathology of depression Bifo forecasts? To act must not be overlaid with capitalism's call to do, to make. In the act is something different altogether: precarious, but creative. Not creative of capitalism's "newest new," but creative of new forms of value, of new ways of valueing modes of existence in their emergence and dissolution, of new alignments to the time of the event. For the act is a necessity, it seems to me, but not a guarantee. Systems are quickly formed, as are our habits of existence. And if these systems, these habits, reorient toward the individual in the mode of the pre-constituted subject we can be sure that there will be a deadening of the operations of the movement for neurodiversity. No: the act must every time reinvent itself anew, recognizing itself as bare activity, activity not yet dedicated to a cause, or to an effect, but open for the taking, and for the desiring.
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