

Turntables, Warehouses, Drugs and Revolution: A Rave in Vancouver, 1994 & the flight from May '68

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I would like to begin with the installation, in our minds, of two moments in time. Each moment is a specific performance of a certain period in what we commonly call history, what could be coined an “event-scene,” and what I would like to create as a short-term memory.

The first event-scene is a rave in Vancouver, circa 1994.

Event Scene 01.

I remember one night in 1994 that was particularly insane. A warehouse had been broken into far out in Burnaby—one loses one's sense of direction in the industrial zone, where streets lack names and the party is found only by rolling down the windows and listening for a muffled, repeated thud. This is after calling the infoline, driving to a meeting point and getting a map. This particular break-in got a bit out of hand. Usually these events were hush-hush but somehow the word had got out a bit too far and close to a thousand people showed up to “rave” in a massive warehouse.

Walking through the large shipping doors of the warehouse reminds one of stepping into a temple. It is dark outside and for most of the population lying in their beds at home it is a night of restful sleep. For the thousands congregating at this warehouse, the night swings open onto a carnival of multi-sensory pleasures: music, lights, visuals; the stimulation of meeting others in ways physical and mental; the psychedelic and emotive pleasures of drugs; the space of the large enclosure, the friends of the encounter, the singularity of yourself and the music and the flight of the feet in the dance.

So says the myth. A space. Wild and free / economized and regulated. On the one hand, a freedom that allows a *becoming* that crosses genders, mindsets, preconceived notions of identification with others, and proper expression. A wildness in the swirl of the dance under the intoxication of music and mind-altering substances. On the other hand, an economy that requires a price for entrance, a code of subculture behaviours, a regulation of music: the price of the wildness is the allowance of that wildness.

A rave: a line of flight attempting to escape the limits of a societal framework.

A rave: a contradictory space operating within the societal framework which it seeks to escape.

What occurs at a rave? The ravers arrive around midnight. They are ravers because they are going to a rave. They are dressed in all manners of clothing. Styles are borrowed across recent decades: here a hippie, a beatnik; retro-70s disco-gear, Dad's old Adidas tracksuit; retro-futurist shiny fabrics, glow-in-the-dark accessories that perform the alien fantasy under blacklight, massive phat-pants designed to avoid searches and enhance the aesthetics of the flow of the body-in-motion.

The body is fashioned: anorexia, under-nourishment, and bad teeth from candy chewed during bouts of teeth and jaw-clenching from amphetamine-based drug use; lack of nutritious food, lack of sleep. Pale skin from lack of daylight. And the gains: piercings and tattoos that mark a so-called “primitive,” segmentary society that fights any overdetermining state apparatus through rebellious escape. The lithe, strong body of the raver accustomed to hours of ritual dancing, the agile mind of the raver experienced in the neurochemical twists of reality hallucinations from Ecstasy, acid, crystal meth, marijuana, cocaine, and various chemical assortments that would seriously dislocate the average parent or comfortable, currently sleeping citizen. The gender of

the raver may be undecidable from the view of the “Normal”; and here I refer to the “Normal” in the language of the Church of the SubGenius¹—the average consumer, if you will, the happy member of society who sleeps. And so we have “effeminate” boys kissing boys, girls kissing girls, transvestites kissing everybody, moving roving talking relationships spurned by Ecstasy that flies an orgiastic sexuality of the body. Reproduction as the overdetermination of sexuality is left back in the realm of the Normal: pleasure is multi-sensory, gender becomes molecularised to thousands of points on the body. I am male, I kiss boys, I sleep with girls, I wear make-up and bracelets, rubbing my palm creates electric soles on my feet, I carry Vicks Vape-O-Rub and wear skater shoes in a swirl of body-fashioning.

The warehouse is the site of congregation tonight. We are dealing with a specific instance: this is a break-in, under Normal Law this is illegal. The warehouse is empty. Organizers perform the break-in, set-up the soundsystem, visuals, and the security: those who direct parking, control entrance and egress, establish the boundaries of the Zone. The rave begins around midnight but for the majority the process began early that morning, or last week, or last month, or year, procuring clothing, body-changes, sexualities, social networks, flyers, tickets, records, music, drugs, water, food, gifts for other ravers. The exchange of small gifts is essential to the well-being of a successful rave. You give a massage, receive a facepaint; give a Vick’s inhaler, receive Tiger Balm on the nipples: kisses, fluids, and diseases are exchanged: the raver-cold is common, and multiplicities of social networks will be downed in one swipe with an incredible flu.

And the music. Music is the language of the rave despite the life-stories being told from the emotive-psychotherapeutic effects of Ecstasy. Around 3am an intensity occurs as the tension builds not into the pure climax of the once-and-over but the plateau. Achieved by the overload of various inputs and altering agents of the input receptors, the opening of these receptors by drugs, the continuous contact with the numerous engaging others, the plateau is held and tied through a network of musical-social interactions that culminate in the ritual phase of the physical dance. The Ecstasy turns my brain to talking and loving as the music enters my ears and the vibrations encounter the amphetamine component of the drug. The experience is different for every raver through the facilitation of different drugs that produce different experiences. Or even no drugs. A friend of mine got high from bananas. He would eat several bananas and would dance for hours on the energy from the contact rush of the ritual dance and the exchange of gifts and friendships. The placebo effect is undeniable. The plateau of a rave is beat-driven and insistent, relentless, unforgiving, sweet, beautiful, hard, soft, rhythmic, euphoric. The sound comes from the dj, or the live performer. A dj performs the art of mixing, scratching, cutting, eqing, and selecting records on two Technics SL1200 Mk 2 turntables. The sound of the mix is heard through a massive soundsystem, which at a successful event is loud enough to warrant vibrations from the bass with a volume peaking around 120 decibels. Almost equivalent to standing behind a jet at takeoff. Damage to the body from the sound. The sound is invasive and coercive, it moves you, forces you, and you love it for doing so. You anticipate the musical formations, the dj thwarts and plays that anticipation like a jazz musician playing the crowd, bringing it to the riff, the refrain, through the tension of the expectancy at the chance to “go off,” the point when a drug peaks and a signal overloads and the body becomes a sensory line and a flight from the geographical placement of a warehouse in an industrial district to nothing but the experience of movement and sound and revelation—the sudden thought that others experience the same. No points are the body just the line, a trajectory with the music through the temporal microtortion of drugs, the moment is forever and multiple.

The eyes see the visuals: lights that redirect normal colour perceptions in the darkness. Film loops projected, slides, animations, 3d lasers smooth the walls and ceilings of the warehouse into spaces of visual fantasy. Repetition joins repetition. The repetition of the music and the repetition of the film loops. Temporal timelessness.

We can go into myriad details over types of raves. There is the commercial rave we are approaching from the break-in we have described. Despite the myth installed in our minds of this plateau of intensity, and what I shall argue is a line of micropolitical revolution, this line

nonetheless contains, within itself, incorporated, the hierarchical capitalist-fascism that propels the marketing of “rave” into the latter half of the ‘90s and the corporate influence of overdetermined structures: companies, “promoters,” gangs, professional drug dealers.

We enter the rave, it costs us our allowance, in money and in a code of hidden, incorporated restrictions. We exit into a further code of commercialization. On what flight did we enter the rave? I am already predetermining a certain line from a previous rupture, for the break-in rave is such a rupture in the Normal structure of society. Perhaps we can also think, past origins and endpoints: in the middle of the rave, where were we? In the thick of the rave, let us follow the rhizome back underground to Paris, May 1968.

Event Scene 02. May '68.

We need to use a little history to think these two ruptures. We will perform our history—as history is a performance of sorts. Performing history: will this be enough to resist the fascism of Normal History? Can we enact the rhizome so as to draw out two plateaus of intensity long enough to scope their multiplicity?

Paris, France, May 1968. Official history tries to account for this revolution. It says that twenty years of disorganized and underfunded universities propelled students into action, occupying the Sorbonne; it corresponds the unrest to the movement of the Situationniste Internationale, or SI, and several of its publications including “On the Poverty of Student Life” and *The Society of the Spectacle*.² History notes the eventual complicity of the trade unions and the Communist Party that led 10 million workers to strike for better wages and a 40 hour work week. Yet all this discontent, protests that nearly toppled a nation, and in June it's gone, “vented,” according to sociologist Raymon Aron.³ De Gaulle's government is voted back in with a resounding confidence—the Communist Party loses its previous 20% support in the National Assembly. What happened? Where did it go? But why, also, in the first place? Contemporary history, as remarked by Robert Koepke, now retired from Simon Fraser University, is still engaged in debate “on the meanings and influence of May '68.”

But enough about accounting; we shall leave that for the accountants.

In a society that has abolished every kind of adventure the only adventure that remains is to abolish the society.

No replastering, the structure is rotten.

We will ask nothing. We will demand nothing. We will take, occupy.

Those are graffitied slogans from May '68.⁴ Let us turn to an eyewitness.

At the junction with St. Germain Boulevard the students are directing traffic as the massive demonstration approaches from the north.

At the head of the procession are a group of anarchists flying the black flag. The marchers are chanting “De Gaulle, L'assassin”, and singing the Internationale. The mood is electric. The crowd swirls around, the banners jog up and down. A student, Gilles Tautin, has died from drowning at Flins. He either was thrown into the river by police swooping down on a group of students- or jumped in to avoid a beating-up with truncheons. This march is to avenge his death. [At the height of the intensity, the plateau, we begin to enter upon an economy of death, vengeance, and debt.]

Now, suddenly the atmosphere becomes charged with fervour. The crowd cry hup hup hup, and then they are running, running, hundred after hundred, sprinting forward towards the Pantheon. [The line of flight: the escape that borderlines destruction and violence.] Immediately there comes two sharp explosions-the first riot-gas grenades are fired into the crowd. I jump up on a car and see the black shapes of police buses on the Pantheon forecourt, and the CRS [the riot police].

More riot-gas grenades are fired, and then, for the first time, a new sound fills the night sky. Louder, more menacing a hollow detonation stills the vast crowd who pause, uncertain as to what it is. A second detonation shivers through the night, followed by a barrage of explosions from gas guns.

A few minutes later, the word passes through the crowd. The first Molotov cocktails have set two police vehicles ablaze. The battle begins in earnest...The people have got their backs to the wall, and they are fighting with everything they've got. [To fight totalitarianism: underpinning the war machine of the line of flight there is an economy of debt, death and vengeance that opens onto fascism and destruction. This economy opens the possibility for the line of flight *and* the line of destruction.]

(I.D.)

[And everywhere, in space deterritorialized, however briefly, there are discussions, debates, flights of fancy and intensities of pack interaction.]

The students have taken over the University completely. The lecture rooms are crowded with committees discussing the whole movement for it is a movement: the whole structure of western society is being called into question. The groups of the left...have plastered the Sorbonne with posters, declarations, exhortations; a flood of brochures, leaflets, pamphlets and broadsheets, as well as improvised newspapers, pours out. The great courtyard of the Sorbonne is crowded with people: students and workers, and some bourgeois, arguing, forming groups where people stand and discuss, dispute, bellow, disagree, create an atmosphere where one feels that they are awake!

This goes on twenty-four hours a day [and just as the interaction continues ceaselessly, so does an economy:] people *sell* newspapers and hand out the sheets: trestle tables along the walls are occupied by various groups *selling* their literature...

...if you can imagine the sort of energy the French put into an argument between two drivers whose cars have collided, transferred to an argument about the organisation of the University, the class struggle, the whole organisation of our society, the possibility of revolution: all this conducted by a free-floating crowd of literally thousands of people, in the Sorbonne, in the street, in the cafes this all going on day and night-then you may get some idea of the Quartier Latin at the moment. [And this moment will not last: it is being sold and bought, pursued by vengeance.]

(my italics, anonymous, Anarchy 1968)

[Slogan]

Under the paving stones, the beach.

Under the Paving Stones: Deleuze and Guattari's Rhizomatics

Under the paving stones. Paving stones were ripped from the streets to form barriers that open the way. Under the paving stones the beach, but also the dirt, and it is ironic to know that the majority of the paving stones were ripped from the base of trees.

We return to Robert Koepke, who notes that historians have traditionally viewed May '68 as shaping the course of French post-modern thought. Not only shaping, we should add, but preceding, and also in the thick. If we are to pursue this line of thought we must turn to Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. Out of all the theorists—and I hesitate to call them “theorists”—that have a twinge of '68 in their blood, we can perhaps look to these two for an arterial surge; but they are more than two. As they insist at the beginning of *A Thousand Plateaus*, the two that write are multiple, “multiplicity” in the substantive. Multiplicity is what leads to the rhizome, the underground plant with tubers and bulbs—crabgrass, or packs of rats—the assemblages spreading in lines and flights, middling plateaus of intensity, deterritorialization and reterritorialization. The rhizome is that which begins to strangle the roots of the tree. We were speaking of trees earlier, and the paving stones ripped up to reveal the dirt, where the rhizomes grow.

And what tree does the rhizome strangle? The classical tree of knowledge, the hierarchical, root structure of the State apparatus: philosophy, linguistics, science, etc. Roots that have deep laid foundations, for example, diagrammed neatly in the tree-structures of Noam Chomsky's structural linguistics, forming supreme, transcendental terms, masters and slaves, the continuous oppression of the binary system. To escape the tree—the attempt to escape binary logic—the flight for Deleuze and Guattari is the rhizome, the molecular/molar network. The rhizome is beyond good and evil: only when it becomes segmented, molarized, frozen, can the rhizome be signified, represented, stratified, dualized. The rhizome has the potential for fascisms: crabgrass is a rhizome. We can think this as the molar and the molecular. One can be anti-fascist on the molar level, for example, publicly anti-fascist, vote anti-fascist, *believe* in an anti-fascist system; and on the molecular level be a complete fascist and not even see it, in personal relations, in the workplace, in the family, in the home, *desiring* fascism. But already we have set up a public/private binary. We need to think the fascist inside of me, the possibility of *becoming*-fascist. Deleuze and Guattari realise this problematic.

It's too easy to be antifascist on the molar level, and not even see the fascist inside you, the fascist you yourself sustain and nourish and cherish with molecules both personal and collective. (215)

Let us keep that fascist thought of the fascist inside of me, of you, in our short-term memory.

The micropolitical: the molecular that escapes the political analysis of the molar. May '68 is a molecular movement: “molecular movements do not complement but rather thwart and break through the great worldwide organization” (216). May '68 flies into the radar, ruptures the molar, out of nowhere, it would seem, despite the painstaking accounting and book-keeping of historians: the molar view. “From the viewpoint of micropolitics, a society is defined by its lines of flight, which are molecular.” These lines of flight reach plateaus of intensity; and such an intensity was May '68: “May 1968 in France was molecular, making what led up to it all the more imperceptible from the viewpoint of macropolitics...those who evaluated things in macropolitical terms understood nothing of the event because something *unaccountable* was *escaping*” (my italics).

The unaccountable: that which *escapes* representation, signification. A rave is also an escape, an escapist fantasy becoming a fiction, an *event*. The term “rave,” after its introduction in the early 1990s, was quickly split: there were “parties” and then there were “events.” The “party” became the cookie-cutter rave, the commercialised product; the “event,” on the other hand, attempted to be unaccountable, and as such, dangerous: the break-in, the event today that loses all resemblance to the rave, the event-to-come.

The escaping line. As the line, breaking from a rupture, changes intensity it transforms: it never “returns” (to) the same. It always *a*-turns. Two types of lines. First line: the segmented line, that which is reterritorialized and signified and operates power centres that translate the lines of flight. From raves to parties, we hop on the return flight: a certain incorporated power takes over, back to the molar. Second line: the line of flight, the line of deterritorialization. From raves to events, the rave itself has changed, and a new line of flight departs from the smashed rhizome; such is an “event.” The “itself” of the rave was never present as the one to “return” to: and so the *a*-turn to the “event.” “A microscopic event upsets the local balance of power” (15). How? Deleuze and Guattari necessitate the return. To upset the “local balance of power,” a return is required to the locality to upset the balance. What sort of “re”-turn is this? An *a*-turn is asignifying: it cannot return; and yet the return returns: “molecular escapes and movements would be nothing if they did not return to the molar organizations to reshuffle their segments, their binary distribution of sexes, classes, and parties” (216).

Deleuze and Guattari need to return the molecular to the molar for a pragmatic reason, and also because that return is beyond their fantasy of the rhizome, beyond their control. The pragmatic reason. The molar is the “realm of representations” (219). To disrupt molar power, the molecular force must affect it. This affectation signifies, it is signification itself, and it is necessary to have affect, to affect a local balance of power. Despite Deleuze and Guattari’s best attempts to completely escape the economy of the return, there is some sort of auto-affectation, a return between the molecular and the molar that operates through the rhizome. Not *auto*-affectation. Not as a binary, but as a parallel lines, flights. As every point of every rhizome connects to every other point—necessary for lines, the middle of lines that are plateaus—the rhizome operates immediate *hetero*-affectation. “Auto” is too strong here: it implies sameness, that the one affects the one, or even that the multiple affects the multiple.

And so *hetero-affectation*. That which in its hetero-(re)turn to “itself” transforms that which returns and that which it is returning to. The “itself” in the sentence holds no meaning, for the “itself” operates as auto-affectation; hetero-affectation transforms the return and returns the transformation: itself *becomes* hetero-self. The rave affects the party affects the event; $x+y+z$ except that there must be continuous return(s) to the molar: and where is the molar? The molar is the *point*: the “x,” the “y,” the “z;” the molecular is the “the,” or the additive plus sign, or, as Deleuze and Guattari explain at the end of their Introduction to the Rhizome in *A Thousand Plateaus*, “the fabric of the rhizome is the conjunction, “and...and...and...” (25)

Within the pragmatic we can already sense the second reason for the molecular-molar return. Not a reason: there is no cause, no intent here, but there is an economy of haunting, of something “within” the molecular that desires the molar and the hetero-turn: the desire for signification, for affect, for power: the microfascist desire. Deleuze and Guattari pose the question: “Only microfascism provides an answer to the global question: Why does desire desire its own repression, how can it desire its own repression?” (215). Deleuze and Guattari will not believe that the masses want their own repression: they deny masochism, they also deny ideological lures. More relevant to our discussion: Why did the voters of France resoundingly and with resonance vote back in the Gaullists after May ’68? Desire those that brought about the state of their discontent? The question can only be understood, and its answer, on the molecular level of micropolitics. But what pragmatic—problematic?— does the molecular answer create? The answer concerns desire. Deleuze and Guattari:

Desire is never separable from complex assemblages that necessarily tie into molecular levels... Desire is never an undifferentiated instinctual energy, but itself results from a highly developed, engineered setup rich in interactions: a whole supple segmentarity that processes molecular energies and potentially gives rise to a fascist determination...(215)

Desire is inextricable from complex assemblages inextricable from molecular and molar levels. We are in the middle, the thick of things. And what thickens the middle of desire? Desire is always particular, particled and differentiated. Instinctually we think of larger structures that desire desire as repression of desire such as ideology. But we have already tossed out ideology. Then, the very small: each of us, inside of us, the me that is us, the multiplicity-fascists. A microtopos of microfascism. Something has escaped from the topos, the assemblage, and it habituates in me, in you, in us.

Deleuze and Guattari are well aware of this and go into great detail elaborating the potential for microfascism by thinking “the war machine” (351). The war machine explains the possibility for a line of flight to become a line of destruction, pursuing death, the fascist machine. May 1968 enacts this potential, and in a transformed state, so does the rave. However, we are going to leave the terminology of the war machine for a flight that will approach what is within what Jacques Derrida calls “the vault of desire” (xvii). The vault necessitates a different topos and it will allow us to say that what escapes Deleuze and Guattari is the process of *incorporation* in the thick of desire, in the middle of the molar and molecular. Incorporation opens the possibility of the molecular return to the molar, returns fascism and anti-fascism in the process of haunted signification. What shatters the rhizome—and what picks up the previous lines of flight and catapults them into the creation of new plateaus. This paragraph is telling: “A rhizome may be broken, shattered at a given spot, but it will start up again on one of its old lines, or on new lines” (9). Even on new lines, when the rhizome moves to a plateau that has metamorphosed (to) a different dimension, there becomes the *incorporation of the possibility of that which has escaped the old lines*. The rhizome, as that which can escape signification, carries within itself, as a secret, that which has escaped itself. A rhizome is a short-term memory, an anti-memory, even. Exactly. As anti-memory the incorporations of previous lines are not-remembered, hidden. The code of the new lines are resegmented from the old, reshuffled. And yet every shuffle carries within itself every *other* shuffle, and the haunting of the previous shuffles opens the possibility for the shuffle to reshuffle once again, and again, and again. We’ve already heard this when Deleuze and Guattari say that “molecular escapes and movements would be nothing if they did not return to the molar organizations to reshuffle their segments...” (216). We’ve already heard this when we think of hetero-affectation. What makes possible the possibility for hetero-affectation, reshuffling, the molecular-molar return in all its transformations, becomes the process of incorporation.

I should explain what I mean by incorporation. When I say “incorporation” I am referring explicitly to a process of memory and possibility elaborated by Jacques Derrida’s reading of Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok’s reading of Freud’s reading of his patient “the Wolfman’s” dreams. For Abraham and Torok, incorporation is the psychoanalytic process of introjection gone wrong. Introjection is the process of love and of mourning: transference. To love you—or mourn for you—I introject a bit of you, assimilate the love object that is you, your desires and instincts: and so when I love or mourn the object-you, I love or mourn myself. Always narcissism: a return to the self. Introjection is proper autoaffectation and its economy operates within the root structure. Incorporation occurs at the limits of introjection—past the root, a bulb of the rhizome, perhaps?—when introjection has failed. The slow, gradual process of introjection is superseded by “instantaneous” incorporation which marks the refusal to mourn *and* the live burial of the love object inside of me. In the topos of incorporation, a crypt is erected to commemorate the refusal “of a specific desire from the introjection process.” A monument to the dead, kept alive within the Self: the phantom. The Self has no knowledge of this secret crypt and so “the self *mimes* introjection” (Derrida, xvii). For Abraham and Torok, the crypt is a psychopathology that inhibits mourning. Jodey Castricano, in her study of Derrida and the American Gothic, notes that “the fantasy of incorporation is understood by Derrida as an inhibition *necessary* for the *very possibility* of the “subject”” (my italics, 58).

The question of fascism. “Only microfascism provides an answer to the global question: Why does desire desire its own repression, how can it desire its own repression?” (215)

Mapping the topos of incorporation, the return to fascism marks the refusal of fascism. Operating through incorporation as an inhibition necessary for the very possibility of the line of flight, the crypt of the line of flight marks the refusal of a desire for fascism and the incorporation of that fascism. The line of flight is haunted by the phantom of fascism, and in its refusal of fascism we approach the microdesiring of desire desiring its own repression. Therefore, it is microfascism that “provides an answer to the global question,” but it is the simultaneous refusal *and* incorporation of that fascism that marks the very possibility for the line of flight. Incorporation marks the refusal of a specific desire—in this case, fascism—and it also opens the secret, cryptic economy of that which escapes the line of flight in the same flight through which the line of flight escapes. Castricano: “What returns to haunt is what remains of a certain structure” (71). And as the structure is exactly that which the line of flight escapes, it is only by simultaneously refusing *and* incorporating that structure that the line of flight *can* establish the possibility for its own escaping. This escape, as Deleuze and Guattari note, is a fleeing: “Every rhizome contains lines of segmentarity...as well as lines of deterritorialization down which it constantly flees...These lines always tie back to one another” (9).

The line of flight that escapes structure is always secret until it returns, and the secret of the problematic “re”-turn is the secret crypt that commemorates the refusal of the structure and yet secretly incorporates that structure within the line of flight. The fantasy of incorporation haunts in a process of hetero-affectation the fantasy of the line of flight, or the event, or the rave, or the revolution. Hetero-affectation operates as performance: we speak of fantasies. May '68 and the rave are performances, and Deleuze and Guattari note the performance of the rhizome, the process of becoming. The crypt is secret because the self *mimes*, i.e. performs, introjection. And so the line of flight performs the *a*-turn, performs a plateau of intensity that is nonetheless affected by the encrypted desire. The refusal of that desire marks the *performance* of the line of flight. The performance is the mimed assimilation, or introjection, of fascism. And so the line of flight, in its escape from fascist desire, incorporates it in the refusal yet performs the assimilation of that fascism. The performance of the protest refuses the State. It cognises violence and appropriately assimilates it into its tactics. Yet the protest that was to utilise violence as a tactic is suddenly confronted with the fact that the violence now dictates the protest and everything behind it: the meaning, the object, the goal, the entire trajectory of the line, and if that incorporated violence—fascism—is strong enough at the molecular level of desire, then a line of destruction is born.

Let us return to the fascist inside of me, inside of you, the easy potential for molecular fascism through the always already incorporation of fascism as the possibility for the self. “Inside of me.” Where inside of me? Where is the fascist I do not see, which multiple “I” of “multiple-me” is the fascist? Or does each multiple “I” contain its own multiple-little fascist, a small moustached dictator? Violence, danger, exist within the segmented line, the roots: the fascism of hierarchy. We know this. But fascism is also in the line. “Groups and individuals contain microfascisms just waiting to crystallize” (9). This waiting, the anticipation of the crystallization of fascism, is the economy of haunting fascism that affects the return to fascism which must necessarily occur in order to signify.

As what we are attempting to elaborate is the middle—Deleuze and Guattari are always directing us toward the middle—let us bring into contact the middle points of the plateaus of May '68 and the 1994 Vancouver break-in rave. We have already begun to think the various metamorphoses of the “rave”: from rave to party to event. Every time the plateau de-intensifies, returns to the molar, it hetero-affects another transformation. Rave to party, yet also rave to event: a matrix of hetero-affects. And so the rave, insofar as we can signify it—for what we are dealing with is above all dancing and music—transforms to the capitalist, consumerist “party” on one hand, sold and bought in GAP ads, advertised in the Vancouver Sun, funded by dot-coms, entrepreneurs

and professional drug dealers, and on the other hand, the “event,” unnamed, possibly still yet-to-come, a line not yet reaching its plateau. What affects the movement from rave to consumerist-party? This movement is actually a return: the return affected by the haunting of fascism that returns the plateau of the rave to the fascist, segmented line of the consumerist party. And already in the rave we sense the traces of the phantom of fascism: the security that controls the “zone of power” (D&G 217, Bey 99) the godlike worship of the dj, the economy of profit from selling tickets, drugs, clothes, food, water, etc. that constructs a hierarchy of economic classes: who can afford to attend the rave, buy the drugs, purchase the clothing, look and perform the part. And so already the hierarchy of ravers: the promoter, the dj, the dj’s friend, those who get into the cool parties and get free tickets, the drug dealers, etc. All of this haunts the rave until it affects a return to the structure which it attempted to escape: the structure of capitalism and consumerism. And so at the “party” you encounter VIP rooms, VIP lines, limos for performers, djs, promoters, drug dealers, exorbitant ticket prices, local police as security, searches, strict zones of control within the rave itself: the dj-booth, the backstage VIP lounge. We must not forget, however, that the rave is already a transformation, a line of flight that exploded from the smashing of a previous rhizome: May ’68.

And May, 1968? A “revolution of imagination”⁵ which, in its return to the molar after a month of fury, innovation, energy and creativity, left old lines that were transformed and incorporated into dimensionally different movements, including the rave scene. Already May ’68 incorporated all the old lines: the ideal Marxist revolution, the problematic of leadership, the desire for destruction as graffitied on walls, quoting Bakunin: “The passion of destruction is a creative joy.” The haunting of fascism was already at work: violence inaugurated the opening for May ’68. And May ’68, after it de-intensified—what Deleuze and Guattari call “reterritorialized”—begged for the reinstatement of the Gaullists, the fascist structure which brought about the explosion of May ’68 in the first place.

What links May ’68 to a rave is more than just an attempt at spanning a transformational line of flight, or collating similar characteristics of the hauntings of fascism: this could be seen anywhere. (And this is the “point”). The interlink also occurs textually. Deleuze and Guattari theorise May ’68; their writing is then incorporated into the work of ontological anarchist Hakim Bey, who in the late 1980s and early 1990s writes the communiqués of the Association for Ontological Anarchy, calling for the creation of “Temporary Autonomous Zones.” Bey was an active member of early rave culture and it was his ideas, reformulated from Deleuze and Guattari, which stimulated the majority of break-in raves in the early 1990s.

The theory we speak of spurns action in a very real manner: we must not forget the integral aspect of the pragmatic. Where does thinking incorporation thicken us—not lead us toward a destination, but rather what plateau can we make possible through the hetero-affective economy of incorporation? Rhizomes are performances, they are possibilities for *becoming*. The rave is an elaborate performance of dance, music, fashion, social interactions, monetary transactions, bodily chemical changes while deterritorializing a possibility for the performance of intensity that is revolution. The raver does not perform only the raver: the “return” is hetero-affective; the raver performs the revolutionary, the becoming-revolutionary of the raver, and we can flip this and say that the revolutionary performs the raver, the becoming-raver of the revolutionary. The rave performs May ’68 while incorporating the hetero-possibility of fascism.

“Speed turns the point into a line!”

Deleuze and Guattari graffiti their own text at the end of the Introduction to the Rhizome. Write slogans, they say. Speed turns the point into a line! Speed—street slang for (meth)amphetamine. Point—several lines of speed. Do speed, and your point becomes one long nostril snort, one long line, one extended plateau of intensity: Speed turns the point into a line! “Be quick, even when standing still!” In Paris, on a wall, in 68, simply: “Be quick!” And then, in the text: “Don’t bring out the General in you!” Ah, the fascist, the return to the fascist. What we have here is the command to repress the fascist, the slogan that represses the desire to repress. The fascist is already

incorporated: always. The General opens the possibility for turning the point into the line: the general is speed, addictive, fast, burning; into the nostril and affecting the brain, reaching a plateau of intensity, and then the burnout and the crash. And then, the return to speed, the need for speed.

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Endnotes

¹ See <http://www.subgenius.com/>. The Church of the SubGenius has close affinities with Situationism and Hakim Bey's Ontological Anarchy.

² "On the Poverty of Student Life" was published by the Situationniste student union of the University of Strasbourg in 1966. Ten thousand copies were distributed at the beginning of the academic year, using the entirety of the student union's budget. The union was disbanded shortly thereafter. The text is online at <http://cla.calpoly.edu/~lcall/poverty.html>. "Society of the Spectacle" by Guy Debord, a major Situationniste figure, was published in 1967. It is available online at <http://www.nothingness.org/SI/debord/SOTS/sotscontents.html>

³ Robert Koepke explains Aron's position: "One of the most famous critiques is that of the noted French sociologist, Raymon Aron. He described the events as a "psychodrama", with the participants as actors consciously playing the role of revolutionaries as they remember the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 and the Paris Commune of 1871. '68 was not a true revolution, Aron argued, but rather an irrational irruption against society, primarily on the part of students. It was, Aron suggested the result of a "nihilism of aesthetes", a "new barbarism rebelling against a democratic society, or a "collective lunacy." For a time the general public had joined to get rid of their pent up frustrations. But they soon regained their sanity and were ready to go back to work. His analysis is reminiscent of Albert Soboul's famous analysis of the revolutionary sans-culottes of the great revolution. After a time they tired of all the excitement; they had to go back to work to put bread on the table, and they wanted to return to the relaxation of the pool table."

⁴ For a full list of slogans see <http://www.slip.net/~knabb/CF/graffiti.htm>

⁵ Taken from one of the graffitied slogans.