
(Colectivo "Huitzilipochtli" 12)

We will say of pure immanence that it is A LIFE, and nothing else. [. . .] A life is the immanence of immanence, absolute immanence: it is complete power, complete bliss.

(Deleuze, Pure Immanence 27)

terror as limit of control

Although social science prefers to think of its subjects as rational, and to exclude them from its calculations when they are not, away from the rarefied air breathed by democratization think-tanks, opinion polling organizations, and rational choice theory, most of us would have to agree that life is not usually so. Indeed, a formidable institutional work of marginalization is historically required to produce the illusion of rational normativity. As social historians and cultural critics alike have observed, the mad, the bad, and the sick (for instance) are all excluded in often similar ways, defined according to
overlapping categories and inhabiting a bewildering maze of bureaucratic (non)spaces: hospitals, prisons, asylums, and so on. Sociologists and cultural historians (most influentially, the French theorist Michel Foucault) have long studied the various ways in which the state constitutes its ideal citizenry through a complex process of simultaneously containing and othering those elements that do not conform to this ideal. Such nonconformity is marked by all the terms signifying an affective excess and loss of self-control: hysteria, lunacy, deviance.

Over time, the modernizing state's project to manage difference recuperates otherness though the replacement of these terms with a succession of ever-more scientific designations such as post-partum depression, bipolar disorder, antisocial tendencies. These designations tend to separate, and so rescue, the individual from his or her biological environment. We have also seen (in the case of peasants and other subaltern subjects described by social movements theory) how "progressive" social theory likewise recuperates difference, but by reassigning agency, and often by reinserting the individual into a renewed vision of their social environment. Madwomen in the attic are now proto-feminists; gang-members, proletarian dissidents;
anorexics, protesters against consumerism and the fashion industry. These groups (it is said) consist of individuals making informed choices, albeit perhaps in the context of a double bind in which no single normative "rational" choice is available, and however much the individuals themselves may fail to interpret their own actions as political decision. The role of the social analyst becomes once again that of (re)designating deviance as (recuperable) difference.

However, as Gilles Deleuze (again, following Michel Foucault) argues, this dialectic of containing and othering, practiced by the state and its (nominal) critics alike, reaches its limit in what he terms "control societies." This limit is an external one; control societies are characterized by their dissolution of internal limits. The transition from "disciplinary societies" to control societies is the transition from societies that contain their recuperable "others" in the bureaucratic "sites of confinement" ("prisons, hospitals, factories, schools, the family") to societies in which all these "interiors" have suffered a "general breakdown" ("Postscript on Control Societies" 178). Within control societies, difference is spread across society, which is
now subject to constant "modulation" rather than being formed by a series of "molds" (178). Within control societies, there is less danger that sites of confinement become also the sites in which alternative social logics are envisaged and established: if the criminals are among us and we are all to some degree criminalized (through, for instance, tagging and public Closed Circuit Television [CCTV] respectively), criminality no longer becomes a space that is even relatively different to, and so potentially critical of, the norm (as it had been for, say, Jean Genet or Eldridge Cleaver). When "care in the community" replaces communities of the mad, the asylum can no longer be considered a place within which convention can be re-thought (as it is in, for example, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest). Likewise, factories and schools are no longer spaces apart; they are "transmutable or transformable coded configurations of a single business where the only people left are administrators" ("Postscript on Control Societies" 181). The shift from discipline to control goes hand in glove with the elimination of politics by managerialism, as effected by neoliberalism. Hence it may seem that, as Fredric Jameson argues, "concepts such as anxiety and alienation [. . . ] are no longer appropriate"
(Postmodernism 14) and that we see a "waning of affect in postmodern culture" (10).

Yet, as we have seen with Sendero, a residue always remains—a repressed that returns with all the more force when all other difference is subsumed. Today, the radical (but at the same time invisible) difference that this residue incarnates goes by the name of "terrorism." Sendero were always seen by the Peruvian state as terrorists (terrucos), rather than as combatants on the other side of a civil war. The label "terrorism" is an instant delegitimation, effectively denying to what it demarcates any rights or recognition. Terrorism is now the absolute boundary of civility, marking the ultimate decision: "you are either with us or against us," as George W. Bush declared. A renovated "civilization or barbarism" dichotomy no longer allows for any civilizing project; only a stark choice. Upon the heads of terrorists the "global community" now pours all the sobriquets previously reserved for differences that control societies have now successfully assimilated: fanatics, outlaws, they constitute an "axis of evil."

In this chapter I attempt to take something like the perspective of terror, through a case study focussed on El Salvador's Farabundo Martí
National Liberation Front (Frente Farabundo Martí de Liberación Nacional, or FMLN). Rather than recuperating the FMLN as part of some history of social movements within civil society, or predicated on hegemonic projects, I emphasize rather the consequences of clandestinity (and so unrepresentability) and armed force (and so terror) as an assumption of what one might call subaltern positionality, by which I mean a location outside of the circuits of civil society and rational discourse, outside of hegemonic projects. This is a redescription therefore of the FMLN that aligns them more with a group such as Sendero than with (say) the Madres de la Plaza de Mayo or other so-called new social movements. I see the FMLN as a possible archetype of the nomad "war machine" valorized by Deleuze and Félix Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*. But the FMLN is not the only subaltern subject in the Salvadoran war: the state also becomes subaltern, becomes nomadic, in the death squads and in the activities of at least some parts of its armed forces (most notably the dreaded Atlacatl Brigade). I doubt whether this process is sufficiently theorized in Deleuze and Guattari's acknowledgment that "the State apparatus appropriates the war machine, subordinates it to its 'political' aims and gives it war as its direct object" (*A Thousand Plateaus* 420; emphasis in original). The suicidal state, which Deleuze and Guattari theorize as fascism, goes beyond any rationality of aims and objectives. It prompts us to think of other ways in which the state is incarnated in immanence, in a form of double inscription. The state has to be explained twice: as it is instantiated in bodies, affects, and habits, beyond its projection in transcendent sovereignty.
Faced with a total war against terror, liberals have attempted to renovate a politics of rationalization, which goes under the banner of "understanding." So after September 11, they claim, the United States now has all the more reason to try to understand those beyond its borders; the US should pause to reflect as to how its foreign policy has caused it to be so hated, so despised. A logic of representation returns, giving some kind of face or voice to the invisible plotter. Understanding provides the agents of terror with motives and rationale—without of course ever condoning the destruction itself. But the disjunction introduced between understanding and condoning, the fact that understanding motives requires bracketing off terrorist actions, shows that terrorism provides even liberality with its limit, fixed now between understandable motivation and excessive action. Again, a non-rational residue remains, here in the surplus of means over ends. This residue is an affect (for what is terror but affect at fever pitch?) that liberals hardly want to discuss.

There may appear to be a fundamental disagreement between liberals and the new illiberal or neoliberal state, but both in fact agree that terror—the one affect that neither the state nor liberalism has succeeded in
assimilating—should be eliminated from discourse and politics. It is just that where the state personalizes this elimination, by slowing down the movement of peoples though security or immigration barriers, or by initiating manhunts against demonized individuals (Saddam, Osama, Mullah Omar), liberals attempt to dissociate individuals from their actions, and to see those actions only as markers of desperation. Yet the illiberal state is surely correct not to bracket off affect altogether: its single-minded prosecution of the "war against terror" identifies terror itself as the embodiment of non-recuperable affect, and the state of siege induced by so-called "terrorism"'s invisible forces as what is finally at issue for societies of control.

More specifically, the question of so-called terrorism also marks a dividing line between the state and cultural studies. The propensity of cultural studies, given its emphasis on hegemonic struggles within the field of what it understands as culture, would be to suggest that terrorism is, ultimately, constructed discursively. There is no terrorism in itself, this argument would run, simply the construct of "terrorism," serving to prevent understanding of and to vilify counter-hegemonic forces or marginalized
groups (Irish republicanism, Palestinian resistance, immigrants, Moslems). Though this argument would shrink from justifying or celebrating terrorism in quite the same ways that other anti-social phenomena have been celebrated, it would turn the tables and suggest that terrorism in fact serves the state: terror is the ultimate excuse for discipline, and is now regularly invoked by the state to justify the illiberalism of increased surveillance, detention without trial and even (in the US) to countenance the possibility of torture.

There is something to this position. The construct of "terrorism" does function to produce docile civil subjects at the same time as it presents us with images of evil masterminds forever beyond the pale. The label "terrorism" has become the most potent weapon in the state's discursive arsenal, and has been taken up variously by the Israeli, Indian, Turkish, Russian and other nation-states to reframe historic disputes in terms of the new linguistic simplicity provided by George "Dead or Alive" Bush. Yet in reducing once more all politics to hegemony, the cultural studies critique refuses to understand affect on its own terms. Moreover, it conjures up the closed world of conspiracy theories that go so far as to suggest that the September 11
attack on the Pentagon was staged by the US secret services (the thesis of the French best-seller, Thierry Meyssan's *L'effroyable imposture*).

I argue in this chapter by contrast that the state is right to identify in terrorism a mode of organization that is radically different and upsetting to its forms of order. Terror may indeed be only the name given to a particular intensity and configuration of affect, one that has come to prominence (albeit not for the first time) in recent years, but this does not mean that it can be reduced to the nominalism of a hegemonic "war of position." Moreover, the state is right to fear that terror threatens the very division between inside and outside upon which hegemony theory and civil society theory both, at least implicitly, depend. For although terrorist movements (such as Sendero) may mirror modes of organization and representation characteristic of the state, they also concentrate, and so intensify, patterns of affect to be found in the very pores of all social organization.

What is it about tall buildings? They seem to provoke a kind of fatal attraction among those that, following Deleuze and Guattari, I will be calling nomads--those homeless, mobile, components of the war machine for whom "weapons are affects and affects weapons" *(A Thousand
Plateaus 400). New York's twin towers had, after all, been attacked before, while the height of success for El Salvador's FMLN, and perhaps the single most important moment of that country's ten-year civil war, was the guerrilla group's capture of the San Salvador Sheraton, one of the city's tallest buildings, in November 1989. As José Ignacio López Vigil puts it: "We attacked the big hotel because it was the highest point in the neighbourhood" (Rebel Radio 229).

Beyond strategic concerns, perhaps it is also that building upwards has been a defining mark of homogenizing unification from Babel to Petronas. The tower of Babel still epitomizes the dream of unimpeded and transparent communication, but it was also merely the first such project (and the first such tower) to fall. One may hesitate to call Babel "modern," but like the Pyramids (the world's highest manmade structures in the ancient era) its height required a kind of cooperation that ultimately only modernity would enable. It's no coincidence that Kuala Lumpur's city center, with the Petronas towers site of the world's tallest buildings today, is an "intelligent precinct" set at one end of the world's most ambitious communications project, Malaysia's "Multimedia Super Corridor" (MSC), an area of land the size of Singapore that will be fully "wired" and will be site of two new "smart cities":

Putrajaya, the new seat of government and administrative capital of Malaysia where the concept of electronic government will be introduced; and Cyberjaya, an intelligent city with multimedia industries, R&D centres, a Multimedia University and operational headquarters for multinationals wishing to direct their worldwide manufacturing and trading activities using multimedia technology. (from the Multimedia Super Corridor's website at http://www.mdc.com.my/msc/, which also declares that "The future is the MSC")

Nobody has yet tried to attack the Petronas towers--although Hollywood, one of whose goals is to exorcize terrorism by anticipating
it, has come close in a film (*Entrapment*) that earned reprimands from the Malaysian government for obscuring the country's modernity. "The distorted view of the twin towers will certainly make the movie audiences in rich countries conclude that Malaysia is one of those developing countries which waste public funds, perhaps even foreign aid, on useless grandiose monuments," said then prime minister Mahathir Mohamad (qtd. in "*Entrapment* Rapped by Malaysian PM").

In El Salvador, the Sheraton proved to be the locus of far more than simply symbolic power. Attracted to its height, and so to its commanding position within the fashionable neighborhood of Escalón in which they were launching a counter-attack during the November 1989 offensive, the FMLN "had no idea who was inside: none other than the secretary general of the Organisation of American States, João Baena Soares, who was in El Salvador to learn about the war and ended up seeing it up close" (López Vigil, *Rebel Radio* 229). Still more significantly, also staying at the hotel, on the top floor, were twelve US Green Berets, who suddenly became in effect prisoners of the FMLN. The US president at the time (another George Bush) sent down an elite Delta Force special operations team from Fort Bragg, ready to intervene directly in the Salvadoran civil war for the first time. But after twenty-eight hours the guerrillas left the hotel of their own volition. As far as the press were concerned, they simply vanished: "Reporters who approached the hotel just after dawn [. . .] said there was no sign of the rebels who took over part of the hotel in the exclusive Escalon district of the capital" (Simon Tisdall, "Green Berets walk free from Salvador Siege," *The Guardian* [23 November 1989]: 10). Another report again emphasizes the sudden disappearance of the guerrillas ("the rebels were nowhere to be seen") and contrasts it with the US soldiers'
territorial immobility and reliance upon direction from above: "The Green Berets, however, were still behind their barricades. 'We've had no orders so we're staying here,' one of them said to a large crowd of journalists" (Tom Gibb, "Sheraton siege ends as rebels withdraw," The Times [23 November 1989]: 10).

Across the country the offensive was now over. The FMLN had shown that they could mount and sustain an engagement at the very heart of middle-class Salvadoran society--while, elsewhere, the government had shown that it had no qualms about bombing working-class suburbs from the air, or about murdering some of the country's leading intellectuals, six Jesuit priests who worked and lived in the Universidad Centroamericana. State terror more than matched any "outrageous act of terrorism" (in the words of the US State Department spokesman quoted in Tom Gibb, "US alert as rebels hold four in hotel," The Times [22 November 1989]: 1]) that may have been committed by the insurgents. A realization on both sides of the resulting impasse led to the peace accords that ended the war.

Simultaneously, on the other side of the world the Cold War was ending. The FMLN offensive had taken place in the brief interlude between the fall of the Berlin wall and the fall of the first East European communist regime--the Czech president quit and Dubcek returned to Prague on 24 November. The November offensive ("in all probability, the biggest guerrilla offensive ever mounted against a Latin American government" [McClintock, Revolutionary Movements in Latin America 84]), and particularly the incident in the Sheraton with which it ended, can be taken to be a hinge: both the last confrontation of the Cold War era and the first post-Cold War conflict, a premonition of future actions against tall buildings. In the incident at the Sheraton, the FMLN
crossed the boundary that separates subaltern from hegemonic project, without for that entering into the space of hegemony itself. Rather, they provided a foretaste and example of posthegemony.

I suspect that most of those who read this chapter will be surprised, and perhaps irked, by my comparison between the Salvador Sheraton and the World Trade Center, and between the FMLN and al-Qaida. Indeed, and unlike Sendero, the FMLN were long the darlings of the international left, and probably the last third world guerrilla group (excluding the Mexican Zapatistas or EZLN whose métier or milieu has never been violence in the same way) that could count on widespread networks of international solidarity. However, there seems to me little point rehearsing the hackneyed opposition between "terrorist" and "freedom fighter," in that what is significant is the continuity between these two positions. Moreover, I want to suggest that groups such as CISPES (the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) in the US or the (now defunct) El Salvador Human Rights Committee in the UK relied upon and propagated a fundamentally distorted representation of the nature of the Salvadoran war. This representation, by confusing affective force with citizen rights, arguably debilitated the FMLN more than it aided them. The FMLN carved out new spaces of freedom and pioneered practices of innovative creativity; it is this freedom and creativity that interests me above all. But they were also, and inextricably, agents of terror—a war machine, not a negotiating team. If we focus on the intensive affect that they inhabited and produced, we cannot imagine them as proponents of pluralist liberalism.
The illiberal state is surely right to insist that with terror comes the end of negotiation, the limit of rational discourse. One does not negotiate with terror. But this well-worn cliché, so often used to justify state repression (although usually without the equal realization that state repression can also be taken to justify terror), is well-founded only in so far as terror can never come to the negotiating table. Terror may prompt or condition such discussion, but strictly speaking when the negotiating starts, the terror ends. Terrorists who do negotiate undergo a change of state; in this sense it is indeed useful, as liberals claim, to maintain a distinction between "terrorism" or "terrorists" as the individuals or movements who take up terror, and the terror itself: one can negotiate with individuals, but not with terror itself. Hence also the fundamental duality that structures so many movements that in one way or another use terror or are viewed as terrorist: Sinn Fein-IRA; FMLN-FDR; PLO-Al Aqsa Brigades. Likewise, even the most repressive state tends to prefer proxies (death squads, secret services) who will invisibly fight its invisible enemies. Neither facet is, in any simple way, a mere supplement to the other, just as
neither fully expresses the truth of the other. Sinn Fein is not "simply" the IRA in Armani rather than with Armalites, as Ulster Unionists would have us believe. Equally, the Armalite has a logic and an affect of its own, and this mute logic deserves its own investigation, because it will never be fully repressed, exorcized, or talked over. We need to take seriously what Brian Massumi terms "the autonomy of affect," that is, its "unassimilable" intensity, the "irreducible excess, [the] gratuitous amplification [. . .] bringing a tinge of the unexpected, the lateral, the unmotivated, to lines of action and reaction" (Parables for the Virtual 27).

Terror certainly appears to us as autonomous. Terror comes to us from without, whether we like it or not. We cannot help it. Terror overtakes us, overpowers us. As such, we are subjected to, not subjects of, terror--we are all victims, rather than agents. Terror effects a levelling that obliterates individuality.

On the one hand, we are all equal because we are all (potential) victims of terrorist violence, and so all subject to terror. Terror works its effects through random indiscrimination; a whole social order, and all its elements, is under siege. We all become synecdoches for
that social order: women, children, the old, the disabled are all (equally) instances of (say) the Israeli state or British imperialism. In this sense, terror is never random: it always interpellates. This is terror as a constitutive outside. We are encouraged, by the state and by terror alike, to identify with the victims—for instance, in the endless *New York Times* obituaries to the World Trade Center dead, which the paper tells us "are really our stories, translated into a slightly different, next-door key" (qtd. Simpson 6). It could have been me, it could have been you; in this, we are indifferent. Love your neighbor, love yourself.

On the other hand, we are also all equal because we have been torn from the order we otherwise incarnate. Disordered, unprotected—or doubtful of the effectiveness of the protection we are offered—we are also now indifferent from the terrorist. Just as the terrorist resides, homeless, uncertainly beyond the limits of the social, so we also now experience, however briefly, something of that existence. This is terror as it (often literally) explodes the border between inside and outside. Hence the aptness of the suicide bomb: a terrifying equalization as the terrorist "takes us with him." But
hence also the suspicion that terror sows among the population it threatens. We are encouraged to identify with our fellow citizens (it could have been me), but also to suspect our fellow citizens (it could be you). The terrorist was once and could still appear to be like us. If we are all in a synecdochal relation to the state, then we may have to take the law into our own hands: that man over there with the suitcase, is he one of them? Is he with us or against us? Suspect your neighbor (suspect yourself?).

Terror is therefore immediately collective, immediately social, while simultaneously destructuring any community. Terror conjures up the possibility equally of an existence beyond community and of other forms of community. The terrorist network that infiltrates a state-centered social order does, I argue, offer a different model of community, however much a terrorist group may exist in order to found a new (parallel, or mirror) state, as in the case of Sendero. For why should the state be inevitable? The community established in and through terror may be invisible, imperceptible, but it is precisely for this reason that we are all drawn into it when subject to terror. Part of the romance that inevitably attaches
itself to terrorism is found here. Becoming-terrorist means social death, with all the rituals of clandestinity that include changing one's name, separating oneself usually irreversibly from family and friends, and the burden of secrecy that marks one out from what now appears to be an everyday superficiality. And yet, it also means discovering a new, perhaps seemingly more profound, community of conspirators. An intensive community replaces an extensive one: sacrificing social individuality can be experienced as gaining a new form of vitality and life, even when that life is directed towards inflicting death on the rest of society.

This is not to glorify terrorist organizations. Almost all guerrilla testimonios testify to the trauma and the intense affective charge of the transition to clandestinity. A classic account can be found in Omar Cabezas's account of life in northern Nicaragua as a Sandinista guerrilla in La montaña es algo más que una inmensa estepa verde. Though Cabezas insists that when he joins up and goes to the hills he does so "with great firmness of mind, without any vacillation" (42) and that he goes "not alone, but [...] with a great sensation of being accompanied" (47), he also admits that "the impact it has upon you when you pass abruptly from one medium to another [...] is really harsh. I'd say that we weren't prepared even psychically for it" (49). It is "a violent change; even, at times, traumatic" (166). For
Cabezas, it is never more traumatic than when he goes on a mission that takes him back to his hometown of León, and he passes by his old house, where his mother still lives. Seeing his former home, yet unable to go in, makes him feel as though time were out of joint: "[Seeing the house] produced a clash between present and past within me. I wasn't clear in which of the two I stood" (178). Cabezas feels that he has moved to a different state; he describes his non-belonging almost as though he were a ghost in torment, a revenant with nothing but his own pain: "if it was the present and I was in front of the house--it was impossible, because I didn't live there, I came from the other side, from living something else. [. . .] It was no longer my world, no longer my life. That hurts, it hurts!" (178).

For the Salvadoran case, examples might include the testimonio of Ana María Castillo ("Comandante Eugenia") provided in No me agarran viva. Here she is told something of what clandestinity means:

You [. . .] will leave your family and friends, people dear to you will die. Members of your family, perhaps, will be captured to see if they can give you up. You won't be able to do a thing about it. You will even see people in the street who know you and your whole heart will be turned inside out with desires to say "hi" at least, but you won't be able to. You'll have to keep on past them. Perhaps they'll think "How stuck up that Eugenia is," and you won't be able to turn around to look at them, and it'll hurt. (Alegría and Flakoll, 55)

Again, clandestinity produces a separation for which the guerrilla returns apparently as specter: she can see and (here, at least) be seen, but cannot look back and cannot engage in dialogue. She is suffused with desire (as well as hurt), but also helpless, desubjectivized, strangely passive: "you won't be able to do a thing about it." Her motives will have to go unrecognized, taken to be snobbery or, Eugenia herself later suggests, treachery: "All the comrades among the workers may even believe that I've betrayed them.
That I've gone who knows where" (55). She has gone, and if she is brought back, it will be as a corpse: "no me agarran viva" ("they won't take me alive").

At the same time, if the transition to clandestinity is a scission, and from one perspective a desubstantialization, for the guerrilla it is also a bodily passage to union. Going underground is an immersion in the material that desubjectifies the guerrilla as he or she becomes immanent to the struggle and to the revolutionary movement. Charles Clements, a pacifist US doctor who worked with the FMLN around the Guazapa volcano for a year, notes the emphasis on the corporeal in a conversation with the guide leading him to the war zone:

"¿Porqué un gringo se incorporó?" [the guide] enquired before asking my name. The question puzzled me. I didn't understand the verb.
"¿Qué quieres decir por incorporarse?" (What do you mean by "incorporate"?) I asked.
He explained to me that when you join the struggle, you "incorporate" with the guerrillas--literally, I suppose, to join their body. (Clements 30)

When Clements later himself realizes that he, too, despite himself and his sense of difference as gringo, as doctor, and as pacifist, has incorporated, has joined the social body and lost his sense of individuality ("I had altogether ceased to be Charlie Clements" [221]), he feels this as a crisis. His aim had been to keep neutral, to keep his distance. But in the Front, or the "Zone" that the FMLN traverses, such desubjectification is apparently also inevitable. For the fighters, incorporation is also the fulfillment of a will to subsume oneself in the collectivity: while there is hurt in the inhabitation of spectral excess, and perhaps terror produced in that excess, in the end there is the joy of commitment, of being fully enfolded within the struggle.

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For, in incorporation, there is a sense not of excess, of being outside, but of plenitude. This is the source of guerrilla joy. In *No me agarran viva*, Eugenia's husband, also a guerrilla (Javier), says of her death: "In my view Eugenia died complete. Completely happy. Her death simply crowned with heroism a life profoundly given over, without any remainder" (147; my emphasis). Becoming-guerrilla may be social death, but it is also a rebirth. According to Edwin Ernesto Ayala's testimonio: "Here in the front you are born again, everything is new, you learn everything, you start on your first steps [. . .]" (60). Equally, then, for those who survived the war through to the peace accords, the return to social order could be as traumatic as the social death of becoming clandestine. At the conclusion of his book, Ayala lists all the things he will miss from guerrilla life, from singing to lighting a fire to make tea, to constructing air-raid shelters, as his group heads off to a future of "boredom thanks to all the hassle and navigating the world of 'civilization'" (277). This is the moment of transition for him, as he meets not his own family, but the mother of a fallen comrade: "I left the multitude to go up to a person; to begin with I hesitated, but up I went, it was Leo's mother. Standing before her, I couldn't find anything to say. She was sitting down. Then I crouched down and I said, 'Is it true that you are Leo's mother?'" (276; my emphasis). Ayala describes the shock of the reinsertion into civilian life as a transition from the multitude back to the individual, from silence to a speech that names relations, family ties, social position.

The other side of death is life; the other side of terror is, indissolubly, joy.
At the same time as it deindividuates us, terror also removes our capacity for rational thought and language. In Rony Berger's words,

During a terror attack and immediately thereafter, most people's cognitive functioning is temporarily altered. Survivors may experience confusion, disorientation, attention difficulties, lack of concentration, forgetfulness, difficulty in decision-making and impaired judgment. ("America Under Attack")

Terror is immediately corporeal rather than signifying or linguistic. It grips the body first. Often enough it paralyzes the body. Terror functions not so much as a thought as (to use a term Massumi picks as the title for a collection of essays on Deleuze and Guattari) "a shock to thought." Or perhaps it is a thought that is so excessive that it is itself shocking, unassimilable, and as such immediately corporeal. It stuns; we catch our breath to call back language. Our mouth dries up. Terror induces language to give way to mute fearfulness. Alternatively, as part of an intensive feedback loop that stops the body dead and kickstarts it again over and over, as the body simultaneously conserves energy and rushes to produce new supplies of energy, terror induces a kind of corporeal kinetic hyperactivity: palpitations, shakes, sweats. Sugars are released into the bloodstream and muscles tense.
Our legs shake; we go weak at the knees. Here, beyond putting a stop to language, the intensity of terror leaves the tongue flailing, gabbling. Language now gives way to the scream, deformed, asignifying. Even long afterwards, the body remains hypervigilant and sensitive to the smallest disturbance or noise, easily startled or distracted. Terrorist violence may be compared to a language (the anarchist "propaganda of the deed"), but it is always of a different order to language, an order that subverts and puts a stop to language. Biologically, terror short-circuits the cortex to affect the limbic system directly.

Terror is also inherently anti-narrative. Narrative either precedes terror (as justification or exorcism) or follows it (as resolution or explanation). It is true that the amount of narrative that surrounds terror, or the way that particularly outrageous acts of violent terror infiltrate themselves into discourse (the ubiquitousness of contemporary references to September 11), may make narrative agglutinate around terror and the terrorist--the famous "oxygen of publicity" that Mrs Thatcher declared the IRA to breathe. Terror demands an explanation, must be put in the service of some justificatory narrative. Yet this
is precisely because terror in itself produces no narrative, and debilitates all other discourse. At best, the narratives that surround terror function as so many tunes whistled in the dark; they are attempts to compensate for what is otherwise felt as a lack of narrative, a terrifying void.

Hence what Robert Thornton describes as "the peculiar temporality of violence," by which he means the fact that "violence necessarily disturbs all structural, causal or narrative sequences and continuities" ("The Peculiar Temporality of Violence" n.p.). Violence is narrativized retrospectively, and as such prompts narrative and may even seem foundational, but it is always itself outside of the histories that it relates:

The act of violence [. . .] requires that a new story be told to explain the loss, to account for the disruption, and to rebuild social relations after its occurrence. This makes violence appear to be located at the "beginning" of new social forms, new behaviours, and new accounts, and thus to appear as their "cause," but this is a false perception based on the peculiar temporality of violence itself, and its chaotic nature. ("The Peculiar Temporality of Violence" n.p.)

I suggest that it is only in terror that violence is fully apprehended as such. Terror shares, therefore, this same "peculiar temporality" beyond and beneath narrative, beyond narrative time. And while some would point to the fact
that the stories we tell therefore help resolve the wounds that terror opens up, it also true that such stories serve to justify violence, because without it there would be no story.

Take Alan Clarke's film Elephant (1989), simultaneously the most and the least eloquent of statements about terror. The film is almost devoid of dialogue, and consists of a series of assassinations carried out by different characters in a depopulated, everyday suburban landscape of shops, factories, parks, gas stations and so on. The camera follows silent and seemingly ordinary figures who make their way determinedly through the city until they come across another figure, clearly an intended victim, and then remorselessly, unfailingly, shoot. One assassination follows another, relentlessly, horrifically, with no explanation or apparent meaning. Even more so than Krzysztof Kieslowski's Short Film about Killing (1988), Elephant makes no attempt to justify or explain its serial murders. This is unbearable; as Richard Kirkland puts it, "the discrete autonomy of Elephant's violence is fundamentally compromised by the viewer's endless and troubled search for narrative" (8). So once it is "understood" that the film is set in Northern
Ireland during the troubles, the viewer inevitably starts to elaborate a narrative that will give the meaning and logic to the killings that the film resolutely denies us: we may construct the story that this is a "cycle of violence," "tit for tat killings" performed alternately by Loyalists and Republicans. An elephant never forgets. But in that the film has forced us, its audience, to come up with these clichés, it has also foregrounded the extent to which the discourse of terrorism is imposed upon events and bodies that otherwise stop interpretation short. Even, in the end, the judgement that such killings are "senseless" (as they are so often described in hackneyed journalistic reports) is itself a narrative that attempts to give sense to what otherwise subverts the distinction between sense and senselessness.

Terror, according to Michael Taussig, depends upon sense but ultimately destroys it. Writing about colonial terror (and capitalism's "primitive accumulation," in which modernism and primitivism meet) in the context of the Putumayo rubber boom, he argues that "terror nourished itself by destroying sense" (Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man 128). Though terror per se is scarcely imaginable (however much it is felt), the fact that it is
so soon and so quickly recontextualized in terms of some narrative justification must not, Taussig says, make us "blind to the way that terror makes mockery of sense-making, how it requires sense in order to mock it" (132). Taussig is ultimately concerned with state terror, or the (re)appropriation of terror by the state, which he describes in terms of "a colonial mirroring of otherness that reflects back onto the colonists the barbarity of their own social relations, but as imputed to the savagery they yearn to colonize" (134).

In this context, at least, terror is reworked to construct a colonial "sense" of the distinction between "civilization" and "barbarism," and terror thus "heightens both sense and sensation" (132). In other words, "if terror thrives on the production of epistemic murk and metamorphosis, it nevertheless requires the hermeneutic violence that creates feeble fictions in the guise of realism, objectivity, and the like, flattening contradiction and systematizing chaos" (132). Colonial reports (such as Roger Casement's account of the Putumayo) and testimonial narratives (Rigoberta Menchú's Guatemalan testimonio) are both equally "feeble fictions" in this sense, driven by the terror that provides their raisons
d'être only to systematize the chaos that it always threatens to produce. Testimonio, however, at least attempts to bring before us what Taussig notes is "so painfully absent from the Putumayo accounts, namely the narrative mode of the Indians themselves" (134-5). "Rescuing the 'voice' of the Indian" constitutes "the ultimate anthropological conceit" (135); it should come as little surprise that Menchú's collaborator Elizabeth Burgos should be a professional anthropologist. Yet Taussig himself is unhappy with this rationalist conceit that once more accords to Western culture the supreme power of representation. He will do no more than flirt with an explication of shamanism and the indigenous use of hallucinogenic drugs such as yagé to "dissolve narrativization" (466). Faced with "the magical realism of popular culture" (167), Taussig would in some ways rather leave it be than either rationalize or use it.

The FMLN's 1989 offensive, and particularly its occupation of the San Salvador Sheraton, inspired one of Latin America's most interesting testimonial narratives—a little book that describes itself as a "combination of chronicle and literary collage," a "testimonio-document-popular consciousness, [that] as such, needless to say, also has a streak of magical realism running through it" (Colectivo
"Huitzilipochtli" 7). El "Cipitío" en el Salvador Sheraton begins with an account of the effect of the first sounds of the FMLN offensive, the war brought home to the city, on bystanders downtown. The initial response to this bombardment of rocket launchers and artillery is shuddering shock and stasis:

Saturday, 11 November. 0900 (or a little earlier)

Boom! --the first slam; Boom! --two. . . Boom! --three. . . Boom! Boom! --four. . . five. . . Boom! --six. . . seven. . . eight. . .

The heart trembles with each clout. You can hear the explosions are somewhere in the distance, but that was when the chaos took hold of San Salvador's center. Looks are exchanged and the scene freezes. People stop walking or doing anything. . . "The marble statues / Are here and there / One, two, and three." Did you hear that, did you hear? asked one of the statues, and the scene unfroze.

I kept on walking, as though I were crossing an icefield. . .

(9)

Speech, asking for confirmation ("did you hear?") interrupts the shock and the terror, but the icefield remains. The book's narrator is a middle-class intellectual, and even though he is sympathetic to the FMLN, he goes home to pack his bags and make ready for exile, in some bad faith: "Tomorrow, Sunday 12th, I'm leaving for Mexico. I'll get involved in organizing in favor of Salvadoran culture (ahem)"

(11).

As the middle classes make to leave, terrorized in and from their daily routines, the spirits arrive. Though the narrator hopes that in Mexico he will find "a good standard of reporting from the press" (11), the book abandons any simple linear narrative at this point. Rather, it imagines the guerrilla to be accompanied by a Salvadoran sprite, the Cipitío, with his companion the Ciguanaba (often represented elsewhere as a castrating mother) and associated mythical creatures, and tells their story interbraided with poetry, newspaper reports, personal testimony, drawings, and photographs of the military action. The
narrator's voice is joined by many others--a cacophony of noise, conflicting perspectives, sounds, images, music even as the narrator listens to Holst's "Planets" suite, played by the Berlin Philharmonic. He listens to Karajan conducting "Mars" while, "trembling," he listens to "Mars, conductor of helicopters and tanks, with the force of a cosmic beast, with his hurricanes of fire, his five hundred pound bombs and more, falling hard-heartedly over the valley and hills of San Salvador" (48). He struggles to see and understand what is going on, blinded by the "brutal" disinformation of the official networks playing military marches and "Yellow Submarine" (33). He barricades himself in his house, trying to listen to the guerrilla Radio Venceremos--but the signal has been jammed. He is able to give an account only of the effects of terror rather than of events themselves:

We are witnesses, then, mostly of sounds, although of sights to some extent too, because we have touched upon the fear found in the faces of the people: so has the war arrived at the metropolis in this country of campesinos, eh? Until now we had only lived the war though television and through rumors. (36)

Television and rumor: two modes of communication that come to the fore in societies of control. But whereas the former is of the form "one to many" (however many channels may be available at any particular time, each retains the "one to many" structure), the latter is inherently "many to many" in that it has no single enunciating subject and no single destination. Rumor always circulates, faceless and ever changing its shape, in the background and in the pores of society.

El "Cipitío" en el Salvador Sheraton approximates the communication style of rumor with its collage of elements, some verifiable, others clearly fictional, still others mythically enlarged or distorted. The book also portrays the FMLN as similarly circulating and shape-shifting in the pores of society. Proscribed from the official circuits of
(dis)information, it is no wonder that the guerrilla inhabit the circuits of rumor, and that their exploits are accordingly talked up (or down) and mythicized. When the offensive moves towards middle-class Escalón, Comandante "Cipitío" moves the guerrillas into and out of the Sheraton safely by turning them into a jaguar, a coyote, a deer, a hummingbird, a quetzal, and so on, all of whom travel on a cart that is "invisible to the patrols and the guards" (62) while the Mayan moon Tezcatlipoca obligingly hides behind the San Salvador volcano. The guerrilla become invisible, fading out of representability. All the guards can hear is the ghostly noise of the cart, "ú, ú, ú, ú, ú, ú, ú . . . chiiiiiiír, chir . . . chilín-chilín," unable "to figure out where it was coming from" (62).

As discourse is replaced by sound, language is also under attack. It is not simply that the fighting and the bombardments produce a series of onomatopoetic explosions—"Ra-ta-plan-plan-plan. . . plin. . . pffff. . . boom. . . pffff . . . boom. . . Over here. . . Over there. . . boom-boroom. . . ra-ta-pum-boom-boom. . . On all sides" (14-15). Under the pressure of war, repression, terror, and subversion, the discourse of justification and hegemonic projects also shows the strain, as it is disrupted and reformulated, deformed: "DemocraCIA: ra-ta-ta-TA. . . Freedom: boom-boom-boom-boom-boom. . ." (14). Similarly, the Cipitío and the Ciguanaba are distinguished less by their language than by their distinctive laughs; the few times they do speak, it is either in heavy Salvadoran slang ("¡Ya, pué!" "pues, cipotones") or in an indigenous language, as when they discover that the green berets are lodged in the hotel: "Comandante 'Cipitío' let out a shrill hee, hee, hee, hee, HEE. . . and gave out orders and
positions. From the lobby the 'Ciguanaba' shouted out in Náhuat 'I am your mother, the woman warrior'" (63).

Spoken in Náhuat by a mythological creature, and so destined to be unheard by its addressees, none-the-less the Ciguanaba's claim bears further examination. The FMLN are portrayed not simply as resisting an oppressive state regime--though this was the basis of much of the solidarity they garnered internationally. Rather, they are seen to be connected to traditions that precede the state, and as inhabiting a milieu that lies outside of any state/civil society duopoly. Indeed, even when they infiltrate the metropolis and go on to occupy the heart of middle-class Salvadoran society, the FMLN are never fully of that society. Whether in the "liberated zones" of rural Guazapa, Morazán, and Chalatenango, or in Escalón and the Sheraton, the FMLN constitute an alternative mode of social organization more than any form of "counter-state." If anything, and if we are to take the Ciguanaba's claim literally, they connect to forces that have given birth to the state, only to reject it.

terror's constitution of the state

Taussig points to the fact that terror's relation to the state (and to mercantile capitalism) is never one of simple exteriority. Indeed, in The Magic of the State he suggests that the state's power depends upon its complex relation to both terror and death: "the magic of the state is saturated by death" (169). The state aims to recode, redirect, and regulate an affective force Taussig associates with the
popular and identifies above all in practices of spiritism, of communing with the dead. Hence "the outlandish but real possibility that underpinning the legitimacy of the modern state is a vast movement of transposition between the official and the unofficial for which spirit possession is paradigmatic" (186). Language arises in this transposition, which is also a figuration: the state represents society to itself as given, constituted, and hierarchically ordered. In this process, the state mimics the power of spiritism, but only in order to appear to give life to those it newly declares to be dead because they lack its revivifying language. For the state is dependent upon affective materiality, and "it is, by and large, the poor, especially the urban poor, who fulfill this desperate need for a body. It is these poor whose task it is to supply stately discourse with its concrete referents" (187). We have here a more complex relation between dominant and dominated than that suggested by the social scientific discussion of "exclusion." The state is parasitic upon the power of the "excluded," rather than simply the agent that cuts off these "victims" from the wellspring of legitimacy and welfare. The state is a reflex, constituted by and in affect, only to expel any
affective surplus that is beyond its control to the
demonized margins of its territorial and symbolic control.
In other words, the state excludes culture, categorizing
and disciplining it, but as a reaction-formation that also
depends upon an affective culture that is, in fact,
primary.

Accumulated, memorialized, and stratified though it
may be--intensity replaced with monumentality--the sacred
affect appropriated by the state remains inherently
unstable. Not only is society under threat from and
through its margins (the terrorist beyond the pale), it is
also slowly but endlessly subverted at its very core. In
Taussig's words, "Guarded as it is by unmoving troops in
scarlet uniforms and ceremonial swords, it is nevertheless
the very nature of the sacred to leak" (174). Though the
society of control would eliminate affect, and expel terror
to the margins, it never fully achieves this aim. Even
Jameson, in a remark that has gained less attention than
his claim about a waning of affect, argues that in
postmodernism, "as throughout class history, the underside
of culture is blood, torture, death, and terror"
(Postmodernism 5). One might go further, to claim that the
echoes of terror reverberate through contemporary society
now more than ever—that such affect is the very matter of
culture, rather than merely its "underside." As the
society of control dismantles its internal borders (between
factory, madhouse, and hospital) in order to shore up an
external border, so its increased porousness allows the
capillary circulation of low intensity affect, ubiquitous
and disturbing, if also part of a mechanism of universal
discipline. This at least is the suggestion Brian Massumi
provides in his collection The Politics of Everyday Fear,
whose focus is on "low-level fear. A kind of background
radiation saturating existence (commodity
consummation/consumption)" ("Everywhere you Want to Be" 24;
emphasis in original). Everywhere, there are warnings and
dangers—from cholesterol and passive smoking to street
crime and AIDS. For Massumi, "fear is the inherence in the
body of the ungraspable multicausal matrix of the syndrome
recognizable as late capitalist human existence (its
affect)" (12; emphasis in original).

Low-intensity fear and high-intensity terror alike can
be distinguished from fear as it is usually understood, and
as such also from emotions more generally. It is generally
assumed that one is afraid of something: I am afraid of
spiders, you are afraid of heights, she is afraid of crowds
of people. These fears are nameable and categorizable: arachnophobia, vertigo, agoraphobia and so on. They have a subject and an object ("I," "spiders"), and indeed they may help to define and delimit the subject ("My name is Jon; I am an arachnophobic"). They may not be rational—though they may also have a rational basis (some spiders are dangerous; falling from a height can be fatal). But they are certainly rationalizable. Treatment strategies and risk management can help us deal with such fears. Fears such as these function as input variables in a whole mechanism of risk and calculability. Risk with its associated statistical logic comes to precede and regulate fear: it is risky to walk across the park at night (a number of people have been mugged), so I fear crossing the park, because I fear being mugged. I will alter my behavior accordingly, perhaps by walking around the park or by making sure I start my journeys before sundown. Alternatively, faced with the relevant statistics (in fact, walking across the park is not so risky as I fear it to be), I can regulate my fear and so reduce the need for behavior modification. With care, I will cross the park. Risk, fear, and regulation together form a system that is also a mechanism to produce and manage rational choice.
Within this framework, fear is a building block of state reason; fear foun
ds the state. Fear of the consequences of the "war of all against all" leads, in Hobbes's conception, to an assessment of reduced risks in the co-operation, and the surrender of natural rights to the care of the state as protector. Whereas terror is portrayed as threatening the state and the social order, self-interested fear is the glue that holds that order together. We should all be a little afraid, above all of the sanctions and punishments that should result were we to break our side of the social contract. Fear is the motor of discipline, the key to subjectification. "Hey, you!" calls the cop, and in the moment of interpellation, in the recognition that it is me to whom he refers, is born also a fear of what might happen to me if I were to ignore the call. Moreover, fear categorizes and stratifies among subjects: whether I turn to face the cop or whether I turn to run from the cop, I am equally interpellated; but if I face him, I am the model (of the) citizen, and if I run I follow the pattern of the criminal. Affect becomes personalized, and it both personalizes and regularizes. I second that emotion.
Massumi's low-intensity fear, on the other hand, differs from normative fear in ways comparable to terror's exceptionality. Like terror, low-level fear has neither subject nor object; it is ubiquitous and collective. "We" in general feel ourselves faced by innumerable unspecified threats. In Massumi's words:

Ever-present dangers blend together, barely distinguishable in their sheer numbers. Or, in their proximity to pleasure and intertwining with the necessary functions of body, self, family, economy, they blur into the friendly side of life. [. . .] From the welfare state to the warfare state: a permanent state of emergency against a multifarious threat as much in us as outside. (10-11)

Whereas normative fear is possessed by a subject (my fear of heights), this low-level fear possesses and envelops us. We are enfolded within affect to the extent until we are indistinguishable from it, to the extent that all determinate boundaries--between inside and outside, between subject and object, or between individual subjects--are erased. It is in this sense that affect is immanent, and we become immanent to affect. The Hobbesian social contract, premised on a distinction between the welfare of the state and the warfare of natural man, dissolves in favor of affective contact, proximity. Fear fades into pleasure, and pleasure into fear. Fluidity is all. While the self does not disappear altogether, it becomes a self
in process: "The self is a process of crossing boundaries" (Massumi 27). Likewise, a shift to affect, and to a perspective that understands culture as affect (and affect as culture) does not imply any absolute homogenization or equalization. Fear is still distinct from terror, but this distinction is a matter of degree, of intensity. Similarly, fear is still different from pleasure, but the shift between the two involves a modulation rather than a definite change. It might be better to say that fear and pleasure are not so much distinct as approximate.

While pleasure per se is not a notable feature of guerrilla testimonios, happiness and joy certainly are. In the first place, happiness arises when the combat goes your way: at war's end, Ayala will miss "feeling the collective happiness that comes at the moment of a victory" (277). Moreover, and for all that the FMLN may have assumed the mantle of principled combatants forced to violence for lack of any peaceful path to social change, there is the joy of seeing your enemy fall. Salvadoran guerrilla testimonios singularly lack much sense of pathos or regret about killing members of a conscript army, many of whom may have been campesinos press-ganged into service. Regret is only evidenced over the necessity of executing traitors from within the guerrilla ranks. On the other hand, a special joy is associated with casualties inflicted on the government's elite battalions--especially those such as the Atlacatl, trained in the US and responsible for grave
human rights violations--even though (or because) they also inspire respect for their superior tactics and dedication to the war.

Little compares to the happiness that arises when the FMLN blow up Domingo Monterrosa, the colonel who had been responsible for the infamous massacre at El Mozote, in which over 750 unarmed campesinos died (what "may well have been the largest massacre in modern Latin-American history" [Damner 10]). After Monterrosa's death, even the noncombatant Belgian priest Rogelio Ponceele, whose account of life with the FMLN is compiled by María López Vigil as Muerte y vida en Morazán, expresses a happiness intensifying into joy. He reports: "I was so happy. You too, surely? [. . .] How happy we all were when we heard that the plan that they'd prepared against that man had succeeded! [. . .] There were games and dancing. And we were so happy about what had happened!" (94). For José Ignacio López Vigil's Rebel Radio--which gives full details of how the operation to kill Monterrosa was executed, and which therefore exults also in the ingenuity required--the episode is a high point of the war, a moment of communal celebration and ecstasy: "Have you ever heard the Brazilian soccer team score a goal in Maracaná stadium? That's what the yelling was like! [. . .] The radio operators, the kids, everyone in the command post in one big cheer, hugging and kissing each other like at a wedding!" (134). Only Francisco Mena Sandoval, a guerrilla comandante who had been an officer in the Salvadoran army until he led a mutiny during the 1981 Offensive, and who observes that "Monterrosa, just like myself, was from a humble background" (Del ejército nacional al ejército guerrillero 344) can also see in the colonel's life and death a wasted opportunity: "A good military man, as he undoubtedly was, could play a different role in an Armed Forces that was at the service of the nation
and subordinate to civil authority elected by the people" (349). Only Mena Sandoval, in other words, in employing this hybrid of populism and civil society theory and stressing possible alternative representational structures, excludes happiness--and affect--from his discourse.

Ponceele, on the other hand, consistently returns to a happiness that he "cannot describe in words" (López Vigil, Muerte y vida en Morazán 74), that evades representational logic. Beyond the happiness of victory, the guerrilla priest also associates this indescribable happiness particularly with the constant movement required of life in the liberated zones: both the guindas, the strategies of exodus or flight that constitute an endlessly renewed occupation and disoccupation of the liberated zones ("We are ever more mobile. [. . .] We are always en route to somewhere else. [. . .] As I go along I am always giving thanks to God" [73-74]), and also the entry into towns freed from government control. When Ponceele arrives at a newly-liberated town, he reports again "a great happiness, difficult to describe in words" (88). The mainly rural guerrilla army mingles with the townspeople and an atmosphere of festivity prevails. When the fighting is over "and our army comes in, it's really happy. [. . .] The compañeros wander around happily drinking their soft drinks and often organize a dance [. . .]. The girls like to dance with a guerrilla, even though the compas don't dance well. They play rancheras and cumbias and it's one big happiness" (89). A sense of carnival accompanies this breach of barriers, as the guerrilla demonstrate the permeability of the tenuous border between city and countryside. Rebel Radio (a book that throughout emphasizes humor and comic misadventures) also lays particular stress on the carnivalesque
atmosphere that attends the guerrillas' entry into town. In an episode not translated in the English edition, it is explained that the first thing the guerrillas would do after taking a town would be put on a show of popular theatre called "The Fifth Floor of Happiness": "And the Radio transmitted first the combat and then the happiness" (López Vigil, Las mil y una historias de Radio Venceremos 259).

The guinda, the flight through the countryside, is paralleled by infiltration and temporary occupation of the urban center. Yet this happiness can quickly (re)turn to fear. In Ponceelee's words, "After the happiness comes the fear. Because when we take a town the army goes, but a few days later it almost always tries to take back what it has lost, and the combat begins again. [. . .] Who is not afraid of war?" (López Vigil, Muerte y vida en Morazán 89). The life of a guerrilla is a continual series of modulations; the guerrilla is always to be found between affective states and between geographical positions, a vector in the mobile coordinates of political control that constituted El Salvador's war of shifting intensity.

Deleuze and Guattari stress the mobility of affect and its connection to what they term the war machine. The war machine, they argue, is fundamentally separate from and exterior to the state: "In every respect, the war machine is of another species, another nature, another origin than the State apparatus" (A Thousand Plateaus 352). Just as the state, however warlike it may be, defines itself against war--against and in fear of the Hobbesian "war of
all against all"—so the war machine repels the state; "just as Hobbes saw clearly that the State was against war, so war is against the State, and makes it impossible. [. . . W]ar is [. . .] the mode of a social state that wards off and prevents the State" (357; emphasis in original). The state and the war machine have two completely different forms. In fact, their difference is still more radical: for whereas the state privileges and incarnates form (and so identity, fixity, definition), "the regime of the war machine is on the contrary that of affects, which relate only to the moving body in itself, to speeds and compositions of speed among elements" (400; emphasis in original). Whereas for the state, bodies are to be subject to identity, fixed (and so, often, incarcerated), and defined according to (static) categories, "affects transpierce the body like arrows, they are weapons of war" (356). Against the striated space of categorization, the nomad war machine proposes a smooth space of continuous variation, of endless modulation.

Deleuze and Guattari offer us a way of thinking about affect, and about all that the state excludes or tries to eliminate, without either assimilating affect to state logic or repeating this gesture of exclusion. Deleuze and
Guattari’s project can, in the first instance, be seen as an attempt to take what the state excludes—which may be figured variously as mad, bad, ill, or, most recently, terrorist—to understand its logic on its own terms, while also understanding its contradistinction from and complex relation to the state. In so far as the realm of affect corresponds to that of culture (as I have been suggesting), Deleuze and Guattari therefore also offer the beginning of a "cultural studies" that might be worthy of the name: a study of culture that refuses to neglect the state, and that can chart the historical vicissitudes of the relations between culture and state.

It may seem strange that an analysis that focusses on questions of form should also be most adequate to a historical analysis. Formalism and historicism are often taken to be at odds with each other—indeed, Deleuze and Guattari occasionally seem to spurn History altogether as a discipline of concern only to state thinking ("What is lacking is a Nomadology, the opposite of a history" [23]). Yet to argue that form and history are eternally at odds, whatever equanimity this formulation may suggest, is a priori to privilege form over history. Any appeal to the eternal is, after all, an appeal against history. By
contrast, once culture is seen to be formally distinct from
the state, what opens up is the possibility of analyzing
the historically variable changes in the relations between
these forms (or between Form and the matter of history). A
ture "cultural history" would then emerge.

affect and history

Affect both marks and produces history. It marks history
in that historical changes are registered directly on and
in the body. It is in this sense that, as Jameson claims,"History is what hurts" (The Political Unconscious 102).
Attempts to eliminate affect, either through its
persecution or through the recuperation of those "affected"
into the striations of a disciplinary system, although
never fully successful, are registered as a recomposition
of bodies: their incarceration in institutions, their
normalization in society, or their dispersion and
mutilation beyond the bounds of the social contract.
Changes in prison demography or in the numbers or types of
felons sent to the gallows, for instance, mark the
imposition and expansion of the wage relation (as described
in Peter Linebaugh's The London Hanged) as surely as
unemployment numbers or the redeployment of workers along a
factory production line mark developments within the social body affected by that relation. History impacts on bodies immediately. Indeed, even the terminology of "mark" and "impact" may be misleading: it is not that bodies are somehow the recording surface of history, and affect, its ink. Such a conception would do no more than reverse the model provided by cultural studies' theory of hegemony and social scientific civil society theory alike, both of which concentrate upon representations of or made on behalf of the multitude that constitutes society. To make that multitude the paper on which is written, or the screen on which is projected, hegemonic processes simply preserves a representational logic, albeit in inverted form. Rather, as always, immanence is the key to understanding affect: history is immediate (unmediated) because it is not only what hurts, but hurt itself. No longer the story to tell about violence and terror, history is the recomposition or movement of bodies; it is the series of modulations to which distinct affects correspond. Anything else is no more than a tableau.

A number of books over the past decade suggest the possibility of a geotopography of Latin American affect—in other words, a historical or social analysis of the region that focusses first on the undulations of
its affective flows. Most of these concentrate on fear, particularly fear as a reaction to violence or the threat of violence. As such, however, they concentrate their attention on the agent of violence—although it is interesting to see how, as the decade progresses, violence becomes desubjectified. Studies of fear trace a transition from analyses for which the agent of fear-inducing violence is unquestionably the state (as in Corradi et. al., Fear at the Edge), though an approach more ambivalent about the state and prepared to acknowledge other sources of fear (in, say, Koonings and Kruijt, Societies of Fear), to, in Susana Rotker's Citizens of Fear, an emphasis on a practically agentless social violence that "does not have an organized voice that moves or justifies it" (Rotker, "Cities Written by Violence" 17). In so far as all three of the collections I have just mentioned are also representative of the left, they also therefore trace the left's re-evaluation of the state over the period since the end of authoritarian rule. But in practice they have far less to say about fear (or about affect) than their titles would suggest. Few contributors to these collections attempt to define fear, except as a quasi-mechanical reaction to violence or the threat of violence, as "the perception of a threat that is either real or imaginary" (Lechner, "Some People Die of Fear" 26). Fear is thus reduced to a form of cognition, and its affective qualities reduced or eliminated; indeed, it is the attempt to account for the affect of a fear that has otherwise been quietly defined as unaffective that leads to bizarre formulations such as Manuel Antonio Garretón's, that "history seems to reveal that fear scares individuals and affects their behavior" ("Fear in Military Regimes" 24). Fear scares us? No, fear is the experience itself of being scared, intransitive not transitive.
Even where fear is not seen as cognitive, as in Susana Rotker's article that opens with the claim that "fear is as inexpressible a sensation as human pain" ("Cities Written by Violence" 7), it is still too often seen as mechanical. Thus Rotker goes on to state that "numbers flesh out the story of fear in the cities: 15 out of every 100,000 inhabitants are killed each year in Latin America" (7), implying that the more statistical danger, the more death there is, the more fear will be present. Yet these cognitive and mechanistic approaches render unanswerable the question that all three books otherwise pose: how is it that people can live with such violence without becoming paralyzed with fear? What accounts for "the banalization of fear, a consequence of that permanent cohabitation with death" (Torres-Rivas, "Epilogue" 293)?

It is precisely this problem of what she calls "death without weeping" that Nancy Scheper-Hughes addresses in a rather more interesting study of women in Brazilian shantytowns and their reaction to extraordinarily high rates of infant mortality in the context of "the routinization of human suffering in so much of impoverished Northeast Brazil and the 'normal' violence of everyday life" (16). Scheper-Hughes is concerned to understand affect on its own terms, and is "trying to recuperate and politicize the uses of the body and the secret language of the organs" (185). Hence (and pace the social scientist's recourse to fear as simply the correlate of either state repression or state absence, depending on fashion), she sees fear, grief, mourning, joy, anger, and so on, as part of an affective continuum that has its own logic and that contributes to a "political economy of the emotions expressed in the somatization of scarcity and deprivation" (326). Though Scheper-Hughes terms these "emotions," in
line with my earlier argument I would rename them affects in that they have no clear subjects or objects. Or rather, what emerges in this analysis of the Brazilian north-east is the subordination or secondary nature of emotion compared to affect: individualized emotions expressed for a particular object by a particular subject are slow to arise, and indeed are held back by the widespread prevalence of infant death. Infancy in the shantytown of Alto do Cruzeiro (site of Scheper-Hughes's fieldwork) is fundamentally impersonal:

The women of the Alto are slow to "personalize" infants by attributing specific meanings to their whimpers, cries, facial expressions, flailing of arms and leg, kicks and screams. [. . .] Alto women do not scan the infant's face to note resemblances to other family members. Naming practices follow a similar logic: many Alto infants can remain unnamed and unbaptized until they reach their first birthday. (413)

Alto women avoid (or delay) interpretation and the attribution of meaning. They do not weep for what the death of a child means; the care of these unnamed children is not a cognitive process that would accord particular weight to their personal individuality. But it does not follow that affect is absent; it is just that "the affection shown the infant and young baby is general and nonspecific. 'Who doesn't enjoy a baby?' people ask" (415). Neither the object (the baby) nor the subject (the mother) are personalized; an affect of enjoyment ("Who doesn't enjoy?") encompasses and supersedes individual persons.

Depersonalization is not the same as homogenization. Affect traces what Deleuze terms "singularities"--here the whimpers and cries, kicks and screams, that make childcare anything but monotonous. Deleuze describes infancy precisely in terms of the prevalence of singularities over individuality: "very small children all resemble one another and have hardly any individuality, but they have singularities: a smile, a gesture, a funny face--not subjective qualities" (Pure Immanence 30).
Moreover, in refusing the logic of representation, the women of the Alto emphasize these singularities of the infants in their care: by refusing to "note resemblances to other family members" (Scheper-Hughes 413), the mothers concentrate upon the specificity of the infant in itself. Seeing meaning elsewhere is what reinforces filiality, referring infancy to adulthood (this kick or that smile finds its model in a paternal gesture or a shared familial feature), making individuals out of infants at the cost of subordinating them to a transcendent domestic hierarchy. Hence it is individuation and the social rituals of naming and baptism, not the impersonality of a generalized affect, that homogenize and impose social stasis upon the growing child. In the meantime, before this happens, in the Alto "small children circulate among relatives and are often reared by more than one mother; on moving into a new household, the child may be given a different name or nickname" (414). Each child is a multiplicity, flexibly adopting a number of different social roles and incarnating multiple identities. Only later, and "gradually and slowly" does the Alto infant come "to earn his personal claim to full human status and with it his claim to a personal name and his right to the affections and passionate attachment of his mother" (415). As multiform affect gives way to the attachments of a subjectified emotion (governed by rights) linking mother and child, the concomitant humanization cannot but be also a limitation. Multiple and mobile singularities are reduced to a single, fixed identity. One of Scheper-Hughes's informants states that "the infant is without history. The infant's story is not yet made up" (437). But surely it is that the infant incarnates a pluriform history, before it is molded by the linear narrative that will lay down the law for its future.
Affect is not only autonomous; it is also primary. It is in this sense that affect produces (narrative) history. In so far as history is a narrative that emphasizes regularity and predictability—in Brian Massumi's words, a set of "identified subjects and objects" whose progress is given "the appearance of an ordered, even necessary, evolution [. . .] contexts progressively falling into order" (Parables for the Virtual 218)—it is constituted by means of a selection and reduction of the prepersonal multiplicity and mobility characteristic of affect. History (not the history that hurts, but the history that sets out to explain and justify hurt) is formed through the selection, confinement, and capture of an affective flow that is unpredictably mobile and in continuous variation. In Deleuze and Guattari's terms, "all history does is to translate a coexistence of becomings into a succession" (A Thousand Plateaus 430). In this translation, affects become emotions, collectives of singularities become identifiable individuals, and the state arises, imposing its own order upon culture. As a result of these transformations, the affective (now constituted as the emotional) is represented as reactive, as the essence of
passivity: events provoke sadness, happiness, or whatever. Simultaneously, anything that smacks of emotion is gendered: women are hysterical, while boys don't cry. Feminization (within this schema) corresponds to disempowerment. Even those affects that become emotions characteristic of masculinity often enough come to signal a loss of agency, an emasculation ("impotent rage"). By contrast, if affect is seen as primary, what emerges is its relation with power: "groupings of powers [...] are what constitute affects" (Deleuze and Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus 341).

The weakness associated with emotion and the power constituted through affect are two sides of the same coin. Emotion itself is a weak form of affect, and the emotional individual always feels the threat of being overwhelmed, and so disempowered, by an affect that goes beyond the bounds set by emotion. For, however much affect is confined, something always escapes: "Something remains unactualized, inseparable from but unassimilable to any particular, functionally anchored perspective" (Massumi, Parables of the Virtual 35; emphasis in original). There is always a danger that the individual will be carried away, will lose possession of either his wits or his
feelings to become himself possessed by affect. For Massumi, "that is why all emotion is more or less disorienting, and why it is classically described as being outside of oneself" (35). In so far as the power ratified by the state is also gendered, and is masculine, then affect is indeed emasculating; if affect initiates and incarnates a becoming, this is also a becoming-woman. Affect takes hold of subjects and sweeps them away from normative models (the male, the state, the human) and towards, always towards because always in the process of becoming, their counter-poles (woman, revolutionary, animal). "Affects aren't feelings, they're becomings that spill over beyond whoever lives through them (thereby becoming someone else)" (Deleuze, "On Philosophy" 137). Affect gathers up singularities (partial objects), redistributing and recomposing them in new, experimental couplings and collectivities. In so far as we allow this to happen, we liberate ourselves--from our selves. Allowing ourselves to be carried away, we (but no longer "we," someone else, some other collectivity) increase our power--our power to affect and be affected. Flight, in this sense, is not a sign of weakness; rather, it is the line along which we gain our full affective powers, along
which we experiment with new "ways in which the body can connect with itself and with the world" (Massumi, User's Guide 93).

Deleuze and Guattari describe this process, by which affective excess becomes a force that destabilizes individualized and categorical identity, as movement along a line of flight or an axis of deterritorialization. This flight is not negative ("Revolution never proceeds by way of the negative" [Deleuze, Difference and Repetition 208]); it is active, productive, and creative in that, at fever pitch, "the movement of deterritorialization creates of necessity and by itself a new earth" (Deleuze and Guattari, Anti-Oedipus 321). Affect's capture by the state is contingent, partial, and unstable. Though the state is dependent upon and constituted by affect, other social formations are imaginable: immanence is not dependent upon transcendence. Affect kickstarts the construction of a plane of immanence—a plane that pre-exists and underwrites social organization, but that has continually to be invented anew by means of an experimentation that will continuously produce the new.

In the first few years of the war (1980-1984), FMLN strategy stuck more or less to patterns defined by conventional warfare. With the
Salvadoran armed forces "occupied in static defense of infrastructure" (Byrne 79), the guerrilla consolidated and expanded their territorial control in the countryside, "building a quasi-regular army" (87) of battalions and brigades concentrated in large camps. In these early years, the FMLN sought primarily "a military resolution to the conflict" (104), combining fixed battles and assaults on towns and villages in an almost permanent series of offensives with economic sabotage that sapped the Salvadoran state's ability to respond. The rebels enjoyed significant success in this period. Most analysts concur that had the five groups that constituted the guerrilla coalition been able to unify politically and militarily in time, and so had their so-called "final offensive" of January 1981 come earlier, they probably would have been succeeded in overthrowing the Salvadoran state. Even without that decisive victory, by the end of 1981, as James Dunkerley observes, "the FMLN had indisputable control over at least a quarter of the national territory" (The Long War 189), and this in what is the most densely populated country in the Americas.

Yet before long it became apparent that the Salvadoran revolution would prove a "long war" (to use Dunkerley's phrase) in more ways than one: not only was it an insurrection that could trace its inspiration back to the 1932 Communist uprising, bloodily repressed by the oligarchic state; it would also turn out to become one of the longest sustained guerrilla insurgencies ever seen in the Americas. And by the mid-1980s the unsuitability of the guerrillas' strategy for such a long war had become apparent. As Hugh Byrne describes the balance of forces by the end of 1983:

According to all indicators [...] the guerrillas were winning the war. However, the FMLN had military weaknesses. Its concentration of forces made the insurgents vulnerable to the
assets of the armed forces, particularly helicopters, aircraft, and artillery. [. . .] Though the FMLN had become much more sophisticated in the military sphere, a quasi-regular war played to one of the strengths of the ESAF [El Salvadoran Armed Forces]: its access to sophisticated equipment and extensive funds to wage a high-technology war. (104)

From 1984, the FMLN therefore switched tactics. They divided into much smaller and more mobile units. They dispersed their forces much more throughout the country, only "concentrating them for strategic actions, particularly at night for short periods" (Byrne 135). Guerrilla units combined military and political functions, "working to build political support among the population" (135). Though significant parts of the country (particularly in the departments of Chalatenango, Morazán, and Usulatán, and around the Guazapa volcano) remained beyond the permanent control of the Salvadoran state, in this new deterritorialized warfare the combined guerrilla and civilian inhabitants of these zones were always on the move, or ready to move. Civilians, too, had learned to flee—not least after the El Mozote massacre, in which those whom the army killed were those who had stayed behind, thinking their noncombatant status would protect them. Many civilians fled across the border to Honduras, and were concentrated there in large refugee camps such as Colomoncagua and Mesa Grande. However, given these camps' proximity to rebel-dominated zones in El Salvador (Chalatenango and Morazán both border Honduras), what emerged was a transnational population simultaneously in resistance and in exodus. While the Salvadoran armed forces (abetted, often, by the Hondurans) tried to reinforce borders, slow down transport, and trap guerrillas and civilians alike in repeated "hammer and anvil" operations, those who inhabited a zone such as northern
Morazán were in "a condition of permanent flight" (Espinaza 11), known locally as guinda.

All Salvadoran civil war testimonios emphasize the guindas (though there is no consensus as to the verb form--guindar, guindiar, and guindear all appear). We have already seen that the Belgian priest Rogelio Ponceele associated such movements with a particular happiness. For another internationalist guerrilla, Francisco Metzi, they were "exceptional times for fraternity. They were when we came closest to a truly communist way of being" (165). Undoubtedly, however, they were also associated with particularly intense fears, as they were when the insurgents abandoned entrenched positions and were at their most vulnerable. In either case, the guinda's line of flight resonated with affective intensity. The concept testimonios often employ to bring together fear and happiness is ingenuity--or daring. The circumstances of flight most often described involve slipping through (making porous) boundaries that otherwise parcelled up the territory, geographically, politically, or militarily. Often, the Salvadoran armed forces have attempted a pincer move, and a column of guerrillas and civilians have, at dead of night, to become invisible and pass through enemy lines. At other times, the boundary is political, geographical, or infrastructural: national borders but also the highways, such as the Panamericana that splits El Salvador West to East, or the road that leads north from San Salvador and that bisected the conflictive zones of Guazapa and Chalatenango, or the "black road" that divides Morazán in two. López Vigil's Rebel Radio describes a classic maneuver:

The idea was to march all night to reach the Black Road, the paved highway that goes up to Perquín and divides Morazán in two. That was the edge of the noose. If we could get across the road before dawn, we'd be home and dry. But to do that, we had to move the command post, the radio station, the clinic with
Breaching these boundaries made for key experiences of the civil war. For Henriquez Consalvi, the "black road" could function as "the limit separating life from death" (95). Fleeing across such a boundary involved silence, invisibility, and danger, but also the promise that this was a necessary part of building a new world. Along the line of flight, voices are hushed and contact replaces discourse as the collective body of the guerrilla and civilian multitude decomposes and recomposes itself in a process imagined as a veritable Exodus: "One by one, our hands on the backpack of the person in front, holding our breath, we crept past the cuilios [government soldiers] and they didn't see us. Later on Rogelio told us that was how the Hebrews marched across the Red Sea to escape from the pharaoh" (46).

But exodus is not retreat: the incident at the Sheraton, prompted by the decision to move from the working-class barrios such as Soyapango, bombarded by the Salvadoran air force, demonstrates that the deterritorialization incarnated in exodus can also be the most disturbing form of attack. Slipping through the barrier dividing subaltern from elite, the cipitio and his guerrilla group destabilize the possibility of maintaining any such division, any such exclusion of culture and terror.

**the suicidal state**

For Deleuze and Guattari in *Anti-Oedipus*, "one can never go far enough in the direction of deterritorialization: you haven't seen anything yet--an irreversible process" (321).
Yet Deleuze indicates a new caution or "sobriety" in his Dialogues with Claire Parnet. The relatively cavalier approach to history, the attempt at a new "universal history" found in Anti-Oedipus (which even mimicked some kind of Hegelian or orthodox Marxist conception of linear stages of social production) is replaced with an emphasis on specificity: "There is no general prescription. We have done with all globalizing concepts" (Deleuze and Parnet 144). This then implies an analysis of possible dangers, as well as possible opportunities, provided by schizophrenizing, deterritorializing strategies or lines. Deleuze and Parnet ask: "How is it that all the examples of lines of flight that we have given, even from writers we like, turn out so badly?" (140).

In A Thousand Plateaus, Deleuze and Guattari, outlining the various lines of social organization and the politics appropriate to each, return to the dangers of deterritorialization on the lines of flight:

it would be oversimplifying to believe that the only risk they fear and confront is allowing themselves to be recaptured in the end, letting themselves be sealed in, tied up, reknotted, reterritorialized. They themselves emanate a strange despair, like an odor of death and immolation, a state of war from which one returns broken. (229)
They continue by suggesting that fascism might be situated along this line of flight, and as such opposed by nature to the state and to Oedipus:

Fascism [. . .] involves a war machine. [. . .] In fascism, the State is far less totalitarian than it is suicidal. There is in fascism a realized nihilism. [. . .] A war machine that no longer had war as its object and would rather annihilate its own servants than stop the destruction. All the dangers of the other lines pale by comparison. (230f.)

The disturbing possibility raised by this suggestion is that the distinction between immanence and transcendence---between constituent and constituted power, culture and politics---may not in itself be sufficient to differentiate revolution from fascism. Alternatively, one might be forced to argue that fascism, too, is revolutionary; and that revolution may also be fascist.

For Nick Land, Deleuze and Guattari's caution at this point represents a catastrophic act of bad faith, a lapse into moralism; for Land, deterritorialization must continue at all costs. In a parody of Foucault's preface to Anti-Oedipus, he asks "how do you make yourself a Nazi?" and concludes that

Trying not to be a Nazi approximates one to Nazism far more radically than any irresponsible impatience in destratification [i.e. deterritorialization]. [. . .] Nothing could be more politically disastrous than the launching of a moral case against Nazism: Nazism is morality itself. ("Making It with Death" 75)
Thus Land attempts to argue against the possibility of moral resistance to fascism—yet sets up fascism as an overwhelming moral possibility. Whether he would be similarly skeptical of an ethical or political resistance remains unclear. Land here in fact implies a political response, in so far as his frame is defined by an anti-fascist problematic constitutive of the political for Deleuze and Guattari, although elsewhere he refuses the very concept of politics and seems to appeal to something approaching a mystical celebration of desiring-production as, simultaneously, creativity and orgiastic death (cf. The Thirst for Annihilation).

For Arthur Redding, on the other hand, the analysis of fascism in A Thousand Plateaus is potentially more shocking than even Land (himself hardly apocalypse-shy) realizes, in that it points to "the revolutionary nature of National Socialism, a point [. . .] which even a philosophy so 'irresponsible' as Deleuze's trembles upon" (Redding 204). Moreover, this is a valuation of fascism not just as the utopian populism suggested by Alice Kaplan, but as a sustained critique of the state form. Not that this should provoke a celebration of fascism. Far from it; rather it might suggest the limits of celebration, limits which Anti-
Oedipus had too easily disparaged. As Redding puts it, borrowing from the anarchist traditions of Georges Sorel's general strike and Walter Benjamin's divine violence to which he compares Deleuze and Guattari, it is important to reiterate that "we are not 'believers'" (211). Cultural studies too often takes its self-imposed duty of solidarity to entail celebration of and belief in any and all "counter-hegemonic" forces, wherever they be found. Even Brian Massumi associates affect purely with vitality: "Affect is vivacity of context: situation. Affect enlivens" (Parables for the Virtual 220). But we should no more "believe" in the vitality of affect than we should simply reverse the nomenclature that describes the state as benevolent and the revolutionary as terrorist. Affect is (in Richard Hamblyn's words) a "disposition to change" (203), but this may also be change for the worse.

The FMLN have been portrayed by their sympathizers as a counterhegemonic force of national liberation and self-determination, a coalition of the poor searching for a voice in the face of an inflexible and repressive state that used death squads and military force to silence protest. Latin American Cultural Studies--predicated on a theory of hegemony that valorizes articulation in the double sense of coalition and discursive voicing, both understood within a national frame--found in such movements a model for its own theorization of
counter-power. It is therefore unsurprising that the advance of cultural studies in the US should be associated with, on the one hand, gestures of solidarity with Central America and, on the other hand, a discussion of *testimonio* as the medium best suited to such articulation of emergent subjectivities. In this chapter, I have tried to present a radically different conception of the Salvadoran guerrilla, as a movement of desubjectification, deterritorialization, and affective intensity that preferred silence to discourse, and that systematically evaded and undid any effort of (self)representation. I have therefore also implied some of the ways in which the FMLN ran the risks of the lines of flight they traversed across the Salvadoran polity: terror as well as liberation lay on these lines; there are at least formal similarities between the FMLN, darlings of the left, and Sendero or al-Qaida, who are nobody's heroes (or nobodies' heroes, in that expressing admiration for Sendero or al-Qaida can convert you into a juridical non-person).

One might also want to re-evaluate the forces bent on the FMLN's destruction. The regular Salvadoran army was almost a parody of state sedentariness: a nine-to-five army that "rarely fought at night" (Clements 115) and that when in camp, in the words of a guerrilla quoted by Clements, "play their radios so we'll know where they are. If they didn't, we might catch each other by surprise, and they'd have to fight" (116). Yet this was also a war of death squads and special forces, and parts of the army were quick to take up guerrilla methods. Radio Venceremos's Carlos Henríques Consalvi describes an episode in the early stages of the war, when a reversal of roles ensured: "while the army [was] using guerrilla tactics of movement and infiltration, we [were] acting like a regular army, defending positions" (48).
Moreover, as the conflict continued, the US helped form and train a number of elite counter-insurgent units, who were always distinguished from and especially feared by the guerrilla. Above all, part army unit, part death squad, and never fully under state control, there was the battalion that took its name from a mythical indigenous leader: the Atlacatl.

Gareth Williams provides a salutary and path-breaking reading of what he terms the "Atlacatl affect" (The Other Side of the Popular 193). He argues that there was an "astounding symmetry of affective divisions" (194) between, on the one hand, a set of guerrilla narratives that sought to harness the power incarnated in dead martyrs for the cause of revolution, and the state's "own violent sacrificial dance that was also anchored in the harnessing of the dead. However, in this case it was no longer a harnessing of the dead carried out for insurrectional purposes but rather for insurrection's violent dismemberment" (192). Sustained by a mystique of magical violence, "bloody consumption," and "abject slaughter" (193), the Atlacatl was responsible for some of the most notorious massacres committed during the Salvadoran civil war, including the massacre at El Mozote and the murder of the Jesuits during the 1989 offensive--just days before the FMLN invoked their own magical warlike powers in their occupation of the Sheraton. One would not want to equate the Atlacatl and the FMLN, but to understand either one would have to acknowledge that each participates--however, differently--in the continuum that Williams describes as "the nomadic savagery of subaltern insurrectional commonality" (213). Both the FMLN and the Atlacatl, in short and in the terminology I will be taking up in my final chapter, are multitudinous; but we need to distinguish also between multitudes.
Just as Sendero established a parallel state in the highlands, a destructive mirror to the "legitimate" structures of power in Peru, and so unsettled civil society and social movements theory, so even in a case such as that of the Salvadoran war, we cannot think of the conflict in the simple terms of "state against society." Not only does affect constitute the state as it becomes subject to a patriotic (and territorialized, bounded) emotion; equally, the state may itself become (or remain) immanent, however destructively, suicidally, or unstably so. The state can also be subaltern (and still be the state). For us to understand the state, it has to be described twice, in terms of its immanent, corporeal processes as well as its transcendent institutions. Terrorism is always doubled (Sinn Fein-IRA; FMLN-FDR), but so is the state. The state is constituted itself twice: affectively and institutionally. And though the institution may come to appear the source or cause of the affect (Evita inspiring the masses' devotion), it is but quasi-cause, for which appearance is all. Affect remains autonomous.

On the whole, the affective processes induced by or constitutive of the state are in synch with the
institutional structures by which the state becomes visible. It is only rarely, at moments of extreme crisis, that elements of the state embark on a full-scale (fascistic) line of flight (and revolution). When the "secret state" spawned by crisis outstrips and flees before the visible state of bureaucratic functionality, the state apparatus as a whole is on the verge of toppling. Normally, the affects engendered in the state are low-intensity, humdrum, and routine--albeit for all that equally invisible, equally unrepresented. They are the habits of everyday life, the glue of social order underlying and resonating with state institutions at a level well below discourse. They make up what Deleuze describes as habit and Pierre Bourdieu terms habitus. Habitus refers to the immanent structuring of affect, the normative (but non-rational) everyday resonance with social authority that alone can explain the persistence of such authority.