To write is not to recount one’s memories and voyages, one’s loves and griefs, one’s dreams and phantasms. It is the same thing to sin through an excess of reality as through an excess of the imagination. In both cases it is the eternal daddy-mommy, an Oedipal structure that is projected onto the real or introjected into the imaginary. In this infantile conception of literature, what we seek at the end of the voyage, or at the heart of a dream, is a father.¹

It’s understandable that some people were disturbed when Bob Dylan was offered the Nobel Prize for Literature. Nevertheless I’d like to remind them Bob Dylan is *Highway 61 Revisited, Blonde on Blonde, Blood on the Tracks*, and *Desire*, and and and … long before the rubbish pop inaugurated by The Beatles in the 1960s, it was also he who radically changed musical forms under the influence of the Beat Generation, dreamt of an America without the Vietnam War, mediated the reality of that concrete situation in “All Along the Watchtower,” and, finally, it was him and only him who sang “Something is happening, but you don’t know what it is, do you, Mr Jones?” Beatniks were kids without a father. What did those kids without a father achieve? Some of them hit the road without a destination in mind, much in the spirit of the early German Romantics, and talked about the virtues of getting lost, shedding the subject positions tailored for them by mass culture, while some of them, removing the tradition of telling a story from what is known as the novel,

uprooted the balanced, distanced relation between subject and object — *The Naked Lunch* — thereby leading literature to the ways in which schizo-incest informed all acts of writing.

In a chapter called “The Connectors” in their Kafka book, Deleuze and Guattari distinguish in Kafka’s work a class of women who are “part sister, part maid, part whore,” who are basically “anti-conjugal, anti-familial” and constitute a line of flight from Oedipal familial ties on the basis of “freedom of movement, freedom of statement, freedom of desire.” The group of “sister-maid-whore” produces a desire on the basis of masochism so that it not only undoes limitations or rigid subject positions brought about by Oedipal ties but it also renders possible the other two aspects of freedom. In the first place, in contrast to neurotic Oedipal incest which occurs with the mother, schizo-incest takes place with the sister and is an incest of deterritorialization. Belonging to a universal paranoid machine, Oedipal incest has no liberative moment because it falls prey to what has prohibited it — that is, the paranoid transcendent law and therefore continuously reterritorializes whatever it has given freedom. Yet, what is most striking in their theorization is the fact that while Oedipal incest is connected to images, schizo-incest is connected to sound with a maximum of connections, operating through a continuous deterritorialization

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3 Ibid., 64.
4 Ibid., 65.
5 Ibid., 66: “This combined formula, which has value only as an ensemble, is that of schizo-incest. Psychoanalysis, because it understands nothing, has always confused two sorts of incest: the sister is presented as a substitute for the mother, the maid as a derivative of the mother, the whore as a reaction-formation. The group of ‘sister-maid-whore’ will be interpreted as a kind of masochistic detour but, since psychoanalysis also doesn’t understand anything about masochism, we don’t have to worry much about it either.”
towards the unformed, liberating each familial or Oedipal tie from predetermined rules based on a fixed image of thought.\(^6\)

During the mid-2010s, while I was staying in a hotel in Paris, the receptionist from Montenegro, excited to hear that I was from Istanbul, asked me whether I knew a certain Turkish writer, Orhan Pamuk, whose books she read feverishly. I told her that I'd never heard this name before and I didn't know a man of literature with this name. It wouldn't make any difference if Bob Dylan was not offered a Nobel Prize; as Leonard Cohen put it: “It is like giving a prize to Mount Everest for being the highest mountain.” Yet, Yaşar Kemal!

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\(^6\) Ibid., 67: “Schizo-incest corresponds, in contrast, to the immanent schizo-law and forms a line of escape instead of a circular reproduction, a progression instead of a transgression […]. Oedipal incest is connected to photos, to portraits, to childhood memories, a false childhood that never existed but that catches desire in the trap of representation, cuts it off from all connections, fixes it onto the mother to render it all the more puerile or spoiled […]. Schizo-incest, in contrast, is connected to sound, to the manner in which sound takes flight and in which memory-less childhood blocks introduce themselves in full vitality into the present to activate it, to precipitate it, to multiply its connections. Schizo-incest with a maximum of connection, a polyvocal extension, that uses that uses as an intermediary maids and whores and the place that they occupy in the social series—in opposition to neurotic incest, defined by its suppression of connection, its single signifier, its holding of everything within the limits of the family, its neutralization of any sort of social or political field.”