



**W**e should evoke the name of Maurice Blanchot in order to remind us of the barely audible voice which uniquely marked the thought of an entire generation – which includes Deleuze, Foucault and Derrida. Blanchot has been Josephine the singer of the postwar French philosophy. In Kafka's story, even though the nation of rats greatly admires the voice of the singer, which they need in order to come together, they do not understand what makes it so special or whether it really is special. In fact, her song resembles a gentle hissing or even silence. It is possible, in the last analysis, that her glory is the result of this gracious and undecipherable mystery: perhaps, she has never sung anything at all, but, in her own way, in her "insufficiency" (*rien de rendement*) she has nevertheless delivered people from "the chains of everyday existence."

This existence is always paradoxical in Kafka, as Blanchot makes clear: "we do not know if we are excluded from it (which is why we search vainly in it for something solid to hold onto) or whether we are forever imprisoned in it (and so we turn desperately outside)."<sup>1</sup> There is an invisible and always displaced boundary between life and death, between exiting and entering, and between an ardent desire for community or the distancing of ourselves from it in solitude. Kafka has often described this solitude as an exile: "Now I am already a citizen in this other world which compares with the usual world just as the desert compares to the cultivated land."<sup>2</sup> But, says Blanchot, the meaning of this banishment that we would be wrong to characterize as flight is this: this other world inhabited by the author from Prague is not just any old "beyond," not even another world, but rather the other of all worlds. For the artist or the poet, perhaps, there are no two worlds, not even a single world, but only the outside in its eternal flow.

peter pál pelbart

## THE THOUGHT OF THE OUTSIDE, THE OUTSIDE OF THOUGHT

Errance, desert, exile, the outside. How can we conquer the loss of ourselves and go to the heart of the anonymous dispersion, indefinite, albeit never negligent, how can we enter into a space without place, in a time without begetting, in "the proximity of that which flees unity," in an "experience of that which is without harmony and without accord?" At any rate, we are at the opposite end of a metaphoric of proximity, of shelter, of security, and of harmony – the kind that Heidegger established for an entire generation. Underlining this contrast with Heidegger, Françoise Collin has found the right words: in Blanchot's case, poetic language "directs us not towards what gathers together but rather towards what disperses, not towards what connects but rather towards what disjoins, not towards work but rather towards the absence of work [ ... ], so that the central point towards which we seem to be pulled as we write is nothing but the absence

## the thought of outside

of center, the lack of origin.”<sup>3</sup> Not Being, but the Other, the Outside, the Neutral. This passion for/of the Outside which runs through the febrile writing of Kafka, also runs through the impalpable writing of Blanchot and resonates in Foucault’s obsession with the themes of boundaries and limits, of alterity and exteriority, or in Deleuze and Guattari, in their relation to the outside and to the entire nomadic machinery which is derived from it.

### the passion for/of the outside

You would have noticed that to the triangle of the authors suggested for this conference, I added – on my own account and to my own personal peril – another invisible apex whose name is Maurice Blanchot or the passion for/of the Outside. Deleuze used to say that, as a rule, two thinkers meet on a blind spot. Deleuze and Foucault did in fact cross each other’s path on this eccentric point *par excellence*, which is the thought of the outside. I will try to show how this passion for/of the outside traversed their philosophy as a frenzied wind, inflecting the relations between thought and its borders, whether we call these borders outside, unreason, madness, or schizo-flux. For that purpose we must be situated between philosophy and madness, reason and unreason, thought and the outside of thought.

Allow me to briefly justify the choice of this theme of madness and unreason, as the millennium sets in. This essay is not the result of a clinical concern, despite the fact that for the last thirteen years I have been working with psychotics in an outpatient hospital in S o Paulo. It is not the result of a historical concern either, even if the place of madness in our culture, as well as its recent changes, should no longer leave us indifferent. Nor is my question an aesthetic one, notwithstanding the ancestral proximity between art and madness and the fact that I have put together a theatrical group with the insane of the outpatient hospital. The choice of my subject does not even strictly obey philosophical reasons, despite the fact that madness is a recurring theme in the generation of thinkers under discussion. My reasons, briefly stated, are of a political order.

I think that the interface between philosophy and madness in Foucault and Deleuze could help us rethink today’s status of exteriority in a moment in which exteriority is the object of a frightful overturning; the most immediate consequence of which is the suffocating impression that the field of the possible has been exhausted. I explain: for a long time, the promise of an absolute outside has been linked to the domain of madness, to the domain of literature, or to that of the revolution. This has changed completely. As far as I can see, the contemporary claustrophobia – whose consequences of political and psychic strangulation are not, I suppose, Brazil’s prerogative only – is nothing but an index, among many others, of a situation in front of which we feel entirely disarmed; that is, an index of a thought without outside in a world without exteriority. Before getting into the details of this hypothesis that I intend to develop, I should perhaps indicate the parallel questions that motivate my intervention. Indeed, what is left today of this passion for/of the outside that our authors have explored and given us? From the point of view of this inspiration or even in spite of it, how can we rethink the very concept of the outside? What about the exteriority of madness? How do we evaluate whether or not the outsides, such as we have them today, are still capable of grounding our resistances to the intolerable, or to incite the creation of new possibles?

### foucault and blanchot

Let us put aside these questions for a moment (they are too big for now), and return to the seminal study of Michel Foucault on madness from which these questions arise. Let us remember, first of all, Blanchot’s brief yet sober and penetrating commentary on this issue: the existence of madness, he said, responds to the historical demand to fence in the outside.<sup>4</sup> This is an enigmatic formula, the meaning of which appears only in the light of the secret dialogue linking Blanchot and Foucault, through the distance that an excessive admiration imposed. In an interview, following the publication of his book in 1961, Foucault spoke of the influences that inspired him: “above all else,” he said right off, placing Maurice

Blanchot ahead of all the others, “this is what motivated and guided me as a certain form of the presence of madness in literature.”<sup>5</sup>

How can we understand this alleged “influence” of Blanchot on the *History of Madness*? Rather than taking up his novels, we must perhaps look to the seductive readings that Blanchot proposed of the works of Hölderlin, Sade, Lautreamont, Nietzsche, Artaud – in short, we must look to the entire lineage evoked in the last pages of Foucault’s own book. Indeed, ever since his first critical essays, and in his very own way, Blanchot worked on issues that many of his contemporaries have taken up after him: the necessary proximity between speech and silence, writing and death, work and erosion, literature and demolition, language and the anonymous, poetic experience and the breakdown of the author. According to *Le Livre à Venir*, “what is first is not the plenitude of being, it is the crack and the fissure, the erosion and the tear, intermittence and the gnawing privation.”<sup>6</sup> In literature, Blanchot discovers the rarified space from which every subject is absent. What speaks in the writer is that “he is no longer himself, he is already no one”: not the universal but the anonymous, the neutral, the outside. When one is releasing herself to that which is incessant and interminable in language, “the day is only but the loss of a dwelling place. It is intimacy with the outside, which has no location and affords no rest.”<sup>7</sup> He who inhabits this literary space “belong(s) to dispersal [ ... ] where the exterior is the intrusion that stifles [ ... ] where the only space is its vertiginous separation.”<sup>8</sup> This is the work as an experience which ruins all experiences and places itself underneath the work, “a region [ ... ] where nothing is made of being, and in which nothing is accomplished. It is the depth of being’s inertia (*désœuvrement*).”<sup>9</sup> It is an uncanny experience that dispossesses the subject of self and world, of being and presence, of consciousness and truth, of unity and totality – experience of limits, experience-limit, as Bataille would have said.

This whole thematic spread is present in the original preface to the *History of Madness*.<sup>10</sup> In it, Foucault makes references to an originary language, “very crude,” in which reason and

unreason still speak of each other, through “imperfect words, without fixed syntax, stammering a bit.” Through these means, the limits of a culture are put to question against all triumphant dialectics. Below history, one finds the absence of history, a murmur of the deep, the void, the vain, nothingness, residue, ripples. Below the work, one finds the absence of work, below sense, nonsense. Below reason, one finds unreason. In sum, a tragic experience is concealed by the birth of madness as a social fact, object of exclusion, confinement and intervention. What can possibly be done for unreason, in its irreducible alterity, in its “tragic structure” to investigate the birth itself of psychiatric rationality that reduced it to silence as it turned it into madness?

At any rate, we should keep in mind the first two words of the original title of the 1961 edition which was later suppressed – *Madness and Unreason: The History of Madness in the Classical Age*. Leaving aside the lyrical misunderstandings to which they gave rise, this binomial continues to intrigue us. Blanchot made this point when he asked whether, in the space which opens up between madness and unreason, literature and art could gather their own experiences-limit and, thus, “prepare beyond culture, a relation with that which rejects culture: speech of the border, the outside of speech.”<sup>11</sup> Foucault responded to this, according to the dialogue that my imagination reconstructs and imposes, with the example of Blanchot. He explained that, in Blanchot, the erosion of time speaks louder than its links. Louder also speaks the non-dialectical forgetting, which opens up the anticipation of the radically new, the sliding towards a naked exteriority – language as an endless whisper that deposes the subjective source of enunciation as much as it deposes the truth of the statement, letting the anonymous emerge, free from every center and fatherland, capable of echoing the death of God and the death of man alike. In the place where “it [ça] speaks, man no longer exists.” Against the humanist dialectics that, from alienation to reconciliation, promises man the authentic man, Blanchot expresses the outline of another original choice emerging in our culture. At any rate, if language is not “truth or time, eternity or man, but rather the form of

the outside always coming undone,"<sup>12</sup> then we can understand why Foucault is able, echoing Kafka, to advance his splendid formula that writing is not of this world – it is its "antimatter."<sup>13</sup>

### literature and madness

We are already in the position to put forward a more general hypothesis. If Foucault *believes* so strongly in literature, perhaps it is because at this moment of his trajectory he believes in its *exteriority*. And if the language of madness interests him, it is because what is at issue in the language of madness is again its exteriority. From this point of view, writing and madness would be on the same plane, taking into account their non-circulatory character, the uselessness of their function, and the self-referential aspect which characterizes them.<sup>14</sup> But we should take into account their subversive and transgressive dimension, "the absolutely anarchic speech, the speech without institution, the deeply marginal speech that traverses and erodes all other discourses."<sup>15</sup> Literature and madness, therefore, would belong to what Blanchot called "the work of fire," namely, that which culture destines for destruction and reduces to cinders, that with which it cannot live, and that with which it makes an eternal conflagration.

And yet, in the very moment that Foucault makes explicit this site of literature, he asks himself whether the times that "writing was enough to express a protest against modern society" have not already gone by.<sup>16</sup> In catching up with the space of social circulation and consumption, perhaps writing has been, as they used to say at that time, recuperated by the system, in fact vanquished by the bourgeoisie and the capitalist society. It is no longer in "the outside," it is no longer maintaining that exteriority. Hence the question: in order to cross to the other side, in order to set oneself on fire and be consumed by it, in order to enter a space irreducible to ours and in a space that would be no part of society, shouldn't we do something other than literature? If we discover today that we must exit literature and abandon it to its "meager historical destiny" Foucault said, it is Blanchot, always he, who taught us. He who has been the most

impregnated with literature, but always on a key of exteriority, the anti-Hegel of literature, he who did show that works stay always external to us and we to them, obliges us to quit it at the very moment that literature deserts the outside in order to become this inside where we communicate and recognize one another very comfortably.

The same logic would apply to madness whose dimension of exteriority would also be on the path of disappearance. Very early in his trajectory, as early as 1964, Foucault prophesized the imminent effacement of madness in favor of mental illness.<sup>17</sup> If madness was for man this enigmatic exteriority that he excluded, but in which he also recognized himself, and which reflected everything that he found abominable, but was also integral to his most intimate constitution, his Other but at the same time his Same, now that the future is approaching, madness will be incorporated in the human as its ownmost originary. This is a process to which we gave, perhaps ironically, the name "humanization" of madness. With the help of this diabolical dialectics, we would have achieved the unthinkable: to snatch up our own exterior.

Let us dare raise the burning question: has not Foucault, through the case of "literature" and "madness" outlined a more general diagnostic of the status of exteriority in our culture? And, if this is the case, is this diagnostic of any use to us today? Michael Hardt has recently shown<sup>18</sup> that the world's integrated capitalism has assumed the form of the Empire; in order to do this, it had to abolish all exteriority, devouring its most distant frontiers, encompassing not only the totality of the planet, but also the enclaves which were until recently inviolate – like the Unconscious or Nature, as Jameson would have added. Is it possible then that Foucault's diagnosis, no less cruel than precocious, together with its imperial planetary realization, has the capacity to shed light on our contemporary claustrophobia? We are now inhabiting a world without outside, a capitalism without outside, a thought without outside – in view of which our fascination with the alleged exteriority of madness, predominant only a few decades ago, sounds completely obsolete today. Foucault himself caustically criticizes all those "lyric antipsychiatric discourses" and especially

the illusions that madness or delinquency or crime speak to us from the vantage point of an absolute exteriority. "Nothing is more interior to our society (says he), nothing is more within the effects of its power, than the affliction of a crazy person or the violence of a criminal." In other words, we are always on the inside. The margin is a myth. The word from beyond is a dream that we keep renewing. The "crazies" are in an outside space of creativity or monstrosity. And nonetheless, they are caught in the network, they are shaped and function within the mechanisms of power.<sup>19</sup>

Now, this radical reversal of perspective in Foucault should not surprise us, if we consider his work on prisons, and the new problematization of power that his genealogical inflection has elicited. In this sense, it is understandable that he writes "madness is no less the effect of power than non-madness."<sup>20</sup> It is, "according to an indefinite spiral, a tactical response to the tactic that invests it," and we should not even "over-value the asylum and its infamous walls," since it must be understood "from the outside,"<sup>21</sup> as a pawn in a broader positive strategy that gave birth to an entire psychology of the psyche.

Let us stop here and suspend the burning question – if we are always inside, what is left of the outside? I will no longer follow the detours of this theme throughout the work of Foucault, especially in his third theoretical period. Instead, I will only focus on one, all-too-illuminating example: when, in 1980, he evokes the experience-limit by means of which the subject tears itself from itself, and is led to its own annihilation and dissolution (a theme which was dear in the 1960s), the question is no longer for him the experimentation with an outside of culture, but rather a personal and theoretical experiment by means of which it would be possible *to think otherwise*. If literature and madness no longer send us over to an absolute outside, since all is inside, the experience-limit keeps its own value to the extent that it is an operation on one's own self. Not a lived experience, but the unlivable for the sake of which we must produce ourselves. No more a transgression of a frontier or a prohibition, even if Bataille's name is invoked once more, but a demolition and refabrication of the

self. This way, the outside earns an altogether surprising subjective immanence. Perhaps we should wait for the *reading* of Deleuze in order to better elucidate the immanent status of this exteriority, which sprung up again in a subject within a world already without outside.

## deleuze and the outside

With Deleuze, we must say it from the beginning, everything takes place in a different way right from the start, whether it is a question of madness or of the outside. For him, madness has never been an object of study as such. And yet it frequently reappears in the vicinity of thought, as if this vicinity was intrinsic to it, as if the act of thinking reaches necessarily this volcanic region where what madness reveals in a crude and very Oedipalized way is being realized. What is being realized is the dissolution of the subject, of the object, of the Self, the world and God, in favor of a generalized nomadization where the psychosocial figure of the schizophrenic is not but a caricatural interruption, crystallized and institutionalized. In fact, nomadism and the relation to the outside are not exclusive attributes of the schizo, but they belong to thought as such. More and more Deleuze insists on this: to think comes always from the outside, is directed towards the outside, belongs to the outside, is an absolute relation to the outside.<sup>22</sup> As Zourabichvili remarks, thought is not an innate faculty; it is always the effect of an encounter and an encounter is always an encounter with the outside, despite the fact that this outside is not the reality of the external world, in its empirical configuration, but rather the heterogeneous forces affecting thought, those that force her to think, those that force thought towards that which she does not yet think, urging her to think otherwise.<sup>23</sup> He adds that the forces of the outside are not such because they come from the outside, from the exterior, but rather because they put thought in a state of exteriority, throwing her into a formless field where the heterogeneous points of view, corresponding to the heterogeneity of the forces at play, enter into a relation with one another. We can easily see that, although he inherited it from Blanchot, and

accepted the extended sense that Foucault attributed to it, Deleuze gave the outside a characterization which is much more clearly Nietzschean: much less in relation to the being of language as in Foucault, and much less in relation to literature as in Blanchot, the strategic dimension of the outside carried for him a great interest – hence the absolute privilege of force, the “discovery” of which nevertheless Deleuze generously attributed to Foucault. The consequences of this perspective are many: (1) the task of thought is to liberate the forces that come from the outside; (2) the outside is always openness unto a future; (3) the thought of the outside is a thought of resistance (to a state of affairs); and (4) the force of the outside is Life.<sup>24</sup> The major challenge has therefore been launched from the very beginning: to seize life as a power of the outside.

### subjectivity and madness

Now we must call forth a second movement of the sequence: how this outside, when folded, becomes subjectivity. How is an inside created which includes in itself this very outside, with its decelerated particles (“these slow beings that we are”), where we become masters of our speeds, and relatively masters of our molecules and of their singularities? According to Deleuze, “as long as the outside is folded, an inside is coextensive with it,” as memory, as life, as duration.<sup>25</sup> We carry with us an absolute memory of the outside. This is the outside-in-us, an unlimited reservoir that nourishes our field of possibles, to which Simondon gave the Greek name of *apeiron* – the Unlimited.<sup>26</sup> Subjectivity is this fold of the outside, the folding of nomad forces, the pocket of the *apeiron*.

If we now look at the strange diagram that Deleuze outlined a propos of Foucault, we find between the subjective fold and the outside, a kind of floating line and above it a half-blocked bottleneck that filters and slows down the forces of the outside at the same time that it serves them as a road of passage. Hence the question: how can we unblock this passage to the maximum degree possible in order for the Other, the outside, and that which is the farthest to become most intimate to the thinker? Jacques Derrida

made use of a suggestive metaphor in this context – thought as a tympan, as a stretched screen ready to balance the pressures between the inside and the outside. To tympanize philosophy would then mean to make this membrane more oblique so that, as we increase its surface of vibration and its permeability to the outside, philosophy can leave behind its autism.<sup>27</sup> Plot otherwise the line of the outside in order to think otherwise. Inflect this relation to the outside in order to remodel subjectivity and at the same time open up thought (these two aspects always go together).

But behold, this extreme point to which every thought of the outside aspires, is also the point where we become exposed to the risk of discovering that the subjective fold opens wide, being led astray into madness or being dissolved in death. Hence the proximity of thought and madness – thought as openness to the outside, madness as prison in the outside, and its collapse in an absolute inside. This is what happens when the tympan is broken, when all borders between the outside and the inside, between surface and depth, are abolished. *The Logic of Sense*, as it compares Artaud and Lewis Carroll, is a variation on this theme: what happens when the surface is torn, when the line of the outside crumbles into a groundless depth and the subject is imprisoned in it? Deleuze underlines the imperious desire which tempts every thinker: to will the event, not only upon the incorporeal surface of sense, but in the mixture of bodies, in a kind of “schizophrenic depth.” This is the major – almost the demented – temptation: to embrace the becoming-mad of the stuff of the world. Deleuze is then correct in asking whether it is possible to think without becoming insane. How can one aspire to the outside, without being swallowed in by it? How do we separate the ambition of thought from the risk which is intrinsic in it? Aren’t they necessarily neighbors – thought and the collapse of the thinker, the thought of the outside and the closure of it within an absolute inside?<sup>28</sup> The boundary between the one and the other is so very thin, as Nietzsche and Artaud attest. It is only by a thread that the one with the most open relation to the outside is not swept up in it as an “exceptional interiority,” according to the beautiful expression of Blanchot.

A few decades ago, Foucault raised the question: what is it that condemns to madness those who have once experienced unreason? Or, in our own terms: how is the relation to the outside possible without its collapse in an absolute inside? If, in some moments of its history, our society was able to confine to madness the access to the outside (forcing poets and artists, if not to become mad, at least to imitate madness), in other times and elsewhere different spaces of “the outside” were capable of opening up (shamanistic, prophetic, mystical, and political spaces). Nowadays, madness is no longer this privileged voice, as Foucault saw it early on, when he underlined how madness (having crushed unreason) was in the process of being extinguished in favor of mental illness. Nevertheless, from a certain time onwards Foucault no longer asks where exteriority would have migrated after it deserted the space of the asylum and of literature. Perhaps, as we argued, because he considered it abolished. But was it really abolished for him?

#### the immanent outside

In Deleuze, on the other hand, a more explicitly immanent conception renders the outside less dependent upon the sites of exteriority which are very visible and localized, even if all sorts of minorities are present in *The Anti-Oedipus* (and how noisily!). But Deleuze insists many times: it is not a question of a cult of minorities, but rather of the becoming-minority of all and each one. In this sense, the question is not to idealize the schizophrenics, but to call for a generalized “schizophrenization.” In other words, there is no praise of madness, but of the process with respect to which the psychosocial fact of madness is a sad fixation. The unfortunate thing with madness is that it was called upon to witness all alone deterritorialization as a universal process, caving in therefore under the weight of this untenable assignment. Hence the order to liberate in every flow the schizoid movement, so that this characterization could no longer qualify one particular residue only as a flow of madness. Deleuze and Guattari repeat Foucault’s prophecy about the imminent disappearance of madness qua outside, but turn it completely upside down, giving it an

almost jubilant sense! The progressive abolition of the binary frontiers between madness and non-madness is no longer read as a loss of exteriority, but rather as a gain of exteriority. The outside is no longer snatched up but liberated from its closure in confined or privileged spaces. If it is no longer confined, it is because, at last, it is able to extend everywhere. Alterity is not beyond the frontier, and not necessarily in the defeated margins. It is a virtuality of the lines that make us up and of the becomings which result from them.

In this sense, this geography without borders, let’s say, this fall of the Berlin Wall does not necessarily represent the victory of a so-called totality – Deleuze and Guattari have taught us how to laugh at that. This is what Deleuze was saying a propos of an alleged planetary and unidimensional thought in 1964: there is a point in which this nihilism turns back against itself, with the strangest of results: it makes forces elementary to themselves in the brute play of their dimensions. The outside, taken for abolished, keeps reappearing *as strategy*. This is what we see clearly in Foucault, at a certain moment, and it matters little whether the term “outside” disappears from his vocabulary, whereas it subsists in Deleuze: the fact is that a basic conception becomes more and more common between the two of them the moment that it looked as if it were branching off definitively. Deleuze himself expressed this much later: Foucault would have been the one to discover the element that comes from the outside – the force. In other words, Foucault, with his work on power, would have given to the outside its strategic immanence.

I would like to insist on a last encounter between these two thinkers, which is as little evident as the previous one. To the extent that Deleuze conceives exteriority as groundless ground from within which subjectivity itself emerges, it is obvious that he cannot think of it as abolished; on the contrary, he discovers it in the very heart of subjectivity as fold, absolute memory of the outside, contraction of the outside, duration and life. It is not, therefore, surprising that he encountered it, as the most intimate texture of the process of subjectification, precisely during his writing on the later Foucault,

when one thinks to be very far away from the thematics of the outside already given up during the genealogical period along with the domains of madness and literature. Deleuze rediscovers the “passion for/of the outside” in the later Foucault, when he recognizes the outside to be immanent in subjectivity and in the process of subjectification (the account of which Foucault made) or when he conceives the “to think otherwise” as an invitation to fold otherwise the forces of the outside. To think otherwise: to be invited to fold otherwise the forces of the outside. The invitation to the outside or the passion for/of the outside finds here its strategic and political function, when it triggers a subjective mutation, that is, a redistribution of affects, of what attracts and what repels, according to the beautiful analysis that Zourabichvili made of it.<sup>29</sup>

I will add one last word about the displacement of the boundaries between the desirable and the intolerable. Our two authors thought seriously about madness and a possible dialogue with it. If Foucault did it by taking it as a complex historical object the genesis of which he read as the reverse and the non-necessary condition of our thought, Deleuze, in turn, in close relation with Guattari, gave in to the temptation of this vicinity in the creation of his own concepts. Perhaps, the rhizome is the most extreme expression of it. We could in fact think of it as an X-raying of the thought of the outside, in its most intimate logic, that is, when it is the most turned to the outside. We find in it the opening of a desert, the forgetting mobility, the errant connectivity, the multidirectional proliferation, the absence of center, of subject, of object – a topology and a chronology which are hallucinatory enough. In short, we find not the map of another world, but rather the other possible cartography of all worlds – that which precisely makes this world to be another, delivering us from “the chains of everydayness,” as Kafka had wanted it. And this makes possible unheard of resistances as well as unheard of voices, both of them capable of folding us otherwise.

Translated by Constantin V. Boundas and Susan Dyrkton



notes

- 1 Maurice Blanchot, *The Work of Fire*, trans. Charlotte Mandell (Stanford: Stanford UP, 1995) 9.
- 2 Franz Kafka, *Journal*, quoted by Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature*, trans. and with an introduction by Ann Smock (Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 1982) 68.
- 3 Françoise Collin, *Maurice Blanchot et la question de l'écriture* (Paris: Gallimard, 1971).
- 4 Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*, trans. Susan Hanson (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1992) 196–201.
- 5 Michel Foucault, *Dits et Écrits 1954–1988*, vol. 1, 1954–1969, ed. Daniel Defert and François Ewald (Paris: Gallimard, 1994) 168.
- 6 Maurice Blanchot, *Le Livre à venir* (Paris: Gallimard, 1959) 49–50.
- 7 Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature* 31.
- 8 Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature* 31.
- 9 Maurice Blanchot, *The Space of Literature* 46.
- 10 Michel Foucault, “Préface” in *Folie et déraison. Histoire de la folie à l'âge classique* (Paris: Plon, 1961) I–IX; reprinted in *Dits et Écrits* vol. 1, 159–67.
- 11 Maurice Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation* 290.
- 12 Michel Foucault, “The Thought of the Outside” in *Michel Foucault: Ethics, Subjectivity and Truth: Essential Works of Foucault* vol. 1, ed. Paul Rabinow (New York: The New Press, 1997) 168.
- 13 Michel Foucault, “A Swimmer Between Two Words: Interview With C. Bonnefoy” in *Michel Foucault: Ethics, Subjectivity and Truth* 172.
- 14 Michel Foucault, “Madness Only Exists In Society” in *Foucault Live: Collected Interviews 1961–1984*. Michel Foucault, ed. Sylvere Lotringer (New York: Semiotext(e), 1989) 7–9.
- 15 Michel Foucault, “La Folie et la société” in Michel Foucault and M. Watanabe, *Telsugaku no Butai* (Tokyo: Asahi-Shupansa, 1978); reprinted in *Michel Foucault, Dits et Écrits* vol. 3, 1976–1979 (Paris: Gallimard, 1994) 490.
- 16 Michel Foucault, “Folie, littérature, société” in *Dits et Écrits* vol. 2, 1970–1975 (Paris: Gallimard, 1994) 115.

17 Michel Foucault, "La Folie, l'absence d'oeuvre" in *La Table Ronde (Situation de la Psychiatrie)* no. 196 (May 1964): 11–21; reprinted in *Dits et Écrits* vol. 1, 412–20.

18 Michael Hardt, "La Société mondiale de contrôle" in Gilles Deleuze, *Une Vie Philosophique*, ed. Eric Alliez (Paris: Synthelabo, 1998) 359–75.

19 Michel Foucault, "The Social Extension of the Norm" in *Foucault Live* 198.

20 Michel Foucault, "Sorcery and Madness" in *Foucault Live* 201.

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26 Gilbert Simondon, *L'Individu et sa g n se physico-biologique* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1964) and *L'Individuation psychique et collective* (Paris: Aubier, 1989).

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