



AUTOPOIESIS

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ABSTRACT

The heterotopy born in the word that make visible what is invisible to be on the surface of things. Before the methodological procedures is necessary to understand the discourse in the epistemic ground: their situation, the conditions of their existence, their correlations with others enunciations that may be linked. The epistemic ground is crossed by the multiples possibilities exchanged between the researcher and your research's object: it is from the object like mirror that the researcher find yourself missing the place where he see yourself over there. Writing a thesis, after all, is to manage this heterotopy.

KEYWORDS : Heterotopy, epistemic ground, archaeology of knowledge.

Following his own line, a line of active flight, a broken line at any time, zigzag, an underground line...

Gilles Deleuze, *Conversations*.

Biometry: that strange chimera is this, hybrid of life, metric and logos? Will be that of the same species described in a book of imaginary beings, arising, perhaps, from some of invisible cities? Now, in the literature, they say, there isn't a based enunciative rule for a scientific discipline. But be certain of this status occupied by the creature in question? I do not intend to propose the alchemy of knowledge, so only a little archeology, one for which I be underground, seek my dawn, toward the great noon.

Digs, pierces and erodes, advises Nietzsche: an obscure work, this, the work of a thesis. *You need to go through private paths, free, completely alone, of all the dangers and of all accidents, badness and storms that come* (Nietzsche, 2007, p. 15). As I walk these paths, those who remain on the surface insinuate questions and doubts: *where is he or where he goes? [...] How? Is that move? Does he still has a way?* (Nietzsche, 2007, p. 15).

I hear also the surface, hidden by the cries, murmurs. Foucault suggests another route. *I try to make visible what is invisible to be on the surface of things, he says. It troubles me the idea of excavations. What I seek is not secret relations, hidden, quieter and deeper than human consciousness* (Foucault, 1994, p. 772). I'll have mistaken me in archaeologies? Italo Calvino, evoking Propp, asks me a decision: *what is wanted typically lies in another realm, in a different realm that may be located far horizontal line or to a great height or depth in a vertical line* (Calvino, 2010, p. 40).

I stop, fable hero tale, in a ground zero of properian axis, perhaps mongean, I'm not sure: there is something descriptive geometry, but do not want to ever advance in the description of the methodological procedures of this track that I proposed in my attempt to subvert this axis. I would first talk about the epistemic ground this path, preceding with map of stating this intricate cosmopolis and the work that I take to its foundation. I return four points established as milestones in this academic journey: event and speech, the program of Education in Science, the post-structuralist thought and Foucault's archeology, necessary to compose a prelude.

Never confuse a city with a speech that describes warns Calvin's Marco Polo (Calvino, 2003, p. 27) to melancholy emperor Kublai Khan, to me and the readers of this thesis. This is the fundamental focus that separates the areas we have achieved and the life that presents its statement knowledge. *The speech*, this invisible city, is not, however, *the kid and invisible text that runs through the interstices of the written lines and sometimes the litter* (Foucault, 2008, p. 31); this form correspond to the analysis of thought, allegorical towards the speech which valley and whose prerogative is to answer what was said in the already said. *The analysis of the discursive field is oriented entirely differently* (Foucault, 2008, p. 31); *it is, to understand the discourse in the narrowness and uniqueness of their situation,*

to determine the conditions of their existence, to fix its boundaries the fairest way to establish their correlations with other statements that may be linked, to show that excludes other forms of enunciation (Foucault, 2008, p. 31).

Kublai Khan can discern, *through the walls and towers destined to crumble, the filigree as finely drawn as to avoid the bites of termites* (Calvino, 2003, p. 5), here is a project the wake of the separation between life and knowledge of life, between title and text, between institution and speech. Here, the first challenge precedes the way, dark jungle in which I lose myself before the beast of anguish and becoming uncertainties; worth me Virgil, Dante's patron, to guide me out of it, even toward the so reckless now: precedes the hell of words, risky order of discourse, guiding me out of this jungle illusion of autonomous discourse of self-sufficiency of linguistic practices, diverted from baseline social practices of institutions and speeches. *At its limit - roaring beasts - this approach leads [...] to an objective description of the manner in which the regulated speech organizes not only himself, but also the social practices and institutions, and also to neglect the idea the discursive practices are influenced by social practices in which they are, along with the investigator inserted* (Dreyfus and Rabinow, 1995, p. X).

This is the jungle, in short description, epistemological obstacle to the letter I trace the future, the foundation and guarantee of good methodological proceed. For this jungle, mythical, treading humanity, taking in the sun's daily return guarantee the assurance given by their oracles, and oracles that the light expel the darkness of his ways. *To you should follow another trip* (Alighieri, 2001, Chant I: 91), spoke to me, shade or man, whom I thought was Virgil, Mantuan poet, I discovered, as if in a spell, be a Saxon philosopher, Nietzsche, the eternal return! Why evokes Sibyl - asked me - is the tragic philosophy of the time of the Greeks that's investigating? *All that extracted this oracle as immortal wisdom and worthy of being eternally interpreted as having an unlimited action in the distant future [...] is sufficient to the farthest humanity: where it applies to interpret, as if it were oracles, which he, like God of Delphi, 'does not say or hidden'* (Nietzsche, 2002, p. 15-16).

I know, Nietzsche, that I should not lose myself in the exercise of hermeneutics. Also learned, in reading your successors, that this prophetic discourse, the true speech of old, *not only announced what was going to pass, but contributed to its realization, raised the membership of men and plotted so with destiny* (Foucault, 2010, p. 15). But this omnipotence of speech, organizer of social practices and institutions, resident in what was or did in early disbanded in antiquity. If truth has shifted to what she was saying, the speech on the exercise of power has shifted his enunciation to the statement itself, then the ritual gave to his sense, protoform of our will to existence. The truth rather not say, but nothing put in secret: the future, more than expected, it was right in his concreteness. Addressing the night before tomorrow was a mythical promise. I have left with the will to truth, but grab me an utopy, a chain of temporal becoming, the end of history, the choice of a utopy devoid of the property is taken or of one that has a bad trend be fulfilled?

Utopies, invisible cities. *In the atlas of his empire, Great Khan, must include both large Fedoras as small Fedoras glass balls. Not because they are equally real, but because they are all supposed. One brings together what is considered necessary, but still is not; the others, what is imagined possible, and a minute later ceases to be* (Calvino, 2003, p. 16). Please also state the time it is not and the minute you cease to be - this is what Kublai proposes me, and I can not, cartographer of my thesis, stick to it: time sweeps the leaves of the atlas and even assumptions overlap on the horizon. Night falls, and I'm not sure mythical dawn. I talk until dawn to stave off death, Shehrazade in their struggle every night; if Selene is perennial, the world will become still and my speech must be as enduring as the night sky visibility into any of the cities that signed up on the map: my existence is only possible if eternal.

Was in Fedoras let myself be seduced by *images that emerge from the mirror background, invisible drawings in which phosphorus flashes at night, tricks that give rise false passions, true, though. Filters for the senses* (Foucault, 2009, p. 23). Maybe that's what makes me see Virgil actually Nietzsche. He insists that I give up this horizon which is nihil. *This will actually form part of the game, extravagant game, adventurous, metaphysical pride committed to maintaining a losing position and always prefer a handful of "certainty" to a carload of bland possibilities. You can also be a fanatic of consciousness, Puritan rather die on a vain illusion and not on an uncertain reality. But this is not only nihilism, but also a symptom of a soul that feels desperate and tired to death, no matter how valuable they may seem* (Nietzsche, 2001, p. 18). To the underground, already hesitated too much, a journey to the shadows precedes the conquest of paradise guided by Beatriz.

In the cave entrance works the imagination of deep voices, imagination groundwater voices. All Caves Speak (Bachelard, 2006, p. 217). I turn to the depths in them hear a female voice, but it is not Beatrice, it is Pauliska, and it does not lead me by heaven, but to hell, *unless your righteousness deep. By right of essence, the dungeons of the Inquisition are underground. What goes on there is absolutely seen. The Underground, endoscopic form of the cage. But also their immediate contradiction, since nothing of what it contains is visible* (Foucault, 2009, p. 20). Also in this underground, where my very existence escapes to the gaze, is the invisible horizon, maybe just shifted.

Will be closed, naked, on the outskirts of this cage, *attached to a triumphant know that reigns over a slave ignorance. No matter how the closure was obtained: it opens the era of knowledge instrumental that is no longer related to the somewhat equivocal ambiguity of consciousness, but the meticulous order of technical pursuit* (Foucault, 2009, p. 19). What is the object that persecute? That line of Science Education is this with which I sign up? Titulus: a plate intended for an honorific or funeral inscription. Intended to stay - how long? *Writing to not die, as Blanchot said, or maybe even speaking to not die, it is a task no doubt as old as speech* (Foucault, 2009, p. 47). Shehrazade is also Hladik, who writes, *but with words that anyone can read, not even God, the great invisible labyrinth of repetition of language that unfolds and becomes a mirror of itself* (Foucault, 2009, p. 49). Blasphemy, certainly, in regard to God, but not the mirror.

The mirror, in short, is an utopy; it is a place without place. In the mirror, I see myself there where I am not, in an unreal space that opens up virtually behind the surface, I'm over there, there where it is not, a sort of shadow that gives me to myself my own visibility, allowing me I look there where I am absent: mirror's utopy. From that look anyway goes for me, from the bottom of this virtual space that is on the other side of the mirror, I return to me and start to direct my eyes to myself and be myself there where I am: the mirror works as a heterotopy in the sense that it makes occupy this place, the moment I look in the mirror (Foucault, 2009, p. 415).

Writing a thesis, after all, is to manage this heterotopy, *as the mirror does exist, and it has, in the place that I occupy a kind of retroactive effect; it is from the mirror that I find myself missing the place where I am because I see myself over there* (Foucault, 2009, p. 415). In Fedoras large stone or any of Fedoras small glass balls. Down the underground, as the poet who must overcome the journey to the underworld, only then cross the veil of mystery that covers the surface of the beatific things.

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