

Unfinished

The Anthropology of Becoming

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The pen between my fingers is my work
 I am convicted to death
 I never convicted anyone and I have the power to
 This is the major sin
 A sentence without remedy
 The minor sin
 Is to want to separate
 My body from my spirit
 — CATARINA INÊS GOMES MORAES, quoted in João Biehl, *Vita*, 2000

For how long will we have to live like it's still the war? When will we start to live?
 —Marija (Maja) Šarič, Executive Director, *Krila Nade/Wings of Hope*

The ultimate aim of literature is to set free, in the delirium, this creation of a health or this invention of a people, that is, a possibility of life.
 — GILLES DELEUZE, *Essays Critical and Clinical*

AN EMPIRICAL LANTERN

In the settings in which we work—Brazil and Bosnia-Herzegovina—people are at the mercy of volatile economies and faltering infrastructures. As individuals and communities scavenge for resources and care from broken public institutions, they find themselves entangled in novel biomedical and pharmaceutical rationalities and in altered forms of common sense. We find Gilles

Deleuze's empiricist reflections on the person as a provisional outcome of processes of subjectivation and his attention to the inventiveness of becoming both provocative and helpful as we address lives in such contexts of political-economic, material, and clinical precariousness.

For Deleuze, the subject is not a fixed entity, but an assemblage of multiple heterogeneous elements; not a given, but always under construction; not a product of an imagined interiority, but a folding and bending of outside forces: "it is a being-multiple, instead of being-one."¹ In asserting this "logic of multiplications," Deleuze upholds an allegiance to empiricism that strikes us as deeply ethnographic.² Subjects anticipate and invent—and anticipate because they invent—in concrete circumstances, navigating between things and relations.³ In this way, the constitution of subjects is imbricated in world and place making, and subjectivity is far more active and uncertain than the search for an inside would assume.⁴

Together with his close collaborator Félix Guattari, Deleuze was particularly concerned with the idea of becoming: those individual and collective struggles to come to terms with matters of fact, contingencies, and intolerable conditions and to shake loose, to whatever degree possible, from determinants and definitions—"to grow both young and old [in them] at once."⁵ In becoming, according to Deleuze, one can achieve an ultimate existential stage in which life is simply immanent and open to new relations—camaraderies—and trajectories without predetermined telos or outcome.

In our ethnographic work, we are drawn to human efforts to live with, subvert, or elude knowledge and power, and to express desires that might be world altering. Our interlocutors in the field are more complex, strategic, and inventive than hegemonic forces and philosophical theories of the subject are able to capture. People are not stable or fixed entities, unidirectionally determined by history, power, and language, nor are they only cultural and social. How can anthropology methodologically and conceptually engage people's becomings? And how could such work challenge dominant ethical and political frameworks and technocratic or medical modes of intervention? It is time to attribute to the people we study the kinds of ambiguities and complexities we acknowledge in ourselves, and to bring these dimensions into the critical knowledge we craft and circulate.

We have no grand philosophical aspirations, and we wish neither to reduce Deleuze's enormously complicated venture to a theoretical system or set of practices to be applied normatively to anthropology, nor to suggest a new

dominant analytic or coin a new buzzword. In this essay, we limit ourselves to thinking through Deleuze's insights on the relationships between power, desire, and the virtual and his cartographic approach to lives, social fields, and the unconscious. These insights help us grasp what is at stake for individuals, affects, and relations in the context of new rational-technical interventions, and vis-à-vis ingrained inequalities of all kinds.⁶

Exploring Deleuze's ideas in light of the ethnographic realities we study—mental illness, poverty, and the long aftermaths of war—might offer openings to particular kinds of thinking, writing, and theorizing. It can, for example, highlight the limits of psychiatric models of symptoms, recovery, and human agency.⁷ It can also provide a helpful supplement to prevailing applications of Michel Foucault's concepts of biopower and governmentality in anthropology⁸ and to neo-Marxist theories of structural violence.⁹ We aim to honor and contribute to anthropology's long and productive history of exploring human matters that dominant epistemologies do not routinely account for, keeping theory unsettled and in motion.¹⁰ As Gregory Bateson put it over half a century ago in his classic *Naven*, "my fieldwork was scrappy and disconnected . . . my own theoretical approaches proved too vague to be of any use in the field."¹¹

In emphasizing the potentials of desire (both creative and destructive), the ways in which social fields leak and transform (power and knowledge notwithstanding), and the in-between, plastic, and ever-unfinished nature of lives, much of Deleuze's writing can inspire ethnographic efforts to illuminate the dynamism of the everyday and the literality and singularity of human becomings. By paying close attention to concrete circumstances, and with careful observation always complicating the a priori assumptions of universalizing theory, ethnographic work can explore both the modes of power that constrain life chances and the ways people's desires reveal alternative possibilities. In learning to know people, with care and an "empirical lantern,"¹² we have a responsibility to think of life in terms of both limits and crossroads—where new intersections of technology, interpersonal relations, desire, and imagination can sometimes, against all odds, result in surprising swerves and futures, even when our liberal projects of the good life writ large have turned into "cruel optimism."¹³

This is not to recommend giving up on attempts to discern relationships of causality and affinity in social and medical phenomena, or to deny the often deadly force of social realities and inequalities. Rather, it is to urge

increased focus on our receptivity to others, the kinds of evidence we assemble and use—the voices we listen to, the silences we notice, and the experiences and turns we account for—and how we craft our explanations. Our analytics must remain attuned to the intricacy, uncertainty, and unfinishedness of individual and collective lives. Just as medical know-how, international political dynamics, and social realities change, people's lives (biological and political) are in flux.

Remaining open to surprise and the deployment of categories important to human experience can make anthropological work more realistic and, we hope, better. As the political economist Albert Hirschman, an ethnographer at heart, put it, "I like to understand how things happen, how change actually takes place."¹⁴ People's everyday struggles for survival, belonging, and imagination exceed the categories informing experimental and statistical approaches and demand in-depth listening, dynamic mutual attunement, and a readiness to make bold analytical swerves. Ethnographic work engaged with becoming thus takes on conceptual force by building multidimensional figures of thought from the stories and trajectories of the people we engage with in the field. Tracking the intertwining of shifting material structures, uncharted social territories, and the formed and deformed bodies and senses of our field sites helps us empirically grasp what is actually happening in our radically unequal worlds and how power relations are being newly reinforced, always with an eye to how bodies also escape their figurations and forge unanticipated space-times.

PROBLEMATICS OF LIVING

In our reflections, we draw from Biehl's work with Catarina Inês Gomes Moraes, a young woman abandoned by her family and left to die in an asylum called Vita in the southern Brazilian city of Porto Alegre.¹⁵ Largely incapacitated and said to be mad, Catarina spent her days in Vita assembling words in what she called "my dictionary." She wrote: "The characters in this notebook turn and un-turn. This is my world after all."

Catarina's puzzling language required intense listening, suspending diagnosis, and an open reading. Since Biehl first encountered her, he thought of her not as someone who was mentally ill but as an abandoned person who was claiming existence on her own terms. Catarina knew what had made her a "maimed statue" and a void in the social sphere—"I am like this because of life"—and she organized this knowledge for herself and her anthropologist,

thus bringing the public into Vita. "I give you what is missing." Her family, she claimed, thought of her as a failed medication regimen. "Why is it only me who has to be medicated?" The family used this explanation as an excuse for abandoning her. Her condition highlighted the pharmaceuticalization of mental health care in Brazil and the social side effects that come with the encroachment of new medical technologies in urban-poor settings.

Catarina's life tells a larger story about shifting human values and the fate of social bonds in today's dominant mode of subjectivation in the service of science and capitalism. She suggests that one can become a medical or scientific thing and an ex-human for the convenience of others. At the merciless interface of capitalist and scientific discourses, we are all part of a new kind of proletariat: hyperindividualized psychobiologies doomed to consume diagnostics and treatments (for ourselves and for others) as we seek fast success in economies without empathy.¹⁶ But Catarina fought the disconnections that psychiatric drugs introduced in her life and clung to her desires. She worked through the many layers of (mis)treatment and chemical changes that now composed her body, knowing all too well that "people forgot me."

Catarina wrote to sublimate not only her own desires for reconnection and recognition but also the social forces—familial, medical and scientific, and economic—aligned against her. While she integrated her experience with drugs into writing and a new self-perception (the drug biperiden, sold under brand names including Akineton, is literally part of the new name Catarina gives herself in the dictionary: Catkine), she kept seeking camaraderie and another chance at life. Biehl discusses Catarina's creative capacity for living through things in dialogue with Deleuze's idea of "a delicate and incomplete health that stems from efforts to carve out life chances from things too big, strong and suffocating."¹⁷ In anticipating and imagining the possibility of an exit from Vita, Catkine's minor literature thus grounds an ethnographic ethics and gives us a sense of becoming and a style of reasoning that other analytic approaches might foreclose.

We also draw on Locke's fieldwork in Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina (hereafter, following the standard local abbreviation, BiH), to consider collective processes of becoming and to highlight Deleuze's intriguing suggestion that one should write for the benefit of a "missing people."¹⁸ The collaborative nature of this coauthored chapter serves as a method of thought and an experiment in grappling with patterns across cases and scales. In the two decades since Yugoslavia's collapse and the long siege of Sarajevo, the symptoms and consequences—individual, social, and political—of the city's ordeals have

been apparent. Wartime and postwar projects of humanitarian psychiatry and psychosocial support have made psychiatric diagnostics (specifically, collective depression and post-traumatic stress disorder) available for use in interpreting frustrating and persistent social ills. Such clinical-sounding assessments have the effect of emphasizing damage over possibility, painting the city primarily in terms of its wounds (which are indeed deep and still bleeding) while disregarding the hopes and desires—and resistances to neoliberal economic forms—that suffering also communicates.

Just as psychiatry helps silence Catarina's struggle to understand and reclaim her experience, in BiH, the psychologization of war's aftermath can sometimes "vitiolate the moral and political meaning of subjective complaints and protests."¹⁹ In this way, each of our cases addresses a struggle (individual and collective, respectively) to navigate public and private imperatives that have been remade by intersecting scientific and economic rationalities. In each case, a void is engineered in place of older modes of self-assessment—which nevertheless, and by circuitous paths, continue to thrive.

The strict application of a Foucauldian theoretical sensibility—seeking out, for example, the ways that fear-mongering nationalist politics, neoliberal market reforms and concomitant corruption, and years of humanitarian services and international supervision have newly disciplined bodies and normalized subjectivity and social relations—would miss the anxious uncertainty and open-endedness that inflect life in Sarajevo. Symptoms are, at times, a necessary condition or resource for the afflicted to articulate a new relationship to the world and to others. Catarina's family used her supposed madness to excuse themselves for her abandonment—even as she assimilated her experience of psychiatric treatment into a new identity in her struggle to anticipate a more livable reality. By the same token, Locke's work in Sarajevo suggests how the availability of psychiatric drugs and psychosocial services has enabled hybrid ways of remaking lives, families, and social roles.

Psychiatric rationality is enmeshed, to varying degrees, in the worlds we engage with, and it alters people's lives and desires—sometimes deleteriously, cementing foreclosures, and at other times allowing for new openings and forms of care. Anthropological work is well qualified to understand this tension, bringing us closer to the politics and ethics involved in the on-the-ground deployment of psychiatric categories and treatments—which increasingly takes place outside the clinic, in homes and people's solitary relationships to technology.²⁰

Both anguish and vitality simmer beneath Sarajevo's scarred—but slowly brightening, rejuvenating—surfaces, and the work of Deleuze is helpful in finding an analytic approach that can illuminate the interdependence of these twin intensities: the ways symptoms may simultaneously index darkneses and dominations past and present and the minor voices of a "missing people" that speak within alternative "universes of reference," capable, perhaps, of one day unleashing unforeseen social transformations in BiH.²¹ While aspirations for a better life and widespread frustrations with the status quo harbor the kinds of destructive potentials unleashed in the 1990s—the ethnic fear and violence, politics of scapegoating, and paranoia that come with chronic economic insecurity—they may also fuel unexpected solidarities and reveal alternative political pathways.

Sarajevo's "missing people" is composed of layers, each with its own intertwined violence, grief, and aspiration. The wartime dead (thousands of whom remain literally missing) continue to inhabit political claims and keenly felt grievances.²² Who one was before the war (what one believed and whom one loved) no longer has the same value in new economies and forms of governance, but persists in people's anger and hope. And lived experience continually escapes the social categories—competing ethnic and/or victim identities—that dominate the public sphere.²³ In such a context of routinized urgency, the social sciences are challenged to respect and incorporate, without reduction, the ambiguity of political subjects, the uncertain roots and productivities of violence, and the passion for the possible that life holds in its passages through and beyond technical assessments. Performing this task is what ethnography does best.

MOVING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE UNFINISHED

We read Deleuze together with our ethnographic cases to reassert the symbiotic relationship between close empirical engagement with people and their worlds and theoretical inventiveness in anthropology. We recognize that "nobody needs philosophy for reflecting," as Deleuze himself noted, and are certainly not advocating for another philosophical scheme to be confirmed by the figures encountered in the field.²⁴ As John Borneman and Abdellah Hammoudi argue, the "tendency for anthropologists to deploy their work only as illustrative cases for philosophical trends or concepts threatens to make anthropology into a sterile intellectual exercise."²⁵ The point is well taken. In their relentless drive to theorize, anthropologists run the danger

of caricaturing complex realities; neglecting key realms of experience; and missing lived figurations, ironies, and singularities that might complicate and enrich their analyses.

We thus return to ethnographic encounters and episodes not only to address their specificities, but also to make a case for allowing our engagements with others to determine the course of our thinking about them, and to reflect more broadly on the agonistic and reflexive relations between anthropology and philosophy.²⁶ We do so to suggest that through ethnographic rendering, people's own theorizing of their conditions may challenge present-day regimes of veridiction, including philosophical universals and anthropology's subjugation to philosophy. This is not to naively assume the ethnographic to be metonymic with a bounded ethnos, but rather to consider what is at stake in the ways that anthropologists chronicle and write about the knowledge emerging from our work with people.

Long-term engagement with people is a vital antidote to what Hirschman identifies as "compulsive and mindless theorizing."²⁷ The quick theoretical fix has taken its place in contemporary culture alongside the quick technical fix. For Hirschman, as for us, people in all their multiplicity must come first.²⁸ This respect for people and this attention both to how political discourses are manufactured and to the sheer materiality of life's necessities make a great deal of difference in the kind of knowledge anthropologists produce. Throughout this chapter, we are concerned with the conceptual fecundity of people's own practical theorizing. All too readily disqualified by both scholars and policy makers, this knowledge may well yield new or countertheories of human agency and of the shifting nature of social formations and resistance, for example, as well as new approaches to politics and more effective policy solutions.²⁹

In an assessment of anthropology's intellectual health in the first decade of the new millennium, George Marcus worried that since the publication of the path-breaking *Writing Culture*, which he edited with James Clifford,³⁰ the discipline had been "suspended": "There are no new ideas and none on the horizon."³¹ Marcus looked to innovations in the anthropology of science and science studies as possible inspirations.³² Such scholarly attention to how knowledges and technologies are fabricated, and how they affect people and their worlds, has been productive.³³ Yet much of this field has given a privileged place to the official makers of expertise, technology, and policy.³⁴ While this side of the story is undoubtedly essential, it cannot encompass the full range of subjects, approaches, and methods with which anthropologists have continued to productively and innovatively engage. Marcus acknowledged

that since the 1980s, anthropologists have played a useful role in studying emerging global political economies, but he did not think that was enough for "anthropologists to stimulate themselves intellectually."³⁵ Investment in and enthusiasm for public anthropology, for example, is in Marcus's view a "symptom" of a "weak center" and disciplinary disorganization, rather than an indicator of professional vitality and theoretical innovation.³⁶

For Marcus, "what's left to do" while anthropology awaits the renewal or transformation of the "ideas that move and stimulate it . . . is to follow events, to engage ethnographically with history unfolding in the present, or to anticipate what is emerging."³⁷ Marcus seems to designate the core work of anthropology as a remainder: a matter of record building and knowledge accumulation that (at least) can occupy us productively as we await the development of a new guiding theory to "motivate" research or anticipate the future.³⁸ It seems to us, however, that anthropology has (and has always had) a theoretical force as it charts and engages the generativity of people navigating contemporary political, economic, and technological configurations, and that it is stronger for the multiplicity of philosophical ideas with which it engages in any given period. As Paul Rabinow puts it, "the problem for an anthropology of the contemporary is to inquire into what is taking place without deducing it beforehand. And that requires sustained research, patience, and new concepts, or modified old ones."³⁹

What if we broadened our sense of what counts as theoretical innovation and let go of the need for central discursive engines—the *modus operandi* that shaped much of anthropology in the twentieth century? Epistemological breakthroughs do not belong only to analysts. The cumulative experiences of "the unpredictability of the political and social effects of technological inventions"—borne by people traversing contemporary entanglements of power and knowledge—are also epistemological breaks that demand anthropological recognition.⁴⁰ Simply engaging with the complexity of lives and desires—that is, people's intensities, constraints, subjectivities, things, relationships, and projects—in changing material and social worlds constantly necessitates the rethinking of our theoretical apparatuses. What would it mean for our research methodologies and ways of writing if we consistently embraced this unfinishedness, seeking ways to analyze the general, structural, and processual while maintaining an acute awareness of the inevitable incompleteness of our theories?

Paying attention to the sociology and politics of knowledge production helps contextualize current explorations at the frontiers of anthropological theory: ontological and multispecies approaches, posthumanisms and new materialisms, and postsuffering slot anthropologies of the good.⁴¹ These explorations

are doing important work in interrogating taken-for-granted objects of inquiry and categories of analysis; mobilizing new generations of scholars; and opening up new possibilities for fieldwork, collaboration, and expression. Yet their reception and deployment as so-called turns might be read as symptomatic of a continued longing for comprehensive paradigms, orthodoxies, or the next big thing for our academic vanguard theaters, in which more and more seems to be said, while increasingly less is truly heard or read. Meanwhile, the attention to everyday human social life and the diversity of approaches that, for many of us, make anthropology so exciting in the first place are passed over, and theorizing becomes experience-distant and ultimately impaired.⁴²

New and useful ideas do not have to look like overarching paradigms, nor do we have to attribute unconditional authority to them. It is important to be mindful of the moral and political stakes of widespread criticisms of human exceptionalism in anthropology: it is clear that the inequities of human societies—and their different valuation of human lives and the differential impacts of their classificatory systems—still matter enormously. We need not brush aside our discipline's great strengths in working with people to consider the mutual becomings of humans, other species, and our shared environments.

Ethnographic realities are never fully explained by the books and theories we bring to the field. What does it take for the “life in things”—the minor voices, missing peoples, and “ill-formed” and tentative “collective enunciations” that seem to Deleuze to carry so much transformative potential—to attain recognition and political purchase?⁴³ What role can anthropology play in this process, and how can we write in a way that unleashes something of this “plastic power” instead of containing, reducing, or simplifying it?⁴⁴ In what follows, we begin to explore these questions and their implications for ethnographic research and writing.

It is often a nemesis that compels us to work, a politics of writing against. From Bronislaw Malinowski's critique of the universalizing claims of Western psychoanalytic and economic theories⁴⁵ to Clifford Geertz's suspicion of functionalist and structuralist approaches,⁴⁶ anthropologists have always fought against reductionist and hegemonic analytical frames, even as we struggle to articulate and theorize the conditions of our subjects' ways and forms of life. Yet academic debates can become suffocatingly polarizing. In writing against, do we not risk being consumed by our nemeses, producing ever more monstrous abstractions?

In this chapter, we are more interested in writing for a certain ethnographic multirealism, and for the anthropologist's relationship to people and their

worlds, than we are in writing against a set of simplified foils. This is one of the reasons that we work through two ethnographic cases. Where Biehl's work with Catarina focuses on the literary force of an individual life in her disfigured domesticity, Locke's discussion of Sarajevo considers collective and political dimensions of becoming. In this way, we attempt to provide complementary angles from which to think with Deleuze's ideas and expand contemporary configurations of the human. Individual biography is replete with collective inflections and implications, just as collective categories and alternative solidarities are suffused by individual lives and stories. Thus, actual people and their lives, words, materialities, and affects are at the core of both cases.

There is an improvisatory quality to our collaboration as we shift between individual narrators and a unified voice. Throughout, we hope to convey the messiness of the social world and the real struggles in which our informants and their loved ones are involved. In the field and at each juncture, a new valence of meaning is added, and a new incident illuminates each of the lives and assemblages in play. In addition to indicating the institutional and clinical processes that bear on our interlocutors, we try to evoke the domestic, counterpublic, and provisional spaces in which lives are also shaped, turbulent affects are borne and shared, and difficult circumstances are imbued with partial meanings. Details reveal nuanced fabrics of singularities and the institutional, political-economic, and scientific logics that, in their own provisionality, keep inequality in place and problematic situations from dissolving or improving. The ethnographic ethos of curiosity, ambiguity, and openness to relationality inflects our own sensibilities in how we try to portray our characters: as living people, with their own mediated subjectivities, whose actions are partly overdetermined without being inevitable, and who are caught in a constricted universe of choices that remains the only source from which they can craft their lives.

HUMAN BODY?

I (Biehl) first met Catarina in March 1997, and I saw her again when I returned to Vita in January 2000. Vita had been founded in 1987 as a rehabilitation center for drug addicts and alcoholics. Soon its mission was enlarged. An increasing number of people who had been cut off from social life were left there by relatives, neighbors, hospitals, and the police. Vita's team then opened an infirmary where the abandoned, like Catarina, waited with death. Catarina was in her midthirties, and her health had deteriorated considerably. Seated

in a wheelchair, she insisted that she suffered from "rheumatism." Catarina seemed dazed and spoke with great difficulty. But she was adamant: "I speak my mind. I have no gates in my mouth."

Although her external functions were almost dead, she retained a puzzling life within her body. Her "dictionary" was a sea of words, references to all kinds of illness, places and roles she no longer inhabited, and people she once knew and lived for: "Documents, reality, tiresomeness, truth, saliva, voracious, consumer, saving, economics, Catarina, spirit, pills, marriage, cancer, Catholic church, separation of bodies, division of the state, the couple's children." Her seemingly disaggregated words were in many ways an extension of the abject figure she had become in family life, medicine, and Brazil. "Medical records, ready to go to heaven," she wrote. "Dollars, Real, Brazil is bankrupted, I am not to be blamed, without a future. Things out of justice. Human body?"

Some fifty million Brazilians (more than a quarter of the population) live far below the poverty line, and twenty-five million more are considered indigent. Although Vita was in many ways a microcosm of such misery, it was distinctive in some respects. A number of its residents came from working- and middle-class families and had once been workers with their own households. Others had lived in medical or state institutions. As I learned from health officials and human rights activists, despite appearing to be a no-man's-land cut adrift, Vita was in fact entangled with several public institutions through its history and maintenance. Porto Alegre contained more than two hundred such institutions, most of them euphemistically referred to as geriatric houses. Some 70 percent of them operated as unlicensed businesses. These precarious places housed the unwanted in exchange for their welfare pensions; a good number of them also received state funds or philanthropic donations and were used as platforms for clientelistic politics. Ethnographic work with Catarina helped me to break open the totalizing frames of thought that made Vita and other zones of abandonment into a common sense that ultimately left no one accountable for the abandoned.

These are some of the things Catarina told me during our conversations in early 2000: "Maybe my family still remembers me, but they don't miss me. . . . My ex-husband sent me to the psychiatric hospital. . . . The doctors said that they wanted to heal me, but how could they if they did not know the illness? . . . My sister-in-law went to the public clinic to get the medication for me. . . . My brothers want to see production, progress. They brought me here. . . . They say that it is better to place us here so that we don't have to be left alone, at home,

in solitude . . . that there are more people like us here. And all of us together, we form a society, a society of bodies."

Caregivers at Vita told me that Catarina was *louca* (mad) and *fora da casinha* (out of her mind; literally, "out of her little home"). They gave her tranquilizers and said that they knew nothing about her life outside of Vita. As for her growing paralysis, they reasoned that "it must have been from giving birth." I was fascinated by what she said and by the proliferation of her writing. Her words did not seem otherworldly to me. They carried the force of literality.

"Even if it is a tragedy? A tragedy generated in life?" Those were Catarina's words when I asked her for the details of her story one day. "I remember it all. My ex-husband and I lived together and we had the children. We lived as a man and a woman. I worked in the shoe factory, but he said that I didn't need to work. He worked in the city hall. He used to drink a bit after work when he played billiards in a bar. I had nothing against that. One day, however, we had a silly fight because he thought that I should be complaining about his habits and I wasn't. That fight led to nothing. Afterward, he picked another topic to fight about. Finally, one day he said that he had gotten another woman and moved in with her. Her name was Rosa. What could I do?"

I remembered the phrase "the separation of bodies" in Catarina's dictionary, and it seemed to me that her pathology resided in that split and in her struggles to reestablish social ties. In Vita, out of that lived fragmentation, the house and the family were remembered: "I behaved like a woman. Since I was a housewife, I did all my duties, like any other woman. I cooked, and I did the laundry. My ex-husband and his family got suspicious of me because sometimes I left the house and attended to other callings. They were not in agreement with what I thought. My ex-husband thought that I had a nightmare in my head. He wanted to take that out of me, to make me a normal person. They wanted to lock me in the hospital. I escaped so as not to go to the hospital. I hid myself; I went far. But the police and my ex-husband found me. They took my children."

She was constantly recalling the domestic events that led to her abandonment: "When my thoughts agreed with my ex-husband and his family, everything was fine. But when I disagreed with them, I was mad. It was like a side of me had to be forgotten. The side of wisdom. They wouldn't dialogue, and the science of the illness was forgotten. Science is our consciousness, heavy at times, burdened by a knot that you cannot untie."

"After my ex-husband left me, he came back to the house and told me he needed me. He threw me onto the bed saying, 'I will eat you now.' I told him

that that was the last time. . . . I did not feel pleasure, though. I only felt desire. Desire to be talked to, to be gently talked to.”

In abandonment, Catarina recalled sex. There was no love, simply a male body enjoying itself. No more social links, no more speaking beings. Out of the world of the living, her desire was for language, to be talked to. I reminded Catarina that she had once told me that the worst part of Vita was the nighttime, when she was left alone with her desire.

She kept silent for a while and then made it clear that seduction was not at stake in our conversation: “I am not asking a finger from you.” She was not asking me for sex, she meant. Catarina looked exhausted, though she claimed not to be tired. At any rate, it seemed that she had brought the conversation to a fecund point, and I also felt like I could no longer listen. No countertransference, no sexual attraction, I thought, but enough of all these things. The anthropologist is not immune. I promised to return the next day to continue, and I suggested that she begin to write again.

My resistance did not deter her from recalling her earliest memory, and I marveled at the power of what I heard—an image that in its simplicity appeared to concentrate the entire psyche:

I remember something that happened when I was three years old. I was at home with my brother Altamir. We were very poor. We were living in a little house in the plantation. Then a big animal came into the house—it was a black lion. The animal rubbed itself against my body. I ran and hugged my brother. Mother had gone to get water from the well. That’s when I became afraid. Fear of the animal. When mother came back, I told her what had happened. But she said that there was no fear, that there was no animal. Mother said nothing.

This could have been incest, sexual abuse, a first psychotic episode, the memory of maternal and paternal abandonment, or simply a play of shadows and imagination—we will never know.

The image of the house, wrote Gaston Bachelard, “would appear to have become the topography of our intimate being. A house constitutes a body of images that give mankind proofs or illusions of stability.”⁴⁷ In this earliest of Catarina’s recollections, nothing is protecting the I. It is in Vita that she recalled the insecure household and the animal so close to the I. This story speaks to her abandonment as a valueless animal as well as to the work the animal performs in human life. In this last sense, the animal is not a negation of the human, I thought—it is a figure through which Catarina learned to

produce affect and that marks her singularity. When I told her it was time for me to leave, Catarina replied, “You are the one who marks time.”

GEOGRAPHIES OF BECOMING

It was not enough to deconstruct Catarina’s classification as mad or her confinement in institutions of control. Claiming language and agency, she was not reducible to “bare life,” and her knowledge revealed complicated realities and the noninstitutionalized spaces in which life chances were crystallized or foreclosed.⁴⁸

Deleuze, who did not share Foucault’s confidence in the determining force of power, is helpful here. In a 1976 article called “Desire and Pleasure,”⁴⁹ Deleuze reviewed Foucault’s then recently published *History of Sexuality*.⁵⁰ In that book, Foucault took a new step with regard to his earlier work in *Discipline and Punish*:⁵¹ now power arrangements were no longer simply normalizing, they were also constituents of sexuality. Attentive to historical preconditions and singular efforts of becoming, Deleuze instead “emphasize[d] the primacy of desire over power” and pursued “lines of flight.”⁵² For him “all organizations, all the systems Michel [Foucault] calls biopower, in effect reterritorialize the body.”⁵³ But a social field, first and foremost, “leaks out on all sides.”⁵⁴ “Desire,” he wrote, “comes first and seems to be the element of a micro-analysis.”⁵⁵

According to Deleuze, desire is constantly undoing, or at least opening up, forms of subjectivity and power. It is at the core of the concept of assemblage, used by Aihwa Ong and Stephen Collier to name emerging global configurations of science, capital, and governance.⁵⁶ For Deleuze and Guattari, assemblages are contingent and shifting interrelations among “segments”—that is, institutions, powers, practices, and desires—that constantly and simultaneously construct, entrench, and disaggregate their own constraints and oppressions.⁵⁷ An assemblage, they write, is “a concretization of power, of desire, of territoriality or reterritorialization, regulated by the abstraction of a transcendental law. But we must declare as well that an assemblage has points of deterritorialization; or that it always has a line of escape by which it . . . makes the segments melt and . . . liberates desire from all its concretizations in order to dissolve them.”⁵⁸

This emphasis on desire and the ways—humble, marginal, minor—that it cracks through “the concretization of power” and apparently rigid social fields and serves as the engine of becoming figures centrally in Deleuze’s divergences from both Foucault and Sigmund Freud. In Deleuze’s view, Freud

and his followers offer a philosophy of top-down penetration of depths—of memory and memorialization—that digs through the past for the core, defining truths of a person's being encapsulated in childhood mother-father oedipal dynamics.⁵⁹ This is an archaeological conception of psychoanalysis, according to Deleuze. His use of this term also evokes his critique of Foucault, whose archaeology of the subject traces the ways in which he or she is constituted and confined by, for example, the top-down categories of expert discourses.⁶⁰ Freud and Foucault each define the subject through dependencies and determinants—by past traumas and unconscious complexes, and by entangled regimes of power and knowledge, respectively.

In the essay "What Children Say,"⁶¹ Deleuze revisits Freud's seminal case study of Little Hans⁶² to develop the idea of cartography as an alternative to oedipal archaeology. The objects of cartography, what the analyst maps, are milieus (contexts that are at once material and social and are infused with affects and intensities) and trajectories (the journeys people take through milieus to address needs, pursue desires and curiosities, or to simply try to find room to breathe under constraint): "The trajectory merges not only with the subjectivity of those who travel through a milieu, but also with the subjectivity of the milieu itself, insofar as it is reflected in those who travel through it."⁶³

For Deleuze, the analytical challenge is to illuminate desire and possibility, not only structural determinants. Rather than focusing on origins or the weight of memory, our analyses must reveal mobilization and flight. "From one map to the next," Deleuze suggests, "it is not a matter of searching for an origin, but of evaluating displacements. Every map is a redistribution of impasses and breakthroughs, of thresholds and enclosures, which necessarily go from bottom to top."⁶⁴ In other words, it is "no longer an unconscious of commemoration but one of mobilization."⁶⁵

Defining subjects in terms of the archaeology of their dependencies may be less revealing than mapping out their movements through space, time, and social fields: people's lines of flight as well as their blocked passages, moments when the libido is stuck or pushed backward. Done right, hints Deleuze, such maps can show the Dionysian force of the libido as it breaks down forms and constraints by investing the indefinite, which, he argues, "lacks nothing": "It is the determination of a becoming, its characteristic power, the power of an impersonal that is not a generality but a singularity at its highest point."⁶⁶

This cartographic approach makes space for possibility (the otherwise, or what could be) as a crucial dimension of what is or what was. It brings

crossroads—places where other choices might be made or other paths taken—out of the shadow of deterministic analytics. It brings alternatives within closer reach. Ethnography, at its best, strives for the same achievements.

As Michael M. J. Fischer argues, subjectivities are now "raucous *terrae incognitae*" for anthropological inquiry: "landscapes of explosions, noise, alienating silences, disconnects and dissociations, fears, terror machineries, pleasure principles, illusions, fantasies, displacements, and secondary revisions, mixed with reason, rationalizations, and paralogics—all of which have powerful sociopolitical dimensions and effects."⁶⁷ In Fischer's view, we need to attend to more than the "enunciative function" of the subject: subjectivity does not merely speak as resistance, nor is it simply spoken to or silenced by power.⁶⁸ It continually forms and reappears in the complex play of bodily, linguistic, political, and psychological dimensions of human experience; and within and in contrast to new infrastructures, value systems, and transforming injustices and insecurities. Ethnography can help us chart paths across larger structures and forces of repetition, technologies at play, and "the slippery slopes of unforeseeable consequences of action."⁶⁹ It can help us account for people, experiences, and voices and silences that remain unaddressed and raise calls for new ethics and politics. Ethnography matters.

THE PSYCHIATRIC AURA OF REALITY

Catarina's speech and writing captured the messiness of what her world had turned into—filled with knots that she could not untie, although she desperately wanted to because "if we don't study it, the illness in the body worsens." Her words described real struggles, the ordinary world from which she had been banished, and the multiple therapeutic itineraries that had altered her body and become the life of her mind. With the on-the-ground study of a single other comes an immense parceling out of the specific ways communities, families, and personal lives are assembled and valued, and how they are embedded in larger entrepreneurial processes and institutional rearrangements. But Catarina was not simply trying to find a place for herself in history. By going through the components and singularities of events, she was resuming her place in them as in a becoming: "To make peace with time, the hours, minutes, and seconds, with the clock and the calendar, to be well with all, but mainly with the pen."

Writing helped her draw out the best of herself and make it all endurable and somehow open: "From the letters I form words, and from the words I form sentences, and from the sentences I form a story." Catarina created a new

letter character that resembled a *K*, as well as new names for herself such as *CATAKINA*, *CATKINA*, *CATIEKI*, and *CATKINE*. She explained that “*K* is open on both sides. If I wouldn’t open the character, my head would explode.” She continued: “One needs to preserve oneself. I also know that pleasure in life is very important, the body of the other. I think that people fear their bodies. . . . I have desire, I have desire.” As Catarina rethought the literal realities that had led to her exclusion, she demanded one more chance in life. There was something in the way she moved from one register to the other—past life, *Vita*, and desire—that eluded anthropological understanding. This movement was her own language of abandonment.

From 2000 to 2003, I took numerous trips to southern Brazil to work with Catarina. I studied all twenty-one volumes of the dictionary she was composing and discussed the words and associations with her. In her recollections and writing, I found clues to the people, sites, and interactions that constituted her destiny. As an anthropologist, I was challenged to reconstruct the world of her words, to illuminate self-world entanglements. I wanted to directly address the various circuits in which her intractability and silence or voice gained form, circuits that seemed independent of both laws and norms—the in-betweenness through which social life and ethics are empirically worked out. With Catarina’s consent, I retrieved her records from psychiatric hospitals and local branches of the country’s universal health-care system. On a detective-like journey, I also located her family members in the nearby city of Novo Hamburgo. Everything she had told me about the familial and medical pathways that had led her to *Vita* was consistent with the information I found in the archives and in the field—a field that was not self-evident, but that became manifest through ethnographic returns, diligence, and care.

Catarina was born in 1966 and grew up in the very poor western region of the state of Rio Grande do Sul. After finishing fourth grade, she was taken out of school and became the housekeeper, while her youngest siblings aided their mother in agricultural work. The father had abandoned the family. In the mid-1980s, two of her brothers migrated to find jobs in the booming shoe industry in Novo Hamburgo. At the age of eighteen, Catarina married Nilson Moraes, and a year later she gave birth to her first child. Shady deals, persistent bad harvests, and indebtedness to local vendors forced Nilson and Catarina to sell the land they had inherited to take care of Catarina’s ailing mother, and in the mid-1980s, the young couple decided to join her brothers in Novo Hamburgo and the shoe industry. In the coming years, Catarina had two more children. As her illness progressed and her marriage disintegrated, her older son and

daughter went to her husband’s family, and her younger daughter was given up for adoption.

Catarina had become too much of a burden for her family; caught up in webs of disease, poverty, and fear, she was frequently hospitalized and over-medicated with powerful antipsychotics. Yet exploring her medical records, I uncovered something more. Catarina suffered from a rare neurodegenerative disorder called Machado-Joseph Disease, which caused her to lose her ability to walk and, over time, shut her body down almost entirely.⁷⁰ It was an illness that had afflicted Catarina’s mother, and in both of their cases it presented itself after childbirth. Reaching this diagnosis took me through a maze of medical hoops, and as the picture of her illness became clearer, I took her to a geneticist and neurologist who finally made the correct diagnosis and provided the best possible care.

In many ways, Catarina was caught in a period of political and cultural transition: politicians were implementing a state reform to make Brazil viable within a supposedly inescapable economic globalization and fostering alternative partnerships with civil society to maximize the public interest within the state.⁷¹ In *Vita*, I show how such large-scale change and redistribution of resources, power, and responsibility take place locally, as overburdened families and individuals are left to negotiate these processes alone.⁷² In this context, the family is increasingly the medical agent of the state (providing and at times triaging care), and pharmaceuticals become a tool for such deliberate action.

Free distribution of drugs is a central component of Brazil’s universal health-care system, a democratic success of the late 1980s. Increasing calls for the decentralization of services and the individualization of treatment, exemplified by the mental health movement, coincided with dramatic cuts in funding for health-care infrastructure and with the proliferation of pharmaceutical treatments. Data from the government’s database for health resource use in the period 1995–2005 show that the country’s reform of psychiatric care was accompanied by a significant fall in the percentage of resources dedicated to that care.⁷³ Meanwhile, there has been a dramatic increase in resource allocation for community services and medicines, particularly second-generation antipsychotic drugs. The increased allocation of funds for pharmaceuticals was followed by a relative decrease in the number of public psychiatrists hired, with psychiatrists replaced in large part by social workers and psychologists.

In engaging with this new regime of public health and in allocating their own overstretched and meager resources, families become proxy psychiatrists. They can dispose of unwanted and unproductive members, sometimes

without sanction, on the basis of individuals' noncompliance with their treatment regimens. Psychopharmaceuticals are thus central to how personal lives are recast in this particular moment of socioeconomic change, and to how people create life chances vis-à-vis what is bureaucratically and medically available to them.⁷⁴ Such negotiations are entangled with market exploitation, gender domination, and a managerial-style state that is increasingly distant from the people it governs. The fabric of this domestic activity of evaluating which life is worth living remains largely unexamined, not only in everyday life but also in the literature of transforming economies, states, and civil societies in contexts of democratization and social inequality. As this study unfolded, I was challenged to devise ways to approach this unconsidered infrastructure of decision making that operates, in Catarina's own words, "out of justice," or outside the bounds of the judiciary and the public ministry—that is, close to home. "I know," she said, "because I passed through it. I learned the truth and I try to divulge what reality is."

Ethnography makes visible the intermingling of colloquial practices and relations, institutional histories, and discursive structures that—in categories of madness, pharmaceuticals, migrant households, and disintegrating state services—have defined normalcy and displaced Catarina onto the register of social death, where her condition appears to have been "self-generated." Catarina knew that the verb "to kill" was being conjugated—"dead alive, dead outside, alive inside"—and I was challenged to chart this process and to reflect on what made it not only possible, but ordinary. This is also, then, a story of the methodological, ethical, and conceptual limits of anthropology and its own becoming as the ethnographer goes to the field to verify the sources of a life excluded from family and society and to capture the density of a locality without leaving the individual person and her subjectivity behind.

TO LIVE IS EXPENSIVE

As I listened to what had made Catarina's voice posthumous, a life force emerged that reworked ideas of the person and the value of social ties. While trying to speak, Catarina was overwhelmed by the chemical alterations of drugs: layers of chemical compounds and the side effects that were her body and identity now. To speak the unspeakable, she resorted to metaphors and writing. In the following dictionary entry, for example, she tried to break open the reader's blindness, bringing a Greek tragic figure together with her brothers, children, and renamed self: "Look at Catarina without blindness,

pray, prayer, Jocastka, there is no tonic for CATKINE, there is no doctor for any one, Altamir, Ademar, Armando, Anderson, Alessandra, Ana."

Marked by paradoxes and impossibilities, she continued: "I need to change my blood with a tonic. Medication from the pharmacy costs money, to live is expensive." Medical science was indeed part and parcel of Catarina's existence—the truths, half-truths, and misunderstandings that brought her to die in Vita, and on which she nonetheless subsisted. "Pharmacy, laboratory, marriage, identity, army, rheumatism, complication of labor, loss of physical equilibrium, total loss of control, govern, goalkeeper, evil eye, spasm, nerves. . . . In the United States, not here in Brazil, there is a cure, for half of the disease."

In writing, as in speech, Catarina often referred to her condition as "rheumatism": "People think that they have the right to put their hands in the mangled threads and to mess with it. Rheumatism. They use my name for good and for evil. They use it because of the rheumatism." A possible reading is that her rheumatism tied various life threads together. It is an untidy knot, a real matter that makes social exchange possible. It gives the body its stature and is the conduit of a morality. Catarina's bodily affection, not her name, is exchanged in that world: "What I was in the past does not matter." Catarina disappears, and a religious image stands in her place: "Rheumatism, spasm, crucified Jesus." In another fragment, she writes: "Acute spasm, secret spasm. Rheumatic woman. The word of the rheumatic is of no value."

Catarina knew that there is a rationality and a bureaucracy to symptom management: "Chronic spasm, rheumatism, must be stamped, registered." All of this happens in a democratic context, "vote by vote." We must consider side by side the acute pain Catarina described and the authoritative story she became in medicine and in common sense—as being mad and ultimately of no value. The antipsychotic drugs Haldol and Neozine are also words in Catarina's dictionary. In a fragment, she defiantly writes that her pain reveals the experimental ways science is embodied: "The dance of science. Pain broadcasts sick science, the sick study. Brain, illness. Buscopan, Haldol, Neozine. Invoked spirit."

An individual history of science is being written here. Catarina's lived experience and ailments are the pathos of a certain science, a science that is itself sick. The goods of psychiatric science have become as ordinary as Buscopan (hyoscine, an over-the-counter antispasmodic medication) and have become a part of familial practices. As her experience shows, the use of such drugs produces mental and physical effects apart from those related to her illness.

In Catarina's thinking and writing, global pharmaceuticals are not simply taken as new material for old patterns of self-fashioning but are entangled in

and act as vectors for new mechanisms of sociomedical and subjective control that have both a deadly and a generative force. Seen from the perspective of Vita, the illnesses Catarina experienced were the outcome of events and practices that annulled the person she had learned to become. Abandoned in Vita to die, Catarina nonetheless has ties to pharmakons, which also work as kernels of a fugitive lifeworld. Her desire, she writes, is now a pharmaceutical thing with no human exchange value: "Catarina cries and wants to leave. Desire, watered, prayed, wept. Tearful feeling, fearful, diabolic, betrayed. My desire is of no value. Desire is pharmaceutical. It is not good for the circus."

LITERATURE AND HEALTH

Catarina also writes to remain alive, I thought. In the dictionary, she constantly places her new names in relation to those of others she meets in Vita, such as Clóvis and Luis Carlos, or people she knew in the past, such as Valmir. She creatively redirects disciplinary clinical elements into a literary and therapeutic line of flight and contact.

Deleuze says that writing is "a question of becoming, always incomplete, always in the midst of being formed, and goes beyond the matter of any livable or lived experience. It is a process, that is, a passage of Life that traverses both the livable and the lived."⁷⁵ He thinks of language as a system that can be disturbed, attacked, and reconstructed: the very gate through which limits of all kinds are crossed and the energy of the "delirium" unleashed.⁷⁶

The delirium suggests alternative visions of existence and of a future that clinical definitions tend to foreclose. Language in its clinical state has already attained a form, says Deleuze: "We don't write with our neuroses. Neuroses or psychoses are not passages of life, but states into which we fall when the process is interrupted, blocked, or plugged up. Illness is not a process but a stopping of the process."⁷⁷ The radical work of literature, however, moves away from truths and forms (because truth itself is a form) and toward intermediate, processual, even virtual stages. Writing, he insists, is inseparable from becoming.

While I tried to cartographize her lived experience of abandonment, Catarina was herself producing, in her dictionary, an ethnographic theory of the leftover subject, the *it* she had become. Consider this stanza:

Catarina is subjected
To be a nation in poverty
Porto Alegre

Without an heir
Enough
I end

Catarina places the individual and the collective in the same space of analysis, just as the country and the city collide in Vita. Subjection has to do with having no money and being part of a nation gone awry. The subject is a body left in Vita without ties to her life with the man who, as she states, now "rules the city" from which she is banished. With nothing to leave behind and no one to leave it to, Catarina still has her subjectivity—the medium through which a collectivity is ordered in terms of lack, and in which she finds a way to disentangle herself from the mess the world has become. In her writing, she faces the concrete limits of what a human being can bear and makes polysemy out of those limits—"I, who am where I go, am who am so." In her words, real and imaginary voyages compose a set of intertwined routes: "I am a free woman, to fly, bionic woman, separated. . . . When men throw me into the air, I am already far away." These trajectories are inseparable from becoming: "I will leave the door of the cage open. You can fly wherever you want to."

Actualized by literature is the power of an impersonal that, says Deleuze, "is not a generality but singularity at the highest point: a man, a woman, a beast, a child. . . . It is not the first two persons that function as the condition for literary enunciation; literature begins only when a third person is born in us that strips us of the power to say 'I.'"⁷⁸ The shift to the indefinite—from *I* to *a* or *it*—leads to the ultimate existential stage in which life is simply immanent, a transcendental field where man and woman and other men and women or animals or landscapes can achieve a web of variable relations and situated connectedness, call it camaraderie.

"There, in Novo Hamburgo it is Catarina. Here it is CATKINE," she told me when I asked her why she invented this name: "I will be called this now. For I don't want to be a tool for men to use, for men to cut. A tool is innocent. You dig, you cut, you do whatever you want with it. . . . It doesn't know if it hurts or doesn't. But the man who uses it to cut the other knows what he is doing." She continued with the most forceful words: "I don't want to be a tool. Because Catarina is not the name of a person . . . truly not. It is the name of a tool, of an object. A person is an other."

Psychopharmaceuticals mediated Catarina's expulsion from the world of exchanges and were now the means through which she recounted bodily fragmentation and withering. This was what she was left with—"enjoyment

enjoying itself" (*se goza gozo*), as she wrote in the dictionary: "Pleasure and desire are not sold, cannot be bought. But have choice."

The opportunity to "restart" and a human choice were all she wanted. This was what Catarina affirmed in her love stories in Vita. "I dated a man who volunteered as a security guard here," she told me. "He bought me a ring and a bracelet, shampoo, many things. We met at night and had sex in the bathroom. But people were trying to separate us. Vera began to say that he was her boyfriend, too. So I gave him the ring back. He refused to take it back. I said, 'I will not throw this into the garbage,' so I put it in my suitcase. After we split, he had other women here. . . . But as far as I am concerned, I was not his prey. I didn't fall to him. I wanted it. I have desire, I have desire. I am with Clóvis now."

Catarina refused to depict herself as a victim. Along with hunger, spasms, and pain, her body experienced uncontrollable desires, an overflow unthinkable in terms of common sense. While exposing Vita as a place of total annihilation, she also spoke of the vitality of sexuality and affirmed her agency. She spoke openly of having sex "in the bathroom and in the pharmacy" with Clóvis, a man who, after passing through the rehabilitation areas, became the infirmary's "nurse" and "pharmacist." For Catarina, desire and pleasure were gratifying, "a gift that one feels." During sex, she said, "I don't lose my head, and I don't let my partner lose his head. If it is good for me, I want to make it good for him, too." She was, in her own words, "a true woman" (*mulher de verdade*): "Female reproducer, reproduces, lubrication, anonymous reproducer, to fondle the aggressive lust, and manias. Scientific decadence, kiss, electricity, wet, mouth kiss, dry kiss, kiss in the neck, to start from zero, it is always time, to begin again, for me it is time to convert, this is salvation day, Clóvis Gama, CATKINE, Catarkina Gama, Ikeni Gama, Alessandra Gomes, Ana G., to restart a home, a family, the spirit of love, the spirit of God, the spirit becomes flesh inside."

Catarina remarked that other people might be curious about her words, but she added that their meaning was ultimately part of her living: "There is so much that comes with time . . . the words . . . and the signification, you will not find in the book. It is only in my memory that I have the signification. And this is for me to untie." Catarina refused to be merely an object of understanding for others, yet she challenges us to inquire into the benefits that can come from ethnographic knowledge making, especially in the ways care can be re-directed: "Nobody will decipher the words for me. With the pen, only I can do it. . . . In the ink, I decipher. . . . I am writing for myself to understand, but, of course, if you all understand I will be very content." And she anticipated an exit from Vita. It was as difficult as it was important to sustain this anticipa-

tion: to find ways to support Catarina's search for ties to things, people, and the world and her demand for continuity, or at least its possibility.

TO WRITE FOR THE PEOPLE WHO ARE MISSING

Where Biehl's work with Catarina probes the significance of Deleuze's thought in understanding *a life*, I (Locke) explore Deleuze's insights for understanding collective becomings in Sarajevo. Here, what is held in common (who one cares for, identifies with, supports, or is supported by in the course of the fraught unfolding of a postwar everyday) does not always correspond to official divisions and categories—that is, ethnoreligious divisions (Croat, Serb, and Bosnian) and competing victim identifications (veteran, widow, camp survivor, rape victim, displaced person, and returnee, e.g.).⁷⁹ The collective is an open space of ambivalence and contestation, where there is room for difference to be affirmed, tentative bonds to be formed, and shared frustrations to cross entrenched boundaries and mark out new ones.

Although the specificities of the cases are different in crucial ways, my Sarajevo interlocutors, like Catarina, negotiate an evolving interface of psychiatric and neoliberal economic rationalities. Here clinical diagnoses applied to whole populations can obscure the many political, economic, and social discontents behind their shared symptoms. Sustained ethnographic engagement produces a counterinterpretation that, by taking seriously local desires, struggles, and dissent, evokes the potential for alternative solidarities and political life in the region—"a people to come."⁸⁰

On a hot morning in July 2007, I took a taxi to Sarajevo's Koševo Hospital to visit Senadin Ljubović. A psychiatrist with decades of experience, he had worked extensively with traumatized ex-soldiers and rape victims since the war. On my way into his office, I passed a gaunt, expressionless woman on her way out. Ljubović told me, without prompting, that she was from Srebrenica; that she had spent months in a concentration camp where she had been subjected to sexual violence; and that many of her male family members were killed in the July 1995 genocide. She had no job, no friends, and no family in Sarajevo. She received only meager assistance from the government and was about to be evicted from her apartment.

Calm and resigned in his white coat, Ljubović asked me what a psychiatrist could do for someone like her. Her problems were social: the extreme violence of the early 1990s had shattered her networks of support, and in a city still resentful of villagers and refugees, she had found little in the way of new

human warmth and connection. And her problems were financial: more than a decade after the war, the Bosnian economy remained (and remains today) weak, and there were few prospects for formal employment or further education. The trauma of her terrible losses and violations was evident, Ljubović said, in her crippled capacity to trust, connect, and hope. But Ljubović—one of Bosnia-Herzegovina's relatively few mental health professionals⁸¹—hardly had the time or resources to address this particularly bitter facet of her predicament. He could only prescribe medication, offer a few words of advice, and let her go, admitting the next client in line.

A few months earlier, I sat at the long table in the common area of the offices of Wings of Hope (often referred to by those in its orbit simply as "Wings"), a local psychosocial support nongovernmental organization (NGO) focused on services for children and their families. Three mothers waited in a cloud of cigarette smoke, while elsewhere in the office staff members worked with their children. The mothers were angry and frustrated. Their husbands were gone (some lost in the war) or unemployed; their children were struggling in school; and government was doing little to help them. Neighbors and friends were too preoccupied with their own daily struggles to take much interest. NGOs such as Wings of Hope, limited in capacity because of donor fatigue and the declining interest of the international community, fill in where they can in the absence of government services. "Politicians do not care about us," the women agreed. One said: "They just use their positions to get rich. . . . My husband died in the war and I live off his soldier's pension. But it is not enough! And there are no jobs for me." As they exchanged bitter complaints, the mothers began remembering together what the system was like before the war they did not want, when material security, employment, and health care were all (ostensibly) guaranteed by the state: "Everything was better before. The war was for nothing." They were grateful for the assistance they had found at Wings, but they resented the fact that it was their only apparent option.

Ljubović and the mothers at Wings of Hope both criticized painful failures of postwar governance (local and international) and an absence of services and assistance; and they expressed a general sense of social dysfunction, stagnancy, and disconnection. Despite bloated, redundant layers of bureaucracy that at the time drained an estimated 70 percent of Bosnia's yearly gross domestic product, government felt to my interlocutors in Sarajevo less like a weight than a lack of care, support, and opportunity. Local politics—dominated by zero-sum, angry, fear-inducing debates between ethnic nationalists on all sides—

unfolded in a bubble of compulsive repetition disconnected from concrete socioeconomic problems.

People were left to fend for themselves. What care and opportunities they could obtain often required personal or political connections or bribery. Students, I was often told, were paying to pass exams; graduates were paying to be employed; a patient needing stitches would hand the nurse a little extra to receive local anesthetic. And with the steady withdrawal of international aid projects, leaving local NGOs scrambling for meager resources, the limited services provided by civil society (including those addressing mental health) could only scratch the surface of actual need.

During the war in BiH (whose population was roughly four million), approximately a hundred thousand people were killed, and at least two million were displaced.⁸² Legacies of the conflict continue to compromise Bosnia's infrastructure, economy, and civic institutions. The Dayton Accords, which ended hostilities in 1995, brought to BiH an enormous international apparatus of governance, monitoring, peacekeeping, and humanitarian aid—what the anthropologist Mariella Pandolfi, in the context of Kosovo, has called a kind of "migrant sovereignty."⁸³ Renewed warfare has been held at bay, but major reforms have been spotty and fitful. Nationalist politicians who depend on the electorate's fear and insecurity frequently stymie the efforts of both international authorities and local activist movements to stimulate political change. It does not help that the Dayton Accords entrenched the role of divisive ethnic identifications in the political process.⁸⁴ Since 1995 BiH has remained a kind of international protectorate, and the high representative (an unelected political appointee who jointly represents the United Nations and the European Union, and whose mandate was originally intended to last only one year) retains the capacity to exercise significant political authority, though this rarely happens. In economic domains, international organizations' neoliberal market ideology and structural adjustment policies have led to by now familiar outcomes—corrupt privatization, the auctioning off of once-public assets, and the dismantling of social welfare services.⁸⁵

"It was international intervention in former Yugoslavia, especially Bosnia," argues the political scientist Vanessa Pupavac, "that heralded 'the triumph of the therapeutic.'"⁸⁶ Borrowing the quoted expression from Philip Rieff's⁸⁷ study of the integration of Freudian thought into modern culture, Pupavac argues that over the course of the 1990s, international policy in postcrisis situations created a form of power she calls "therapeutic governance."⁸⁸ Humanitarian

organizations in the Balkans conducted psychosocial projects—by some accounts, thousands of such projects were implemented in the region during and just after the war, collectively costing millions of dollars—to address the trauma and mental health of war survivors.⁸⁹ The psychosocial approach emphasizes the link between trauma and recurring cycles of violence. And, as Fassin and Rechtman show in *The Empire of Trauma*, the emergent field of humanitarian psychiatry has generally cast war survivors as psychologically damaged and therefore in danger of repeating the atrocities they have witnessed or to which they have been subjected.⁹⁰ According to Pupavac, this set of assumptions has helped to justify the continuing supervision of BiH by foreign overseers. Contemporary therapeutic governance presumes that postwar citizens can be trusted with neither their political rights nor their own emotional well-being. Symbolic justice is emphasized, while “substantive social justice” is all but ignored.⁹¹

As my fieldwork began, I expected to watch the “triumph of the therapeutic” in postwar remediation efforts play out in everyday life in Sarajevo.⁹² However, I quickly discovered that, notwithstanding the millions of aid dollars that had been spent, the structural effect of international psychosocial projects in Bosnia-Herzegovina has been relatively narrow. While various international programs—the once-common seminars, workshops, trainings, and conferences on themes such as conflict resolution, nonviolence, communication skills, and trauma—did shift the way a number of local civil society workers understood the psychological effects of war, most people do not tend to see any form of psychotherapy as a possible remedy for their woes. Even if they did, mental health care services in BiH, and public understanding of them, are limited.

While strong mental health care infrastructures and treatment-seeking cultures have not fully taken root in BiH, psychological language has seeped into local common sense, confounding the way people understand the country’s social-structural and political-economic problems. Interpretation of the features of life in contemporary BiH often takes place in a clinical-sounding register, through which Bosnian voices seem to emit only signs of lives blocked by collective illness. What if we listened to Bosnian lives on a literary rather than a clinical register, paying attention to a different kind of agency that pulses in a language of despair and refusal, of anger and abiding, a syntax of mournful waiting? Might we hear, between the lines, a tentative “collective enunciation” that points to alternatives for social solidarity and mobilization for public accountability?⁹³

DIAGNOSING A CITY

The postwar flurry of international psychosocial work in BiH was short-lived, leaving behind a handful of small locally run NGOs, whose staff members were more often than not trained by international mental health professionals during and just after the war. These NGOs try to adapt their sense of Western mental health science to what they perceive to be local problems and needs, often creating a disjuncture between mission statements and grant applications (couched in psychological terminology) and actual practices (which are more eclectic, weaving a range of therapeutic modalities together with social work and community organizing). The organizations’ beneficiaries are often seeking material assistance as much as some form of emotional support; NGO workers regularly told me stories of people appearing at psychosocial activities to ask for money or materials to rebuild damaged homes or buy food for a few days. This is the sort of assistance that citizens might have reasonably expected of their prewar communist government, suggesting an important microhistory of the kinds of values and expectations that linger as philosophies and infrastructures of governance transform.⁹⁴

At Wings of Hope, what is billed as “psychodetraumatization” for children has evolved into academic tutoring for young people struggling in school; assistance in transitions from education to work; and pragmatic problem solving, counseling, and general support for families. On balance, it seemed that such efforts address the effects of contemporary socioeconomic pressures as much as—or even more than—those of extreme wartime experiences. Yet staff members, volunteers, and beneficiaries talk in psychological terms, attributing poor grades to transgenerational trauma, and children are usually selected for the program based on a checklist of traumatic indicators developed for Wings several years ago by a psychologist from the University of Sarajevo. Marija Šarić (hereafter Maja, at her request), the executive director of Wings, often told me that Sarajevo is in the grip of “collective depression” and “mass trauma”—although when I interviewed staff members, some were less certain about such blanket diagnoses. If ideas about trauma only loosely guide NGO activities, they nevertheless seem to inflect, to differing degrees, the explanations people at Wings give about what they are doing.

There is something here akin to processes of medicalization—the tendency to obscure the social etiology of affliction and reduce it to a biological reality amenable to medical intervention.⁹⁵ Yet without the presence of a powerful

medical or psychiatric infrastructure, this form of objectification works along other lines: diagnostics from the private clinical encounter come to operate, fluidly and ambivalently, in domestic and public spheres and collectively constructed narratives about postwar life. People do not simply become the diagnostic categories applied to them—they inhabit them to greater or lesser degrees, refuse them, redefine and redeploy them, or ignore them entirely. Medical anthropologists including Margaret Lock have insisted on the limits of philosophical categories and the indispensability of ethnographic methods of research and writing for understanding such complex appropriations and redirections of medical rationality.⁹⁶ As Ian Hacking acknowledged in his essay on how new kinds of people can be “made up” by medical diagnostics, “my concern is philosophical and abstract . . . and [I] reflect too little on the ordinary dynamics of human interaction.”⁹⁷

The legacy of therapeutic governance and humanitarian psychiatry in BiH is mixed in many senses. In the same breath, Sarajevans can talk about psychiatric trauma as the source of socioeconomic challenges—for example, saying that when people are depressed, they lack the kind of individual initiative required to make capitalism work—and then reverse the formula, pointing to economic problems as the true traumatic experience. In late July 2008—a few days after Radovan Karadžić, the wartime Bosnian Serb leader, was finally captured (he had been practicing as a new age healer under a false identity in Belgrade)—I took a taxi to the city’s central bus station. The driver talked about how difficult it was for him to see Karadžić in the media again—the erstwhile psychiatrist and poet was a key architect of the long siege of Sarajevo—then he asked what I was doing there. “I’m most interested in how people are thinking about and dealing with trauma,” I told him. He replied: “That is very difficult. What you are looking for is hidden.”

The driver explained that at first glance, everything looks relatively “normal” in Sarajevo: people socialize, work, spend time in cafes with their friends, study at the university, and take buses to the Adriatic coast in July. Under the surface, though, “something is not right.” People are “explosive” and “temperamental,” he said, flying into a rage at the little irritations of daily life, in a way that they had not done before the war. But war trauma is not the only reason for this half-buried malaise: “There are no jobs.” He began to recite a familiar litany of social ills—unemployment, corruption, poor social services, a country seemingly emptied of compassion and solidarity. “This is not a normal society,” he told me. “This is not what I fought for.”⁹⁸ He had served in the militias that defended Sarajevo during the siege.

In 2003, Slobodan Loga, a psychiatrist then working at the University of Sarajevo, told a reporter for Britain’s *Daily Telegraph* that everyone in Sarajevo had posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD), and I heard him make similar pronouncements at two separate conferences during my fieldwork in 2007. In the *Telegraph* article (tellingly titled “The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek”), he rattled off the symptoms gripping the city: “violent mood swings, excitability, flashbacks, nightmares, emotional numbness, depression, anxiety attacks and trying to find someone else to blame.”⁹⁹ Suicide has gone up by 40 percent, he said: “PTSD is part of our lives.”¹⁰⁰ One of Loga’s colleagues, a psychiatrist who has worked extensively with war veterans, similarly suggested to me in an interview that “trauma here is so widespread that it is banal.” And Alma Delić (a pseudonym), a psychiatrist turned homeopath and a veteran of Médecins Sans Frontières’ psychosocial programs, told me that “you can’t talk about mental health for people who suffered during the war. They have no mental health. They are just human animals surviving day-to-day with these horrible memories.”

However, Delić soon left the war behind, and designated the transition to capitalism—and the “passive” way Bosnians have responded to it—as the true catastrophe. “Some of those who managed well during war just broke to pieces at the end,” she said. “Lots of psychiatrists figured out that the more challenging experience was the shift from socialism to some sort of capitalism. That proved to be an even bigger source of stress than the war.”

As a matter of fact, she went on, people often said that they preferred life during the siege to life under the new postwar economy: “Life then [in the war] was more straightforward—just stay alive, day to day.” Moreover, Sarajevans were connected by a shared sense of struggle and of persecution by a common enemy, and, in Delić’s words, “took better care of each other.” She meant that they expressed sympathy and solidarity in common suffering and shared supplies and survival strategies. Getting by in postwar Sarajevo, and getting along with others, feels to many people like a different, lonelier, and more pointless kind of struggle. They always knew the war had to end some day, even as it dragged on well past expectations. But an end to poisoned postwar politics and the infuriating inequalities of the new economy is harder to perceive.

Seen from Delić’s perspective, Sarajevans are longing for lost collectivities and solidarities—not only those of prewar Yugoslavia, but also those of wartime. The social ties that they desire are not addressed in contemporary Bosnian politics. People recall connections anchored less by ethnicity than by a shared,

against the odds “will to live”¹⁰¹ and the need to preserve a familiar humanity amid dire circumstances.¹⁰²

THE SUBJECTIVITY OF A MILIEU

As reminders of a difficult past jostle with people’s efforts to make the best of things, Sarajevo can produce contradictory impressions. During my fieldwork, the city landscape featured largely gray, shrapnel-scarred, and bullet-holed Austro-Hungarian and communist-era façades under perpetual restoration—leading a *New York Times* travel writer to remark wryly that “the predominant color of Sarajevo is spackle”¹⁰³—but was increasingly punctuated by gleaming new modern structures, such as the recently rebuilt Council of Ministers building or the striking, if jarringly out-of-place, Avaz tower, now the highest building in the Balkans. Small reminders of grief stood out to me in the urban scenery: underfoot were the Sarajevo roses, mortar impact craters filled in with red paint; and on trees, walls, and bus stop shelters were short obituaries (*smrtovnice*), posted both at the time of the person’s passing and at repeated intervals in subsequent years, printed on standard A4 paper, with pictures of the deceased and short poems or expressions of loss.¹⁰⁴

The everyday gestures of hospitality I observed were warm and enthusiastic, and social relations always struck me as no more or less affable or strained than anywhere else. Yet Sarajevans often complained to me about the inconsiderateness of others, recalling better manners and more gentle dispositions before the war, and they worried about what they saw as people’s increasingly limited patience with daily irritations and rudeness. Tempers everywhere seemed short. In February 2008, three teenagers stabbed a fourth to death on a tram for (apparently) looking at them the wrong way, prompting thousands of citizens to take to the streets in a rare display of coordinated outrage against city officials.

The anger expressed by psychosocial service providers like Maja and Delić drove them to action, and they were upset with people whose frustration led to apparent immobility or self-indulgence. Delić railed about the “inertia” of her fellow Sarajevans—many of the unemployed spent much of their time in cafes venting their anger about the state of things in their world. Delić mocked their supposed dependence: “The world should help us, give us this, no one is taking care of us. . . . I say no, cut the crap, go and clean the street and do whatever, you can’t just sit back and wait. . . . This whole inertia . . . it was always there, it’s just that now it has emerged as the mode of living.”

Delić suggested that “people who lived in [Josip Broz] Tito’s time” were the most guilty of this kind of passive inertia. In light of the hardships and horrors of the intervening years, many people in Sarajevo—especially those in middle or advanced age—express longings for prewar life under communism. This is a phenomenon known (affectionately or dismissively, depending on who is speaking) as “Yugo-nostalgia.”¹⁰⁵ The complaints of older generations thus emerge in part from the values and dreams of Tito-era Yugoslavia, when many saw neighborliness, tolerance, the Yugoslav ideal of brotherhood and unity, and a strong welfare state as key ideals guiding individual and collective striving. After diagnosing all of Sarajevo with PTSD, Loga pinned the blame not on war trauma but on “economic and social problems.”¹⁰⁶ His further comments are revealing. “We had a good life before the war,” he said. “Why can’t we go back to that? Our communism wasn’t like Russia or Hungary. I don’t mind democracy but this privatization is just a mafia. I don’t know why the international community wants us to be in this mess.”¹⁰⁷

Tito’s stated ideals were only imperfectly achieved.¹⁰⁸ Zlatko Hurtić, the former director of BiH’s poverty reduction strategy and a one-time World Bank employee, complained a few years ago that Bosnians “expect to live like they used to before the war—going abroad, buying Italian clothes. But it wasn’t real; the economy was funded by Tito’s foreign borrowing, and they won’t believe that.”¹⁰⁹ But whether or not the prewar economy rested on a “real” base—Yugoslavia had foreign debts of nearly \$20 billion by the early 1980s, and other systemic problems suggest that its economy was wobbly at best¹¹⁰—the values, ethics, and expectations of the time were not illusions. The fact that after the war many Sarajevans were still holding onto them in private and invoking them as they struggled to make sense of their milieu indicates the potential for alternative political hopes and subjectivities that run counter to the visions of both local and international elites.

Observers like Hurtić and Delić, as well as Western policy makers heavily enculturated into ideologies of individual initiative and capitalist risk taking, have often condemned these Yugoslav yearnings as another kind of pathology of memory parallel to or part of the complex of mass PTSD. In this view, Bosnians—rendered passive, entitled, and dependent by decades of socialism and humanitarian handouts, and traumatized by the violent disintegration of Yugoslav-era dreams—are unable to accept their losses and move on. It is a clinical-sounding diagnosis (for example, a United Nations Development Program report diagnosed Bosnia-Herzegovina as having “a huge dependency syndrome”),¹¹¹ blaming social problems on the accumulated individual psychological injuries of

the past fifty years of Balkan history. Such perspectives empty Sarajevo's affects and intensities—what Deleuze¹¹² might call its subjectivity as a milieu, the set of trajectories, landscapes, and socialities that comprise its own painful becoming as a community—of content, meaning, and context. They obscure the locatedness of people's complaints and frustrations by calling them indicators of a universal psychiatric disorder and, in the process, fail to perceive the haunted generativity of living amid and through destruction.

THE INTERPRETATION OF SYMPTOMS

Deleuze's distinction¹¹³ between language in a clinical state and language as literature suggests intriguing possibilities for listening. My interlocutors were navigating both the continuing force and legacy of a shattered world and the partial unfolding of new powers and knowledges. I came to see the care and labor of Wings of Hope staff members and their beneficiaries as a way of opening up spaces between the Yugoslav past and neoliberal imperatives, where creative survival, desire, and grief could intersect to illuminate alternative futures. Inertia and waiting, as well as anger and nostalgia, may carry meanings other than collective illness.¹¹⁴ What possibilities does seeing the language of refusal, waiting, or nostalgia as a "collective depression" foreclose, for analyst and interlocutor alike? If I posit that in this refusal there is an agency, in this "Yugo-nostalgia" the seeds of an alternative future, in this waiting a set of becomings, will my listening attune me to something else—a nascent "life in things," as Deleuze would put it, growing in the "necessary detours" of syntax?¹¹⁵

Deleuze articulates a key divergence with psychoanalysis in how to approach and interpret symptoms. He quotes Guattari, who argued that "lapses, parapraxes and symptoms are like birds that strike their beaks against the window. It is not a question of interpreting them. . . . It is a question instead of identifying their trajectory to see if they can serve as indicators of new universes of reference capable of acquiring a consistency sufficient for turning a situation upside down."¹¹⁶ In other words, a symptom is not necessarily or only an indicator of pathology structured by a memorializing unconscious. It is also, as in Guattari's haunting image, a bird beating its beak against the window; it is a potentiality for becoming, breaking free of forms, and sublimating the violence of both everyday and world-historical forces. In this vision, symptoms express a desire or life force trapped at an impasse, waiting for a chance to break through.

Sarajevans are not just waiting for "someone to come fix their lives," as Delić and many others put it. They have much more specific expectations, as a range

of ethnographic work in Bosnia-Herzegovina continues to show.¹¹⁷ They wait for politics to improve, to move beyond nationalist fear mongering and deadlock and again provide the kind of social protections and safety nets they recall from the communist era. They wait for people to become kinder, warmer, more neighborly—the way they were before the war shattered trust.¹¹⁸ They wait for new industries to provide jobs and an economic base. They wait in Sarajevo's abundant cafes, endlessly drinking coffee with friends and complaining about the government, about the fecklessness of Bosnia's foreign supervisors, and about unemployment. They wait for war criminals to be brought to justice.

Their waiting is something other than a passive depression: it is a holding pattern, an abiding of barely tolerable circumstances, a new kind of day-to-day survival that echoes the remarkable ways Sarajevans survived the siege, when they waited more than three brutal years for foreign intervention.¹¹⁹ It connects them with each other in an unnamed, unrecognized collectivity, a "tissue of shifting relations" woven by the shared experience of a meantime (between destruction and renewal) of grieving, anger, and anticipation.¹²⁰ And it is a kind of politics, a refusal to take on a social form—capitalism as a privatization mafia; government as corrupt and heartless bureaucracy; and neighborliness as competition, mutual suspicion, and carelessness—that bears little resemblance to the prewar values they continue to hold in reserve for better days.

People are not just the sum of the forces—however overwhelming—that construct and constrain them. To trace the trajectories, the ever-deferred desires and expectations, and the symptoms of Sarajevans is to map a shared desperation for flight: anger and inertia have evolved from so many failed escape attempts and disappointed dreams. Where obstacles block passages of life, some trajectories dead-end: the war veteran, unable to find steady employment after many years, finally only travels a daily path between home and a neighborhood bar; and the university student, unable to afford the cost of passing grades, takes the same exams over and over into her late twenties, caught in a limbo of extended adolescence. But just as often, people move around impasses or push through them, carving out small life chances against the odds.

A SARAJEVO BECOMING

Claude Lévi-Strauss suggested that bricolage, the kind of thinking characteristic of the "untamed mind," works via a swerve away from defined and conventional paths: "a ball rebounding, a dog straying or a horse swerving from

its direct course.”¹²¹ Maja, the executive director of Wings of Hope, has made a life out of such swerves. She survived the sieges of both Mostar and Sarajevo, working where and when she could to support humanitarian efforts. Coming from an ethnically mixed background, as many Bosnians do,¹²² and compelled to choose a Croat identity as the war broke out, she now picks none of the official choices available—Croat, Bosniac (Muslim), or Serb—and is one of a minority in BiH to choose a civic Bosnian identity. Director of a psychosocial organization, she is neither psychologist nor psychiatrist; during my fieldwork she was studying philosophy and sociology, and before the war pursued degrees in mechanical engineering and economics.

Maja relied on diagnoses including collective depression and PTSD to interpret the needs of her beneficiaries and life in postwar Sarajevo in general, and she considered the young people at Wings to have at least partly absorbed the trauma of their parents. Yet in her work she fought against feelings of futility, militantly communicating a sense of power and possibility to her clients. She considered herself as effective as psychologists in helping children because, as she would tell them, she is a “professional friend” and not a therapist. She tutored them in math and took a consistent, active interest in the details of their day-to-day lives. For a week each January, she and her colleagues still lead about twenty children to a snowboarding camp on Mount Igman (a former Olympic ski slope just above Sarajevo) where, in learning to master an extremely difficult sport, they develop a greater sense of possibility and confidence.

Maja was just as angry, disappointed, and discouraged as any other Sarajevan—if not more so. One of the first things she said to me was, “I am always angry.” Her struggle to overcome feelings of overwhelming frustration was obvious, and she tried to channel her anger into providing the small, practical forms of social assistance offered by Wings. She may have tended to speak of Bosnia in clinical terms, but her trajectory tells a more complicated story, evoking the possibilities of what Deleuze calls “missing” people¹²³ and the unexpected futures that remain latent and minor, sidelined by dominant political patterns and compulsive repetition. Maja’s frustration and short temper are more than symptoms of trauma: they are the flip side of a set of positive aspirations and values—ever-thwarted but never-extinguished desires for a different world, the parameters of “a people to come still ensconced in its betrayals and repudiations.”¹²⁴

Maja’s agency radiates across social and institutional domains and through kinship ties. She has a young cousin named Milan, born in September 1992—

just after the war began—in the town of Prijedor in northwestern Bosnia, now part of the Republika Srpska. I met him for the first time at Wings of Hope’s snowboarding camp in early January 2007. Maja brought Milan down from Prijedor every year and paid his way at the camp.

Milan has had a very difficult life, though you would not know it from his charismatic and positive demeanor. His mother is a Catholic, and his father is a Serb who fought for the Republika Srpska during the war. Milan’s maternal grandmother helped take care of him for a while, but she died when he was eight; after that, he stayed with his parents. His mother is intellectually disabled and makes very little money as a seamstress for a company in nearby Banja Luka. His father struggles with alcoholism. At the time of my fieldwork, Maja’s mother was sending Milan money regularly: the cash went directly to him instead of to his parents, whom Maja did not trust to manage it. Milan’s misshapen nose is the result of having been hit by a car while crossing the street. He is uninsured, and no one in his family could afford the operation to repair the broken bones, so Maja was saving up to pay for it, and for the braces Milan needed to straighten his jumbled mouthful of teeth. The only way that Milan could get independent health insurance at his age was by dropping out of school and registering at the unemployment bureau, and Maja would not allow this.

Milan took care of himself and his parents. He cooked and cleaned the family apartment in Prijedor. After school each day, he went from apartment to apartment in his neighborhood, offering to do small errands or chores; he earned more in a day than his father did through his meager veteran’s pension. Milan had amazing survival skills, but at least initially he was not a great student. He was naturally curious about how things work, but Maja was the only person in his life who seemed to take the time to engage him and encourage his interests, mostly over the phone.

Milan did not seem to harbor any resentment about his circumstances. At the snowboarding camp, he was unfailingly sunny and kept an eye out for his friends. He told me that “everything will be fine,” in spite of so much evidence to the contrary. Many of the young people I met in Sarajevo told stories about having taken on adult responsibilities too early, having had to become the grown-ups in families mired in hardship, depression, and drunkenness. It was Milan’s optimism that seemed rare. I wondered whether it would last, and how much it depended on his relationship with Maja. Most of my young Sarajevan friends had become cynical about their prospects in BiH and just wanted to leave the country.

MEMORY AND MOBILIZATION

There was no money or insurance to repair Milan's nose; in a way, he embodied the constraints of postwar household economies. Yet as a figure in Maja's economy and redirection of therapeutic governance, he remained oriented toward future possibilities. Milan had no direct experience of any world other than the postwar society into which he was born, and he made the best he could of it. Parents and grandparents whom I interviewed at Wings, on the other hand, regularly resorted to the past to evaluate their present.

"Yugo-nostalgia," as I came to understand it over time, is something other than a pathological burden, a symptom of depression or mass PTSD. Here, memory is not only about obsessive commemoration of, or unfinished mourning for, a lost era. Older generations perform acts of remembering that are as much about the present and the future as the past. These acts of memory play a role in mobilizations for alternative trajectories. The invocation of Yugoslav-era dreams and values by my informants in Sarajevo—whether or not the past to which they refer actually existed in the shape in which they currently cast it—participates in the construction of postwar solidarities, minor becomings¹²⁵ on the margins of Bosnian society.

Wings of Hope, though inevitably limited in capacity and, like its beneficiaries, often forced to survive month to month by patching together short-term sources of funding, tries to weave social relationships on different terms than those that seem to prevail in Bosnian politics. The organization's work implicitly draws on Yugoslav-era political ideals to renegotiate the terms of solidarity and the common good: the community its staff members strive for is not one of individual entrepreneurship and the pulling up of bootstraps, of strict ethnic segregation, or of clientelism and corruption, but of institutionalized, free social support that disregards ethnic divisions and social status and attempts, in some small way, to compensate for the state's abandonment of the vulnerable. Wings is one of the few places Sarajevans can go for help where a bribe or personal connection is not required, and where assistance comes without months of trying to overcome bewildering bureaucratic obstacles. For staff members and their beneficiaries, healing the wounds of war is sociopolitical rather than simply individual and is accomplished less through personal therapeutics than through a small-scale, tentative restoration of ties of trust and support.

The force of the past is evident not only in backward-looking nostalgia but also in critical comparisons allowing a reimagining of the possible and the pos-

ing of an alternative ethics of postwar social life. The mothers first connected with each other around the meeting table at Wings by exchanging bitter grievances about the lack of social services or any apparent sense of compassion and responsibility from the state, but then their conversation shifted. They began to build a shared understanding—still frustrated and bitter, but tinged with longing—of how things should be, firmly rooted in what they recalled of the Yugoslav-era social contract and the feeling of communal life and support that it produced. Now and again at Wings, in other words, connections based on an angry sense of victimization turned into (or at least gestured toward) solidarity based on shared values, aspirations, and morally weighted memories of prewar national life and politics.

We can find in Sarajevan lives and words a frozen form and call it collective depression; see their waiting and lack of initiative as a blocked passage of life; or see them as stuck, mired in nostalgia and dysfunctional politics, as many observers do. But even in seemingly backward-looking melancholy and longings for times past, there is a component of flight that escapes this form by stubbornly alluding to and sometimes living, in seedling stage, hope for something different. They yearn for a reality beyond nationalism and competing victimhood claims, beyond corrupt and compassionless capitalism, and beyond trauma—a sociality that might reassemble, together with lessons learned in the crucible of war, fragments of prewar Sarajevan and Yugoslav values.

Such a sociality might correspond to a different—and for Sarajevans, more legitimate—configuration of governance and economic policies, a different relationship to foreign powers and humanitarian organizations, and a broader understanding of the effects of trauma and loss and concomitant processes of healing. Careful and open listening, via sustained ethnography, can allow us to hear the voice of this people to come, this possibility of another lifeworld.¹²⁶ It can reveal Bosnia-Herzegovina as an assemblage of places, peoples, desires, hopes, and grievances, situated at a crossroads of alternative pathways rather than trapped in a dead end of collective psychiatric disorder or doomed to the anomie and inequality of unchecked capitalism.

Anthropology attuned to becomings—to people's aspirations, however frustrated or futile, and to what they make of the world and themselves in pursuing those aspirations—is critical for illuminating these crossroads and the agonistic, everyday struggles waged to keep alternative routes open. At stake, broadly speaking, is how anthropology can contribute to opening up opportunities for progressive transformation in forms of care, politics, and economy, and whether it takes the additional step beyond explaining dark realities to the work

of imagining, in collaboration with its interlocutors, concrete ways in which things could be otherwise.

A PEOPLE TO COME

In their study of Franz Kafka, Deleuze and Guattari suggest that “the expressions of the solitary researcher tend toward the assemblage of a collective enunciation . . . even if this collectivity is no longer or not yet given. There is not a subject; there are only collective assemblages of enunciation, and literature expresses these acts insofar . . . as they exist only as diabolical powers to come or revolutionary forces to be constructed.”¹²⁷ This vision for literature can also inspire ethnography: when we listen as readers and cocreators, rather than clinicians, our own sensibility and openness become instrumental in spurring social recognition of the ways ordinary people think through their conditions.

In the ethnographic cases discussed in this essay, people struggle to survive and belong through and against the intersecting psychiatric, humanitarian, and neoliberal rationalities that diagnose and depoliticize their projects and desires as forms of nonsense or madness, either individual or collective. Anthropologists can render publicly intelligible the value of what people, amid new rational-technical and political-economic machineries, are left to resolve alone. People’s practices of inquiry and searches for symbolic authority challenge the analytic approaches we bring to the field, forcing us to articulate more immediately relevant and experience-near conceptual work. Theory is embattled and unfinished on both sides of the conversation and the text.

Ultimately, it is the subjects of fieldwork who, through and beyond their relationships with us, are the true creative wellsprings of anthropological thinking. The point is not to move our interlocutors in the field up to our (or the European white male philosopher’s) level in the hierarchy of epistemological authority, but to argue for an “equality of intelligences,” and to find novel public and scholarly ways to harness the creative conceptual and relational work activated amid the unfathomably complex and layered entanglements of the field.¹²⁸

Large-scale processes are not abstract machines that overdetermine the whole social field. Personal actions and social mobilization have a key role in the stories we tell here. Neither can the microarrangements of individual and collective existence be described solely in terms of power or rational choice. Both Catarina’s writings and people’s struggles to get by in postwar Sarajevo evince an everyday life force seeking to break through forms and foreclosures

and to define a kind of subjectivity that is as much about swerves and escapes as about determinants. Freud’s oedipal theorizing, contemporary psychiatric common sense, and even Foucault-inspired anthropological analytics all tend to disregard this plasticity. Such a disavowal, we believe, has significant real-world consequences for ideas and forms of care and for social intervention (“a tragedy generated in life,” as Catarina put it).

By reading our cases in dialogue with some of Deleuze’s ideas, we attempt to strongly reaffirm the value of ethnographic microanalysis, bringing into view the immanent fields that people, in all their ambiguity, invent and live by. Such fields of action and significance are porous and mediated by power and knowledge, but they are also animated by desires and claims to basic rights. In making public a nuanced understanding of these fields—which are always at risk of disappearing—anthropologists can help make larger structural and institutional processes visible and their true influence known.

In our research, we have seen novel subjectivities and sociological phenomena emerge: unanticipated relationships to medical technology and discourse outside clinical settings, forms of transcendence woven into everyday labor and community, and the making of agency via psychopharmaceuticals and of political sensibilities via a reconfigured language of psychiatric diagnostics. Lines between public and private, and between institutions and other more fluid and open-ended social milieus, routinely blur and transform. Actual political subjects are ambivalent about public institutions and infrastructures. Traversing worlds of danger and inequality, constrained without being totally overdetermined, they create small and fleeting spaces through and beyond apparatuses of governance and control in which to perform a kind of life bricolage with the limited choices and materials at hand. Such becomings, we believe, are a fundamental entry point to the work of capturing the fabric of the times and people’s everyday inventiveness and resolve. Placing becomings at the center of ethnographic thought can help circumvent agonizing over academic fads and allow us to linger, more creatively, with the agonistic and uncertain dimensions of our field engagements.

From an ethnographic perspective, both social theory and politics can appear limited and often impoverished, restricted in imagination, and out of touch with intricate and shifting realities that carry the potential to become vital and/or deadly. People have an understanding of their worlds, the social problems they must circumvent or transcend, and the kind of politics that would actually serve their aspirations that is not taken into account in policy discussions and decisions. This is not a subjugated social knowledge, constituted as a reaction to power,

but something personal that bears traces of singularity not easily framed or contained. Even when institutionally ignored, it persists, and it merits more attention in the public sphere. By more actively cultivating this kind of recognition, ethnography has the potential to trouble the inequality that has, in Didier Fassin's words, "insinuated itself into the humanitarian politics of life . . . there are those who can tell stories and those whose stories can only be told by others."¹²⁹ In the meantime, however, interventions of governance—in postwar and resource-poor settings alike—remain epistemologically myopic and are not systematically structured to work with people, notice how they belong in varying degrees to multiple systems, and incorporate the insights of their real-world knowledge into policy and care.

The process of communicating and disseminating evidence of *becomings* to other disciplines, and to public debates more generally, can reveal the limits of dominant or currently operational concepts of justice, social welfare, ethics, and crisis intervention (among others). Anthropology retains and can continue to build on its capacity to challenge orthodoxies. Take human rights, for example: typically conceptualized as primarily political, involving mainly democratic rights to free speech and voting, the human rights our interlocutors the world over consistently seek—to social, economic, and health security—are largely neglected.¹³⁰ Or consider what evidence of *becomings* might do to orthodoxies of care, social work, and postcrisis remediation: interventions are often individualized, biomedical, and psychotherapeutic or pharmaceutical, neglecting the need to rebuild relations of trust and support or even to ensure basic requirements for health and day-to-day survival, not to mention social mobility. Our field cases compel a return to the enduring question of what the complicated and empirical grit of ethnographic evidence can and should do to the contemporary nature of politics and policy. How can we find ways to bring our material to technocrats, policy makers, and caregivers in a way that truly challenges their evidence-making practices and assumptions?

We work to understand people in a different kind of temporality—"the time is out of joint"¹³¹—as they endure and try to escape constraints and articulate new systems of perception and action. Attentive to what could have been and dwelling in the meantime of individual lives and social worlds, we strive to produce a knowledge that is not obsolete in the moment of its formulation. In this regard, the time of anthropological knowing runs counter to that of political and economic rationalities and to the reason of policy and governance, which makes people the objects of technical fixes with specific, temporally limited stages of progress and measurement.¹³² Our knowledge, in

contrast, has a tentativeness and an open-endedness that can make it simultaneously historically attuned and untimely,¹³³ defying historical circumstances and constraints in the service of the unexpected and in defense of "the right to a nonprojected future as one of the truly inalienable rights of every person and nation."¹³⁴

This tentativeness and receptivity to different temporalities is not always easily borne: with an eye to the possibilities and noninevitability of people's lives, social scientists must also recognize the thresholds where liberating flights and creative actions can become deadly rather than vital forms of experimentation, opening up not to new webs of care and empathy but to systematic disconnection. In our work, we have become mindful of the dangers of romantically projecting agency and hope onto desperate situations. Biehl recalls how startled he was when on one occasion Catarina became enraged and threw her dictionary to the ground. She had just heard that Biehl had been unable to convince her family to schedule a visit. Writing, in the end, could not take her back home—which is what she wanted most.

Becoming is not always heroic. Solidarities formed in reaction to the alienations of capitalism can become exclusionary, founded less on expanded empathy than on shared rage and competitive claims to victimhood; dreams of the past can turn reactionary; new institutions of care can be co-opted and twisted into instruments of power, violence, or abandonment; and mobilization for rights can culminate in atomized and highly privatized political subjectivities. In all this, market ideologies and practices may work as a hidden engine, reconfiguring and relocating social and administrative functions, as if behind the scenes: social work shifts from government to civil society, medication from clinic to family, and diagnosis from medical practice to the public sphere. How can we empirically pinpoint and hold accountable the workings of the market? How do we disentangle our agencies and modes of thought from those workings?

Finally, our anthropological engagements challenge us to maintain a sense of where assemblages—complicated new configurations of global, political, technical, biological, and other segments—touch ground, how they take on institutional grip and individual, human valence. It is not enough to simply observe that assemblages exist; we must pay attention to the ways that they are constantly constructed, undone, and redone by the desires and *becomings* of actual people who are caught up in the messiness, desperation, and aspirations of life in idiosyncratic milieus. Nor is ours necessarily a choice between global assemblages¹³⁵ and local "splinters" of a "world in pieces."¹³⁶ At the horizon of local dramas; in the course of each event; and in the ups, downs, and arounds

of each individual life, we can see the reflection of larger systems in the making (or unmaking).

Engaging people's plasticity and becomings may be key to anticipating, and thereby making available for assessment and transformation, the modes of existence and futures of emerging communities. Both ethnography and the becomings it explores can have the power of art—to invoke neglected human potentials and expand the limits of understanding, imagination, and empathy—and we believe that it is not just literary giants like Franz Kafka, James Joyce, and Marcel Proust who can “invent a new language within language.”¹³⁷ “There is no work of art,” as Deleuze wrote, “that does not call on a people who does not yet exist.”¹³⁸ This project includes the active participation of readers. Thus also at stake is our capacity to generate a we, an engaged audience and political community that has not previously existed: our craft's potential to become a mobilizing force in this world.

Moving away from the overdetermined and toward the unfinished, human becomings intrude into reality, enlarging our sense of what is socially possible and desirable. Any endeavor to engage with this mobile dimension of human experience is, by its very nature, fraught, and will undoubtedly require increasing professional freedom and bold experiments in anthropological expression. But even if the outcomes are limited and incomplete, it would be a moral and intellectual failure not to try to represent people's in-betweenness and multiplicity and sustain their sense of anticipation, even in the darkest of circumstances. These tensions should not paralyze our storytelling but should find expression so that the reader can grow closer to people.

NOTES

- 1 Deleuze and Parnet, *Dialogues II*, viii.
- 2 Deleuze and Parnet, *Dialogues II*, viii.
- 3 See Boundas, *Gilles Deleuze*; Connolly, *A World of Becoming*; Massumi, *Parables for the Virtual*.
- 4 See Bessire, *Behold the Black Caiman*; Biehl, Good, and Kleinman, *Subjectivity*; Garcia, *The Pastoral Clinic*; Han, *Life in Debt*; Navaro-Yashin, *The Make-Believe Space*; Stoler, *Along the Archival Grain and Race and the Education of Desire*.
- 5 Deleuze, *Negotiations, 1972–1990*, 170. See also Deleuze, *Pure Immanence*.
- 6 See Allison, *Precarious Japan*; Berlant, *Cruel Optimism*; Livingston, *Improvising Medicine*; Povinelli, *Economies of Abandonment*; Ralph, *Renegade Dreams*; Stewart, *Ordinary Affects*.

- 7 See Abramowitz, *Searching for Normal in the Wake of the Liberian War*; Biehl and Moran-Thomas, “Symptom”; Davis, *Bad Souls*; DelVecchio Good et al., *Postcolonial Disorders*; Jenkins, *Extraordinary Conditions*; Jenkins and Barrett, *Schizophrenia, Culture, and Subjectivity*.
- 8 See Fassin, *When Bodies Remember*; Ferguson, *Global Shadows*; Foucault, *Security, Territory, Population*; Lovell, “Addiction Markets”; Ong and Collier, *Global Assemblages*; Rabinow and Rose, “Biopower Today.”
- 9 See Bourgois, *In Search of Respect*; Bourgois and Schonberg, *Righteous Dopefiend*; Farmer, *Infections and Inequalities and Pathologies of Power*; Holmes, *Fresh Fruit, Broken Bodies*; Scheper-Hughes, *Death without Weeping*.
- 10 See Bateson, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*; Benedict, *Patterns of Culture*; Boaz, *Race, Language and Culture*; Clastres, *Society Against the State*; Geertz, *The Interpretation of Cultures*; Trouillot, *Global Transformations*.
- 11 Bateson, *Naven*, 257.
- 12 Hirschman, *Crossing Boundaries*, 88.
- 13 Berlant, *Cruel Optimism*.
- 14 Hirschman, *Crossing Boundaries*, 67.
- 15 Biehl, *Vita*.
- 16 See Martin, *Bipolar Expeditions*.
- 17 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 3.
- 18 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 4.
- 19 Biehl, Good, and Kleinman, “Introduction: Rethinking Subjectivity,” 3.
- 20 See Biehl and Moran-Thomas, “Symptom”; Sanal, *New Organs within Us*.
- 21 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 64.
- 22 See Nettefield and Wagner, *Srebrenica in the Aftermath of Genocide*; Wagner, *To Know Where He Lies*.
- 23 See Bougarel, Helms, and Duijzings, *The New Bosnian Mosaic*.
- 24 Deleuze, “Having an Idea in Cinema,” 4.
- 25 Borneman and Hammoudi, “The Fieldwork Encounter, Experience, and the Making of Truth: An Introduction,” 17.
- 26 See Das et al., *The Ground Between*; M. Jackson, “Where Thought Belongs.”
- 27 Hirschman, *Exit, Voice and Loyalty*, 329.
- 28 Biehl and Petryna, *When People Come First*.
- 29 See Ortner, “Dark Anthropology and Its Others.”
- 30 Clifford and Marcus, *Writing Culture*.
- 31 Marcus, “The End(s) of Ethnography,” 3.
- 32 See Haraway, *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women*; Rabinow, *Making PCR*.
- 33 See M. Fischer, *Anthropological Futures and Emergent Forms of Life and the Anthropological Voice*; K. Fortun, *Advocacy after Bhopal*; M. Fortun, *Promising Genomics*; Martin, *Bipolar Expeditions*; Rapp, *Testing Women, Testing the Fetus*.
- 34 See Jasanoff, *The Fifth Branch*; Lakoff, *Pharmaceutical Reason*; Latour and Woolgar, *Laboratory Life*.

- 35 Marcus, "The End(s) of Ethnography," 2-3.
- 36 Marcus, "The End(s) of Ethnography," 1.
- 37 Marcus, "The End(s) of Ethnography," 3.
- 38 Marcus, "The End(s) of Ethnography," 3.
- 39 Rabinow, *Marking Time*, xxiii.
- 40 Canguilhem, "The Decline of the Idea of Progress," 318.
- 41 See Descola, *Beyond Nature and Culture*; Kirskey and Helmreich, "The Emergence of Multispecies Ethnography"; Kohn, *How Forests Think*; Mol, *The Body Multiple*; Pederson, *Not Quite Shamans*; Robbins, "Beyond the Suffering Subject"; Viveiros de Castro, *Métaphysiques cannibales*.
- 42 See Bessire and Bond, "Ontological Anthropology and the Deferral of Critique"; M. Fischer, "The Lightness of Existence and the Origami of 'French' Anthropology."
- 43 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 1-4.
- 44 Nietzsche, *The Use and Abuse of History*, 10.
- 45 Malinowski, *Sex and Repression in Savage Society*.
- 46 Geertz, *After the Fact, Available Light, and Local Knowledge*.
- 47 Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, xxxvi.
- 48 Agamben, *Homo Sacer: Sovereign Power and Bare Life*.
- 49 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 122-34.
- 50 Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*.
- 51 Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*.
- 52 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 126.
- 53 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 131.
- 54 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 127.
- 55 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 126.
- 56 Ong and Collier, *Global Assemblages*.
- 57 Deleuze and Guattari, *Kafka*, 86.
- 58 Deleuze and Guattari, *Kafka*, 86.
- 59 Deleuze and Guattari, *Kafka*, 86. See also Freud, *Five Lectures on Psycho-Analysis*.
- 60 Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*.
- 61 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 61-67.
- 62 Freud, *Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud, Volume 10: Two Case Histories (Little Hans and The Rat Man)*.
- 63 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 61.
- 64 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 61.
- 65 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 61.
- 66 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 65.
- 67 M. Fischer, "To Live with What Would Otherwise Be Unendurable," 442.
- 68 M. Fischer, "To Live with What Would Otherwise Be Unendurable," 436.
- 69 M. Fischer, "To Live with What Would Otherwise Be Unendurable," 426.
- 70 Jardim et al., "Machado-Joseph Disease in South Brazil."
- 71 See Biehl, *Will to Live*; Cardoso, "Notas Sobre a Reforma do Estado."
- 72 Biehl, *Vita*.

- 73 Andreoli et al., "Is Psychiatric Reform a Strategy for Reducing the Mental Health Budget?"
- 74 Petryna, Lakoff, and Kleinman, *Global Pharmaceuticals*.
- 75 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 1.
- 76 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 1. See also Deleuze, *Pure Immanence*; Didion, *The Year of Magical Thinking*.
- 77 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 3.
- 78 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 3.
- 79 Bougarel, Helms, and Duijzings, *The New Bosnian Mosaic*; Jansen, "On Not Moving Well Enough"; M. Markowitz, *Sarajevo: A Bosnian Kaleidoscope*; Hayden, "Moral Vision and Impaired Insight."
- 80 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 4. See also Rasza, *Bastards of Utopia*.
- 81 World Health Organization, *Mental Health Atlas 2011*.
- 82 See Bougarel, Helms, and Duijzings, *The New Bosnian Mosaic*.
- 83 Pandolfi, "Contract of Mutual (In)difference," 369. See also Fassin and Pandolfi, *Contemporary States of Emergency*; Good et al., *A Reader in Medical Anthropology*.
- 84 See Chandler, *Bosnia*; Hayden, *Blueprints for a House Divided: The Constitutional Logic of the Yugoslav Conflicts*.
- 85 Donais, *The Political Economy of Peacebuilding in Post-Dayton Bosnia*.
- 86 Pupavac, "International Therapeutic Peace and Justice in Bosnia," 377.
- 87 Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*.
- 88 Pupavac, "International Therapeutic Peace and Justice in Bosnia."
- 89 See Pupavac, "Securing the Community?," 163; Summerfield, "A Critique of Seven Assumptions behind Psychological Trauma Programmes in War-Affected Areas," 1452.
- 90 See Fassin and Rechtman, *The Empire of Trauma*. A comprehensive survey of the rich and growing literature on the politics of psychological trauma in medicine, humanitarianism, and global health is beyond the scope of this essay. See, for example, Abramowitz, *Searching for Normal in the Wake of the Liberian War*; James, *Democratic Insecurities*; Kienzler, "The Social Life of Psychiatric Practice"; and Kirmayer et al., "Trauma and Disasters in Social and Cultural Context."
- 91 Pupavac, "International Therapeutic Peace and Justice in Bosnia," 392.
- 92 Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*.
- 93 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 4.
- 94 Jansen, *Yearnings in the Meantime*.
- 95 See Kleinman, *The Illness Narratives*; Kleinman and Good, *Culture and Depression*; Lock, *Encounters with Aging*; Scheper-Hughes, *Death without Weeping*; Young, *The Harmony of Illusions*.
- 96 Margaret Lock, in reviewing the literature on medicalization across disciplines, concludes with a call for an understanding of the process as less deterministic and more open-ended and context dependent: "Medicalization, understood as enforced surveillance, is misleading. So too is an argument that emphasizes the social construction of disease at the expense of recognizing the very real, debilitating condition of individuals who seek out medical help. Rather, an investigation of the forms taken by political

- economies, technological complexes, and the values embedded in biomedical discourse and practice and in popular knowledge about the body, health, and illness that situate various states and conditions as residing within the purview of medicine better indicates the complexity at work" ("Medicalization and the Naturalization of Social Control," 123). See also Biehl and Petryna, *When People Come First*; Lock, "Medicalization and the Naturalization of Social Control"; Nguyen, *The Republic of Therapy*; Whyte, *Second Chances*.
- 97 Hacking, "Making Up People," 162.
- 98 On the importance of notions of "normality" in the cultures of Bosnia-Herzegovina and in relation to the war and its aftermaths, see Jansen, *Yearnings in the Meantime*; Maček, *Sarajevo under Siege*.
- 99 Quoted in Eager, "The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek." This passage was also quoted by Pupavac ("International Therapeutic Peace and Justice in Bosnia," 392).
- 100 Quoted in Eager, "The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek."
- 101 Biehl, *Will to Live*.
- 102 See Maček, *Sarajevo under Siege*; Jansen, *Yearnings in the Meantime*; Sorabji, "Managing Memories in Post-War Sarajevo."
- 103 Solomon, "Emerging from the Shadow of War, Sarajevo Slowly Reclaims Its Lost Innocence."
- 104 See Karaboeva, "Death and Memory in the Context of the Contemporary Bulgarian Street Posted Obituary"; Savić, "Diskursne osobine citulja."
- 105 See Buric, "Dwelling on the Ruins of Socialist Yugoslavia"; Jansen, *Yearnings in the Meantime*; Lindstrom, "Yugonostalgia"; Volcic, "Yugo-Nostalgia."
- 106 Quoted in Eager, "The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek."
- 107 Quoted in Eager, "The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek."
- 108 See Ramet, *Balkan Babel*.
- 109 Quoted in Eager, "The War Is Over but Sarajevans Cannot Find the Peace They Seek."
- 110 Donais, *The Political Economy of Peacebuilding in Post-Dayton Bosnia*, 6.
- 111 United Nations Development Program, *Social Inclusion in Bosnia and Herzegovina*, 2.
- 112 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 64.
- 113 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 1–6.
- 114 M. Fischer, *Anthropological Futures*.
- 115 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 2.
- 116 Quoted in Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 63.
- 117 See Helms, *Innocence and Victimhood*; Hromadžić, "Bathroom Mixing" and "Once We Had a House"; Jansen, "The Privatisation of Home and Hope" and "Troubled Locations."
- 118 See Sorabji, "Bosnian Neighborhoods Revisited: Tolerance, Commitment, and *Komšilik* in Sarajevo."
- 119 See Maček, *Sarajevo under Siege*.
- 120 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 59. See also Jansen, *Yearnings in the Meantime*.
- 121 Lévi-Strauss, *The Savage Mind*, 16.
- 122 Burić, "Becoming Mixed."

- 123 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 4.
- 124 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, 4.
- 125 Deleuze and Guattari, *Kafka*, 19.
- 126 See Borneman, "Reconciliation after Ethnic Cleansing"; A. Gilbert et al., "Reconsidering Postsocialism from the Margins of Europe."
- 127 Deleuze and Guattari, *Kafka*, 18.
- 128 Rancière, *The Emancipated Spectator*, 1.
- 129 Fassin, "Humanitarianism as a Politics of Life," 518.
- 130 Farmer, "Challenging Orthodoxies."
- 131 This line is spoken by Hamlet to Horatio: "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right!" (Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 1.5.189–90).
- 132 See Connolly, *A World of Becoming*; Greenhouse, *A Moment's Notice*.
- 133 Rabinow, *Marking Time*.
- 134 Hirschman, *A Bias for Hope*, 37.
- 135 Ong and Collier, *Global Assemblages*.
- 136 Geertz, *Available Light*, 221, 218.
- 137 Deleuze, *Essays Critical and Clinical*, lv.
- 138 Deleuze, *Two Regimes of Madness*, 329.