Literature and Education

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Abstract: Essay on the relation between literature and education, concerning the radical difference between their “statutes of incorporation”. To this end, an assessment is made of Brazilian Literature as a field produced by a literary oligarchy, and of education as a tool for formatting the productive masses, as well as of the teaching of literature within this framework.

Key words: Literature, Literary Oligarchy, Education, Teaching.

Resumo: Ensaio sobre a relação entre a literatura e a educação, sobre a diferença radical nos seus “estatutos constitutivos”. Para isso faz uma avaliação da literatura brasileira enquanto campo produzido por uma oligarquia das letras; da educação enquanto formatador das massas produtivas e da possibilidade do ensino da literatura em tal quadro.

Palavras-Chave: Literatura, Oligarquia das Letras, Educação, Ensino.

Foreword

Before anything else, I must stress that this is an essay and not an article. As such, it is a form that allows for the expression of individuality, personal experience and my own perspectives and value judgements – in short: my life. Had it been an article, then the form would have demanded scientific detachment and objective qualifications. Here, then, quotations and bibliographical signposts are mere nervous spasms. What orders my web is itself integral to the subject at hand – fiction, literature, particularly Brazilian Literature, as well
as my own essential activities – the teaching and writing of literature. But for those for whom there exists only a measuring of strengths, the imposition of sense, interpretation, as in Nietzsche, this foreword may appear to serve no purpose. However, it is essential that we establish our perspective well in advance before embarking upon an extended discussion on an issue as profound as that of education, and, in this case, on the relation between teaching and literature, between the literary oligarchy and education, between the literate and teaching.

To this end, it is essential first to analyse the “spirit” of Brazilian Literature, the poetic soul of the literate, their schooling and functions, that which I call the literary oligarchy, to then move on to the “soul” of education, of schooling “among us”, and from there, finally, to the relation between literature and education. And do not expect ready guidelines or solutions, any more than policies and “ideas for improvement”. That is a problem for the markets and the state.

Brazilian Literature

The literary oligarchy — strictly speaking, the country’s writers and intellectuals; in theory, anyone with an education – comes to light in the relations, the mannerisms, the friendships and creations through which it projects its desire for desiring equally, and for desiring in the same place, and also repositions, employs, publishes, justifies, and teaches the same as the identities. The roots of this oligarchy, with its surface realisms (with all the concomitant mimetic theories and fictional substantiations), go very deep, but it manifests itself through words, images, ideas, concepts, beliefs, actions: this oligarchic spirit selects its partners in us and segregates with looks, through jokes, mockery and teasing; it fuels its perception and sets the material of our dreams in order; this realistic oligarchy is the reality of relations and takes on the role of conditioner of whatever is produced, commented upon and taught; of whatever is made to circulate and demands more of the same in perpetual self-confirmation. Its bases are the social
staples, present and active, which are part of the essential make-up and its templates, of relationships and patterns of coexistence.

In the literary oligarchy there is no explicit, personified, “government of the few”. Instead, we find a diffuse and dominant class, present as highly efficient networks, as groups and individuals spread over a wide variety of cultural, economic and public channels, controlling access and granting it only in accordance with their own bizarre regulations governing literary output (that have little to do with either literary or cultural merit), which aspect is of only secondary importance: “the tactics of the networks of intellectuals that succeed one another in the task of publicising and perpetuating the value and currency of the written work” (ABREU, 1998, p. 14): that which is “literary” must always be defined and fall within the boundary of the “spirit”, of the known and accepted model. Whatever falls outside this category is excluded: Brazilian Literature is a deliberately selected discourse, a closed club whose members are chosen in accordance with the “processes of the godfather network” (BORBA, 1941, p.15), processes of like-mindedness and mutual endorsement employed by the “brothers in letters”, by the “little churches and chapels” (BROCA, 1993, p. 11/15), by the “literary brotherhood”, as José de Alencar called them, who was himself both an oligarch and a promoter of oligarchies.

This godfather network, this closed club mentality, closely mimics the family model (the state’s toolbox in the creation, strengthening and defence of its national identity), but one whose bonds are not determined by bloodline but rather by friendship, proximity, common interest, mutual respect, ambition and cultural alliance. Usually, the initiation ritual which transforms someone into a senior or junior member of this club, a “godfather” or “godson”, is one defined by “class”, essentially “cultural class”, or cultural capital (education, religion, etc), which provides the basis for promotion in the social order: the godfather is usually “important”, “remarkable” and “of superior worth”, even after death (one need but look to the “cult of the dead” as a source of distinction). In truth, there goes on within the system an “exchange of favours” that benefits all its members. On the one hand, there is the power that re-affirms itself and spreads, and on the other the support, the security, the sense of reciprocity and participation: there is mutual endorsement, protection and the promise of continuity. The logic

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of capital, which favours private property, individualization and the market, does nothing to dissolve these imaginary relationships. The hierarchical protection that stems from the godfather network, the closed club system – in a “Catholic society” whose aims are, perversely, “order and progress” – is maintained by other means, through subterfuge and ploys that no longer characterise it as feudalistic: it is no longer directly or explicitly based on the relationship between the feudal lord [the figure of the rural “colonel” in Brazilian history] and his vassals and protégés, but on a diffuse process according to which prestige, social standing, birth, being white or near-white, being part of the “in crowd”, being influential, notable, “connected”, or a member of the little churches or the media, are all qualities that ensure the permanence of the hegemony in all its myriad forms. These camouflaged relations divide the world into two camps: friend and foe; those who think alike, and those who do not; those who are “in” and those who are “out”. To the friend: everything; to the foe: silence, exclusion, oblivion: in this way not only are known and recognised values – always popular, universal, legal, natural and normal – made legitimate, but also anything deemed to fall outside this mainstream is summarily eliminated.

While the godfather system of the past was largely provincial in scope, not to say naïve and rudimentary despite being able to reproduce the world that circumscribed it, the relationships that form today’s literary oligarchy bear only a passing resemblance to those of its rural ancestor: the literary oligarchy has its origins entirely in the traditional oligarchies, but what remains is no longer visible: all that can be seen now are the oft-lauded cultural, literary, aesthetic, philosophical and confirmedly realistic values, first by the literary oligarchy in its many strata and manifestations, and second by the market as the “spirit of the nation”. It is more competitive (more individualistic and greedy), more fluid (its limits and centres change place more easily), more fickle (it cuts its bonds more cruelly and rapidly), more fragile and more instrumental (maximising profits and minimising subversions): the market has for a long time now been its raison d’être: the circle is closed, Brazil is grateful. The values of the system as a whole, its main stimuli and whatever helps consolidate its transformations, are linked to the prevalent social, economic, political and historical beliefs; with the power held by groups, institutions, discourses; with the persuasion and ideology as well as the policies of the
“dominant social classes”: readers, writers, ideologies (which produce dominant notions), the book market, the teaching profession with its guard dogs and propaganda, form nodes in a harmonious dynamic network where each point confirms all others: in this and through this hierarchy of values – the living expression of social stratification – a canon was created and an editorial policy was established as well as the forces of “national education”: to be outside this vision, outside this law; not to be a part of this network of relationships and its centre, to be outside its grammar is to be outside tout court, is not to exist at all, not to signify anything.

As writing, publication, reading and criticism must be filtered, permitted, known, sanctioned, and made available according to established institutional rules, the result – Brazilian Literature – not only is it not literature (it has not been created and made to circulate in accordance with “serious and intense literary criteria”), but is in fact repeating itself, skating to the same imaginary patterns, employing the same architecture, availing itself of the same stock, the same archives, since the 19th century when it was first established, without wanting (and this is not a question of desire) or being able to tap other aesthetic sources, within a different political frame of reference and with a different philosophical outlook, separate from common sense, free from national myth and mimesis, away from the oligarchic system, creating origins to hide its own foundations.

Brazilian Literature safeguards its own identity by copying itself, reaffirming oligarchic relations while making them seem like “fiction” and “grammar”, like “teaching” and “culture”. This Literature is our heritage; it is capital used to copy itself and holds pride of place in building the country’s notions of nationality and identity. Presenting itself as Literature, it is writing for serfs and a reproduction by serfs, confirmed by the educational process as a whole (“it’s a continuation of the Portuguese exam,” as Lima Barreto once said), and for all the honours, medals and decorations of the national pantheon. This fiction is not like that which moves a nation’s herds to action, but rather like those ideological fictions that serve to guarantee production.

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This kind of literature is part of the house-mystifying universe, “...where the predominant ties are those of family, godfatherhood and friendship” (DAMATTA, 2000, p.149); where the desired atmosphere is one made up of the familiar. Homemade, homely literature, coffee table literature, garden literature, kitchen literature, disillusioned middle-class apartment literature, jingoistic, presenting itself as original, universal, cosmopolitan, when in reality it is nothing more than the old feudal discourse under a different guise, official, academic and authoritarian (it is the literature of the “good men”, of the “white men”, of the “fortunate sons” or “hidalgos”, or of the servants dressed up as “lords”, even if without knowing it themselves), assuming the shape of the new social configurations: fearful of violence, terrorism, poverty and unemployment; horrified by all social projects, all revolutions, all guerrillas; appalled by the working classes, the homeless, the landless; besieged by rapists, thieves, pickpockets and murderers; deeply offended by grammatical deviations, lexical twists and spelling anomalies, by any proximity to the colloquial, to the “language spoken by the man in the street”, which, in its turn, is no more than a pastiche of the “language spoken by the lord in his castle”.

Of course, it is easy to find excuses in history, to enumerate the many disadvantages of the Brazilian condition, starting with the country’s scant literary tradition, the writers’ sub-par training, a tiny, narrow-minded and ignorant readership, the effects of imperialism upon culture, the difficulty of getting published, etc. All these factors help explain, to some degree and in hindsight, the paucity of our literary output, but they should also shed some light on the modesty of the country’s literary ambition itself. Once this is understood and brought to rein, any negative social condition is transformed, or can be transformed, into literary fuel, into a positive element of artistic depth, and it is profoundly to be wished that the sum of our national misfortunes result not in excuses and justifications, but rather in the production of an undisputed masterpiece of literature. (SCHWARZ, 1987, p.159)

The point here is not “to be different”, but something else. Radical otherness, an alternate positivity, inquisitive, indifferent, obscure, is the answer to “being different” projected by Europe, which projects the cannibal, but not his indifferent hunger, his recalcitrant re-positivity, his terrorism (the cannibal, embodying indifference, becomes the terrorist), his viral action. “Difference” (always lordly), the “typical” (always smacking of folklore), “local colour” (always pasty, recitative, poetic, psalmodic), nationality (always fascist), regionalisms (always stunted),

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urbanisms (always provincial), are merely “differences” produced in order to bring about the fundamentals of national literature, of the country’s laws, and to escape, all of them, facing up to the horror with the necessary freedom and violence.

Brazilian Literature’s outlook was “forecast and prepared by the European outlook” (ROUANET, 1991, p. 242), but this outlook and its metamorphoses was moulded by the oligarchies and brought into being by the literary oligarchy, not for the sake of the inherent survival of the “national character”, but as a kind of camouflage signposting European culture while its own productive relationships vanish: the result – the erection of a hegemony with its politics, philosophy, religion, its emblems, signs and myths, with its words, images and sounds – are made explicit and enter the circuit of consensus: this hegemony is a dramatic collectivity. The mystery, therefore, does not lie in what has always been obvious (survival and national cultural production), but in what has always remained concealed – or, at best, has been glimpsed complacentely and taken for normal. Even criticism, in its constant search for comparisons, for the model, inspiration, the anxiety of influence (disguising influence, the godfather, patronage), has also failed to face the full dimension of the literary work’s need to break boundaries, giving its blessing instead to the assembly line of Brazilian Literature and the mechanisms of hide-and-seek: a literature exclusively of support and of alliances pertaining to nationality and national identity, a Brazilian alliance always camouflaged in the fancy-dress of wordy erudition. Cultural imitation only becomes a problem for those who take the process for granted and believe that similarity is akin to sameness. Shakespeare was a thief (all great writers are thieves because they operate outside the “law”), a plagiarist who never concerned himself with influences, didn’t even know anything about them, and yet this did not prevent him from creating and creating well, even while working within the confines of power and the need to earn money. It is not plagiarism that is hidden in repetition and rehashing, but cowardice, bad taste, pettiness, insignificance, incompetence, fear, respect for any cultural material: the slaves, the hangers-on, the servants, the workers, the graduates, the teachers and lecturers – Brazilians, in short – these eternal peddlers of Brazil wood. The crux of the matter does not lie in what Brazilians consider important, but in what they have tried to conceal: they
only imitate themselves badly: the canon is devoured, regurgitated and re-devoured with no sign of distaste, fearlessly and without shame.

The systematic repetition of ideas and procedures plays a major role in establishing a common ground between writers and readers. The result is an easy dialogue whose flow increases in proportion to the degree that each new text meets the expectations established by preceding texts, while at the same time re-enforcing these expectations with regard to texts still to come. And this relationship is made all the easier thanks to the literality of the elements in play. In other words: everything is said, so nothing need be interpreted. (ROUANET, 1991, p. 255)

Brazilian Literature has been entirely formatted within a colonial, paternalistic, authoritarian, racist, homophobic, necrophilic, paedophilic and pro-slavery society (the sickness of the “founding authority”), never overcome; a society that, in becoming republican, and while establishing the bourgeois universe, never relinquished the hierarchy separating order-giver from order-taker, the cans from the can'ts, the great from the small; in the complex Catholic tradition with its devotion to saints, from which the faithful borrow and project their own daily relationships in terms of blessing, mercy, prayer, pleading, grace and exchange – “one can’t understand Brazilian Literature without taking Catholicism into account” (KOTHE, 1997, p. 53) – the order of social circulation depends on this silent current of dependency, a current that is not only vigorous, but also symptomatic, hidden, unexpressed, unaccepted, yet known and employed, from one moment to the next, by all: these traces, this behaviour, these institutions, customs, visions of the world have been reduced, transformed and remoulded by capital, but without being dissolved, annulled, only readapted to their function: capital dissolves nothing: its logic is re-articulative: the new is practically the old made over.

For Brazilian Literature to exist, selecting material for either inclusion or deletion, these social practices must continue, one way or another, they must materialise, be put into operation and become the axis of imaginary power. But none of this is revealed: the entire process is camouflaged, normalised and regulated in such a way that the renewed bonds of favour, familiarity and recognition do not appear: these relationships are not and have never

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been challenged by the market: the market has always made use of them according to its own logic: this double-edged logic that caters to the taste of the paying customer.

For this reason, Brazilian Literature is not an impoverished version of European models (which is how it presents itself and thinks itself), let alone a conglomerate of literary ineptitude and ignorance (that would just result in innocence, guiltlessness and naivety), even less so a powerful literature (as many would have it, blindly citing regional examples).

But while Brazilian Literature (and its canon) is, in the strictest sense, a barefaced ideological sham, the works of which it is comprised have not all been produced in bad faith (despite being very much a part of the overall conspiracy). If an oligarchic process has innocently decreed what is publishable and what is not, what is to be read and how it is to be read, turning marketplace ears to the discourse of those who dare to speak out, it is still possible, against the grain, to find literature within this Literature, but not with the intention of creating a canon, another Brazilian Literature: that would be another gesture towards positivity: “Only by deconstructing the semantic gesture of the deep structure of the dominant canon is it possible to perceive the sense of ideological manipulation formulated by the works themselves.” (KOTHE, 1997, p. 12)

Brazilian Literature is unanimity of taste and production, of readership and criticism. The real change is only pedagogical: it takes place in the manuals or in the theoretical guile of the literary criticism: always finding the hair on the snake which is “our literature”, "our writers", always saying more about that which is merely a lot less, always pitting on archaeological or metaphysical airs in search of the spirit or of being, never in the books, in the authors or in the “politics of publication”: what is said about the majority of literary works refers in fact to other works (the masterpieces of “World Literature”): it is with these in mind that “our authors and books” are discussed: this first look, this comparative pedagogical presence is concealed, just like the re-dimensioning of “foreign works” recreated by the oligarchy’s outlook which, able to see only itself, recreates the other in its own image and likeness, recreates even itself in its own image and likeness.
Brazilian Literature, in its production process, is filtered in a way that not only moderates “exclusivist drives of an independent nature” (2001, p. 156), but also produces an uneven replica that signifies and appears simultaneously as other and the same: what appears is the tradition of a Literature, its styles, schools and authors forging the identity of a people, of a language (absurdly, schizophrenically, retaining the language and grammar of the coloniser as if it were “our own”); the relation between all subjects in the process is asymmetric, arbitrary and strange because it does not stem from choice, from a struggle, from aesthetic, critical or literary ex-position, but merely from “...personal esteem or esteem for the tradition, irrespectively” (2001, p. 163) of ideas, demands, changes or proposals of another literature.

The literary oligarchy is composed of writers as well as teachers, editors, agents and advertisers of all kinds, from intellectuals to booksellers, bookshops, magazines, supermarkets and chemist shops: anyone who is literate, in effect, is part of this literary oligarchy, be it in the ranks of its colonels or godfathers or of its guard dogs: to know if we are part or not of the literary oligarchy we need only see if we correct or not someone’s written or spoken language: the “grammatical error” calls the linguistic guard dog into being, be it explicitly or inwardly, the political police of a nation operating in the name of truth: there is a grammar, a logic, a cartography, a writing, that need to be incorporated, recognised, redirected so that they can exist. Oddly, in this process, the reader serves no purpose. The reader is an expendable element, transformed into a mere consumer, into a pawn of the market or the tradition: the reader’s image is seen through the prism of the TV spectator: considered overall as being poor, stupid, without taste, undiscriminating, unsophisticated, and without hope: all that is average, popular, cheaply thrilling in the best style of “mass culture” is produced for the reader’s inevitable consumption: and the reader really is, in fact, this idiot because he or she is literate, too, and corrects other people’s grammar, and in the end seeks only him or herself.

This process, these cross purposes that don’t recognise themselves or each other, create moments of written culture (Brazilian Literature is a constant, concealed struggle against the freedom of the spoken language, of the body (here always fully extended in its integrity, free of metaphysical cracks and fissures), against the terrorism of language inflicted upon Language),
which gain coherence as they attain visibility and become part of the canon while at the same time becoming crystallised as history, tradition, nationality: “the imaginary solution to tensions, conflicts and contradictions that offer no means of being solved” (CHAUÍ, 2000, p. 9). Social, imaginary practices and beliefs converge upon Brazilian Literature, but for it to come into being without upset it must be instituted by a larger process, one that is national in scope, in the interest of everyone, there has to be political, educational and ethical convergence, a body of work proclaiming its unity with the national union, national integration, the greater Brazil, linguistic union, territorial union, both of the people and the state.

Born of the 19th century, it cannot hide its craving for whiteness, for distance from conflict, for purity of writing, for cleanliness, order, tidiness and hygiene, all of which the literate lords bequeathed as a brand of the state, the nation, the people, and, in this way, fenced off an imaginary territory never trespassed by radical spoken discourse, by negation, by “blackness”, by the workers, by lowness, by equality, by the perversity of the social system, by the strange “beauty of truth”, even though this “blackness”, this negation, these workers, these outcasts, are merely its own dark side, unable to create another positivity.

Education

Capitalism is a religion, and it is the most ferocious, merciless and irrational religion that has ever existed, because it knows no redemption or truce. It celebrates the uninterrupted cult whose liturgy is work and whose objective is money.

Giorgio Agamben

The ideas that move theoretical questions about education have failed to address issues concerning an objective education since the 19th century. They take as their starting point the protective abstractions of what already is, which serve to reproduce the “socioeconomic” reproducers and work conditions already in place. In the Spinozian sense, they are not even proper ideas as such but only hopes, beliefs and opinions within a network of activities of
physical preparation. The only thing that the “philosophies of education” ignore, hide and camouflage rhetorically is precisely educational practice and the uselessness of its “reflexive practice”, which is understandable, but not defensible. And with greater authority and experience as this has always been its function, its logic and epistemology. Education is, both strictly and broadly speaking, training for the “job market”, for a life of work, and nothing more. That is the starting point, not the finishing line; it’s not even the middle ground of a “pedagogical reflexion”.

Objectively, there is no “culture”, nothing is cultivated or nurtured throughout the entire “history of education” (there is nothing quite as ancient as the last two centuries: to venture any earlier is irresponsibly to give substance to historiographical fictions). There is no question of updating the past in “schooling the social being”; no search for the model citizen (model worker); no consolidation of values in order to judge the “true, just and beautiful”; no social beings made ready for the “full employment of culture”: only the market, the job market, the production of bodies for the “world of work”, the reproduction of “docile bodies”, the endless production of fascist bodies. On this subject the “pedagogical discourses” are not “competent” to discuss, they have no jurisdiction over it, to try to account (just as there is and can be no “legal philosophy”, there is and can be no “educational philosophy”). The function of “pedagogical discourses” is precisely to turn this into a “discourse” and to try to find “theoretical” solutions and, mainly, practices within the school system, with its pathetic types as components of the “competent discourses”, touching upon everything, wilfully or otherwise, leading inevitably to the logic of the marketplace, to the activities of state, though not in the sense of “obeying orders”, but rather as a following of the power of the herd.

An educational rationale, the teaching of the working classes, excludes all illuminist, culturalist or idealist illusions, whether dressed up as right- or left-wing, as well as any solution or improvement, as it would always play out within the logic of the market-state and for the state-market. For those who think there is a falling off or believe there has been real progress in schooling it must be stated that educational issues are a problem for state administration, the job market, and professional training policies. Every “discussion about education” or about “the
fate of education” or about “educational policies” – anything concerning education, that is – has nothing to do with philosophy, with thought or with theory in the philosophical sense, but with management. There is no “symbolic inheritance” (the purvey of creative professionals) to be shared (and there is no school where these “workers of the spirit” can learn their skills), only essential bodily disciplines. The “education crisis” foments the saviours of the mother state, the representative theoreticians and priests: those whose purpose in life is to solve the “social problems” as though it were a moral mission, as though it were a mere question of ethics, philosophy or politics. One way or the other, the entire weight of pedagogical thinking goes towards training and taming the workers, embellished with all kinds of attractive and superfluous concepts. Educational philosophies and practice are both parasites of the job market and the state network. An impossible autonomy can take place only within the limits of one’s own perspectives and functions.

What is this? Education? Disciplinary, theoretic-practical and institutional activities, aimed at training workers from a broad spectrum. What is this? An educational philosophy? A theoretic network of camouflage, passing itself off as philosophy, to improve education as an institution, or, what in the old days used to be called ideology. What is this? Teaching? The various methods, techniques, orthopaedics, hierarchies; institutions that prepare the tamed body for the job market. Who is this? The teacher? This person who trains workers who have already been tamed for and within the job market, for an identity, information, a nationality, universal and approved tribal knowledge: the conformed conformist, the establishment’s guard dog.

These “questions and answers” around the “issue of education” take on the weight we give them, with depth and urgency, when the social, mechanical, financial, productive and administrative apparatus of capitalism embodies and becomes “society”. Hence this rumination, this search for solutions, for improvement, for understanding (from which stems the mistake of wanting that which is merely a state and market training of the “work force” to be a philosophy or a science), this mediatic concern: all this is nothing more than an administrative search, camouflaged as theory of culture, of the state, “industry and commerce”,
and of its intellectuals, whether organic or inorganic, for the best way to produce fascist bodies (to improve production of merchandise and services, to produce more fascist lives).

Education is, in its entirety, a territorialising process, the setting up of a means of production and reproduction (the fascist body): without territorialisation there can be no practical education or any kind of “pedagogical thought”, there can be no school or teaching. Teaching (teaching as a “pastoral technique”) means to mark territory, to integrate, and any glow, difference, radical spark or thought is merely a marking of new territory with a view to an increased number of new and better trained workers. Every “thought” about or towards education aims only at protecting itself (hence state protection, a society of work and taming knowledge, a biolytic society), at protecting and infesting the exemplary function of education without managing to become anything more than a “thinking about”, originating from the circle of integrative powers.

Education has nothing to do with the “extraordinary person”, the weird and radical singularity established by itself in the search and guerrilla of creation and revolt, of understanding and thought, which produce literature (never Literature, capitalised) as one of its “essential products”, and it is all the more worthwhile because it doesn’t teach (it reconfigures, opens up new power lines, de-territorialises, promotes transformational freedom) and shifts the fascist body to the body.

Education is an inextricable part of the bio-power (FOUCAULT, 1999, 2008b, 2008c), of those technologies, techniques, procedures, beliefs, ways of thinking, feeling, organising and disciplining which make up the governability of a nation’s population: part of the taming machine, of the shepherding of bodies; and at the same time it affects the individual directly (producing, in fact, the individual, the subject, the I, the perfect producer-consumer), not only the population as a whole: the “state” which expands and consolidates its power with methodical care, “employing specific techniques of knowledge acquisition, of control and coercion”, of cleanliness, health, education, security and work, the happiness and well being of

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the population, like a farmer breeding cattle, and what is even funnier is that it does so with the willing, believing and thrilled help of the population itself.

Education is the socio-individual taming and corporal production activity, it is the military training of the population from “early infancy” on (the family barracks, the media barracks, the work barracks). That is why the “defence of education” is so pathetic, so painful, so ridiculous, and a “philosophy of education” whether in the broad or the strict sense is a fascist pastiche. But this isn’t “evil”, or “banal”, or “barbaric”, it is simply the “normosis” from which the tribal machinery itself suffers (CALDAS, 2010a, 2010b, 2010c). Any utopia, advance, improvement, is the same as proposing an improvement of the herd, of the reins of power, of taming techniques and the production of workers for the job market. This has nothing to do with philosophy but with the state, the media, education, religion and the priesthood and representative travesties of all kinds.

**Teaching and Literature**

While it is in education that the essence of Brazilian Literature comes to fruition, not least because it depends on the school system, school books, state mechanisms, the beliefs generated by all these inter-relationships, literature, as taught, as part of a collective whole, of a common history, while being forced to join in and become this or that, this knowledge, this genre, species, sentiment and writing, offers only its own carcass, its apprehensible visibility, letting escape, always, those aspects which make it true literature, its radical de-territorialisations, that singularity which only lends itself and gives bloom being more within the singularity struggles in their “ethical search”. For this reason we must try to understand ethics in detail as regards the struggles of the best powers of singularity in the active construction of thought expression, of conscience and the imagination: personal guerrillas in search of autonomy and freedom, of an understanding of the world and its transformations, that which turns in upon itself and is of no or little use to others and of absolutely no use to the
herds of the world of the job market. The relation between education and singularity, autonomy, freedom, creation and revolt is mere delirium, an empty and impotent pretension, a practical delirium of education as a whole. Conscious access to culture, and even the concept of culture itself, which has nothing to do with literature but everything to do with Literature, is a suspect notion found at the very nucleus of submission and taming, within identity and representation, in the ideas and practices that form, justify and reproduce the nation and the state. The more culture, the more education, more technology, more work, exploitation and merchandise, the greater the satisfaction of those custodians of this educational circle, the middle classes.

Literature and teaching are part of the same formative mechanisms essential to the job market. Brazilian Literature has been the domain of the literate since its “imperial foundation” (without the nationalistic frenzy, it reaches no further than the middle of the 19th century). Without the “founding of Brazil”, with its specific education, there would be no so-called Brazilian Literature: the world of the literate, of the learned and of the teachers, of the defenders of the Language, of knowledge, of information, the keepers of the instruments, mechanisms and institutions, the guard dogs of sense and identity. Teaching and Literature are guardians of the sacred writing, of the sacred Language, of truth: they are travestied priests and military personnel; those who know and have the power to act; those who belong to all the “classes”, because production and the maintenance of the “nation and the people”, of the “territory and the Language”, is “everybody’s mission”. Teaching is the training provided by the power mechanisms transformed into knowledge, the positive practice of orthopaedics, of inception, of control, of tamed knowledge. Literature is precisely that which cannot be taught: the radical other, the strange, the facing up to horror, the guerrilla or terrorist trace of singularity. Literature is precisely that which is fought against, camouflaged, remedied with education, redirected to mean a “story”, “writing”, “knowledge”, something which can be pinned down and consumed, disciplined, by those who aren’t a part of the process or who aren’t within the process, struggling against change.
Literature seen as it is possible to see it, from the perspective of the creator, of the person who undertook that singular guerrilla activity, of the singular for the singular, is radically different from the perspective of the reader, of the literate, the intellectual, of the teacher. That which is pinned down, taught and disseminated is Literature, which creates possible predilections of digested writing, of disciplined writing, of the writing norm. Without immobilisations, classifications, communicative kinships and identities, “knowledge and teaching” are not possible (teachers can only teach the “History of Literature” and comment on their own tastes and preferences as though this were a useful truth, turning language into science and developing a critical artifice). While literature is created within “society” and the “marketplace”, through the media and the state, in printed books and e-books alike, literature is something intimate and personal, a weapon used for the singularisation of every struggle, losing all power and intensity, all its senses, when it is circumscribed and pinned down by education, for nothing, in the end, unless it is as a process falsifying literature as a way of life, of thinking, of struggling and reaching the tribal machine. While Literature has a “place and aim”, literature comes into its own as lines of power precariously brought into being in the spurt and play of singularity. Literature is the something-there, outside, an object, a commodity among consumers; literature, on the other hand, is part and parcel of the ethical struggle, of the carnal struggle, of the struggle of blood and the olfactory sense, and belongs to the dimension of the does-not-belong, a solitary dimension of thought and feeling, and serves no purpose other than its own, dissolving and losing all meaning in the very act of being made. It is this “made thing” which is abducted and made to “be taught”, as though it had been made for this purpose, to be passed on in the classroom, to be a part of the circle of consumers and teachers, as though it were that which could be apprehended.

Literature is essentially anti-theoretical, anti-philosophical, anti-scientific and, above all, anti-pedagogic: its thought arises from action and its understanding comes in the act of creation, in the intricacies of search, not in the learning/teaching dichotomy. Knowledge of literature is perforce passive to knowledge, to learning; it is only active in the making, in the act of creation, in the blows and sparks of the creative forge. The essence of literature is the act of

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creation (and nothing besides). We can only understand it in the intensity of the creative act (looked for in the singularity, never in the state, community or group mechanisms). Teaching, learning and reading are passive, inert, indifferent to the creative process, always foreign to any educational purpose or manifestation. Just as it doesn’t belong to modes of passive learning, neither does it belong to pedagogical activity (unless it is in the deliriums of “teaching theory”). This “difference of essence” allows us to glimpse an “ontological distinction”, a gnosiological distinction, a distinction of production and access. This, and the development of this idea, do not constitute a barrier to apprehension, but that which is apprehended (“com-prehended”) is literature turned into Literature, which can be taught because it has become material reproduced for precisely this purpose, its feeble dimension, weakened in order that it might be incorporated – before being assimilated by education – into the market, into the world of the job market. Hence the “need for schools” as intermediaries. If teaching and education were able to deal with literature they would no longer be education, and the subject would no longer literature: we would be in the realm of the de-territorialised singularity, of the ethical flux of and within the struggle, of the opening of power lines.

In the face of what has been discussed so far, with all its philosophical consequences, what a teacher could do would be to undertake a genealogical dissolution of all the knowledge and beliefs present throughout the entire spectrum of the “humanities”. Their role would now be that of the guerrilla fighter, the terrorist, singular and creative in the sense of the creation of literature itself. It would do away with the very foundations upon which the shaping of the workers is based, the underlying logic, the mechanisms of power and knowledge that drive it. It would be to turn “students”, or attempt to turn “students”, into learning libertines (if such a thing exists). But this would in effect prevent the teacher from teaching; instead the teacher’s role would be to expose education and knowledge, each within their own sphere or speciality, to their operative horror, with their individual ideological bents, and in the face of the inescapable camouflaging of the constitutive relationships of submission; to expose their own conditions as subalterns, as inferiors, reproducers and custodians of everything pre-established,
of generalisations and lumpings-together, but this “libertine teacher” would be nothing more than yet another delirium produced by “pedagogical thinking”, that is to say, an impossibility.

Out of the preceding discussion there arises an understanding that a legitimate relation between education and literature is nothing more than a misunderstanding (an innocent ideology, an operational perversity), eternally reiterated to the benefit of education, which is to say, both as institution and as “state” in the sense of that which controls the shaping of workers of various kinds, never favouring literature, a word that is essentially libertine in nature and only gives of itself fully to the traveller and his shadow. All methodologies, practices, and experiences pertaining to the teaching of literature arise from the “nature of education” itself, which is to camouflage its own statutes and decrees, as well as its real purpose, to disguise the fact that, by its nature, it cannot really teach, cannot really understand very much at all, and that its justification is not philosophical but political, in the dirtiest sense of the term.

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Eutomia, Recife, 16 (1): 156-177, Dez. 2015


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