

Arts, Linguistics, Literature and Language Research Journal

CAN A LITERATURE GREATER?

Joao Felipe Barbosa Borges

Fluminense Federal Institute

Itaperuna - RJ

<https://orcid.org/0000-0002-3536-9495>

All content in this magazine is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution License. Attribution-Non-Commercial-Non-Derivatives 4.0 International (CC BY-NC-ND 4.0).



With this title, I refer to the text by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari (1977), *Kafka: for a minor literature*, alluding to two movements that were suggested to me in the paths trodden by Portugueseness: a first movement talks about the association of the Portuguese literary space to peripheral literary spaces, despite their ancient history, from maritime expansion to colonization, bring you closer to the hegemonic centers; a second movement speaks of the complicity of a principle of reality and rationalism present in contemporary literary criticism of supposedly universal knowledge production models, which come, however, from hegemonic nations in the economic and cultural order.

Abstract: In this essay, I focus on the construction of *Portugueseness*, understood as the representation of “being Portuguese” and national identity. Based on images of historical, literary origin and from Portuguese literary criticism itself, which, due to the mythical status and irradiation they had, marked the collective unconscious of the nation, I identify not only a tendency towards self-glorification and exaltation of national identity, but also the need to reaffirmation of “being Portuguese” based on a desire for realism and sublimation of emotions in an attempt to validate the created images. At the end of this course, I advocate in favor of literary criticism and a science open to affectivity and emotions, inherent to the production of knowledge.

Keywords: Portugality; affectivity; literary criticism.

INVOCATION

I turn to Ana Cristina Chiara’s evil readings (2009, p. 27), and ask myself “how to [re]take the pulse of a text? Of an aesthetic object? From a critical text? How to touch them, make them move in front of me and move me? How to activate them in the binary movement of possession and possession?” In my case, how can I resume the pulse of the representations that this aesthetic object and this critical text, under different movements and literary trends, in Portugal, made of the nation and its reality? How and why rehearse possessions, encounters, movements, of/in/about Portugueseness – understood as the representation of national identity –, which have not already frayed in the dissolution of national borders so typical of the contemporary moment?

Further: how and why rehearse possessions of national identity without succumbing to the risk of identity closure, closure or assimilation of the other within the limits of the self? How can I myself escape cultural closure in the

paths of Portuguese literature and identity without incurring the closure of my own vision?

“Drum, drum, go get someone who lives far away” (umbandist chant of invocation).

POSSESSION I: ONCE UPON SHEHERAZADE...

And right from the start I resume my (less than) thousand and one stories, which will certainly not have, like that of the exemplary narrator, the thread of desire (I can only guarantee my pleasure). In any case, I confess the desire for desire, and from here I begin by questioning my reader’s own paradigms of reality. I’m criticizing, well, not art! Mustn’t I/mustn’t, then, eliminate apparatuses of subjectivity? I cannot/could I not, then, by insisting on the contrary, tarnish the real that I intend to reveal? But not! I’m not into reality. “(Behind the mask, Zarathustra laughs): The reader must consider himself lost if he wants to know exactly what Sterne really thinks about a thing” (DELEUZE, 1998, p. 10). And that’s why which I clarify, right now (the verb *to say* of the studied bodies is always one *for me*), that I cannot pretend to encompass the whole, but only a part, a small part of what, in the movements of possession and possession, is also said in me.

Recognition of the impenetrability of the other. Beyond, my effort of desecration: desecration of a space recognized as Science, desecration to break a protective film, in its purism, religiously rational. But, above all, even if lost in advance, the effort to penetrate. This reading of mine, therefore, takes possession as a starting point, to “stop the excess of interpretive keys that imprison the senses” (CHIARA, 2009, p. 29). Besides, to stop the excesses of a rational method, as will be seen, despite being supposedly universal; Portuguese, European, Western. And, in its dramatic method (let us remember

that drama requires the person, requires the action), this reading of mine stage's gestures of surrender, gestures of pleasure, feigning an impossible ease, which under its false nudity, under its hidden and embarrassing shame, dressed in a thousand and one stories, dressed in a thousand and one reasons.

POSSESSION 2 (OR WOULD IT BE NUMBER 3? 4? BAKHTINIAN DIALOGISM PREVENTS ME FROM NUMBERING PRECISELY)

I start (again!) with an apple, maybe two. First, that of Eve and Adam. I therefore do not want to fall into the sin of displeasing the Catholic-Portuguese nation. After all, in the most diabolic saying "My name is legion!", there was God and all the heroic Portuguese people – True truth, committed to reality and to, Virgin Mother! not just Literature; also with History, of course, always official(?)! Let us not forget that the process of formation of the saintly Portugality includes heroes, as perhaps Camões wanted, to silence Greeks and Trojans². See D. Afonso Henriques, who not only inaugurated the political independence of the then Portucalense County, bravely facing the kingdom of Castile, but also inaugurated an even more devout identity, in the expulsion of the vile and demonic Moors. The *Crónica dos Godos*, from 1147, including – at the time, a historical, documentary genre! –, will narrate the undertaking of the king who, with the help of God – He himself appeared to Afonso Henriques, in light and spirit –, and of a few, but brave Portuguese soldiers, managed to defeat the legion of the army of unfaithful Moors that in Ourique surrounded him. And if two centuries later, the kingdom of Castile sought to claim dominion over the Lusitanian lands (1383) – imagine what an offense... –, God would not hesitate to intervene in leading a small army of Portuguese in the

Battle of Aljubarrota, at victory against the (despite faithful) Castilian devils. They were led, come on! by the very Portuguese D. João, Master of Avis. And it didn't matter that the Portuguese army was generally made up of bourgeois without so many weapons: they were Portuguese and that was enough! It is true that even D. Sebastião's bankrupt undertaking, around 1578, in the Battle of Alcácer-Quibir (which was not only against the infidel Moor – let us remember that, as the last descendant of the Avis dynasty, without having produced a son to the kingdom, his death could mean the reintegration of Portugal into Spanish territory), only sentences, in the unusual Lusitanian dream, an innate condition of the nation: in the books and documents that followed the death of the king, the absence of the word "death" and insistence of the expression "disappearance", also documentally indicate the resurrection of the king as a savior Messiah, ready to return the honor and glory of Portugal, this small Fifth Empire on this side of the sea.

However, I would also like to refer here to the Greek apple, which opposes two essential positions to the classical man: the apple of Eris, reason and consequence – correcting – passion and consequence of the well-known Trojan War. A first position, prior to the Snitch, would be that of Zeus, who, having fallen in love with Thetis – one of the fifty daughters of Nereus, the first god of the Sea –, and frightened by a prophecy that said that Thetis would give birth to a son even greater than her father, forced her to marry the mortal Peleus. A second position would be that of Paris, who, in charge of resolving the dilemma introduced by the Snitch of Eris in the said marriage, directed to the most beautiful of Olympus, chooses, among Aphrodite, Hera and Pallas Athena, the goddess of love, not only awakening the wrath of the other goddesses, as rejecting all the wisdom, wealth and power

2 Reference to verses from ``*Os Lusíadas*`` LUZ, I, 3, 1-5.

offered by them, in favor of the love of the most beautiful woman in the world: Helena, from Sparta, then married to Menelaus.

The result of this election, the reader already knows – and for those who don't, reading the *Iliad*, by Homer, will not hurt to illuminate. And if it is to this that I turn to introduce some considerations on Portuguese-ness, in Portuguese literature and literary criticism, it is, in the first place, because I would like to refer to a historical-literary tradition that, although insistently marked by its etymological, philological, scientific, of the beloved and written Lisbon in Ulysses, from which the name Olissipo (from the Greek: Ολίσσιπο, city of Ulysses) would come, finds much closer references in a *Parissipo*, much more accustomed to a lyrical-sentimental tradition. Secondly, if I return to the *Iliad*, it is because in the contrast between Zeus and Paris, among whom the Portuguese reality assumes the posture of the former, we can identify a repression with deep roots, which, through the desired rational domain, will seek disguising, trying to make believe the truth, a fabulous, affective, loving vision of the nation and of its own identity.

I am not saying, however, that the dominance of this emotive vision constitutes the exclusion of thought. Cartesian binarism would be incongruous with my purpose. I am just saying about a state of languor of the loving subject in the face of reason, which characterizes a Portuguese historical-literary vocation: "In languor, I just make you wait: 'I wouldn't stop desiring you'" (BARTHES, 1991, p. 136).

POSSESSION 3: THE REBIRTH OF THE REAL?

I think, as an example, of this languid state of the art in the face of reason, in Camões, for whom, in *Os Lusíadas* (1572), "I heard", reader,

that you will not see with vain deeds, /
fantastic, feigned, lying, / praising yours, as in
the strange / Muses, desirous of aggrandizing
themselves: / your real ones are such / that
they exceed the dreamed, fabulous ones
(LUZ, I, 11, 1-6).

But I also think, before Camões, in Garcia de Resende, who at the beginning of the 16th century, calling himself a "Renaissance man", knowledgeable about letters, drawing, music and architecture, lamented the absence of that that could represent the height of the "illustrious Lusitanian breast", making "the wise Greek and the Trojan silent, the great navigations they had" (LUZ, I, 3, 1-5). Or even in Manuel Correia and Pedro de Mariz, some of the first critics who, closer to the publication of Camonian work, sought to justify the superiority of the Portuguese vate and the reality of the superiority of the truth he narrates, through biographicalism and erudition – expensive techniques to those who, in verifying dates and verifying texts and documents of very certain authority (representatives, therefore, of a tradition), investigated art, as well as nature, privileging reason and science, so characteristic of men who revolutionized the scientific instruments with the discoveries and the great navigations!

Not to mention the very strong desire for reality and rationality that made the evident fictionality of Camonian Island of Loves a precise geographic location – something that, incidentally, was not restricted to the first commentators of the epic; advances to more recent critics:

Manuel Correia, the island of Santa Helena; Faria e Souza, Angediva; Gomes Monteiro, Znzibar; Freire de Carvalho, the island of Ceylon, present-day Sri Lanka; Cunha Gonçalves, Mumbai; Teófilo Braga, Terceira Island in the Azores (AGUIAR E SILVA, 2011, p. 387).

But I also think, as an example of this state of Portuguese languor in the face of reason –

the need to prove the reality of its (as invented as the others) story –, in a poetry that, under a principle Troubadourism, not dedicated to the Camonian Portuguese language, being still in a zone of contact with the diabolical Galician, not dedicated to the rationality that made science and art reborn from darkness, and above all, not dedicated to the “glorious memories/ of those Kings who were expanding/ the Faith and the Empire, and the lands vicious / from Africa and Asia they have been devastating”, to the “Weapons and the appointed barons / who, from the West Lusitanian beach, / through seas never sailed before, / passed even beyond Taprobana, / in dangers and strenuous wars “ (*passim* LUZ, I, 1, 1-5), much less epic, much less renaissance (humanist, rational?!), beyond the cult of emotion, let us glimpse, in the outlines of a theorization about the literary, the desire for order: in love songs, in order to achieve the supreme love of the beloved woman, four stages were necessary, according to the Portuguese art manuals of the period – that of the aspirant, called *fenhedor*, the suppliant, called *precador*, the boyfriend, *who was called* *connoisseur*, and, finally, the *drudo*, a kind of lover.

In both cases – let us note – they are attempts to sublimate, in the making of the fabulous memory of the homeland or the fabulous destiny of the Portuguese lover, by the splendor of Camonian and Renaissance truth or troubadour order (truth and order have always been linked to reason), the Loving feeling, emotion, from the Greeks associated with chaos. At this point, maybe it’s not a mere coincidence – maybe even providence... – that Portuguese literature was born under the aegis of those love and friend songs so lacking, so passionate in the face of the forever inaccessible. Inaccessibility that, even in the *cantigas de amigo*, which the Portuguese, by the way, arrogate to themselves the creation,

is configured as a present instance: love, although reciprocated – as it was the love of a lady for a Portuguese knight, could not to be different... – is not achieved, there is no meeting of bodies, original sin! And yet, for these eternal troubadours, only a few times did this inaccessibility emerge as an awareness of subalternity.

POSSESSION 4 (OR THE AESTHETICS OF REPRESSION): THE REAL ROMANTIC ILLUMINIST OR THE REAL ILLUMINATED ROMANTIC?

Perhaps we can speak here, in the wake of Lacan (1985), of an aesthetics of repression. In a process of separation between the maternal body and the body itself, Lacan assumes the existence of a desire to return to the origin, which in the case of Portugal refers to a past of glory and expansion, where the conquest of lands configured in the imagination of the country an identity par excellence trailblazer and warrior. However, as a memorialistic instance, and of a very affective memory – I have to say –, this aesthetic is configured in the self-affirmation of what it lacks (which is already in itself a denial of what is proper to it). In other words, it is based on the traumatic perception of an irrecoverable past that the (always) good collective conscience is willing to deny the present and affirm the past, as if it were a matter of the future. And great future! After all, after the *via crucis* of the present, it finds the origin: From the Father we come. To the Father we will return! And what dexterity in affirming the indissoluble Truth of reintegration, what a desire, more than a Greek, more than a Trojan, to follow reason and not impulse! Well, who wants what they already have?

It is clear to the reader, in the (repeated) history of the Portuguese romantic movement, of repression, the example: how much more

epic than romantic, let's face it, the portrayal of a glorious and revived past, redemption of the present and reintegration of the future - imminent and near! The endless memories of wars, bloody battles, unexpected and grandiose victories, present in the literature of the period, are there to prove it. No less clear is the affectivity of this rescue. *O Bosquejo da História da Literatura e Língua Portuguesa* (1820), by Almeida Garrett, in this sense, only evidences, also in the context of scientific literary criticism, the passion for the motherland – rather, for the fatherland –, already for the poetic (re)raised title. By treading a journey on literary production in Portugal, Garrett seeks not only to rescue the glorious past, to rescue the language, the “defining element of nationality” and of the “national spirit”, but also to consider judgment criteria and aesthetic value, writing in Portuguese and the presence or absence of local color, of this same spirit that characterizes a nation and its identity. See his praise for Basílio da Gama as an example:

Fair praise deserves the sensitive singer of the unfortunate Lindoia who was more national than any of his Brazilian compatriots. *O Uruguai* by José Basílio da Gama is the modern poem that has the most merit in my opinion. Very well painted natural scenes, of great and beautiful descriptive execution; pure and unaffected phrase, natural verses without being prosaic, and when it fulfills sublimates without being lifted; they are not ordinary qualities. Brazilians mainly owe him the best crown for his poetry, which in him is truly national and legitimately American (GARRETT, 1884, p. 22).

Just praise deserves the sensitive singer of unhappy Portugal, who in exhorting the greatness of the language and the past, in sublime lines, but in “pure phrases, without affectation” – an obvious sin –, finds harmony with “the highest value alevanta” from the “glorious memories of Occidental Praia Lusitana”, sung by Camões.

And yet, I would also like to encourage belief in the reality of this highest value. This is what happens in the short story “The vault” (1839), by Alexandre Herculano, in which we will ironically find, after an impassioned description of a May 7th “rich in galas, in which Spring had dressed the fields of Extremadura with the bloom of its flowers” and “the honeysuckle, the rose agreste, rosemary and the entire caste of boninas wove an immense, odorous carpet, across heaths, bunds and marshes”, the pretense that the narrated story had been extracted with “that punctuality and truth with which a great Portuguese chronicler quoted only undeniable documents and very certain authors” – and, don't laugh, reader, at the contradiction that follows – “with that impartiality and accuracy according to which the chronicler evaluated the facts in which the Christian religion could be of interest” (*passim* HERCULANO, 1993, p. 201). Moral of the story? In the construction of the Monastery of Batalha, in homage to the Master of Avis after the Portuguese victory at the Battle of Aljubarrota, a Portuguese architect, even a blind one, is better than an architect, albeit a renowned Irish one – who does not, therefore, know the chivalrous designs of courage, honor and courage of the reaffirmed Portugueseeness.

In any case, it is possible for the reader to justify the need for self-affirmation of the national – at least of the story told so far –, as well as the consequent denial of the other (Moorish, Castilian or Irish) for self-affirmation, to the respective historical contexts : at the time of Camões, there was, finally, the need for the then insurgent homeland to establish a language and give the keys to a unique national culture, to establish its pantheon and its history of ancestors and prestigious founders. And in the Romantic era, after facing successive downgrades to the honor and glory of the former Empire, pioneer of the seas, pioneer of maritime expansion in

the conquest of new lands (see, as an example, in addition to the accelerated loss of space and power of Portugal compared to empires such as the English and French, the independence of the Brazilian colony and, before that, the traumatic episode of Napoleon's ultimatum that caused the escape of D. João, the fleeing king, to Brazil), this need to give the keys to culture and fight in the service of the nation and the people to restore the glory of a nation of ancestors and prestigious founders, was no less. Establishing its specificity in relation to other nations, thus, even if through the denial of the other and the affirmation of its superiority, is just a consequence of a people that urgently needed to prove its existence and recognition, if not in the political and economic plane, at least in the literary plan.

The question that ends here, however, is that this happened – no wonder – also in the Enlightenment, a moment in which, at the same time as the modern concepts of criticism and the critic suffered – oh! Apollonian reason... – a more serious attempt at systematization; the lights sought were, in the Portuguese case, those of the Holy Spirit! Let us remember that the Enlightenment, in addition to being non-homogeneous, manifested itself in different ways in each region of Europe. And in the Iberian Peninsula, bearing a close relationship with God – the strength that the Counter-Reformation had in the lands of Spain and Portugal that say so –, this particularity would lead to a profound resistance to the ideas of the so-called moderns. So much so that the Casa dos Ericeiros, one of the first “enlightened” cenacles in Portugal, where intellectuals gathered to discuss the “progress” they would like to see in the sciences, arts and society, was frequented almost exclusively

3 FIGUEIREDO, F. History of Literary Criticism in Portugal. 2nd ed. Lisbon: Cernadas & Cia, 1916 *apud* SARAIVA, A. Literary criticism and literary criticism in Portugal. *Magazine of the Faculty of Letters - Philology*, Lisbon, v. 1, no. single, p 61-90, 1973.

4 BELL, AFG Some Aspects of Portuguese Literature. Paris-Lisbon: Aillaud -Bertrand, 1924, p. 56-57 *apud* SARAIVA, A. Literary criticism and literary criticism in Portugal. *Magazine of the Faculty of Letters - Philology*, Lisbon, v. 1, no. single, p 61-90, 1973.

by foreigners. If you allow me the irony, *not without reason*, at the beginning of the 20th century, Álvaro Ribeiro, one of the first critics of Portuguese philosophy, will date the decay of reason in Portugal, in the “said century of the said” (SARAIVA, 1973, p. 64). However, the question remains: if this were not the case, would the reality (d)e(u) written be more real?

THE IRONIC CONTINUITY OF THE 5TH POSSESSION: THE REAL?

Only apparently perhaps... Just to take up an image: let's think of Teófilo Braga, the same one who identified the geographical location of Ilha dos Amores located on Terceira Island in the Azores – it couldn't have any other soil, could it? Initially, therefore, it was called the Island of Our Lord Jesus Christ of Terceira! What seems to be that the excesses of the theophilian positivist method achieved nothing more than the bio *and bibliography* of the unsystematized and incipient criticism made by contemporaries of Camões: Fidelino Figueiredo (1916)³, in 1910, will identify in the critic and in his *História Crítica Literária in Portugal*, the languid glow of an absence, which remains to be desired to study, from a critical perspective in fact, historically, psychologically and aesthetically, national literature. And Audrey Bell (1924, p. 56-57)⁴, a little later, will state that “neither [the illuminist] Verney, in the 17th century, nor [the positivist] Teófilo Braga, in the 19th century, satisfied the urgency of a critical austere scientific, exhilarating, sincere”.

Not even our Eça, who in a more incisive way, in his *Conferences at the Cassino*, indicated the need for literature to abandon the “game of

passions” in novels, in order to “analyze reality a posteriori, through processes as exact as those of physiology itself.” (*passim* QUEIROS, 1965, p. 68), criticism – the recent one – will fail to notice the romanticism that initiates it in literary life. And all the astuteness and roughness in identifying the homeland and its, as he named in his literary project, “scenes of Portuguese life”, revealing a country quite backward in relation to Europe, incapable of understanding the economic decline of the loss of its main colonies, and extremely hypocritical in defending, in the public realm, mythical and religious moral values that disappeared in the private realm, seems to give way, in his last novels, to the recognition of the affectivity that the author always tried to escape, glimpsed in the colonialist nostalgia that did not only prevented Portugal from participating in European transformations and modernizations, as it prevented the nation from finding its couch.

Symptomatic are, in this sense, the final words of the narrator in the novel “*A ilustre Casa de Ramires*” (1900), when he compares the character Gonçalo Ramires to Portugal:

What does it matter that he has defects, that he is guilty, that he even forgets his duty, that he even offends the law? What a! He’s kind, generous, dedicated, helpful, always with a kind word, always with an affectionate touch... And that’s why everyone loves him, and I really don’t know, God forgive me, if God doesn’t prefer him too... (QUEIROS, 2002, p. 284)

I ask: what does it matter that these Histories of Portugal with a capital H have their Robinsonades, their fantasies, offending the truth? What a! Isn’t the truth plural? And why ignore the maritime odyssey of mythical and mystical adventure of a dream dreamed together Portuguese? Portugal could not have a more instigating answer: that Gonçalo be its personification. Because it is from the allegorical identification Portugal-Gonçalo,

that the identity constitution of the nation is revealed, inseparable from myths and romanticizations, in turn inseparable from the genesis of History, since they are foundational elements. Furthermore, let us remember, these (H or h?) stories are lovely, always with sweet words, with religiosity... Who knows if God doesn’t actually prefer them...

Here’s the discovery! Even when in patriotic criticism, of which the 19th century provided singular examples, there were those who declared themselves to be pursuing an entirely realistic objective, as was the case with many authors and critics of the (then) revolutionary Generation of the Seventies, the writers and neither the criticism were sincerer – though more convincing – than the romantics of the past(?) generation. In neither case has the positivist anti-mythological purpose of trustworthiness been able enough to lead to the rejection of the “unrealistic” in the description of what once happened. The fact is that even the Seventy Generation project, in its sharp criticism of Portugal, only concealed the objective of raising (if not surpassing) Portuguese intellectual-critical-literary thought to that of other nations. Who knows, maybe even hoist the country’s sails to once again lead maritime odysseys in the process of expanding the world! And it will be Eça once again, in the widely quoted subtitle of *A Relíquia*, to admit such a fable: “About the strong nudity of truth – the diaphanous mantle of fantasy”.

POSSESSION 6: THE REAL OF THE DISPOSED, MODERN-RADICAL

Fernando Pessoa-Alvaro de Campos:

Don’t bring me aesthetics! / Don’t talk to me about morals! / Get me out of metaphysics! / Don’t preach to me complete systems, don’t string me along with achievements / Of the sciences, of the sciences, my God, of the sciences! / Of the sciences, of the arts, of

modern civilization! (PESSOA, 1993, p. 44)⁵.

Adolfo Casais Monteiro-no less Álvaro de Campos: "I am a critic without a system! I think it's better to criticize, that is, to demonstrate by walking that the movement exists!" (MONTEIRO, 1961, [sp]).

In the declared refusal of a system, the denial of the real? No! I do not believe. All negation ultimately engenders, for better or for worse, a form of possession. What flames in them, I believe, says rather a refusal of specific, military, dictatorial systems, those who want "the nuisance" that they "be[m] company" and "do[m] everyone their will" (PESSOA, 1993, p. 44), the system of those "people in uniform, even when they don't wear it on the outside" (MONTEIRO, 1961, [sp]). In disobedience, "while the Abyss and Silence delay" they want to be alone – "I already said that I want to be alone!" (PESSOA, 1993, p. 44). Perhaps because of reality, what stands out to the critic and the poet, is multiplication: for Fernando Pessoa, in addition to poetry, as a hysteroneurasthenic, he shot life: "My soul broke like an empty vessel. Fell down the stairs too far down. It fell from the hands of the careless maid. It fell, broke into more pieces than there were dishes in the vase" (*ibid.*, p. 22) ⁶. For the critic, textually, no less hysteroneurasthenic, the multiplication, threw it to the critic: "with free steps, successively exploring multiple tendencies, dispositions, following the movement of the imaginary and invention that reason and science have always tended to hide" (MONTEIRO, 1961, [sp]).

Denial of Portugal? A deeper conflict than the first glance suggests. The rupture of the links that sustain the "selves" within the world do not allow the harmonious vision

and communion necessary to live *with* and *in/in* more than *Lisbon, Portugal Revisited*. However, Pessoa's act of reviewing the "blue sky of his childhood" and the "soft, ancestral and mute Tagus", which finds resonances in the "localist⁷depression" practiced by Casais (who wants to align, through his poetry-criticism, the Portuguese critical tradition with the best essayism practiced at the same time in the United States and in the rest of the world). of Europe), evokes a regret of not recognizing oneself in one's own land, which makes that tone of revolted cry of denial of everything and everyone – including reality – attenuate, giving way to the old and Portuguese and fateful and faddish anguish of someone who has lost the city and been lost by it: "O regret revisited! Lisbon of yesteryear today! / You give me nothing, you take nothing from me, you are nothing that I feel" (*passim* PESSOA, 1993, p. 44). Incongruity? None. This is the difference: if in the 1970s, a Portuguese anti-epic began to take shape under the prerogative of eliminating passions, from the perspective of the presentist generation, exemplified in the thinking of Pessoa and Casais, of a real post-decadentist, of a real post-impressionist, feeling does not exclude thinking (feeling intelligently and thinking emotionally) and, in any case, it is only like shards on an unshaken doormat, exploring multiple trends and dispositions, that one can reach the multiplicity of sticking to oneself. to the real: "feeling everything in every way, experiencing everything from every side, being the same thing in every possible way at the same time" (*ibid.*, p. 90) ⁸.

5 Reference to the poem ``*Lisboa revisitada*`, written by Fernando Pessoa-Álvaro de Campos in 1923.

6 Reference to the poem ``*Apontamentos*`, written by Pessoa-Álvaro de Campos in 1929.

7 I refer here to Antonio Candido's expression (1985) to designate the movement brought about by the Brazilian modernist project of placing Brazil, through the reinvention of its historical-literary tradition, also as an exporter of art, culture and knowledge in the spaces of world literature.

8 Reference to the poem ``*Passagem das Horas*`, written by Pessoa-Álvaro de Campos in 1916.

POSSESSION 7: IN THE LISBON OF TODAY'S OTHER TIMES, THE ROYAL DICTATORSHIP

Lisbon of yesteryear today. Circular, Bergsonian time, the uninterrupted flow of hours, which once again brings to the Portuguese waves, after the reals of delirious Pessoa's and Casais, the desire for the Christlike and pure reality: the ideology of the Estado Novo, a dictatorial regime in Portugal, governed by António Salazar from 1933 to 1968, and at its end, by Marcelo Caetano, until mid-1974. It is at least curious that such a desire for reality, synonymous with the readjustment of the true Portuguese image, in all cases, endowed with no fewer imperial dreams, desired and successively frustrated innumerable times in History, Literature and Criticism, has still achieved success and acceptance among its own people. Mainly after the legacy left by art and the presenceist criticism. But, well, let's not underestimate Salazar, because unlike the *Orpheu movement*, with very little acceptance and even less reaction before an uncritical public majority, the Salazarist dictatorship knew how to align itself with its desire for readjustment, beyond national exaltation (passion evident), the religious exaltation that always pleased.

And given our (also Brazilians') aversion to Parricide (the capital letter says of a greater Father) –, the long life of the Salazarist government will be exempt, because if, on the one hand, the anti-mythological hope of readjusting the country to its modest condition, foreseen in the rationalist university student that was Salazar, had been broken; on the other hand, this hope was shattered by something greater, which made the initial ideals matter of oblivion: the national-religious passion! It didn't take long for the gall of emotion – so skilfully perceived by Eça de Queirós in his recognition of the undeniably romantic Portuguese nature – to act on the

dictator in the fabrication of a destiny and a future so much more covered than before by the diaphanous mantle of fantasy: in the words of Eduardo Lourenço (1992, p. 28), Portugal had been “just any ‘Disneyland’, without scandals, suicides, or real problems”, but a Disneyland with the right to be one, proven by the press, by the school, by the art, being for that very reason equally covered by the mantle of Official History.

Let us pay attention, however: if the Salazarist system served to castrate any truths that were not his – by improving his repressive arsenal, Salazar neutralized any scriptural activity that did not share the corporative and unifying character of the Estado Novo –, similarly, it served to ratify the little resistance and taste found in the face of an imagination, so long as it is patriotic and Christically glorious, unworthy of contestation by the public.

Explained, thus, would be “the sameness of the generations of 30, 40 and 50” (the expression is from Arnaldo Saraiva [1973]), which were not contaminated by the anti-positivist astuteness of a Fidelino de Figueiredo, residing in Brazil, or still from a Pessoa, from the critic Pessoa, whose critical texts were barely known until Jorge de Sena put them together in *‘‘Páginas de Doutrina Estética’’* (1946) (and which even today, let us stress, is barely known); did not even allow themselves to be contaminated by the defense of the autonomy of criticism, artistic subjectivity and experimentation in the face of academic repetition and scientific objectivity, a defense in favor of which Adolfo Casais Monteiro so vigorously advocated (a critic, incidentally, censored and constantly forbidden to be at least mentioned in critical and literary works as a reference).

The same can be said, in the wake of Saraiva (1973), of the occasional publications of the exceptions that were Jorge de Sena, Vergílio

Ferreira, Eduardo Lourenço and, above all, Eduardo Prado Coelho. But perhaps, in the taste that the Christian and glorious image of the homeland achieved, is mainly and definitively explained the success of the great critical mass – not only the journalistic one, in a press regulated by Salazar, but also the university one, a certain university critic, supporter of the ideology of the Estado Novo, if not by ideology, by fear of a censor who, even when imaginary, imposed himself at the time of writing. Both obedient, happy and content to please the new father of the country, happy and content to serve and please the masses, they made their works pamphlets of myths and ancestral traditions, which the Portuguese, under no circumstances, could, in this case, nor must, transgress.

What I mean by this is that the Portuguese critical and literary tradition, with rare exceptions, in consonance with this Salazar government, was nothing but the gathering of the founding myths of what I have been calling portugaloty. From king D. Afonso Henriques to Queirose's Gonçalo Ramires, an intriguing dialectic intervenes that is actually remade in Salazar: the denial and subsequent affirmation of a mythical-affective model. In the first case, we find the rationality – or the desire for it – of a specialist in Public Finance who, in his first year of office, in 1928, as Minister of Finance, reducing expenses and increasing taxes – what a savior, no? – achieved a positive balance in the country's budget. Here, then, are the doors open to Portugal's return to a well-established order, rational for expressing the possibility of a return to glory, and fair for subordinating individual interests to general ones. In the second case, we find the affectivity that generates the contradiction: the first – we have already seen enough –, the homeland; a second, linked to this, the christism: obviously if such a State would be, according to the scientism it presupposes, essentially pagan,

9 Reference to the *Sermon for the good success of the Arms of Portugal against those of Holland* (1640), by Fr. Antonio Vieira.

it could not be on Portuguese soil. Vieira had already called God's attention to his debt to the Portuguese and his obligation to intervene for the "good success of Portugal"⁹. And, let's face it, it would be silly with the unofficial "Ulysses origin" not to learn the trades of gratitude: how not to place oneself at the service of God if He himself intervened, centuries ago and recurrently, in the repeated undertakings against the unfaithful Moor and the Castilian devil? How not to place oneself at the service of God-Science if He Himself intervened, centuries ago and recurrently, in the repeated endeavors against emotion and the diabolical and infidel imagination?

Researcher Pascale Casanova (2002), in a study on the literary space and its relationship with the political space of nations, addresses, in dealing with what she will call "small literatures", marginalized, due to historical, political, economic issues, on the periphery of space literary world, their need to fight against the threatening invisibility that hegemonic nations for many centuries achieved for them. Politicization, attachment or struggle in favor of the homeland and national identity, then become, in Casanova's view, more than nationalist strategies, survival strategies of these literatures in the face of the world hegemonic order:

Within the deprived spaces, writers are condemned to a national or popular theme: they must defend, return, illustrate, even while criticizing, the adventures, history and national controversies (CASANOVA, 2002, p. 236).

The author also foresees the possibility that these strategies, for contextual or historical reasons that suddenly interrupt the gradual process of autonomization between national politics and literary aesthetics that, according to her hypothesis, mark more consolidated literatures in the world literary space, are also present in older national spaces, even

in nations that may have played pioneering roles in Western colonialism/imperialism. As an example, Casanova cites the case of the Salazarist and Francoist dictatorships in Portugal and Spain:

During the long Francoist and Salazarist dictatorships, the Spanish and Portuguese literary spaces were subjected to political instances and directly annexed by them through censorship and the imposition of forms and contents. Despite an ancient literary history and, therefore, relative autonomy, literary priorities became directly dependent on political impositions. Writers were immediately instrumentalized or subjected to censorship; any manifestation of aesthetic (and political) autonomy was repressed, and the historical process of separation of political and national instances was suspended. In these situations, literature is condemned to return to the narrow limits of a strictly political-national definition – including among opponents of the regime. There, where any mediation and any independence are suppressed, the creators find themselves, therefore, facing the options characteristic of emerging universes: to produce a political literature at the service of national interests or to go into exile (CASANOVA, 2002, p. 239).

Exile does not seem to have been, however, with rare exceptions, an option for the Portuguese, and “even where any mediation and any independence” were not suppressed, and even where the dictatorship did not limit literature to political-national interests., national belonging, as we could see, continued to be one of the most weighty and coercive determinations. If the need to demonize the Moor and the Castilian in the stories of Afonso Henriques, Mestre de Avis and D. Sebastião, the Camonian need to invalidate the deeds of Greeks and Trojans as vain or lying, or even the need for Salazar’s dictatorial imposition of claiming to be self-sufficient in the face of other nations, are justified historically and politically, in the latter, due to the loss of

autonomy in the face of regulatory censorship, and in the first two cases, due to the danger faced with the imminence of absorption by the hegemonic culture of Castile/ Spain for the kings, and, for Camões, for the foundation of a language and an identity in the face of the colossal Greek culture, how can one justify the sterilizing isolation of the Casa dos Ericeiros, as a cenacle frequented predominantly by foreigners, during the Enlightenment in Portugal? How can one justify the assertion of Portuguese superiority over Irish and Spanish in Herculano’s tales, and Garrett’s hymn to elevate the language, identity, in a word, the national spirit? How to justify and explain even the recognition of Portugal’s smallness, poverty, backwardness and marginality, in the works of Eça, Pessoa and Casais Monteiro, if these were imbued in a no less nationalist project of claiming and reconquering, through literature and art, the space of the nation in the relentless hierarchy of world literature?

Here we find the “combination of an inferiority and superiority complex”, the root of the unrealistic relationship that, according to Eduardo Lourenço (1992, p. 18), the Portuguese will maintain with themselves, because the feeling that Portuguese always had to be guaranteed in the its national being, despite its courage, divine determination, finds an echo in the fragility of the repeated national self-assertion, which only disguises the status of a small nation to which the country had been relegated:

We were not, we are a small nation that from the moment of its birth refused to be one without ever being able to convince itself that it had become a great nation. [...] It happens, however, that even in the solar hour of our historical affirmation, this greatness was, concretely, a fiction. We were big [...], but we were big far away, outside of us, in the dream East or in a still unthought West (LOURENÇO, 1992, p. 19).

Perhaps that is why there is an urgent need

for a tacit realism, the insistent desire for a tacit realism, in order to prove the existence of concrete greatness. More than fiction and the affectivity of the Truth, what all these brief scenes from Portugal reveal is also a structure of reality that organizes the literary universe; if not the effect, at least a desire for the real that conveys to the literary space, the repeated images of Portugal proper to interests and goals of national politics. In other words, this realism is, to use Casanova's expression (2002, p. 244), "a literary nationalism hidden as such, a national realism".

THE 8TH POSSESSION OR NEWTON'S 3RD LAW

Law of Physics: Every action has a reaction. I return to Eça and doubt his statement: "the law that governs the intrinsic constitutions of a stone is the same law that governs human passions" (QUIRÓS, 1965, p. 68)? Literally, perhaps, the end of repression, by force of negation of affections, of the desire of reason, an equal and opposite force is superimposed, based on a new ethics, I would even say a new erotica... Unlike the nostalgic images of the Portuguese nation and identity, contemporary insurgent literature after the Carnation Revolution, despite not denying its nationalism and revisiting the homeland in the autognosis of its destiny, brings to the fore new nationalisms, most often politically subversive. This is because instead of advocating for the defense of a pure and unadulterated language and homeland, anchored to the idea of unity and concern for political, economic and cultural supremacy, such nationalisms are built against any imperialist imposition of language or nation. And if in previous moments, the imposition of a national realism prevailed in the fabrication of the country's image, it is not under the immanence of a realism which, even when dealing with the fantastic, aimed at its acceptance as real, that this art will navigate; it

is through the ways of love and emotion, once censored in the clash with the already known and desirous Portuguese rationality.

In ``*Jangada de Pedra*`` (1986), for example, by José Saramago, the Iberian Peninsula moves away from Europe and begins to navigate towards the space between Latin America and Africa. What is interesting, however, is that, in addition to escaping, in this movement, from the hegemonic centers of the United States and Europe, and thus inverting the logic of the migratory flow predictable to a nation that once sought to align itself with the nations from the center of power, the mysterious movements of the peninsular displacement resemble the movements of a fetus in the aquatic womb, fertilization that from the motherland spreads not only to the female characters, but to everything and everyone, in the formation of a new space and a new identity: a hybrid Ibero-Afro-American community.

Almeida Faria's novel, ``*O conquistador*`` (1990), is also a singular example. What is at stake, in "skinning the bellows while you're young", in "whetting the spring while you can" (FARIA, 1962, p. 30), is not just the encounter with the woman (in fact, this idea of conquest related to the female body is something that we are only discovering slowly...), it is also the encounter with the world – cultural, political, historical, mythical –, and it is, lovingly, a meeting of stories – the fictional and the which is supposed to be real. Through the protagonist narrator Sebastião de Castro, who, isolated in the Peninha hermitage, begins a memorialistic and reflective account of the events that marked his life, Almeida Faria's novel places different models of time and history side by side: in a first moment, through the character Sebastião de Castro, is rescued, by the possibility of reincarnation insinuated in the novel, a distant past, the reign and life of King D. Sebastião, between

the years 1557 and 1578; but, contiguously, a recent past is rescued, between the years 1954 and 1978, brought to light by the memories of Sebastião who, as narrator-character, for seven months and covering the bodies of seven women, writes their history. What makes the narrative emblematic, however, is that despite recovering, through the historical contexts of the reign of D. Sebastião and the Salazar dictatorship in Portugal, a process of identity construction based on the erasure of differences as a strategy for affirming and guaranteeing supremacy of our former colonizer, national, cultural, linguistic differences are the very foundation of their relationships, all marked by alterity. Alterity that seems to cross the story told, in the proposition of a hybrid genre, in which the voices of authors of different nationalities intersect, in which different languages, and even codes, as the presence of drawing, painting and writing may suggest.

In *Os cus de Judas* (1979), by Antônio Lobo Antunes, the narrator, after a night of sex with a woman he met in a bar, tells her about his life, rescuing an elastic and fragmented past, which brings to light highlights the condition of failure to which he submitted himself, in addition to, in any case, making a scathing critique of the colonial wars and Salazar's dictatorship, not only in political terms, but also of the cultural/affective castration exercised by it. What immediately draws attention goes beyond the clash between reason and emotion, as it touches deeply on a memory that is rescued only after the sexual experience, and thus singles out a memorialistic investment that, instead of intellectual/rational, in revisiting the nation and identity Portuguese, is founded on libido.

Note well: the eroticization that I refer to as belonging to this lively literature does not only refer to the amorous encounter or the sexual encounter itself. It says of the process

of sexualization of writing itself, that before conditioning its movement to rationality, it seeks to conduct itself from the perspective of desire, of the libidinous and affective feeling that guides – it too – the artist's pen.

Anyway, these are some of the many points of view that, breaking with the foundations of a historical and scientific discourse that does not seem to have moved much further by the foundations of rationality, and adopting art as a vehicle, ironize an entire critical and literary tradition based on a pure and monological identity, in an image of Portugueseness that, in order to sustain itself, needed to constantly reaffirm its superiority against the corruption of the other, be it Moorish, Irish or Spanish. Without claiming here to be an exhaustive survey of these new insurgent nationalisms, these few novels help me to situate the literary movement unleashed after the Carnation Revolution – which, in addition to being political and historical, also wanted to be artistic and existential: it is that same libido that, either through the body of the nation, the physical bodies of the characters, or through the bodies of writing, as the fundamental energy of the living being, ratify a movement of return to love and the credibility of this love, erasing the totalizing borders – both real and imaginaries – of essentialist discourses such as those that were presented as examples at the beginning of this study.

However, if the brutal silence imposed, during the years of dictatorship, on affective manifestations, corresponded to the bubbling of a new aesthetic, a new erotica in terms of art, what about criticism? Has it freed itself from essentialist discourses and the marks of imperialism, as well as from the no less dictatorial reality principle of Science, in order to assert itself?

POSSESSION 9: IN THE LISBON OF TODAY'S EARTH, THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE REAL

In view of the multiple possibilities of the current process of globalization, marking the weakening and dissolution of the borders that demarcated the National State, as well as the growing influence of supranational organizations and movements (especially politically non-hegemonic articulations, as is the case of supranational movements ethnic, ecological, gender, etc.), thinking of the nation as a homogeneous totality would prove to be less a fallacy than nonsense – that is, at least within the scope of criticism. And, it seems, the overwhelming majority of literature and culture texts assume a movement that insistently seeks to modify concepts of nation and identity as closed and cohesive organisms. In fact, postmodernisms, postcolonialisms, culturalisms, and a good part of the different theoretical and ideological currents that identify the contemporary moment are interested, as a rule, in transcending colonialism and imperialism, in favor of a new transnational order, closer to the flows of thought occasioned by the Saramago *stone raft*, than to the unidirectional and sterilizing flows of a certain mass globalization.

It requires a subtler perception, however, the connection of these essentialist discourses characteristic of imperialism, against which we try so hard to fight, to the principle of reality, which reached literature, does not seem to have moved criticism. This makes us wonder: Aesthetics? Erotic? Are we talking about criticism or art, after all?! I have never heard anyone say that the words of a critic, whether Brazilian, Portuguese, Spanish, or any other nationality, touched his soul, heart or nerves. Not that this isn't required... It's okay that Ion already tells Socrates that his words touched

his soul... But come on... that is, of critical thinking, The Principle. So, The Creation? And maybe I won't speak at this moment, although I'll return to a religious image, of a Portuguese reality. In deterritorialized times like ours, criticism has also lost its territorial ties. However, if divine creation (I don't know if the theological one) seems to have fallen to the ground in the universe of lights, science, reason; the philosophical, Nietzschean, of sexual excitement no longer seems to be in force:

Spring, dancing, music – all this is rivalry of the sexes – and also that 'infinite Faustian inside the chest'. Artists, when they are worth something, are endowed with a vigorous temperament (also bodily), they have excessive strength, they are vigorous, sensual animals (NIETZSCHE, 1888, p. 117)¹⁰.

We critics don't seem to be worth much either. At least not for Nietzsche. We are not – and it seems, neither do we want to be – touched by anything that ignites in our animal being the desire for a provocation that produces in us the erotic-aesthetic state, the desire for a virtuous provocation that, in its sexual excitement, it happens, pure and simple. In our no less benevolence, despite all the contemporary theoretical and artistic insistence on the textuality and partiality of any discourse, we have not yet been able to exempt the discourse of literary criticism – even less of science – from a path that literature – and in this point lives the contribution that art can bring to science in general – it has been covered for a long time: the myth of objectivism and subjectivism.

What we do not realize, many times, is that this principle of reality is impregnated with the same ideology and the same basic model of nations, holders of power, that sought to establish a false idea of balance and

10 NIETZSCHE, F. Posthumous Fragments, Spring 1888, p. 117 *apud* DIAS, R. Life as a creative will: a tragic vision of existence. *Ethics*, Rio de Janeiro, v. 11, no. 1 and 2, p. 27-43, 2004.

harmony, through a single, rational, voice. universal, which must, therefore, speak for all and in the name of all, erasing divergent voices. I follow the lead of Walter Mignolo (2003), who establishes a relationship of complicity between the languages of the most economically powerful nations and the structures of knowledge and the culture of academic knowledge. According to the author, the idea that the concept of civilization ends up on the margins of European/Western civilization is no longer possible, even less the notion that history reaches the Americas and the rest of the world in modern times, in a succession of events that originate from Troy. “And meanwhile... things have changed in the order of the known, not in the production of knowledge” – the author points out. “The world has expanded, civilization is no longer Western but planetary, but the organization and disciplinary norms remain within the parameters of Western knowledge” (*passim* MIGNOLO, 2003, p. 405). This is because what academic knowledge cultures export is mainly a method, since the problems they deal with are specific to their own place of origin. And it is mainly due to this complicity between nations and methods of knowledge that the rationalization of European/Western cultures can no longer be seen as a universal and transhistorical model of understanding the world.

Now, the ideals of purity, truth, rationality, impersonality, shared by academic circles, measured by a solid science, fully organized and without gaps, are also the result of a repressive order, which in its aversion to emotions is no less imperialist. And if it doesn't seem to me that the recurrent idea that being an objectivist is being rational, sticking to the real, and that being subjectivist is being irrational or emotional, is still in force among theories of literary criticism, on the other hand, at the level formal, in the rancidly

positivist practice of science, the content, once fixed according to the protocol model, remains desirably indifferent to its form of exposition : “The general [still] positivist tendency, which rigidly opposes any possible object to the subject as being an of research, does not go beyond the mere separation between form and content” (ADORNO, 2003, p. 18).

In fact – and this cannot be denied – many of the conclusions that different areas and lines of research arrive at and even invite today seem to share the same belief: that it is not possible to speak about an object from a distance and rationally. But the researcher tries to dare like the Barthesian *écrivain* (1988) in his writing, assuming his passions, assuming his own body in the form of his writing, and as soon as he is excluded from the scope of academic research. I don't even want to get into the merits of the hypocrisy that makes this same public, avid for rationality, at least in the case of literary studies, roar authors like Roland Barthes, Deleuze, Derrida, for example, whose discourses are clearly hybrid, subjective and – to resume the Barthesian meaning – pleasurable. I would just like to highlight the recurrence of a trend that, in the “allergy against forms considered merely accidental attributes” (ADORNO, 2003, p. 19), is still attached to the pretension of the modern paradigms of the concept of civilization and science in Europe and of the West, continuing to separate, on the one hand, objectivity, mind, science, reason and, on the other, subjectivity, body, fiction, emotion. At this point, it is interesting, if not ironic, to note, in terms of territories, the type of Manichaeism that habitually and habitually makes realities, for example, such as Latin America, Africa, or even Brazil, a body (mostly times, endowed with sensuality and warmth), and the European reality, a mind (endowed with rationality, objectivity, distance, coldness).

In any case, from the dominant perspective, we could and must(!) invite Science (and not just criticism) to open up to the relationship with Art – they will say... –, to recognize subjectivity, partiality, argumentativeness, and even the affectivity of all language. But dare we not express it in the presentation of a scientific text! Let us be careful: even in writings about art, these must never aim at an artistic presentation! Objectivity, clarity, impersonality are essential elements for the researcher, who must also make his writing a clear, direct discourse, avoiding ambiguities, even avoiding rhetorical figures – aesthetic concerns are for literary people, aren't they? It's just that sometimes we have too much me left, right? And it is not surprising, following this perspective, that certain discourses, even from the Humanities, have been oriented towards a form of expression and structuring of the text that intends to be objective in the obsessive pretense of scientificity – it is not by chance that, even when it comes to extremely heterogeneous, variable, or even subjective objects of study, as would be the case of literary art, a precise, impersonal definition is sought, anchored in what is supposed to be reality. To insist on the contrary, after all, would be to contradict a universal method!

Take a good look: objectivity, rigor, attributes of the scientist that are still bothering us, are qualities that are essentially necessary for research work. This is not what I deny, and I really see no reason to abandon them. But these qualities cannot be transferred to discourse, except by a kind of what Barthes (1988, p. 27) will call “a sleight of hand”:

Every enunciation presupposes its own subject, whether that subject expresses himself in an apparently direct way, saying I, or indirectly, designating himself, or null, resorting to impersonal formulations; these are purely grammatical lures, varying only the way in which the subject is constituted in the discourse, that is, he presents himself

theatrically and ghostly to others; all designate forms of the imaginary.

Oh! what a pleasant surprise... Is the suppression of personality marks in the discourse nothing more than a gesture, a naive gesture of wanting to erase a signature, of being unrecognizable, an invisible man/woman? - invisible Man! –, of being neither he nor she, when in his pretense of universality and distance, he leaves a scar that is not Penelope, who is not Paris, but Greek, Portuguese, European, Western, male, Ulysses; when in his pretension of universality he is still a figure as rhetorical as the others, which in the crystallized style of scientific impersonality only hides that objectivity, at the level of discourse, is an imaginary, like any other, are “illusions, of the which one has forgotten that they are, metaphors that have become worn out and without sensible force, coins that have lost their effigy and now only come into consideration as metal, no longer as coins” (NIETZSCHE, 1974, p. 56).

It is by professing and illustrating that no language is innocent that literature is revolutionary, because if Science undoubtedly needs language, it does not believe, like literature, “in language”. Consequently, literature is one of the ways to break the theological image imposed by criticism.

refuse the terror spread by the abusive truth of contents and reasoning, open up the complete space of language for research, with its logical subversions, the amalgamation of its codes, with its slips, its dialogues, its parodies (BARTHES, 1988, p. 28-29).

FINALLY, THE 10TH POSSESSION: TO THE ISLAND OF LOVES

As a final comment, I would like to point out that going to Ilha dos Amores conceptually or formally is just one possible path, among many, to be pursued, in an attempt to dismantle the hegemonic flow of knowledge, in which small

literatures and cultures have to subordinate themselves. to the circuits of organization, distribution and international circulation of the knowledge of the great powers. But I also don't believe that this exit is a path trodden only by the paths of peripheral literary and cultural spaces. Many of the authors I use here show just the opposite. However, if there is a lesson in the broad format of this circulation of cultures, it is that we are all already contaminated by each other, that there is no longer a Portuguese, Brazilian, African, Latin, European, pure culture, waiting to be rescued by our artists and intellectuals. It is precisely Manichaean binarisms that current literature seeks to dispense with. Who knows the path of criticism is to learn from literature to "refuse the terror spread by the abusive truth of the contents", to "open the complete space of language to research", in a word, to open the genality of the principle of reality!

Tear down the walls that protect the academic castle? This is before you deviate. Make the Deleuzian grass grow between the stones: "the grass that is in the middle and that sprouts through the middle; and not the trees that have a top and roots" (DELEUZE; PARNET, 1998, p. 33). The grass to free from thought crushed by the academic stone, by the stony organization that suffocates the thought to repeat the established order. In the labyrinth of ideas and inner emotions – the image remains Deleuze's (1998) –, the thing is not to act like Theseus, the superior, sublime man, who in his impotence to laugh and play, wants to defeat Dionysus-Bull, beat the monster, expose the riddles; but the thing does not seem to be to act like Icarus, who, in contrast to the lightness of flying, carries the heavy desire of reason to overcome the labyrinth – not by chance, he approaches the Apollonian sun and falls.

We critics, perhaps, have to learn from literature the erotic space of the *in-between*, in

the invention of an intersectional, intersexual object. I don't know if theoretical poetry or poetic theory. Maybe we really have to learn to *dance, dance the erotic dance of the erotic excitement of words*, penetrate *them*, eat them... from the stony-academic sense of usefulness, taking advantage of the labyrinth, so instead of making an effort in the struggle to overcome it, we dedicate ourselves to the intoxication and orgy of encounters, possessions, diabolical possessions of bodies and texts: like the devil, the texts also insinuate themselves legion (in the infinite dialogic chain of texts, the idea is Bakhtinian, Barthesian, it belongs to everyone and nobody).

Dancing, however, despite what the Portuguese critical and literary tradition might suggest, not the Christic possession, in which a spirit does not cohabit with another: rather, it takes the place of the other and installs the I itself... Possession in which the being possessed ceases to have a voice; it merely repeats the steps and will of the invading self. But dancing the shamanic possession, which in the encounter of the bodies is guided by the rhythm of what in the encounter of Deleuze and Parnet (1998), the first one will call "double capture": in the same way that in a loving relationship there is a mutual transformation between the lovers, in which both acquire characteristics from each other without losing, however, their own identity, in the same way that there is a mutual incorporation of properties without any process of fusion, assimilation or loss, also in shamanic possession, between the host body and the guest, there will be traits, traditions, languages and stories of both, without simply being assimilated by the other. It will not be a relationship of opposition, but of encounter: not one nation *or* another, one body *or* another, one voice *or* another, but one nation *and* another, one body *and* another, one voice *and* another.

Not the critical exercise *or* the literary exercise: the critical *and* literary, literary *and* critical exercise, which thus offers a passion, according to which the learning path is one of pleasure, inviting us to experience other realities beyond combat, from suffering, from the purgation of the flesh to the transcendence of the soul, typical of imperialist relations between nations, which are still present, as we have seen, in the auritized field of critical science; a permissive reality for enjoyment, of a body full of voluptuousness and safe from scars. In this sense, we can learn from literature that love, pleasure, emotion and art do not mean alienating or alienated realities, but a source of knowledge capable of promoting and bringing about reflection, providing the reader with the scope of other truths and realities. Why stick to just one? Taking them off the margins of the text, who knows, maybe this is the way to meet the long-awaited ``Ilha dos Amores``...

Yes, because in my *com* epic (I couldn't, therefore, call it *anti...*), I make one of my starting points (what a nuisance that they want me to have only one), also the arrival point: as in corner X, of the Camonian epic, my *tenth possession* is also the Island of Love. Which doesn't mean the journey ends... Like our colonizers, I tend to value the journey...

And yet, how to reach ``Ilha dos Amores``, and dismantle the complicities between imperial languages and epistemological structures of domination, without succumbing in the waters, such is the weight of the accumulation of a body possessed by the body of the other, of the others? How to make grass sprout between the stone and not turn grass into a tree? How to bring the language of criticism closer to the performance of a song? From the dance of shamanic possession? Of the exciting gesture, of penetrating the other and letting oneself be penetrated by him, without letting oneself be assimilated or being

assimilated? What to do to not let our icaric wings melt? Or what to do to make them really melt and leave us, with Dionysus-Taurus playing? How can we dance with Dionysus-Taurus, letting him be for us, as for Ariadne, also our labyrinth? How to dance with the text, making it move us, move us, open us? How to narrate, like Scheherazade, to seduce, to enchant, to live?

And... And... And... Besides, here are a thousand and one stories. And between the answer and the doubt, I prefer the *between*.

REFERENCES

- ADORNO, T. W. **Notas de Literatura I**. São Paulo: Duas Cidades, 2003.
- AGUIAR E SILVA, V. M. **Dicionário de Luís de Camões**. Lisboa: Caminho, 2011.
- BARTHES, R. **O rumor da língua**. São Paulo: Brasiliense, 1988.
- _____. **Fragmentos de um discurso amoroso**. 11ª Ed. Trad. de Hortênsia dos Santos. Rio de Janeiro: Francisco Alves Editora, 1991.
- CAMÕES, L. **Os Lusíadas**. São Paulo: Martin Claret, 2007.
- CANDIDO, A. Literatura e cultura de 1900 a 1945. In: _____. **Literatura e sociedade**. São Paulo: Ed. Nacional, 1985, p. 109-138.
- CASANOVA, P. As pequenas literaturas. In: _____. **A República Mundial das Letras**. São Paulo: Estação Liberdade, 2002, p. 217-251.
- CHIARA, A. C. Leituras malvadas. In: OLINTO, H. K.; SCHOLLHAMER, K. E. **Literatura e crítica**. Rio de Janeiro: 7Letras, 2009, p. 27-35.
- DELEUZE, G. Pensamento nômade. In: _____. **Por que Nietzsche?** Rio de Janeiro: Achiamé, 1998, p. 9-17.
- DELEUZE, G; PARNET, C. Uma conversa: o que é, para que serve? In: _____. **Diálogos**. São Paulo: Editora Escuta, 1998, p. 9-45.
- DIAS, R. A vida como vontade criadora: uma visão trágica da existência. **Ethica**, Rio de Janeiro, v. 11, n. 1 e 2, p. 27-43, 2004.
- FARIA, A. **O conquistador**. Rio de Janeiro: Rocco, 1993.
- GARRETT, A. O bosquejo da História da Literatura Portuguesa. In: _____. **O Retrato de Vênus e Estudos de História Literária**. 3ª ed. Porto: Ernesto Chardron Editor, 1884. Disponível em: <<http://www.archive.org/details/1884oretratodeve00alme>>. Acesso em: 25/04/2017.
- HERCULANO, Alexandre. A abóbada. In: _____. **Lendas e Narrativas**. Lisboa: Ulisséia, 1993.
- LACAN, J. **Seminário**. Livro 20. Rio de Janeiro: Jorge Zahar Ed., 1985.
- LOURENÇO, E. **O labirinto da saudade**. Psicanálise mítica do destino português. Lisboa: Dom Quixote, 1992.
- MIGNOLO, W. D. **Histórias locais/Projetos globais: colonialidade, saberes subalternos e pensamento liminar**. Belo Horizonte: UFMG, 2003.
- MONTEIRO, A. C. Prefácio. In: _____. **Clareza e mistério da Crítica**. Rio de Janeiro: Editora Fundo de Cultura, 1961, [s.p.].
- NIETZSCHE, Friedrich. Sobre a verdade e a mentira no sentido extra-moral. In: **Os Pensadores**. XXXII, São Paulo: Abril Cultural, 1974, p.56-72.
- PESSOA, Fernando. **Poemas de Álvaro de Campos**. Lisboa: Ática, 1993.
- _____. **Cancioneiro**. São Paulo: Martin Claret, 2002.
- QUEIRÓS, Eça de. Idealismo e realismo. In: _____. **Cartas inéditas de Fradique Mendes e mais páginas esquecidas**. Porto: Lello, 1965.
- _____. **A Ilustre Casa de Ramires**. São Paulo: Martin Claret, 2002.
- SARAIVA, A. A crítica literária e a crítica literária em Portugal. **Revista da Faculdade de Letras - Filologia**, Lisboa, v. 1, n. único, p 61-90, 1973.