

PEDAGOGIES OF INSUBORDINATION:

Musings in the Dark

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Abstract

This text is made up of scriptural explorations with a philosophical-educational investigation beating in the background. On the one hand, arborescent essays that bring together threaded reflections, based on discussions of pedagogical rhetoric characterized by exhibiting technical components unfolded in the uncritical acceptance of technology considered “educational” and in what is naturalized by the requirements of the paradigm that is said to be sovereign of complexity. In turn, the question about the liberation of desire in educating entails the critical attitude in the zigzagging, wandering and necessary airing of pedagogical thought. On the other hand, musings disseminated as minimal fragments that paragraph by paragraph tense, condense and decompress formative experiences intertwined with literatures from the base and related philosophies. In the interwoven landscape, pedagogies of insubordination emerge where the leaves hint at a trunk approach and the beaks hit the point of each reflection. The dark can be a pretext to unravel in the interstices that make approaches of plural meanings flourish in translation, writing in play, transposition of collective memories, teachings of transgression, clues from the lost during the enigma.

Keywords: philosophy of education; pedagogies; literatures; essay; ethics; politics

Pedagogias da insubmissão: elucubrações no escuro

Resumo

Este texto é composto por explorações escritas pulsando de fundo uma investigação filosófico-educativa. Por um lado, ensaios arborescentes que reúnem reflexões costuradas, baseadas em discussões de retóricas pedagógicas caracterizadas por exibir componentes tecnicistas desdobrados na aceitação acrítica da tecnologia considerada “educativa” e naquilo que é naturalizado pelas exigências do paradigma que se diz ser soberano da complexidade. Por sua vez, a questão da libertação do desejo em educar implica a atitude crítica no ziguezaguear, no errante e no necessário arejamento do pensamento pedagógico. Por outro lado, elucubrações disseminadas como fragmentos mínimos que, parágrafo por parágrafo, tensionam, condensam e descomprimem experiências formativas entrelaçadas com literaturas de base e filosofias afins. Na paisagem entrelaçada emergem pedagogias da insubmissão onde as folhas insinuam uma abordagem troncal e os picaretas atingem o ponto de cada lucubrar. O escuro pode ser pretexto para se desvendar em interstícios que fazem florescer aproximações de sentidos plurais na tradução, escrita em jogo, transposição de memórias coletivas, ensinamentos da transgressão, pistas do perdido no transcurso do enigma.

Palavras-chave: filosofia da educação; pedagogias; literaturas; ensaio; ética; política

Pedagogías de la insumisión: cavilaciones en lo oscuro

Resumen

Este texto se compone de exploraciones escriturales con una investigación filosófico-educativa latiendo de fondo. Por un lado, ensayos arborescentes que nucleas reflexiones hiladas, con base en discusiones de retóricas pedagógicas caracterizadas por exhibir componentes tecnicistas desdoblados en la aceptación acrítica de la tecnología considerada “educativa” y en lo naturalizado por los requerimientos del paradigma que se dice soberano de la complejidad. A su vez, la pregunta por la liberación del deseo en el educar conlleva la actitud crítica en el zigzagúeo, el vagabúdeo y el aireo necesario del pensamiento pedagógico. Por otro lado, cavilaciones diseminadas como fragmentos mínimos que párrafo a párrafo tensan, condensan y descomprimen experiencias formativas entreveradas con literaturas de base y filosofías afines. En el paisaje entramado, emergen pedagogías de la insumisión allí donde las hojas insinúan un abordaje troncal y los picos pegan en el punto de cada cavilar. Lo oscuro puede ser pretexto a desentramar en intersticios que hacen florecer abordajes de sentidos plurales en traducción, escritura en juego, transposición de memorias colectivas, enseñanzas de transgresión, pistas de lo perdido en el transcurso del enigma.

Palabras clave: filosofía de la educación; pedagogías; literaturas; ensayo; ética; política



**(Techno)Lessons from the mass: between
 submissive and without laughter**

‡ There's a little issue with control. The pedagogies of modernity/coloniality can be sensed from afar because they exhibit some kind of obsession with control: call it planning—with all the flattening this term usually implies in teaching—design, objectives, curriculum, sequencing, learning environments, supposedly educational technology, and so on. If we don't feign insanity about the geopolitics of knowledge, we might say that since 1492 there have been submissive, accommodating, and functional pedagogies aligned with the status quo. Pedagogies that relate to the world as if it were a mass text, urging us to live by inertia, devoid of laughter. We would call them pedagogies of functioning, prompting entire communities to operate under the primacy and toxic sowing of efficiency. Didactics, another name for the disciplinary reification of hierarchical lines that (supposedly) set the rhythm of transmission. Problem-solution, cause-effect, maladaptation-remedy, exceptionality-normality, the end points are clear or, at least, they fit into a predictable algorithm.

Invention is permitted only if it benefits the corporation, no matter which one. It may even be corporate rationality, originating in the North and descending to some

South as a branch or franchise, without translation effort or under subsumption effort. As if the sun only rose in certain privileged latitudes and the rest of the world just had to adapt, repeat, and recite without noticing what's questionable, without saying anything more, with no option other than liturgy. Where are we while we talk? In the mud, in the neighborhood, in the alley, in the landscape. Despised places for those who inhabit or believe they inhabit the aspirations of Silicon Valley, the Silicon Valley that produces and promotes plasticity—a term tributary to flexibility and resilience—injectable into the body or at least localizable—the acclaimed brain. The rhetoric of change is the ductile currency of the era: “times have changed,” “change is the only constant,” “adapt to change or die.” Is it an era of change or a change of era?

The prerogatives, or rather suplications, speak of reinventing the class on demand in response to the immersive and invasive times that new technologies establish as an allegedly definitive and unquestionable fact. The living increasingly reduced to the “live,” emerging from contradictions of a supposed programmable “experience.” The collective and creation at the service of platforms, networks, interfaces; in short, if we can call them that, the Microsoft pedagogy that leads to an ought-to-be combined with a ceasing-to-be for more Competent Learning—the unit of measurement of cognitive

capitalism—and a promise of improvement. It is about bringing the logic of devices to praxis and bodies: updates and re-updates; subtle trades of language and aesthetics to maintain the unequal foundations of pedagogical relationships; barely any reconversion—not of exchange rates, although it could be that too—but of instances and gestures; if verifying what was taught becomes crude, the Same turns into a “generative proposal for considerations” to improve practices.

To perfect the performances, to what or to whom should one be, which being is the one to be left to be optimized, should one be functioning -and not being- or, on the same, should one leave being to function better and better, in a more competent and optimal way? A test of consistency, a test of the solidity of the criteria, a moral sense that feeds the circular and infinite judgment, an exhibition of transparency and unappealable coherence. Evaluative rationality (Giuliano, 2022) joins muscles and vectors of efficiency, technological disposition and means of communication, levels of complexity and conditions for looking, production of value and construction of capital, subjectivity of learning and performance. The device achieves tranquility; at the same time, it offers pedagogical moralism to rely on and stagings whose central purpose makes learning a series of role-playing simulations. The role of specialist, which is positioned as ideal, presupposes preparation and predictability.

Implementation biases, defensive automatisms, extensive explanatory developments with expectations of completeness, the resolute triumphs and the endured tends to be celebrated, while instructional videos and personalized learning are promoted as technification of training, with perspectives specialized in deploying productions aligned with the world of work. Everything seeks to reinvent itself starting from the individual and first-person design that leads to a model, device, or application marketable in a brief definition (or hashtag) that makes it intelligible and speaks of its implementation. Inspiration is valued, collaboration is rated, the private sphere of social networks is confused with the public space of education, and conversation is reduced to dialogue, according to purposes, suited to relevance and to an updated perspective interacting with a limited community considered general. Within this framework, the market dictates what to read and criticism is a mere functional insertion that complies.

Chronos marks the dominant time, segmented, fractured according to mostly individual activities, at most in collaboration with the technological proposal or device, commanded by the “complex” understanding to which comprehension is subsumed and from which some original design with its due implementation in reality is required. The dizzying pace may be a trait that makes the teaching body run more than once, although now the aim is to nuance control with signifiers like accompaniment and help, in search of an “unforgettable learning” experience for singularities became operators.

¹Thus, what matters is the security of the series, never the risk of theater and somatic improvisation; always the stimulus that returns the expected response with mechanical enthusiasm, metal smiles, and pleasing graphic colors. Individuality feels recognized by the device that hates forgetting, it may even be called by its name in an experimental field characterized by the construction of a proliferating element with deep psychological impact: anticipation.

Establishment of competitions where the winner is the one who best anticipates. Anticipations that become obsessions with diagnostic accuracy, with projecting life into a time that is not the present—not the impossible gift—but the uncertain future for which one suffers today, endures, and produces as a capitalizable learning instance. As if everyone owed a product subject to reworking until the best version of oneself is achieved as a synonym of satisfaction guaranteed through personal achievements on the scale. The mountain of success is not easy to climb, but even so there is no theorization welcomed by the device precisely because it is suspected of slowness or simplicity, distant from “reality”, porous to its own logic. Ultimately, what matters is practical intervention on an object, its plans and types, with materials that are feasible for viralization, so that the theoretical is displaced by the operating in the social network. The path, “personal and complex,” is thus gravitated around Facebook, TikTok, or X.

The position of the expert requesting evaluation matters whether students in that role or teachers who must demonstrate their expertise; the issue lies in making this

1 Undignified Work: “*That which dissolves imagination into reality—reality necessarily overlapping it, absorbing its air until it kills it. And the body wanders, burdened by that heavy discomfort on its shoulders*” (Mercado, 1996, p. 53). For further information related to the rhetoric under discussion, see Maggio (2018).

production place transparent in the situation and open to comparison based on successes and difficulties. Criteria are constructed during the implementation of the device, allowing for a broader range of all that could not be anticipated. Personalization functions as the reverse of “let’s not personalize the matter,” so that through criteria a guideline opens for enrichment suggestions that impact better grades, according to the best possible product. The chain traced sounds roughly like this: Implementation–Coherence–Learning–Specialization–Negotiation–Grading–Inclusion. The cycle leads to a judgment of the production and a production of the judgment, incessantly and in such a way that some kind of fulfillment or promised completeness occurs.

Expanding insensitivity, habituation to surrender, blockage of responses to suffering (one’s own or others’). If studying is working to get a job (mere self-preservation), a slave pedagogy becomes visible. If what we do now is merely preparing for, life is reduced to anticipation and survival without meanings that transcend it. Two reflections with Silvia Bleichmar (2008): ending the idea that the only meaning is living to work and insisting that the garden, school, college, and university are places to recover dreams. Caring for life means caring for its meanings, plural and ambiguous as existence teaches, based on the finite foundation of some small transcendence.

Spatial Musing, of takeoff: Let’s keep going...

∧. Questions and propositions rooted in the landscape of reading. In excerpts, reflections weave the written word. From the passage that goes from the writer to the reader, or from the reader to the translator, transgression appears as a roughness splitting into two halves: one under question (the writing) and the other to be questioned (the reading). Two quotes? One, from Tununa Mercado, where the word names the lost, the missed encounter, the files, and listening as a basting stitch that, never promising eternity, novels the lives that did not attend the wake service. The other, also from her, deep in the burrow, with an eye on writing as a childhood exercise in translation, shows transgression at the limits of language, recreating political sonority in its diverse forms. On the oral side of writing, the word *betrayal* draws near, revealing the unfolding, against the crude transcription, at the edge of the unfaithful act where the mouth kisses the authorial word in the mouth of one who

should not have it. The veiled place of the translator, rarely acclaimed, is the lover who attacks disdain for another way of speaking, a lie or invention that erases the distance with another world. There, reading devours letter by letter, with hands, cultivating strangeness in what is narrated alongside what comes from one’s own soil... An invitation to transgress?

Distracted mustings: what makes the lost present

∧. To transgress may be an aggression of the deviant. Perhaps that is how a language feels when it is carried over into another, never without room for betrayal. Is it a matter of transposition? Something gives way in its most intimate terrain, at the risk of fracturing its unity of meaning; the restart confuses the signal of resistance, and survival intervenes at the expense of the body. To go back through what pulses in the gesture, not always in consciousness, is the memory of a language. A style divided between solicitude and disappointment, here, we are already caught in the play of interpreting the history of another defeat that will not end in perfidy.

∧. *Yo nunca te prometí la eternidad* has 24 chapters, like the hours of an ordinary day, but it is a declaration of war against chronology, against the passage and the weight of time, and against the very possibility of saying something about it. It translates lives, mixes and unmixes, I do not explain, I tell without telling. I do not comment, I read and listen:

There is a distance, one might think, between betrayal and the lesser infidelity that hides behind the shield of the unintentional adventure, the slip that does not compromise the cohesion of the structure. The use of freedom is only a right claimed by the one who has involuntarily allowed betrayal to hunt the scene until it takes over the leading role. (Mercado, 2005, p. 350)

Unwittingly, this may be another teaching, less grandiose, perhaps on what it means to give a great class or to attend a desired translation.

∧. Teaching, then, does not inhabit the terrain of punishment, nor the mechanisms of control and decision; it is captive to desire in that state of restlessness, sometimes without voice and light, but with full hearing and an inner touch capable of recognizing traveling pains through the

pathways of its invisible body. One begins to glimpse that the image of the “good student,” disciplined and well-groomed, is a façade shielding against all forms of persecution: grammatical, dramatic, mathematical, somatic. What happens, on many occasions, in the formative space-time lived, when the only thing remembered from having been there, still close to the skin—is or resembles sadness? There are blows that leave no mark when fracturing uneven humanity, and perhaps for that reason, they do not count in the always countable tally of misfortune.

∧. From the back toward the present, the stumble is simply there. Everyone can analyze it, but is it possible to speak of the productivity of the symptom? The cardio graphic oscillation between pain and happiness seems like the movement of writing, predisposed to create manias and overprints that border all mass to purify. Every mass to be released, if one seeks the loose end, the thread capable of regenerating the loom from within the labyrinth of the skein, at that insistent point that elaborates the tension of the warp, where desire and separation, delay and urgency, or a drive of farewell and return, disappearance and appearance are passed through and intertwined. From the grave to the acute, the blank page always awaits the inscription of a distinguishable mark, presuming itself inextinguishable—that might well say to the world: “Dictate a word to someone for me. / I wait with great anxiety” (Mercado, 2005, p. 326).

∧. We may inhabit a certain conviction—let us underline this “being overcome *with*,” as it matters greatly—that to teach or to translate requires a thread upon which one may lean, not necessarily lie down, and around which to wind a plot that presses to emerge, though we cannot be sure exactly in what direction. What rises, like climbing a stony mountain, ascends like a sustained musical note aspiring to climax at the summit of waiting, without knowing how on earth one is to arrive there because the mountain of desire grows by erasing the paths to its center every time a route is seemingly found. The journey, which may begin with an act of irreverence, not only



entails the significant transposition of a native truth but also the transmission of a broken continuity, perhaps eventually pieced back together.

∧. There is no completion to the act of teaching, just as there is none to translating; both are perforated from within, making the hole itself the infinite that allows for knotting. Every filling falls short when it comes to holes, what is placed or supposed on one side escapes from the other. Even when some insist on filling the white space of the page with their marks, there is no letter without its constitutive void. This was taught by a friend who wrote over a hundred works trying to defeat the blank space, but failed, and remained a black man of writing, a slave to his graphomania (it is a psychological condition characterized by an intense and often compulsive need to write), offering sharp mischiefs in Argentine criticism and literature. I went off topic, I went off on a tangent, as one who teaches, or who translates what his conscience dictates, would say, someone might say that it would be convenient to undo the last thing plotted so far, but we would forget that, in the novel whose title denies a promise of eternity, a hand may slowly turn into a twig, and yearn for a breath that moves it.

∧. Whenever we talk about steps, we always assume the importance of the ascent, following the dominant Western tradition that goes from the ground to the sky, and rarely the importance of the descent, which goes from the sky to the ground, often with a sledgehammer. This latter tradition resists geolocation, but we might intuit that its homeland is childhood. Although there are different kinds of steps, some rounded, others sharp, Tununa crafts a novelistic prose that moves across at least three: the musical, which composes; the architectural, which constructs; and the weaver which weaves; music, architecture, weaving; muse, edification, arrangement. We do not add much if we say that the indivisible rest is given by the legs that go up or down, the hands that play with restless fingers, the skin that bristles at a rhythm, the ears that dodge the noises of the work, the voice that accompanies the threads, the taste that gives flavors to the tongue, the sense of smell that dresses and undresses the conflict. He forgot the sight, the present attentions will say, but for voyeurs the books that open to an infinite distance when they are not touched with the care of the caress and the affectionate stroke or when one wants to avoid the touch of their otherness opting for the distanced erudite commentary “well thought out” were already made for voyeurs.

Los Colonizadores
300 400



λ. In the house of dreams, the hours that contain the form of some teaching, of another kind of translation, one that only later, always *a posteriori*, might be glimpsed, perhaps even clarified, if luck allows. Like the incandescence of the river, threading a difficult conversation between water and sun, it is difficult to conceive of reading and writing without the reflections of rays from another time on a restless mirror that flows toward its course in an unceasing zigzag, with surges and recessions. Where there's smoke, there's fire, and if it carries foam, it comes with force. But one never knows until it passes, and if it does, floating by goes the folk wisdom that a translation in hand is worth more than a hundred in the air. And if we're to speak of flights, the flight of the pen too has traced a kind of writing that arrives in attacks, no different from other illnesses, that at best might be hinted at during and revealed only afterward.

λ. What a feast! This is amazing! Not a past rendered in a strange inclusive feminine, nor someone who once passes before in another remote time distant time on familiar ground, but rather an exception, and another surprise, like glimpsing a *rara avis* in the sky. At this point, we're no longer sure if we're talking about teaching, reading, writing, or the *Tununian* art of translation. What a feast, and a deep one at that! At the center of that arc, at the bottom, remain moments and moments of time (which are not some odd inclusive masculine construction). We talk about the times that coexist in the body's nebula and emerge when they are sung to when a music or song is sung to them according to the moment that attempts against their whimsical hiding place, against their involuntary flickering, against all that was forgotten and will now be collective memory. impossible to make them emerge? A dotted line or a bullet point between them marks the hiatus, while also calling forth, and provoking the diphthong.

λ. Technophiles of all kinds convince themselves daily that memory could be translated into a numerical language of ones and zeros, that make transparent its apparent legible weight at certain download bytes per second, scattered across the ethereal expanse of a universe more intent on univocity than on verse. If there is something Tununian traces teach us, not to be confused with the usually tuned, though the play on undeclared familiarity is welcome, it is that memory cannot be written, translated, or read; it does not submit to power. At most, it allows itself to be outlined, displaced, interrogated. And there, we are the ones who yield to the game

of its Eros, if only to brush against something of its passage. That passage is the thread on which stories are tied, spaced and rhythmically, into a garland, at the risk of falling prey to the laws of style that would discard it. In that thread, stories are strung like tales yet to come.

Complexity and excess: what are these fantasies?

‡ The ambition to diagram the living, , planning that pretends to tame the impossible, and the proliferation of effector networks. The act is not welcomed by the panoptic gaze, which some now call poly ocular or panoramic to make up and disseminates evaluations with their due rationality: a systematic "complexity" compels the valuation of students, teachers, administrators, schools, programs, materials, and contexts. Causal thinking now labeled with the prefix pluri, among feedback loops - eaten on the other hand? - and considered across multiplied dimensions, but always according to difference as currency. From homogeneity toward diversity, the Same. Didactic strategies mutate into de-subjectivizing "new forms of work." Does anyone flinch at the simplicity and speed of the semiotic change? Deconstruction, they also say without much notion, although an abyss eludes the term decolonization. Organization and management, with the certainty of understanding the other -on the basis of its mediatization or instrumentalization - Causal components, say who knows, against a background with a matrix (colonial) and a previously established reference. Deconstruction they also say without much notion, although an abyss eludes the term decolonization.

Instances: individual, "group" (the quotation marks here are twin points that stop their shared movement just where a word shows its impropriety or sharp doubt), institutional, interdisciplinary—another way of piling up disciplines and making each one say its own thing about its way of disciplining an object, a subject, a problem. Everything to examine a production—whether it includes learning or not, whether it is in accordance with organic and organizational functioning. The "complexity" schema features a centered orbit with arrows linking it to other closed circles, with their respective shafts toward more circularities. Centralities appear substitutable by related terms that have a performative, demonstrable basis anchored. From this circular framework, which serves as both the starting and ending point of the process, the event is contrasted against pre-established criteria, accused with the comparison pattern that will objectify and valorize it.

To what extent can it be called an event if it can be reduced so simply to dominant intelligibility so as not to destabilize the framework? Is it the objection to the event or its accommodation within epistemological demand categories? Time for retro-evaluation—not because it's vintage, but especially due to the “looking backward” that says something about products and producers or the global learning process, with its obstacles and indicators that urge enhancement and reduction—never eradication—of functions. If we speak of evaluation, it would be about enhancing functionalities of comprehension/improvement/learning/help and reducing—never nullifying—those of comparison/discrimination/hierarchization. Equilibrium is a market hope, completeness a (multi)referenced longing. Deconstruction or destruction of the event? There are confusing, tedious, hateful synonyms abound. The components reveal a totality or boast such pretensions. The parameter, constructed as a measure, indicates distance or proximity to the ad hoc ideal over a compulsive background of comparison.

Positivism and borderless universality, the one devouring the multiple, as if education were another word for socialization, that is, cultural adaptation, pragmatic encounter, or worse, predestined communication applied to elicit demonstrable learning. To possess and to master are the verbs erecting and linking that learning. Hence the concern to control it, to see that “the given” makes a mark on the souls of the vessels, that it is effectively incorporated and not merely momentarily accomplished “for the institution,” but penetrates deeply so it does not continue as if nothing had happened in daily lives anchored in their own meanings. The arrogance of teaching, which presupposes content learning and not that something more which is given without knowing, a posteriori, in an unimaginable background. Causal teaching, no *pluri* will fix it, always demanding a bit more and exhausting itself in its pretensions to fill. Curriculum of possession, domination, and application, without remainder.²

Is Teaching merely a task to be executed, to be performed, to be carried out? If that were so, if it were only a function without mystery but simply to be developed, where then does ethics reside in its giving? Where is teaching located as a dwelling and interruption of being, as an alteration of substances, a deviation from predetermined

destinies, and an enchantment of vocation beyond the demands of vocation? Opportunities proliferate to make achievements visible, recognize weaknesses and strengths, redirect teaching toward production (of outcomes). The demand for information increasingly confuses itself with knowledge—an extended indistinction—and the establishment of goals related to mastery of what must be said—a nearly impermeable systemic component. To appreciate, even if it may seem to negate the idea of price, does not abandon calculation, and the notion of measurement becomes inscribed in the conception of a learning subject—algorithmic, confessable, accreditable—whose trajectory evolves toward a “subject of knowledge” defined by the use and application of information, the creation of products, and the solving of problems.

Rules and procedures of a “good” knowledge are crystallized into performances or skills; the discipline feeds the greed for an efficient procedure in competencies. What is produced evidence achievement but also lack. This justifies a network of functionality with nodes that concentrate regulatory actions focused on diagnosing-predicting, recording-directing, selecting-hierarchizing, classifying-certifying, attracting-capturing. In this mesh, criticism is of interest only insofar as it enables, that is, it provides solvency in monitoring and influences improvement aimed at increasing performance. Or accountability, from which formative purposes become informative and the key is placed on the summative: that nothing detracts, that nothing makes an unquantifiable difference. That training becomes equivalent to mere information contributes to the delusion that someone can be educated via YouTube videos. If instruction is the whole matter, the rhetoric of guides (or user manuals) promises to avoid problems while providing useful data for proper functioning and optimizing progress, quality balances, and added value interactions.

In search of satisfactory performance, informing decisions contributes to self-regulation, to modifying “misconceptions” to manage tools and relevant skills for a pedagogy of service or serving a continuous interactive work process with dialogical aspects that do not compromise the quality of the service.³ Immediacy is usually a feature of symptomatic reproduction, of insistent separation between practice and theory (to the detriment of the latter), in which thinking remains unprotected, and does not happen

2 For those who wish to delve deeper, see the ‘complex’ rhetoric of Boggino and Barés (2016).

3 An example of this can be found in the timely rhetoric of Anijovich y Cappelletti (2017).

because it does not tie any relationship with the past and with going beyond the current reality. Its plan excludes the possibility of fantasy, nourished by what Bleichmar (2008) called creative psychic wandering, which knowledge with implications of the body and the imagination are put into play, a journey through another planting of enigmas and the harvest of hypotheses that allow other relations with the ground. There is no place here for the power of delay, the chance to converse and think again what it distances, the interrogative curves.

There are non-evaluable differences in existing, with all the failures it contains: lapses, tremblings, stumblings, stammerings, hesitations, risks, fears and loves not always declared, but present; failures of objectives and plans, wandering of walking along paths not traced or suggested by animals of another kind, laughter of the school that never conforms anyone, but sustains; fragility, asymmetrical filiations of care, responsibility for discrepancy, symbolic and vital support in the alter, the past advances what the present acts and what the future delays, turns wrapped in spirals that do not house what is left over, but the excess that is needed. Solidarity, let us say more, time and listening based on less One, not necessarily unity to the left of zero, an affirmative negativity that opens itself to receive otherness. Always try to be less, said a smiling wise man. Perhaps to be only, merely to be in the subtraction of something of oneself that opens to another time, another voice.

Musings that offer clues: fruits of the fallen tree

∧. Course: misguided teaching, deviation of giving, an indirection that something can hold. Who realizes that most of the time, in our intimate relational engagement with the world, we are precisely drawn to that which apparently causes us some discomfort and sometimes displeasure? What else could the human being be but an animal willing to stumble, with a secret delight, again and again over the same stone? It has already been said that the same is not the same, but in this eagerness to stumble there is a subtle refutation of consolidated learning, of evolutionary pretensions and of any subjective progress. There is no linearity of the journey, the wandering, the sojourn. The famous Swiss chocolate made with that terrible candy that sticks to the teeth and causes discomfort to the tongue: would anyone admit that they crave it not for the cocoa itself, but for the uncomfortable taste of that raspy stuff that sticks to the teeth and is difficult to solve? Desire walks against diction.

∧. Like someone who makes an herbarium in elementary school, with a certain pretense of local completeness, one might think about the leaves of the forest that are assembled when something is written. It does not matter if it is written on paper or on other sentient surfaces, the memory is equally bound. The forest feeds, grows, proliferates. Does anyone think of those who cut the reams when the pages that make up the books are made? Who sweeps and gathers the remains of the leaves always written by several? We are responsible, in a small part perhaps, for the mess. We make it, we write it, we fight it. We prune the forest, we cut it down, we regenerate it. What harmful creatures we can be, forgetting to be there or here where one can play once more. Or we forget the trunk that gave birth to the branch, that gave birth to the leaf of this tale without end.





λ. The small laurel of loss, of what is lost that establishes a search, they are not reasons or filler words; they are things better lost than found. The pain in the body, the mechanization of childhood, screens that occlude life yet include advances. Faced with what is established as supposedly definitive hyperkinesis, the daily heroism of idleness saves energy by weaving attachments in the feat of the unnoticed. Fleetingness and future assault the present, the only time in which the ungraspable gift can be given, immediacy and uncertainty dissolve the communal now based on reactions and promises. Teaching, then, involves doing and not doing with the clues of time: not knowing how to compose, but intoning that childhood melody that lodges a minor E resembling a floating major G, not a note in the center. It sounds like harmony; recalling it aloud can bare one in public.

λ. Music of teaching: where does that melody that reappears from time to time come from? To treasure the ephemeral ceases to be the patrimony of vital wandering and begins to be only in the making of space. Is there a roof, what is it made of? The rain sounds different when it falls on the sheet metal and when it falls on the tile: if in the first one its landing tensions or relaxes, in the second one its roar loosens or gets lost. Even if there is firewood that burns without smoke -as Atahualpa sang-, the fortune of the improper roof opens another dimension of sound in the speech of the classroom. It is curious: people with a roof would like not to have one in some race for acclaimed talent, while people without a roof struggle to find one in a great movement against winter. The sky is no longer the limit in entrepreneurial mechanics. The outdoors is in. Dream life is in decline and dreaming costs more and more. We should try napping: not to perform better later and increase business productivity, but just to feed the dream once again.

λ. To keep being. Persistence does not always exists but exits. Gerunds with which it is forbidden to begin, although principles do not usually remain in their infinitive form. The definitive tempts the participle, but gathering gives it new meaning. There is something that always remains latent, something that beats without being said at all, in the space where existences are spread out, fertile phrases that do not ask for frequentation: "Their shoots have expanded and the humus that sustains them is crossed by roots difficult to discern" (Mercado, 2005, p. 245). Textures that unravel desolations, materials that sustain inevitable intertextualities, unexpected flowers open in the wasteland as fruitful contradictions that go from bitter to sweet, depending on the season. There is no transposition of pain, though there is transposition of the last word never spoken, the burning skin is a manifestation of careless exposure. The tongue can burn without exposure, but language causes fires without sparks. One syllable is enough: right?

λ. Lighting lighters. There are people who do not hear poetry in songs and recite them from memory. Corporealities exhale remnants of alien humanity, sing the verses that inspire eras. The genre is the plaster that hides the brick in sight, that punishes the wall, that receives the painting of the moment and the drawing of the occasion. The graffiti says: "Faggot the one who reads". Homosexuality attributed to the one who lays his eyes on a thread of letters that weaves some sense and interprets? or the phantasmatic projection of the one who writes as a male goat? Is there a reader who remains in the closet? The corpse in the closet does not want to share

space. The phrase can be written with a non-permanent marker on the screen that tries to replace the blackboard and the chalkboard, even in an educational institution that may lean more towards the police than the political. The phrase stands on the illuminated background of collective and public analysis, meta-periphrasis, paraphrase, parenthesis of an entity that does not exist.

λ. At the end of the class, is the play erased, are there any traces left? Phantasmal figures linger with an absent air, the semiotic affects -senses- of what did or did not happen begin to metabolize. Retraction of the teaching being and gathering of bibliographies, the conversation that resurrects the living begins where the dead are silent. The teaching-student life is a choreographer when it also recomposes the shattered and interprets the fractures. Classroom paradox: the gaze seeks the blind spot to escape the gaze of the Other; a pencil acts as a bridge between the dead spot and the movement of desire. Desire for work is not desire for power. Eye to the false step. The papillae palpate the sweet and the bitter at the same time. Listening smells the ambient tension between the serious and the sharp. What does intuition dictate to us then? Loyalty to childhood, or to its memory of the present, emergencies of the act that later someone might call love.

λ. Fulano, Mengana, Zutano and Perengana: Come forward! they walk as if heading to the edge of death, as if about to meet the Reaper—not to play chess, but for something far more final. They speculate:

The front, even in the stupor of a truce, and certainly not during the moment of action, did not let you think. Going to the front, being at the front, had been a before—the decision to arrive—and a during, and in these two times, the notion of perspective was erased. The present was imposed, as if looking back would lead to a kind of questioning with consequences could not be measured, for example, being left out of orbit, and looking forward implied an integrative mandate, though its deadly character could not be concealed.
(Mercado, 2005, pp. 189–190)

The reflection is woven among four, threaded with nervous tension before losing composure, and after regaining it. An unwitnessed lesson, perhaps? A reconstruction drawn from other traces.

λ. If the enigma is unlocked, it multiplies, tangled threads are unraveled, and an imaginary pocketknife opens the flesh to infinite times. The letter becomes a bullet if it reaches, even blindly, the goal forgetting the outward journey. To discover something is to discover the pleasure of desire, one wants more: the stem, the stalk, the bud, the branch and the twig reached are not enough to cut the fire of the incitement that asks for more oxygen and trunk to exist without extinguishing curiosity. To go through the branches can find curiosity, the curious form that calls and amazes. Although investigating is more and more related to bureaucracy routines and less and less to the labyrinths of amorous life, those who investigate keeps the intimate hope of being astonished once again. Chiaroscuro, there are always people who secretly enjoy going through the motions, people who are not looking for people but for recognition, papers and cardboards that certify or decertify glances, devitalized vortexes.

λ. There are leaves that seem dead until an unexpected breath brings them and subtracts them from their static residential condemnation. Are they vestiges released from time, clamorous traces of being in time? Vector of time, archives of the day after tomorrow, grounded in a vital soil or caressed by hands thirsty to give. There is no gesture that relieves ignorance without a feigned nod of the head, a couple of words along the lines of “that’s the way it is” or “such as it is”, no cushioning from the shock of the unknown, no matter how many guidebooks or self-help books are sold. What we already knew is never revealed to us. What would this world and its worlds be without that primal desire to know called curiosity? There will be people who lack it and endanger the destiny of minimal legacies. But the desire to endure, far more than an elementary instinct of conservation, nourishes the disposition to archive. What can be inherited, then, are somatic characters, force-words, images of...

Liberation of desire, education among airing, wandering and zigzagging

‡ Smell can play the sovereign element of the critical attitude, while some fight to incline the judgment or the pretension of taste, others find something better in guessing. In divination an answer is disguised in the form of a question, but the one who criticizes plays another game with its corresponding arrival. Not by guessing, but by sympathy. What unites the critical? Imaginary tunnels lead

us to the secret chamber of the sphinx. What is she pretending? Her temperament leads her to install the question and condemnation in the same gesture: a matter of life and death, sometimes. The riddle is not the enemy of the people unaccustomed to the enigma; it only plots the collages that make power uncomfortable. To play and to stake oneself also involves guessing. We have spoken of the games of critical work, emerging pedagogies, poetics, and politics.⁴ We still need to talk about the games of non-critical doing, while reading is (di)vers itself through the valleys of the subjective river that makes life generous. Let us try to situate criticism in the right place: not in the prescription, not in the destiny of a beautiful stalactite, not only in an intellectual operation or the passion of corporeal intelligence. In a book of the first half of the 20th century, Luis Emilio Soto (1938) warns of a contraband barbarism under the cover of illustrations and worries about the supposed obligation to borrow Europeanizing valuation. In a book of the second half of the twentieth century, another one points out the assumption that places the local in inferiority before the universal (always provincial) and points out “a table of common values” between the well-thinking oligarchy and the new enlightened intellectuals, seasoned by underestimation and a dispersive element that derives thought towards dead ends, the philosophy of “going to the store with the ‘Buyer’s Manual’ written by the grocer” (Jauretche, 2012, p. 220). Head-cutting commercial philosophy.

Is it then a question of liberation to puncture the philosophical balloon? What aroma does the enclosed air carry and what affections would it arouse in contact with the atmosphere? Liberation: praxis that perforates the order and subverts it with the critical gesture towards the established, normalized, crystallized, dead. Critical learning flows in those who respect not-knowing as the humus of another life, while for the know-it-alls unlearning appears as a fearful dead end. For one can live in peace, with a “clear conscience”, in accordance with the moral principles of the dominant system, until ethical unrest erupts as a questioning. Protest moves, de-centers, make someone heard who is not seen, but is there. What is heroic in liberation is a staging of existence in its incorruptible gratuity, in its exposed dysfunctionality, in its courageous openness, in its “solidarity beyond fraternity [...], the destructuring of the flower that makes room for the fruit” (Dussel, 2011, pp. 106-107).

An alternative drive, beyond the principle of cruelty, beyond the principle of cruelty, something else pulses. The educational act, not without moments of agony, crosses and pierces through. It opens a breach, drills through the wall, and ventures into an unsuspected exteriority. It escapes the prison and affirms itself in what came before, as exterior. The mask falls, the role that could be fulfilled within the system dissolves, and what appears is the face of someone unmasked, no longer tethered to a “why”. Exposure to rejection, a yearning for justice: poetic praxis fractures the system’s horizon and journeys outward, toward the reinvention of the unprecedented. Alongside zigzagging, comes the fracture as a plural stance. What has no place here and now provokes, mobilizes, subverts, it tempers against comfort, but also sings, rejoices, and celebrates. A song that calls for liberation or spreads rhythms to make: “In my soul remained / [...] / the drumming / the swaying / and the longing for freedom” (Trindade, 2019, p. 21).

In the room of desires, which are sometimes confused with debris, another conception is written: “by day I am sleepy and by night poetry”, perhaps because “hunger in pieces / feeds writing [...] / the other in the copy of words, / makes of itself its own inventiveness” (Evaristo, 2019, p. 37-38). To take risks in prose or in its reverse, even with projectiles passing through phonemes, because there is no speech where the bullet hits, the lead has a consolidated trajectory and whoever lives can lose the north if he does not fall from the south. It curls words who after reading, as Cristiane Sobral (2019), perceive the aesthetics of the plates, of the strokes, the ethics, the statics and the pages that soften the hands invited to be in every instant for wandering. To begin to read, to want to understand “The why, why? And the why” (Sobral, 2019, p. 112), to smile of reading, to learn to read after literacy, the time comes to shake, to coexist, to translate. To be born to struggle, will it be to listen?

The class struggle is known before Marx, and one does not reach to read Beauvoir in the bruises of another mother; with embargo of the body the place is not mere chance when it is made case thought to separate the winners from the servants. At school, class struggle when shame is installed by our plot, our house, hair, color and so “it begins to dislike having been born / [...] / at that moment almost that we are dead, / but there are people who like to hit the dead” (Bastos, 2019, pp. 175-176). To resurface then, as to be born again, to rewrite destinies or divert them from firm condemnations. In the act

4 In this line it can be evoked and recommended to visit Giuliano, Giuliano y Montiel (2024).



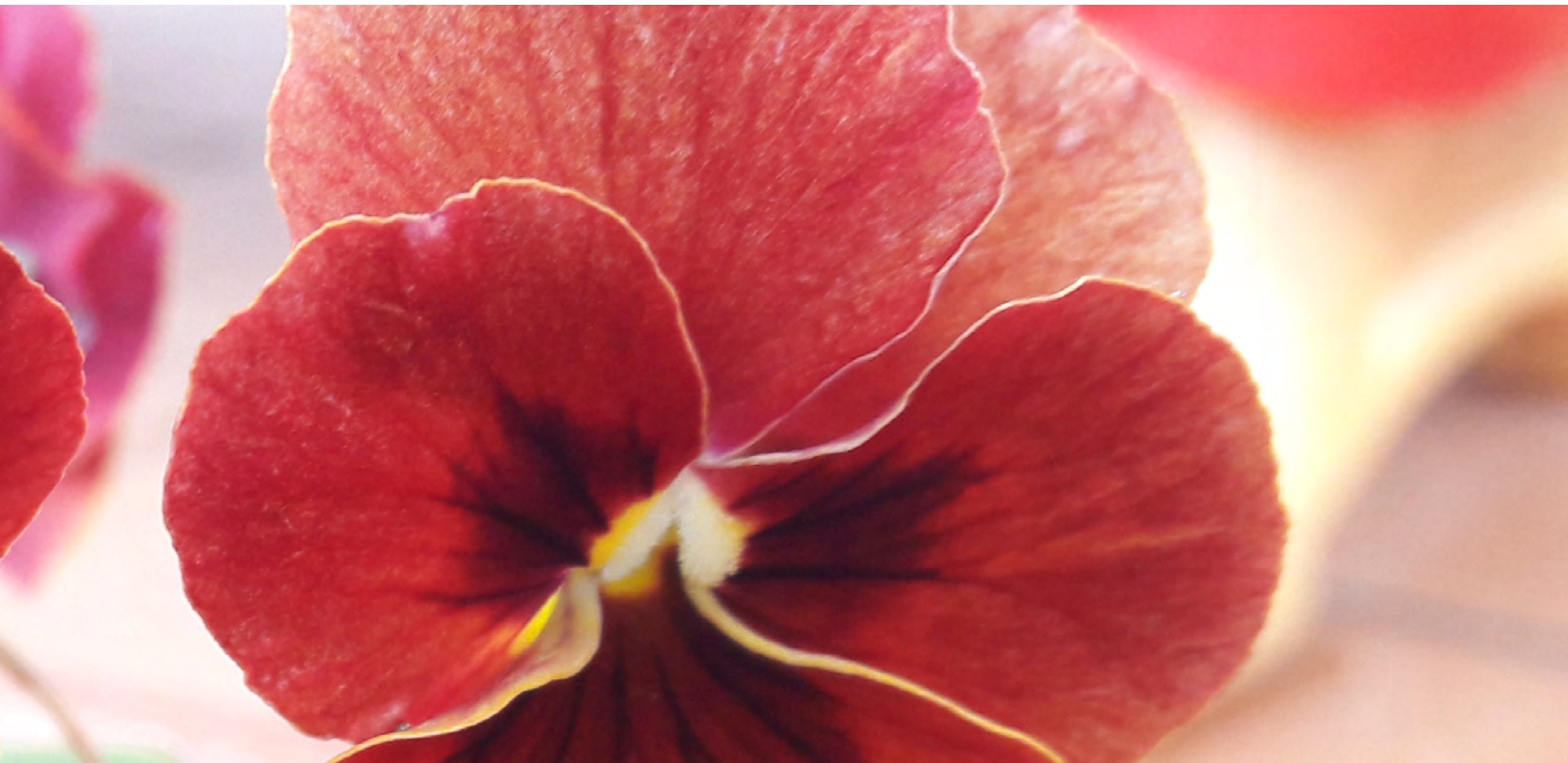
of teaching, erotic of educating when signs are convoked that prevent a community from dying in the hands of the police or that give clues whereby to free oneself from the prisons of the present and the new forms of covert slavery. Thanatos does not rest; it even sophisticates itself.

Femicides scream louder and louder, no matter how much the education of their listeners expands. It is not a correlation, but perhaps the challenge to say what cannot be said, nourishing inventiveness as a form of rebellion that provokes desire and makes the police bullets backfire. With every death, seemingly far away, the police shoot at your mother, your daughter or your sister. Can the political plant the failure of a gun? Can politics disarm moral education -always police-? Some ethics can perhaps deflect the course of bullet or desecrate the seat of judgment. A flame of rebellion? Swimming against the tide of law? In the margin: a sting incites, often, analogies between loving and educating without romanticizing, magnetizations of “protest and wandering, and a lightning that suspends darkness and clarity [...], light that disempowers” (Martyniuk, 2011, p. 166). Geography of contradictions, wild conjugations.

Teaching emptiness and its selfless surrender, beyond time, detached from the net, when the fire was made there, that was when it ignited. Playing, painting, dancing,

singing, ways of confronting the impossible. Without remedies, but also without resignation—an overflow and excess of singularity empowered by the impossible. Faced with happiness in submission or the “libations of human flesh beneath consensus” (Martyniuk, 2011, p. 181), the reality of powers and devices, to enervate and innervate civilization, cultivating poetics of incalculable colors and textures that shape characters, break circularities, scratch comforts, and impact worlds as lasting incisions in life. Educating, then, is more than an excursion into utopia; it is an experience of loss, an acknowledgment of precariousness, a clumsy emanation of figures while feeling and the excursus of thinking, a ripple of incompleteness, a zone of sensibilities and encounters of dissent that enact a rebellious turn.

Not to ignore the previous attempt or the attentive interior, talking with Claudio Martyniuk (2011), “every effort shelter failure, but a fleeting happiness can be lodged there” (p. 193) and, from there, where those dangers are, what liberates also emerges. Shipwreck and restart of the journey, of another journey even, an appointment with the doom. Only one impossible can cover another, whether it is a matter of love, politics, education, epistemology or psychoanalysis. In the pathos of the beginning, the laughable tragedy of an impossibility. Let us go back,



with giving “the look with nothing back” (Gonzalez, 1995, p. 214). What is lost can be remade later as an enigmatic reconstruction — coincidence of Tununa and Horacio, in different moments and spaces, during the 1990s. Conjectures like pieces of barely rescued mirrors that paint fugitive farewells and invite us to cease the task, to take refuge in the shadows, to listen to the mute evidence of a story or the silenced echo of a war.

On what ground do we plot pedagogies of common use against all moral servitudes? In the simultaneous and common feeling, the plurality of psyches shows the communal sphere of lives that are affectively sensitized by a loving conjunction with all its gestural complexity. An ethical land of insubordination, a midway path between “a fissure in tradition and a flourish of innovation” (González, 1995, p. 222). Semiotic transformations that, recalling Noé (Jitrik, 2010), constitute unprecedented symbolics—or reconstitute dispossessed symbolics—as semiotic refusals of unlimited power, generating conditions of thought as a material act of questioning knowledge without parentheses or gaps. Perhaps a politics of care toward the evocations fallen from the terrain and the theorization of childhood in its timid or faint teaching. And perhaps to attend to the meanings of the voice that dictates, in a dream of

tomorrow, “literature is like the mouth of an animal, it does not salivate unless there is something to eat.”

Uninvited musings: what might the lagoon be like that the toad gallops past...

∧. Psychic wandering, whoever gives time, gives what they do not know? The highest waves of an accent, when they fall, reveal bridges beneath which one might rest. A prayer for a sleeping rhythm, perhaps it harbors flowers in its oneiric navel and destroys illustrative rags; stories retreat somewhere. Like the negative of inheritances that emerge and reveal themselves if the subject lets them out. Photo/graphs: background figures on the horizon of readings, sources of energy reactivated in contact, repetition of planes like musical scores whose silences announce atmospheres of more music. The depths escape, though they still possess their luminescence even in darkness—opacity that nonetheless fosters new conditions for understanding forms in their carnality with backgrounds. Multiplied images circulate to sky, landscape, or the open heart of a course, liberated course unable to grasp itself despite the will to do so; flashes from cameras without light that wish to capture life as writing tries to appropriate the idea.



∟. She flies in the talk, in the dialogued class, not homologated, nor monologued or singularly achieved, she rubs herself without letting herself be grabbed, it is not a testimonial eagerness, a care for her own singularity and that of the others peeps out. In the crowd, it does not know where it is going, it moves away without destination like most, blindly. It attributes more than admits, it infers and does not judge, if a caress can wash it in the flow of time, acting nourishes the dream as meditating the awakening. Calm, the magnanimous in the rhythms whose accents are images in the fog of twilight, vertigo of the unknown, art of inference without proof, movement in which ungraspable matters are precipitated, imageries that submerged in special acids regenerate their truth in part. Incision, incidence of the act that escapes and makes the substance appear. Teaching of the labyrinth, at the crossroads of paths, the landscape incites choice and loss.

∟. Is it the bold stride of seekers? The thickness that delineates the hope of encounter rises over the border darkness; nothing can be anticipated. Another formation, perhaps another ethics, nests in the threading of half-spoken words, undertones, silences that speak—the everyday heroic teaching that emerges where it can be treacherously betrayed with impunity. Fair decency—no more, no less—rebellion with an instituting temptation, and a student who is expelled for reading *Twenty Love Poems* and a *Song of Despair*. “Down with demagoguery!” she wrote on a *dazibao*. Is the punishment exemplary, or is the example punishing? It instills fear. “I don’t want to be an example of anything,” one can hear. There are presences that instill terror, founded on submission to rigor—the rigor mortis may be the goal—placing existences in default, and no soft sentiment allows forgetting.

∟. Chiaroscuros del bosque de espinillos: Anecdotes of pedagogies written without being written. “Your speech gave me a headache,” says the adversary. “Phantom limb syndrome,” replies the Black Deputy. Córdoba, mid-20th century, a stance nourished by anticlericalism and antimilitarism. To break the bench in an act of righteous indignation, never to silence the voice defending public interests. Neither dispossession nor adversity, nor even prison itself, diminishes the courage at stake. To risk oneself sometimes means to break. One may destroy a bench, but not the faith that ignites passion. Splinters are distributed as badges of honor.
.⁵ Where do they lodge and irritate? Critical teaching: the

5 Rastros visibles y ampliables en Marcó del Pont (1999).

splinter that gets under the skin, a nuisance, also generates something in language and, when extracted, leaves a void or generative space that heightens sensitivity. Non-permanent writing summoned in bursts, hooks cast without predatory time, ethereal and imponderable anchors, magnets of the wildest chance. Chance: “the target of a blind projectile fired by someone equally blind” (Mercado, 2005, p. 50).

λ. Finding a lesson twice, even though the second is lost. Would it be learning to lose? The course advances through successive returns; the traces speak in their uniqueness without demands and find fertile ground in the language that unleashes, flows, and ebbs, allowing its sources to spring forth. The landscape is carried within, no matter how much it is regarded as outside and distant. The infinite withdraws and postpones itself through the inscription of the geographic journey. Oh, topia! A utopia without a lump in the throat, a horizon—without a line of fear— “that taut cable that connects earth and sky like an arc whose target is precisely the immensity” (Mercado, 1996, p. 143). A teacher writes on the blackboard a phrase in an indigenous language, something like “it got dark halfway through the day,” and gives two signs to the gesture: the darkness of mourning, the fissure of communal history. A student is asked why she wears a black ribbon around her right sleeve; she answers that she is in mourning because a bird died in the schoolyard and she is the widow of that flight.


λ. Seismological rhetoric? The spirit is needed at the four cardinal points of some plural textuality; its bastard form, which often appears in italics, reveals the modesty of subjectivity and the evocation of another absence that becomes present. The italics teach the necessity of a tilt that glimpses a meaning threatened with disappearance—the saying of thinking as a difference rescued from the uniformity that chains by the traction impulse of the letter. Beware (and care) of enunciation without parentheses or, similarly, total ordering: “Order and the Order, like a well-matched marriage that teams up to dominate” (Mercado, 2005, p. 67). Life and search: the relationship between a background that imprisons a form and the form that unsuccessfully explores how to free itself from that base. Misfortune is more than the sign of a supposed individual dissatisfaction; the knowledge of it is being aware that something is always lost.

λ. Creek of the Serious Self, a colorful thought. A childhood flower is drawn inside on the skin of a left limb that some fly has killed, in the country of order and progress they call it Perfect Love. Could it be because it

is about fragilities that survive the winter? The loving and scriptural seriality is interrupted by another sensibility, perhaps that of the educator who does not compromise, who barely gestures a rainbow teaching: in the earth's atmosphere, via optics and meteorology, light is decomposed into the visible spectrum by precipitation, concentric arcs of colors emerge with no solution of continuity between them, with incarnates outwards and violets inwards (what is made flesh is exposed and the flowers are kept?) It has been said that at the end awaits a treasure of elves and people have gone mad in their search, is not the treasure already seen and only then can other senses be affirmed? Little path of the leaves, ribs of another compass. Remains, laughter drawn with chalk.

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