

Academic suite: poetic notes for the elaboration of research projects in Communication

Suíte acadêmica: apontamentos poéticos para elaboração de projetos de pesquisa em Comunicação

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ABSTRACT

Research Methodology is compulsory within the *stricto sensu* graduate programs in Communication. Although reference works are of good quality, they limit themselves to discuss the process of the elaboration of research projects, with emphasis on its step-by-step. However, you do not stimulate the researcher's expansion of the meanings, as if sensibility were harmful to the scientific method. The present "text" was written for the Research Seminars of the ESPM Graduated Programme in Communication, with a focus on the *pathos*, in this way it aims at bringing the students near to the essential knowledge necessary to "make science", entirely imprisoned in the *logos*. At each lecture, a "lyric extract" was distributed, on one of the items of the research projects.

Keywords: Research methodology, communication, teaching, sensibility

RESUMO

Metodologia de Pesquisa é disciplina obrigatória nos cursos de pós-graduação *stricto sensu* no campo da Comunicação. Obras sobre o assunto, embora de qualidade, limitam-se a discutir a elaboração de projetos de pesquisa, enfatizando o seu passo a passo. Assim, não estimulam os sentidos do pesquisador, como se o método científico dispensasse a sensibilidade. O presente "texto" foi escrito para a disciplina Seminários de Pesquisa do PPGCOM-ESPM, com foco no *pathos*, a fim de aproximar os alunos do conhecimento essencial para se "fazer ciência", aprisionado inteiramente no *logos*. A cada aula, distribuía-se um "extrato lírico", correspondente a um item constitutivo dos projetos de pesquisa.

Palavras-chave: Metodologia de pesquisa, comunicação, ensino, sensibilidade

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PROJECT

FLIGHT PLAN. WHERE we are and where we are going. Geography view from the paper; by folds, the landscape details are insinuated: see, a river, one of its margins, a horse drinking its water – but just an excerpt, just one channel of the river. As a neckline: you imagine the whole, without disembodied it. Hidden must be its details, the most noticeable is the here and the there of some entireties. Project. As the hairs conceal the neck. Why not lift them and kiss it? Project. As in a dream, which is unwinding, in slow or lighthearted acts. It is executed like the music: *adagio, andante, allegro*. With last name, which corresponds to states of mind: *grazioso, con brio, ma non troppo*. When it takes longer to bloom, a metaphor of the flower, we entered in the *tristíssimo* mode. When one of its complex petals blooms, is immediate that we go to the *cantabile* condition: *Hallelujah, Hallelujah...* For the forged in culture of the hill, it would be another song: *Eu canto samba / Por que só assim eu me sinto contente* [I sing samba / Because only then I feel happy]. Project. Your thread, not Ariadne's. Loves me and loves me not during a streak of life. How to fabricate, in the intellectual womb, a son: the same and the other self in the outer space of signs.

TITLE

Name. Word that designates a person, animal or thing. Which also distinguishes action, state or quality. Title, honor, reputation. First name, family name, war name. Bad name. Own name. The name of the rose. The rose and the king. Rose of the people. Drummond. And now, José? Now, the nausea. John, Jesus, Judas. The bible. The new and the old testament. Thus spoke Zarathustra. In search of lost time. Approach to Almotásim. Don Quixote. Mrs. Quitéria. Maria da Piedade, Maria dos Prazeres, Maria das Dores. Sad tropics. Itinerary of Pasárgada. Dry boat. Sagarana. The devil to pay in the backlands. Mahabharata. And, inside, Bhagavad-Gita. The god of birds: Simurg. Ganesha. Venus. André, my father. Helena, my mother. And that of Troy. The garden of the Hesperides. The golden fleece. The argonauts. The astronauts. The detonauts¹. *Cronópios*. Pygmalion. Oedipus. Alcestis. My rare days. Baleia, the dog. Pandora. Zebebelo. Macabéa. Capitu. La dolce vita. Limelight. Waiting for Godot. Citizen Kane. Malpertuis. The Divine Comedy. Also the tragic. Secret lessons from a guru. Yogakhrisnanda. The name of the first love. Of the last, and to death: Juliana. The name that you cannot forget. The unnamable. The Kazar dictionary. The name of who is coming, of my seed: Maria Flor.

1. "Detonauts" is only here inserted to maintain the parallel with the previous words, "argonauts" and "astronauts". From the original, *detonautas* is not a word; it refers to a contemporary Brazilian rock band called "Detonautas Roque Clube", being *detonautas* the junction of two words: *detonadores* (detonators) plus *internautas* (internet users). [T.N.]

ABSTRACT

Abstract. The word shows its full sense: only the juice. But a recounted juice. Thus, even the stone can enter, if the stone is not the decanted sum of every drop. Bagasse is out, when it is not the very juice, bitter, that it is fibillar. That is why this synthesis, of everything, is nothing – although, like life, is enough, or what is left out, to say to yourself, and others, that we are others when remembering our story – the synthesis of everything is nothing, but it is what fits. And, if the rule requires squeezing the great in a bead, to put the whole water of the ocean in a glass (and not just fill a glass with water from the ocean), therefore, this shrinkage, of pure power, is what counts. It should not be done in any way, but following an order: dehydrating a segment after another. In the case of the ocean, first, it should be settled in the glass the waves, squeezing them one over the other, then all the sea inhabitants and, finally, the ghost ships and the rest that is in its depths, including Atlantis. This, if not fit in the area, shall be in essence. And what else? In short, nothing. Otherwise, the bead grows and seeks the great, water is widened and expands, and two glasses to keep the ocean is not such an exciting challenge. So, in short. Summary of the text: juice. Summary of the juice: drop. Summary of the drop: life. Summary of life: almost nothing. And this almost nothing? Our everything.

KEYWORDS

The simplest, for they are very complex: tree, table, home. And never, under any circumstances, in the dictionary state. Always accompanied, if not with another word, with a gesture, a sign, a look that wraps the context and gives it the proper significance. You and me, which forms the us. Not the us that fracture us in half, forming only one, whole. No: an us that are both, preserved. Like the moon and the sky, in full moon. Keywords: those that resemble, in their not saying, the implied, the lock, the door. Sun. Shadow. Mother. Lap. Yin. Yang. Zaz. Traz. God. Devil. Jewel. Junk. Wooden latch. Padlock. Keywords. Which open, but also close, universes. Never. Olympus. Time tunnel. In the selection and delivery, consider who will receive it. Horse, Rocinante (for some). Horse, Marlboro (for others). There were never words that were not words anymore: open-yourself-secret, be-shut book. Preferably, words whose own letters suffer from its meaning: cross, despair, pain. Or grieving with their use: stylus, compass, grenade. Words that, when opened, keep others in their womb. Valise-words. Father-words. Daughter-words. Bird-words. Flight-words. Keywords. Those that say what needs to be said:

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everything. But, also, those that may not mean anything: I love you. Or hi, to start the conversation. Or bye, finish it.

THEME

The theme should come from within. To encourage it, make its guts transparent will be the task, the natural way to externalize it. Do not be amazed with fireflies-themes, star-themes, galaxy-themes. Glimpse, faddism, unearthliness. The theme is, first of all, a simple, and thus a strong thing. In fact, it is, for a long time, tied up in its bundle of understanding – and surprise – before things. It dispenses loop, hook, rigging. Fish that jumps out of the water and slither in the air to challenge the margins, although it never stops being what it is – river, pond, sea. Theme: just a subject, but in heat. Fecundate it. Without love, or sorrow. With respect and gratitude. Accept it, as the snail accepts the valve. It weighs on the back. But it is where its own body is collected: home. In the vault of the theme, lies its object. The object: the fruit. The theme: the peel. The theme is the beginning of the analysis, in which there will be the investigation. Swarm of questions. Light knot in the shadows of the shoelace. Rummage through your intimate and the theme will emerge, legitimate, unexpected. You and the sweetness of not-being. You and sharp objects. The *inutensílios*², like poetry. The lyrical capital. The post-longing. The post-coital sleep. The pseudo-punks in the context of globalization. The Lilliputians and biopolitics. Metamorphosis: the fixed one and the ambulant. And the final metamorphosis: death. This, indeed, a universal issue. Again: the theme should come from within. Handful of world, which you get with your hand, like wheat from a sack. With it, day after day, we make our bread. Here is your loaf.

2. *Inutensílios* is a term created by the Brazilian poet Paulo Leminski. It could be translated as “useless objects”. [T.N.]

INTRODUCTION

When introducing, make the appropriate definitions. To define: to tell for what purpose something exists (even if it is not a definitive end). For every definition is usually temporary. Still, one can define everything, including by its origin. Origin: semen from wanting, or unwanting, that sneaks into the egg of fate. Egg of fate: expression waiting for a vigorous sentence that impregnates it. Sentence: excerpt from language, as fraction, or, for the time, instant. Instant: time sentence for life. Life: never at one time, with its entire history, but always in slices. In other words, days. Word: sign. Iridescent bird that changes meaning as the branch in which it lands. Branch: son. Son: failure of providence. Failure: force that deflects the right to the other way. Right: that which,

representing the wrong in the womb, happens in the reality. Light: pencil that takes the forms of the nothing and highlights them. Pencil: object to set traces, volumes, pictures – everything that, just like the man (and his journey), can be deleted. Deleted: without fire; therefore, without beginning, only with its end. End: something, even if temporary, already defined in the introduction.

OBJECT

The theoretical and the empirical. Separated, or together, as soil and water in swampy lands. The relation freedom, sun, and hair blowing in the wind. The joy that you do not want it to be dried, after we left the sea. The soles of the feet of whirling dervishes. The cracks in the floor of the house. The cries of ants under the shoes. The valve of the snail in a rainy day. The blooming of orange trees (and its aroma) in a wedding tiara. The muddy margins of a pond. The fabric in contact with the body. Expressions such as I river myself, I stream myself, I ocean myself. The praise anthems and the war songs. Dreams stuck in childhood. Skin over skin in loving games. The desert monk of cloisters. The first planet of a nebula. Ivy growing through walls, quietly, in warm afternoons. Night-blooming cereus fallen on the sidewalk. Women pregnant of clouds; the men, of storm. Seasonal pruning of disappointments. The longing marching on the day of the dead. The drape of a torn flag. The imperceptible movement of salt statues. Knees that do not bow in front of empty beliefs. The gap between being and nothingness. The silky softness of certain rocks. The mud around the tree and the silt attached to its stems. The thirstiness that the tongue draws with saliva from the neck to the buttocks. What the house feels through people who lives on it. Words that cut and those of tenderness in the subtext of the clashes. And the humanity in ourselves that we did not recognize.

PROBLEM

Until when does life hurt? Does it coincide with its end the day it ceases? Who says there are no beautiful chasms? Why do we not sleep standing up, like horses? Why do we close the eyes of our dead people? Does in the bottom of the well have another bottom, deeper bottom and well? For whom does heaven exist? For you and someone else? Where is the repast of the stars? What words, without glory, the crucified in the middle said to the two who flanked him? Who sees the crack burst on the walls? Who sees the flower in the act of blooming? Are you going to rebel against what? And what about the stone, does it not feel the weight of the body that lies on it? Lazarus, why should you return to your life? To whom do you plead when affliction scratch

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our pulp? Why do your feet flutter inside the blue water? Do they flutter or does my restless eye that sees it? What do the coconut palms say to the breeze? Who invented the freshness of yards? What hurts more in a wing, its closure or the flight? Are roads being drawn, like maps, on the sole of the feet of pilgrims? And what if a suspicion consumed us, such as votive candle, until the stump? The existence plus knowledge and minus time – how do we solve this equation? With how many “no” do you ask a question? How many “yes” do you expect from an answer?

OBJECTIVES

Expressed or not, in every action there is an objective. For example: lie back on the grass, close your eyes and feel in your hands the texture of the leaves. Let the clay shape the fingers (since our fingers are also clay) and not the other way around. Enable the conscience, whenever possible, the anchor of the memories. Give time the whole time for it to search us, as if we were (and are) different from the lives that it passes through. Give yourself fully away, to whatever it is – a small pleasure, or the most indescribable pain. To listen with full attention when the other speaks, without thinking in a response, listening with full attention when the other speaks, to catch under the canopy of their words, like the trees, what is sun and what is shadow. To not be isolated. Fight only a few flaws, since others shape our own virtues. For happy paintings, choose matte frames; for the scenes to forget, shiny frames. Use double filter for sorrows. To go, sometimes, outside yourself. Ring the bell by the tone of the heart – only once, if the world is in neutral; ten times, if you feel the time (one day it will be inevitable) of despair. Pay attention to the difference between general and specific objective. General: to not see at the door only the door. Specific: pass the planer (and imagination) in rough wood until it becomes smooth. Other. General: studying what stone veins have to say. Specific: put your ear in the stone and listen, smiling, the circumscribed silences. Do not be shaken, if the objective is not fully achieved. It will never be.

JUSTIFICATION

Because: to make fence, picket fences, empty spaces, and wire are needed. And, once expanded the fence, what was one (side), turns two in the act. The one who examines well the haystack discovers needles – and pins. In all vein there is a mine. The skin runs out through its pores. If there is burn, soot floats. Clues, traces, and marks lead to treasure and also to ditch. The

dark is falling, bringing the night. Lap-shaped bed. The burden should never exceed the length of the arms. Gun is allowed to shoot, if sheathed alongside the uniform. Horn inhibits more than assaults. For vultures, vultures are not declaring foreboding. Achievements should hide their author. Words are composed of silence. We laugh to convince ourselves of our own joy. You have to give ground to doubt, and cloud to certainties. Contentment emigrates from agony. And vice versa. Thoughts can be of sand and lime. A child, who passes by running, makes the world talk. An old man, in nirvana, makes the world go mute. Deceit is fate's fault. Tenderness, a slight fright of steel; therefore it lasts so little. Happiness is a lightning. Poetry is like an ember, blow it and it comes into life. Everything is justified to prove its relevance, even of mixed things. Why? It will be drawn here as follows: with “w” and a question mark. Answer: because, so is science, with its vain hits.

REFERENCES

Necessarily, the full frame, with all references. Those constituting axes, and the punctual ones. Never the work of a pop star. The position of the first philosopher to border the theme. One and another scholar that, ages ahead, sutured him to some theory. The never declared enemies — in this case, to contradict themselves. The gods of childhood, the contemporary demons. The events that shattered your faith in the truth. The end of *Death of the milkman*³: *Among the hazy shapes / barely liberated from night, / two colours grope for each other / and softly touch / and lovingly embrace, / creating a third shade / that we call dawn.* The vow of fidelity that the rose renews to the wind every day. The maxims of your father (from ancestors, in poetry or in the strength of the dogma). Everything you say to your mother, even though she, as usually, does not know your work. Everything, absolutely everything that your mother used to say, if you've already lost her. The silence of your cat when you return after walking the wrong path. The most bizarre ideas, contrary to their guidelines. The certainty of the miracle when seeing the Earth and feel, in bare hands, the wry roots of a tree. Not to mention only the purists, in some excerpt give voice to hybrids, the clowns, the defeated (which won the oblivion). And do not forget, ever, your childhood friend. Or Manuel, from the bakery.

3. English edition from *Multitudinous Heart: Selected Poems: A Bilingual Edition*, from Richard Zenith. The original title of Carlos Drummond de Andrade's poem is *A morte do leiteiro*, and the original excerpt is the following: *Por entre objetos confusos, / mal redimidos da noite, / duas cores se procuram, / suavemente se tocam, / amorosamente se enlaçam, / formando um terceiro tom / a que chamamos aurora.* [T.N.]

METHODOLOGY

Start, whatever it is, clinging to what your hands have more closely – we are all castaways, so everyone grab what you can in your own way or in

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despair. For those who prefer, on the opposite direction, to be drowned, the method is irrelevant, and identical to the result, no matter whether the option is swimming at sea until you no more feel your arms, or let yourself go, without resistance, through the current, by accepting the nothingness of the non-start (also called the end). Then, it follows the same way, in a straight line, your head up or in zigzag, downcast eyes, stumbling or securing every step of the way. To experience, whatever it is: never with voracity; in moderate portions, feeling in your fingers their consistency, the taste of the tongue, the odor in the nostrils. Corpus is not a sample. Be sure about the integrity of your instruments, review them before using them. Barometer to measure atmospheric pressure. Tears, for the width of love. Windsock, for indicating the direction of the wind. Saliva, on your way to the plate. Stopwatches mark the time. Facts (and also words) mark the pain. Knife or stylus, broken glass or nail, each lacerates their own way. Choose according to your skill – and tear with care, there is so much beauty in the cuts... Shallow water, sometimes, touch the bottom of the memory. Without internal procedures, the tree does not raise (out). The method is only a prescription for the trip. A primitive compass, like the sun. The disadvantage of this method? Be a mean by itself, as existence – and nothing prepares you better for life than to live.

CONCLUSIONS

Nothing is concluded without a before. And before lives in silence. The silence drains is in the dark. It is by grey ducts of the word that it rises, as noble sap. It is in the clarity that deep voices are heard. The cry hides the hunger. When desperation passes, the hungry person eats their own mouth. The metallic smell of blood nauseates. Life is degraded when the skin is opened. The leprosy of the rust can spirit away the iron. Even twisted, oblivion remains in time, in knits. Nothing is left, everything submerges. Nobody ends up with wholeness. Roots – immovable paths that are deviated. The future is always forthcoming. Feet toward a false path leave no trace, but ruins. The bowl, when upside down, pours the hollow. In the absolute, the empty is repressed. Contempt is never absolute. Spiders, for example, create spiderweb in the attics of rafters. The theory is at hand. The practice, in the gesture. The peak of the hill cut the clouds. The blade of the machete, the stem of flowers. Boos are sincere. Applauses, liars. The plague wears smiles. Smiles preface tears. Therefore, we conclude that only in the last line – as the ultimate sigh of a man – a story ends.

ANNEXES

Attach only the essential, which could not fit in before, in a larger body, although it is attached to it as the fetus to the placenta. The label of a cloth is in the lining, be aware if it is outside. The label does not show, at first sight, but by cutting, by the fabric, and the pattern, we know its quality. The same applies to the one who knocks on your door. Even invisible, there are all of their marks. The scar on their face, sometimes, is what matters the least. Remember that, when you open an e-mail, there is no way to get rid of what comes attached with it. Thus with a man: when he arrives, he brings all occurrences of his story. The son from his first marriage. The fall of the motorcycle. The day he was fired for fraud. Thus with a woman: in her eyes, each of her bleedings. In the hair, the caresses of fingers in love and of the wind. In the her walk, her penchant for laws or for disobedience. When feeling the purse weighing on your shoulders, delete all that is not loss, hurt, longing. With the glass way too full, you wet your chin. On the other hand, the empty glass does not ask for water, pleads for expectation and patience. If your face is rigid, detach your beliefs, even if it is to give them a breathe. And let, let the hug for the end, when you do not expect anything more from your arms. Or the kiss, when nothing else seemed to come out from your lips. The kiss is a word. Almost always of goodbye. Usually cause surprise when the word, of the kiss, is a simple thank you. According to the protocol, you must thank when you arrive. But the lips, in silence, even enforcing them resistance, are always shaking in the goodbyes.

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