

REVISTA

# QUEBRA DA MUNTEIRA





WOMEN WEAVERS HAVE BEEN WEAVING HISTORY TOGETHER SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. IN BRAZIL, ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE MAP, WE LEARNED EARLY HOW TO FORM BONDS, INTERWEAVE THE THREADS. IT WAS WITHIN THIS COLLECTIVE BOND THAT WE CREATED PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO AND 8M NA QUEBRADA [M8 IN THE HOOD], SPACES TO BLEED AND TO STAUNCH THE BLEEDING. TO HURT AND HEAL. PLACES TO MEET AND WALK. AND AMONG THE TURNS THAT WE TOOK AROUND, WE ALSO SPREAD OUR STORIES. THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM AND THEY CAN NEVER FULLY TELL WHO WE ARE.

Quebrada Inteira Magazine comes with the purpose of presenting the drawings that were traced by our lines - lines that were also moistened by the scenario of social isolation due to COVID-19. it was a challenge to keep our collectivity safe in the face of a context of fear and so much instability.

this publication is crossed by the territory itself and, for this reason, we decided to separate the sections with elements that establish a dialogue with this creation. each space here holds a lot of meanings and, therefore, we chose words that bear

other words. when you enter the section (C)ASAS which in portuguese is a wordplay between *casa* (house) and *asas* (wings), you will find a movement of landing and taking-off: these are texts that bring up the intimacy of the self and the courage to fly.

when you close the door of the section (C)ASAS, you can take a shortcut to the (VI)ELAS: a space for literary productions, poems, short stories, chronicles, and articles - here the game is with THEM being writers. those who write from the alleys. (VI)ELAS is a wordplay with the verb *vi* (I saw) and the pronoun

*elas* which is the feminine plural for 'they/them' in portuguese. These two words combined make the word *viela* (alley).

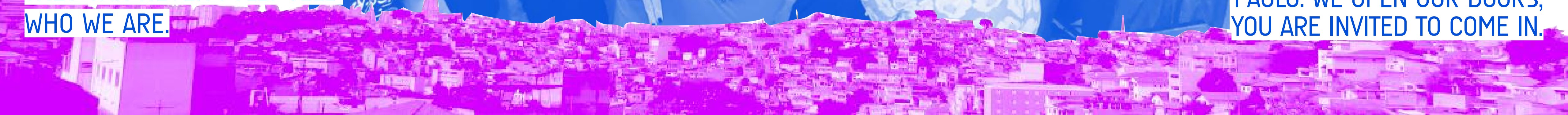
the BOT(ECOS) also integrate the landscape in our Hood. Here you can experience productions that dialogue from a broad perspective, about voices that echo together. These are writings about encounters and collectivity.

in the section MIR(AR) we make some room for a breath - air that fills up the lungs, sometimes lightly, sometimes choking. it is a section for the photographic exhibition featuring the work of women on how they see their territories. It is a word play with the words *look* and *air*, which make the word *mirar*.

many people have composed this publication. In each (P)ART of this space, mini biographies of the magazine's collaborators are presented, based on their art and their personal and professional trajectories.

Quebrada Inteira Magazine, organized by *Periferia Segue Sangrando* and *8M na Quebrada*, is a work that reunites authoral productions mainly by women from the south zone of São Paulo. for us this territory is a time-space between a piece of land and sky, where we were born, raised, grew up and re-created our horizons to see the world and ourselves. space-land that produces not only pain and scarcity in us, but also inspires creation, power, joy, and beauty.

FROM THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD. FROM THE SOUTH ZONE OF SÃO PAULO. WE OPEN OUR DOORS, YOU ARE INVITED TO COME IN.







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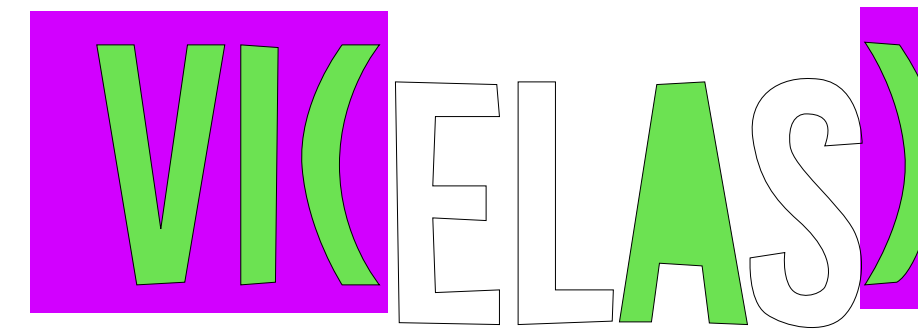
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# (C)ASAS (WINGS)

HOUSE IS A CONCRETE WORD, IT IS GROUND. IT CAN BE A PLACE TO REST, A PLACE FOR INTIMACY, OR A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN MAKE AND REMAKE YOURSELF. IT CAN BE A PLACE FOR JOY AND PAIN, CELEBRATIONS AND WELCOMING. YOUR HOUSE IS WHERE OUR FEARS LIVE, WHERE WE DEAL WITH THE EMPTINESS – SOMETIMES OF THE PANS, WORDS AND SOMETIMES FROM THE INSIDE. FROM THE (C)ASAS (HOUSES) THE ASAS (WINGS) ARE ALSO BORN, POSSIBILITIES OF LONG OR SHORT FLIGHTS. IT'S A SECTION WHERE YOU CAN FIND SHELTER, A PLACE OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE. A HOUSE IS NOT ONLY A PLACE, IT IS WHERE WE CAN (RE)TURN WHEN THE WINDS CHANGE.



# WOMEN FROM THE SOUTH ZONE IN FIRST PERSON

BY LÍGIA HARDER



<https://youtu.be/vcVI5Z-KCQA>

FORMAT: INTERVIEW (BRAZIL-2020)  
 RUNNING TIME: 15'  
 LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE  
 SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

VIDEO



THE USE OF EARPHONES IS RECOMMENDED FOR A  
 BETTER AUDIO EXPERIENCE.

**TITLE:** WOMEN FROM THE SOUTH ZONE IN FIRST PERSON

**INTERVIEWEE:** LIGIA HARDER

**SCRIPT:** LUANA OLIVEIRA AND JENYFFER NASCIMENTO

**PRODUCTION:** PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO

**EDITING:** GABRIEL GONÇALVES

**PLOT:** Which spaces do women over fifty years old occupy in the hoods? Housework and family duties are the only possible and imagined spaces for them? Ligia Harder narrates her journey along the last decades as an eye witness of the structural violence caused by poverty, racism, sexism and the lack of access to education and opportunities. At the same time, she invites us to think about the disruptions, the importance of cultural spaces, women's network and the commitment to an emancipatory reality for the transformation of the realities.







recognizing that, without alliances between the different groups, there would be no way to resist, there would be no way to run away, know the territory, escape routes, plants, cures and poisons, its enchantments. The colonizer doesn't want to see this strength back. He doesn't want! He doesn't want us to recognize our identities because we would take possession of our native and quilombola land. HE doesn't want!

We continue to deny our history, covering the mirror, silencing, severing and, finally, breaking the alliance that can free us.

The people own the land.

Respect indigenous, quilombolas, black, African and Afro-Indigenous identities.

### NO PLACE?

No identity is easy to assume, I'm tired of this talk, "yes, yes, there are natives in my family", "my grandmother was a real native", "there is, but..." "there is, but I'm black", "it's easier", "I can't be native, I don't even know the name of my families indigenous group", "I'm not indigenous, my hair is curly", "I'm not native, my skin is dark". And so it goes, a repetition of colonizing stereotypes being reproduced in droves as if this weren't a violent form of attack and self-destruction. Well, always missing, the anguish can be summed up to the withdrawal of mother Africa.

At the moment you say your grandmother "was", you kill your people's continuity, kill your mother's ancestry, and, consequently, yours.

"To assume not knowing the people,

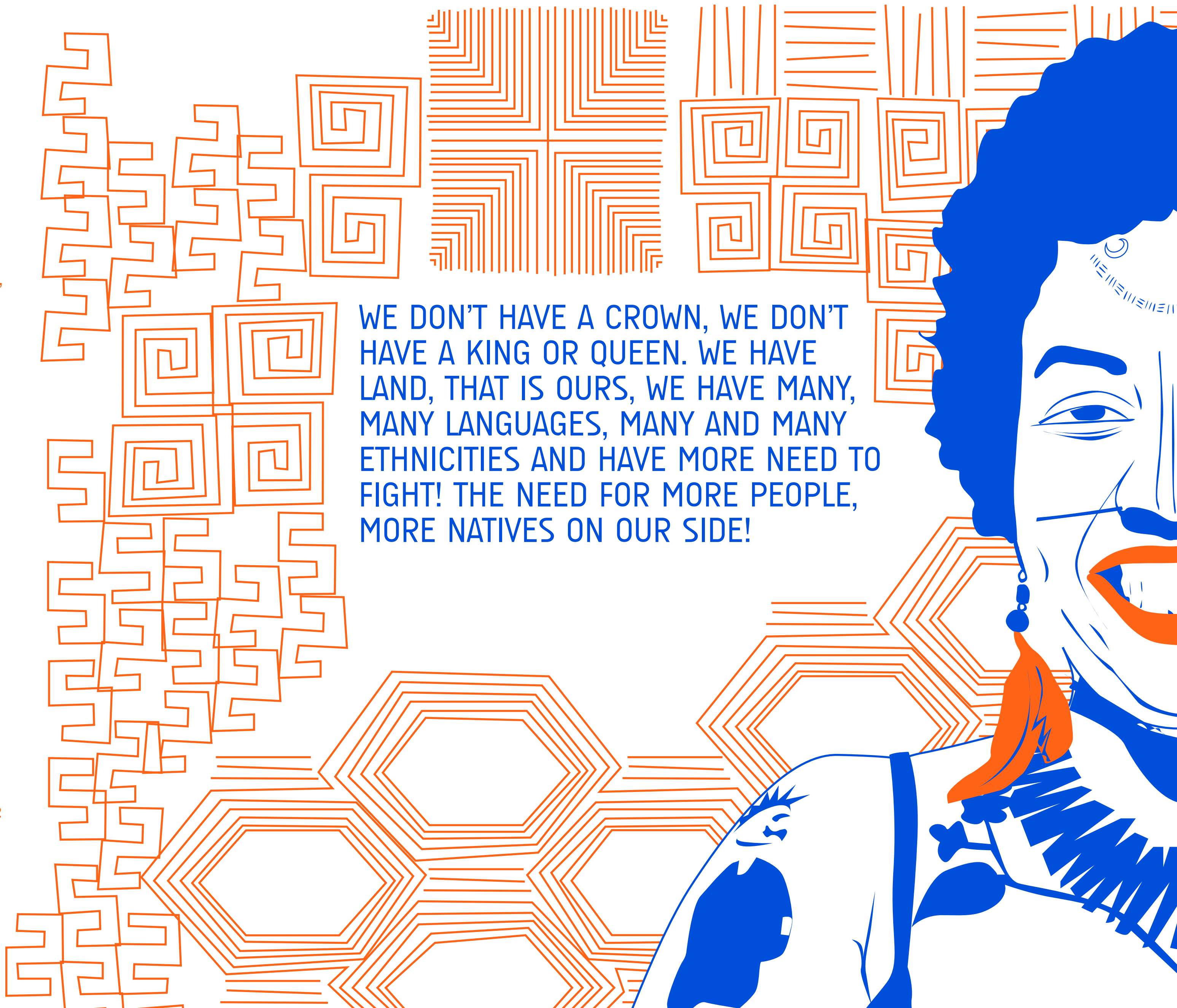
language and customs of our ancestors makes us non-indigenous or less indigenous, is to deny more than 519 years of massacre".

Not realize that we suffer diaspora within our own territory since Brazil and its borders are a white and State invention, understanding that we were banished from our lands, we ran away, we were forbidden to speak our languages, worship our ancestors, worship nature, we were hunted, were slaved, we were raped and more and more and more. Deny all of this is to kill us again, deny that all these processes forced us to erase ourselves, to not exist.

We don't have a crown, we don't have a king or queen. We have land, that is ours, we have many, many languages, many and many ethnicities and have more need to fight! The need for more people, more natives on our side!

I am tired of the non-perception of the obvious, which reminds me of how the State is voracious and effective, distancing us, black people and natives. We were quilombos together - we knew the territory, the poisons and the routes, we exchange knowledge to strengthen our cultural truths so that they do not die entirely - the leaf here is close to the leaf there. The revolutions, the uprisings... Guys, is so obvious! When all the owners of the land rise, there will be nothing left for the white man. ■

1. Hidden place, fortified of black and native people running away from slavery, endowed with divisions and internal organization.



WE DON'T HAVE A CROWN, WE DON'T HAVE A KING OR QUEEN. WE HAVE LAND, THAT IS OURS, WE HAVE MANY, MANY LANGUAGES, MANY AND MANY ETHNICITIES AND HAVE MORE NEED TO FIGHT! THE NEED FOR MORE PEOPLE, MORE NATIVES ON OUR SIDE!



## WHAT DOES YOUR BODY MEAN TO YOU?

As obvious as it may seem, it is important to emphasize from where I talk, my experience of living in this body: I am a light-skinned black woman. What I mean is that, historically, racism projects different places to different bodies of black people, but all those places have the same focus: emptying us of our humanities. The place destined by racism for black bodies like mine is that of hypersexualization, and still in the development stage we are taught (albeit subtly) that sex is all we can offer the world, after all, “black women are hotter in the bed, isn’t it?”. Try to imagine how this thought can distort a black girl’s view of her own body, especially during the phase when she is still seeking recognition and affection only in the other. Developing and cultivating a humanizing look at my body proved to be urgent given the new routes that I traced, which goes against the grain of what racism planned for me. It is my duty to seek my completeness, understanding myself as complete and complex, as each human being is.

BY NAYRA LAYS  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN  
PORTUGUESE BY LUCIANA REIS

# DO YOU LISTEN TO WHAT YOUR BODY EXPRESSES? LETTER 3 - CASULO PROJECT

## “WHAT DO YOU WANT AS A GIFT?”

A few years ago my mom asked me “What do you want as a gift?” before my birthday. That year I asked for two things that I thought were very helpful in the recovery process I am going through: a blackboard and a large mirror. On the blackboard, I wrote down “where do I want to go?” In the new mirror, I make my body’s recognition while it dances and exists, raw. Just like you who listen to me, I also need to remember to “be my greatest accomplice and friend” and this is never something done, ok? I propose to discover the pains and delights of preparing myself, and I affirm that we are together (really!), towards the search for more self-affection. Identifying insecurities and security, I ask myself the question that now I share:







EVERYTHING BEGINS THROUGH THE WATER MIRACLE AND MYSTERY INSIDE OF US, WOMEN. LIVES GROWING, TRANSFORMING THEMSELVES. THE CROSSING FEEDED BY CARE AND ATTENTION. THAT IS HOW LIFE IS BORN.

Our society has transformed care and attention into capital. Mystery in affliction. And the miracle turned into violence. Crossing it is hard in this sick world. But, I am here, present! Despite the unfair spills, there is in me the power of life and defiance, of the ancestry of warrior women, to challenge this perverse world and recreate others that appear in our dreams and hearts.

Inside of me, there are three hearts. Two are growing and beating new lifes and and one, nourishing these two. Feeling this creation inside of me is how to awaken my soul, which involves lots of water. Many tears. Lots of liquid that protects them. Water that soothes me in the bath, in the foot bath, in my eyes, which hydrates me. Lots of water. I imagine giving birth must be an intense spill. A waterfall that springs from me and becomes a source with them.

It is exciting (and revolting) to go through the initial process of motherhood (I imagine the whole mothering journey). Giving birth is being stolen by this colonizing and male medicine. In addition to being kidnapped by the elite who, at first, transformed childbirth into a cesarean and now into "humanization". How much does humanization cost in a city like São Paulo? I was charged about 12 thousand reais plus the hospital fee, in a total of almost 20 thousand reais. Who has 20 thousand reais to give birth? Why is being born so expensive? Why does being born have a price? Why?

I hear women who have money talking about perfect births, about hiring more than 5 health professionals to give birth. It makes me think of when women gave birth alone or with the help of midwives. We are currently women scared to give birth, our bodies tremble with fear and not with pleasure when giving birth. I have cried many times, scared about the day of delivery too. There

## INSIDE OF ME / THERE ARE THREE

POR DANIELLE REGINA DA SILVA

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY LUCIANA REIS



I AM PREGNANT WITH FEELING-THINKINGS AND MEMORIES OF OTHER POSSIBLE AND PAST WORLDS. MY BODY IS THE TERRITORY OF DIFFERENT LIVES, I AM HOME, I WILL BE A MOTHER.



is so much information circulating that we forget to listen and strengthen what inhabits us. We just want to avoid pain and not know how to deal with this ritual pain. This pain-metamorphosis of the mother and nascent beings, pains of transformation. In-tense crossing.

How many stories of cesarean sections I heard at the health center! Women, who were emotional about being mothers, told me about this love, which I did not understand before, sometimes understood as oppressive love. But, today I realized that this love is a powerful bond to transform the society, but it is being fought, despised, even by “feminisms” out there. I was born by cesarean, but my mother was born by normal delivery. My mother does not have the experience of giving birth to tell me. Be born through a surgery. Doctors’ time. Of course, there are C-sections that save lives, but many take away the pulse of life, the well-born of babies.

Inside of us. There are “Us” ancestors. In our grandmother’s womb, our mother was already there, and we were already there, in her ovaries as oocytes (from week 16 to 20 of pregnancy). Can you imagine all this energy, this past-present-future female story? Men develop sperm only in adolescence. This gender difference can already lead us to seas of reflections on memories, bodies,



stories and emotions. In addition to the socio-racial differences between us women.

Maternal contexts that need care. Rebel motherhood experiences. Violated motherhood experiences. Peaceful motherhood experiences. I think about the importance of caring for pregnant women throughout the generations. In the racist, sexist, elitist violences that crosses our contexts... In the privileges that guarantee peace and humanization, in the rebell love of many people when they are defending life.

I learned that we can fight for the dignity of our lives. That the past can teach us, the present can strengthen or weaken these teachings, create experiences with links and powerful scenarios for the communities in which we live. (Re)create cycles. Realign the cosmos.

I am pregnant with feeling-thinkings and memories of other possible and past worlds. My body is the territory of different lives, I am home, I will be a mother. I am grateful, I cry, I am sorry, I smile, I wait, I overflow Belum Yaci and Iraê Nab. With love. ■

I’M DANIELLE REGINA DE OLIVEIRA, FROM JARDIM SÃO LUÍS, I’VE JOINED MANY WOMEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE IN ACTIONS SUCH AS MOSTRA DAS ROSAS, PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO AND FALA GUERREIRA, AMONG MANY OTHERS WITHOUT A NAME. I GRADUATED IN SOCIAL SCIENCES AT UNIFESP AND HAVE A MASTER DEGREE IN SOCIOLOGY AT UNICAMP. I LOVE TO STUDY, RESEARCH, DEBATE, CREATE, FEEL OUR DAILY LIFE AS A PROPOSAL FOR KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN AWAKEN US TO OTHER POSSIBLE WORLDS. I AM AMAZED WITH THE WISDOM, STRENGTH AND SWEETNESS OF US, WOMEN FROM THE OUTSKIRT-WORLDS. I BELIEVE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF OUR REBELLIOUS AUTONOMY MAINLY THROUGH AFFECTION, THE DIGNITY OF OUR MEMORIES, REVOLT, SPIRITUALITY AND THE (RE)CREATION OF OUR TERRITORIES (BODY, LAND, EVERYTHING WHERE WE LIVE).



# (RE)EXISTIR EM MEIO AO CAOS

POR ELAINE LIMA

SÃO PAULO, 18 DE ABRIL DE 2021.  
ESCREVENDO EM MEIO A UM ANO DE  
PANDEMIA. O BRASIL CONTABILIZOU  
13.900.134 CASOS E 371.889 ÓBITOS POR  
COVID-19 DESDE O INÍCIO DA PANDEMIA,  
SEGUNDO BALANÇO DO CONSÓRCIO DE  
VEÍCULOS DE IMPRENSA.

Então começo dizendo que nada está normal!

Tenho estado demasiadamente cansada, irritada, emotiva e triste!

Sentimentos que já habitavam em mim, no entanto, com menos intensidade. Tenho saudades! Saudades de estar em roda, pegando na mão das mulheres, olhando no olho. “Ah, mas você não está utilizando os aplicativos ou plataformas para essa aproximação?”. Minha resposta é quase nunca. Isso pra mim é raso, frio e mecânico! Não quero acostumar minha saudade com isso, pois o mau costume de ações pode nos levar a se perder de costumes habituais, culturais e familiares - já diziam os mais velhos. Dizendo isso, lembrei que tenho sentido saudades de tantas coisas, e que isso vem me fazendo acessar muito mais minhas memórias afetivas adormecidas, inclusive de pedir bença para minha avó e de ser benzida. Há muito tempo não recebo um benzimento de uma velha senhora, sussurrando as rezas e com as plantas e raízes necessárias nas mãos, passando da minha cabeça aos pés! Oh saudades...

A potência da saudade tem batido por não poder estar com as mulheres, inclusive as mais velhas que me ensinaram e ensinam tanto, mulheres que conheci e que compartilhamos nossos tempos durante meu trabalho na medida socioeducativa.

No decorrer da vida das mulheres periféricas e negras compartilhamos de várias opressões que são naturalizadas, como as violências obstétricas, os silenciamentos já ditos anteriormente. Na minha vida não foi diferente, compartilho com essas mulheres a dor de viver à margem, sem valorização salarial, sem oportunidade de ingressar nas faculdades federais com tanta facilidade.<sup>1</sup>

Tenho medo da solidão e da felicidade. Estranho? Sim, é estranho! Mas isso tem se potencializado nesses dias de confinamento, trabalho

1 e 2. Trecho retirado do trabalho de conclusão de curso: História e cultura afro brasileira e indígena para educação - (Re) existir na subjetividade, amor e afeto: como o encontro e a união de mulheres periféricas fortalece a identidade e a transforma, de Elaine Lima Rezende.



remoto e distanciamento social. O medo da solidão me faz pensar que posso ficar num lugar que, por vezes, me parece tão confortável que depois posso não querer voltar para uma socialização real, de encontro, prazeres e abraços!

E sobre o medo da felicidade, quando pequena, minha mãe sempre dizia ao ver que eu ou meus irmãos ríamos muito: “Quem muito ri, depois chora!”. E por (muitas) vezes tive dias ruins depois de dias muito felizes, mas isso não tinha nada ver com o riso e sim com situações machistas e patriarcais que causavam meu choro, queria poder explicar isso para minha mãe! Até hoje penso nisso quando rio demais.

Sempre tive vontade de escrever algo importante, mas não sabia por onde começar, sobre o que escrever, precisava de uma motivação. Pensando nisso, durante nossas rodas de conversas, me senti tão afetada pelas mulheres querendo falar sobre suas dores, conquistas e buscas por várias respostas que disse para elas que estava estudando e provavelmente escreveria sobre elas, quem estava naquele dia ficou tão feliz, elas se sentiram tão importante em saber que alguém falaria delas, então eu não conseguia pensar em outra possibilidade de tema que não fosse esse.

Neste momento vejo que esse artigo, apesar de ser escrito por mim, foi e está sendo dialogado com outras mulheres, que trazem no seu cotidiano o mesmo território e também sentiram o silenciamento e a invisibilidade constantemente. Nós trazemos em nossos corpos e falas a falta de lugares em que possamos compartilhar nossas histórias, angústias e conhecimentos epistemológicos. Acredito que foi isso que nos uniu e que me fez transpor para o papel a vontade de escrever. Enquanto escrevo, me sinto o tempo todo responsável por transmitir o que conheço delas, é como se não quisesse deixar de falar de nenhum detalhe, pois sei como elas são importantes, que as histórias e o conhecimento que trazem são reais. E diante disso foi possível alinhar os pensamentos e confirmar o que pensava antes de começar a escrever este texto. Sempre faltou quem nos ouvisse, isso falta e faz falta!<sup>2</sup>

Acredito que a Pandemia vai passar, tenho buscado a minha fé, quase que exclusivamente para isso. Mas por enquanto, sinto saudades...

## DE: MIM PARA: VOCÊ

Sonhei que escrevia para você.  
Com choro, lamento e dor.  
Dor essa que vem acompanhada de  
Saudade.  
Sentimento que tento amenizar com  
comida, bebida, afeto, investimentos  
pessoais e o tão difícil auto cuidado.  
Quisera eu,  
Ter cuidado mais,  
Ter abraçado mais e confidenciado mais.  
Te vejo em tudo  
No mar  
Nas músicas já ouvidas em outrora  
Na forma de estender as roupas no varal  
No olhar da Talita  
No bolinho de chuva e na rabanada fora  
de época [por que afinal nunca comi sua  
rabanada no natal?]  
Sonhei com você  
E me restabeleci com meus irmãos, com  
a vida e com as escolhas que faço hoje e  
isso me cura e me acolhe.  
Mãe.  
ELAINE LIMA











## SOUL ENCOUNTER

BY JULIANA SANTOS  
TRANSLATION YASMIN GONÇALVES

### SOME VIBRATIONS MOVE ME, AND I'M TALKING ABOUT INSIDE MYSELF.

Of my feelings lived and built between the lines of my encounters.

I encountered you, I reencountered myself, I got lost, I reencountered you, and next? Dude, I'm lost. And, now the high is different, because I think and feel you there, that is here... And I, you know, am in move every day with myself.

We talking here about another perspective, I'm talking about live encounters, babe, those that shake us, that makes you laugh and cry, sit and get up, hate and love, that just hugs you, but you want can make you cum.

Damn, let me breathe, the thing is not normal, I am talking about ASTRAL-SOUL encounters. It's nice and crazy, do you know *Amor e Sexo* by Rita Lee? SOUL encounter has a little to do with that. I perceive myself as fuel to life, whose popular name of the force is the ancestral and respectful LOVE.

Finding you makes me find myself, and I lose myself, I don't see, but I know you're there. Dude, the encounter is not like the passing subway, the rolling soccer ball, the love-affairs that get you, or the freelancing that doesn't help, but you still pay attention.

My attempt here is to talk about this synchrony that makes the cells move, nerve provocation that makes the molecules shake, crazy talk!

In fact, I feel like it's a pressure that pumps blood, and when I breathe: fuck, I'll give up... Your stamp on my soul, awakens me, hey babe, not today. I put my hand on my heart, transit through myself countless times. I visualize my demons up close, have a serious conversation, return, and in that dimension, I find you again, and I feel you here.

I think I am self-sufficient, unbelieving that I am a people's person, even the daughter of a believer, and only know that the stuff is really crazy, who FEELS it.

Thank you for these encounters.

In the game of life, the challenges come, we play, pause, reset the game and restart.

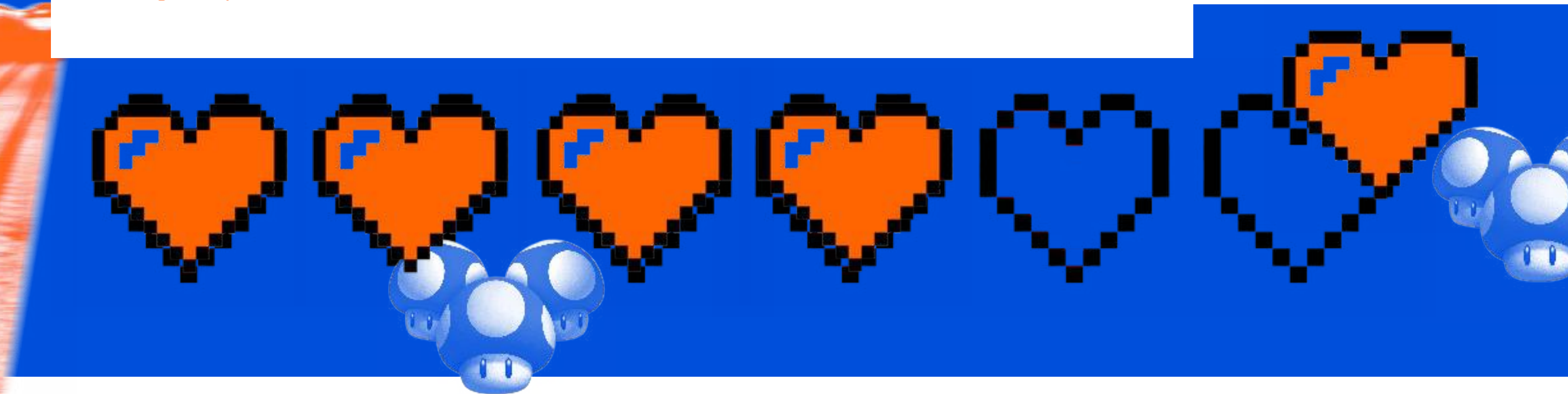
We find the "Super Mario" mushrooms that make us grow, have another chance for life, be REBORN, find, you.

With you, I find myself and get lost all the time, and the crazy thing is that in the sequence, I continue the game without fear!

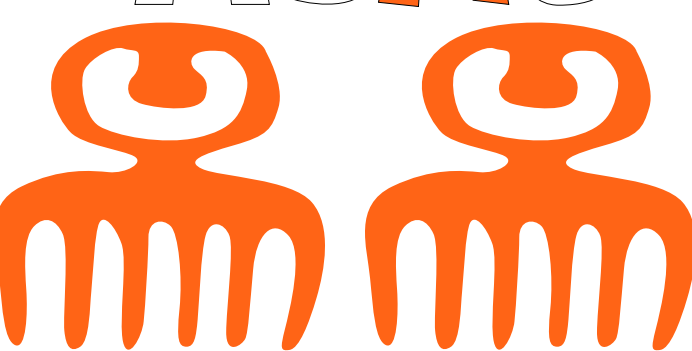
I'm stuck with what I feel and can't verbalize. Because it's in a place

that neither you, nor I can feel, nor see. Sometimes I try, but I feel blind, which leads me to explore my other senses, states, dimensions. I see with my SOUL'S eyes, it strengthens me, warms me up and calms me down...

Like when I'm lying on the shore thinking, listening to the sea, feeling nature, the sounds of the worlds, my sounds, I feel you inside me, and there I go deep ... ■







# ABOUT HAIR AND THE MARKS OF RACISM



BY MARI BRITO TRANSLATION JULIANA LOPES

## ENGLISH VERSION WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I USED TO LOOK AT THE MIRROR AND FEEL VERY DIFERENTE FROM THE OTHER GIRLS MY AGE.

I couldn't understand why my hair had to be so short and sometimes I was mistaken for a boy. I also couldn't understand the jokes in my family gatherings or the malicious comments made by other children, about me. I was given derogatory nicknames such as burrhead, among others.

During my childhood, I was getting convinced that I was born with bad, nappy hair, and that the society wouldn't accept it. Maybe that is the reason why my mother used to cut my hair so short. When I was 8 years old, I was invited to be the flower girl at a wedding and, once again, I was convinced that my natural hair wasn't appropriate for the occasion. The solution my family found was to relax my hair and that has become my fate. A bunch of products from different brands were used in my hair. My self-image was never a priority. All I was left with were frustrated experiences.

When I was a teenager, I started to have my hair chemically treated. I knew I had to do something about it. I could hear my grandmother, a black woman with relaxed hair, saying: "a woman must have: white teeth and a beautiful hair (straight)." I was faced with the challenge of working hard on my hair and it was a very difficult challenge, as I continued to hear comments such: "you are so beautiful, you need to fix this hair" or "you are so intelligent, but this hair..." One time, two teachers I admired so much, decided to "help me look better" and cut my hair without my permission. By

the time, I couldn't describe my feelings; now I know it was a mix of sadness and shame that took me over, as if something really valuable was taken from me. When my hair finally started to grow again, a teacher called me in a private conversation and gave me some money to relax my hair. According to her, I was very intelligent and had the potential to find a good job, "as long as I fixed my hair". Even though I felt humiliated, I accepted the money and went home reflecting on it.

Every time I visited beauty salons, I would hear comments, such as: "there is no solution for this hair." "This was the best I could do, as you don't treat it." "Let's try a new relaxing brand?" Even more painful was to be compared to the white women who would visit the salon, with their long, straight hair, and having to endure the hairdresser's disappointing look to my "nappy hair". Many times, I left the beauty salon feeling horrible, but I had to accept that "it had to be done due to the circumstances."

It took me a long time to understand that the problem wasn't my hair, but the intention to be someone else, other than myself. I wanted to fit in the society's standard of beauty: an aesthetic that never belonged to me. Until I meet black women, who had suffered as well, to find my reflection and affection in them.

When I was twenty nine years old, I had the worst experience so far. After two years without stepping into a hair salon, I

decided that I wanted to change my hair color with the help of a professional. I arrived with my voluminous, curly hair and, right at the beginning, they started to untangle it, with no care or affection. It was impossible not to remember everything I had been through, all those years. After the dyeing process, the hairdresser insisted in blow-dry a lock of my hair to see the result of the coloring. In the middle of the process, she begged to continue blowing the hair dry, as "it was too cold to leave it wet". I was reluctant, at first, but after much insistence, I agreed. When she was almost finished and I saw the long and straight hair, tears streamed down my face. It was the first time, in 29 years, that I was able to see a professional's admiration and pleasure in touching my hair. I felt really bad. I could remember the outrage and contradictory feelings of all those bad memories and, at that moment, I was sure about who I was and I could, finally, be proud of the woman I have become. I realized that the straight hair never represented me, that it didn't carry the marks of my ancestry, the afroness of my soul.

I started to think about all the marks that these experiences left on me and on all the other black girls. We still suffer this veiled, but at the same time, bare and cruel racism. A racism that causes deep scars, every day.

Let us continue to fight together and love each other. ■







# FROM MY OWN HISTORY

BY MARIA EDJIANE ALVES

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY LUCIANA REIS

ENGLISH VERSION

“I WRITE FROM THE PERIPHERY, NOT THE CENTER. THIS IS ALSO THE PLACE WHERE I AM THEORIZING, AS I PLACE MY DISCOURSE WITHIN MY OWN REALITY.”

GRADA KILOMBA



MY ADMISSION INTO THE UNIVERSITY WAS THROUGH SOCIAL PUBLIC POLICIES AND DURING MY COURSE OF SOCIAL WORK, IN A PRIVATE INSTITUTION; I TRIED TO EXHAUSTIVELY DISCUSS THEMES RELATED TO THE RACIAL ISSUE, WITHOUT DELEGITIMIZING THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

We cannot talk about the social issue without discussing a historical process that legitimates to everything that is set to all these dissatisfactions. All respect to José Paulo Neto, Marilda Yamamoto, Maria Carmelita Yazbek and all the nominated and important authors in the Social Work course, but we need to include racial and social issues as the center of the debate studying Black authors. There are already some of our authors addressing these issues, inside and outside the academy and this is a community responsibility.

Although my undergraduation course did not bring me answers, it helped me to see myself as a possible part of the answers. After my graduation, being a single mother and starting to work in the same place where I was born and raised, Capão Redondo, I came to understand my adolescent concerns and how the process of dispossession experienced by my family is part of this project of society.

At different moments, when I started to work with children and adolescents at the CCA (Centre for Children and Adolescents), I was able to deal directly with two fundamental situations, the first one is the real number of mothers and women who are responsible direct and individually for caring their children - and this is not questioned, being sometimes naturalized, exempting many men from responsibilities in raising and educating their children. The second was identifying who these women and children are and why it was so difficult to advance the racial discussion.



A curious fact is that the local administration requires some documents to identify who the users of Social Assistance services are; one of them asks for the name, age, color/race, name of the mother of these children. So far, no problem, however, when accessing these documents, it is seen that most of these children are identified as “white” or “parda”, and visibly are not. This information is self-declared: therefore, the mothers inform these data upon registration, even though, in front of us, the children were visibly black!

And that makes sense, doesn't it? Also because mothers, in addition to having gone through a process of ideological social whitening, also go through a process of self-protection in which declaring themselves white, or even parda, minimizes the exclusion caused by this state. A mother once declared to us that “since the State cannot see the child, so they think my child is white, so they will hate us less”.

At that time, we were a team of seven black women working at the Center for Children and Adolescents, which decided that all actions created, suggested and applied within that space would have a racial approach and that the discussion and enhancement of the identity of black children would be a priority; and so we did for a period of three years.

This says a lot when we try to dialogue with the public authorities about the racial issue and they argue that there are no problems caused by racism in these spaces, because, according to the numbers, black children would not be the majority, therefore discussing identity might not even be so important. This is not true, so what we needed was to prove the real existence of these children and legitimize our actions to combat racism.

I recognize myself in each service, in each story, as a Care professional, as a mother of two teenagers. In most appointments, we do not separate from our object of work, especially when the trajectory of life tells us much more than any bibliographic reference, if we manage to make a critical analysis of what happens around us.

Today, managing another Assistance service, which deals

directly with families who are beneficiaries of BPC (*Benefício de Prestação Continuada*)<sup>2</sup> elderly and disabled; and also with beneficiaries of PTR (*Programa de Transferência de Renda*)<sup>3</sup> - *Bolsa Família*, providing home care, if we access both the Social Assistance network and the Intersectorial network (education, health, guardianship council), it is possible to have the dimension of how racism and its perversity are the perfect plan of an exclusionary societal system. There is a lack of access, there is a lack of collective political interest, there is a lack of practical actions, but mainly we need to recognize ourselves, since the project of erasing our history is reflected here in the outskirts in a transparent way. People need to understand where we are and where we should be, and if we are not, understand why.

We need to understand that nothing, absolutely nothing is given to us and the little things we have access cannot be enough, because it is not; and we can no longer keep this perverse system, which is ideologically intended to kill us, exterminate our children, and make us sick.

We need to rouse, access the combatant social movements in the territory, the resistance movements to face the dismantling of several areas, among them, Social Assistance. When thinking about cost cutting, social assistance services are one of the first to suffer. There is a reason for this; purposefully, with the advance of neoliberalism and the policy of a fascist, far right, prejudiced government that never cared about the working class, which does not legitimize any popular struggle, the little that is available for the social issue has no importance for this government. Thus, today, more than ever, it is necessary to make articulations with the population about what are the needs and importance of services that exclusively serve to guarantee rights and make an intransigent defense of human life.

### BACK AND FORTH

I was raised in the neighborhood of Capão Redondo until age 12. Once in 1994, my mother, Dona Maria José, took me







to live with her in a neighborhood called Brooklin. If you are able to locate us geographically, you will understand the social contrast that I have just mentioned. Actually, my parents occupied that place because there, during 1980s and 1990s, there was an outskirts, that is, a favela<sup>4</sup> in the middle of the neighborhood, that years later would become the most expensive square meter in the city of São Paulo. Therefore, for a rich white population, having a “core” that did not fit that social status did not make any sense there.

Paulo Maluf was the municipal manager at that time (1996), when my parents, me and a few hundred other families were evicted. This is very significant for us, since, more than 20 years later, he was tried and convicted for the overpriced buildings that took place in this same place.

Some people would say that “live in favelas who wants to”, some would say that people who live in favelas, especially those located in upscale neighborhoods, should not be there, that these people do not fit there. Nothing related to those families is taken into consideration, circumstances placed, how many children or elderly people there are; nothing, absolutely nothing matters when the subject is “people from the favela”, especially from a favela that should not be in a “so noble” square meter.

The image that does not leave my mind about that fateful year: piles of bricks and stones that turned to rubble; everything was gray, all the houses were reduced to rubble. The last ones who remained were doing the exercise of remembering where their friends’ houses and bars were... I remember once, walking through the rubble, I stopped and stared at the horizon, as far as those pieces of bricks were going. There, our bonds of affection were broken, as a project financed by a large contractor that, at the time, was part of the Municipal Housing and Social Assistance Department,

had dispossessed the families, sending each one to a different part of the city. I do not even need to emphasize that the families that were spread around the city, without any political socialization project, there was no school, no work, no health, and so we needed to create our own possibilities elsewhere.

Until that moment, finishing high school and getting a job was the furthest dream that I, and many of my friends, had, not least because in my family history, none of the family members had attended higher education; so, see what arrogance is our dream of it. But I dreamed! And to my mother’s displeasure, few years later I went to Social Work. The first sentence I heard from my mother was: “Are you going to take people’s houses away too?” And I knew that, deep down, my mother did not understand that, at the behest of this State, professionals end up as pawns, acting as spokespersons for the most cruel actions, such as “relocating” society where each one must be according to the intentions of the State.

When I realized that, there is a project for society that will say exactly how things should happen and how to organize rich and poor, black and white, the affliction only increased.

Today, as a Social Assistance Policy worker, I insist on saying how much we professionals need to be careful not to reproduce an exclusion system and maintenance of poverty. And believe me, this is a difficult exercise, since maintaining the other’s poverty is an institutional project created by capitalism itself. And when we are serving public policy, we must not forget who directs our professional practice. But thankfully there is a code of ethics to oppose this classist and racist institution. In addition, we need to remember daily that, despite serving this state, we must not condone its atrocities of extermination of the most vulnerable population, black and poor. ■

1. T.N. = According to the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics (IBGE), the Black population in Brazil is formed by people who self-define themselves as *preta/o* (literally “Black,” usually used by those who are dark-skinned) or as *parda/o*. The term *parda* is used by IBGE to refer to mixed-race people. Historically, the idea of *parda* as an ethnic group emerged in Brazil during the colonial period.

2. T.N. = Continued Provision Benefit

3. T.N. = Income Transfer Program

4. T.N. = popular term used to refer to outskirts communities



# WOMEN'S LIVES

BY MAYARA JARBITHA

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY  
LUCIANA REIS

I hurry up  
at every corner I go  
I don't know if there will be a man to attack me  
each day  
at night or by dim light  
fear comes to scare me  
in any village  
street, bar, or corner  
a woman can be killed

fear knocks at the door  
the excuse for the crime  
is because she doesn't behave  
if she gets pregnant in the act of rape  
abortion is not an option  
it's a contradiction to religion  
Will Jesus take her to hell then?

the domination of female bodies comforts them  
the male cradle prepared for men devastates us  
the oppressive system lashes us  
we're tired of these hypocritical discourses

transcribed women lives  
explicit killing  
crimes in implicit folders  
the police don't care  
watch out,  
kill, rape  
this is part of a genocidal system

y'all kill women just like you play ciranda  
cirandinha  
let's harass you  
if you open your mouth  
we can kill y'all

make jokes with the girls' agendas  
use your third leg intending to teach what  
discipline is  
talk so much about good conduct  
but expect women to get drunk to abuse her  
and then call her a bitch

your masculinity is rude  
and that's why I don't understand your weakness  
to listen

chew, chew your veiled machismo  
swallow, swallow your inflated ego  
digest the structures of patriarchy  
and no, you were not misunderstood

no, don't you come with your arrogance to tell me  
I'm wrong  
don't you make me feel dissimulated  
don't you try to convince me that I'm guilty  
because my position always made me walk very  
well calibrated

I heard that my discourse is too aggressive  
but tell me if, being a woman, there is a way to  
fight back?  
I doubt it  
respect for women  
is a fictional character  
who dies every day  
and in others if it stays alive  
to be killed again for this illusionist respect

so, think four million times before saying I'm  
being aggressive  
'cause that's the number of women who die each  
year according to surveys  
and if I stop to think about being more passive  
when I leave here, I'll be able to be part of this  
statistic

THINK OF IT. ■







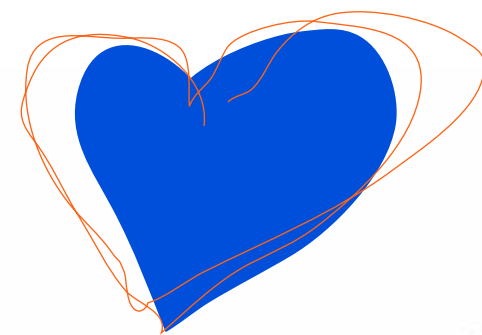
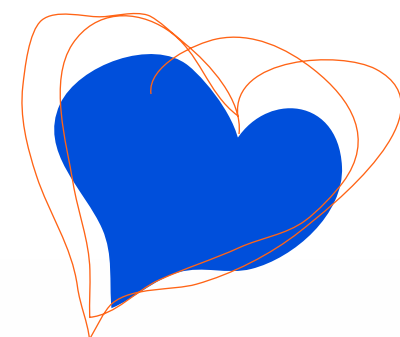
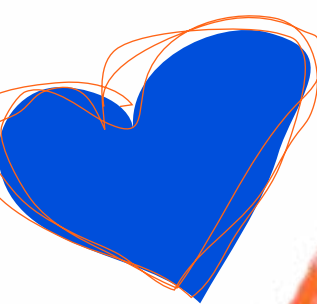




## BELOVED

BY MINO

TRANSLATION YASMIN GONÇALVES



**WOMAN, 19-YEARS-OLD, BUT STILL MY AUNTS' TERROR, WHEN THEY SEE ME BAREFOOT AND YELL. I LAUGH AND SAY THAT THE GROUND WILL NOT MAKE ME ILL. MY FEET ARE CALLOUSED, MY MIND SHARP. MY GRANDMA USED TO CALL ME PESKY, BRAD. MY FRIENDS CALL ME BELOVED. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I AM, LOVED.**

ENGLISH VERSION

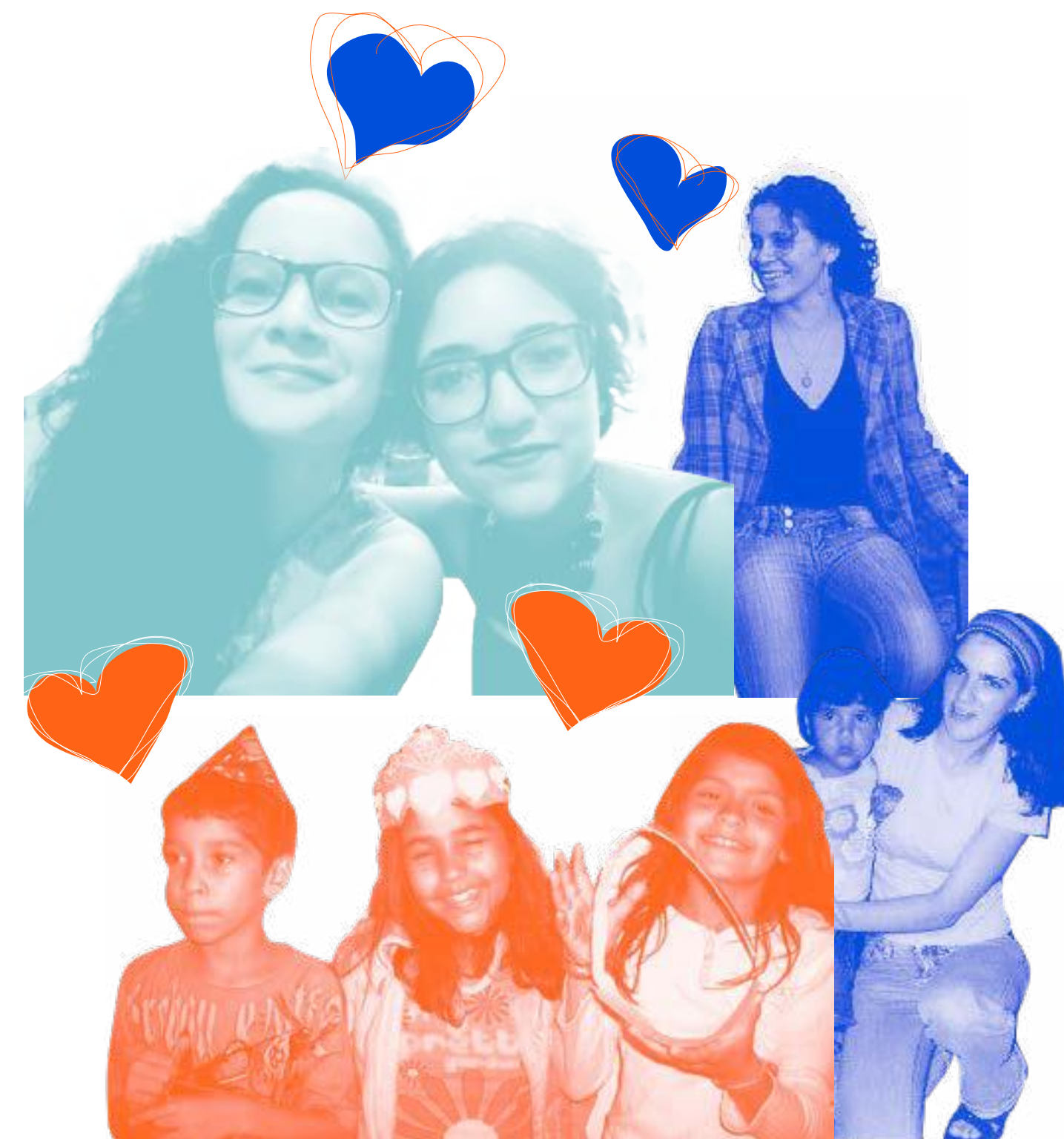
I spend my childhood in the Jardim Monte Azul neighborhood. I remember a lot of things. One of my favorite memories is seeing my mom in a theater play, dressed like the traveling people, laughing wickedly.

I remember the kids from Tropís, no, I don't remember Tropís, but I remember Potyra, my sister from another mister, I remember Eros, Tauana and Luca, my brother. We were so messy, it was a hurricane and a wonder, but it was also sad when Paula, Potyra's mother, made us eat our vegetables. I remember one time, there we were, once again sitting at the table, me, she, and the plate full of vegetables. With patience and threats, she fed me the vegetables. Until the moment the vegetables wanted to come back up. There we were, me, trying to keep the food inside and Paula desperate, looking for water to help me, she took the first mug she saw on the table, and almost gave it to me, but stopped when she saw there was beer in the cup. I didn't like to eat a bunch of things when I was a kid, mainly the green ones. Today, I'm vegetarian. Funny how life is. I haven't seen Paula in two eyes. The last time she saw me, she almost cried when she realized how much I grew up. When I commented about it with Potyra, she shrugged, said it was a silly aunt thing, but I was amazed, no one had ever been moved to see me.

On a wall at Tropís, it read: *Luca does something rad, Potyra cries in a corner, Yasmin, write a poesy for me?*

My godmother doesn't cry, but she calls me 'my baby' every time she sees me. My godmother's name is Carla, but she won't let me call her by her name. Dinda always shows up talking loudly, marking her presence at the place. Every few years, she finds a picture of me when I was little that no one has ever seen before. She has a thousand and one stories to tell about me, because she was the one who took me to see the world outside of the neighborhood, she took me to the São Paulo's aquarium, the planetarium, the water park. Our favorite place to go was the cinema, once we agreed to meet at the João Dias bus terminal, but I missed the meeting point. Dinda went crazy looking for me, she already thought I had been kidnapped. When she found me, she shouted my name, scaring the whole terminal. I felt guilty, she only recovered from the stress after the movie. To this day she recounts the story and laughs at my embarrassed face, but I don't care, Dinda has a nice laugh. As a good fairy godmother, she gave me a magic wand and told me how to be a mermaid, made me a princess, everything was possible with my godmother.

Talking about godmother, I remembered that Michelle, my brother's mother, once asked me what she was mine. She



asked because I was little. I think she was curious to know what my perception of her was. "Stepmother," I replied, finding the answer obvious, Mi didn't like it very much, she said I could call her aunt. I looked at her and said she wasn't my father's sister. I was always a very serious child, and you can ask anyone who "changed my diapers", I was being very logical with my answer. When she asked me, I was well aware of the word mother on stepmother, to me, Mi was always more than just my brother's mother, or my father's girlfriend, but who said I knew how to talk about it?

Not that I always got along with her, Mi used to make me, Potyra and Luca help her clean the house,



I, who lived with my grandmother and never had to do anything, used to get mad at her, today I think it's fair, after all, my dad didn't help her, and at some point, I was going to have to learn how to sweep the floor. I remember once on the weekend, she called me in the kitchen and started explaining how to make pasta with tomato sauce. Me and maybe she too, knew that as soon as I left the kitchen, I would forget everything. I did forget. I don't remember any of her instructions, but every time I see her cooking, I remember her calling me in the kitchen and watching her make the pasta.

I had other mothers besides these three, and the one from which I came out of the womb and many grandmas. Mother helps to build the daughter, even if she, the daughter, doesn't like it. Paula's threats were never mean. Children who do not eat vegetables cannot play. I can say that today, I eat all of it and play a lot. I still don't like sweet vegetables, though, and I still hate wiping the floor, but I do, I know how to clean and cook because they taught me, never out of obligation. To be independent and know how to take care of myself.

Once my mother's brother asked her, "Yasmin still doesn't know how to cook?" My mother didn't even blink before answering, "I'm raising my daughter to dominate the world, not the kitchen". Feminist mother, you know? Who has many girlfriends? One day I looked around and found myself surrounded by aunts and friends.

I don't remember when I met Jenyffer, was it twelve? Thirteen? Fourteen years old? It was there, in the beginning to discover who you are. What I do know is, Jenyffer, whenever she sees me, lets out an exclamation, calls me a beloved, and hugs me tightly, with want, very different from the hugs we give for politeness to greet someone. You even want to leave and come back just to get a new embrace.

When I was 14, Jeny released her poetry book, Terra Fértil. At the time, I confess, I didn't care about the book. I don't remember when I looked at it on the shelf and decided to read it, but I remember I read it all at once, I didn't stop until I finished. I was amazed, until that day, I had never read anything from a woman, much less a black woman. Jenyffer now writes short stories and has traveled around the world. Jenyffer showed me that my dreams are possible. Even today, when I am alone, I read your poems aloud.

*"Spring mine, yes, it is possible, it is possible."*

I get embarrassed to think the neighbor listens every time I speak to myself out loud. I try not to think about it too much and keep talking. Life knows how hard it was for me to say what I think. You see, I never liked being scolded, and I was always afraid of being excluded. When asked what I thought or liked, I always answered what I thought people wanted to hear. My first impulse is still this. I make an effort to speak my mind.

Do not misunderstand. I speak. I talk too much. My Baba loves to joke by calling me a big tongue. However, look carefully. There is a fine line between saying things that happened and speaking your opinion about things that happened. I talk, I talk a lot. Sometimes for lack of common sense. Common sense with words is something I try to practice every day. My shyness was left behind, in pre-adolescence. But it is not easy to speak your mind. What if? What if she doesn't like me anymore because I don't like what she likes? What if he gets angry if I say what I think? What if I talk too much and end up alone? What if?

I remember the second time my father said that if he never saw me again, he wouldn't mind. It was my 18th birthday. At least his friend had the decency to look ashamed. I also remember when I was about ten years old, and he said that I needed to be more independent. The time he told my brother and me that we had to take responsibility for our addictions because he wanted to have as little responsibility as possible.

When I was a little girl, I had panic attacks when I slept at my father's house. At the time, neither I nor anyone else understood what was happening. They thought it was a child being way too sensitive. I only realized what it was when I was 18, but I still don't know the motive. My father's violence was always of indifference, of non-love. I always felt unloved by him. I thought it was my fault. Therefore, I dissimulated, trying to say what people wanted to hear and never what I thought. Maybe that way, I would be more loved.

I remember once my mother said that I had to apologize to him because I said I didn't like being with him. I said that because he asked me why I wanted to go home. It was the first and only time I rolled my eyes at my mom. I was not going to apologize, I was not wrong, and it wasn't a lie, after all, he was the one who asked. She didn't make me do it either. When I said that to my father, we were at Centro Cultural Monte Azul, about 5 minutes from my grandmother's house, at the time I remember thinking it would have been easier just to leave while he was watching the show. Or was it a play? But unfortunately, I was always sensible, even as a child.

Alessandra always says what she thinks, apparently at least. I also don't remember when I met her, but it was love at first sight, even though I don't believe in it, even though I don't fall in love easily. My heart didn't care. Ale spoke to me as if I were already a person, not a non-child, non-teenager, her friend's daughter. She never measured what she said in front of me and always asked what I thought of things, not as someone who asks a child something, but as someone who asks a friend. She took me to get my first piercing, and she didn't tell my mother when she caught me skipping class. But she scolded me when she found out I was smoking because she smokes and doesn't want me to go through the things she goes through.

This week when we were at the terreiro discussing my initiation at Candomblé, one week from now, she looked at me with so much love. I almost cried looking at her. I had to hide in her embrace to keep from crying. I called her my little mother. Ale was already my little mother, before her saint, before her being pointed out. Before I make my initiation. Ale never needed it, but she always took care of me.

I remember once. The four Marias in the backyard. Me, Ale, Jenyffer, and my mother, Anabela. They were drinking beer and smoking, and I was happy to be allowed to participate. Because until recently, I couldn't join in in adult conversations. They were talking about life, about men. I was 14-years-old and had little experience in both. Even so, I gathered courage and gave my opinion. Jeny smiled, said she wanted to be more like me, Ale agreed. I was amazed. Imagine me in front of three grown women, writers, poets, educators, speakers, graduates, and owners of their own lives. Strong women. Everything I wanted, want, to be. Talking to me like I'm one of them. I felt special to be there. I never forgot.





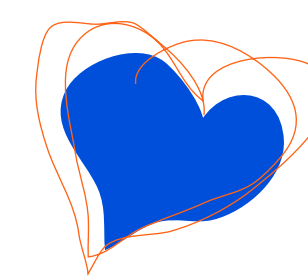
I don't know if I can talk about my mother here. In simple words, she is the love of my life and my soulmate. I could spend pages rambling about how we are partners, how we are alike, and how much I admire her. I remember when I was a child, and I noticed that my mother had short hair and that my grandma had short hair. I concluded, in my child's mind, that strong women had short hair. I spent more than half my life with short hair.

I can say that my mother has always been short. Short-tempered. At the time, I didn't know. Nevertheless, today she says, angrily, that when I was a little girl, people told her that I was sad. She was short for these people. People said that because, compared to Luca and Potyra, I was much milder. I spoke little, hardly did anything wrong, and liked to hide behind her skirt. If you look at my baby pictures, you'll notice that they are all angry or serious. I didn't like the lap of others. This did not mean sadness, only that I preferred my mother over anyone else.

My first word was "no". No, I don't want your lap. No, I don't want to talk with you. No, don't take my toy. No, don't touch me. I always had limits. I have always made them clear since I was little.

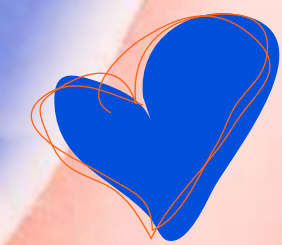
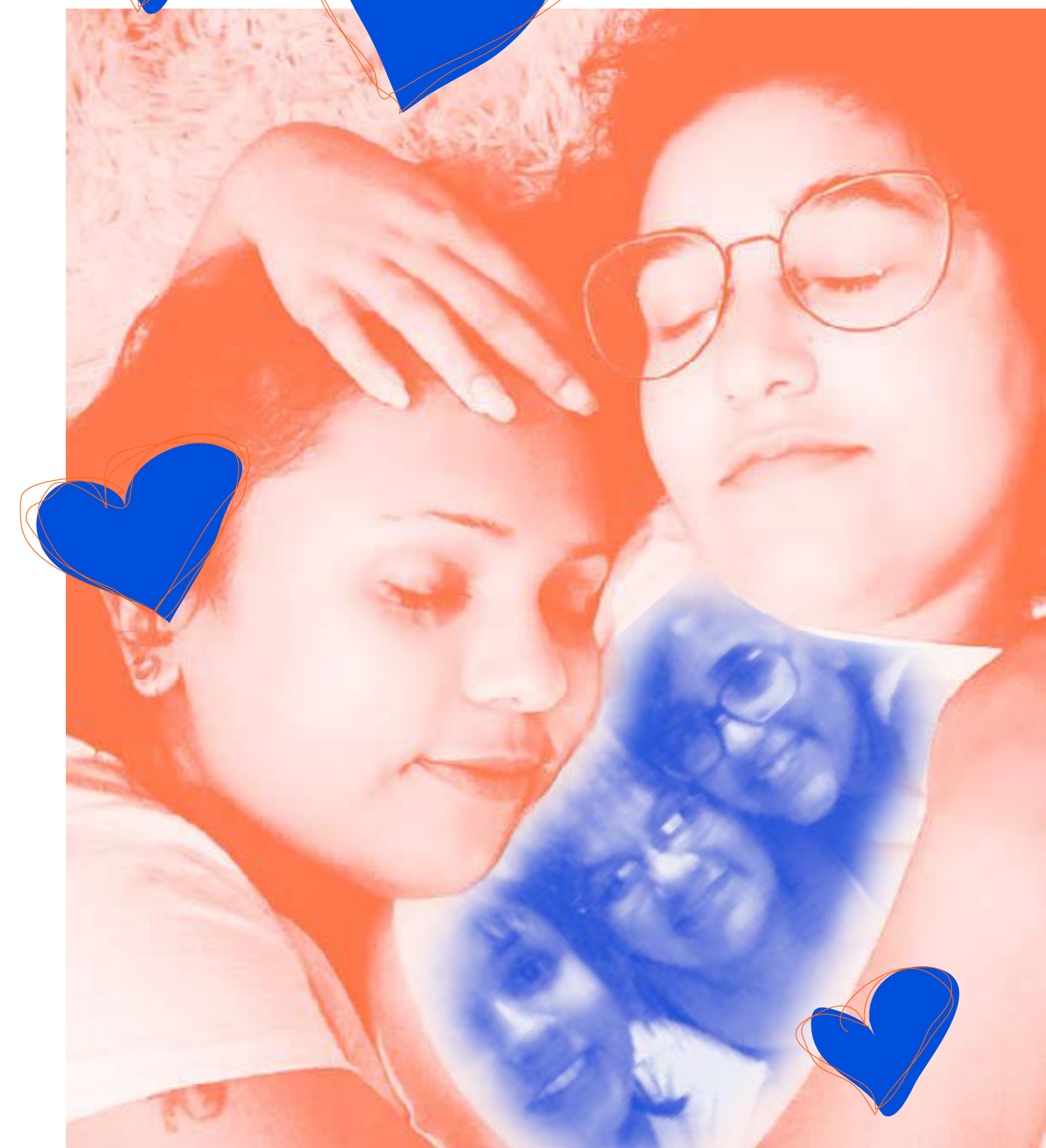
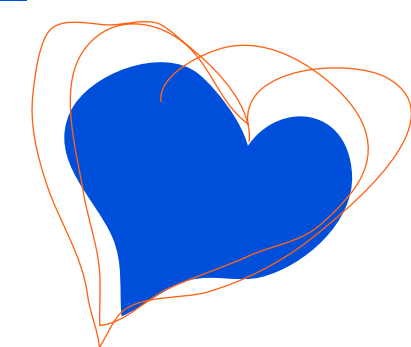
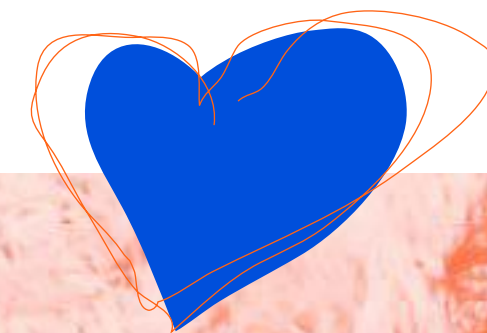
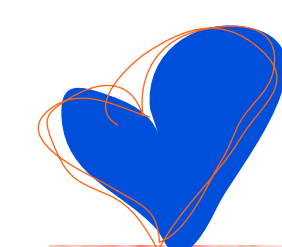
The art of speaking is still strange to me, when to speak, with whom to speak, how to speak. And don't even mention the "tones", I always use them wrong, people always think I'm being mean and I do a thousand somersaults trying to explain that I am not. I just didn't pay attention to the tone. A thousand pardons, don't get me wrong. At least I speak. I spent time finding the courage to do it. Was it a lot of time? Little? Potyra and Luca have always been so good at this. I feel like it took me so long. Say what I think, speak out loud, speak in front of people and with people. Today I can do all of those things because of the women I love.

When year after year, absence and carelessness make sure to you that there is no fatherly love in your life, you assume, or at least, I assumed that I was the problem, that I had to speak differently, like different things or act differently. However, with time and with help, I realized. I realized a lot of things. That even though I am tough-headed, impulsive, and sometimes not very considerate. Never an asshole for the sake of being an asshole, being a decent human being takes practice. That does not disqualify me from being loved. Dinda knows how careless I am, Paula knows how tough-headed I am, Michelle knows how disorganized I am, Ale knows how much I put my foot in my mouth, Jeny knows how cranky I am, my mother knows all my flaws, listed. Alphabetical and chronological order. They all love me—none of them. Less, supposedly, my mom needed to love me.




There are others. They are not few. They are no less to me than those mentioned above, Fabiana, Carlinha, grandma Maria, grandma Ana, grandma Eva, grandma Sonia, Katia, Dani, aunt Fa, Rafaela, among others. *"Many hands to build this girl!"*. Mothers, aunts, friends, my family. Everything I am, everything I allow myself to be, is because they gave me love and trust.

I do not need anything else. ■







WHAT WOULD  
I **BE** IF I  
WERE NOT  
ONLY MADE  
OF **PAIN**?

THIS QUESTION CAME UP IN A CONVERSATION ON THE MICROBUS GOING BACK HOME WITH LUANA BAYO, A FRIEND AND SINGER FROM THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SOUTH ZONE OF SÃO PAULO (SP).

Maybe she won't remember, but we talked about a lot of things, and she told me about the experience in Nucleus for Black Women that took place in that same territory for some time. This is one of the questions that made me think about my life and that reflected on the writing of the master's thesis I delivered in 2018.

What could we be if we weren't only this pain? What could we be if we were out of the dehumanizing categories that try to imprison and essentialize our identities? And what can we be, beyond the collectivity as Black women and Black lesbians, even when this positioning is still important?<sup>1</sup>

These are questions that constantly make me think about my humanization. I want to be humanized, I want to fully exist in my individuality, beyond the social markers of gender, race, class and sexuality, even though I know these are the markers that make who I am. Yes, I know I am all of this, but I am not only this. Sometimes I get sick of this standpoint that despite attempting to dismantle these dehumanizing categories, makes me feel imprisoned in a new category: a Black lesbian woman from the hoods... *What do they do? How do they live?* As if it were a universal romantic subjectivity above good and evil, as if we only had one single faith, a single way of being, behaving, having fun, dating. A new category which sometimes is only "romantic" and "special" in the discourse, while in practical terms the structures of power are still present to legitimize the acts of violence and the inequalities.

Little by little I was finally also able to realize that the standpoint from our oppression often seeks to confirm and praise a position of scarcity and pain of what really means to be a Black lesbian from the hoods. I don't want to keep talking and thinking about my struggles. Although they exist, I am not only made of pain. I want to talk about love, I want to talk about pleasure and healing possibilities. At the same time, if I want to talk and think about this today, it is also because there was the process of understanding that these pains are not individual. They are related to the context we live in. Thus, it is possible to build other possibilities in this collective body of women. Listening to Débora Marçal talk about prosperity, doors opening, about feeling that she owns the world and can do everything. Hearing Gabriela from *NoFront - Empoderamento Financeiro* [Financial Empowerment] say: "It is okay to want comfort, it is okay to want to eat and live well! Black and money are not rival words." Taking part in the experience of lesbian affections that my partner Fernanda Gomes and I propose for lesbian and bisexual women, which encouraged them to take some time for leisure, massage, swimming pool and good food. Hearing and experiencing all of this offers us other possible mirrors to our existence because we weren't taught that we deserve wellness. Perhaps I have matured this idea a little later because everything is a process. But I have been allowing myself to live and to believe that I also deserve pleasure and that I do have the right to the world, living in this body in which I am the only inhabitant and having authentic experiences of who I am, even though I live in this collective context. ■

BY SULAMITA DE JESUS ASSUNÇÃO

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY  
YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

1. Excerpts from the master's thesis: ASSUNÇÃO, Sulamita Jesus. *Quebradas feministas: Estratégias de resistência nas vozes das mulheres negras e lésbicas negras da periferia sul da cidade de São Paulo*. 136 f. Dissertação (mestrado) - Pontifícia Universidade Católica de São Paulo, 2018.



# ANSDIONTE

BY ALINE ANAYA AND JULIANA FERREIRA



CLICK TO  
SEE

<https://youtu.be/GwxMG5oshJw>

FORMAT: VIDEO POEM (BRAZIL-2020)

RUNNING TIME: 1'20"

LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE

SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

TITLE: ANSDIONTE

TEXT AND ACTING: ALINE ANAYA

PRODUCTION: GOMA KAYA

EDITING AND DIRECTING: ALINE ANAYA AND JULIANA FERREIRA

**PLOT:** *Ansdionte* is the way people from Minas Gerais say “the day before yesterday”. The combination of words characterizes the way people from Minas Gerais use the language. Aline Anaya’s family migrated from Minas Gerais to São Paulo in the 70-80s and since then she was raised within the sharing and cultivation of such a universe. *Ansdionte* is a recreation of these memories, which are translated into a rich sequel of images with a great poetic sensibility. It is also a homage to her family and an encounter with her ancestry.

VIDEO



THE USE OF EARPHONES IS RECOMMENDED FOR A BETTER AUDIO EXPERIENCE.







VIELA IS A NARROW STREET,  
AN ALLEY. THE CORNERS  
TELL THE HISTORIES OF  
THE MANY WOMEN WHO  
INHABIT THIS TERRITORY-  
BODY-WORLD. IT IS IN THE  
NARROW STREETS THAT WE  
CAN SEE HOW WE FIND AND  
LOSE EACH OTHER, WE TURN  
OURSELVES INTO MIRRORS  
TO ONE ANOTHER. (VI) ELA  
(I SAW HER) PUBLISH A  
BOOK OF POETRY ABOUT  
OUR HOOD. I SAW HER  
PRODUCING A MOVIE ABOUT  
US. I SAW HER IN THE  
UNIVERSITY TELLING OTHER  
VERSIONS OF THE HISTORY.  
I SAW HER IN THE DAILY  
HUSH, BUILDING STRATEGIES  
TO KEEP US ALIVE!  
VI-ELAS IS ABOUT THE  
PARTICULARITIES OF  
THE WOMEN WHO BUILD  
COLLEVITIES AND PLURAL  
MOVEMENTS, OPENING  
SPACE SO WE CAN FIT IN  
THE WORLD BY REWRITING  
OUR LINES.

VIELA

ELAS







the zip code, face, skin tone. This reminded me of a friend. I found him in my thoughts. I am lying, just like Luiza is lying to her psychologist, because I don't want to say in a written essay that I went out for Japanese food on Viviane's birthday. Writing is a weird business, it's like taking off your clothes. That's why I like anthropology. It's a mix of Literature and Science. I like to take my clothes off. All of my girl friends have already seen some intimate part of my body, and also my life. Isn't this intimacy? It's better to say I found him in my thoughts, because he got stuck here in my head, living in my thoughts.

Alex told me he received a bunch of messages from a guy he had sex in the car during carnival time this year. I soon started making naughty jokes. He said, "stop, *bicha*<sup>2</sup>, it's not this." I found the reaction weird and got more interested in the story. I love nasty things. I always get excited. I remember that I used to say my friends left to have sex when they disappeared from the party. It's always a lie. They're usually sleeping or almost always drunk. I often prefer the stories I tell. When I heard Alex's story, he was telling me that the guy had said that he passed HIV to him during carnival. I said: *Bicha!* I didn't know what to say. HIV is a taboo topic for me. It's like I've closed myself to this after I turned thirty. Friends, relatives, research colleagues. I usually welcome the feelings, talk, but I know that it's still taboo because of the toughness of my body. I feel ashamed when I remember this. The feeling comes because I always talk about race, but my girlfriend, who is my partner, doesn't like to talk about it in public. I tell her she needs to overcome this taboo. I also need to overcome mine. When I said *bicha* I meant to be welcoming. My astrological sign is cancer, I like to make people feel welcomed, I like them as well as their good and bad feelings. Lately, I have been living among my bad feelings. Words usually make more sense according to

the tone of voice you use. I don't know how to pass the tone in writing, that's why I usually explain things. I prefer to speak.

He told me he had cried all day. He immediately went to get tested. The psychologist was a bit crazy and violent. She asked "what" he was. He said he was indigenous. She didn't like it and seemed not to believe it. Then she asked his ethnicity. He replied, *Guarani Kaiowá*<sup>3</sup>, but she ignored him. I'm sure she wrote *pardo*<sup>4</sup> in the form. Tereza says *pardo* is the problem in Brazil. I disagree. We always argue about that. Sometimes, I get angry at *pardos*, Anita, my friend Vitória. I kept thinking about the HIV test and I was anxious to find out the result. Viral loads mess with our heads, be it COVID or HIV. I insist on talking about what the body means. These times, the organs, blood, cells make perfect sense. I feel like I am in a Biology class at school, as if I hadn't studied Anthropology. I wish I were as fancy as my friends in the study group. I don't know. The stories are different. A different social class. I get mad sometimes. We always joke. Me and other friends. This is a resentment of the Anthropology class. I like to study Anthropology because it relieves my guilt. I like this, but I do not like judging people, though I always judge and gossip around. It's all part of the beauty of everyday life, and also the position the people occupy in different places.

He told me he tested negative. It felt like the air became warmer. Everyone took a deep breath out without a sound. Nobody wants to appear to be afraid of COVID or HIV. We hide the fear behind Nietzsche's quote. "The life you preserve is meaningless." My friends love it. I never really checked to see if it's really Nietzsche or Clarice Lispector. Beautiful quotes are all around the internet. I agree in public, but I prefer to keep my life safe. I dunno, I'm scared to death and live in fear. It's alright. I've had a panic







attack. In those moments, my fears relieve me, make me feel calm and protect me. When he told me there was no viral load, we said the *guy* only said that because he was a *guy*. I think it is interesting how the words have different meanings, like a *guy*: both man and rich. For those who are poor, everyone is rich. These distinctions between the social classes are only useful in a Sociology class. I like it when people say that I come from the middle class. I laugh a lot inside myself and then share it with my friend Ana. My relatives like to say we're poor, but not too much. Social class is as complicated as race. In the end, I was kind of thinking that Alex, an indigenous person, was a contagious body just like Daniela's grandmother. I thought that if I kept around, mine would become one too.

It was fun to hear from my indigenous friend that he had also accused someone in his thoughts between the time he got the message until the result of the test. In his thoughts, he got the virus from a young Black man he had been seeing since he arrived in the city. Dangerous bodies. Blood, race, viral load are all so intertwined that it's difficult to understand. This reminded me of a friend who was angry at Sandra because she had told her, she was not Black. She joked saying that she would take the genetic ancestry test and rub it in our faces. I kept thinking about it. In a way, race is still Biology and everyone wants to know where it came from. Everyone was shocked with the discussions of race and all the viral load, except Ana, who was in love. I have two friends who started relationships during the pandemic. Ana is not afraid of HIV or COVID. Ana is afraid of passion and this takes up her days.

João got COVID. João didn't have COVID. Four exams. One with no result. Two negatives. One positive. He didn't enter the statistics like Fábio, another friend. Viral load is also a government and State thing. It's better not to enter the statistics, don't increase the numbers. I took his sister Antônia to the hospital twice.

Love is something dangerous. Antônia and I were in the center of COVID, both moved by love. My love was hers, her love was her brother's. I stayed in the car. She kindly disinfected herself with hand sanitizer. We did a spell for his health and ours. I imagined that after 23 days in the hospital when he left the ICU, he would have those television scenes. Everyone there standing and clapping for him. I was thrilled just from thinking about it. Antônia was desperate. We lit candles every day. In the hospital, they took shifts to be with him. When it was our turn, we stayed there steadily. The doctor said that it wasn't COVID according to the exams. The CT scan said it was COVID. Such a viral load issue. They treated it as COVID-19 and the biggest problem came after it. I remembered the day I went to macumba<sup>5</sup>. I went there in my thoughts. I met an *Erê*<sup>6</sup> there and he said: "The most important thing is how we're going to leave this. Many people won't leave well". That's exactly what the doctor said. Antônia cried. She told her family. Her uncle said she needed to calm down because she hadn't understood things correctly and the next day he would talk to the doctor. A woman is always a woman. He almost said she didn't understand because she was stupid. Antônia recorded an audio fighting with him. Me, as a feminist, thought it would be better if she deleted it. It's not a good idea to pick a fight with your family in moments like these. She deleted the audio. But then they fought for other reasons.

My mother taught me that neighbors are better than relatives. Sometimes. I don't really like my neighbors. They are reserved and don't go out on the street. As they don't leave their homes, I don't do it either. It's not due to the pandemic, it was already like this. Now, when I walk to the bakery, I prefer the empty streets. I keep wondering if I need to wear a face mask on an empty street. I always think it's the people who transmit COVID. I keep wearing the face mask because I am afraid someone will see me without it. I would







## DAILY LIFE

# EVERYDAY CROSSINGS: THE LIFE OF WOMEN IN MOVEMENT!

BY BRUNA DOS SANTOS GALICHIO

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY YASMINE GONÇALVES

"SHE CLOSES THE DOOR TO HER HOME, GOES DOWN THE NARROW STAIRS IN HER BACKYARD, SHE OPENS AND SHUTS THE IRON GATE FACING THE STREET EVERY DAY, AROUND SIX O'CLOCK OR SIX TWENTY IN THE MORNING WHEN SHE IS LATE. SHE CROSSES THE SMALL BASKETBALL COURT, FACES AND GOES UP THE LONG STAIRWAY, WITH DOZENS OF HIGH STEPS AND YELLOW HANDRAILS. IT'S THE SHORTEST WAY TO GET TO THE PENULTIMATE SLOPE BEFORE THE LAST ONE, WHERE SHE'S GOING TO GET THE BUS THAT WILL TAKE HER TO THE SUBWAY STATION."

### SEX

"I THINK ONE THING IS TO LOOK AT SOMEONE IN A NORMAL WAY, LIKE YOU LOOK AT ANYONE. THERE ARE MEN WHO LOOK PRECISELY THE WAY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT."

### FEAR

"MY DAUGHTER WILL NEVER STUDY AT NIGHT. IT ISN'T AN APPROPRIATE TIME FOR A GIRL TO BE OUT IN THE STREET. GOD FORBID, BUT IF A MAN GETS HER AND DOES SOMETHING EVIL, WHO IS GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP HER?"

### PRECAUTION

"BUT IF I'M GOING OUT BY MYSELF, IT WILL BE LIKE THIS: THE WAY YOU SEE ME NOW IN ORDER NOT TO MARK MY BODY, SO I DON'T HAVE TO HEAR JOKES ON THE STREETS."

### HABIT

"I LIVE IN AN OUTSKIRT, SO PEOPLE FROM OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS MIGHT THINK THEY WILL FACE THE SAME HERE. IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO OTHER WOMEN, BUT NOT TO ME."

### APPREHENSION

"DEPENDING ON THE TIME AND THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE ON THE BUS, IF THERE'S ONLY THE BUS DRIVER, YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE BUS, JUST IN THE LAST CASES. IF IT IS TOO EMPTY, YOU GET APPREHENSIVE. YOU FEEL VULNERABLE."

### IDENTITY

"BLACK WOMEN ARE NOT SEXUALLY HARASSED."

The idea of bringing these small excerpts is to make you, who are reading this text, try to guess its theme without me, the author, having to tell you. That's because this is mostly how we usually talk about this: without saying what we're really speaking about. It is also how we do this, without really doing it, without thinking about it or saying what you thought. Still, there's little mystery. It's like there is a subtext, which resides in the looks that simply knows what is meant to be said or done.



**DEMORALIZED**

"SOMETIMES MY DAUGHTERS GET INVITED TO GO TO PARTIES BY THEMSELVES. BUT NOT THEIR MOM, BECAUSE THEIR MOM IS A SINGLE MOTHER, HER HUSBAND HAS LEFT HER. SOME WOMEN DON'T EVEN TALK TO ME, THEY DON'T WANT TO BE MY FRIENDS BECAUSE I COULD... YOU KNOW... OFFER SOME RISK."

**RUDE**

"WHAT A WASTE OF SUCH A PRETTY WOMAN NOT TO LIKE MEN!. THIS IS THE KIND OF THING I HAVE TO HEAR."

**DIFFERENCE**

"I DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THIS WAS LIKE ANYMORE. NOW THAT I'VE LOST SOME WEIGHT, I AM A TARGET AGAIN. I THINK NOW I AM AN ACCEPTABLE STANDARD OF FAT. BEFORE THIS, I ONLY HEARD TERRIBLE THINGS."

**EXPERIENCE**

"I THINK THIS VERY FEELING IS AN INTERNAL, SUBJECTIVE THING. IT'S HOW YOU PUT YOURSELF TOWARDS THE THINGS OTHER PEOPLE BRING TO YOU. LIKE, WHEN A WOMAN SAYS SHE FEELS NAKED, SHE MEANS THAT SHE IS FEELING HARASSED ACCORDING TO MY PERCEPTION."

**CULTURE**

"BECAUSE WE LIVE SO MUCH IN RIVALRY: – "OH, SHE'S TOO SKINNY, SHE'S TOO PRETTY, SHE'S TOO OVERDRESSED, SHE'S TOO FAT. OH! SHE GOT A BOYFRIEND, AND I HAVEN'T." IF WE WERE MORE UNITED, I BELIEVE THIS CULTURE COULD HAVE CHANGED ALREADY."

Precaution is a 36-year-old woman who is cautious because she has had many experiences that sometimes she likes to call "jokes," although she also calls it "abuse" quite often. Apprehension is also a woman; she's 25 years old. Just like Precaution, her name is the result of concrete experiences that marked her journey as a woman, they are usually recalled when she needs to choose a path.

Today, trying to avoid jokes, Precaution plans her clothes in order to try to disguise something in the shape of her own body, which seems to be the reason for the jokes, ranging from pain to laughter to the absurd. Apprehension seems to be between the rock and the hard place, when it's late at night and she needs to go back home after a whole day of work or after having fun with her friends and she has to choose between staying in a bus stop all alone or getting on an empty bus. They seem to act moved by what Habit called "risk". Habit is a 37 year-old woman. To her, coming from the hood reduces the possibility of "risk". She shows that she knows that in the place she lives, other women face the same "risk" she is used to facing in different places. Fear is a mom. She's 65 years old and she is the mother of another woman, Vulnerable, who is 18-years old. To Fear, there is no "joke", there is "evil".

What Precaution, Apprehension, and Fear tell us is also narrated by most women when we talk about their experiences going around the city. The feelings and behaviours of these three women are calculated, taking into consideration the behaviors of the subjects who are supposedly on the other side of this relationship established by gender: men.

The way this relationship is presented to us, in a naturalized way, seems to have predefined roles dictating how each person should feel and act. An education training that tells us who are the ones who have an unstoppable desire and must reaffirm it publicly, and on the other hand, those who are vulnerable and have to protect themselves all the time. These practices are established based on gender by articulating what Sex, a 22-year-old woman tells us in between the lines and what Fear expresses in a more explicit way: sexuality and violence.

Given the identification of most women with this sense of vulnerability, which Apprehension has presented us, and the need to control attitudes to protect themselves, as Fear and Precaution narrate, countless women individually or organized within feminist movements have claimed the non-conformity of these practices, despite their characteristic of violence. This identification has proliferated manifestations that bring experiences of pain and trauma to the surface, and that also claim the possibility for women to circulate in public spaces, which have a very masculine imposition. The manifestations are based on the naming of these practices in the category of "harassment".

My intention is not to delegitimize the claimings and, above all, the experiences that many women have shared and even resigned based on these arguments. However, I would like to talk about some specificities of these practices and other practices that are also relevant to





the individuals, which involve the circulation of women in public space and which are not framed by the category of “harassment”.

Let us start with the name and explain why I choose to put it between quotation marks. Although the identification that I’ve already explained seems – and could be quite evident on many levels – there are important differences in the experiences of the individuals and their ways to deal with the practices that have been called “harassment”. They are explicit in the ways we name them.

“Play”, “joke”, “importunate”, “abuse”, and finally, “violence” are some of the names that oscillate in these women’s speeches instead of “harassment”. These uses cannot be reduced to mere chance or lack of knowledge by the women in the category the issues are drawn to. My suggestion is to struggle, something I try to indicate by using quotation marks, focused on the meaning of what should or should not be considered violence.

In the way Experience, a 30-year-old woman, exposes, the senses can oscillate because there’s a part of the interpretation of these practices that depends on each one of us, how you feel, and how you put yourself in the world. These are codes of freedom and intimacy, that are social, and at the same time, vary from person to person. These interpretations aren’t necessarily fixed on the individuals, they can be situational. The sense of “joking” – even the bad ones – and “abuse”, for example, may demonstrate that some situations could have more negotiation than others.

Some narratives, such as those of Apprehension, Fear, and Habit, indicate an essential aspect to consider: the territory. Violence would be more acceptable in some areas than others, while being from a specific place could guarantee the dealing of some circulation codes. On the other hand, the same speeches indicate that some conditions and necessities make them more exposed to violence. Such as the long journeys that imply crossing the city, leaving home way too early or coming back late, the need to depend on public transportation that goes around places where there is little or no security at all. For Fear and Apprehension, this partially or totally compromises their circulation and, as a result, their access to basic services, such as quality education as well as higher education.

Let us now think about the differences between women. We talked about the recognition among these women and the feelings of violence oscillation. But do all women see our daily lives crossed by “harassment” in the same traumatic and repetitive way? Or are we all “harassed” to the same extent?

Both Difference, a 36-year-old woman, and Identity, 35-years-old, tell us that some women may be disturbed by speeches that aren’t like: “Hey, cuttie!” or “I’d marry you, hottie!”. I don’t mean that such statements do not objectify women or that they positively value certain bodies. My intention here is to point out that some individuals have their attributes socially valued more frequently. For instance, these attributes are the body shape, race, social class and sexuality. They articulate the ways the different femininities are seen and read.





Thus, I don't mean to delegitimize violent experiences. Instead, I want to point out that, within the everyday, repetitive "harassment", there is also an expression of desire – which I'm not saying whether it is appropriate or not – that mobilizes the differences between women and men. This desire can be linked to violence in this type of practice, which is embedded with power relations that go beyond violence as the only possibility. It doesn't mean that women like to be "praised" or that they like to be "abused". This implies in considering other contexts and agencies of power, negotiation, visibility, eroticism, danger, and liminality. In this sense, the idea of how these practices are articulated in broader relationships appears mainly in the voices of Culture and Demoralized.

Discussing femininities with Difference and Identity doesn't mean arguing about the bodies who are more or less the target of practices that are called "harassment". This is beyond saying there is a standard to understand femininities, as it might seem in *Identity's* most categorical phrase. In reality, the purpose of *Identity's* speech is to disturb the preconceived ideas around bodies that would supposedly be hypersexualized. It is to make the contradictions emerge in a game of light and shadow between the desire one feels and how it gets to the bodies who are the object of desire. Such desire can be expressed in a way that comes to the surface as "horrible things", like Difference said.

Although they're not included in the speeches about "harassment", these "horrible things" also articulate gender and sexuality, but not only. When Rude shares the kind of things she has to hear from men, it's possible to foresee that some bodies are targets of ambiguous or explicit narratives of racial connotations. These connotations are intertwined with body and sexuality expectations that must be corrected if they don't fit the imaginary. In this sense, "harassment" would reveal more than the "inconveniences" and "abuses" which are common to most women. This more or less contemporary practice reveals specificities and differences which rely on the context (de)valuations of feminized bodies.

As we go over Daily's scenery, it is possible to notice countless crossroads that cross women's everyday lives, concerning our transits around the city. These crossings are also related to material conditions, ways of living, our sexuality and affections, the violence we suffer, our family relationships, the work inside and outside home, the amount of time we spend on the bus. The cuts and seams of this everyday life are not reinvidications and also do not come from recent transits in this so-called masculine space. They impose themselves on the space, the public, the private, and often cut and sew our own selves. ■









ILLUSTRATION: ISABELA ALVES

## POEM 1: SKIRT

BY CARMEN FAUSTINO  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY YASMIN GONÇALVES

If my skirt  
for you  
is way too short  
Vulgar or tight

Don't worry about it  
Stay away from me  
And be sure  
It won't be with you that  
I'll walk together on the street...

My cleavage  
Is not meant  
To justify the horror  
That haunts our bodies

And murders the dreams  
From those who can never sleep  
There is no saltwater  
That is able heal this open wound

Always alert  
I can be the next  
Victim of this blindness  
Dead women routine

Leave me alone  
Don't get any closer  
My little skirt  
It is the measure of the struggle  
It moves affection  
And doesn't work alone

If it's threatened  
The short and slim skirt  
Turns into weapon  
It cuts the flesh

And watches it bleed  
Until the pain goes away  
A deep silence

A crack in the chest  
That feeds  
Hunger and orgasm  
Becomes a bottomless hole  
And suffocates your oppression  
And this hatred  
For women in the world

And don't you  
Judge me as if I'm crazy  
Don't you say my pain  
Is little  
My skirt is the limit  
To set my legs free  
And my tight shirt  
Doesn't fit  
A silenced body anymore

It's huge  
I am overflowing...

My path  
Has large steps  
It spares no effort  
To the size  
Of my desire for a sane woman

I am certain of something  
I'm not the only one  
There are many of us!  
And this is not a threat  
It is already an action!



## POEM 2: MISHAP

BY CARMEN FAUSTINO  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY YASMIN GONÇALVES

In my clock  
The passing time  
Ain't a problem  
It is only bad when it doesn't  
ring  
Or when it always delays  
Cuz' the world does not wait  
It advances with claims

Being a Black woman  
is a weight on the back  
It hurts the body  
And without the right care  
Work becomes a torment  
It wearies the clenched fist  
Makes the soul become tough  
And drains the heart

Going against the delay  
Awakening the ancestral power  
It's both a right and a reparation  
To live the affection  
And the pleasure with open eyes  
Fades the feeling of revolt  
And fertilizes the dry land  
Walking  
Together with Black women

Is like a magical strength that  
heals

I won't be stuck in pain anymore  
I want to run to the land freely  
And fertilize this soil  
Blessed by the Goddesses  
That has been tread with  
strength  
Resistance  
So that today  
I could be here

Ask time  
The real history of  
What happened to me  
Count the days  
But don't wait sitting  
It will be like never before

I will have an end  
The struggle won't! ■



VILA SÃO JOÃO,  
ALAGOA GRANDE,  
BRAZIL.  
JANUARY 23<sup>RD</sup>,  
2018.

POR DAY FERNANDES

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY JULIANA LOPES

ENGLISH VERSION

Goddess of time,  
of the present, past and what is to come.  
I know you have been busy,  
providing what to eat and being concerned about what they might say;  
But I humbly ask you: look at me,  
see what I have truly become;  
I am the part of you that didn't fit,  
I have walked through ways I don't understand,  
looking for the answers to questions that were never asked;  
I am the fruit that didn't fall far from the tree,  
although I haven't stayed too close either.  
I've been thinking where I belong to;  
Where have you been? What have you drunk?  
What made you laugh? What made you bleed?  
Goddess of the crossroads,  
of the knots never untied, unfinished stories;  
I know it feels as if there is no time,  
to restart, learn a new task or to find a new love;  
But I simply ask: listen to your heart,  
see, in faith, what we could become;  
You, this unfinished tale,  
have been lingering in dry lands that have already been walked,  
waiting for the rain that won't come.  
You, a planted root in the backwoods of the swamp,  
Like a cassava root that resisted fire,  
Hoping to generate fine flour to turn it into warm tapioca;  
Where have I been? Why did I leave so many unfinished cups of coffee?  
What have I been looking for when I didn't find you?  
Goddess of the good journey,  
listen to me, we still have time,  
to listen to ourselves, hug and laugh together.  
We can fill water buckets, paint walls blue,  
cook fish in coconut or eat couscous with milk;  
There is still time, wind, and places.  
Will you follow me? ■



# - AND FROM YOUR WINDOW, WHAT CAN YOU SEE?

BY DAYSE OLIVEIRA

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

“I BOUGHT BEAUTIFUL SHOES  
SIZE THIRTY-NINE, EVEN  
THOUGH I WEAR SIZE FORTY-  
TWO. I WALKED A LOT, I GOT  
SICK. IN ORDER TO RELIEVE MY  
FEET AND NOT TO REPEAT THIS  
INSANE YEAR I MADE A BRINE  
COMPRESS AND I TAUGHT KIDS  
AND ADOLESCENTS THAT ONE  
DOESN'T SELL THEIR  
OWN DREAM.”

(Maria Tereza)

the only memory I have of her is from a window. first, she was inside and I was outside. then, all of us shared the sidewalk, the threats, and the police siren each time closer, each time deeper. she, possessed by anger, the gate was locked, and the already known feeling of that I've stayed [again] out of the party. she broke the window. it was the revolt marking the voice of someone who would not repeat the scene of silence in that space. the hole she opened in the window went through everything and has now crossed the line that separates who's in and who's out - was everyone out now? it was a failure.

it has been three years since the night the rock crossed the glass and different meanings still come to me every time I see a red traffic light in front of the window, I realize the hole is still there.

(...)

I sometimes ask people what their window view shows. in my parent's house, the one in my bedroom shows the back of my neighbor's house, the concrete wall went up to the asbestos ceiling. from there, my eyes didn't have a horizon. when I went up the roof, I liked the possibility to see further, expand my vision. it was (and still is) a very high slope and from there I could see many masonry and wooden houses under construction, I could see the open sewer at the end of the street, some alleys where we took a shortcut to the street above.

another vivid memory in me is the school's windows. the scenery was very similar to the one at my mom's rooftop, we are marked by and recognize the aesthetics of the peripheral territory. these points of similarity also appeared in the answers to my questions about windows. many people have their horizons cut by the plastering of their front door neighbor's house, or by a wall that has been built up too high.

windows are metaphors known for speaking about dreams. they are usually known as a communication channel between what lives inside and the vast world outside. although, we're constantly crossed by these horizons that put our eyes to seek the slit that will allow the escape, which gives us a longer path to our look. this dialogue is reflected on the inside, and sometimes, all you can find are the short phrases and the many questions. what are our dreams?

one day I found out that a friend of mine had never bought [different] cheese in the market to eat at home. she had ten or



## mini tale #1

I looked for a secret passage that could be able to transport me through time. living my own time is an exhausting battle that almost always makes me feel a sensation of loss. the sovereignty of the moons imposes itself without asking if there was time to get ready or if it's possible to follow the passage. we just go. so I found it - or imagined it - the gap and I made it an internal access. since everything squeezed me outside, I tried another way and took a step inside. I don't know how this story about a gap that we have inside us sounds to you, but it was the alley I opened in myself in order to reach... to build a soft and comfortable ground. and here there's complexity because at the same time that it squeezes my ideas and puts me to run away, it's also the one that gives me the wet clay and a hoe. it gives action to my hands. no one lives on this side of the gap and the emptiness gives me space, without competition, without a fight. inside the gap I design a time with no hours, I let the lines and dots loose, I write using ellipses. everything I invent exists!



## mini tale #2

yes, I am a collector. because I am afraid of losing important things. I gather, stack, I make sensory towers. no, I don't know how to explain when I find treasure in the ordinary things - words that seem synonymous though they aren't into me. I don't know how to make other people step on this place I inhabit, in order to make them to feel this nice breeze from here which makes me stay. I create this space for memories. I accumulate inside and outside. the accumulation looks like a mess to others. disorder. misalignment. and me, I think it's pretty to give my own organization to things - both inside and outside. it is also my way to not lose myself. and not to lose my soul's joy to re-encounter things. soul that widens when it sees decomposed leaves along the way, ugly handwritten notes in blue ink which gets excited when it crosses non matching colors and sizes. asymmetrical. it is a treasure that I turn into a place and source. and it's not that I try to hide it, but few eyes are able to see my treasure. on my part, I disarray and leave the door always open - from the inside and outside.

fifteen reais, but it's not about this, it means that in the short horizon our sight can reach, there was no room for cheese. and to us, the cheese has also become a metaphor of everything that stayed after the curve, out of sight: the [warm] blanket that we never bought; the [comfortable] chair that we couldn't manage to have. each one of us has a story like this wrapped in the memory.

there is this documentary I usually watch crying that brings some voices of Brazilian students who go to public schools. I think they can recognize the window of my school just like I recognized myself in them. one of them is Felipe Lima, and he says: "I think they have never dreamed of me as a psychologist, they have never dreamed of me as a professor, a doctor, they have never dreamed of me. they didn't dream and they have never taught me to dream. I am learning to dream."

learning to dream has been a fundamental part of my [ours] confrontation with the world. even if this requires breaking some window glasses and unwrapping every package of dreams that was kept stored.

## HOW ABOUT YOU? WHAT'S THE VIEW FROM YOUR WINDOW? ■

## mini tale #4

the shards which now cut the floor announced: seven years of bad luck. she doesn't know if the counting starts tomorrow or if these pieces are already part of the first minutes. this is one more thing that breaks in your hands without giving you time to pull the balance string. the first thing she thought when she looked at the mosaic that now reflected her shattered image was that it was the most faithful portrait of herself in recent times. maybe for more than seven years, she had been trying to put all the pieces together to discover herself as a complex figure. she stood still for a long time as if the broken mirror was now a portal for her memory. memories of conversations she rehearsed to have, the hunger she wished to end, the moving floor she would still step on - in another time or era. there were so many broken pieces, shattered, that she thought her seven years would maybe last more... seven? In the face of bad luck, what can you do? gather or spread? she found it pretty to see herself like this, in so many forms. if she was small, she could also be big. wide and narrow. she stared at the floor as if there was still time, as if life were not just a sequence of met and delayed deadlines. she left without cleaning the floor, she left the bigger shards outside against the wall. she still had a beautiful heart and despite the departures, she also wanted other people to see her fragments, which are now spread on the floor announcing: seven years of bad luck.

## mini tale #3

I called you my *Ndende*<sup>1</sup> and it wasn't just because we met each other in the hot streets of Bahia in a bath that mixed sweat and sea. you were my *ndende*, not just because your dark reddish skin aroused appetites throughout my body. it wasn't just because I felt like we had already lived at least another whole life side by side in just a quarter of an hour. you were my *ndende* and you made the heat spread with a naughty smile like someone who had never promised anything less than a gunpowder type of love: BOOM! it ended. I was fascinated by the abundance of life you offered me, yes, life, noisy, complete. "did you know that *ndende* grows all year? it doesn't have an offseason" - as if someone could doubt your orange bonfire eyes. everything in you was a party and all I wanted was to dance through your *ndende* body. and it isn't just because your body seasoned my days or because your flavor is really unforgettable, but to this day if someone asks me how I fell in love with you, my answer is always the same: do you have *ndende*?

## mini tale #5

the mornings were my teachers during that time. they still are, but in those days that I could live the waiting of time, or that I could let the course of life flow without being interrupted by alarm clocks, they have taught me the miracle of waiting. I woke up to the soft noise of the boy's pedaling and went to the window - the boy was also a good teacher. me, who hated the beginning of the mornings that were always accompanied by hurry, appointments, undesired arrivals, scheduled time, have learned to celebrate the rise of the day through the boy's feet. before the sun, he came with his green bicycle in an old white t-shirt. the t-shirt almost never touched to the boy's body, it was my way to learn the wind. he carefully leaned his green companion on the also green grass - the boy knew about the many possible shades of our eyes. he sat on the floor as if he was the most waited guess and allowed the day to rise. I never managed to explain, but the boy laughed as the day rose and, as an answer, the sky painted everything yellow. slow like an animal who doesn't know what to yearn for the future, the boy delivered himself for the day and taught me the miracle of waiting. because only at that moment you could see the whole universe painted with that nameless color that crosses everything. waiting for the sun to see the boy's laughter and start rising. waiting for the body to be filled up by warmth. when I came back, I brought the boy that now wakes up inside me and keeps teaching me the miracle: waiting is a present! ■

1. T.N.: *Ndende* is a Kimbundu word for *Dendê*, in Brazilian Portuguese. It is usually used in cooking in West Africa and Brazil, particularly in Bahia. *Dendê* oil is a thick, dark, reddish-orange, strong-flavoured oil extracted from the pulp of a fruit from a type of palm tree grown in Africa and Brazil.







Caetano's novel; Kehinde (Um defeito de cor); Maria Vitória (A mulher de Aleduma); Rísia (As mulheres de Tijucopapo); Joana (Água funda); Ponciá (Ponciá Vicêncio): novel characters, in a circle. Thinking about each of these women's roles, I imagine the conversations: reading is a living act. Susana is the oldest in the circle, her voice paves paths and enunciations. She has intense memories of her life in Africa before the barbarians capture her to be an enslaved woman in Brazil. Susana narrates, under the flow of water coming out of her eyes, those other waters that crossed her when she was in the slave ship. As she narrates, readers of the 19th-century enslavement society could hear: "I will tell you about my captivity". From that moment on, a representative universe was established in the discursive order.

Sharpening her knives under the colonial weight that puts her against the wall, Efigênia is just listening and waiting – she is a panther in the procedure, communicating a dystopic and totally realistic scenario, where slavery ends, but the inequalities and hierarchies persist. The abolition in the novel does not represent a real change for Black people, nothing indicates that May 13th will guarantee the formerly enslaved community the rise to citizenship and equality. On the contrary, the novel ends by suggesting that the conscience of white people would be really transformed with an official change of political regime: free from the condition of the enslaver, but not from the place of power that this position gave them. The consciousness of the enslaver will somewhat survive, but transposed to other people (in the post-abolition) by the continuity of coloniality.

By conceiving so many broken bonds, Ponciá builds a bridge between past times and the paralyzing pain, thus emphasizing that avoiding or forgetting historical wounds exposes us to dangers and disrupts the health of both the individual and the community. After these wounds are exposed, they need to become open fractures in order to give space to the new skin of the future. The circles in which Ponciá Vicêncio entangles herself generate a type of catharsis that extrapolates the character: the experience of the memories we inherited from our ancestors linked to the challenges of our own present can decolonize life.

Rísia walked for nine months on the edge of BR101<sup>3</sup>, which connects São Paulo to Recife, trying to find in the past, a future in which she could be born again, but this time, in the placenta of the revolution. An inner, subjective revolution, which involves returning to the scene of historical depreciations that constitute the individual in the present, and dive into the composition of affections as a response to the crossings (of race, gender, social class, and geography) that constitute the first person of the narrative. Time, filtered by the narrator's subjectivity, is one of the central themes of fiction. Past and present appear as amalgamated, spiral temporalities, measured by feeling, and by their own ghosts.

As the circle goes, Bitita arrives courageous and fierce, speaking about what remains, what abolition promised and then it's like nobody has known or seen it. Black women being imprisoned without reason (or rather, within a racist (ir)rationality) and the permanence of the whip – a macro symbol of slaveholder's oppression. Carolina Maria de Jesus is an interpreter of Brazilian modernity, a source of unruly water. Though her narratives teach us to read the synonymy of modern/colonial, they still challenge us: Did you bring the key?

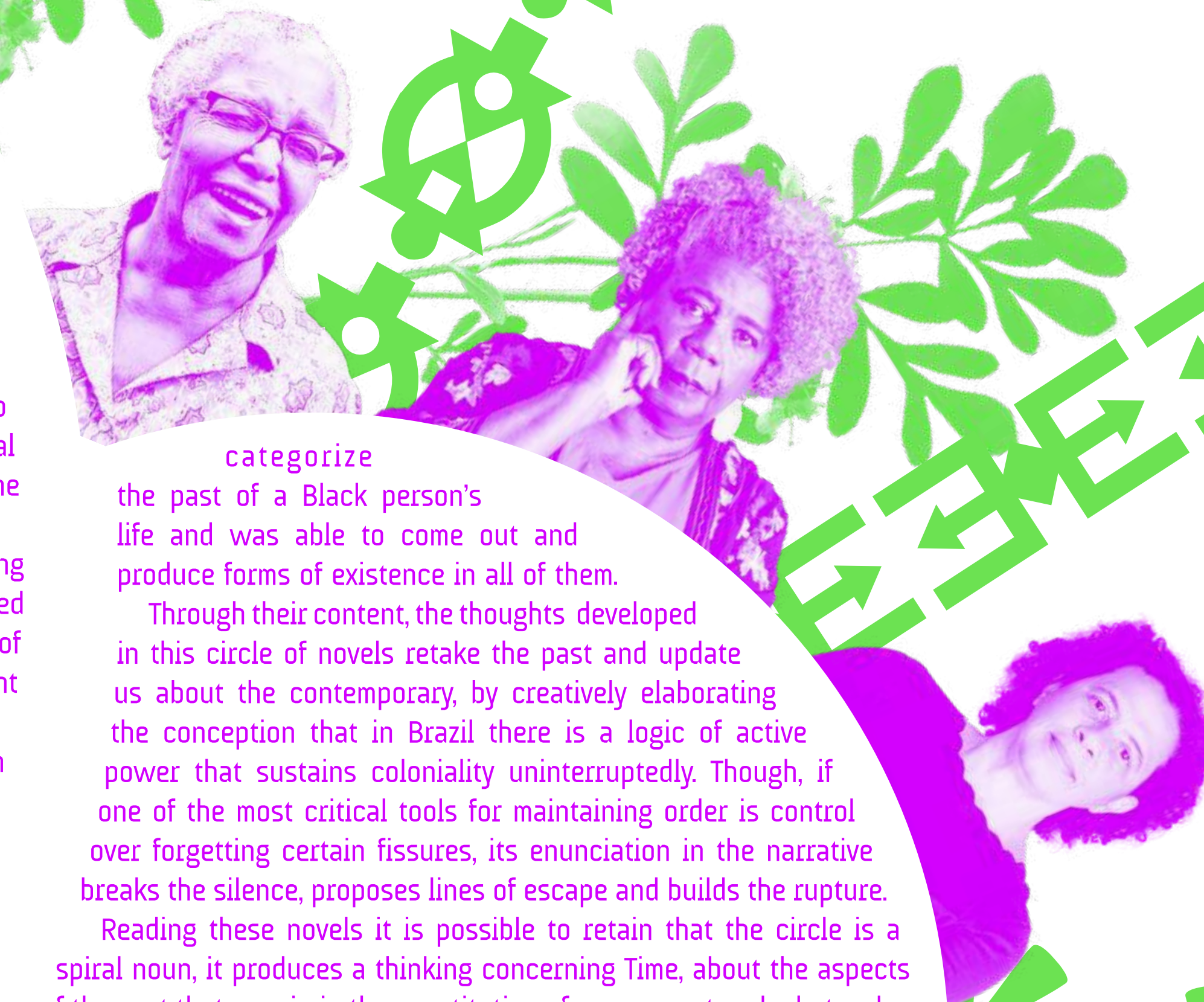
Under the sound of drumming and creating spaces in the imaginary of absolute existence, Maria Vitória from Aleduma Island appears, a *quilombo*<sup>4</sup> on Earth projected by Black people from an imaginary planet. In this novel, the historical is inscribed as derived from the real, anticipating Afro-Futurist lines in the narrative. The fiction, scientific for some, surrealistic for others, projects a community of transnational destiny, afropolitan<sup>5</sup>, which meets and connects through the same oral and body language, the *ljexá*<sup>6</sup>.

Kehinde, Osún's daughter, astute and creative, comes to the circle to show the disentanglement of her Atlantic paths.

Crossing several worlds in the novel, her narrative makes multiple silences prescribed, opening space for an intricate network of relationships, escape lines, shortcuts and curves, making everything more profound and complex,

6. T.N.: *ljexá*: In *candomblé*, one of the many African religions worshiped in Brazil, is a rite of Ketu variant with its own characteristics of dances, music and rhythms that are produced with singing and drumming.

always reminding us of the need and strength of the archives. The novel builds a narrative for a Black woman's daily life concerning her relations, transitions, negotiations, searches, frustrations, joys, loves, in short, as an individual who lives and resists death (of body, memory and agency). A liberated enslaved woman, self emancipated and free, Kehinde experienced all the states that



categorize the past of a Black person's life and was able to come out and produce forms of existence in all of them.

Through their content, the thoughts developed in this circle of novels retake the past and update us about the contemporary, by creatively elaborating the conception that in Brazil there is a logic of active power that sustains coloniality uninterrupted. Though, if one of the most critical tools for maintaining order is control over forgetting certain fissures, its enunciation in the narrative breaks the silence, proposes lines of escape and builds the rupture.

Reading these novels it is possible to retain that the circle is a spiral noun, it produces a thinking concerning Time, about the aspects of the past that remain in the constitution of our present and what makes our future rare.

The novels, visible and in circulation, interrogate Brazil by the key of what I called spiral-plantation, its most durable paradigm, that's why they converge so much with the contemporary, marked by the continuous strengthening of the same circles of power, by the repetition of the same gears of oppression, the return to a particular *modus operandi* which is already known, in the setbacks, in everything that in our moment estimates forces of regressive nature.

In the dialogical field of this body of novels, it is composed narratively with the *same pattern of narrative tropes that shape our conception of history*<sup>7</sup>, the experience/ thought/perspective/existence of the Black individual, which creates spaces to the emergence of another narrative of Brazil – a decolonized one. ■

7. Ella Shohat and Robert Stam. *Unthinking Eurocentrism: Multiculturalism And The Media*, 2006. [Crítica da imagem eurocêntrica – Multiculturalismo e representação. Translated by: Marcos Soares, 2006].





AKA  
LUAN

BY FORMIGÃO  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN  
PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

UNDER SCORPIO SUN A  
THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND  
EIGHTY ONE YEARS  
TO BE BORN  
I IMAGINE YOUR RISING SIGN  
ON PERSONARE  
LEO  
WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOUR  
BACKYARD

taurus moon would scent the leather  
boasting who doesn't want some komfort some  
kits more than wearing a nike in your foot  
a little  
luxury?

family person my widowed mother son and  
daughter it's like the kilombo outskirts some  
tumbling like those living resisting days sassy kidos  
it was like fire in the wick no amusement park man  
in child's play the street was all yours badass flying  
kite and perhaps went down the slope on a wooden  
street luge whole day by the sun no longer skhool  
soccer buying some books was expensive but there  
are some hints as your feet don't fit your sneakers.

not by chance we like sneakers

don't wanna fokus on the mirrored poverty i  
wanna think that the big shoes  
were  
a prophecy  
of the great black sapatão they'd be

having no option they became a badass in the  
streets they hype with the chicks and imagine

different scenes ain't crazy enough to be a thug  
with no reintegration as if we were not afraid in the  
90s the 90 stones in the rebell adolescence in the  
essence of your team that was dragged into thug life

155 and illegal konceaed karrying bearing the gun  
behind the wall  
has been to youth detention many times  
some days locked in  
bread krumbs and torture  
prisons should not exist

the cistem cannot kontrol their revolt not even  
with them bars  
luan took the A out of their given name  
just as simple  
navigating in the sea of freedom  
'kuz  
sapatão are human beings  
sapatão is a human being

this chick  
used to like luan  
being a sapatão self they haven't disappeared on  
the block  
they kommitted instead and asked for private visit  
as they were engaged  
it was a better deal as the wife they met in jail  
would fly out to the street  
the poet beautifully dropped some verses "being  
happy is black foundation"  
enemy state the klaims are for the right to kum  
like the kind of love life brings even  
in deprivation of liberty

id card ain't identity

an ordinary sapatão like jam in the hoods messes





up the signs in a venom motorbike shootout to the accent  
originally from the kountryside ain't silly and dresses a soccer  
jersey they klaim support for timão though there are kuestionings  
black and white gavião fiel but ain't guilty no more kites in the  
sky for the sake of the workers in search for food with no regret  
real is the struggle kar wash klean up loud musik of kourse rap  
keeps the strength of mind ain't giving no break black drama got  
'em chicks ain't never alone let them go draw something barbecue  
gossip around evidences and eskrevivências be going to skhool  
for youth and adult wishing to give some haircuts they were gifted  
with scissors in their hands black people on fleek the salon was  
the castle future boss no more hate they wanna get to the top  
it aims at the intellektuals from the hood shootout for dat being  
disciplined don't skrew up have some responsibility in mothering  
'em buddy child namesake godchild like an ally child

fake frisking is an evil burden police is evil and bro i don't trust  
those fucking pigs

jardim paiva II there ain't no flowers only the steel from police  
boots

phallik batons  
konfused and in rage 'kuz of our dickless maskulinity  
how many times have i said don't frisk me

"i'm a woman" defense strategy so that i don't have my body

touched by 'em pigs  
there ain't no way though their uniform makes us fear  
go round our hearts the noise of the patrols  
they keep watching us

lesbo-hate lesbocide racism transphobia in this very same body  
who would tell

here is my gift  
in the di-verse rhyming format  
to luana barbosa dos reis santos, aka luan

by formigão



# EVERY BLACK SAPATÃO<sup>1</sup> IS EXU

every black sapatão is exu  
my okani is a dildo  
every black sapatão is exu  
when the girl kums i vibrate  
every black sapatão is exu  
my whole body is my okani  
every black sapatão is exu  
like an origami  
every black sapatão is exu  
a lot of people are afraid of me  
every black sapatão is exu  
some black chicks are into  
every black sapatão is exu  
cirkular life  
every black sapatão is exu  
as ifá would say  
every black sapatão is exu  
i ain't no demon  
every black sapatão is exu  
i twist your pheromone  
every black sapatão is exu  
it ain't good or evil  
every black sapatão is exu  
kinda bitter though it's sweet

every black sapatão is exu  
running away from the police  
every black sapatão is exu  
going after the green paper  
every black sapatão is exu  
black market  
every black sapatão is exu  
black money  
every black sapatão is exu  
i sell powder  
every black sapatão is exu  
i sell po...etry and not only  
every black sapatão is exu  
my life is a treasure  
every black sapatão is exu  
i'm more valuable than gold  
trading in the market  
every black sapatão is exu  
i make sense by rhyming  
every black sapatão is exu  
we don't find kops appealing  
every black sapatão is exu  
no evil or animosity just humbleness  
every black sapatão is exu  
i like to eat  
every black sapatão is exu  
dende stew  
every black sapatão is exu  
i'm a fan of your bun  
every black sapatão is exu  
i want my oshun  
every black sapatão is exu  
i'm being playful  
every black sapatão is exu  
but my lesson is truthful  
every black sapatão is exu ■

by formigão

1. T.N.: "Sapatão" (or *sapatona*) is often translated as lesbian – and sometimes butch or dyke. Both terms – sapatão and lesbian – do indeed stand for the same demographic when one considers solely the sexuality aspect. However, when it comes to race, gender and gender expression, there are some specificities about "sapatão/sapatona" that the term "lesbian" does not seem to encompass, i.e.: 1) some black sapatonas do not use "lesbian" due to its Greek – white – origin, and would rather use a Brazilian term to describe themselves; 2) some sapatonas do not feel comfortable being labelled as women and use sapatão not only to describe their sexualities but the way they carry themselves in relation to and/or in terms of gender expression; 3) "sapatão/sapatona" is usually preferred and more frequently used by those who consider themselves non-feminine; 4) some sapatonas do not mind being addressed to with masculine pronouns or even prefer them. (Bruna Barros and Jess Oliveira. 2020. "Black Sapatão Translation Practices: Healing Ourselves a Word Choice at a Time". *Caribbean Review of Gender Studies*, Issue 14: 43-52). Available at: <[https://sta.uwi.edu/crgs/december2020/documents/CRGS\\_14\\_Pgs43-52\\_Barras\\_Oliveira\\_BlackSapataoTranslationPractices-final.pdf](https://sta.uwi.edu/crgs/december2020/documents/CRGS_14_Pgs43-52_Barras_Oliveira_BlackSapataoTranslationPractices-final.pdf)>

#### notes

1. this poem was published in the magazine *garupa* in may 2020 v.9 in the section *abre caminho*. i published as *formiga*, but today i name myself *formigão* as a shift to my understanding of lesbianity as a masculine *sapatão*  
2. some verses were changed in october 2020.  
3. komposing with "k" is a reference to the anarcopunk movement, which writes like this sometimes to bespeak the subversion of language.

#### reference

<http://revistagarupa.com/edicao/sentinelasecao/abre-caminho/>





# BLACK POETICS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

BY DANDARA KUNTÊ



FORMAT: VIDEO PERFORMANCE  
(BRAZIL-2021)  
RUNNING TIME: 13'55"  
LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE  
SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

<https://ehcho.org/conteudo/revista-quebrada-inteira>

VIDEO



THE USE OF EARPHONES IS RECOMMENDED FOR A BETTER AUDIO EXPERIENCE.

**TITLE:** BLACK POETICS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

**CREATION AND ACTING:** DANDARA KUNTÊ

**PLOT:** The video presents the solo work by the actress, performer and poet Dandara Kuntê. The work was developed during COVID-19 pandemic, at Sé Square located in the central region of São Paulo, one of the places with the highest number of homeless people. She shows the sensitive ways of presentification and communication guided by the movements of her body. She incites us to reflect upon the social invisibility of the homeless population during a health crisis and the poetics that stand out in face of the harshness of life for those who are willing to see it.



## THE KEEPER OF STORIES

BY JENYFFER NASCIMENTO

HOW TALKATIVE THAT WOMAN WAS. SHE HAD JUST ARRIVED AND THERE WAS ALREADY A SMALL AUDIENCE LISTENING TO HER FASCINATED. INCLUDING ME, WHO DOESN'T SURRENDER EASILY, HAD MY EARS HYPNOTIZED. WITH TIME I BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT NO MATTER WHAT STORIES SHE TOLD, EVERYTHING SHE NARRATED CAME TO LIVE.

At the time I was still afraid of witches. What intrigued me the most was that as soon as her words came out of her mouth, they started to dance as if the saxophone's invisible sound made them swirl, a cosmogonic atmosphere involving everything around us. When I realized it, I was following the charming ballet of her plots. I remember the story of the child who was going to be born headless. A terrible event, I had never heard of such a thing. That day, I wanted to run away. It's shitty to be so chicken-hearted, but what am I going to do? I couldn't stop listening to her even though I felt a consuming fear.

I already knew men's way of telling stories, full of heroic courage and imaginary bravery. They used to make me so tired, superlatives are exhausting! You can't exaggerate the lies either, only when it's a tale. The woman? The woman had something, her way of narrating was an enigma from beginning to end. It had no obvious outcome. She was short, but very proud. It made me think of the womanistic way of telling stories. Have you ever heard a crazy person talking? She was crazy and a witch, but she was also so sober. I had never seen anything like that. How talkative the woman was.

When she disappears for a while, I feel itchy at the bottom of my ear. My ears demand her stories. I heard she was traveling around, collecting some stories by rivers and trees, she even went abroad chasing for stories that live in the bellies of the mountains. They say she could feel the earth's heartbeat on her tiptoes and that she liked to prose with fish and fisherman. Her return was the best of it all.

Last year was the first time she didn't come and didn't tell any stories. Nothing. I needed to see her eyes. We were told the woman was going through a difficult time. I prayed it wasn't insanity, because being crazy is not like being insane. A brat poked me and whispered that it was a serious problem. Distorted eyesight. I couldn't understand, after all, she didn't even wear glasses. I went to research about cataract, myopia, astigmatism and learned that none of these were the same problems she had. But no

ENGLISH VERSION





one spoke about it, it could only be an injury to her vocal cords and not her eyes.

She owned all the stories of the world and owned the way of telling the stories of the women from that world. I started feeling very afraid of the distorted eyesight disease. Did she catch it in the air? Did she eat anything spoiled? Has she touched anywhere contaminated? Or fell into a hole and started unseeing things? How much I missed that woman's talk. The woman stayed silent, speechless. The worst part was seeing how much this silence weighed. The world without the woman's stories was a non-world.

I had never thought that woman could suffer from this evil someday. They told me that it started when she had to move. I used to believe the world was her home, but there was a house that kept her stories. She told us stories which lived on the walls, I remember. Unseeing is different from not seeing. Perhaps she could not see or unsee it? I started thinking smart. Well, if the woman actually used her mouth to narrate and spoke with her eyes - which are now distorted -, it wouldn't take too long for me, who heard with the ears, but felt with the eyes, to be equally sick. Soon, would there be a pandemic or an Essay on Distorted Eyesight? The worst blindness is not being able to feel. I pray every day that they find the cure. There isn't a vaccine yet. *Varum Distortis Vision.* I spend hours repeating the stories she told. I repeat because I am afraid of forgetting. Forgetting is worse than unseeing.

The thing is that one day the woman spoke again. She spoke as if a torrential rain fell from her mouth, the words went straight to the floor and flowed without twirling, they no longer had that swirling charm. I shook her, couldn't handle it. Some people found it violent. So did I, but it was out of despair. After, another joyful witch woman made coffee and gave it to her. The joyful woman was sad, but sadness usually goes away, unseeing things makes you blind and silences you. How talkative that woman was. She started to tell the stories, all messy, distorted. That's why I shook her. She knows. You can't tell stories like that, blurred, skewed, especially when they are about life. The stories were her own, but they were not rewritten or re-told, they were poisoned. The worst thing in life is narrating stories with a tone of unimportance. No way!

Five-twenty in the morning. The story of how the whole world couldn't sleep. I miss the woman, her stories, her vivid eyes. I missed when her words swirled to the sound of the invisible saxophone. Nor the witches, nor the crazy ones can make me surrender to the distorted eyesight disease. The stories lost their way, their passion. Every day I pray for them to find the cure. There is no vaccine yet. I was born already when I heard about smallpox, measles, then cholera, ebola. She was much younger than me, she had no wrinkles. How talkative was that woman. *Varium Distortis Vision. A disgrace.*

I don't know how to tell stories with my eyes or my mouth, I tell stories with my hands. Such a writer that woman was. She didn't know how to use commas. *Delirium escritus.*



# ON DYING

BY LUANA DE OLIVEIRA

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY  
YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU DIED? MY GRANDMOTHER USED TO SAY THAT US, POOR PEOPLE, ARE BORN DYING. IF YOU ARE A WOMAN, THEN IT GETS WORSE: YOU'RE BORN GUILTY AND DYING. I GREW UP WITH THIS HAMMERING IN MY HEAD.

What would be worse? Guilt or death? I still don't know. The first time I experienced death, it came disguised as love and protection. Maybe that's why it managed to extinguish the shine of the and cut the flesh. Not one single drop of blood was shed. I am a strong woman! That's what I hear, first from myself, then from many others... It comes from others first and then from me. I have difficulty assimilating evil. Maybe because it always came from the inside, from home, from the family, from love. When I was a child I used to pretend I was taking care. I took care of the house, took care of my siblings and cousins, and prepared surprise dinners for my mom. Once I made rice and egg salad with potatoes. I turned off the lights and lit two candles when she was about to get home. In our house, there were many white and colored candles. There was always one lit to the saint. That was the first time she brought pizza home. It was one of the happiest nights!

The old house was full of cracks and had a burnt cement floor, like those people call vermilion which glowed from the paste wax that was applied with used socks and polished with a gray wool blouse. Tiles with holes, a wooden window closed with a wooden latch, and a cardboard door. The plasterless bathroom which had the entrance door outside the house served as a shelter for slugs. Titita and Preta used it as shelter on rainy days as well. Once they had an ugly fight, Titita lost a tooth and Preta left bleeding. We cried a lot. It was hard to separate the fight. My mom shouted at them, we tried to throw water and put a broomstick between them, but nothing worked. They only stopped when they got exhausted. This lasted more than half an hour, we counted on the clock!

For a week, we had to shower using a mug and eat by the light of candles. The electricity was cut off. There were some bills accumulated. We had fun burning our hair strands with fire. The days passed by fast. The night the electricity was restored, we watched Tieta. Oh, Tieta! I liked her boldness and courage, but I also enjoyed the conservatism of her sister, Perpétua, who kept her deceased husband's penis in a box. I remember one of her scenes when she was on the back of a bus holding that very box. I was a child and couldn't understand very well, but I imagined it wasn't a good thing. There was a mystery in Perpétua's scenes and the mysterious box. At the time, soap operas were the main source of entertainment for Brazilian families, especially the low income ones, like mine. My mother could only watch the chapters on Wednesdays. On the other days, we had religious commitments. We tried to follow the story by watching the







ENGLISH VERSION

MOM

AUTHOR: PRISCILA OBACI  
 COPY EDITED BY MAITÉ FREITAS E PRISCILA OBACI  
 TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

Mom is a place one should never leave  
 The necessary warmth and shade for ideas to germinate...  
 Mom is a strong ground that encourages us to fly and then turns herself into a fluffy mattress so that when the wing breaks, our face can still feel her kisses  
 The more our branches grow towards the sun, the more we sink into her  
 Mom is a strong root that nurtures life  
 And when the world says NO, in her womb there is always YES  
 Honesty that never ends to land  
 Mom is the place we run to every time we are afraid

Her heart is a love cell that multiplies and becomes as many heart we need in order to carry on bravely  
 She is always a gaze beyond the eyes can reach, that sees the stone as just a stone and not as a wall  
 She is always rebirth  
 Rain when everything is dry  
 Then sun again  
 Tomorrow  
 She is a moon in the mystery of having an answer for everything  
 Mom is the cuddle that swings like the sea and smells like dusk  
 A hammock that lulls you to sleep when your head is a mess  
 A deep breath that fills everything with serenity and patience  
 Eternity, an endless love  
 And light...

Mom is giving birth when everything seems lost...  
 Pretending to be strong is useless as she always knows when something is broken...  
 We are only able to understand that when we become Moms too...  
 ...we are always some part of her...  
 That is why whenever we want to feel complete, under her glaze is the place we run to...  
 And even when she is no longer around physically, she makes herself present in dreams and memory...  
 A Mother's poem has no end, She will always surprise you with a new possibility of being generosity and love...

GODDESS  
 OF MYSELF

Great ancestral ladies, I will dive into your waters  
 Nanã, root me in feminine  
 Bring your strength the portal of life and death  
 I will give birth to my newborn  
 Oyá, blow away all deaths to Orum  
 I will give birth to life  
 Obá, keep me strong until I defeat myself  
 I will give birth to my victory  
 Oxum, receive me in your great womb, bath me of self love  
 I will give birth  
 Ewá, the queen of emerging waters, turn all the pains into joy  
 I am the cycle, the spiral  
 The endless time





# ENOUGH

I don't tolerate pain  
 I know how to navigate pain  
 It has always been my ocean  
 I am many  
 Yemanjá, Odoiá  
 I deliver myself to ancestral waters  
 I let myself come and go with every wave  
 Not a cesarean delivery  
 I will give birth

I deliver my sons...  
 ... and my daughters...

to a world that hates them  
 I am here to love, recreate

Midwives are for Black women  
 Care is for Black women  
 Carrying on is from Africa  
 I am the descendant of an indigenous womb  
 I can give birth  
 Black women give birth  
 Black women provide care  
 Black women to be mothers

I will give birth to all Black women who could not take care of their children

I will give birth to wall Black families that were set apart  
 I will give birth to all Black people who will fight back  
 To all Black women who will be resistances and softness  
 I will give birth without your hand  
 No one will stop me  
 I will give birth  
 Go away

AUTHOR: PRISCILA OBACI  
 COPY EDITED BY MAITÉ FREITAS E PRISCILA OBACI  
 TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

with your white vest  
 I don't want you to own my body anymore  
 I own my uterus  
 I will give birth to every children taken to the sea  
 I will give birth to every womb that was taken away from Black women

I will give birth to every Black youth murdered by the police  
 I will give birth to every part you reaped away from my body  
 I will give birth to every children who were born from a rape

I will give birth to all my ancestors  
 I will give birth bathed by herbs  
 I will give birth surrounded by women  
 Submerged in wise that fills every pore of my skin  
 I will give birth  
 I will give birth  
 I will give birth

My womb will be free  
 I won't care about your damn words written out in the wind  
 I will give birth to my own path  
 I will give birth with my temple body  
 I will give birth entrenching life  
 Get outta my way  
 Get outta my way  
 Get outta my way with these tools  
 Get outta my way with your racism  
 Get outta my way with your obstetric violence  
 Get outta my way

I am walking by  
 Followed by a crowd of women  
 They know it all  
 No  
 I say no

I will give birth

And become  
 Goddess of myself

# SPIRAL WOMB

We are the insistence  
 The resilience  
 The curve that does not turn  
 The life that does not dry up  
 The river flowing  
 Black Waterfalls

Our womb is condemned to death  
 On the contrary  
 We are rebellion  
 Disobedience  
 And we give birth to our fate

There is fear  
 But there is hope

It is a gun aiming at our face all the time  
 Heart that stops beating  
 Though our legacy is guaranteed  
 80, 111, million shots every day  
 And they don't understand how come we still here  
 Alive and procreating

Chess is a game  
 Whites killing Blacks  
 And our Queen lavishing power  
 Crying  
 But always standing on her back  
 Every newborn Black children  
 makes the world swirl again



# PRAYER OF THE POSSIBLE MOTHER

I set myself free from all the promises I made in pregnancy  
I accept to wear disposable diapers  
Not being happy all the time  
Throw everything away and run with nowhere

I set myself free from cooking every day  
Not having a perfect hom  
And sometimes not having clean clothes  
I give in to his crying because I don't always know what to do  
I set myself free from having an answer for everything  
Being in control and detaining power

I am free from all the prisons I locked myself into  
When I didn't even know how it all would be  
I accept sometimes not having patience and wanting to put my breast away when he wants to be breastfed  
Saying know is also love

I am grateful all the times I am not strong  
When I let myself being taken care of  
And for a while I put the "Warrior" that every Black women gotta be all the time  
I accept the Mom I can be today  
I appreciate the one I was yesterday  
And the hug yet to come

AUTHOR: PRISCILA OBACI

COPY EDITED BY MAITÉ FREITAS E PRISCILA OBACI  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE



TEXTS FROM THE BOOK  
*POESIAS PÓS PARTO* (2020),  
PUBLISHED BY ORALITURAS.

About the work: *Poesias Pós Parto* is the result of an experience-research-observation carried out for four years of Black and hood motherhood. This journey is narrated in 40 poems, thus becoming a book-embrace for moms and their support community. It is an artistic manifest that brings peace, strength, and breath to the puerperium.



# SPIRAL WOMB

BY PRISCILLA OBACI



<https://youtu.be/ztHnvjhiJto>

FORMAT: VIDEO POEM (BRAZIL-2020)  
RUNNING TIME: 1'10"  
LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE  
SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

VIDEO



THE USE OF EARPHONES IS RECOMMENDED FOR A BETTER AUDIO EXPERIENCE.

TITLE: SPIRAL WOMB  
TEXT AND ACTING: PRISCILA OBACI  
PRODUCTION: FLUXO IMAGENS

PLOT: Poet, writer and actress Priscila Obaci plays "Spiral Womb" giving life, body and voice to the poem of her own authorship in a background carefully chosen, which reveals that she belongs to the place. With an excerpt taken from her book *Poesia Pós Parto* (2020) - [Afterbirth Poetry] she expands the ideas about bearing a child and giving birth. The work was published by *Editora Oralituras* as a result of an experience-research-observation of peripheral and Black mothering. It is an artistic manifest that brings comfort, strength and breathing to the puerperium.



BOTECO MEANS BAR IN PORTUGUESE. A SPACE TO MEET, CATCH UP, RELAX, HAVE FUN, INTERACT, CLEAR THE MIND. IT'S A PLACE TO WET THE WORDS AND LET THEM ECHO WITH THE DRUNK VOICES OF THE STREETS. PLANTING GROUND WHERE WE COME TOGETHER TO SOW OTHER WORLDS, CULTIVATE ANCESTRAL TECHNOLOGIES, HARVEST COLLECTIVE DREAMS, AND GERMINATE OTHER SPACES FOR CARING AND COLLECTIVE STRENGTHENING. (BOT)ECOS IS A GATHERING OF DIFFERENT IDEAS AND FRAGMENTS THAT CREATE POSSIBILITIES OF BEING AND EXISTING IN THE WORLD.

# BOT(TECO)S







# A BORDAR ESPAÇO TERAPÊUTICO: HEALTH AND HUMAN RIGHTS WITH WOMEN IN THE PROJECTS

TRANSLATION  
YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

WE ARE FOUR PERIPHERAL WOMEN, LIVING IN THE EXTREME SOUTH OF SÃO PAULO CITY PROJECTS, GRADUATED IN PSYCHOLOGY AND WE WROTE THIS TEXT TO TELL A LITTLE ABOUT OUR HISTORY IN THE

CONSTRUCTION OF PROCESSES OF DEELITIZATION OF MENTAL HEALTH IN THE PROJECTS. OUR DESIRE HAS ALWAYS BEEN TO CONTRIBUTE SO THAT THE PROJECTS POPULATION CAN ACCESS QUALITY MENTAL HEALTH ACTIONS.

In June 2018, we decided to invest in creating a therapeutic space welcoming the projects population of the extreme south of the city of São Paulo. For this, we rent a small house and organized all the spaces so they were welcoming and promoters of the health process.

We built a kitchen capable of promoting metaphors to deal with pain: it is possible to chew anguish, digest anxiety, vomit trauma, feed what is good for us. Our reception has been able to produce moments of coexistence and collective care. Our service rooms seek to generate security to welcome tears, laughter and resignifications with secrecy and respect. The yard has a vegetable garden, plants and sofas spread out so that we can observe the time of things and respect people's time.

In short, we are Embroidering a Therapeutic Space, and this is beautiful!

But it has also been challenging to build this place. Donations received here, installments and equipment loans there, balancing the bills in a tight budget, we continue to believe and invest in the power of the people of the periphery.

We have assisted with auriculotherapy, psychological support, conversation circles, courses, orgasmic therapy, active meditation for women, professional guidance for teenagers, study groups about the projects health, mobilizations to dialogue with the population about well-being and getting closer to groups and people who work in the same area as us.

Our therapeutic space is frequented, mostly by black women aged between 18 and 35 years. Given the reports brought by them in the activities, we could see their greatest emotional and psychological weaknesses are related to the oppression of gender, race, class and the lack of information, and services that would



guarantee them the exercise of Sexual and Reproductive Rights, such as prevention, self-care, legal abortion and access to justice.

In June 2019, we began to reflect on the possibility of creating a formative process on sexual and reproductive rights with women from the projects, thus contributing to the fight in defense of our bodies <sup>1</sup>.

We thought with great affection about a methodology of face-to-face meetings with a format for exchanging ideas and affections. We had the desire to build a trajectory where each woman felt touched by other women's existence and thought: "This woman is so admirable that I want to experience things with her, I want to build a fair world for her and me..."

That was how we created the Project Há-Manhãs: women from the projects in defense of their bodies. A process initially conceived in the format of 12 face-to-face meetings for the collective construction of knowledge about sexuality and human rights. To implement this idea, we received funding from the Elas Fund, through the public tender Mulheres em Movimento, which welcomed our project and supported us.

Between August and December 2019, we dedicated ourselves to the construction of methodology, studies (readings, collective reflections, videos, etc.) and internal discussions of our work team. We bought materials that expressed our care in the most affectionate way possible and, in January 2020, we opened registration for women who were interested in experiencing this process.

The registration period for the project Há-manhãs was carried out in person so that each woman could get to know our space, and we could tell a little about our history.

And that's how we formed our first class with 35 women.

Of the twelve planned meetings, we had only two in person, but they were inspiring. Each shared life story, each desire to expand the network, each experience touched us a lot and we were grateful for such openness.

Then COVID-19 came, and with it, the need to be together in another configuration: staying at home!

We needed creativity to build a new way of being affective at a distance. Our work methodology was designed to have touch,

heat exchange, hugs and collective food. With the pandemic and social isolation, all that thought methodology needed to be rethought. This was difficult for us!

We spent the first month of social isolation thinking: "Next month we resume things", but then came the second month, the third and we need to accept that the reality has changed and our way of working would need to be adapted. As Conceição Evaristo says, "the night does not fall asleep in the eyes of women".

We reorganized the process to happen virtually, we invited twenty-two women who, for us, are references of the fight to compose our Educating Body and we proposed discussions via Google Classroom. Besides, every Friday, we had live virtual meetings, which allowed for greater closeness and dialogue between all women.

At that time, our wish was that everyone could be in the virtual exchanges but, unfortunately, there were some obstacles: dropouts due to difficulty in accessing the platform, due to not adapting to the virtual model, many women were unable to reconcile college and work with the content, others did not even have quality internet access and we are very sorry not to have them with us, but we believe that soon we will find our powers in a new edition of the project, this time 100% in person.

Our process ended on July 3, 2020, and now we want to continue with these women, building a Network of Protective Agents for the Peripheral Corps.

We made a deal with the Project participants that, in 2021, we will hold the 1st Affective Meeting of the Há-manhãs Women, which will take place on March 6th and 7th. There will be two days of activities of self-care, self-love, exchanges and collective strengthening. In the desire and construction of better days, we are organizing a meeting for all of us with great affection, knowledge and trade.

Currently, our Therapeutic Space is closed due to the need for social isolation, but we are firm in the care actions so that, soon, we can meet, embrace, and continue together building Há-manhãs. ■

AS CONCEIÇÃO  
EVARISTO SAYS,  
"THE NIGHT  
DOES NOT FALL  
ASLEEP IN  
THE EYES OF  
WOMEN".

This text was produced by DAYANA ALMEIDA, ELÂNIA FRANCISCA, LIDIA SENA, SAMARA MONTEIRO, founding psychologists of A Bordar Espaço Terapêutico and members of the Project Organizing Corps Há-manhãs: women from the projects in defense of their bodies.



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## FOR A SOCIOLOGY OF THE CAPULANAS BLACK FEMALE THEATER: EVIDENCE AND PATHS

BY ADRIANA PAIXÃO TRANSLATION YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION



THE CAPULANAS CIA OF BLACK ART HAS BEEN GUIDED BY A SOCIAL INVESTIGATION AND AESTHETIC CREATION WHERE BLACK WOMEN ARE THE THEME AND PROTAGONISTS, INSTIGATED TO SEEK UNDERSTANDING AND SUCH PERCEPTION OF RACISM AND GENDER DOMINATION.

The apparent absence of black women in the Brazilian artistic environment leads us to facts already verified by other generations. The search, localization, and recomposition of the socio-cultural history of Brazilian black theater, in a feminine expression, has placed us in front of the silence production and the invisibility of figures of impressive action, but that, over the years, little by little, had their memories erased, in the construction of narratives processes, including those intended to counter institutional racism.

By identifying black female narratives and locating other historical and artistic references for our creation and poetry, we understand that there were, and are, many black women in theatrical production, but its productions are made invisible. It is possible to see, having as reference what Michael Pollack called “underground memories”, that there’s an official hegemony memory that can be confronted with unrecognized and underground memories.

São Paulo is a city whose cultural production is varied and rich. Groups and public and private theater schools are rooted in the city, which has







## THE CAPULANAS IS ANCHORED IN THE BLACK AESTHETIC, WHICH REFRESHES RELIGIOUS ELEMENTS OF <sup>1</sup>JONGOS, <sup>2</sup>CANDOMBLÉS AND <sup>3</sup>UMBANDAS FOR URBAN WORLD SPECTACLE.

The memories of African ancestry and the diaspora's black body are preponderant elements in the theatrical scene of the group and determine, with the other symbolic elements, their specific cultural and philosophical dimensions.

The conventional and hegemonic theater hides black characters in stereotypes, where the black form is presented, but at the same time almost always devoid of positivity and complexity. Furthermore, with rare exceptions, it tends to capture the black presence on the scene in the key to comicality, not as a way of spontaneity, contentment, or joy, but as depreciation and jocosity, displacement and misunderstanding.

It is possible to understand the effort of black intellectuals who came and went before us, like Lélia Gonzales and Beatriz Nascimento, and produced a moral economy that we can call Brazilian black feminism. These studies allow us to look at Brazilian society in another way, without fatalism. We must honor their struggles and remember their names, recovering their productions and emancipation projects.

It was not the university that presented us the names, life stories, aesthetic and creative experiences of figures like Maria Nascimento, Beatriz

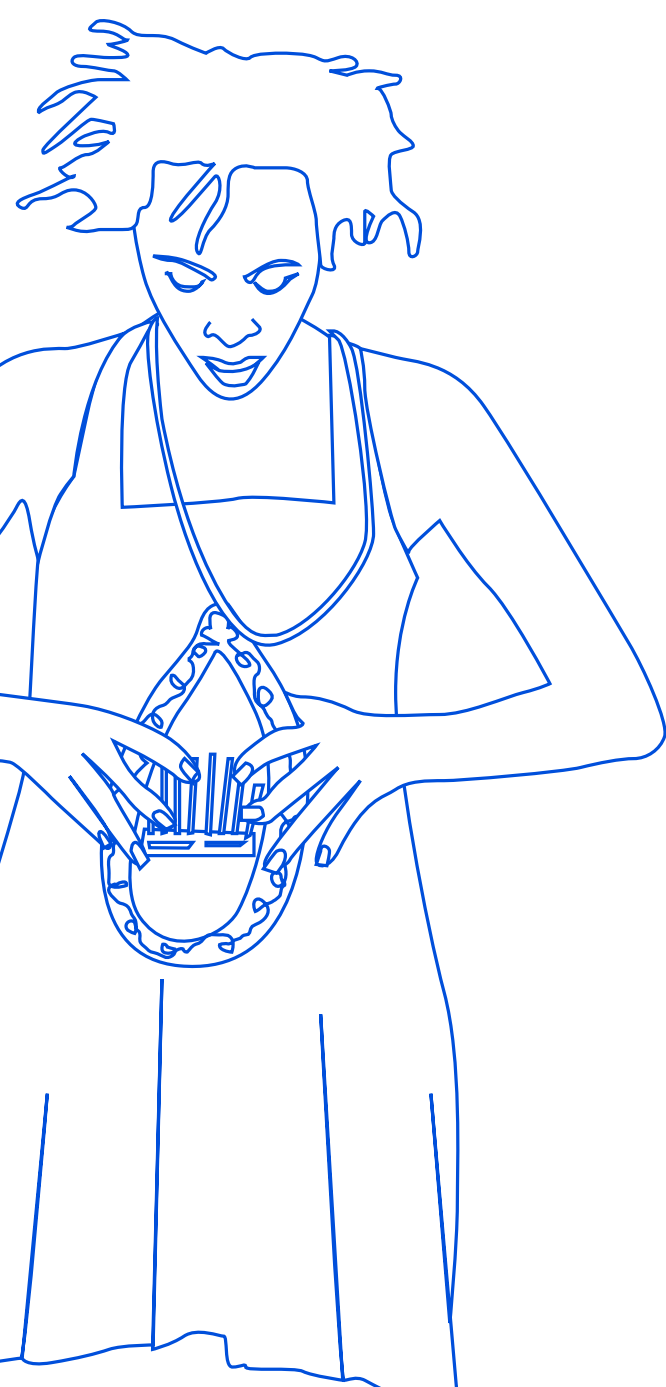
Nascimento, Margarida Trindade and Thereza Santos. These stories circulate in the social environment, known as the "Black Movement". Nevertheless, even in this environment, they appear played in a predominantly male frame of reference, reiterating the singularity of the specific condition of black women already emphasized by black theorists such as Beatriz Nascimento and Lélia Gonzalez.

Both criticized and positioned themselves in the face of the political castration processes that black women went through, including within the black movements of the 70s and 80s. The claims of white women did not contemplate the reality of black women, that is, the feminist movement did not consider the racial differences and peculiarities that identified the black women's fight.

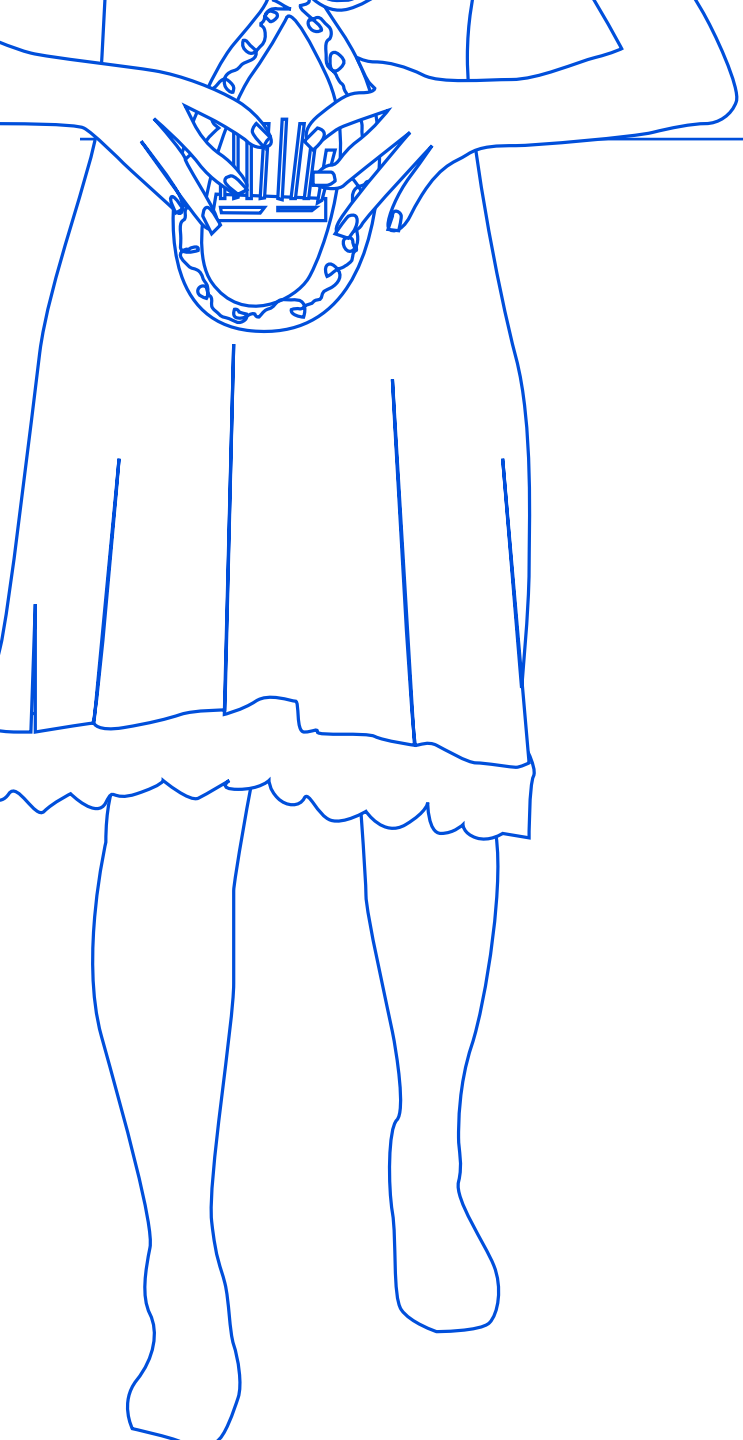
However, neither within the Black Movement's claims were gender issues and triple discrimination processes considered in class society. Lélia Gonzalez (2008, p. 38) pointed to the following fact: black men and political partners within the black movement have sexist positions, with little acceptance of black women in positions of leadership and articulation; she also pointed out that, although black women have not distanced themselves from black movements, they fought this internal battle against dominant male practices.

Black and female theatrical protagonism is, in a way, an innovation, however, there have been experiences of dramaturgies performed by black women in São Paulo in previous decades, projects by actresses, playwrights and black directors such as Carmen Luz, Zenaide Jadile and Thereza Santos.

The current scene brings a collective dimension of research and realization, which can only exist in this context because, first, there is an accumulation that can be visited, discussed and overcome. Besides, the highest rate of schooling







and social and political activism from these women, often the first with higher education in their families, enabled them to acquire skills, techniques and knowledge that allowed them to critically understand their condition, as well as the context of production of their artistic language.

The corporal, imagery, poetic, textual and graphic speeches bring the dimensions present in the black aesthetics previously presented. Corporality is a concept from which representations are reconfigured as historical experiences, philosophical principles, ancestral knowledge.

Orality has been a central element of the creative process. For Hampaté Bâ, in the African tradition, orality assumes immeasurable value, it is a link with the ancestor, allowing the transmission of knowledge, art and spirituality, acquiring sacred and ritualistic value; “African tradition, therefore, sees speech as a gift from God. She is both downwardly divine and upwardly sacred”. In contemporary urban and Brazilian society, the word is seen as something archaic and outdated. Here, what is the place of African matrix orality?

School culture is, in general, responsible for the introduction of writing in the life of the population and has been, at the same time, an essential factor in maintaining historical and structural inequalities, fueled by anti-black and anti-indigenous racism in Brazil. Oral culture is rejected, nurturing contempt, and the exclusivity of schooling is perpetuated. Black oral forms are recovered precisely because of this tension between the written cultural normalization and school’s marginalization of the black population.

Cia Capulanas builds its repertoires drinking simultaneously from oral sources present in black sociability spaces, and accessing technologies to combat racism, built by black movements, such as

scriptures, plays, studies and monographs available on various platforms. We also break the silencing imposed on black women in these spaces, establishing other perspectives.

One of the first elements of self-affirmation of blackness is the valorization and recognition of the image, a process that, in most of the black population, is deteriorated and forgotten as a negative aspect. The social exclusion of black women puts us in a condition of subordination, with lives marked by references defined by a racist and sexist society.

Historically, from complementary and crossed ideologies, the woman’s image’s negative representation is an indisputable fact. When considering black women, the situation is much more severe: they occupy the last place in social hierarchies. This condition of double domination of sex and race, already in the 70s, was denounced and conceptually elaborated by intellectuals like Beatriz Nascimento and Lélia Gonzales. The black woman’s depreciated social image was sedimented on literature, theatrical and mainly on television media expression. The construction of the domestic worker’s social place, despite coinciding with the reality of many black women, fixed them to a place below the ground floor.

The Capulanas in their artistic creations proposes the articulation of an imaginary visual discourse based on African and Afro-Brazilian imaginary, culturally recognized by the black population, figured in objects and materials that stand out in the domestic world of black families, through leaves and roots, gourds and food, bowls and traditional props from religious spaces, colors associated with African entities and divinities. It is a theatricality referenced in the opening of paths, for a new perception, by making life trajectories marked by physical and symbolic violence perpetrated by the forms of gender and race

domination present in the socio-historical formation of Brazil to emerge from silence. The pieces and their montages involve questions about various levels of health, image, and subjectivity of women and black women, emphasizing their historical and cultural specificities, which is only possible with the recovery of specific knowledge and memories of the female world and notion of African ancestry. Thus, we intend to achieve the re-enrollment of specifically female Afro-diasporic experiences. ■

<sup>1</sup> *Jongo*. Sung rural dance, a type of rural samba, of African origin, whose choreography differs from one location to another.

<sup>2</sup> *Candomblé*. Afro-Brazilian religion

<sup>3</sup> *Umbanda*. Afro-Brazilian religion





# THE EXPERIENCE OF WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE: **WOMEN IN CIRCLE**

BY ANABELA GONÇALVES TRANSLATION YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

I ALWAYS HAD MANY WOMEN AROUND ME. I WAS RAISED BY MY MOTHER, BY HER FRIENDS, BY THE DAYCARE WORKERS AND TEACHERS: ALL OF THEM HELPED ME IN THE TRANSITION FROM CHILDHOOD TO ADOLESCENCE. I ALWAYS HAD MANY MOTHERS. MY CONNECTION WITH WOMEN ALWAYS BEEN VERY STRONG AND BEYOND UNDERSTANDING.

I met feminism very early through my teacher and friend Selma Saraiva, social activist, and plastic artist. Among learning to drink, smoke, and having fun in São Paulo projects, I learned the established difference between talking about feminism and the practice of what is the expected behavior of a woman.

My first fight was for my speech space. Being heard is, without a doubt, one of the most significant difficulties in a woman's life. I was the student union speaker in my second year of high school, and it was not easy to conquer that space.

I can say that even with all the existing noises, appropriation of ideas, and negation of knowledge present on this little woman who reports here, I was able to be heard and recognized for my positions in diverse spaces. I knew the fight against this silencing was part of the feminist fight, but we didn't give that name to what has always been part of the reality of women from the projects.

Feminism, to me, was white, spoke another language, and brought arguments outside the reality. Because of this, until almost twenty-five years old, I wasn't part of any feminist collective. At twenty seven-years-old, I had already done lots of things – I had been an actress, singer, poet, and mother –, but I was not connected with something that I considered fundamental: myself. Everything I read and knew often distanced me from my own experiences, because life is made of facts, not analysis, but it's worth nothing if they're not connected. So, I entered the sociology course in college to understand how knowledge could make sense in everyday life on the projects and its sores.

At this point, I was already part of the black, poor, single mother from a poor neighborhood statistics. This confirmation straightened my relation with feminism because it was necessary to understand all the difficulties I faced as a college woman and a mother.

During this period, I asserted myself more than ever, as a black woman. However, a lot of people have a whitened view of my presence due to my indigenous traits, and the way I communicate – acquired in the political and social movement – confuse some of them about my social class. I am always running from stereotypes and searching for the construction of a large image that strengthens me in the public social context. I saw myself many times embarrassed for not being recognized in places that, for me, were always common. The construction of the poor woman's





stereotype many times destroys a valuable coexistence space for women.

During my academic life, I discovered an extensive bibliography about women. Still, one book changed my path: *“Mulheres: O Gênero nos Une, A Classe nos Divide”* by Cecilia Toledo.

Already stoked with Marxist readings, this book made me rethink and focus absolutely on women and their issues. Toledo points out women went through several oppressive situations over time, however, she wasn't born oppressed or inferior but started to be treated this way and that this relationship is, directly or indirectly, related to the social division of labor.

From there, I realized that the submission of women is not natural. We naturalize this state of submission from our partners, our bosses, and every other man who sees themselves on the dispute for the social

space. It is essential to highlight that my life was made in the social and cultural movement. But, even in these spaces, the construction of masculinity is, to this day, surrounded by sexism veiled by the breadth of art and social necessities -, like health and habitation. Despite the great leaders of these movements being women, many times, men take ownership of these struggles, becoming prominent in these movements.

Toledo talks about the poverty issue and the worse living conditions of the black woman but also talks about their fights. The black woman naturalized the fight as part of their lives because being a woman is to fight all the time for your and your family's survival, so it's difficult for them to relate their daily fights with the feminist movement.

College was a time of maturation, reading, and knowledge, a lot of exchange and reactions to the present sexism. Only in 2012, when I went back to the projects, I began thinking about actions that enabled political and gender formation in low-income neighborhoods.

Here's a fact: it's not easy to think about female emancipation when we are engendered in these bonds - relationships, work, children, life in motion - while we are reflecting about what it actually means to be who we are and conquest

spaces, without becoming a conflict in our narrative.

Freedom is fragile, and it needs to be protected. Sacrifice it, even as a temporary measure, it's betraying it. How, then, act in a context where the life we live is continuously involved in sexism? I yet don't know, but I found out in 2015 that being constantly among women frees us from many bonds and promotes an essential healing process. In 2013, together with teachers from the region, we created the Katu Collective, working in public schools in the political education of teenagers in high school. The strategy was talking with the youth about existing political conventions, gender, culture, and sexuality, themes that will always arise if in a circle of young people if we ask them to suggest topics for debates.

Through the collective, I met women who also contained feminist ideas and practices in their discourse, focusing on low-income neighborhoods. Among many others, were Alessandra Tavares, Jenyffer Nascimento, Mariana Brito, Carla Arailda, Danielle Regina, Daniela Braga, Dandara Kuntê. We have other stories of encounter, of course: there were other debates, meetings, and commemorations within the space of culture and social movement. Between these encounters, it was born a feminist action that took into account our territorial, ethnic, and economic particularities. It wasn't the first place in the city that this discussion was happening. But it would be impossible without a qualified study to historiography this movement, but I claim that it came strongly to revive the feminist movement in the projects.

On march 8 of 2015, it was born the encounter of women **Periferia Segue Sangrando** (Periphery Keeps Bleeding), from the reflection of a song by the rapper GOG and the actions of the graffiti and plastic artist Carolina Teixeira, that painted uterus through the city. We held a meeting where we gathered women from the southern projects in a circle to talk about the sores of being women and carry out a collective healing process.

Based in the restorative circles<sup>1</sup> it's robust methodology in the work of the impacts of violence on subjectivity, that works through the experience of diving into their history,



1. The Centro de Direitos Humanos e Educação - CDHEP, (Education and Human Rights Center), it develops as one of its practices the training of agents in two modules: Fundamentals of Justice and the method of facilitating restorative processes of conflict resolution and restorative practices, with theoretical references in the ESPERE school of forgiveness and reconciliation. Such methodology was founded in Botogá by Fundación para la Reconciliación.



the damages violence experienced still causes and affects us concerning others and, primarily, in our performance as free women. We carry visible and invisible pains as marks on our physical and metaphysical bodies because our ancestors also lived trajectories marked by suffering. The racism, the sexism, and the gender prejudice cross us historically and elaborate this imaginary fear of freedom that is confused with the impossibility of living fully as a woman.

This encounter was a milestone in my feminist imaginary because I had never been part of something so complete, so beautiful and extravagant. Women from different parts of the city with varying contexts of living, in a circle, talking about their histories. Among pains and joys, we also shared the importance of our stories for the elaboration of our lives.

Without a doubt that circle cured me in ways it doesn't fit in words. I discovered there that the discussion about the importance of women's fight against sexism and the various forms of oppression that presents themselves in our ways, takes place through listening and sharing.

This was the moment when in the southern projects, several feminist collectives began to emerge. The Coletiva Fala Guerreira, (Speak Women Warrior Collective), established a communicators course, brought together women from different corners of the city to the Associação Cultural Bloco do Beco in the Jardim Ibirapuera. From this course, it was born the **Fala Guerreira Magazine**<sup>2</sup> that, with six volumes, brought several women to the production of texts about women in low-income neighborhoods, in addition to debates and relevant actions.

Other groups of women also had emerged, like the **Coletivo Camomilas** (Chamomiles Collective), the **Mulheres Negras** (Black Women), **Audácia** (Audacity), between others spread through the city. They emerged or resurfaced, in a denser context of the discussion of women from poor neighborhoods. Artistic groups, like the

Capulanas – Cia, composed by women, has as its artistic production the black woman and the African diaspora. Which, already existed, but in this context of discovering the importance of women's collectives, it represents the power in narratives linked to black ancestry and its significance in low-income neighborhoods feminism.

We got strong, I got strong, and the gender debate, hot, in the national context. Circles and more circles of gender formation and discussion started to pop up, and more and more connections, stories, and trajectories are established among women.

I learned a lot in women's circles. I learned that my life in São Paulo's low-income neighborhood matters.

Mother's wisdom, your head your guide, she said between conversations about

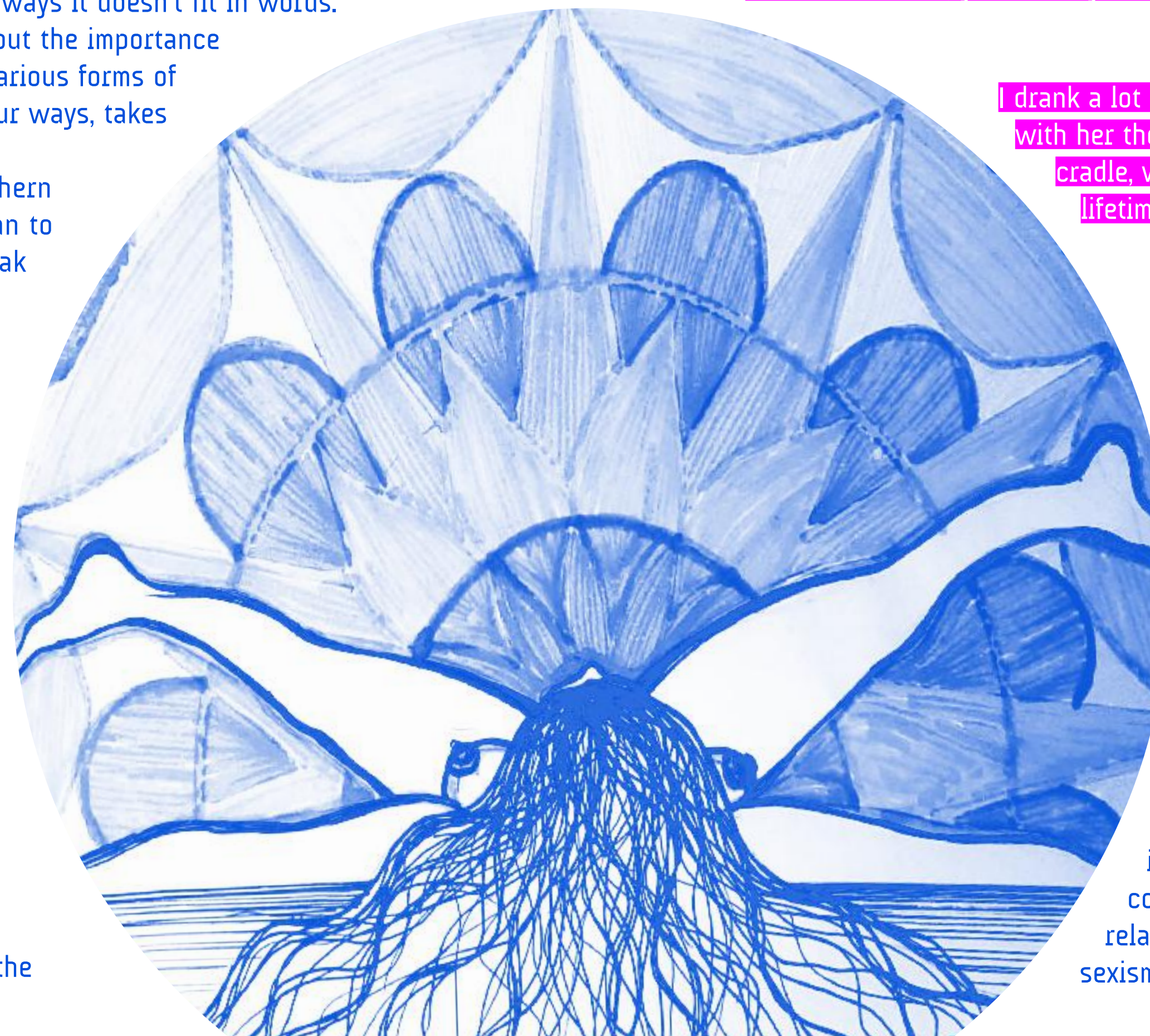
the future and my cowardice.

I drank a lot of mine water, bathed, played, I communicated with her the voices that followed me. My Monte Azul mine cradle, without realizing I lived around water almost a lifetime, warm water from open sewers, living water from the mine.

I grew up in a real community, many hands to forge this girl, nursery mothers, children, friends, and the mine.

Here is established an existing narrative on women's circles, I am not trying here to conjecture within an intellectual analysis the importance of this encounters, but that you see through me that transforming the language method and speech in the process of aligning the women's fight is essential.

When I talk about me, I have to call on one of the most disturbing themes in the life of a heterosexual feminist: contemporary affective, loving and sexual relationships and their bonds in maintaining sexism and capitalism as social norms. I am



2. Fala Guerreira: Mulheres e Mídia na Quebrada. blogfalaquerreira.blogspot.com.

*This water made the girl... ah, if I knew what I knew today, I would have made that mine my home. But I felt different with my little bucket of comings and goings, felt sad about my poverty, not shame, that was never served at home at any table.*



always questioning, does this discussion refer only to sex or the construction of toxic masculinity that can reverberate in anybody that have relationships? We know this toxic masculinity has manifest itself in male bodies, subjecting women to privative, violent and torturous relationships.

I am no exception to this terrible rule, but the circles strengthened me to get out of these processes, looking at how the social structures feed these relations. Today, love isn't about marriage anymore, but it is also about marriage, it isn't about wedding rings anymore, but it's also about wedding rings, among other equivalent patriarchal behaviors, what improves our situations today, are the possibilities.

How to not get intoxicated with old patriarchal inflammations that delay our conquests, gender independence, or sexual orientation? All of this is part of the big and old construction of our lives. Today we are organized in agendas of extreme importance for the past, present, and future, resolving ancestral inflammations that take from us the burden of a violence and silencing history, turning possible our ancestor's speech to reverberate in ours, even with the constant silencing and violence.

Today we aren't alone to think about our relations, whether heterosexual or not, monogamous or not. The women and their studies brought us the possibility of knowing nothing is natural, everything is a construction, and as such, it can be demolished.

When we talk about women's circles here, in the southern projects of São Paulo, specifically, the part where I live, - Jardim São Luís, Jardim Ângela, and Capão Redondo -, we are talking about black women, even with the relativism of colorism, we still recognize ourselves, even more, because of the conditions of impoverishment we live. Through this recognition, our diaspora inspired us to reaffirm the importance of female organizations, through fights from the organized feminist movement, compost historically by black women in our country.

In 1983, when the São Paulo governor, Franco Montoro, appointed thirty women counselors, all white, to the Conselho Estadual da Condição Feminina - CECF, (State Council of the Female Condition, the first governmental council on women's rights in Brazil), it triggered a process of mobilization of activist women of the black movement in São Paulo. As a result, the Coletivo de Mulheres Negras de São Paulo (São Paulo's Black Women's Collective), was created. Their mobilization caused two women to be appointed to compose the CECF.

In 1984, the 1<sup>st</sup> State Meeting of Black Women took place, which discussed,

among other topics, relations between black men and white women, violence, political participation, aesthetics, the labor market, education, the media, and religion. In 1988, Slavery Abolition centenary commemorative year, the Movimento das Mulheres Negras do Brasil, (Black Women's Movement of Brazil), officially was created, also the **Fala Preta**, (Black Talk), and **Gueledés** emerge, groups that inspire our actions to this day.

In our ancestral African context, we have two significant feminine associations: Iyalode was a women's association whose name means "madam in charge of public affairs." Her leadership took place on the urban chiefs supreme council and was considered a State high official, responsible for the feminine issues, representing especially the merchant's interest. While the Iyalode took charge of the trade of material goods, the Gueledé society was an association closer to the exchange of symbolic goods. Their visibility came from the fertility propitiation rituals, essential aspects of feminine power.

We have our Iyalodes and Gueledés. I believe the women's circles are our contemporary Gueledés, as a way of encounter that reminds us of our ancestry and ways of cultivating life within the Western system in an alternative way, with healing processes, reconnecting with our ancestral inheritances and regain the feminine strength existing in our history.





It's said that as soon as the world was created, all the orishas came to the Earth and started to make decisions and divide the work between them in meetings where only men could participate. Osun didn't accept this situation. Resented by the exclusion, she took revenge on the male orishas, condemning all the women to be infertile, so that any male initiative towards fertility was doomed to failure. The men went to consult Olodumare. Olodumare knew they excluded Osun from the meetings, so he advised the orishas to invite her and all the other women because, without Osun and her power over fertility, nothing could go on. The orishas followed the wise advice from Olodumare, and so their initiatives were successful again. The women went back to having children, and the life on Earth prospered.<sup>3</sup>  
Prandi, Reginaldo, 2001

This itan (story) points out our mythical ancestral power for the fights we have to face daily. All the women I know are fighters. For example, my mother.

My mom left her motherland very young, Vitória da Conquista - Bahia, towards São Paulo. After her mother's death she had to watch her father dismember her family and give all his children to other people to raise, and in my mother's case, the family that got her brought her to São Paulo to work for them in exchange for food and a place to sleep. After years in this situation, she ran away, leaving everything she had behind, including her documents in possession of the lady of the house. Made new documents and gave herself the name of Maria Gonçalves Vaz, she created the name herself because she didn't know her real one, and just like that, she recreated her trajectory.

I carry my last name with pride, as the symbol of a life reconstructed away from slavery that many women from my mom's and mine generation had to survive.

My mom died at 65 years old due to hypertension and obesity that always had been present in her life due to traumatic situations and the constant social humiliation for being a semi-illiterate, poor, northeastern, black woman. In this sense, she was the victim of a psychosomatic vulnerability that stems.

Like the others, this story is only possible through women's circles, which bring to the problematization context entire trajectories against the systematic abuse of the workforce.

A rule from the circles is not to analyze or justify or contextualize the women's histories. All that goes in the circle stays there; it can't be revealed or discussed after. It is a listening and welcoming exercise in the first person, I only report what I had lived, and I listen without judgments.

The women's circles show itself to me as a healing and resistance space. It doesn't need much to happen, just a group of women willing to discuss their reality and active listening, without the constraint of adapting to the ideologies imposed by society, confident that, we aren't in dispute but in construction of a space full of comprehension and possibility of being who we are.

Here I end my testimony of experience and pass the ball to others looking for forms of female organizations. Possibly you already are surrounded by women, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, friends. Circulate your experiences and histories, molding in themselves the possibility of resigning and transform the adversities we encounter to exist in this society that often demonstrates an unreasonable hatred on our existence.

**WE KEEP BLEEDING!**

3. Prandi, Reginaldo. Mitologia dos Orixás. Companhia das Letras. 2001. from excessive exposure to tendencies that originated in the conative and negative history of social rights in low-income neighborhoods.



## CIRCULATE FOR ALL THE WOMEN!

BY ANDRÉA ARRUDA PAULA

TRANSLATION YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION

DEEP ROOTS,  
DON'T PIN ME TO ANY GROUND.  
THEY FREE MY BODY.

*Neide Almeida<sup>1</sup>*

In her book, *A Ciranda das Mulheres Sábias* (2007), (The Wise Women's Circle), the writer Clarice Pinkola Estés, tells us about precious encounters among women. Throughout the work, she leads us to think about the potency and possibility of healing and transformation when women meet, recognizes themselves, and decolonize their thoughts, knowledge, and performances, that strategically permeate the collective imaginary criminalizing the "feminine power" to make these meetings and transformative processes unfeasible. Since it becomes more evident every day that only together, exhaling their affections, detaching their bodies and reconciling with their sacred liquids, women will be capable of destroying the patriarchy and all the oppressions and illnesses caused by it.

Still thinking about the work described above, the author states that these encounters between women of all ages can be described as "blessings," since they are capable of reminding us of who we are, so we can make good use of the magnitude that was born embedded in our precious and indomitable self, the fruit of our ancestry.

I first experienced these circles during the *Periferia Segue Sangrando* women's encounter. For five years, this group of women thinks of encounters that can awaken the "wild and wise woman" in each woman that is present. When the women's encounter expands, the intention is always to bring us closer and reaffirm that we aren't alone, in addition to leading reflections on the several cases of violence experienced in our bodies and subjectivities. Being in this process also brought me closer to the "wild and wise woman" dwelt in me, sleep, and silenced. One of the actions that most impacted me, was the participation of the "8 M na Quebrada" movement. They invited us to write a letter that would be shared with other women in strategic places like, bus terminals, subway stations, avenues with large numbers of people in hush hour, where working women could receive a "blessing" that would also remove the gags from the great woman who inhabits each one of us.

I will transcribe my letter here:

I decided to write this text for all women, so they realize how precious they



*How are you, comrade?*

*Yes! This is the way we should recognize and call each other! We are journey comrades, and we know that our journeys aren't easy!*

*I don't know you, but I grew up hearing that we shouldn't trust women because we gossip and betray! But this is a big lie, a fallacy, a way to manipulate us! Believe me!*

*And I tell you this from experience, every time I fell or was knocked down, the hand that helped me get up was a woman's hand. They wiped my tears and took care of my wounds and my soul!*

*It was with other women that I discover who I am, look at myself in the mirror, and find me beautiful, loved, and intelligent.*

*I have an invitation for you today! Be kind, welcoming, amiable, and supportive to a woman. Start with you. Take a long shower, caress your body, look at yourself in the mirror. Remember your dreams. I know it is sometimes hard to keep dreaming, but at the same time, I want to remind you that dreaming keeps us alive.*

*I was hoping you could believe, like me, that in all women, especially the older ones, there is a force, an energy that is sometimes disconnected, sleep by pain, abandonment, sadness, and frustration. We are just like a big tree, even suffering and being attacked by the fury of men. We refuse to die and miraculously, nourishing itself through its roots. It is restored and reborn to maintain its vital spirit. This woman lives inside you, inside me, and all our sisters. I wish, beyond everything, that we could truly live!*

*For this, the first step is to rescue our roots, know who you are, and join this circle with more and more women. It is a liberation; it is a healing process.*

*COME, I WILL WAIT FOR YOU!*

are and how, despite imperfections, they are the bastions, the touchstones, the fundamental notes, and the necessary paradigms. ■



“SUBURBAN, LEARNED TO RENOUNCE THE FULL MOON.  
WHO ENLIGHTENS ME: THIS COLD LIGHT, THE CRASH, THE BREAK OF THE BUS.  
FILL AND DRAIN THROUGH THE CITY WAVES.”

Útero Urbe

One day, when graffitiing a uterus on a wall at the village I live, a woman approached me. She was a little drunk and watched me with attention, sort of bouncing to her sides. She asked me what I was drawing, I answered that it was that, that organ some people have. She sat, and with real pity on her eyes, said: “Wow, you must be a sad person... traumatized. Tell me, kid, did you lose a son? What happened?”

For approximately six years, I've been chasing and finding, letting it go and chasing it again the *uterus-territory*. Call it territory because I'm facing the uterus as a place of dispute in society, alienated space of the bodies notably female – but not only – and wiped out from the social imaginary. From a potency that turned into dry land. Infertility. Abortion. I believe every living being has a uterus alienated and not only us, women. But here, from inside of this body, I search the repossession, inside my womb and in every alley I pass by.

Chasing the uterus, I've walked by some cities in a process I called “artistic resistance” (an allusion to the expression “artistic residence”), meeting with other women, yes. But also gays, men, drag queens, transgender men, lesbians, kids and older people and I understood that it's more difficult each day to think we are people by divine gift or because nature made us this way. Beyond our profound identity, we are diverse, we have stories and different skin colors and not always the same number of holes in our heads. Those people I've met told me memories of their bodies at the same time they were mapping the stairs and avenues, the forbidden places where they could rest and walk at night. A lot of silence and a lot of graffiti came to life. Daughters of other streets. At our meetings, we created a cartography that, piece by piece, would reveal to us a whole bundle of relations that went from the toenails to the childhood streets, from the scholar violence to the body sweat. Rapes, lots of rapes and prohibitions. Expropriations and privatizations. From the inside of the body, the city opens itself and in each corner, the body remakes itself again. At the end of the silencing process and from the shame, the voice echoes and in the reunion with other women and gender dissidents, it becomes public. The female voice in public spaces creates another body for us. Another city. Aims on revolution.

The southern projects of São Paulo, March 6, 2016. Thousands of women walk through the streets of Jardim Ibirapuera into the second year of an encounter that we call “Preriferia Segue Sangrando”. At the same time, we read the manifest with the help of a megaphone, the neighbors appear on the windows, motorcycles make noise with their carburetors, the church is always crowded. The “cortejo de maracatu” is loud and happy, behind us, a trace made of red ink marks every place in which we've already walked. At the bus stop, a black woman lets her message in a graffiti, marking her territory: “BLACK WOMAN, YOUR HAIR IS BEAUTIFUL!”

Here in the south zone of the city, feminism must make its own ways, make its own curve and enter the massive caldron of complexities that form this space. We know that any “pale-face” feminism here would be a mere representation or reproduction of a discussion that comes from other bases, other realities. In the ongoing necropolitics in Brazil, which is promoted by the State and kills hundreds of black women every year, the projects know, deep inside their uterus, that the next son murdered can be yours. Because, here on this side of the city, it's understood that men aren't all equal. A black man, an indigenous man, a “favelado” from the projects, isn't the same man who visits the big centers of the capital and places where you can access everything. We know that obstetric violence kills and mutilates dark skin women because it's cultural around here that this kind of woman is not allowed to crumble, don't even consider being fragile. We know that abortion at the projects has other variables, opposed those who can pay an expensive clinic, walk on the dark in lightless streets or grow up in families which were destroyed by the lack of perspective, or learn in schools that are real prisons, it's a tough process and it systematically mutilates bodies every day. Rape. Abortion. Infertility.

# SÃO PAULO, WHERE THE PROJECTS KEEPS BLEEDING

BY CAROLINA ITZÁ

TRANSLATION  
YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION



With the political compromise from whom chases the invention of its own form of knowing and acting and from whom cannot separate theoretical life from daily life without taking enormous risks of being one more soldier down in the war taking place here in Brazil against the marginalized people, we are chasing the inseparable way between our subjectivity and our structural action at this big world. Sleeping with one eye open. If any of those perspectives goes away, the other becomes weak. So, it's from the south zone that we got our most subjective and corporal experience, the most intimate and particular experience against the fact that each marginalized person head is a statistical number. This means - since we assume politically, that we exist - letting go all the ancestral inflammation, the scars that came from the Big House and from the deepest memories, allowing the crowded bus to come, unemployment, the punch in the face from the man I love or the loss of a fetus. Let it come... To look, to shine, to heal. Creating new subjectivities, cross abysses and close vicious circles have been our construction of horizon on the relation map that establishes itself at the making and sharing stories with other women. We weave the map, on it, we insert ourselves and from this collectivity grows some kind of force, a bud so vulnerable and communitarian, sometimes violent and clumsy, from the recapture of our lives in a much more whole and creative way. What a tricky word, creative. Let's continue slowly, a retaliation. This retaliation obtains color and expression in our collectivity, which searches to transform our public life. The street is now our home, and from it, we also want answers. Because if we commit ourselves to trace the path of our most silenced intimacy, make our own strategy to fight is to assume consequences of those transformations in the daily life and in the spaces we visit in solidarity with other sisters.

## THE PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO IS ONE OF THOSE SENSORIAL EXPLOSIONS IN WHICH ONE THING MEANS TWO OPPOSITE THINGS AT THE SAME TIME.

To us, carriers of the uterus, there isn't any news, feeling the relief of bleeding every month and hating this blood that hurts us. The São Paulo projects keeps bleeding because of the genocide that shots our teenagers and silently for the school lunch stealer<sup>1</sup>. This blood, we don't want it anymore. However, from the height of our bodies' repossession and armed with our web of solidarity, we shout our fertility and our living uterus, this blood that is ours, it brings health and blessings to us and our future generations. The projects keeps bleeding and it doesn't stop.





WOMEN'S SOCCER, WOMEN WHO ARE SOCCER FANS, A WOMAN'S PASSION FOR CORINTHIANS<sup>3</sup>. THERE ARE MANY DEMONSTRATIONS THAT DISTINGUISH THE GENDER ISSUE IN SOCCER, SUCH A NOTORIOUS SPORT IN BRAZILIAN SOCIETY, AND ONE WHICH MOSTLY EXPRESSES THE PREDOMINANCE OF SEXISM AND ITS DEVELOPMENT WITHIN TIME.

BY CLARICE DE LA SIENA<sup>1</sup>  
AND MARTINIANA SOUSA<sup>2</sup>

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN  
PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

ENGLISH VERSION



## NOTES ON THE SITUATION OF WOMEN IN BRAZIL'S BIGGEST ORGANIZED SOCCER FAN CLUB

It is not by chance that we distinguish *women's soccer*, but not men's soccer. However, in order to deal with the gender issue within the scope of organized fan clubs, it is necessary to understand that

the fan club is not detached from social structures, though they experience the contradictions that arise from society, which is not homogeneous. This is to say that there are levels of awareness and particularities that are unique to the supporters, mainly their leaderships, that will compose both the narratives and interpretations of the history of *Grêmio Gaviões da Fiel Torcida*, the biggest organized soccer fan club in Brazil.

But it is fundamental to apprehend that new processes, especially those related to the search for the preservation of history and for the construction of a collection for the club, make it possible to revisit

the history as it has been told – its moments and ruptures –, by seeing the missing and connective links in the documents and objects and, as a consequence, presenting other levels of apprehension and questionings about the principles and ideologies of the club supporters.

This text aims at presenting some considerations related to the situation of the woman in *Gaviões da Fiel's* fan club. From now on, we want to show that we will refer to *Gaviões da Fiel* in the feminine in this text in order to make remarks about women's issues, and as a provocation related to the implicit text

in "*da torcida Gaviões*". We avoid using the preposition "*dos*" (of the), which is commonly used to hide the feminine noun of the word in Portuguese '*torcida*' as well as the symbology it presents, which require further research and studies.

To start, it is essential to say that there are many elements to narrate about the situation of women in the soccer fan club's association. According to the various testimonies we gathered in our research, we can indicate some points as the most problematic to the majority of women in *Gaviões*: the main one is that they are not elected to take

positions in the association's board of directors as president, counselor, among others. There are also other problems such as the impossibility of playing an instrument or waving a flag in the crowd. Regarding the crowd, there are even other levels, of moralistic bias, to which women are exposed such as going to a soccer match by themselves, without their father, brother, husband or boyfriend and this means that they would only be there to find a man. If they are accompanied, otherwise, that means they are only there because of a man.

Regarding the demoralization due to theft and/or misplaced words, it does not have so much repercussion when it comes



from a man. But when it comes from a woman, the rumors have a huge backlash, and although it is never shown as evidence, women rarely get the chance to explain and make amends. Other situations go almost unnoticed, for instance, when

women need to have men's approval or reinforcement of their speeches, even when they have the expertise and technical condition to perform a specific task. These elements are passed over from generation to generation in a way that is naturalized both by men and

women who claim to be "following the tradition" or that this is related to the "fan club's ideology", something that has hidden the real social relations in everyday life.

These are some examples that happen in the relationships of gender in the organized soccer fan clubs, but we could say this corresponds to any other social environment, including those in

which men think they are more evolved. But at *Gaviões*, the issue which is posed is that for some generations of associates, they are just following the fan club's ideology and tradition. In order to bring this conception to question, we revisit the 50 years of history of *Gaviões da Fiel Torcida* and identify two distinct moments of the condition of women in the fan club: the first one is related to the foundation of *Gaviões*, from 1969 to the 1990s; and the second moment is after 1990.

The first moment

refers to the foundation of *Gaviões da Fiel*, when in the mid-1960s, after experiencing the stadium crowd, a group of supporters felt the need to organize themselves in order to share their love for Corinthians, be it in the relentless support through the drumming in the crowd, or in the supervision and demands directed at the leaders. In this process, the existence of *Gaviões da Fiel* was officially founded on the 1st of July, 1969.

Brazil was living under a civil-military dictatorship, and there was another dictatorship in progress inside Sport Club Corinthians Paulista with the then president Wadih Helu, who in addition to being an ally to the military, had five mandates in ten years in a centralized way. The birth of *Gaviões* came to end this dictatorship and, due to its strength in the so-called *Corinthiana* Revolution in 1971, they overthrew the military leader.

This victory gave *Gaviões*, since its origin, a tradition of struggles and political protests, which lives up to the Corinthianista's spirit of struggle for the people, who have always suffered a bigger repression and persecution. One of the principles of *Fiel Torcida* is to be an "independent force" since its origin, and this means not having suspicious alliances within the club and not being instrumentalized. The fan club acts on its own, always on behalf of Corinthians and respecting their history and tradition.

In the second edition of the newspaper "*O Gavião*", in 1977, the column which narrates the history of *Fiel Torcida*, begins by saying that "the biggest pride of *Gaviões da Fiel* is not to be financially dependant on any political force installed inside or outside São Jorge Park." In the time Wadih Helu was the club's president, as well as in other moments of the history of the club, there were offers of job positions and

donations in order to corrupt the fans, who stood firm to their principles. Thus, without being able to achieve a conciliation, Helu would hire militiamen to punish the crowd of supporters. The club association

remained firm to their principles and forms of organization by only accepting contributions from Corinthians fans and those who were sympathetic with the cause and the greater love in supporting the club,





because this would mean not submitting to impositions from others.

The presence of women in the soccer fan club has shown that, above all, it is important to emphasize that women make the history of the fan club themselves. Older women who

have a longer walk supporting *Gaviões* report that they haven't felt discriminated against. Perhaps this is due to the fact that it was a smaller group in the beginning, so the division was not too evident. There have been women as directors

of the department of flags, women who paid for part of the construction of the shop, women who invaded the field and a female soccer team of fans which was run by one of the founders of *Gaviões*, Roberto Daga, in the 1970s.

In Fact, *Gaviões'* older supporters remember that in the mid 1980s and 90s, women who attended soccer matches in a crowd of 100 thousand people were harassed, as men would touch

their bodies. But when they were wearing the fan club association jersey, nobody would mess with them because men in the crowd were afraid to be targeted by the fan club association's "machos". This was one of the reasons that made women join the fan club and, in a way, it also made them feel respected when they went to crowded matches.

Until this day, *Gaviões da Fiel* has never had a woman as president in its history, though there were counselors like Aunt Dirce, Denise, who was a very important representative, just like the executive board of directors. It is worth to point out that *Gaviões* was structured as an independent force and this was based on the way it is organized,

which in addition to the president, vice-president, supervisory board and etc, has created the deliberative council that gathers founders, former presidents and members elected at each triennium. This council is in charge of suspending and electing members, examining, reconsidering and approving member's processes, documents and candidates, debating and suggesting proposals of interest to the fans, among other actions.

The change in participation and treatment towards women in *Gaviões da Fiel* was due to the stadium ban in the 1990s. Then the second moment comes, with the significant increase

of organized fan club associations – and it was no different in *Gaviões*, considering that along its history as the first fan club association in São Paulo, had some booms with new members joining it: the first was in 1976, after the invasion of Maracanã, the second was between 1991 and 1994; and, more recently, between 2014 and 2016, mainly after the political acts against Copez and the school lunch mafia' in 2016.

In the 1990s, the increase of soccer fan clubs also meant, in general, an increase in fights between fans, including the death of supporters between 1992 and 1995, being marked

by the death of *Gaviões'* supporter Rodrigo Gapari in a match of São Paulo Juniors Cup in 1992. São Paulo state government did not propose any effective policy, it only enacted the fight against violence with a significant increase in public security, which has increased even more the state violence through the extermination of the population and prohibited the popular and organized manifestation by fans in the stadiums, in addition to criminalizing soccer fans within society.

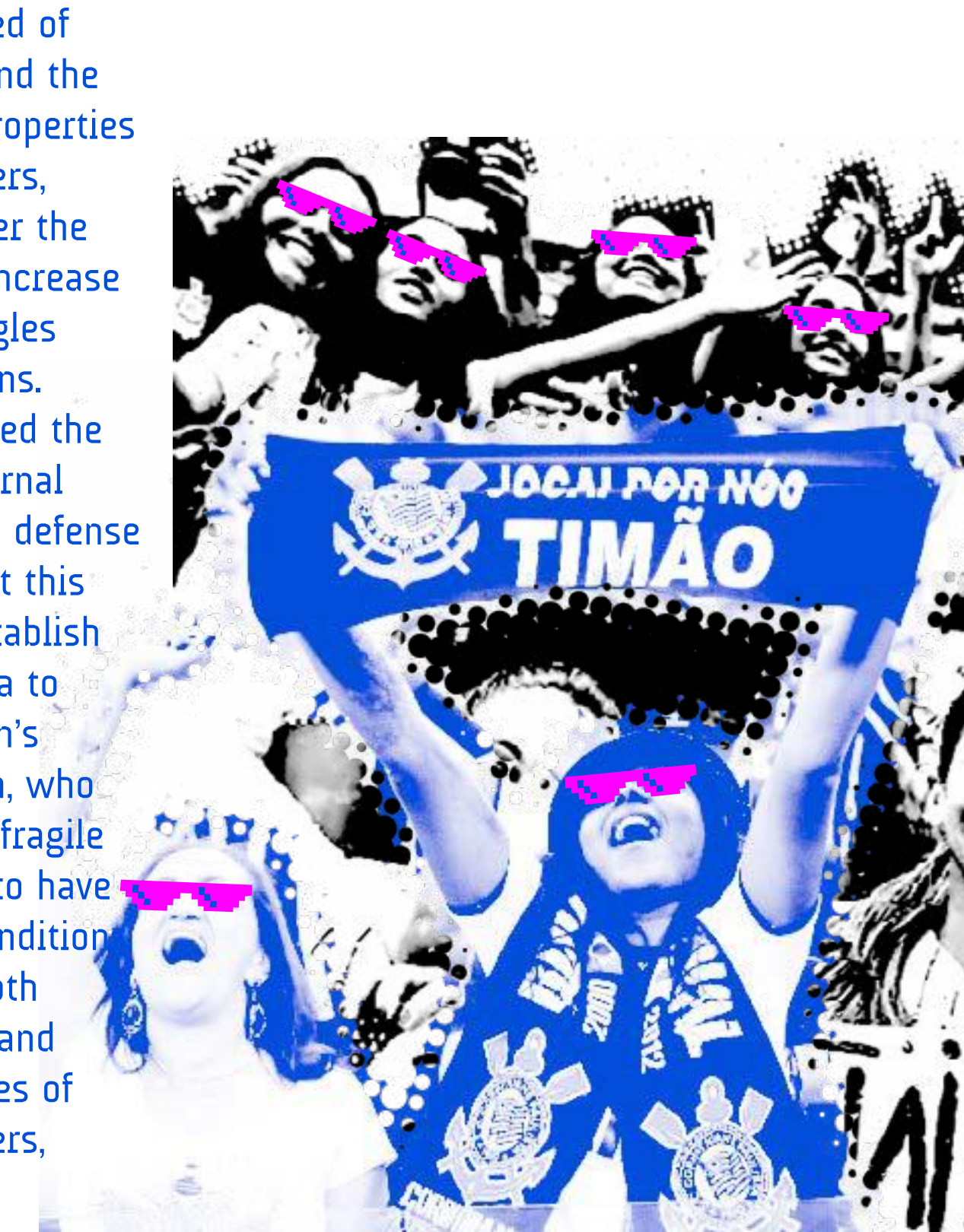
It is then the moment when some elements have changed in *Gaviões'* life, one of them being the organized fans' difficulty to actually be an organized fan club, since the public opinion

built by the media would judge the members as thugs and unemployed, an argument that was used to "cover up for the Military Police" when they beat the supporters solely because they were holding up a banner. Another aspect of these complex relationships comes from the need of fans to defend the fan club's properties (flags, banners, T-shirts) after the significant increase in the struggles with rival fans. This generated the primary external concern and defense of goods, but this meant to establish other criteria to allow women's participation, who are seen as fragile and unable to have the same condition to defend both Corinthians and the properties of the supporters,

which is an idea that comes from the patriarchal and sexist culture. The conflicts in the crowd and in the stadium reinforced a sexist culture and after the stadium ban, the impossibility of doing what fan clubs were created for: the celebration

at the stadium.

During these times we have noticed changes in the treatment directed at women: the prohibition to enter in the department of flags and to play instruments, and their participation in the entity's spaces were reserved for





social work – the production of food, cleaning and the administrative work –, with some exceptions in the communication department. These are some of the ways in which the space for organization and participation of women is taking over little by little. Other spaces that were denied to them

and once considered a tradition were not present at the core of the fan club. In this sense, it is possible to realize that although women who have had a long walk in the history of the fan club are respected, they are still treated as the “mom, the auntie, etc”, while men who have a path within the fan club, and also the respect of the members, are treated as a “leader” or “badass”. Thus,

this transposes elements from the social structure, which reserves the spaces of housework and childcare to women, while men are concerned with the political articulations outside the home. In short, women play the role of matriarch, while men are influential figures in the crowd.

It was after 2016 that the issues of gender in organized fan club associations started to raise debates and movements, such as the creation of the movement *Toda Poderosa*

*Corinthiana*, created by women who supported the club, some of them connected to *Gaviões da Fiel*, which discusses sexism and demands the insertion of women in positions in the club’s board of directors<sup>5</sup>. In 2017, there was the first National Meeting of Women in the Crowd, a meeting that articulates many women in organized fan club associations across Brazil. The share in this meeting fuels other debates in the majority of the fan clubs in São Paulo, including *Gaviões da Fiel*.

Therefore, we realize that there was a period of rupture with the structure of relations built within the entity in terms of women’s participation. Also, a new ideology of sexist base solidified in the social structure, which was embraced by the fan club and established as truth, started to be questioned.

The possibility to rewrite this history comes from a project organized

by the supporters themselves to assemble the *Gaviões* Collection, which started in the mid-2014, but wasn’t carried on. In 2018, the project was resumed by a group of young supporters. In this participation, the inclusion of *Gaviões’* youth associates enabled the collection of materials, newspapers and a review of historic documents and narratives told through oral history. The form

of organization of the collection to construct this history involved the participation of women, relied on its own means and also counted with the support of the entity and its associates to strengthen this project. This process is something that makes you take a look at the narratives, it establishes connections and allows one to revisit their principles and ideologies in order to construct a new memory and, perhaps, provide other conditions for the participation of

women in the near future. This way, the history of the fan club could be told through the memory of everyday life relationships and through the agents involved in the processes, and departing from the point of view of women’s participation and their role in the development of the fan club, being the fan club one of the most beautiful and emblematic phenomena of Brazilian and world soccer, and which has a remarkable presence in the social life of the

population of São Paulo’s capital and the Brazilian population. ■

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3. Translator’s Note [T.N]: Sport Club Corinthians Paulista, commonly known as *Timão* or *Coringão* is a Brazilian multisport club based in the neighborhood of Tatuapé, which is located in the city of São Paulo. Although they compete in a number of different sports, Corinthians is mostly known for its association football team. They play in the São Paulo state league,

as well as the *Brasileirão*, Brazil’s top national league.

4. T.N.: School lunch mafia refers to a wide scale corruption scandal within the Education Secretariat, among others, in the state of São Paulo, in Brazil. Thousands of primary and secondary school students in Brazil’s richest state have, for several months, been deprived of the traditional *merenda* (mid-morning or afternoon snack), a complete and healthy lunch that the government guarantees to kids who attend public schools.

5. It is important to notice that Corinthians was the first sports club to have a woman as president, Marlene Matheus, from 1991 to 1993. She was the only woman in this position in the history of the club.





# LUANA BARBOSA COLLECTIVE - AUTONOMOUS RESISTANCE FROM THE PROJECTS

POR COLETIVA LUANA BARBOSA TRADUÇÃO: YASMIN GONÇALVES

ENGLISH VERSION



WE ARE THE LUANA BARBOSA COLLECTIVE, CURRENTLY COMPOSED OF FIVE BLACK, AFRO INDIGENOUS, LESBIAN AND BISEXUAL WOMEN, RESIDENTS OF SEVERAL REGIONS OF SÃO PAULO PROJECTS. OUR UNION STARTED IN 2016 DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE XIII WALK OF LESBIAN AND BISEXUAL WOMEN OF SÃO PAULO, THROUGH THE GRUPO DE TRABALHO - GT DAS PRETAS.

During this construction, Luana Barbosa, a black lesbian mother, non-feminized from the projects, was brutally beaten and murdered by the Ribeirão Preto - SP police.

Against the whole scenario, we managed to see how our struggles and scars brought us closer together. From there, we decided to unite ourselves as a collective to develop actions aimed at this portion of the population that is continuously invisible within the media, the State apparatus and even within social movements. That's how the Luana Barbosa Collective was born. Our first actions were: an Act in Memory of Luana Barbosa dos Reis,

which took place at Av. Paulista on May 3, 2016, and an Act in Ribeirão Preto's downtown on July 2016, to denounce the impunity enjoyed by her aggressors and the fatal violence suffered by Luana and her family.

It's been four years, between comings and goings from Ribeirão Preto, acts in front of the Forum following the hearing's proceedings on Luana's case, fighting for the case not to be forgotten and filled without justice. Today, the family and the population still await the new hearing where the policemen will be tried in the Popular Jury.

Be present in every hearing is to relive the emotions of her death and her family's suffering, who lives in fear for taking the State and the Police to court. We had witnesses who disappeared for fear of retaliation. The exhaustion is our gas to keep Luana's case from being shelved. Luana present today and always!

To not forget, as a form of homage, but mainly to give visibility to cases like Luana's, we produced a documentary "Eu sou a Proxima" (I am the Next). This documentary was released on April 13, 2017, exactly a year after Luana's death. The release happened at Ação Educativa in São Paulo City. The entry to the release was a kilo of non-perishable food, which was directed to the Alcantara Machado Viaduct, where homeless people live, one of the main areas where the Collective does its actions.

The documentary emerged from the idea of giving voice to black lesbians from the projects, who were assaulted and/or murdered because of lesbophobia. We chose the most emblematic cases that occurred in 2016, but it is estimated at least 21 registered cases of murder by lesbophobia in that year, according to the website [lesbocidio.wordpress.com](http://lesbocidio.wordpress.com).





We worked on creating the documentary autonomously, without the help of public resources, only with the good will of Tai Bruni's, who agreed to add to this creation, making available the space of her home, her equipment, and her time to record, edit and deliver this documentary in 15 days of hurried production. The documentary had itinerant exhibitions, passing through low-income neighborhoods in São Paulo City, the countryside, and other Brazilian states, like Rio de Janeiro and Salvador.

Understanding the absence of spaces for women to experience, to exchange knowledge and affections. We started to develop activities that address several themes related to the specificities of lesbian and bisexual black women, such as lesbophobia, biphobia, fatphobia, lesbian maternity, violence among women, domestic violence, harm reduction, self-care, mental and sexual health, Afrocentric and inter-racial relationships between women, etc.

Our activities are aimed only at lesbian and bisexual women, with a focus on black women. Proposals are suggested by the Collective members, according to external and internal demands, which are always being rebuilt. Activities are carried out exclusively by the Collective, but always seeking support from other collectives.

During the performance of these activities, we realized the need this public had for the existence of a leisure space, where women could feel free, without suffering harassment, fatphobia, lesbophobia, biphobia, etc., that's why we decided to produce an exclusive party for women: Sarrada no Brejo.

The party is a space of free circulation of affection, building bonds, and deconstruction of hegemonic aesthetic standards seeking the empowerment of black and fat bodies.

With the growth of the Collective, we began to receive external demands, such as requests for financial aid to survive in such a capitalist world. Several requests come to us, such as help with food, school supplies, and amounts for rentals and bills payments, among others. Any amount collected with the entry of the party is targeted at these women.

At Sarrada no Brejo, we have adapted a nursery, Brejinho do

Pijama, so no women stay out of the party, enjoying the night without fear or guilt. Because we know many places don't have this care to include these women and how loneliness is present when you have a child. Brejinho do Pijama is present in all activities developed by the collective Luana Barbosa.

In 2018, the Slam Luana Presente appeared, so women who love women could recite their affections, feelings, and experiences through their poetry, which took one of the participants to the end of the Slam Singularidade competition.

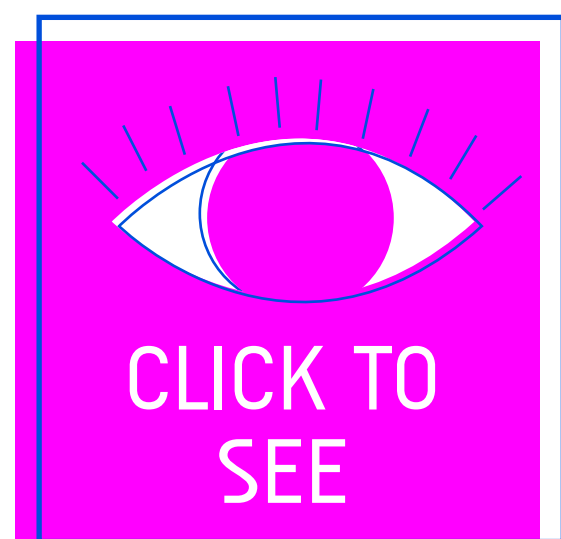
It is a fight that seems to have no end, but we will not let Luana's story be forgotten, we will fight so that other Luanas do not have the same end, so no one is the next. This Collective is composed only of women from different areas of performance. We have in common the drive and will to fight for better days for all black women, especially lesbians and bisexuals. If you want to know about our activities, follow us on the Facebook profile Coletiva Luana Barbosa or send an e-mail to: [coletivaluanabarbosa@gmail.com](mailto:coletivaluanabarbosa@gmail.com) ■





# I AM THE NEXT

BY COLETIVA LUANA BARBOSA



[https://youtu.be/tTlwDQp\\_06Q](https://youtu.be/tTlwDQp_06Q)

FORMAT: DOCUMENTARY (BRAZIL-2017)  
RUNNING TIME: 6'51"  
LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE  
SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

VIDEO



TITLE: I AM THE NEXT

CREATION AND PRODUCTION: COLETIVA LUANA BARBOSA

**PLOT:** This documentary was constructed from the collection of testimonials of lesbian women, mostly Black, and it highlights the violence and deaths resulting from lesbophobia. The selected excerpt chosen to compose *Quebrada Inteira* Magazine is played by activist and actress Fernanda Gomes, who narrates the brutal death of Luana Barbosa, a lesbian woman who was killed by the military police in 2016, in Ribeirão Preto, São Paulo. The case remains on trial. This documentary is an independent production by Collective Luana Barbosa, it is a work of great importance to amplify the visibility of the political struggles of Black and peripheral lesbians, for the maintenance of life and wellness of lesbian women in Brazil.

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT IT ACCES:

“DOSSIÊ DO LESBOCÍDIO NO BRASIL”:

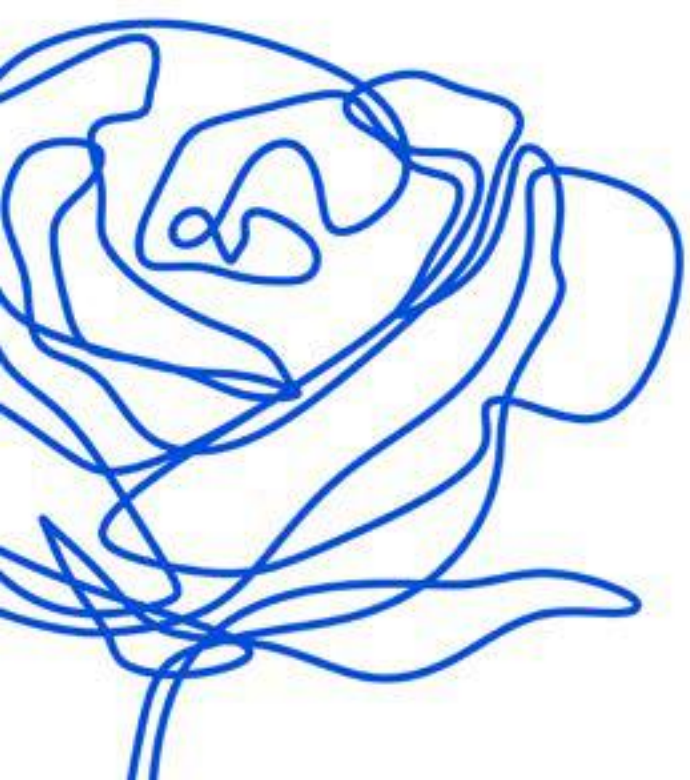
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LIFE FLOWS BETTER FOR EVERYONE WHEN WE RESPECT WHAT IS SACRED TO OTHERS (ARANTES, 2020)

FROM GRIEVING TO FIGHTING!

SAUDADE<sup>1</sup>: WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR MOTIVATION TO FIGHT?



POR CRISTIANE UCHÔA PINHEIRO  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

ENGLISH VERSION



The conversation I'd like to have with you is about a topic that I love and respect with all my affection, which is grief. A theme I dedicate my professional work to and which guides my struggle. It is not my goal to approach the topic in an academic way or anything like that, even though I recognize such relevance, I will save this for other spaces. In this specific space, I want to depart from experiences and feelings.

When I speak about grief, I question those who listen to me how they feel and what they can remember when it comes to GRIEF. I reinforce that they shouldn't try to come up with smart answers, they should just think and feel. How does this topic get through to you? Well then, today I ask you the same question and invite you to visit your deepest humanity, because this topic puts our fragilities and fears in front of us. We suddenly face something that we have always avoided. But, calm down, that's not all. Certainly, if you remember someone or something when you talk about grief, you will soon notice that we are also talking about love, memories, dedication, investment, sacrifices and everything else that a relationship or the willingness to build something needs in order to become important in our lives. Beyond the good experiences or the ones that are not so nice, we are talking about living and feeling. Answer me, what is the name of your *saudade*?

Grief can be characterized as a dynamic and natural process when we face the loss of something or someone significant to our lives. As it is a particular and multidimensional process, the meanings, rituals and the coping process itself vary according to the cultural and historical differences of each person and society (Maia et al., 21). That is, we are talking about subjectivity, which is why it is so necessary to stop comparing yourself to others and expecting people to go through this process in a similar way, or even trying to pre-determine an acceptable time for overcoming this process. I believe that due to the fact that death and life losses are treated as taboo in our daily lives, it makes our grieving process much more painful, which ends up causing countless problems beyond the expected pain of the process. The biggest complaint of grieving people is related to the solitude and the fact that they cannot talk about it. Precisely because most of us don't know how to be good listeners, as we think we need to say or



1. T.N.: *Saudade* is an untranslatable Portuguese term that refers to the melancholic longing or yearning. A recurring theme in Portuguese and Brazilian literature, *saudade* refers to a sense of loneliness and incompleteness.

do something to help the other, even when we don't understand the real need of those who are suffering. It is hard to listen with the heart and recognize that you are powerless in the face of suffering. It's hard not to have an answer that could explain the situation. We don't learn this because it's a taboo, then we get filled up with assumptions. For this reason, I want to share part of my experience with grief. I will start in this space, in order to be able to discuss it, and I hope you can share your grieving experiences as well.

Grief has been part of my life since I was very young. My paternal grandmother, Mrs Anisia, taught me this. She, who was the love of my life, finished her cycle on Earth this year. She was

my first teacher, a woman from the Northeast of Brazil who didn't have the opportunity to learn how to read and write, but possessed admirable wisdom. My grandfather and her encouraged me to study, that is why I dedicate this writing to them. We always had conversations about death and *saudade*. I used to love hearing her stories, lying on her lap as she kindly entwined her fingers in my hair. She mastered the art of herbs, she always knew of a tea to heal any kind of pain. She used to say there is no remedy for *saudade*, a feeling that would make her chest hurt and made her cry while she wandered aimlessly across her backyard as she missed her children and grandchildren who lived in São Paulo. This was the woman who, having experienced

the drought and poverty in the Northeast of Brazil, taught me the importance of the farewell rituals for the loved ones and how relevant it is to speak about this feeling of *saudade* and about the stories we had with those who are gone. She had pictures of her loved ones who passed away hanging on her walls. Today I understand the importance of those habits, the importance of photography, which has the power to eternalize a person or moment. She was not afraid of sharing that knowledge just because I was a child. Death is also part of life and that was how I grew up. Her instructions have been confirmed in my way. When I was in university I had no doubts that the theme of my thesis would be grief and that my work would go this way. I am entirely grateful to my grandmother for her love and guidance

When I come across someone who is grieving, I remember my grandmother and how gently she used to treat these issues and how much she allowed herself to feel that pain. It was from her that I learned how to listen with love and respect. Grief is part of several moments in our development and it needs to be lived, just like others.

Listening to grieving people is like listening to real love stories. We have lost this habit in our culture throughout history as well as the habit of speaking, since we like and make ourselves available to listen to joyful stories with happy endings, funny stories and so on. When we go through losses and break bonds, we feel like everything is gone and the feeling of failure becomes disturbing: "happily ever after", "unconditional love", "eternity", "whatever there is" lose all the sense and nothing lasts. The feared loneliness comes and what do we do with it? There is no ready answer, but we can build possibilities to re-signify our continuity.

Today my struggle is for us to have the right to mourn with dignity and have this experience validated, this is not a lonely experience, but a collective construction. The collectives and projects need to take up this cause. Capitalism kills and makes us sick, it profits from our pain and erases our history. We need to recover our ancestry and, within the rituals, recover our abilities and caring and respect towards our beliefs and values. The name of my *saudade* is Anisia, someone I will keep until the last days of my life on Earth, in my heart and struggle. ■





POR MILENA MATEUZI CARMO

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

ENGLISH VERSION



## SUPPORT COMMUNITIES IN PANDEMIC TIMES

“...THE SENTENCE I WOULD USE FOR THIS MOMENT IS THAT PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS GOT BY IN TIMES OF CRISIS, BUT IN THIS SPECIFIC MOMENT PEOPLE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO SO. BEFORE, I DIDN'T HAVE EXTRA FOOD, BUT I HAD RESOURCES TO KEEP THE ECONOMY GROWING, DESPITE IT BEING LOCAL, BY SELLING ANYTHING AND TRADES. IT NO LONGER EXISTS NOW! PEOPLE DON'T HAVE MONEY TO BUY THEIR CROCHET THREADS TO RESELL IT TO BUY GROCERIES. IN THIS VERY MOMENT OF THE PANDEMIC, WE ENTERED A PROCESS OF FOOD DISTRIBUTION HERE AT SASF SERVIÇO DE ASSISTÊNCIA SOCIAL À FAMÍLIA [FAMILY SOCIAL ASSISTANCE SERVICES], WHICH IS NOT A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SERVICE, BUT DUE TO THE URGENCY OF THE MOMENT, WE ENDED UP BEING USED AS A SPACE FOR DISTRIBUTION... THERE ARE PEOPLE COMING HERE DAILY BECAUSE AT SOME POINT A NEIGHBOR OR A FRIEND TOLD THEM THAT WE WERE OFFERING PACKAGES OF FOOD SUPPLIES... I SAW PEOPLE CRYING SAYING “IF YOU HADN'T GIVEN ME THESE FOOD SUPPLIES I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO FEED MY KIDS TODAY.” THERE WERE PEOPLE ASKING FOR TWO PACKAGES OF FOOD SUPPLIES IN ORDER TO SELL ONE AND MAKE MONEY TO BUY GAS: “IF YOU GIVE ME ONLY ONE I WILL HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN EATING RAW FOOD OR BUYING GAS.”





1. See <https://www.redebrasilatual.com.br/saude-e-ciencia/2020/09/periferia-covid-inquerito-sorologico/>

Hunger. Most of us, women who are in our 30 to 40 years old, who come from the working class in the metropolitan area of São Paulo, grew up in a condition of deprivation. No doubt our families have gone through severe economic restrictions, especially during the 80s and early 90s. However, we managed to finish high school and get into the job market. Many of us reached higher education. Whether we reached the middle class? I don't know. This is still a conversation that lasts a few hours in our meetings. Life is still too hard in the capital, though: rent, food, transportation... However, we had never faced hunger in the proportion and speed in which it came with the COVID-19 pandemic.

The quote opening this text is from a friend, a social worker, who has been working in the front line in dealing with the effects of the pandemic in the district of Capão Redondo, located in the southern outskirts of São Paulo. In a conversation we had in the beginning of October of the fateful year 2020, she told me how it has been difficult to come up with an appropriate answer to the thousands of families that she supports in the social assistance service she works for. If in other circumstances – I wouldn't label as normal, because São Paulo's shameful inequality daily produces an unbearable amount of suffering –, the State government is not only precarious in offering the poor population the guarantee of basic rights and also kills Black people and people who live in outskirts, try to picture the situation in a pandemic context. This is what is happening, a complete abandonment. If they don't kill, they leave you for death. Since the beginning of isolation, families have been abandoned to deal with the effects of unemployment and illness by themselves.

Social isolation was suspended as soon as the spread of the virus was controlled in the central regions of the city. Indeed, the people who live in peripheral areas never actually had the opportunity to be quarantined. Although the virus came to Brazil through the elite and, at first, spread around the privileged classes (by the way a reason that generated many jokes), it was in the outskirts of São Paulo where the rates of death and infection were higher. According to data from the municipal government, in September 2020 the rate of contamination in peripheral neighborhoods was double compared to the upper class neighborhoods in the city.<sup>1</sup>

But what I intend to point out here is not only the genocidal characteristic of the state and its assumed necropolitics in dealing with the disease and social isolation. We already know this characteristic, it just became more visible with the pandemic. I want to highlight the several networks that were created to deal with the effects of social isolation, which go beyond the disease. An endless and badly managed, or in other words, managed to meet the interests of the city's white elite, thus abandoning the black, poor and peripheral populations to their own fate. Such networks have multiplied in the city. They are mostly composed by women to support other women who have found themselves



in situations of extreme social vulnerability at the moment.

The movement started right in the first weeks of isolation, by the end of March and early July. WhatsApp messages wouldn't stop coming: "We need to complete the rent for a woman who just left the prison system and is about to be evicted"; "there is a group of immigrant women and children at Jardim São Luis who have no food"; "one of the dwellers from Vila Prudente has a sick child who needs a special type of milk, but she can't afford it"; "another woman from our network has no kitchen gas"; "dozens of people are requesting packages of food supplies near our association"; and so on. The requests wouldn't stop. Some of us were on our phones the whole day trying to find ways to respond to each request, others would take the risk to distribute the items and visit families. Nobody has stopped.

The months of April, May and June were filled with efforts to collect donations and resources (campaigns, raffles, projects), organize what we received and distribute to the families who joined the network. When we speak about families, we are again speaking about women who had already been part of these networks or who had learned that some places were delivering packages of food supplies. They would cross the city. Although we tried to articulate donations in locations that were closer, it was impossible to organize a flow of distribution and service. Women who lived in the South of the city ended up going to the East to pick up their package because we were not able to articulate the delivery on



time. For those who know São Paulo, it is almost like a trip. In addition to the time you spend to get to the place, the cost of transportation is really high and, in pandemic times, the risk of contamination is huge.

Like my friend who is a social worker said, the social welfare network was not prepared for this. There was no public service to rely on. Thus, the families, I mean, the women from these families would look for places where there were food supplies or any kind of resource were available. She said: "...these are people who come here on a daily basis..." With no structure or organization to respond to these requests, such groups and collectives would urgently respond to the needs of women who managed to approach within the rush of one day to another. This group was also composed by Black women who lived on the outskirts and were working at the home office, accumulating housework, childcare and this new task that is almost a public policy.

The majority of women who engaged in the networks were already previously articulated in groups, collectives and movements that had the goal of fighting against the violence of the State, the prison system and discussing the situation of women in peripheral areas. Even before the pandemic, the action of these women in support networks already produced resistance in these territories. As I have been reinforcing, they also discussed care, which has always overwhelmed and made us sick, but has also constituted our way of salvation and reconstruction of our worlds together with other women.

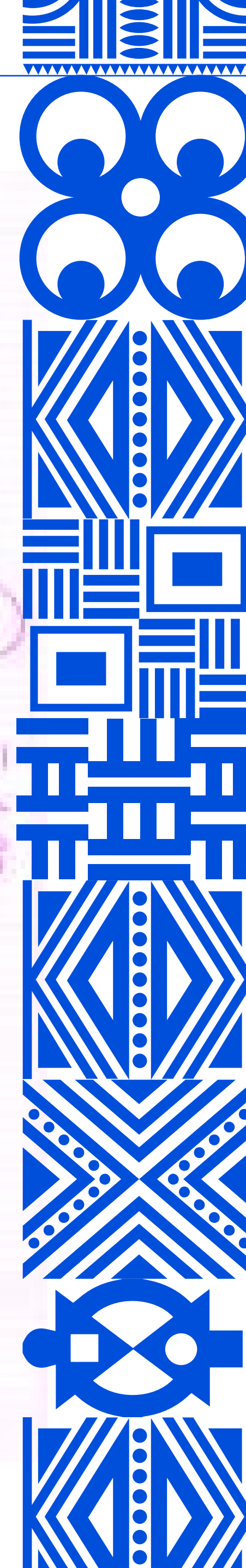
Even though we were sick and tired, it was through care that we held hands again to confront another tragedy that, due to the Brazilian state's necropolitics, falls upon Black and poor people's bodies who live in the outskirts across the country. The feeling of care helped us to look at one another, recognize ourselves, listen and support each other. It became a political grammar. A way of doing politics in daily life, one that has always been among us. It has always been our way to survive and live.

We are in October. We are running out of donation and energy. The federal government provided emergency assistance. Even without data analyses, it appears that the assistance represented a temporary relief when the situation reached its peak. However, we are going through the century's biggest economic crisis, added up to a political crisis, not to say moral, that has been provoking miles of regress from few of the rights we have achieved in the recent decades. We do not know what to expect from the State anymore nor what to demand from it as it has been numb to our screams. We look at the future and fear. Unemployment, State and gender violence and hunger are monsters that persist. But when we look aside we find one another, we recognize each other in the differences and in the steps we walk together. This gives us strength!



WHAT KEEPS  
YOU ON  
YOUR FEET,  
SUSTAINS  
YOU

...



“...ORUNMILÁ WISHED SO MUCH FOR A CHILD, AND LOOKED FOR OLODUMARE TO ASK HIM FOR IT. AND SO WHEN ORUNMILÁ GOT TO OLODUMARE’S HOUSE THERE WAS A CHILD IN THE DOOR, RIGHT? AND THEN ORUNMILÁ GREW FOND OF THE BOY, GREW FOND OF THAT CHILD, YOU KNOW? AND TOLD OLODUMARE: ‘I WANT TO BE A FATHER’... HE SAID: ‘I GREW FOND OF THIS CHILD, SO FOND, THAT I’D LIKE TO TAKE HIM WITH ME’. AND THEN OLODUMARE SAID: ‘NO! THIS CHILD IS ALREADY HERE, IS ALREADY PART OF THIS PLACE, BE PATIENT AND I’LL HAVE A CHILD CREATED FOR YOU’. ORUNMILÁ: ‘OH NO, PLEASE, LET ME TAKE THIS BOY, I GREW SO FOND OF HIM!’ AND OLODUMARE SAID: ‘OK, THEN... YOU CAN HAVE HIM’. AND THERE HE GOES HOME, TAKING ELEGBARA, THE EXU BOY.

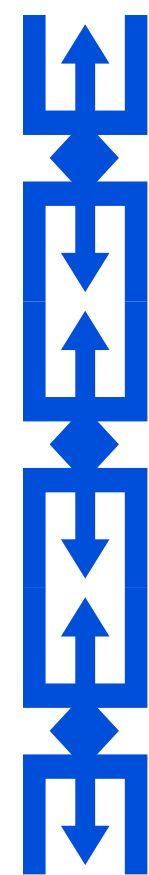


He gets home and presents the boy to his wife... And the boy says "I'm hungry!" Elegbara says: I'm hungry. And there goes the mother, cooks, serves him the food, the boy eats everything, and after eating everything he says "I'm still hungry". And then Elegbara, Exu boy, starts to eat everything there was in the house. He eats the chickens, the little goats, and everything else in the house. And he is still hungry. So he looks at his mother and says "mom, I'm still hungry... I'm going to eat you". And he eats his mother. So Orunmilá, who feared he would also be eaten, runs to see Ifá. Ifá tells him that Orunmilá needs to make an Ebó, an offering and such. But he would have to fight a battle with Elegbara, right? And so Orunmilá goes home with a big knife... And as soon as he sees Elegbara, Elegbara says: "dad, I'm hungry, I'm going to eat you". E then Orunmilá starts a battle to avoid being eaten... A chase between Elegbara and Orunmilá, e the more Orunmilá fights, his big knife in his hand would cut pieces of Elegbara, and from each piece that was cut, a new little Elegbara would be created, each one of them in a different format. And that way, at some point, there were several different little Elegbara running after Orunmilá, and when Orunmilá couldn't bear being chased anymore, he said: "That's it, we need to make a deal". "Okay, which deal are we going to make?"... And so, following this deal, Elegbara digordes everything he had eaten, but it was all transformed. And then he was not Elegbara anymore, he was Enugbarijó, the mouth that eats everything and then returns everything, barfs it to the world, all transformed, you know?"

JOICE JANE TEIXEIRA.

## ALIMENT

(pandemic x pedagogic perspective) -- how to reach the kids (internet problem)  
 -- material and representativeness (to tell our stories to our kids)  
 -- ancestral technologies  
 -- orality -- symbols  
 adinkra  
 -- indigenous philosophy  
 -- Kindezi (the firing of the Sun) tumbeiros  
 -- tumbeiros -- to experience the isolation and hunger (tumbeiro) -- the ancentrals would eat once a day -- they'd sing the whole day long -- "colour defect" (book) -- slave ship -- singing for the ancentrals



### ALIMENT

Food, energy, hunger - what keeps you on your feet - to nourish - to support (to avoid the fall) - life - food that nourishes ontologies - to sing at all times - African *cosmotaste* philosophy - Exu as epistemology -- child -- griot Djeli - vomits everything that eats in a transformed, rebuilt format... the mouth that eats everything and vomits it back to the world in a new, transformed format... to know how to taste... food... to nourish yourself around the world... to feed from life... (...)

The creation of a artistic-pedagogic practice where the plurality of childhoods and lands is included, as well as the knowledge from the ancentrals, is what feed us in the present -- "What keeps you on your feet, sustains you": maxim created from the "bulimento" foundation - the search for colonial deconstruction that is impregnated in our behaviours, speeches, thoughts and attitudes. Since 2018, N'Kinpa - Nucleus of Peripheric and Black Cultures - act and creates, collectively, proposals which bring cosmovisions, cosmosenses; format and ways of living in the art, education, performance, theatre, music, communication and cultural action areas. Starting from the movements, the "bulimentos", the colonial deconstruction and uncomfortable triggers will take us to another way to see things and pathways and will provide us with a changing-movement. We understand that, to create artistic and pedagogic practices that are powerful to childhood, to EAT-KNOW is needed, to have FOOD which nourish the senses (taste, smell, touch, hearing and vision); firing the Sun - BODY/MUNTU - EXU: the child, the boy, the one that eats everything and is still with an empty belly, because to EAT is a metaphor for his relationship with KNOWLEDGE.

ALIMENT = TO EAT = TO KNOW

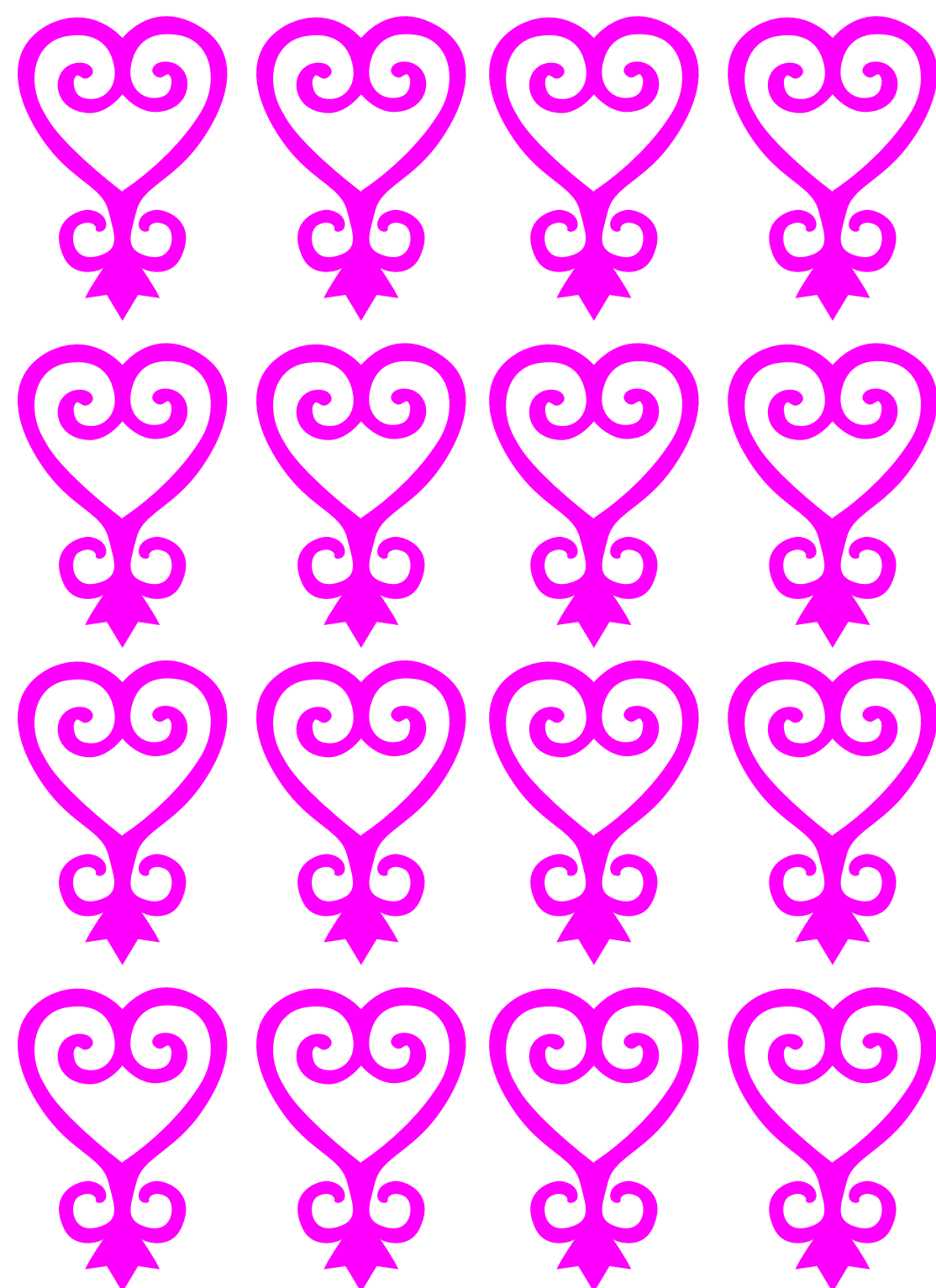
To nourish yourself with/for the world  
 An experience that relates to the taste of life - the taste for living

"...After Orunmila ran from death, he met Ewa, and hid underneath her skirt, and from that the ibejis were born... Then some time passed, and death (iku) came to that community and started killing lots of people; it wasn't a calm death, a tranquil one, the type that would take people on their natural time to go. It was a death out of the right time, which was destroying the people from that community. This people's leadership, the king, got very worried and started to send several of his ministers, advisors, all of them to try to negotiate with iku, but she wouldn't leave that place and would kill anyone who would get close. Death, in its arrogance, even said something like "hey! I'm only leaving if someone here can make me do something I don't want to do". Then the ibejis appeared... they are twins, and they are kids... how can that happen, right? So many adults trying to send death away, to defeat it, how come two kids would be the ones to do that?! I know, but ibejis said that they wanted to negotiate with death! And they went! But ibejis are very rambunctious, and instead of showing both in front of Iku, only one of them appeared, and he started playing the enchanted drums. Ibeji said nothing, and let the drums speak... Iku doesn't resist and starts dancing to the sound of the drums that was playing nonstop. Wow! Not even death resists a well played drums... When one of the ibejis was tired of playing, he would change places with the other ibeji and death wouldn't notice the change; while the brother would hide in a corner, in a curve... would lay down, eat, rest, and then change places



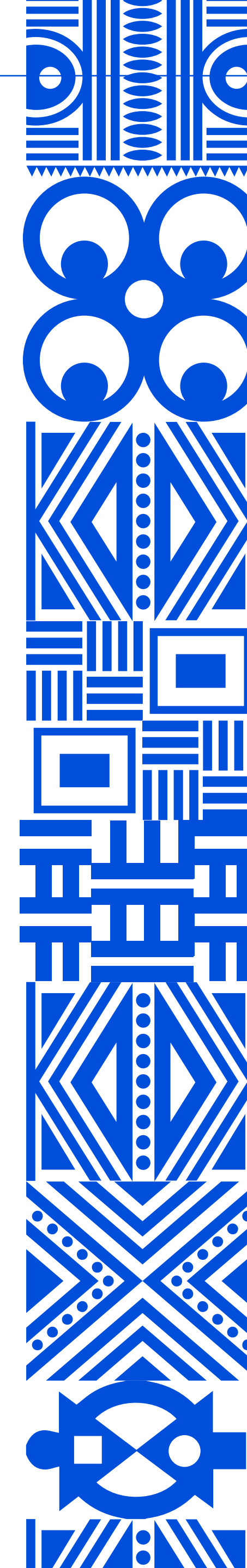
with his brother one more time, and Iku would not notice. And that way death wouldn't stop dancing, and the magic drums wouldn't stop playing, till the point when a desperate iku said "help, I can't take this anymore! Make it stop!" - "I'll make it stop", said ibeji, "but you will have to do something in return". Iku said "I'll do whatever you want!", "Leave my community." And that was how that unreasonable, out of timing death goes away, and the community recovers its movement and balance".

SUELEN RIBEIRO



(...)

In this beautiful itan, kids (*ibejis*) defend their community; it is even possible to hear Clementina de Jesus singing "*in the forest there are forest dogs caxinguele, o, in the forest there are forest dogs caxinguele, I called my children to defend me, I called my children to defend me...*" With their sagacity, they sent away death, a death that seemed very similar to the one we witness in the first slave ship - or *tumbeiro* - in the African continent. The children from Sao Paulo's periphery, black in their majority, hold memories from their ancestral which crossed the Atlantic sea after being kidnaped; but they also hold memories of the *ibeji's* strength, which dribbled the death that comes from colonial times, the type that disenchants life. The same death that has been cruelly killing children from the peripheries. It kills by taking life from them, by ignoring their origin, by saying that they are ugly, dirty and badly dressed; by saying that angels come with white skin and blue eyes, and that all that is left for them is a life as a maid or a police officer. Colonialism takes away from these children the possibility of imagining themselves as the protagonists of their lives. When it comes to children, distracted senses might make us conveniently think that we are, in fact, a mixed and democratic country, where everyone is a brazilian. These lies generated by plantation masters break down when the senses become sharper... when the child's belly hurts with hunger, when they come home with a hot iron mark in their legs, when the older brother is shot, when their mother is afraid that her black son, even if still a kid, walk on the streets by himself; when they have to be careful when handling a toy, since a 9-year-old with a bottle can be "easily mistaken" with a armed grown-up man. Attention, knowledge and affection are needed. Sharp senses can notice a child that, before leaving school, wets their hair to hide their curly hair. They can also notice a child that leaves a theatre class to cut themselves with a razor, because "it hurts too much"; notices their angry expression when someone compliments their blackness: "why are you offending me by calling be black?". It is urgent to create practices that bring the strength of indigenous and black cultures together with kids and their families. Childhoods are malnourished by irresponsible adults, the kind that do not compromise with lives and think that each child is their family's problem. Born in Minianga, in the Democratic Republic of Kongo, Dr. Kimbwandende Kia Bunseki FuKiau wrote a wonderful book entitled *Kindezi - Kongo's way of caring for kids*. In this book, he writes that "a ruined childhood is a ruined society". Dr. FuKiau narrates the way Kongo organizes children's education, how this education is meant for life, being cosmogonic, shared and integrated.



Kindezi is the art practiced by the Ndezi, the children's caregiver, which is one of the most important jobs that exist in the eyes of Kongo's society. In this task, the wise elderly has a fundamental role in spreading their knowledge with children. Dr. FuKiau also narrates the damages provoked by colonialism, this monster of many paws, and invites us to re-africanize and afro-centre the educational practice connected to ancestry. The community has the mission to keep children as a living Sun (*mntu*), shining, so that this Sun can carry on its everyday cycle of life, without having iku (death) erases *mntu's* light before the right time. Are we giving our children the right to grow old?

*N'SANDA MULEMBA* Filled with ancestry... It is how we walk and eat while *N'Kinpa*, to overcome the death that is embodied in life's disenchantment; suggesting nourishing movements, tasteful, that serve as good food for children and families, living beings in various contexts of deprivation, wait and violence that this colonialist nation-state called Brazil imposes. In several indigenous and African cultures, children are sacred beings, since they are still new for "this life", and still have memories of the other life cycle, the one that ero-western culture names as death. The biggest effort of these cultures when educating children is to take care of them in a way to prevent them from forgetting about the knowledge of their previous cycle of life. In the colonial adult-centric culture structure the memory is outsourced with tonnes of texts in various forms, so that kids forget and become adults - even better if white adults. We from N'Kinpa compile practices from ancestral technologies, which bring people together. Invention technologies, technologies of different ways to exist, to eat sweets, to whisper secrets, to play, laugh and talk nonsense, to tickle, to be fussy, and to talk. Ancestral technologies that inspire belonging and continuation of life. We are our ancestrals, we are the ones in the present and we are also the ones yet to be born. We eat together in these various physical worlds, some not visible to clothed eyes - yes, clothed, not naked. Eyes clothed by a "way of being colonial"



that do not experiment different tastes. They eat only by day, since the night food is the mistake, the wild, the sin. Whoever eats by day and by night lives as a whole, eats the whole world's sphere, eats the visible and invisible, is Exu, a playing body, rhythmic, pulsing, plural.

And then with attention, sharp senses, responsibility, and a practice which vibrates in the ancestrality, good winds blow, the sacred Sun shines: "We are black, and bantu!" - "Can we make a jongo circle?" - "Today I came with my hair down! It is beautiful just like yours".

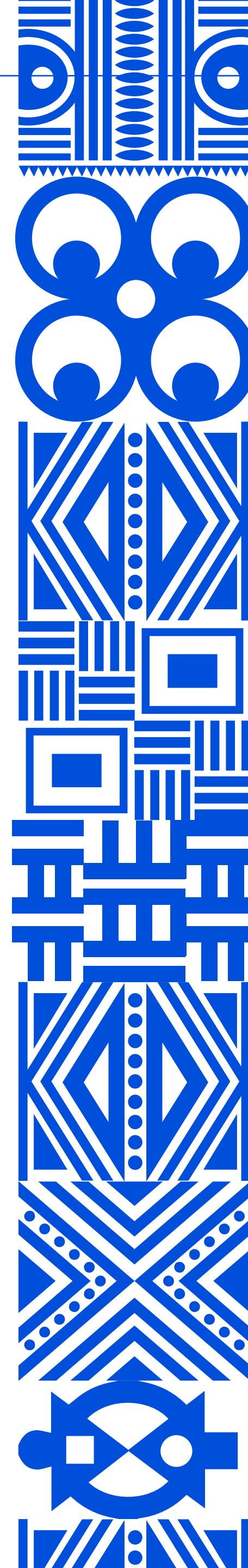
Text created by N'Kinpa staff.

In the construction of its political-pedagogic reflexions, N'Kinpa has been positively disturbed by, among other references, the epistemologies and experiences proposed by Sophie Oluwale, Oyewumi, Oyeronke, Katuscia Ribeiro, Renato Noguera, Luiz Rufino, Tigana Santana, Bunseki FuKiau, Cheik Anta Diop, Molefi kete Asante, Mogobe Ramose and Aza Njeri.

"(...) and then it was whispering in my ear... "tumbeiro", "tumbeiro", "tumbeiro". (...) And I saw myself thinking that this isolation question is present since we were kidnapped in Africa, right? (...) And then, right? In the "tumbeiros", researching, I found out that our ancentrals would eat only once a day, and their food would be left overs from the crew, or a portion of flour and jerky beef, dried meat, and a bit of water. And they would sing the whole day long, you know? The whole day long, like this, you know? That is, to sing, to pray, because African people understand that to sing is to pray. It's not for nothing that there is this dictum from samba: samba is a form of praying. Because it really is. And... and that was when we came to this idea of "food". To our ancentrals is not only in this place, you know? It is about what we put in our mouths to eat, but also about what keeps us alive, what sustains us. (...) And it is in this sense that we have this urge to move in relation to food. How can we nourish ourselves as the black bodies we are. (...) Su has a really beautiful quote that relates to that. Us, the black bodies in Maafa, this territory called Brazil, he have to swallow violence all the time. Just like this Enugbarijo, this Exu, right? This one which eats, but returns everything to the world in a new format, transformed (...) It vomits violence transformed in samba, in jongo, in congadas, maracatus, carnival, carimbos (...) Movements. Food in this place that bullies us and makes us vomit so many strengths. So many strengths."

Joice Jane Teixeira

# IS TO BECOME AN ADULT TO FORGET? ----- MEDIA IS BODY ----- LIBRARY IS OLD, STREET AND PAPER



## MINI BIO

Born in 2018, N'Kinpa - Nucleus of Peripheric and Black Culture - is headed by black and non-black women, and counts with the help from educators that are willing to discuss, think and propose actions against colonialism towards the construction of a fair society. In the continuous process to guide, we handle practices that ensure children's right to the city, to the world, to a strong and enchanted life, putting in perspective anti-racist pedagogies that include blackness, territoriality, childhood and valorization of our afro-indigenous cultures. We act through the arts, culture and education with practices for the childhood and communities in/from our peripheral territories in the city of Sao Paulo; we promote artistic and artistic-pedagogic actions in public cultural and educational spaces, occupations, villages, school communities, and communities in general. In 2019, N'Kinpa got intrigued by the sambista Beto sem Braco's quote "The party is what scares away the misery". This quote was said in his inauguration party at The Alley of the Distressed, a space of resistance in the Liberdade neighborhood, in São Paulo. Besides experiences, presentations, workshops, seminars and circles of talk, since 2019 N'Kinpa has been the host of "Diáspora - A cor da Nossa Cultura, em encontros e redes" ("Diaspora - Our Culture's Colour, in meetings and connections"), a podcast produced by the radio station Brasil Atual. In 2020, due to the pandemic, presencial meetings

were cancelled, even though the nucleus is still actively working through virtual circles of talk, debating themes such as distanced emergencial education, inclusion and accessibility during a pandemic and the construction of a supportive net. Through the finance support received by Baoba Fund of Racial Equality, N'Kinpa produced "Capanga Brincante", an artistic pedagogic material with creative activities for children, based in two laws (numbers 10.639/03 and 11.645/08). "Capanga Brincante" was delivered to families in the Heliopolis community, together with food baskets and hygiene items. Since then, this nucleus has formed partnerships and has continued this emergency project in other communities from peripheries, in areas of vulnerability and difficult internet access. The nucleus is involved with practices that tell our own stories, in an ethical, political and poetic commitment with the continuity of life full of vibration and movement. ■



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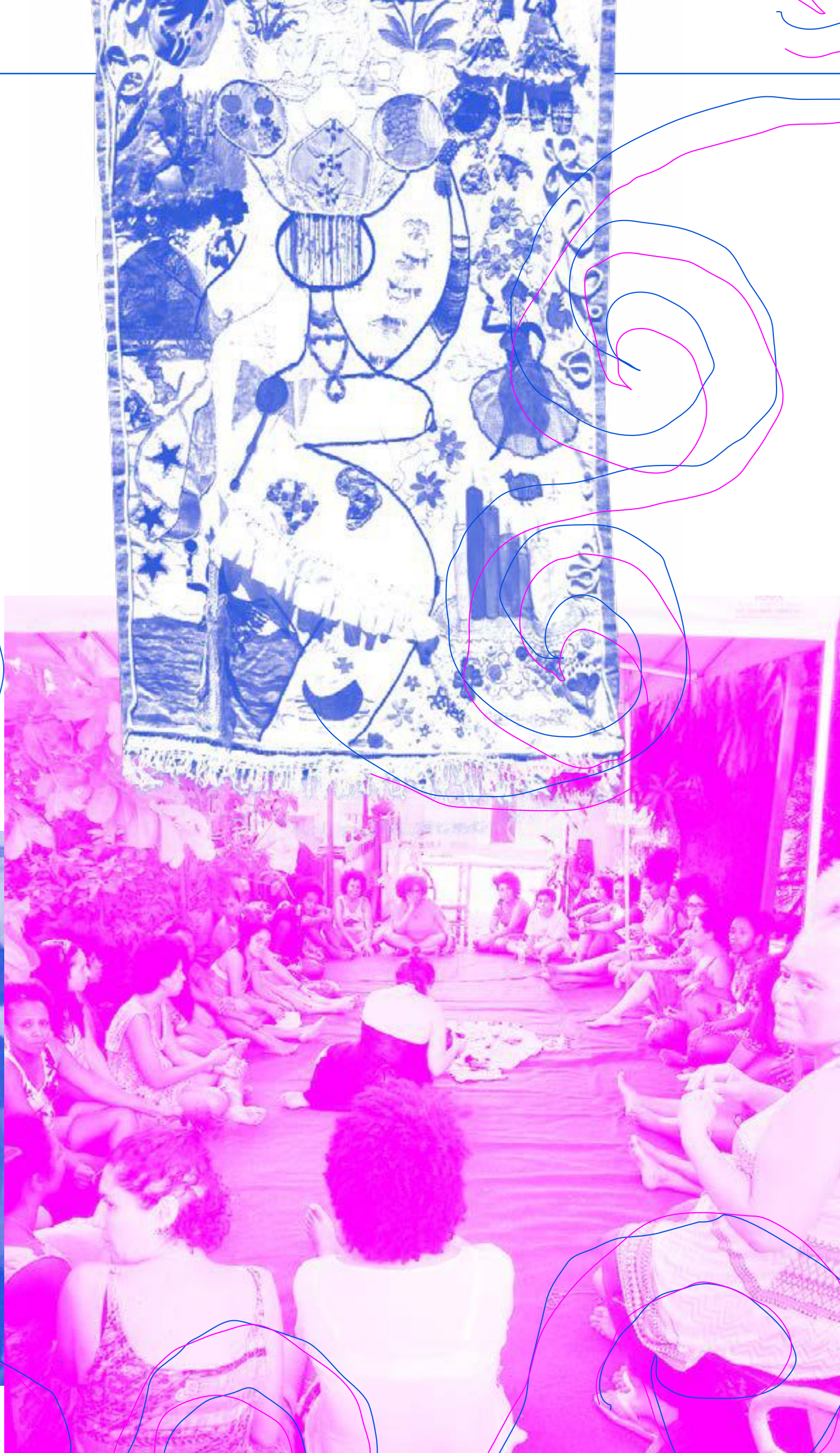
Podcast "Diáspora, a Cor da nossa cultura em encontros e redes".

<https://www.megafono.host/podcast/l-o-que-e-diaspora>



## QUINTAL DE PEDRA, TALKING ALLEYS: WHEN WOMEN AND WARRIORS MEET

DANIELA GOMES REPRESENTING COLLECTIVE MULHERES DE PEDRA  
TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE



THE HEADQUARTERS OF MULHERES DE PEDRA [STONE WOMEN] IS AN ENCHANTED BACKYARD. IT IS SURROUNDED BY AN IMPOSING AND WELCOMING MANGO TREE, THREE SMALL HOUSES HAVE HOSTED THE ACTIONS OF THIS COLLECTIVE OF ART, CARE, POPULAR EDUCATION, SOLIDARITY AND CREATIVE ECONOMY FOR 21 YEARS.

It is located in Pedra de Guaratiba, in Western Zone of the city of Rio de Janeiro, about 60 kilometers distant from downtown. It is like the power of our backyard was always known. We felt and still feel: it is like we are transported to another dimension. The so-called “other dimension” has to do with many records of sensibility. One of them is the affective dimension, which becomes extremely moving in our space. To the point that those who seek to be there know and make themselves available to have a connection with the self through active participation and committed to build a collective environment.

We thought about that first meeting of our collectives claiming that we would experiment the conjugation of our womanhood in an audiovisual record. They filled our backyard, kitchen, bedrooms, bathrooms, balconies and our whole neighborhood. They marked our walls with blood and struggle. Women who had many struggles at the tip of their tongues, the surface of their skins and in the sinuous rhythm of their hair. At the same time we broke: them, pointing out to the magic of that calm silence which allowed us to hear the leaves of the mango tree rustling, the birds and the sun rays, the horizontality of walking near the sea. Us, going up and down the slopes of their narratives about the decided strength of marking the red imposed on the paths, the incessant noise





of the daily attacks, the loud laughter about the immoral boredom of patriarchy, the hunger of those who are never satisfied with the shallow. The fractures in us became images made into spirals of care, shifting like the mangrove, consistent like the stone, inventive like the show zone.

We accepted the invitation to keep bleeding with them. We occupied the Block's saloon, we had a party, we satiated ourselves long before reaching the bottom of the abundance. On the periphery of our most intimate pains, we began to amalgamate our fractures, sharing breath and tears of longing for death and life. Inside our most urgent desire we tread the public alleys of intimacy, exposed in the silence of the undisguised violence of the homes. We mended lovingly ourselves, moved by our differences, an engine that propelled us to the same views on the world. We mend ourselves even more lovingly, moved by our similarities, views about the world that are driving forces to make interventions.

We have loved and fought with similar strategies to create beauty in the middle of war on the corners of our cities. We believed the words and we wrote our own narratives. We wrote down in diaries and publications, but also wrote with the smell of the food we prepared and shared, in the subtle scent that perfume our time together, in the circles in which we dance, discuss, plan, drink, embrace, make. We recited some authorial verses, we sewed popular points, we believed the bars and gyms and claimed our right to all these places.

We are entirely the fruits of our hood, non-conformed with the agreements that violate our rights of existing, we break the deals that make us entirely out of the circles of living well. We followed the women, from Pedra and from the southern zone, mangroves and from the hoods. We bled in the poetry of large smiles that rise from our gatherings, watered by the salt of our eyes soaked in the world. We deny the geographical distances, we confirm that our flows are not buffered with soft words. The hood keeps bleeding, and the Stone still lasts. And it doesn't stop! It won't soften!



## RUSHING MOM MANIFEST

## WHERE IS THE MOTHER OF THIS CHILD?

POR MARIANA SALOMÃO

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN  
PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

ENGLISH VERSION



HAVE YOU LOOKED FOR HER IN THE KITCHEN, COOKING FOR YOU AND SIX OTHER STARVING PEOPLE? IN THE BACK, HAND WASHING HER CLOTHES, THEN PUTTING THEM ON THE STONE HEAP TO REMOVE THE STRAIN? AT THE GROCERY STORE, MARKET, STANDING AT THE BANK LINE?

AT THE BUS STOP BEFORE SUNRISE OR SQUEEZED IN A CROWDED SUBWAY CAR HAVING HER BODY TOUCHED?

Always late, she walks fast, carrying purses, bags and her way too heavy head, always asking herself if she had forgotten anything or if she will have enough time.

Is that the one who always works, always serves, always solves, feeds, listens, cares, worries, the one who always has to remind things to everyone and everything, the one who always provides?

Or is she the one who is always the maid, the one who has a boss even when she is unemployed, the one who has to punch the clock forever, even when she is the owner of the house herself, or when she is self-employed, an entrepreneur or the landlady herself?

But she is a MOTHER. Wasn't she the one who chose this?

Someone who is born with a uterus, with the power of giving birth and generating life, a different life. She has a life herself and she is, above all, a person.

When she is dancing, drinking and having fun on a Saturday night, trying to get her mind off her thoughts, someone very concerned about her life suddenly comes and asks

**- WHERE IS YOUR CHILD?**

Trying to exercise the reintegration to her own body and recover the so desired butterflies in her stomach, reinvent her own self love, self care and everything that is so praised nowadays. To exercise her "freedom" of being a woman who keeps her integrity, between the gaps of a forged and lonely motherhood. When she finally gets to make her child safe while she finds herself some time, this time is taken away: "you gotta face the reality - YOU ARE A MOM!"

We have our bodies legislated by heterosexual, rich, white men who have denied our right to choice and imposed roles on us. After giving birth, we receive a compulsory motherhood, which is formulated according to patriarchy's self corrector that nearly suffocates to death the woman who existed before becoming a mother.

How can we break these chains when we are the foundation, the providers, the driving forces of the quilombo<sup>1</sup> communities that are scattered across the outskirts of our extensive country?



## EVERY HOOD IS MATRIARCHAL!

Thousands of citizens grow up with no paternal recognition, they deal with affective abandonment. Their mothers, grandmothers or sisters take care of them with a fortune of “200 bucks” per month – which doesn’t actually happen by the rule –, as they have to live, raise and recreate these subjugated family configurations, which the lawmakers affirm to be “dysfunctional”, under the strength of maternal, matriarchal and ancestral bonds.

Our greatest achievement is seeing our children running around healthy and carrying a smile on their faces, being cared for and loved, ready to become a good person for society. ALWAYS BE ATTENTIVE, EVERY CHILD IS COLLECTIVE! Citizens are beings inside the community, in this puzzle, they are a piece that either fits or misfits into something that is common to all. So, never again ask: WHERE IS THE MOTHER OF THIS CHILD?

We are in the struggle, expanding our senses of being women, trying to be a topic in our sisters’ speeches, engendering the sense of collectivity in our struggle, assuring that our children become part of this body, without romanticizing motherhood and, thus, softening the weight of the title of ‘mother’.

By being assured but not abandoned we get rid of guilt – a severe shadow that chases every mother – reclaiming our subjectivity as women, walking together in this struggle in defense of our *corpas*<sup>2</sup>, re-existing as matriarchs, and therefore being recognized as RUSHING MOMS.

1. Translator’s Note [T.N.]: The term *Quilombo* comes from the word “*Kilombo*” in Kimbundu, one of the many Bantu languages brought to Brazil by enslaved Africans. It was the name given to communities formed by Africans who self emancipated from slavery. Today, the term can also be used to describe the safe spaces where Black and indigenous people can meet, care after each other, share and propose ideas for the advancement of the community.

2. T.N.: In defense of our *Corpas*: Name of the project created by the professionals from: *A Bordar Espaço Terapêutico* [A Bordar Therapeutic Space]. *Corpas* is a wordplay with the term *corpos*, which can be translated from Portuguese as ‘body’. In Brazilian Portuguese, changing the vowel ‘-o’ to ‘-a’ gives the idea that the word bodies is in the feminine ‘*corpas*’.

### DON'T FORGET:

WHEN YOU MEET A RUSHING MOTHER, GIVE HER A HUG, ASK ABOUT HER LIFE, SHOW SOME INTEREST AND RECOGNITION FOR HER. IF SHE HAS HER CHILD WITH HER, ASK TO CARRY THE CHILD, PLAY AND TAKE THEM FOR A WALK. ASK HER TO HOLD HER BACKPACK, YOU SHOULD SHARE THE WEIGHT SO THAT SHE CAN REST HER SHOULDERS A LITTLE. COLLABORATE WITH HER SO SHE IS ABLE TO KEEP HER VITAL PULSE AND WILLING TO BECOME THE WOMAN SHE MANAGED TO BE.

@maecorreria

## Rushing Mom

### MOTHERHOOD

1. NAME GIVEN TO THIS BACKPACK-MOTHER, WHO SOLELY AND EXCLUSIVELY CARRIES THE RESPONSIBILITIES, JOYS, SMILES AND THE SOFT VOICE OF THEIR CHILD, REASONS THAT MAKE HER NOT GIVE UP. MOST TIMES SHE FEELS WEIGHED DOWN BY EXTERNAL BURDENS, WHICH SHE TAKES OFF SO NOTHING WILL HINDER HER JOURNEYS, HER IRREFUTABLE RIGHT TO BE A WOMAN.
2. SHE IS AN ARTIST, A GRAFFITI ARTIST, MUSIC ARTIST, BODY ARTIST, SHE IS A BEACON, A TEACHER, THE KITCHEN AUNTIE, A CASHIER, DENTIST, LAWYER, POET, POLITICIAN. SHE IS WHATEVER SHE WANTS TO BE. SHE IS ALWAYS PROTECTED BY OUR LADY OF MATRIARCHY, HER “MATRONESS”. SHE TWERKS HER BOOTY TO THE FLOOR, AND DON'T YOU EVEN TRY TO JUDGE HER. SHE IS MULTIPLE, SHE IS A BOND OF CHAINS, SHE IS LIKE A WATER STREAM.

### ADJECTIVE

1. NAME GIVEN TO A WOMAN, MOSTLY THE ONES WHO COME FROM THE HOOD. THE ONE WHO IS A WOMAN AND EMBRACES, KNOWS AND DOES NOT FORGET THIS NOUN AND, THEREFORE, DOES NOT NEED TO BE REMINDED OF THAT;
2. SHE IS IN THE STREETS, MOVING, WITHIN THE STRUGGLES. SHE HANGS OUT, BUT SHE IS ALWAYS BUSY AND CARRYING A BACKPACK ON HER SHOULDERS.





# MONTHLY MEDITATION

BY FLÁVIA ROSA



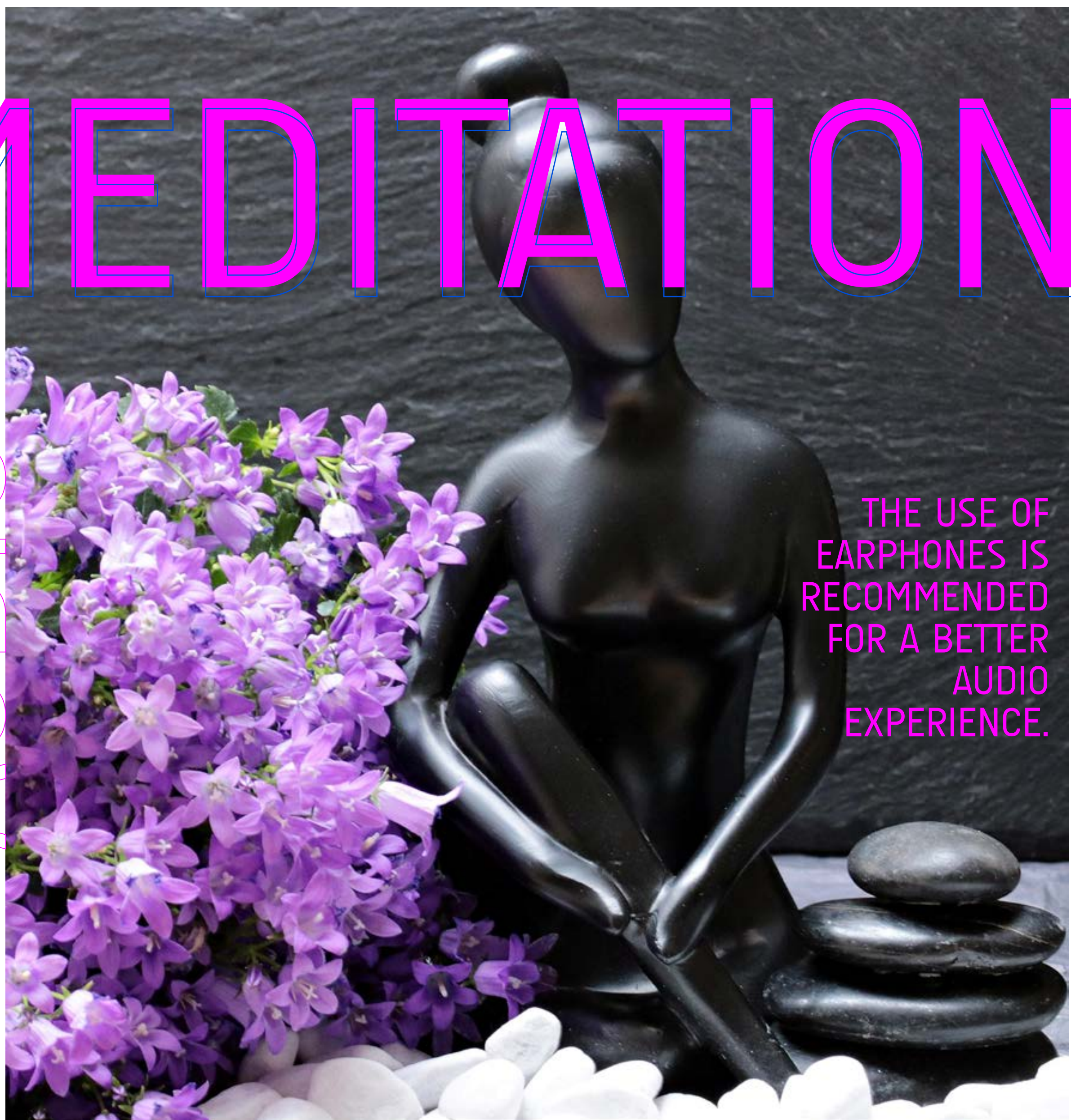
<https://youtu.be/BMs1Lxz6z2g>

**FORMAT:** TESTIMONIAL (BRAZIL-2020)  
**RUNNING TIME:** 3'35"  
**LANGUAGE:** PORTUGUESE  
**SUBTITLES:** PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH

**TITLE:** MONTHLY MEDITATION  
**TEXT, AUDIO AND PRODUCTION:** FLÁVIA ROSA

**PLOT:** In this guided meditation, therapist Flávia Rosa, invites women to save a few minutes to connect to the intimacy of their physical body by flourishing their senses with the intention of self-experimenting. The monthly meditation establishes a connection with the five senses, amplifying the way of feelings, be it from the inside to the outside or from the outside to the inside. This journey is an opportunity to activate the inner powers, like writer and intellectual Audre Lorde teaches in her essay *The Uses of Erotic: Erotic as power*". Activate the erotic in the search for empowerment, making women more rooted and stronger, more fluid and greater, by bonding with the essential nature that inhabits each one of them.

AUDIO



THE USE OF  
 EARPHONES IS  
 RECOMMENDED  
 FOR A BETTER  
 AUDIO  
 EXPERIENCE.



# WOMEN WHO ARE WASTE COLLECTORS

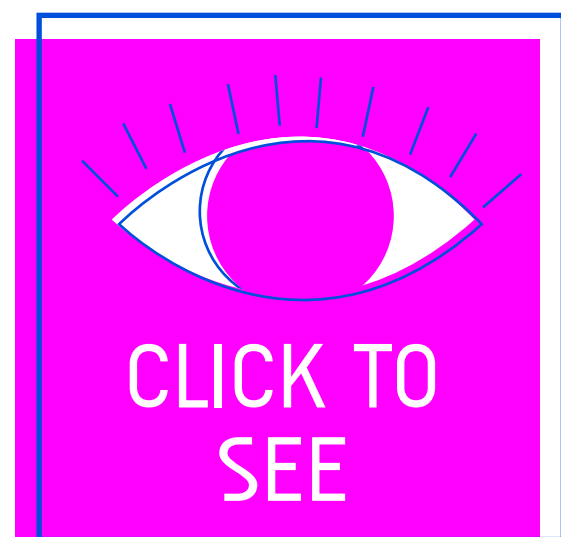
BY MARA SOBRAL

FORMAT: TESTIMONIAL (BRAZIL-2020)

RUNNING TIME: 33"

LANGUAGE: PORTUGUESE

SUBTITLES: PORTUGUESE/ENGLISH



<https://youtu.be/1W4PtPVIP54>

TITLE: WOMEN WHO ARE WASTE COLLECTORS

IMAGE AND VOICE: MARA SOBRAL

PRODUCTION: MARA SOBRAL

**PLOT:** During the COVID-19 pandemic, Mara Lucia Sobral goes to the Cooperative of Waste Collectors, a place where they sort and separate recyclable materials to reveal the scenario and working conditions of women who represent a sector of society that cannot afford social isolation, facing new challenges and risks to guarantee their survival.

This video was recorded with a mobile phone. The video has low resolution and part of the audio is compromised. For a better appreciation of the content, read the subtitles, use earphones and set the volume to maximum in the device you use to access it.

VIDEO



TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE WORK OF WOMEN WHO ARE WASTE COLLECTORS, ACCES:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fhScgVnaYVw&t=7s>



HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE FOR AN IMAGE TO BE SHAPED ON THE HORIZON? IN THE HOOD'S RUSHING DAILY LIFE, IMAGES ARE FORMED BEFORE THE EYES OF WOMEN, WHO LOOK AT THEM WHILE THEY ARE ALSO LOOKED AT AS IMAGES BY THE EYES OF OTHERS. LIKE A CRACK IN TIME, MIR(AR) IS AN INVITATION TO PAUSE AND SILENCE IN MOTION.

# MIR(AR)







# BREJEIRA

BY DAYANE FERNANDES



FOTOGRAFIA  
20 IMAGENS  
ANO: 201X  
(CIDADE\_ESTADO)

PRODUÇÃO: DAYANE FERNANDES  
PESQUISA: DAYANE FERNANDES  
FOTOGRAFIAS: DAYANE FERNANDES





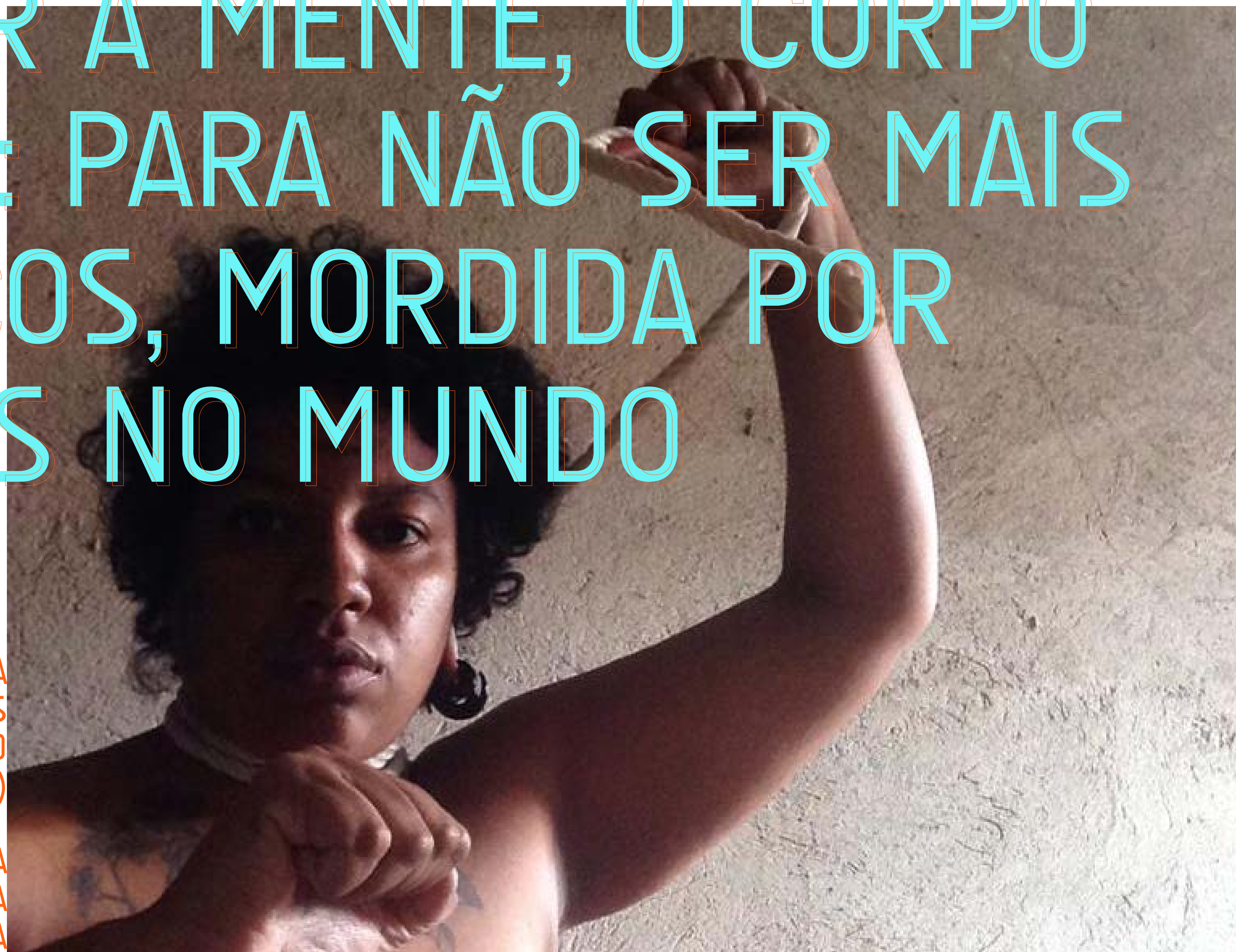
# DESCOLONIZAR A MENTE, O CORPO Y O ESPYRYTU: PARA NÃO SER MAIS FEITAS DE LAÇOS, MORDIDA POR CÃES, JOGADAS NO MUNDO

BY MAHU LIMA



FOTOGRAFIA  
9 IMAGENS  
ANO: 2020  
(SÃO PAULO\_SP)

PESQUISA E PERFORMANCE: MAHU LIMA  
PRODUÇÃO: MAHU LIMA  
FOTOGRAFIAS: MAHU LIMA





# ORIKI LOMBO

BY MARA MBHALI



FOTOGRAFIA  
9 IMAGENS  
ANO: 2017  
(SÃO PAULO\_SP)

PESQUISA: MARA MBHALI  
PINTURA CORPORAL: MARA MBHALI  
PRODUÇÃO: MARA MBHALI  
FOTOGRAFIAS: MARA MBHALI E PRETO  
MODELOS: BÁRBARA MAGALHANIS,  
FERNANDA SANTANA, JULIO CÉSAR,  
LIDIANE, MAGDA SANTOS, MARA MBHALI  
LOCAL: SAÍDA DO BLOCO ILÚ INÃ NO  
APARELHA LUZIA / ESTUDIO





# PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO



FOTOGRAFIA  
20 IMAGENS  
ANO: 2018  
(SÃO PAULO\_SP)

CURADORIA: REVISTA QUEBRADA INTEIRA  
FOTOGRAFIAS: DAYANE FERNANDES  
PRODUÇÃO: PERIFERIA SEGUE SANGRANDO  
CORTEJO PELAS RUAS DO JD. IBIRAPUERA  
PARTICIPAÇÃO: MARACATU BAQUE ATITUDE





# BAQUE ATITUDE

BY MARACATU BAQUE ATITUDE



FORMATO: VÍDEO ARTE (BRASIL-2020)  
DURAÇÃO: 2MIN E 31SEGUNDOS  
ÁUDIO ORIGINAL: PORTUGUÊS  
SEM LEGENDA

<https://ehcho.org/conteudo/revista-quebrada-inteira>

**TÍTULO:** BAQUE ATITUDE  
**PRODUÇÃO, GRAVAÇÃO, EDIÇÃO E DANÇA:**  
BAQUE ATITUDE E LUCAS ANDRADE

**SINOPSE:** trecho da apresentação do grupo de Maracatu Baque Atitude, demonstrando a força dos alfaias, tambores ancestrais que evocam a força cultural do maracatu de baque virado, ritmo afro percussivo característico do estado de Pernambuco.

VIDEO



THE USE OF  
EARPHONES IS  
RECOMMENDED  
FOR A BETTER  
AUDIO  
EXPERIENCE.



# ANTES DA MÁSCARA JÁ HAVIA ASFIXIA

BY MARIANA SALOMÃO



PINTURA  
8 IMAGENS  
ANO: 2020-2021  
(SÃO PAULO\_SP)

ARTISTA: MARIANA SALOMÃO  
TÉCNICA MISTA: LÁPIS, CANETA, LÁPIS DE  
COR SOBRE PAPEL E COLAGEM  
DIGITALIZADO





WHOLE HOOD, CONSTITUTED OF MANY P(PART)S WHERE WE ARE. EACH ONE OF US, A LIFE, A HISTORY, A P(PART), A MOSAIC OF PEOPLE, PATHWAYS, SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES. WE ARE CROSSED BY MISFORTUNES AND MISLEADING WAYS, BUT WE ARE NEVER ALONE! IT IS AT THE CROSSROADS THAT WE UNFOLD ART. SINCE DAILY ART FOR SURVIVAL, REINVENTION OF ROUTES AND THE END LINES, WE ARE P(PART), PRODUCING ART, CULTURE, MOVEMENTS AND, ABOVE ALL, CULTIVATING THE HOPE OF FULLY FLOURISHING AS A BODY OF A GROUP IN THE ART OF LIFE.



P

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D





ELLEN DE PAULA



CAROLINA ITZA



DAYANE FERNANDES



ALESSANDRA TAVARES



SULAMITA ASSUNÇÃO



JENYFFER NASCIMENTO



SILVANA MARTINS



CAPULANAS CÍA DE ARTE NEGRA



MARA SOBRAL



DANIELLE REGINA DE OLIVEIRA



ARAÍDA CARLA



MILENA MATEUZE



DÉBORA MARÇAL



MAHU LIMA



MAYARA JARBITHA



LUANA OLIVEIRA



MARIA EDIJANE ALVES



NAYRA LAYS



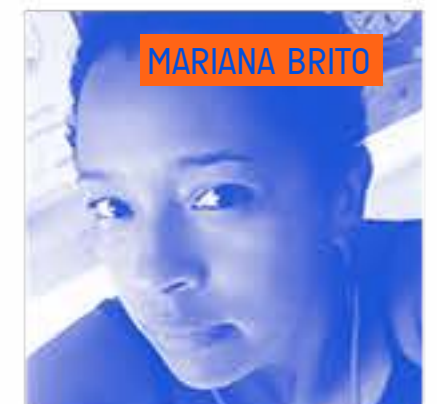
ADRIANA PAIXÃO



JULIANA SANTOS



CARMEM FAUSTINO



MARIANA BRITO



MULHERES DE PEDRA



ALINE ANAYA



FERNANDA GOMES



MARIANA SALOMÃO



A BORDA ESPAÇO TERAPEUTICO



MARI MBALI



PRISCILA OBACI



FLÁVIA ROSA



FERNANDA MIRANDA



ANABELA GONÇALVES



BAQUE ATITUDE



JÚLIA FERREIRA



COLETIVO N\_KINPA



LÍGIA HARDER



ELAINE LIMA



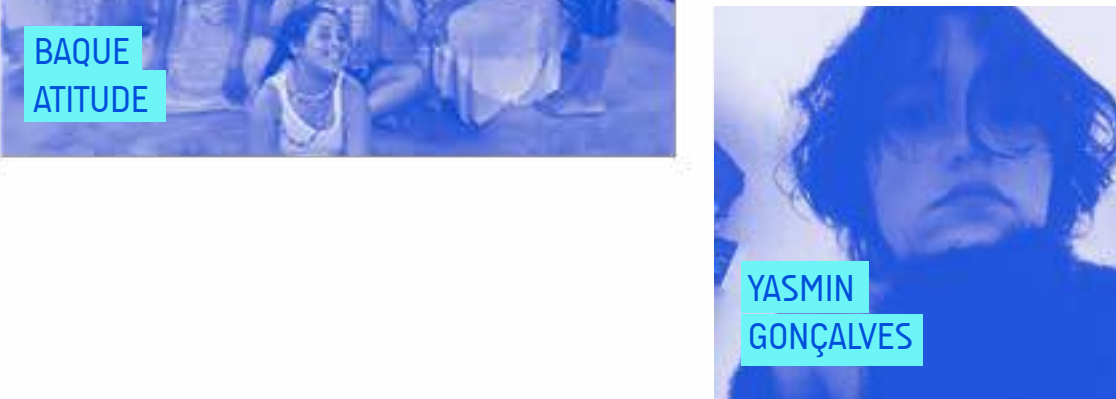
BRUNA GALICHIO



DANIELLE BRAGA



ANDRÉIA ARRUDA



YASMIN GONÇALVES



MARTINIANA SOUSA

CLARICE DE LA SIENA



DANDARA KUNTÉ



FORMIGÃO



DAYSE OLIVEIRA



CRISTIANE UCHÔA PINHEIRO



COLETIVA LUANA BARBOSA



## ABORDAR ESPAÇO TERAPÊUTICO - ABORDAR THERAPEUTIC SPACE

We are four peripheral women, residents of the far south of the city of São Paulo, graduates in Psychology. We seek to embroider means and ways to build processes of making mental health more accessible in the hoods. In June 2018, we decided to invest in the creation of a therapeutic space to welcome the peripheral population. Ancestrality, Well-Living, Coexistence and recognition of Knowledge Productions in the hood are the pillars of our action.

## ADRIANA PAIXÃO

I am an actress, social scientist, art educator, sociology teacher, researcher, cultural articulator, and Master's student in Social Anthropology at the University of São Paulo. I have been working with Capulanas Cia for Black Arts since 2007, a group which I am the co-founder, member of the acting nucleus and actress-researcher. My main interests are related to the areas of art-education, sociocultural, human rights and initiatives that promote public policies, ethnic and gender issues, access to information, autonomy and popular education.

## ALESSANDRA TAVARES

I live in the southern zone of São Paulo, I am a feminist, teacher, master's student in Social Anthropology, graduated in Social Sciences and currently working as a trainee in education and restorative justice. I study the social markers of difference with emphasis on gender and race. I am passionate about Latin America, travel, and the beauty of people, places, and art.

## ALINE ANAYA

I am an educator, poet, actress, cultural producer and audiovisual director, member of the *Versos em Versos* and *Slam do Bronx*. A restless writer of Black and peripheral issues, I have acted actively on artistic-political fronts within my territory since my adolescence, located in the southern zone of São Paulo. I am a member of the autonomous audiovisual production company Goma Kaya.

## ANABELA GONÇALVES

I am an educator and sociologist with an extension in Gender Genealogy studies – PUC-SP. I have experience in project management, planning and monitoring of action teams. I work as service manager of the Julita Youth Center and I am also the president of the social organization Bloco do Beco. I have been an activist in the Southern Periphery for 20 years, developing actions in the areas of gender, politics and culture, in collectives such as KATU for education, *Fala Guerreira* and *Periferia Segue Sangrando*.

## ANDREA ARRUDA

I am a peripheral woman, mother, popular educator, psychologist, and teacher. I am part of feminist collectives such as *Periferia Segue Sangrando* and Abye Yala Feminist School.

## ARAILDA CARLA

I am Arailda which means plowing the earth. My last name is Carlos which I inherited from my father. To simplify, I introduce myself as Arailda Carla. I am 48 years old. I came to São Paulo when I was 18 to stay for three months, but I have been living here until today. I was born in the city of Água Branca, in Piauí. After a few years in São Paulo, I worked as a maid and metalworker in a printing shop. After that, my partner and I decided to pursue a dream of implementing a cultural project. So, in 2002 Bloco do Beco Cultural Association was born. As a founder I went through several learning processes, but what helped me in these years was our motto: never give up on our goals. Today at Bloco do Beco I am part of the management and the coordinator of the project *Bloquinho do Brincar* [Block to Play]/ *Biblioteca Luíza Erundina* [Luiza Erundina Library], I am the president of Bloco do Beco and also a member of feminist collectives. I am an educator and trained to play. I like music, singing, traveling, the beach, and lots of friends.



## BAQUE ATITUDE

Baque Atitude is a study and practice group of Maracatu de Baque Virado, founded in 2009, in Jardim Ibirapuera, a suburb of the south zone of São Paulo. It is composed mostly by young people between 15 and 29 years old. Baque Atitude disseminates the Afro-Brazilian rhythm, playing several types of drums, from the typical *cirandas* and irreverent parades to the ancestral beats of the traditional *terreiros*. Us, from Baque Atitude, are a family, and we are always prepared to play, because the energy that flows and perpetuates among us is LOVE. “From my heart, to your heart.”

## BRUNA DOS SANTOS GALICHO

I live in the southern periphery of São Paulo. I am a PhD student in Social Anthropology at USP and I also have a master's degree in Social Anthropology (USP) and a major in Social Sciences (UNIFESP). I am currently researching the ways of circulating and making the city through the daily journeys of women who live in the southern periphery of São Paulo. I am interested in themes such as race, gender, sexuality and violence.

## CAPULANAS CIA DE ARTE NEGRA

Capulanas Cia for Black Art has been acting for 13 years in the outskirts of São Paulo, building and reconstructing possible imaginations for Black women using black female peripheral theater. Composed by Adriana Paixão, Débora Marçal, Flávia

Rosa, and Priscila Obaci, the Capulanas aims at establishing dialogue with society about the longings and perceptions related to Black women. In these 13 years Cia. was contemplated by 10 public notices, being them: 1 VAI Program, 1 PROAC, 2 public notices for Cultural Exchange – MINC (now extinct), 1 Ponto de Cultura, 4 Promotions to Theater to the City of São Paulo and 1 Promotion to the Culture of the Hood, we published 3 books, 2 documentaries, 1 mini-documentary and 1 video art. The members have performed in Salvador, Rio de Janeiro and Mozambique. The Cia is currently developing the project Goma Capulanas - Espaço Potencial de Vida, contemplated by the 4th edition of the Public Notice for Promotion of Culture in the Outskirts of São Paulo Department of Culture. The group has its headquarter, Goma Capulanas, in Jardim São Luís, a neighborhood located in the outskirts of the southern zone of São Paulo.

## CARMEN FAUSTINO

I am a faithful Black woman, poet and writer, educator, socio-cultural manager and activist in São Paulo. I am a researcher about black and hood cultures and active in the black peripheral cultural scene. I am one of the creators and articulators of the Black Women Nucleus - Love Heals, for shared experiences and collective care among Black women. I coordinate the Baobá - Strengthening Roots project, which provides training on Africa and African issues, from the perspective of the Law 10.639/2003. I am a member of the collective Samba Sampa and the artistic group Masmembas de Ialodês. I develop actions and projects to value the presence and narratives of Black Women in Literature. I am the author of the book *Estado de Libido ou Poesias de Prazer e Cura* (2020) and co-organizer and editor

of the publications *Pilar Futuro Presente - An anthology for Tula* (2019), *Coleção Samba Escritos* (2018), *Mulheres líquido - Os encontros fluentes do sagrado com as memórias do corpo terra* (2015), *Terra Fértil* (2015) and *Pretextos de Mulheres Negras* (2013). *Feminina - Periferia um pedaço da África* (2015) and the magazines *O Menelik - 2o Ato* (2014), *Fala Guerreira* (2015 and 2018); and *Sujeitos, frutos e percursos - Projeto jovens facilitadores de práticas restaurativas* (2017).

## CAROLINA ITZÁ

Carolina Teixeira (ITZÁ) is a graffiti artist, visual artist and educator.

She has been illustrating and painting for 15 years, and her last exhibition was ENCRUZA, at Espaço Clariô. She presented works in group and individual exhibitions, among them the “1st Cultural Exhibition of Cooperifa” (2008), the “1st Meeting of Hood Women” (2010), Graffiti Day at Ação Educativa (2015), Cultural Workshop Alfredo Volpi, *Grafiterritórios* at Sesc Santana, Corpa Negra at Sesc Itaquera, among others. She has illustrated several books, including *Contos de Yõnu* by Raquel Almeida and *Sensualidade de Fino Trato* by Tula Pilar. She is part of the collectives Periferia Segue Sangrando, 8M na Quebrada and Fala Guerreira. She conducts circles and actions of collective urban intervention with women and gender dissident people, to discuss the sense of belonging, territory, body, based on the development of a feminine pedagogy through the autonomous artistic residence “Útero Urbe”. She has a major in Social Sciences at USP and a Master's degree in Visual Arts at the Federal University of Espírito Santo (UFES).



## CLARICE DE LA SIENA

I am a Corinthians fan, an activist, and I have a degree in Social Assistance. I research about soccer and gender issues, and about women in soccer fan clubs.

## COLETIVA LUANA BARBOSA

Luana Barbosa Collective was created in April 2016, shortly after the murder of Luana Barbosa dos Reis. Currently the Collective is composed of four Black afroindigenous and lesbian women. During these years the Collective has contributed to the political construction of some segments of the city, such as the Black Women's march and São Paulo's lesbian and bisexual march. Responsible for the creation and production of the Documentary "I am Next" (2017). The Collective Luana Barbosa also created the Sarrada no Brejo party, which is exclusive for lesbian and bisexual women.

## CRISTIANE UCHÔA PINHEIRO

Cristiane Uchôa Pinheiro, is a peripheral woman from the Northeast, mother of Luiz Miguel and a Psychologist graduated from Universidade Anhanguera de São Paulo, member of NIPED - *Núcleo de Intervenções Psicológicas em Emergências e desastres* [Center for Psychological Interventions in Emergencies and Disasters] and she is a Facilitator in conflict mediations in Restorative Justice Practice.

## DANDARA KUNTÊ

She was born in the outskirts of São Paulo, in Jardim Angela. She is a writer, actress, performer,

cultural producer and Social Sciences graduate. She is a researcher of black arts and the artistic, political, and social experiences of Black and peripheral activism. One of the themes of her artistic studies is prison in the perspective of black women. Currently she is a member of the collective Fala Guerreira, Núcleo de Mulheres Negras, 8M na quebrada.

She is the creator of the Observation Writings, she participated in the literary anthologies "Black Narratives - organized by Sarau das Pretas (2020)" Erupções Feministas Negras - organized by the collective Louva Deusa (2019) and "Ser prazeres (2020)", "Pilar Futuro e Presente" (2019) and "Escritas Femininas em primeira pessoa (2020)" organized by Oralituras Publishing House.

Her last solo work, *Poéticas Negras do Cotidiano*, was performed during the COVID-19 pandemic at Praça da Sé, central zone of the city of São Paulo, aimed at questioning how the population is overlooked in face of a health crisis, the horrors of the world, and the open-air violence.

## DANIELLE REGINA

I am from Jardim São Luís. I have worked with many women from the southern zone in actions such as Mostra das Rosas, Periferia Segue Sangrando and Fala Guerreira among many others. I have a degree in Social Sciences at Unifesp and a master's degree in Sociology at Unicamp. I love studying, researching, debating, creating, feeling our daily life as a proposal of knowledge that can awaken us to other possible worlds. I am enchanted by the wisdom, strength, and sweetness of us women from the hood-world. I believe in the construction of our rebellious autonomy mainly through affection, dignity of our memories, rebelation, spirituality, and

through the (re)creation of our territories (body, land and everything we inhabit).

## DAYANE FERNANDES

Dayane Fernandes is from the southern part of the city of São Paulo, she majored in Social Science and has some knowledge and experience in the field of Anthropology. Passionate about culture and art, she found a possibility of expression in photography, the language through which she tries to work her reflections and doubts, joys and also her anguishes. Through an anthropological view, she has developed research about the arts produced in the hoods of São Paulo, especially related to the cultural production of women in photography and audiovisual arts. She approaches transversal themes beyond the gender issue, such as race, class and sexuality.

## DAYSE OLIVEIRA

I like that my name is Dayse because no letter repeats itself. The love for letters and words is fundamental to me, as well as the desire and curiosity that I have to learn about people and their worlds. I am from Capão Redondo, a neighborhood that taught me how to speak more than once. On the path of letters and words I became a journalist, a proofreader, and, in a dreamed future, I will become a teacher. It is a path full of curves and learnings picked up step by step. I pray that it will have no return and no end.

## DÉBORA MARÇAL

Débora Marçal is a performer, dance and theater artist, sewer, cook, and a metal artist. She studied



Communication of the Body Arts at PUC-SP and has a degree in Dance at FPA. A scenic researcher, she founded Capulanas, Movimento Mercedes Batista, and Instituto Umoja with other sisters, and created Preta Rainha and Macuas Scenic Company. She works as a performer at Corpórea Cia de Corpos and as choreographer and dance director at Bloco Afro Afirmativo Ilú Inã. She published texts, poetry and writings in books and collections on dance, theater, biographies of black women, hood women's poetry, art and politics. She is the creator of two black contemporary dance solos, and acted with Léa Garcia both in the short and feature film *O dia de Jerusa*. Adept to the concept "mete o loco ponto com" she studies and practices jewelry, menstrual sciences, monetization strategies for women from the hoods, costume design, integrated health, visual arts, and whatever else makes sense.

## ELAINE LIMA

Elaine Lima is an educator specialized in Afro-Brazilian and Indigenous History and Culture for Education, is a hood mother, resident and active in the territory of Capão Redondo supporting women in vulnerable situations, events and socio-cultural projects articulator in the territory of Capão Redondo, and research assistant of the project "Gender Violence, State Violations: A study on ways of governing territories and bodies" (PAGU/Unicamp).

## ELLEN DE PAULA

Ellen de Paula is a social manager, cultural producer, teacher and actress. She holds a Master degree in Performing Arts which she got the Federal University of Bahia. She is also the creator,

director and curator of "Dona Ruth: Festival de Teatro Negro de São Paulo" [Dona Ruth: São Paulo's Black Theater Festival]. She has been working for 15 years in the field of arts, culture and education, focusing on the politics, poetics and pedagogies of the body and the rights of childhood, adolescence and youth. She is currently the Executive Coordinator of Viração Educomunicação and a collaborating actress at the Núcleo Negro de Pesquisa e Criação [Black Nucli for Research and Creation]

## FERNANDA GOMES

Actress, percussionist, aspiring playwright and social worker. She is interested in research on black lesbians issues and lesbocide. She is currently a member of the collective Luana Barbosa and Ybyra T0, as well as the network 8M and Periferia Segue Sangrando.

## FERNANDA R. MIRANDA

Fernanda R. Miranda is from Bom Jesus da Lapa, Bahia, but has lived in São Paulo since she was a child. She has a bachelor, masters and doctorate degree in Literature at the University of São Paulo, where she is currently developing post-doctoral research. In 2019 she defended her doctoral dissertation "*Corpo de romances de autoras negras brasileiras (1859-2006): Posse da História e colonialidade nacional*", published in the same year by Malê publishing house under the title "*Silêncios prEscritos: study of the novels by Brazilian black female authors(1859-2006)*". Her master's thesis was dedicated to the study of the published work of writer Carolina Maria de Jesus. She published "*Carolina Maria de Jesus: literatura e cidade em dissenso*" by Editora da Cidade in 2017. She studies, writes and debates themes around black authorship in Brazilian literature, canon, silencing, and the decolonization of narrative. She is part of the

editorial board responsible for the publication of the complete works of Carolina Maria de Jesus by Cia das Letras.

## FLÁVIA ROSA

Flávia Rosa, born and raised in the outskirts of the southern zone of São Paulo, Santo Amaro to be more specific. I play with Black arts in dance, acting, singing and written experiments. An art educator, body therapist and prosthetist, "activist" of racial issues, where I expose my likes and dislikes concerning black arts and organize circles for women. I am co-founder of Capulanas Cia de Arte Negra, which has been in São Paulo's Black Theater scene for 13 years, and I am also a member of the group Instituto Umoja Brasil for Popular Black Cultures in São Paulo. Art is the lamp that lights up my steps on the way back to myself!

## FORMIGÃO

formiga aka formigão. light skinned, 30 years old against all the odds (i was born in oktober, 1990) in the deep south of São Paulo. i am a poet, kapoeira y sapatão. i've been publishing in a couple of ontologies like *perifeminas* collection of women in hip-hop (2013), *além dos quartos* collection of erothik feminine black literature (2015), *poemas para combater o fascismo* (2018), *coletânea sarau das minas* (2019) and *a resistência dos vagalumes* (2019). individually i also had some poetry zines spread in the streets, namely: *aversão poética* (2012 - 2015), *eu-lésbika* (2014) by edições herética, *seis sentidos* (2016). i work with independent zines by edições formigueiro since 2017. i kreate the non-periodikal komic book *lesbo ódio* since 2018 which has now seven editions. *afro latina* (2018) is my book of poems published by padê editorial, it is in its sekond edition



(2020) with a brand new foreword. I published a zine of erotic poem *tatear* by fromigueiro editions 2020.

## JENYFFER NASCIMENTO

Jenyffer Nascimento is a mother, poet, writer, feminist, and popular educator. Born in the state of Pernambuco, she was raised in SP, in the southern outskirts of the city. She is inspired by the cultural, artistic, political, and affective experience that are so pulsating in her territory. She is one of the black writers of the contemporary scene, in her writings she verses about daily life, loves, desires, struggles and dreams for the future. In 2019, she won first place by popular vote the Writer of the Periphery award for "Suburbano Convicto". Her first book "Terra Fértil" was published in 2014 by the collective MJIBA and has been part of publications in Brazil, Chile and France. She was co-organizer of the magazine Fala Guerreira, is a member of the women's network Periferia Segue Sangrando and 8M na quebrada. She has been an articulator of black and peripheral women networks for the last ten years, connecting and creating bridges between what is possible and improbable, between the margins

## JULIA FERREIRA

Julia Ferreira is 25 years old and lives in the southern outskirts of São Paulo. She started in photography at the age of 18 through curiosity in unveiling the camera. The construction of her audiovisual work happened within the political/cultural movements of her territory, located in Jardim Monte Azul. She traveled to some states in Brazil photographing several artistic manifestations, including theater, saraus, slams and street

dances, which allowed her to deepen and perfect her passion for capturing images and sound even more. She is currently working in her autonomous project Goma Kaya, an audiovisual production company that translates and marks the views of a hood woman in the world.

## JULIANA SANTOS

Educator, hood woman, *sapatona* whose rising sun is aries. I like to think and live according to the ideas and perspectives related to: community, education, affection, and healing. I write because I exist and resist seeking to build a connection and healing with my ancestry. I am an autonomous researcher about black Brazilian indigenous and ancestral knowledge. Massotherapist (YMA) in search of self-care, and healing for my community.

## LÍGIA APARECIDA

My name is Lígia Aparecida Sales de Oliveira, I am the daughter of Dona Teresa and Mr. Francisco, I was born in São Paulo on May 17, 1965. I am the mother of two women and the granddaughter of two boys. I live in the outskirts of São Paulo, where I teach History in the State Public School.

## LUANA OLIVEIRA

Luana Oliveira is from São Paulo, a single mother, a woman from the hood, feminist activist, and a teacher in the State Public School of São Paulo. I am a member of a women's network in the southern zone of São Paulo. I am also a member of the Collective Periferia Segue Sangrando since 2015. I collaborate in the Collective Maga Slam, which is composed of young poets who attend Professor Luís Magalhães de Araújo State School. Master's student in So-

ciology at the Graduate Program of the Philosophy and Human Sciences Institute - IFCH from the State University of Campinas - UNICAMP. Currently researching gender and sexuality, analyzing the experience of solo motherhood for women living in the outskirts of the southern zone of São Paulo.

## MAHU LIMA

Daughter of Fátima and granddaughter of Djanira and Ediomar. Born and raised in the South region of São Paulo, currently based in the East region. Pataxó, mother, member of the collective Anarcopunk Aurora Negra, manager of the Social Culture Center of Vila Dalva, Maranhã Reading Collective, lead singer of the band Zeferina Atak, poet, percussionist, illustrator and creator of Pretindia Atri Cozinha.

## MARA MBHALI

Mara Mbhali. Museologist, historian in the field of culture in the diaspora, visual artist, born and raised in Morro do Delinquente, southern zone of São Paulo. She studies the remnants of collections related to the references of African art in the Brazilian diaspora and how this art is still kept alive despite the process of historical erasure. The artwork OriKilombo comes from this study.

## MARA SOBRAL SANTOS

Black woman from axé, daughter of a woman from Bahia who believes in life and in living well, my trajectory began as a street girl, I became a collector of recyclable materials, learning and consolidating my profession in São Paulo. I am the mother of all, a grandmother, and a fighter and I am learning every



day what my role in society is. Our work is to recycle stories and it was thanks to the struggle that I was able to move and this is what keeps my roots and ancestry. I currently work at the State Secretariat of Women Waste Pickers, I am a member of *Negras em Marcha SP*, *Movimento Negro Unificado*, and together we fight against racism, violence, and for wellnes.

### MARI BRITO

I am Mariana de Brito, 33 years old, born and raised in the hoods of the southern zone of São Paulo, raised by my mother and grandmother. I am an educator, even before I graduated in Physical Education, I am also a dancer, and social and cultural articulator. I was and still am part of the Núcleo de Mulheres Negras, Periferia Segue Sangrando, and Fala Guerreira Magazine.

### MARIA EDJANE

Maria Edijane A. de Lacerda, Brazilian, 38 years old. Born in São Paulo SP. Mother, Social Educator, Member of the *Coletivo Baobá - Fortificando as Raízes* [Baobá Collective - Strengthening Roots], also a member of the Núcleo de Mulheres Negras (South Zone), Social Worker and Manager of the Family Social Assistance Service - SASF Capão Redondo III.

### MARIANA SALOMÃO

She is a hood woman, who has worked as an art educator in public schools for almost 20 years, graffiti artist and solo mother of Tom. She acts on the streets as Mãe Correria (Rushing Mom), shedding light on the Hood Matriarchy, expressing issues about the rush of women in the struggle to be autonomous mothers

and who are respected for their different ways of carrying out the maternity with no judgments, but admiration. As a link of this great chain, she makes herself active by experiencing workshops, participating in projects, events, and feminine groups like Periferia Segue Sangrando (SP) and Cores Femininas (PE). Her work is across the hoods, communities, schools, events which allowed her to take the voice and the speech of the solo mothers to Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio Grande do Norte, Espírito Santo, Rio de Janeiro, as well as to Mexico and Uruguay.

### MARTINIANA SOUSA

Martiniana Sousa is a mother, Corinthian, *maloqueira*, and sufferer. She has a Master's degree in Social Sciences and lives in the outskirts of São Paulo. She also works within women's movements.

### MAYARA JARBITHA

Mayara Jarbitha, 18 years old, born and raised on the outskirts of the south zone of São Paulo, member of the Maga Slam collective that promotes poetry battles at Luís Magalhães de Araújo State School. She won 3rd place in the Inter School Slam of São Paulo in 2019. She dreams of graduating in Publicity and Propaganda at USP, as she believes that the place of people from the hood is within public universities. Passionate about different artistic languages, she believes that cultural movements in the hoods have great strength, bringing a range of possibilities to young people on the periphery.

### MILENA MATEUZI CARMO

Educator and PhD student in Social Anthropology at the Postgraduate Program in Social Anthropology, FFLCH-USP. She has extensive experience in social policies, working in sectors of the State and civil society

organizations. She is a member of networks to fight mass incarceration and the genocide of the black, poor and peripheral population in the city of São Paulo. She is also a researcher on issues related to violence, gender, the State, social inequality and non-punitive conflict resolution practices.

### MINO

I am Yasmin Gonçalves, my artistic name is Mino. I'm 20 years old. I am a black-indigenous, feminist, born and raise in the hood of the southern zone of São Paulo. I have been working as a translator for three years and I like to play with writing.

### MULHERES DE PEDRA

We are a collective that aims to enhance the role of black women in the construction of another world in which relationships are woven through art, education, solidarity economy and cultural diversity. A large investment of work refers to local development, in the neighborhood of Pedra de Guaratiba, in the West Zone of the city of Rio de Janeiro.

### N'KINPA

Founded in 2018, N'Kinpa - Black and Peripheral Cultures Center - is headed by black women and has the participation of educators willing to discuss, think, create and propose actions against colonial practices on the path to build a fair society. In the continuous process of making our practices more Eastern, we handle proceedings that generate abundance for the children's right to the city, the world and to a powerful and enchanted life, putting into perspective anti-racist pedagogies which involve blackness, territoriality, childhood



and the value for our Afro-indigenous cultures. We operate within the fields of arts, culture and education with practices aimed at children and communities in/from the peripheral territories of the city of São Paulo, carrying out artistic and artistic-pedagogical actions in public cultural and educational facilities, occupations, villages and on the streets, always in dialogue with children, artists, educators, teachers, school community, families and the community in general. Among the main actions of the collective are the podcast “*Diáspora - A Cor da Nossa Cultura, em encontros e redes*”, the theater show “*Histórias do lado de cá da Calunga*”, and the pedagogical actions “*Capanga brincante*” and “*Terreiros Nômades: Macamba faz Mandinga - estratégias coletivas de encantamento para uma educação que se alimenta de vida*”. N’Kinpa engages in practices to enchant and tell our own stories, in an ethical, political and poetic commitment to the continuity of life in vibration and movement.

## NAYRA LAYS

Singer, composer, MC and communicator, Nayra Lays grew up in Grajaú, where she also began to have more contact with the arts. Since the age of 18, she sings and rhymes about the multiple possibilities of being young, black and from the hood, thus enhancing the construction of Blacker scenarios, beyond survival. Her first album, “*ORÍ*”, produced completely independently, has already received more than 20 thousand views on Youtube, having one of the songs as the soundtrack of the documentary “*Negritudes Brasileiras*”. Nayra is part of a new generation of women artists who are emerging from their birthplace to the world. From the deep south of São Paulo, into pulsating breasts and attentive ears, she walks and goes places with her singing.

## PRISCILA OBACI

Priscila Obaci is an artist and educator. Mother of Melik Rudá and Bakari Mairê. She transits between theater, dance and poetry. She has a major in Communication of the Arts of the Body at PUC/SP. Graduate student in Child Musicalization. Teacher of mother dance. Creator of KIS NSI - Body Awareness for Mothers - Babies - Parents and Xirezinho - Babies and Nature, which is a sensory-playful activity that has Candomblé as its pedagogical basis. Member of the Black Babywearing Brasil nucleus - Carregar Preto e Umoja. Author of *Poesias Pós Parto* (2020 - Oralituras) and *Calimba e Flute* co-authored with Allan da Rosa. (2012 - Toró Editions)

## SILVANA MARTINS COSTA

Silvana Martins is a visual artist, graphic designer, illustrator and baker. She is a member of the collectives Curumins da Ademar, Periferia Segue Sangrando, Fala Guerreira and the Observatory for Women’s Rights and Citizenship. She has been developing graphic works and peripheral cultural production, since 2006. She is the responsible for the visual communication and graphic project of the labels Nós por Nós Publishing House ( Mães de Maio Movement), Editions of Um por Todos (Sarau dos Mesquiteiros - Pode Pá que é Nós que Tá) and Observatory of Women’s Rights and Citizenship. She held her first solo exhibition named SILVANA MARTINS - DESENHADORA DE LUTAS with more than 70 posters in the programming of Seven posters of the 7th Anarchist and São Paulo Punk Film Festival (2018). She created, produced and developed the urban intervention POESIA NOS MURROS - where she pasted more than a thousand lambes with phrases of the poet Sérgio Vaz across the hoods of SP (2014). Art editor awarded for excellence in Design by the Society for News Design 2012 - one of the most relevant design awards with international recognition.

## SULAMITA ASSUNÇÃO

Sulamita Jesus de Assunção is a Psychologist; Master in Social Sciences graduated from the Pontifical Catholic University of São Paulo - PUC-SP. She is also a worker in social assistance policy for young people and families and an activist and researcher on race relations, sexuality, gender and class.

## VALQUÍRIA CHAGAS

Valquíria Chagas is an editorial designer, graduated in a graphic arts technical course at Senai and resident in São Paulo. Her areas of interest are illustration, woodcut and design and she works as a designer at Conrad Editora.



# PART (ILHA)

TRANSLATED FROM BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE BY AYALA TUDE

## ON THE PROCESS OF MAKING QUEBRADA INTEIRA MAGAZINE

The important Brazilian intellectual, writer and professor Conceição Evaristo, has coined a foundation on which she structures, constructs and analyzes her own literary creation and the

literary creation of Black women writers from Brazil. This foundation is named by her as *Escrevivência* (writing-experience) – a concept that suggests that black women writers give life to creative territories in which “writing and living are combined.”

We could borrow from Conceição Evaristo the term *Escrevivência* to name the set of materials gathered here as expressions of political, ethical and poetic writings of Black and peripheral women who testify with words (spoken, written, sung), images and sound the experiences of themselves, their communities and territories. Beyond that, it seems possible to us to name the process of making this magazine as an act of *Escreviver*, that is, writing through our own experiences.

### AND WHAT HAVE WE WRITTEN- EXPERIENCED IN THESE TWO YEARS OF COLLECTIVE CREATION?

Yes, because it was in the middle of 2020 that we receive a beautiful invitation from professor *Denise Ferreira da Silva* to propose an action in partnership with the platform *Ehcho*.

That moment, the world was already experiencing the outbreak in the context of a health crisis imposed by covid-19 pandemic. In Brazil, the economic and political scenario was (and still is) marked by setbacks and destructions of the social, educational and economic public policies achieved with the struggles of the social and popular movements, specially in the period between 2002 and 2015. In this pandemic scenario, we experienced the deepening of historical violence and human rights violations practiced in Brazil against indigenous, black, poor, and peripheral

populations as a result of the application of an anti-people governance model led by the fascist president elected in 2018. Back then, the country was already moving towards the current and alarming data which today, on June 21, 2022, show that more than 669 thousand people died from covid-19, 11 million people are unemployed and more than 33 million are starving.

Between the political use of the pandemic by many different state and municipal governments, and the total disregard for the life of the population by the government, there were the rules of social isolation.

Without any constraints, there were those who dared to propagate daily the important lessons learned from the pandemic, in the calm of their well-paid home office jobs, from their beautiful country or beach houses and with their tables full of food. Those people, as Ailton Krenak well named, controlled by their white mentality, insist that suffering teaches.

### FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, “IT’S HARD WORK!”.

There were those who were able to work from home, but not without having to face the reality in their surroundings. Most people were forced to keep working on site, daily crossing the city in crowded public transportations. The food was gradually disappearing from people’s tables in face of the increase in the prices of basic supplies in street markets and supermarkets. In cities like São Paulo, an increase in the number of people living in the streets was visible. While in the households women who have survived domestic violence were forced to live integrally with their aggressors. Children,



teenagers and young people abandoned school and had their rights to quality public education violated due to a lack of policies for the democratization of technological media, access to the internet and digital literacy.

The pandemic brought to Brazil by the middle and upper classes and spread through the peripheral places, thus highlighting and exposing the country's social inequality. The ethnical minorities and the poorer populations were the most exposed to the disease and to death. Not by chance, in 2020 researches showed that the pandemic killed more Blacks and browns, the probability being 62% higher for Black people and 23% for brown people, always compared to the rate of white people.

We need to listen to the voice of our master Ailton Krenak, when he says:

**“THE PANDEMIC DID NOT COME TO TEACH US ANYTHING. IT CAME TO DEVASTATE OUR LIVES.”**

We could say that our territories in the south zone of São Paulo were devastated. Seven out of the ten districts with the highest number of deaths due to covid-19 pandemic in the capital of São Paulo are from the south zone. Today, 90% of the families are starving and 15% of the people are unemployed in the richest city in Brazil, the city of opportunities.

We could also say that our territories in the south zone of São Paulo, with their community sciences, have constructed, invented and implemented technologies of survival. Those technologies, applied

in a collective way, were the ones that bravely fought the scarcity, hunger and death as a political act of struggle and celebration of Black, poor and peripheral life.

When we received professor Denise's invitation, we were, the women's network *Periferia Segue Sangrando* and *8M na Quebrada* [March 8th in the Hoods], doing actions of emergencial support to the families, women and children in the outskirts of the south zone as part of this ancestral movement of struggle for the continuity of our communities.

With the collection and donation of basic supplies packages, and with the mobilization of resources and support networks for health and social assistance, these actions were dedicated to confronting the increase of hunger and violence against women.

With these actions we were able to connect to a huge number of women around the world who have united their solidarity strengths to reduce the impacts of this devastating virus in their own lives and in the lives of their families and communities.

Challenged by professor Denise's invitation, we started to imagine a creative act that could, at the same time, gather the individual power of each woman who composes the networks *Periferia Segue Sangrando* e *8M na Quebrada* and also be a collective manifestation of celebratory moments, struggle, art, pain, joy, resistance and the life that goes on and dances through the streets and alleys in the hoods of the south zone.

We are not able to tell here the precise way and the exact moment in which we understood that our creative act would be the political and poetic making

of this magazine. But we can certainly say that this act is a testimony of the moments before and now, a way of giving life to a memory in a spiral time, one of beginnings, middles, and new beginnings.

**WE WROTE-EXPERIENCED A LOT. ESCREVIVEMOS AND IT WAS NOT A LITTLE!**

Because it was also not little what everything the body of each one of us who were in charge of making this magazine have been through in these last two years. Pain, losses, mourning, sadness, fear, hate, revolt, exhaustion (...).

Us who come from our people do not walk together, we are made of many bodies.

Have you ever tried sewing collectively?

How does one thread to another without making a knot?

**WE WRITE-EXPERIENCE EVEN WHEN OUR BODY SAYS NO, STOP, IT'S ENOUGH!**

There was crying. There were contraventions. There were disagreements in the rhythm of each one of us. At some point we asked ourselves why we insisted on making this magazine? What makes us want to continue?

It was necessary to welcome the body. Make pauses in order to move on. We had to understand that what kept vibrating our commitment with the concretization of making this magazine was also what moved us vibrating in life, in face of a scenery

of death and scarcity: a deep love for what this place – the south zone of São Paulo – is and for everything that comes from it.

**WE CLEARED OUR GAZE.**

We re-learned how to be together as bodies in a group.

We rediscovered the meaning of existence of this act-magazine that has in itself the writing-experiences of the beautiful and hard moments that go through our lives as Black, peripheral, mothers, LGBT, and dreamers women that we are. ■





# QUEBRA DA INTEIRA

