

A close-up photograph of a person's hand and foot, both of which are encased in a fine, white, mesh-like material. The mesh is draped and gathered around the limbs, creating a soft, cocoon-like effect. The background is blurred, showing more of the same mesh material. The overall tone is soft and ethereal.

CARNE MACIA

SOFT FLESH

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank EXÚ, Oyá and Dona Maria Padilha das Sete Encruzilhadas who welcomes, protects, and bathes me in brightness.

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I thank my mother's yard, for all the mangoes, trunks, worms, and for all the solitude as well. For being the place where I buried many of my beasts that, every now and then, I dig out and throw open through dances. Days have been shitty over there, and it's a major grief. I managed to escape, but I see the whip lashing my sisters and brothers, and this is something that takes my subjectiveness away, it disorganizes my will of living, so much so that the heart starts to boil in rage and pain. At the same time, I came to this land to make things and trace my way, to destroy, even if microscopically, the foundations of this world, ripping some spaces open for us to(re)invent our territory.

This mémoire is dedicated in each word and every dance to those of us facing this death-world with pain and frailty, bloody eyes and loving heart, love love love above hate, love above all of them. To survive despite Brazil, despite the world. Organizing our rage, as says Jurema Mombaça, excavating concrete in the undergrounds of the world as invites Frutífera Ilha.

LUARA RAI0

MASTER EXERCE ICI – CCN 2020

AGÔ,
MOTUMBÁ.
MOTUMBÁ AXÉ ASK
PERMISSION TO SET

FOOT

LAROYÊ

EXÚ

LAROIÊ EXÚ Ê MOJUBÁ

YÁ Y BABÁ BARÁ

TURN YOUR ORÍ INTO HOME, BODY IN FLAMES MOLHADO WET CALIENTE, INCANDESCENT AND
FERVENT CHEST,

EYES OF FIRE AND KA KAKAKAKAK KNIFE LAUGHTER FROM AFAR, SPINNING THE SKIRT AND BUMPING
THE XICÁ.

IRRADIATE THE ÁRA, LEND ME YOUR EYES OF WATEVER BEAST ONE THAT SEES BEYOND AND MAKES A
WORLD IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD, XERECA, ASSPUSSY, HARD COCK, ARMORED IN CACHAÇA,
RUNNING THROUGH FEET AND SNAPPING FACE. EYE TURNS, TIME HALTS.

GANGA,

THE PRECIOUS INHABITS & MAKES ME AN ENCRUZILHADA OF RAIL & CHEST. OF YES & WHATEVER
ELSE, NEVER DUAL ALWAYS DUBIOUS. AY, AY, AY.

HAHAHAHAH

HAIL THE ENCRUZA HOME BATHED IN MARAFO. POUR MY EGÊ INTO IT.

ME A BIXA IN 4 PAWS.

4 ROADS IN A GOGGLING PRESENTFUTURE.

<I PRAY (NOT) TO BE KIDDED, YÁ-BABÁ.>

(STICK IN ME YOUR UNSEIZABLE SMILE AND YOUR LAUGHTER THAT BECOMES ILÁ IN ME. YOUR SHOUT THAT MAKES ONE TURN THE EYES AND SPIT BLOOD, CUM SOME HOT, BOILING DENDÊ, FOR I, FROM HERE, CAN ONLY WITNESS. CAVALA WATCHING YOU TAME MY ORÍ FROM THE OUTSIDE.

LEBARA Ê MOJUBÁ,

I CALL ON HEAVILY IN PROTECTION.

SPIll ME SOME DEBAUCHERY EGÊ, TURNING THE LAUGHTER INTO AN ARMOR.

SORCERY AND HEALING CAPABLE OF BREAKING THE LEGS OF THOSE DARING TO WANT TO CHAIN US, TO BLIND THOSE WANTING OUR BODIES AS RUGS.

TO CASTRATE THOSE DARING TO IMAGINE OUR SEX AS DESPOSITORY OF THEIR SICK EGOS WITH A FIERY KNIFE.

MOJUBÁ BABÁ ÔNAN,

I THANK TO THIS CORPA GOSTOSA, HOT BOD, SPREAD IN THE AIR, STUCK INTO THE GROUND, CAVALA DO CÃO IN FOLDS & DELIRIUMS. WHO KISSES & SACULEJA, OPENS & CLOSES FULLY BATHED IN TESÃO AND FEAR.

FRIGHTENING TITS SPILLING GOOD MILK IN THE FACE, MUGGING AND LICKING THE LANDSCAPE OF OUR SHOUTS,

TWISTED,

MORDIDOS,

GROANING,

WHERE LÍNGUAS SWIM LIKE PEIXE EM POROROCA,
EKATOMBE CLITORICAL PLEASURES,
MARROM COR-DE-BÔTA.

A VERY FLOODING THICK CUM, LIKE CURDLED DENDÊ OF YOUR PORRA JORRA BORRA, FEITO GOMA DE
TAPIOCA WITH A DISTEMPERED CRAZY SWEETNESS PURE AND MOIST HEAT, SOFT & STRONG
TOACHING THE UTERUS.

POROROCA OF CUM

CACHOEIRA WATERFALL WATER-CUM,

PENETRATE THE PORE THE HOLE OF THE BÔTA, STICK IN YOUR ENTIRE HAND, IT FITS THE FACE, IT FITS
THE MAW.

BUCETA PENETRATES FINGERS HAIR ALL THE WAY IN, FEELING AS I SIT, I MYSELF IN, YOU YOURSELF
IN,

EYES ON THE EYES AS AN ABYSS,

WITH NO HASTE NOR LETTING GO OF THE CANDY,

HALF-A-SMILE

CRACKLING DEEP GAZE HOLE, CUM IN FULL BODY EKATOMBE, SOAKED SENSATION, WIDENED
MANGROVE FLOODING CUM.

CROTCH SALIVA I ENTER, YOU INSIDE, ME INSIDE.

<I ENTER INTO THE PUSSY AND I FEEL MYSELF TOUCHING YOU THROUGH MINE I FEEL ME IN YOUR CLIT AND MOAN OUR PLEASURE YOU PUT INTO ME AND FEEL IN YOU AND I FEEL A NUMB BODY WITH TWO PUSSIES AND TWO MINDS GENTLY FUCKING IN ANOTHER DIMENSION FOUR ARMS SUCKING PUSSY TWO MOUTHS LICKING ASSES ONE SPINE COUPLES TO THE OTHER AND HYPOTHALAMUS LICKS GALLBLADDER LUNGS GRAZES THE GLOTTIS AND MY TIBIA CARESSES IRIS RODS AND MITOCHONDRIA MICROSCOPICALLY MAKING-OUT SMALLER THAN PORES AND BRISTLES AND MICRO-PARTICLES OF SKIN CELLULAR SEXES IN A SINGULAR SIRIRICA AND IF STUCK ONTO EACH OTHER CLITORIS IS PLEASURE THAT CHEGA DÓI POWERFUL PORTAL THE SIAMESE EYES AND PULSATING PUSSIES YOU SEE THAT I SEE THEN PULSATE MORE AND TRANSPORT US INTO A POND OVERFLOWING SLOUGH AND A HOLE OPENS WHILE THE PUSSIES RUB AD INFINITUM SLEEPY DELIRIUM STRONG-SOFT PRESSURE PRESENT AND SENSITIVE.

SUBTLE AND SAFADA.>

SOFT FLESH CARNEMACIA

PERMEABLE SPREAD IN PLUNGE GENEROSITY & GATHERED BY US, WITH A WANDERING HEART BATHING WHERE THE FEET CAN'T TOUCH THE GROUND. FILLED WITH BRAVERY & FEAR BRAVERY & FEAR & ALL VULNERABILITY THAT ARE NOT AND HAVE NEVER BEEN A BINOMIAL & TURN THEMSELVES INTO NEARLY SYNONYMS AT THE PONTA DE LANÇA TIP OF THE SPEAR – OPEN STERNUM. EVER SAILING IN THE PROW OF A CANOE NOT A CARAVEL, FACE OF CARRANCA, NOT ANGEL TORSO.

TWO ROOTS OF A MIGHTY TRUNK, AS THE PASSADA OF DONA OZITA, AS A CU DE CAVALONA THAT IS WIND IN CONDENSED MATTER, ROOM TO WIND & STATE-IMAGE, A MONSTER CREATING FLOWER AND TOOTH, BITING AND CUTTING, TAKING THE ENEMIES FOR A DANCE, WAGGING IN FEAR STICKING THE KNIFE IN FOR DINNER.

RAW FLESH ENCRUZILHADA IN CAR-NAVALHA-ME GRELHO, LAUGHTER THAT BATHES IN DROOL AND SNOT ALL-SIZED KISSES IN THE HOLE AS WELL. THE LAIR OF AN UGLY & WEAK BEAST SUCH GREAT SUCH GREAT SOLITUDE THAT SEEMS AT TIMES TO THROW OPEN A MOUTH FILLED WITH TEETH AND PREYS, & IT CAPTURES MORE THAN EVERYTHING.

BUT IT'S A SMALL KING BEAST. TINY. MIÚDO, PINT-SIZED. SCARING THE SHIT OUT, YET IT FALLS LOOSE INSIDE IT GAVE IT ALL, MAJOR & WET, BEM MOLHADA – DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, IT IS A BIG HUGE TREE HOME TO SO MANY OTHER BEASTS, FERAS FERIZES FERIDAS & LOVING, HUMMING BIRDS, DANDIFIED MACAKITOS, MINHOCONAS POKING THROUGH, SMOKING SNAKES JUMPING WHEREVER THEY WANT TO, POLVO DE PÓLVORA GUNPOWDER OCTOPUSSY, CATERPILLAR SQUID, MUSHROOMS TOO, SOFT SUCCULENT, SAP SEIVA MOLHAS MOLHADAS MALLEABLE, RUMBLING ROUND, CLITORICAL CHRYSALID IN RECESS. MY SELVA IS EROTIC & CHIMERAS OF LOVE AND LUCK, LIT-UP CU, AN ASSHOLE ARREGALADO, GOGGLING TO DEATH. SORTE Y MORTE, LUCK & DEATH EM RIMA NO RUMO DA VENTA, VENTANDO CACHAÇA NO QUENGO, SPITTING ON THE AIR AND SE LAMBUZANDO TODA, SLATHERING HERSELF FULLY IN HER OWN SMELL, AND SOME SOBBING ON THE CHEST OUT OF JOY GOZO PAIN. CRYING FROM THE INSIDE OUT, AND FROM THE OUTSIDE IN, WATER POSSESSING THE BODY AND GROWING AS AN ENXURRADA, DELUGE, SOAKING ANEW THE WET BRANCHES AND LEAVES MOLHADAS, THE HAIR RELEASING THE STEAM OF A WET ANIMAL, A PLEASANT STINK OF SUN-EXPOSED SKIN, OF WET PANTIES, OF CACHAÇA-SOAKED BREATH. A TEAR OR SNOT REALEASED IN FRANTIC DESVAIRADO CRYING, LICKING

THE THIGH BEFORE SUCKING THE PUSSY. BOCA-CETA INNER ARROW EXCAVATED TUNNEL GOZO
APALAVRADO, AGRRED UPON, TALHADO, ENGRAVED.

REIMAGINATED

VAGINATED

RASCAL

BODY

SWIMMING OUTSIDE IN SPACE
WITH ITS ARM-CLAWS,

THREATS IN CLEFTS

RAVED FORM,

A GRUNT OF A WORD

AGAIN

AND AGAIN

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MOLHADA

ALL WET

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major shout of such an indecipherable void



“To survive,
Know the past.
Let the past teach you.
Then let
The past
Go.”

Octavia Butler, Parable of the Talents

In order to speak here, considering *here* as the contemporary art context of an European institution, a path of unfolding words in the body is activated. Words originating from a foot, a land, and then teleporting to another color, another world, another sound, where most of what I call world is invisible. I myself am fluent and educated in a language that is no longer my mother tongue, because Por-tu-guese has too many whys – Por quês – the whys of treaties, decrees, and establishments, of cut-and-lash, of sickle-and-chain.

With the epistemicide decrees of colonial imposition of the Portuguese language, the possibility of a racialized contemporary body to re-encounter a trunk or a descending source of other non-white-European languages is simply burned. Actually, all the documents of slavery in Brazil were burned immediately after it was over, by the govern of the president Deodoro da Fonseca, in May 13th, 1891. However, with the power of a seed, ancestral bombs sprout and shred lines in the mouth or paper – Pajubá, the resistance for the protection of travestys ladies; Yorubá, settlement of our ori; PRETUGUÊS, coined by Lélia Gonzales – we scavenge letters and words in a rain flood draining and carving our world inside-out.

For my dissident body, to produce word, whether speaking or writing, is to inscribe a territory, an armor, a protection of my world while the surrounding one is another world that wants me(us) silenced and dead. Words covering the dermis as they protect the spirit in the form of flow, song, prayer, secret, spoken ebó in a sharply pointed shout.

To activate now the words here inscribed around the body as the spoken ebós of the ancestors, as the thick smoke of the incensory. To reperform the magical voice of the elder women, sounding melodies of shelter in a flower-soft force field.

It took me a long time to find my words, and now I carry them in my skin as sacred jewelry. I think that's where comes from the major laziness in translating them to this world where I find myself right now. Many of these jewelry-armor words resisted to processes of colonization, were kept as secrets in the mouths of ancestors before being whispered to my ears. Kept under the current tongue as silences of subterranean resilient worlds.

In order to be here, I precariously grow these tongues inside my mouth. Other tongues, ever more colonial and self-titled as power, visibility, and truth, inside the history of this epistemicide cauldron they call "world."

Yet, I summon the darkness of these words to communicate in the colonizer's land, without ever clarifying what is dark. Because Orí is no head, and encruzilhada is no crossroad. Because the world where these words are born is another one.

I had the privilege to study and understand the colonial codes, Portuguese, Spanish, English, French. To have access to that so-called world, and read the books, watch the movies, write the art applications and hack my way into the white European Academy. Nowadays English is the dominant language I speak to communicate professionally.

I speak their language, but they don't speak mine.

I think about the invisible traces of the names I don't have and the languages I don't speak as I negotiate with the hegemonic languages, without losing my own.

It is necessary to use my ancestral intuition to realize when the "translation" is a necessary tool to access and communicate with the worlds of money and visibility, and when it is necessary to refuse, and trick the translation, presenting codes that hegemony can neither crack nor destroy.

As said Jurema Mombaça, "se não pode ser livre, sê um mistério." "if you can't be free, be a mystery"

Here, to translate is not only to switch languages, but to switch worlds.

The debts of colonization, as Denise Ferreira da Silva says, are irreparable, but our ancestors left their colors, traces, cells, tracks, clues, footprints in our bodies, and they are unerasable. Pieces of a puzzle passed from generation to generation for us to re-encounter, re-invent our ancient-new language of codes and secrets.

EXÚ MATOU UM PÁSSARO
ONTEM COM UMA PEDRA QUE

ATIROU HOJE EXÚ KILLED A
BIRD YESTERDAY WITH A
STONE HE SHOT TODAY

And while I write I feel the stones thrown by Lélia Gonzales, Angela Davis, Octavia Butler, Dona Ozita, Dona Dora de Oyá, Dona Socorro, Fred Moten, Bell Hooks. These stones cross the sky in front of my eyes, and hit my body, unfolding, asking, and unmasking our incomprehensible sensible loud words, to sing the reinvention of our world.

My words are from a world where buffalo and butterflies are the mother and dona of my orí. Where Padilha opens the gates of hell in the encruzilhada, banhada de ejé e marafo, gotosa, ironic untamably smiling.

A world where I dance as a hole, filled with love and rage, untamably gaping.

I WISH TO KEEP ACTIVE THE
CONJURING OF THESE SECRETS,
THESE DARK, INVISIBLE
MYSTERIES, EVEN IF NO EAR
WOULD UNDERSTAND THE WORD
I CARRY THROUGH THE SPIRAL
OF TIME.



THE PURPOSE OF THIS MÉMOIRE
IS TO TURN THE WORDS INTO A
FACÃO, MACHETE OPENING THE
WAY BY THE WOODS AS I REMAIN
FUGITIVE. TO STICK IN THE
GROUND WORDS OF HEALING
AND TO REINVENT A TERRITORY

THAT FITS. TO DIG SHOUTS OF
THE PAST AND TO DISINVENT THE
BITTERNESS CHASING OUR
DISSIDENT BODIES.

I WRITE WITH THE FEET ALREADY
ON THE PATH OPENED BY SO
MANY OTHERS THAT USE

THOUGHT AS A PEIXEIRA AND
CONTINUE TO BE VISIONARIES AS
THEY INCENSE THE ROADS WITH
THEIR RADICAL THINKING OF
LIBERATION.

DANÇAEBÓ EBÓDANCE



Ebó is an offering made to an Orixá in the Afro-Brazilian religions. A spiritual technology in which materials, food, and drinks are offered to activate a symbolic vibration of the requests and intentions directed to the god or goddess who, on their turn, are at the same time an extension and materialization of forces of nature. These offerings are delivered through a ritualistic preparation that imprints magic in both our bodies and paths. Such term bears major importance in my life and work, also because a popular translation of Ebó in Portuguese is “macumba work.” Furthermore, a lot has changed in my dance when I started to consider my works as Ebós. I came across the possibility of imagining a dance that would be able to connect itself energetically with the world much beyond a performance or representation, in addition to activating an energetic operation on the body and the path to come. To incorporate to the imaginary of the work a universe opening an energetic targeting in the performance, something that, even if secret or mysterious.

This kind of operation weaving art and Yorubá spirituality, among many other examples, can be found in the poetry of Felipe Estrela from Salvador, Bahia. When stating “you are not going to kill us / and this is not a poem / it’s an ebó from the mouth,” he adds an to the poetic word that turns it into a prayer and a protection spell.

When I define my practices as ebó-dance, I do it in a non-static manner, at once plastic and fluid, articulating and rearticulating itself according to my spiritual path and my experiences with the entities and Orixá, in addition to my artistic interests and obsessions. Not all dances I create or will create need to be ebó-dances, just as not all ebós I create are dances. My spiritual path is deep and mysterious, evading at times any possibility or will of artistic materialization. Moreover, I do not coin this term in any way to keep it inside an idea of authorship or stagnation, but I glimpse its release towards a collective experience and development that reconstructs itself in the mouth and body of who reads or, by chance, bumps into a dancing body and finds an unfolding.

My work ENCRUZILHADA TETRALOGY, is a series of four pieces inspired by <and for> the Orisha EXÚ. It hails from the ontological universe of the Afro-Brazilian Yorubá epistemology, located rather towards the practices and teachings of Candomblé. It is composed by the solos FLECHA [ARROW] (2016), RAIORAIO LAMALAMA [THUNDERTHUNDER MUDMUD] (2019), and MANGUBA <in progress>, as well as DANÇA BOMBA [BOMB DANCE] <in progress>, my first group creation.

I understand these performances also as an offering, ebó-pieces that operate ancestral forces of transmutation and bring along with themselves mysteries and murky grounds, in the potency of their incomprehension. The tetralogy's four edges are located in a sensitive encruzilhada that understands the body as the very cartographic place of crossings, atravessamento, where performativity, spirituality, fiction, and spell pass through one another and muddy their limits.

In them, I develop dances that, through the imaginary, incorporate, incarnate, invoke, and blur the limits between human, performance, trance, and animality, taking the macumba as a technology allowing to create <and to reencounter> subtle and ferocious worlds that confront hegemony and produce healing for dissonant bodies and narratives.

My place as a body in the world, as a light-skinned black woman, South American, and lesbian, is at once filter and trigger to my aesthetics and poetics, always made by and for our women. I understand that hacking access and visibility in the art industry is a way to operate in the gaps of hegemony, in order to infiltrate <even if invisibly and mysteriously> revolutionary and insurgent poetics building fields of force and disruption.

“A field of force can be a mountain range of smoke or a hole excavated in clay, an arrangement of herbs specifically placed in relation to our presence, an emanation of black force generated in performance... A

field of force doesn't have to be strong, in the moral sense. Almost always, the field of force is a precarious ship, a portal on the verge of disappearing, yet establishing the condition of our moving in-between dimensions." Musa Michelle Matiuzzi and Jota Mombaça.

Ebó-dance is to dance an offering, considering its material as the very dance inscribing itself in space, the magic it produces, the body that dances, the traces, its materialness, and the egregore of the encounter. It is a dance that operates something, that projects revolutions, even if they are invisible and silent. Beyond the actual space-time, it connects to other bodies, both future and ancestral. To other animals and matters.

A dance as a matter of a personal ritualistic mythology, a self-biographic one, intending to explode the personal cosmos towards its limits of unfolding and reencountering, to reach other bodies and be completed by their personal imaginaries as well.

In a party to an Orisha their food of preference is served to all invitees, so that the force eats through the body of each and every one present, and once the community finds satiation, so does the Orisha. When I dance with and for Exú, I feed him with my body and the body of those dancing with me as they watch and support the experience. To feed an entity means to feed the imaginary of the work, to feed an Orisha is to share the work. Ever ritualizing and thanking for the space and the body of those making themselves available to such opening and sharing.

A close-up photograph of three women with dark skin and curly hair, smiling warmly at the camera. They are all wearing small, light-colored nose piercings. The woman on the right is also wearing a light green mesh headband. They are holding brown, fibrous coconut husks and large green leaves in front of their faces, partially obscuring them. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting an outdoor setting.

MAN GU BA

MANDIBLE GOO MANGO CUM GOWIE
THICK
SLIDES,
DELÍRIO DE RIO, RIVER DELIRIUM
AGUACEIRO, RAINSTORM
MONSTER OF PELE & PELO IN
FRIGHT AND DESIRE. A CURVED
HOLE, RAMBLING BODY INSIDE AND
OUT, MINUTIA
TORTUOUS DUSK
A FIGHT OR A PARTY IN EACH PORE
TRANCE TRETA TRANSA FRESTA
BOGUS SHAG GAP
JELLY-FLESH
SHAKING, DRAGGED ON THE FLOOR

SLOW AND NEARLY ETERNAL
< NUMBNESS >,
SAP-CUMMING PLANT,
WASP PIERCING A SHELL, FOREST
STUFF
IN PAIN
TOOTH
CÃO CHUPANDO MANGA, THICK LIP,
BLACK
PURPLE LIP
ASSPUSSY COLOR
MUCUS, MUD,
ÁGUA-VIVA, JELLYFISH

SALIVA MANGROVE SLOWLY BURNING,
SNAPPING THE VULVA TONGUE
AS A HAUNTING SOUND ASSOMBRA
SOM IDLE SMELLING LIKE SULFUR, THE
FEET BURIED IN THE MUD,
AS A MARE DRINKING WATER
THE BODY DISSIPATES AND TRAVELS SO
MUCH IN IT, GETS OUT,
BUT STILL IN, DENSE,
BURNING TEXTURE,
SINKING TEETH
FLESH STALK AND CANID FRUIT
BARING EACH PUSSY SKIN, GOGGLING
EYES IN HOLLOW SHOUT AND PUFFING
THE BREATH OF UNSPEAKABLE
SECRETS.



<AND THAT DAY, CHANGING HER DIAPER, GRANDMA'S PUSSY, LOOKED LIKE
A CHILD. ONLY WOMEN IN THE ROOM, FOUR GRANDAUGHTERS. ALL OF US,
BROWN AND YELLOW, TAKING CARE OF
US AND TAKING CARE OF HER. WITH LOVE,
WITH STRENGTH>



“Mona! Put yourself on this day over nations and kingdoms

To boot

To take down

To destroy

And to ruin

Building and planting

Vine”

Ventura Profana

Manguba is the name of a haunting that inhabited my grandmother’s childhood. She would approach by the shadows, hidden, jumping around the room when the nuns would go to bed. My grandma died without telling me how she was and what she did, but she would always say that Manguba is the mother of the devil.

In this performance, I imagine the possibility of bringing this haunting into the space, in a sensorial, imagetic <nearly diabolic> dance created by my holes. Eyes, mouth, asshole, pussy, everything goggling and gaping in order to allow this and other female apparitions pass through the body.

In this process, I have been looking to articulate an incomprehensible lexicon of the hole, the sweat, the body hair, the body itself and its recesses as a den and a beast, as a cave, a breath, a hallucination.

With the aim of disarticulating the normative projection towards a body of deviating experiences and phenotypes, to monstrify a body that is already monstrified in social terms, I take over the unconscious repressions of the white imaginary towards a racialized cis body to a phantasmagorical limit. Animalized,

scary, dirty, grotesque, violent, and at the same time hypersexualized and hyperdesired for the cis straight male consumption and disposal.

To dance with the pussy does not mean at all to dance with the goddess, with the moon, the fragile, delicate, and sacred female vagina of the white woman. I have never been feminine, I could never be fragile, I never had the right to frailness and care destined to a white woman's body. Every logic taught to me about my body bearing a pussy was filled with guilt, repression, and consume. I don't remember hearing a single history of any of my mother's ancestors who didn't work and was sustained by a man. Yet today they work not for revolution or option, but rather for necessity and obligation. Our bodies have never been read empathetically and, due to the abuse and exploitation of racialized workforce, our bodies are still confronted with the obligation of strength and solitude. I don't reclaim the strength of the pussy ether, because for my body, strength is an obligation.

I loathe the cis-normative ideal that only cis women have vaginas, or that a piece placing a naked female body on stage talks necessarily and immediately about the condition of women. It obviously departs from a feminist bias, but through a black intersectional transfeminist perspective. I don't believe in a generalist condition of the "woman" due to the many issues related with race, class, and gender identity. Therefore, I also abominate the radical feminist thinking, aka "radfem" the sacred feminine movement, the white feminism, and all feminisms that are transphobic and racist.

Despite the presence of my cis body, I seek to disarticulate the projection of the heterosexist imaginary on the body of a racialized "woman" inside the functionalist, racist, patriarchal, and colonial imposition objectifying, erasing, and exterminating feminine bodies, specially the black, racialized, and sexually deviating ones.

With my lesbian, dyke, hairy body, I try to bewitch the phantasmagory of haunting women, as well as to dance an apparition somewhere in between visibility and invisibility, crossing both worlds in the body: a cisheteronormative world invisibilizing me, and an invisible world where these monsters inhabit, remaining in

their territory and resistance. A friction of this presence in-between worlds so as to attack, scare, neutralize, disarticulate, curse, and take revenge from a world cursing us.

I summon to the encruzilhada my maternal grandmother, Baubo, Exús, Pomba-Giras, Não-se-pode, Manguba, and a whole legion of others who pass through me and whose name I still don't know, to join me in this dance.

In the processes of finding this dance, which I'm still in, I developed a series of performatic-ritualistic practices. This solo has been a hard one to enchant, so these rituals were a way of walking around, and to create conditions for it to find itself.

At the core of these practices, transformation hovers as a performative operation, that is, a plastic state, one that welcomes images but is always ready to access its own twisting or opposite. I choose to talk about such practices not through a rationalizing perspective that clouds its mysteries and darkneses, but rather I consent to them in an intimate, hyperempathetic sharing, in order to allow to be felt within the body and all its opacity what is known for sure and, at the same time, cannot be understood.

A door from which it is possible to access this body that abdicates the rational linearity of the colonial subject is the notion of hapticality coined by Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, when they talk about the radical, hyperempathetic heritage of the experience in the Slave Ships. Let us follow this fugitive track of the words of Harney and Moten as a wind whispering a poem in darkness, a black smoke darkening the eyes so as to open the body, as someone who reenounters answers for the future in dreams of the past, collapsing the linearity of time.


Hapticality, the touch of the undercommons, the interiority of sentiment, the feel that what is to come is here. Hapticality, the capacity to feel through others, for others to feel through you, for you to feel them feeling you, this feel of the shipped is not regulated, at least not successfully, by a state, a religion, a people, an empire, a piece of land, a totem. Or perhaps we could say these are now recomposed in the wake of the shipped. To feel others is unmediated, immediately social, amongst

us, our thing, and even when we recompose religion, it comes from us, and even when we recompose race, we do it as race women and men. Refused these things, we first refuse them, in the contained, amongst the contained, lying together in the ship, the boxcar, the prison, the hostel. Skin, against epidermalisation, senses touching. Trown together touching each other we were denied all sentiment, denied all the things that were supposed to produce sentiment, family, nation, language, religion, place, home. Tough forced to touch and be touched, to sense and be sensed in that space of no space, though refused sentiment, history and home, we feel (for) each other. A feel, a sentiment with its own interiority, there on skin, soul no longer inside but there for all to hear, for all to move. Soul music is a medium of this interiority on the skin, its regret the lament for FANTASY IN THE HOLD 99 broken hapticality, its self-regulatory powers the invitation to build sentimentality together again, feeling each other again, how we party. Tis is our hapticality, our love. Tis is love for the shipped, love as the shipped. Tere's a touch, a feel you want more of, which releases you. Te closest Marx ever got to the general antagonism was when he said "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" but we have read this as the possession of ability and the possession of need. What if we thought of the experiment of the hold as the absolute fluidity, the informality, of this condition of need and ability? What if ability and need were in constant play and we found someone who dispossessed us so that this movement was our inheritance. Your love makes me strong, your love makes me weak. What if "the between the two," the lost desire, the articulation, was this rhythm, this inherited experiment of the shipped in the churning waters of flesh and expression that could grasp by letting go ability and need in constant recombination. If he moves me, sends me, sets me adrift in this way, amongst us in the undercommons. So long as she does this, she does not have to be. Who knows where Marx got this inheritance of the hold, from Aristotle denying his slave world or Kant talking to sailors or Hegel's weird auto-eroticism or just being ugly and dark and fugitive. Like Zimmy says, precious angel, you know both our forefathers were slaves, which is not something to be ironic about. Tis feel is the hold that lets go (let's go) again and again to dispossess us of ability, fill us with need, give us ability to fill need, this feel. We hear the godfather and the old mole calling us to become, in what fewer years we have, philosophers of the feel.

Love,

S/F

(Harvey, Moten, 2014, p 98-99)

The background is a collage of images. On the left, there's a dense green forest. In the center, a person with long dark hair and red face paint is visible. On the right, a person with a large dark beard and red face paint is shown. A large, semi-transparent red shape, resembling a stylized 'A' or a triangle, is overlaid on the right side of the image. White text is superimposed over the red shape and the forest background.

MIRROR DOUBT CONFUSION
SING DIG THE MOUTH STARTS
A DANCE HAIR LIFE AND
DEATH MONGA FEITIÇO
CANSAÇO É CORPO PINGADO
DOIS DEDOS DE MAR RASO

I look at the
mirror, I expose
the organs

, I throw open the moist, jiggly skin

to let the light in, reflecting and flexing the pelvis, muscular articulations in greasy mucus for a becoming mollusk body gooey surface tongue in a non guided dance.

I relax the seeing hole. Minuscule, tiny crater, kind of mús-cú-lá light twinkling asshole, pulsating penetr'action of pieces of fire, dizziness, and gozo, enjoyment. To lubricate my black holes, sphincter from where blood-pulsating matter comes and goes. Pieces of evaporated humor, peixeira, water-and-salt.

- To see as a passive act, to see as a state of embracing the space, taking turns on the vision of your own eyes and allowing the induction of a physical delirium.

To see your face in the mirror until you see another face. In an apparition daydream, assombration doutra encarnation, unveiling raved spirits and colors turning into beasts, your face is that of an old woman and a nameless man, it sticks in the head, chapado, flattened. - To allow reality to transfigure in the surface of carne olho, eye-flesh, coming in and out of the iris' sphincter a flat 360-degree surface surrounding the car-ne-cor-po, body-flesh.

Give this relaxed image the shape of an eye itself. Not moving the globe, a passive-sensation gaze, as innocent as a heartbeat – to look like a cat, fixed in the scary banality of the wall – The space gets another temperature, ever so diffuse and raved as your body's. The space is now more than ever your body, the colors ooze away and compose auras, making you invisible. In the mirror, you no longer see your face, it is a bloody-eyed fish and lamp genie levitating in a trousers-carpet or at times naked.

The genie invites, "levitate", and little by little I let the virtual body of the genie, who is also a frog, to guide my body-flesh, now very light, like a virtual-spirit. The ghost levitates one of your legs, then the other, and you become they on top of your carpet, fish and frog, green-faced, somewhat like Tia Auxiliadora. Flip your body a bit to the side and the fixed eye, make a horse and a mare, but don't cease to be a genie-peixa-frog, the mare-horse simply passes, as if it was a mimic game.

The genie disappears for a second and the comes back as Luar-a, "moonlight-a" with a brown body, all sweaty and warm. The legs sticking deep into the ground, this is a grounding work, which is a flow, good-bad, because it requires me a lot of strength later to migrate from moonlight and gravitate.

I start to hum nana's song, the mouth closed. High-pitched horn, pretending to myself I'm not singing. Vou abrindo pouca a pouca a bouca, little by little I keep on opening the mouth, de-va-gar, very sloooooooooow,

attentive to the feeling of the space in between the teeth being inaugurated by hot air, holding the boobs as I breathe, so that I myself cannot be sure whether I'm singing or not.

Eye on the eye of the reflection I am already cara-de-caveira of the não-se-pode legend, a skull-head who shows up in the center of Teresina late at night and grows grows grows as I sing, the mouth is now pretty open, the head oriented to the floor. I see myself in the back of the stage, to the left, covered in drapes, sort of terror movie odalisque, some five meters high, grandona, smoking a cigarette just like não-se-pode and similar to a color version of the gigantic woman-me I saw in mirror some fifteen years ago.

Still doing it, already putting down some drool, baba pro chão, spitting a kinda bizarre yell like a child's fake crying, sensitive canastrona, the goggling eyes glued upon mine, I see the body of the gigantic woman I embraced in a teenage nightmare, astral projection from the time when I used to cry alone in the backyard, for dyke equals deception, and although I was wild at school, it scared the shit out of me to sleep alone, such great fear of dark and solitude and all-the-more, and it all changes at the same time the world was falling into life and life was no longer the same living, dreams of entities speaking Yorubá, words I did not understand, never-heard-before familiar sentences waking up in the middle of the dream walking around the house and seeing some devils, demonho, get scared to death and lose control of the body, hitting the ceiling then the bed, bater do teto pra cama, do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama do teto pra cama, open eyes, grinning mouth filled with teeth, soundless scream tension movement moving energy quicksand areia movediça munição unmaking colors and shadows without ever having stepped in a terreiro call the mother oyá and she replying as she does yet today the flame calling me, a chama que me chama to then wake up myself again the eyes wide open looking and seeing the room under the same light the objects placed just like in the reality of life-virtual-life so agonizing at times like the dream of when I lifted from the living room couch and walked all the way to the room and looked at the mirror and right next to me there was a giant

woman full of white drapes who I knew to be also me and I embraced the gigantona não-se-pode dressed in light fabrics a cone dress and she shook my entire body in astonishment nightmare all of a sudden and I shook myself to reencounter several layers of my body in the room all frightened sweaty lying down drooling on the red couch struggling to yank the body of this true dream.

In the rehearsals I try to find Manguba by the mirror, and to allow her bodies-images to dance me. As in the exercise Marlene Monteiro de Freitas did with us during PEPCC in Portugal, and I saw myself all red in a mustache, malinando geral, touching up everybody as a capeta, bem devil hahaha. Then I did FLECHA entirely based on it, finding other layers, but that piece was also an apparition, unintendedly.

Fixed, light eyes imagin'action levitate.

The visage comes out of the mirror. She is in the same space and has vontade própria, free will. Strolling around wherever she wants, performing the piece right in front of me, so I can imitate. She tries to kid me, laughs her ass off, and so do I.

I found these eyes fixed on air. Dead fish eyes, glass eyes, invisibility cloak eyes.

Fixed eyes, body in movement. Eyes wide open to receive the wind.

The invisible appearing and sharing misteries to me as does the invisibilized bodies and worlds.

I am angry, and I have blood in my veins. The blood travels inside me, in these interior tiny rivers of angry liquid, while the constant rhythm feeds a sensible tingling. As I write, I can feel the vibration traveling inside the chest, slightly banging the rib cage, making the skin jump. In the left fist, in the exterior part of my hand, an energy layer pumps with the blood. I squeeze my perineum, the vibration flows to the hips getting louder, running thick.

I am half seated on the floor with the torso supported by bent arms behind my back. Legs open and bent, as a frog ou uma mulher na praia tomando sol na xana, a woman tanning her pussy at the beach. I feel a heat coming from the pelvic floor reaching the sole of my feet. While I am there, standing and resting in time, everything pulses, I look you in the eye, everything pulses. My mouth is full of the hair I collected from the last cut in January, mingled with the hair that detaches every time I wash it. Thick curly black strings composing a thirteen-centimeter ball inside of me. The semi-metallic taste overlays the entire geography of the whole hole. Having gag reflex. I push it with my tongue and squeeze the teeth, closing the mouth holding on to it. Squashing inside of me, this small planet, a newborn baby made entirely of dark matter and secrets held by my ancestors. A complex net of unknown dreams and nightmares delicately folded between my teeth. A matter of living death as a presence of inwardness reaching the outwards, a hole that explodes in another hole echoing silent gestures of haunted shadows. The spirit of spider that weaves nests for future spirits.

A knitted scream. A whisper carried by the mouth. Shoulders back, two tits on the side, the ribs slightly open and pointing outside. If I can't write with the heart, this is not my revolution. I place myself on all fours in the mouth of the world, in the hole of the world: encruzilhada.

I imagine the hole on the floor, right beneath my mouth, with the same size of it. As I imagine, the wood starts to creak, opening a small breach, an asspussy cloaca empty eye looking at me. I see this buraquinho, tiny hole with the eyes closed in the center of my forehead, and as I look through it I see the dark.

I stick my fingers hands on the floor how thirsty the cracks also embracing me, I take hold of the wood with the knees and toes, I settle the center, well stuck.

In my humid mouth open cave, textures and recesses are pieces of sounds.

I start to snap the tongue for the floor to melt, I have an intuition that I shall progress slowly not to loose the image nor to disenchant the sound. It is a subtle negotiation to dig a hole with the mouth. The wood starts to liquefy in cold lava, wet tapioca beyond its point, exposing another doughy layer of metal and concrete throwing oneself at the borders of the hollow funnel hole. When I sound the sound of water, the margins are non-Newtonian liquid transmuting into a twisted texture. It is hard when I hit it with sound, and irresistibly soft after being hit. I move the saliva flesh sending air into the buraquinho on the floor, and at each aqueous snap the small crater increases in size, collapsing the solidness of its ground position and raving in an oco louco, crazy hollow abyss, precipício precipitant in this building.

Now the hole is right behind me, and it has a five-meter diameter. Huge demolished rocks falling onto this floor that isn't even made of stone, and the noise of them hitting the void seem like my steps running around the hole and screaming at it, singing and digging with the voice, whipping from the floor the dead bones of this buried hidden past. This excavation is not as linear as I envisioned, I focus thoroughly in the recesses of my mouth's geography, and I feel the texture of the minerals I spit, snapping out of here.

Each tooth the tongue hits is rolling land, each tooth is here a skeleton revealing itself an intact pearl necklace. Each unearthed body is a fossil taking my hand and dancing. A body of very light blue bones stands up, I open the mouth and breathe lightly, then he blows a sidereal whisper in the mike. His bones vibrate an acute and hollow sound, withered skeleton spit. Each inspiration of mine is a windstorm in the room. We are skull on skull, and his blue shade vibrates strongly in my brain a smell of metal and a handful of earth shoved in the mouth. I hear crystals creaking in the teeth mud saliva chocolate crackling scarlet mangrove when the wind screams your name in the cave through the smallest breach of light pus pore marked in my geography the breath of the wind aviva vendaval, vivifying the windstorm ripping out roofs biting the wall of the colonial building the wind howls an invisible shout of hairy animal crying the deaf cry of the widow's mouth, viúva vovó

viu a uva

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MAAAACHHHHHIIINEEEE

the windstorm sings its vowels and runs loose around the room, her hasty legs hit the butt and she runs like a child who needs to feel her own contours, like a bird sounding in a dream, like a wind digging in the hole of the world, as the Oyá dancing the drums of Ilú in my Yabá chest, she sings and starts to scream inside my throat and turns into a wolf howling because he has a mouth of jagged teeth tartar and a hoarse voice a teeny tiny cute witch with skin of wrinkled black paper and very thin fingers just as her shout peeling off from the bottom of my glottis and scratches the remains of the walls of the space as thin as the teeth of a feline baby as thin as the shout of the witch coming off in the face of an erê and playing with this laughter-of-not-knowing inside my mouth sitting along these miniatures the witch and the erê hanging their sounds in the uvula and singing loving things to each other pretending to cry and some monkeys bursting in laughter.

A swarm of bird people starts to come out of the hole, falling up in a forest of people imitating beasts as their main language, some have parrot tongue, others monkey, and they spurt their chants from bottom to top falling on top of the half body, still on all fours, in your forehead and shoulders, even though you don't see. They also cry words as if they weren't screaming, they enter through my nostrils and hum travel in the brains and pick in the hand the memory her eyes quite tight and the neck covered with a cloth diaper the cotton sheets with a drop of blood from her back she used to scratch as someone removing grout from the wall her jagged nails always fascinated me I used to ask to put some nail polish but she didn't like those rapariga colors I laughed and she crossed her hands on the chest as someone resting in death. She makes sound drawings that the mike cannot capture and wanders with the hands in the air in front of her. I have always looked so much to these hands and I would pull the very thin brown skin, each of her thick nails pointing to a different direction.

In my memory she sings a song that looks like an embroidery, saudade palavra triste de Cascatinha and Inhana spills out of my mouth recited in the quavering voices of grandmas spelling the line of the horizon.

I feel the night falling out of energy and the thin white sand of the fireflies in Maranhão glued to her feet always bare.

The sound travels through my back and touches the coccyx. With the mouth closed I pretend not to sing and the song makes a spin out of my head.

I halt the song.

The melody remains decanted in the air.