



THE GHOST SCAR

A PORTFOLIO OF THE CREATIVE PROCESS OF **THE GHOST SCAR.**

*A speculative documentary-storytelling
about the archaeology of the body.*

Flavio Rodrigo Orzari Ferreira

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a.pass – Advanced Performance and Scenography Studies

Errata:

You will find in this text, as well as in the videos, photos, and performance, a number of linguistic imperfections. I chose to retain at times an unorthodox grammar and orthography so that you relate to my body and its expression in the closest form to who it is.

My great grandfather, Mamede, born coincidentally on the same day and month as me, in December 15, 1900, used to present his birth date with a kind of riddle. "I am the middle, the end, and the beginning," he would say. Like me, and I like him, followed a path of arts and literature. In his youth, my grandfather wrote a fictional narrative for a literary contest. He had not finished his studies and knew his text would be full of grammatical and orthographic errors. And so he wrote his narrator as an illiterate Caipira (in English, a hick), thus assimilating and assuming his linguistic eccentricities. He won the literary contest, which for me is a signification that hierarchies of the correct and proper are not always to be trusted.

120 years later I am the middle, the end, but not the beginning - born on December 15, 1982 - decide to assume and affirm my unorthodoxy as a writer in the internationally-dominant English language. I preserve for you fragments of the unconventional grammatical-physiological and orthographic-sociological style of my narrative. It is up to you, reader, to accept this condition or, of your own free will, to abandon this reading before it begins.



¹ « La science a toujours été une affaire de recherche de traduction, de convertibilité, de mobilité des significations et d'universalité, que j'appelle réductionnisme, quand un seul langage (devinez lequel) veut s'imposer comme la norme pour toutes les traductions et conversions.»

In Manifeste Cyborg et autres essais – Savoirs situés – Donna Haraway. 1988. (p.113,114)

Advanced warning to the reader,

During the whole process I faced the gap, which is between things. To get through the process, I had to do the process within the process. Just as, in order to make this portfolio, I felt the need to write a portfolio about the portfolio itself. The question "what makes a research artistic today?" starts to be answered for me as the process of creating upon creation. So this is a text about the text. The dramaturgy I wrote was about doing the dramaturgy, because my memory was about remembering and my imagination was about imagining.

After all, the most important part of this text is also the in-between, where you sew together each side of the different fabrics that embody it. This writing is also a scar. And more important than the body of this text are its title – the identity of this text – and the acknowledgements, which are records of the meetings and encounters I had during this process – with the people, or with the ghosts presented to me in the form of books, films, images, performances, and music. Equally important are the keywords because they are not only the index of what you will find in the text, but they are the presence of the process itself, they are part of the narrative experienced.

'Unimportant' are the footnotes, which is the space I will open for the bibliography ghosts to haunt-speak for themselves. Least important is my process-statement, which will only be present as a way to satiate my own desire to give narrative form to my experience and to calm my own insecurities about the relevance or legitimacy of what I am doing. Or, perhaps, this way out of the norms of writing a portfolio is just a magic trick so that you get distracted and do not perceive the weakness of this project. Or perhaps it's just a way of lowering your expectations, making you see the power of this work by the end.

It is up to you, reader, to make the greatest effort, to sew each piece of this rift and give it its own meaning, which will probably be more interesting than trying, here, to prove something to you.

I hope you enjoy this operation.

Flavio Rodrigo Orzari Ferreira



²"Or again, you often doubt if you really exist. You wonder whether you aren't simply a phantom in other people's mind. Say, a figure in a nightmare which the sleeper tries with all his strength to destroy. It's when you feel like this that, out of resentment, you begin to bump people back. And, let me confess, you feel that way most of the time. You ache with the need to convince yourself that you do exist in the real world, that you are a part of the sound and anguish, and you strike out with your fists, you curse and you swear to make them recognize you."
In Invisible man – Ralph Ellison. 1952. (p.3,4)

Preface of external gazes

Dismantle | Space

text by Lilia Mestre

Flavio Rodrigo's research is a continual overlapping and unfolding of autobiographical writing, storytelling, and ritual. His work continues an oral tradition of recounting and holding to account that can re-tell history from the place of the minority. His research creates intersections between stories of racism and homophobia, auto-fiction, and ritual in order to claim power against normative politics in a non-normative way.

Dismantle

Flavio's research investigates the body by shedding light on the scars we all have. Working with scars as relational objects from which narratives unfold, he creates the possibility for an understanding of the self as relation between physiological trace and mythical, political, and personal time.

Space

Flavio crafts rituals and participatory performances as a collective investigation into both the trauma and the many forms of healing that scars represent. These storytellings open up a space for the personal to be continuously woven into collective, political history, and affirm that the possibility of transformation is embedded in each of us, and in all of us collectively.

“The abyss - the knowledge of the physiological process of the creation of the scar - and this power from within, that the symbol of the scar can have in the world. the human body - the god / the spirit - the tattoo”

text for Flavio by Deborah Birch

If the scar is a physical trace of a wound in the body, the site of its healing, it is also a remnant of the trauma itself, a remnant of place and time, stories, and relations. It is a locus that leads us to a web of personal and political connections anchored in the body.

A tangible sign that the body is shaped by its environment, the scar is also a reminder that the past accompanies us into the present. As a site of healing that recalls what has been undergone and what has transformed, it points to the resilience of the body and the spirit. We might call upon it to remind us that if the present is our future viewed from the past, the future is an imaginary that can guide us and give us energy in the present.

The scar on my cheek is barely visible now, but it always brings to mind the view from above my child's body while I was looking down on it listening to myself scream, the anaesthetist's needle coming towards my face, and once, at family Christmas, my grandfather joking that in the future my husband would be able to feel it in the dark and know it was me. "I'll never have a husband," I thought indignantly.

A scar is a portal to images and memories of people, situations; an echo of our unfolding and our insight. "I'll never have a husband," I laugh as my girlfriend runs her fingers across my cheek.

AFECTNOWLEDGMENT

Lilia Mestre, for her precise and, at the same time, affective guidance. For her honest gaze toward the other, seeing their truth beyond the mist of her own tastes. It is rare for people to relate to the creation of another without being weighed down by individual preferences, and at the same time with affection and respect for their effort and work. For her inexhaustible energy. For believing that this program has the capacity to transform a process – and, I speak for myself, it does. For her words at the right time, for her firm tenderness, for her partnership always. **Vladmir Miller**, for requiring me to always be attentive to my desires in artistic research, for being sharp and concise in demanding the meaning of things, for revealing any uncertainty in the process with surgical precision.

Peggy Pierrot, for showing that one cannot naturalize discomfort, for being a dissident body in a space and time in which this presence is a combat, for opening the doors of the speculative universe of narration to me. **Alex Arteaga**, for updating me with bibliographical references and demanding that such references be present in this work. **Philipp Gehmacher**, for sharing the experience of existing on the threshold between the academic and the artistic, for reminding me that, in both cases, what lies before the work is the human who produces it. **Nicolas Y Galeazzi**, for planting the ecosystemic hacker microorganisms in the soil of this project, for being interested in passing through the experience of the other with a child's eyes. **Philippine Hoegen**, for provoking the courage and risk that were hidden in the project, bringing to light the scar as the motive and object of the work. **Kobe Matthys**, for demanding of the project both silence and pause, for authorizing mystery as a creative language and for stimulating its self-sustaining dimension. From him, I began to hear what the

project, already hoarse, was asking of me. **Pierre Rubio**, for opening the wounds that were not yet healed, for expanding my references from the universe of fiction. **Sina Seifee**, for showing that the sweetness of a foreign body can be acidic, for stimulating the power of fantasy as a legacy of struggle. **Femke Snelting**, for her inexhaustible listening that generates in those who speak a comfortable territory of empathy.

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Ana Paula Camargo, for teaching me that hay que estar del lado de lo vivo. **Rui Calvo**, for helping me to understand that the process is more valuable than the result. **Piero Ramella**, for going through feedback without abandoning himself. **Adriano W. Hensen**, for the sweet and honest way he works. **Andrea Zavala Folache**, for showing that it is important not to take yourself so seriously. **Quinsy Gario**, for teaching me that we are the home of our ancestors. **Magda Ptasznik**, for making grammar a political action. **Kasia Torz**, for collecting gazes. **Muslin Brothers**, for the materiality and complexity of what is simple. For becoming part of my life.

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To all of my family, especially to those who have always encouraged me. Friends, who I thought were many, and now realize they are few, but they are giants. **Vanessa Rodini**, my therapist, who taught me that in order to exist, I need to tell my story, which is the greatest asset that each of us has. **Gabrielle de Castro Albieiro**, for being the medicine of words always. **Maíra Namba**, for her graphic touch full of magic and power. Everything you touch is beautiful. **Raquel Santana de Moraes**, for being an exchange, for the most generous offer, for being the reason I arrived in Brussels and one of the few reasons I was able to remain. For her precise look at the poetic imperfection of the body.

Jorge Ordovás, my love, my bond, my family, my friend, my enthusiast, my team, undoubtedly the inspiration of generosity and donation to each morning and each good night. I also thank the bibliographical ghosts that haunt this research and the many sessions of spanking, caresses, toasts, fights, ruptures, seductions, sex, reconciliation. I recommend: **Virginie Despentes, Vinciane Despret, Starhawk, Paul B. Preciado, Ursula Le Guin, Octavia Butler, Denise da Silva, Janaína Fontes Leite, Édouard Louis, Didier Eribon, Isabelle Stengers, Avery F. Gordon, Bruno Latour, Sarah Ahmed, Gaston Bachelard, Gilbert Durand, Peggy Phelan, Donna Haraway, Carl Gustav Jung, Evaristo Eduardo de Miranda, Jodorowsky, Ralph Ellison** .

KEYWORDS

FEAR, MEDIOCRITY, FAILURE, HUMILIATION, GAY, MOTHERHOOD, MURDER, PHANTASMAGORIA, GHOST, RITUAL, IMAGINATION, IMAGINARY, IMAGERY, MEMORY, FICTION, REALITY, PERFORMATIVITY, MAGIC, PERFORMANCE, NARRATIVE, SPECULATION, TALE, LIE, TRUTH, REALITY, OBJECT, RELATIONAL, DRAMATURGY, SELF-WRITING, SELF-FICTION,

ARCHAEOLOGY, BODY, CRACKED BODY, DRESSED BODY, HAIRY BODY, PAINTED BODY, NAKED BODY, SCAR, WOUND, DRAMATURGY OF PERCEPTION, DRAMATURGY OF RECEPTION, IMPROVISATION, ABYSSES, DARK, TRIGGERING OBJECT, RELATIONAL TRIGGER, FICTIONAL TRIGGER, HOMOPHOBIA, RACISM, XENOPHOBIA, VIDEOGRAPHY, AUDIOGRAPHY, PHOTOGRAPHY, RECORDS, DOCUMENTATION, BURIAL, HEALING, POLITICIZATION, POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, CAIPIRA, HICK,

GAMBIARRA, POVERTY, COLONIZATION, COLONIAL, FAMILY, MEMORY DUST, FOG OF FICTION, GHOSTLY PROJECTION, IMPOSTOR SYNDROM, THEATRE, SUPERSTITION, SPELL, ORACLE, FEMINISM, QUEER, PRIVILEGES, DIS-PRIVILEGES, MINORITY, POWER, GAMES, PLAYING, PUBLIC, INTIMATE, SEX, MIGRATION, VIOLENCE, PLANTS,

LIQUIDS, VIOLET, RED, BLOOD, SPERM, ARCHAEOLOGY, DISTANCE, MASKS, DISEASES, CONFINEMENT, QUARANTINE, PLAY, GAME, GRANDMOTHER, FATHER, FRIEND, HUSBAND, LOVER, DEVICES, VOICE, CANDLE, WORDS,

KEY.

PACKING

APPLYING THE PROJECT

This artistic research was initiated by a very big movement, an exit, by escaping from the life I had. The project was written for a.pass in April, 2018 while I was in bed facing my first lumbar disc herniation crisis. I was literally stuck in bed, unable to get up for more than five minutes and so, from my bed I decided that I needed to get out of the life I was leading. I needed to take the weight off my back, a daily life of hard work that left little time for artistic production

Today when I revisit the project I wrote for a.pass, I find a very naive project made up of all the artistic desires accumulated in a life of projects that never left the paper. I see a project full of fragments with no connection, outdated, and obsolete references and no strong will to take it all the way.

When I was accepted into the program, it first installed in me an absolute certainty that I was a great impostor and that I was lucky to be accepted without them noticing that I really did not have much to offer artistically. Then came an immense excitement at the possibility of leaving the life I was leading and finally being able to feel, again, the sensation of being an artist.

With this mixture of feelings, I began the task of dissolving the life I was living, sorting what I could fit into a 32 kg bag and selling the rest of my things in order to have some money to live in Belgium. 36 years translated into 32 kg meant less than one kg for each year of life. It was not easy to decide which books would

be important to have with me or even which clothes would be needed. Photos, music, desires, everything would become just what was necessary and could fit into that bag.

When I arrived in Brussels, I started unpacking my bag at the same time as I started the research program. In both situations, I had fragments of a life, fragments of projects, fragments of references, fragments of memories, fragments of desires... This fragmented Flavio was already starting a new life and new program full of gaps and empty spaces. The failure was already foreseen. I did not know that, at the beginning of 2019, I would have to fail, I would have to face the mediocrity accumulated by a lifetime of unrealized artistic projects. I did not know that artistic research would become a research of myself, artistically and politically. I didn't know that such a narrative would only be possible thanks to all the meetings that this program of artistic research and the daily life in Brussels made possible for me. Nor would it be possible to start a new life in another country, so distant and different from my own, without such encounters.

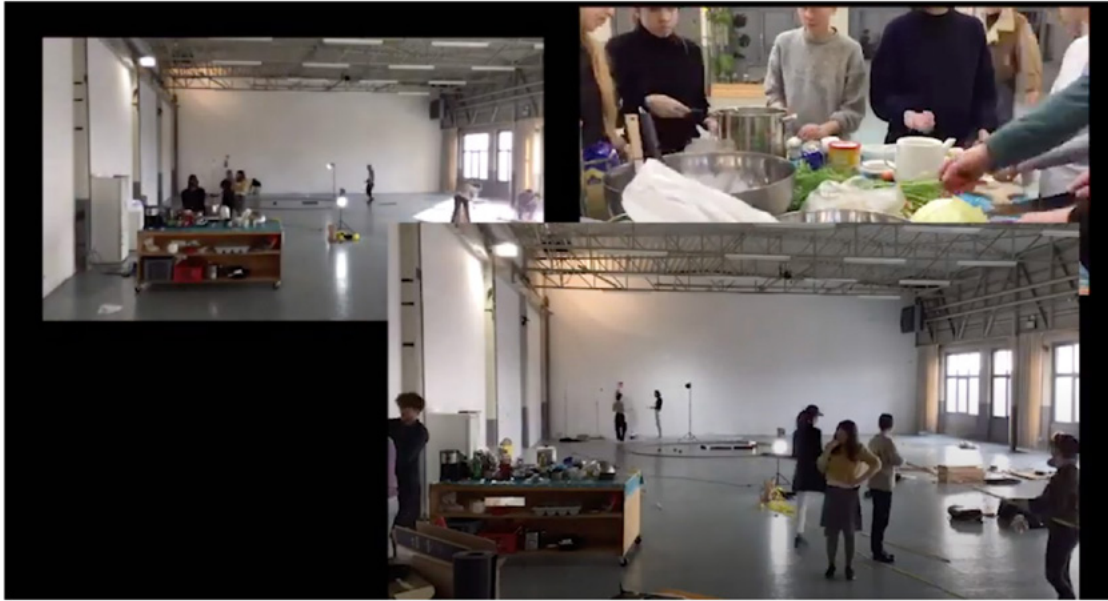
This would be an artistic research performed through encounters (affects) and narratives (percepts), in which the body and its history can only exist in relation, in narration to the other. This is a research of a cracked, disoriented, and detached body in search of a sensitive way of existing. Making the body present in time, space, and the context in which it finds itself, in which it has chosen for itself. To make it present to itself.



³ "Aqui também o depoimento pessoal, a singularidade do corpo e as histórias de cada um serão a chave do processo, no entanto, tendo como norte a busca de que essa singularidade se dissipe no encontro de um corpo e mente míticos, universais. A cena não é então a expressão desse depoimento, mas o depoimento é o caminho para se atingir a expressão de uma espécie de inconsciente coletivo no qual a história de cada um, passa a ser a história de todos. In *Autoescrituras performativas, do diário à cena* – Janaina Fontes Leite. 2017. (p.31)

SETTLING

ARRIVING IN A NEW COUNTRY



Click on the image to go straight to the video.

As I said, the first block was the one where I had the opportunity to fail, the opportunity to understand my limits, my vulnerability as an artist. It was the block that proposed to settle the desires, the artistic purposes, the questions that generated movement. None of this happened to me, instead, the Settlement block was the block where I could understand all the dead weight I had been carrying and which I had called artistic research, the dead weight of authors, techniques, and languages I had called references. I had to accept that, if I wanted to perform an artistic research with honesty, the first thing I would have to do was perform a great funeral of all those dead weights, facing my own mediocrity and fertilizing a soil to plant anew.

The block was curated by Vladimir Miller, and this funeral process was made to appear very quickly. Right at the beginning all my accumulated certainties of an artistic life were questioned and put in

check by him and my colleagues. What I had brought in my bag did not suit this new me in its new context. Just as the clothes of a tropical country are of no use in the winter of northern Europe, insisting on what I was carrying would not help me to face what was here. It does not mean that what I was carrying was of no value, quite the contrary, but all that would have to pass through an understanding of a new context that my body found itself in and that I had in some ways chosen.

Little by little, during the dedicated mentoring sessions, I was called to abandon some theatrical and also philosophical references and was stimulated to engage with new forms of performative language. I was questioned about the threshold between artistic production and reflection, about the balance between an academic research, which is critical and reflective, and an artistic work, which is experiential and phenomenological.

I also felt the need to find those things that spoke directly to my desire for an artistic expression that is also political, so that I could find my authorial authenticity. I can already say that, for an actor who was used to always working in groups, it was very difficult. But I have not shed my roots entirely, and still question the sovereign value of the individual in the fields of performing and visual arts.

At the same time, I felt guilty for having left my country, my friends, and my family at such a delicate moment when the fascist right-wing, which had just risen to power, was dismantling culture, education, and individual liberties, raising a wave of hatred, rejecting diversities, and restricting the freedoms of the body and critical thought. I felt guilty for not being there, for fighting alongside. I felt privileged to be here in the 'first world,' having abandoned my 'third world' peers. At the same time, I felt underprivileged to be in a programme where my intellectual and artistic 'weaknesses' was clear, since I did not have the same cultural knowledge as most of my colleagues, and because I had been away from artistic research for a decade.



In this midst of these feelings of being an imposter, of feeling guilty and excited, I met Peggy Pierrot. She looked at me, saw all these feelings, and presented me with a speculative narration and a series of authors who could, in their works, speak from their minority experiences – authors who used their own traumas and weaknesses to propose a new possible world, who imagined this new possibility from the viewpoint of minorities and who proposed a new relational practice of community based on situated and non-hegemonic knowledge. It was from this that I realized that I could detach myself from a large layer of dead skin that I carried in my life and in my research so that I could let the new tissue of this cracked body be born.

The first to be buried at a solemn funeral was Shakespeare, who was present as the initial research object, but who, despite his value, was colonizing the research and being used, in a way, to validate my presence in Europe. As if I could, through his classical presence, camouflage my 'precarious' Latin American origin. An outfit to be worn so that I could feel like an equal in a European imaginary. I buried a series of theatrical acting techniques from the beginning of the 21st century, a legacy of training in scenic arts that is also referenced as 'white-European.'

⁴ "Quand je me remémore ces années de mon adolescence, Reims m'apparaît non seulement comme le lieu d'un ancrage familial et social qu'il me fallait quitter pour exister autrement, mais également, et ce fut tout autant déterminant dans ce qui guida mes choix, comme la ville de l'insulte. Combien de fois m'y suis-je traité de 'pédé' ou d'autres mots équivalents ? Je ne saurais le dire. Du jour où je la rencontrai, l'insulte ne cessa plus de m'accompagner. Oh, certes, je la connaissais depuis toujours... Qui ne la connaît pas ? On l'apprend en apprenant le langage. Avant même de savoir ce qu'elle signifiait, je l'entendais aussi bien chez moi qu'à l'extérieur du foyer familial."
In Retour à Reims – Didier Eribon. 2009. (p.201)



I had to connect more than ever with who I really was, with my Brazilian roots, with my beliefs and with my desire to be able to build and inhabit the narrative of myself. Through a process of 'self-resignation', I began keeping in my research bag only what was essential from the initial project, which would continue along with me from then on: the work of memory, imaginary, and ritual performativity. Present in my body, and no longer projections of external influences, these situate me as who I really am in the place where I now live.

At the end of this block, we presented the process we had undergone as part of an exhibition for Performatik Festival, at KANAL-Pompidou in Brussels. For this occasion, I carried out a performative action entitled Spellotics. It was important as a mark of my naivety and mediocrity I spoke of before, so I will not spend more time trying to explain what it was. The important thing was the experience of failure and 'embracement' that this small performative action represented and how it propelled what would follow.

⁵ « Voilà pourquoi j'affirmais tout à l'heure que l'histoire est de la même étoffe que l'expérience. Il s'agit d'une même toile, se pliant et dépliant au même rythme.

Les récits cultivent l'art de prolonger l'expérience de la présence. C'est l'art du rythme et du passage entre plusieurs mondes, l'art de faire sentir plusieurs voix. Vaciller, marcher au milieu, un vrai milieu, pas celui d'une ligne, mais celui de lignes multiples. »

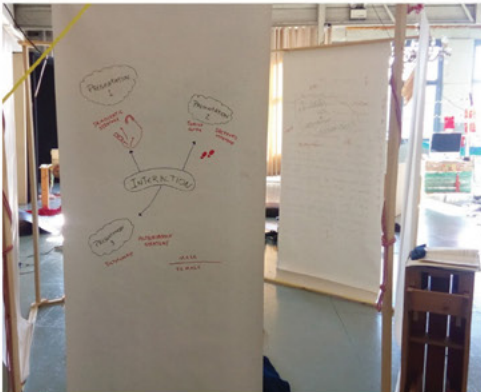
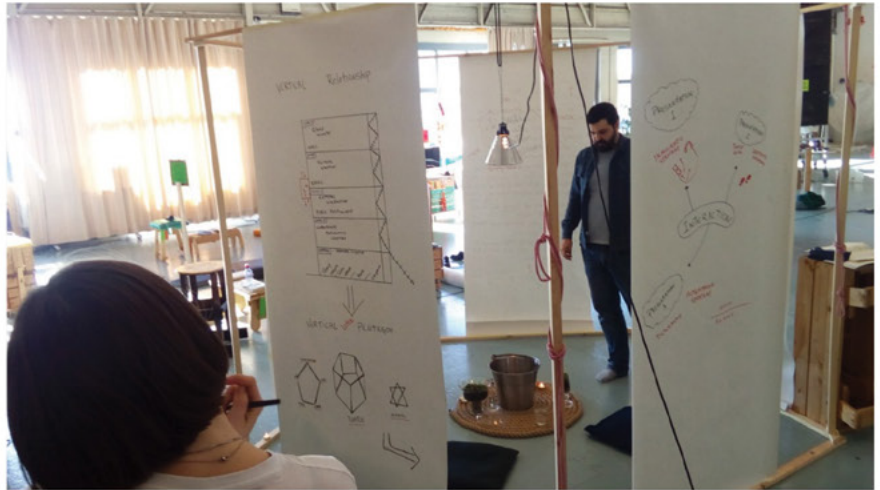
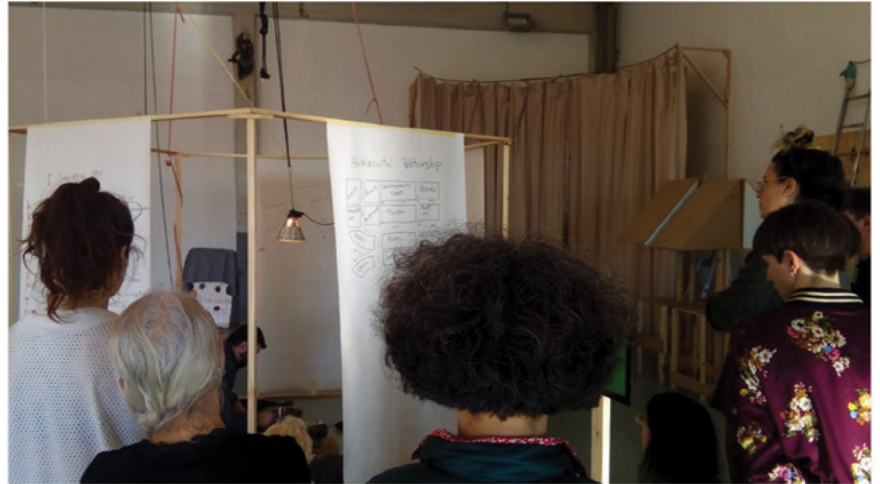
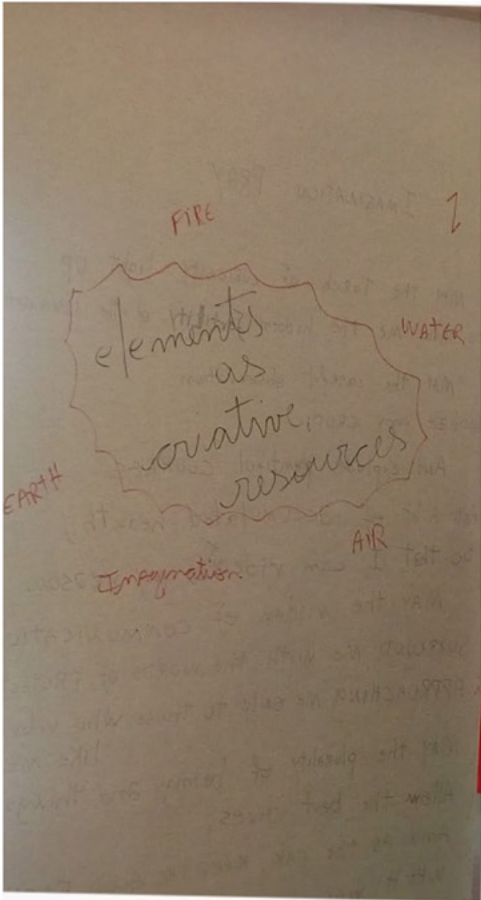
In *Au bonheur des morts, récits de ceux qui restent* – Vinciane Despret. 2015-2017. (p.206)

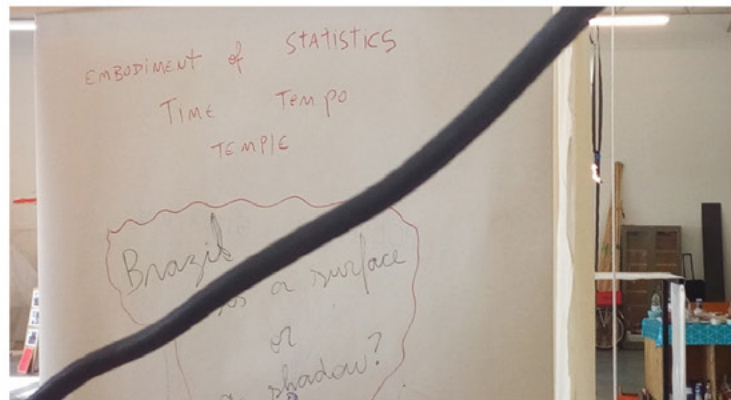
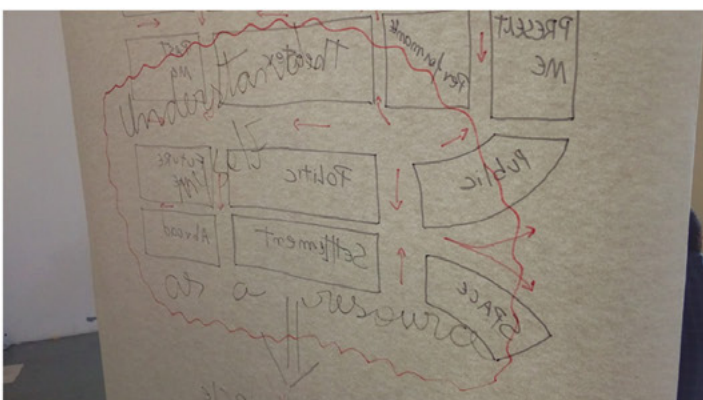
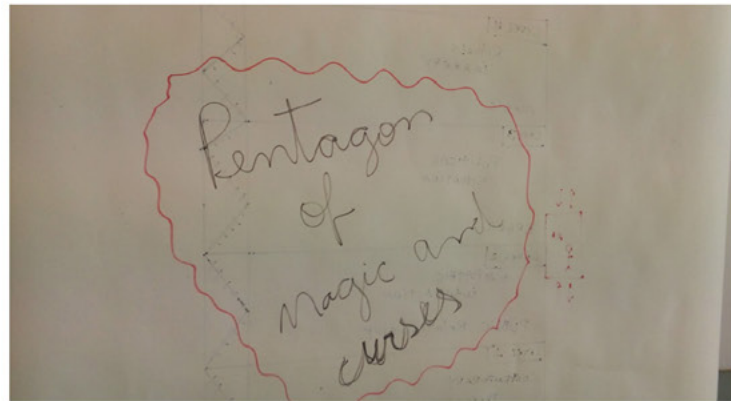
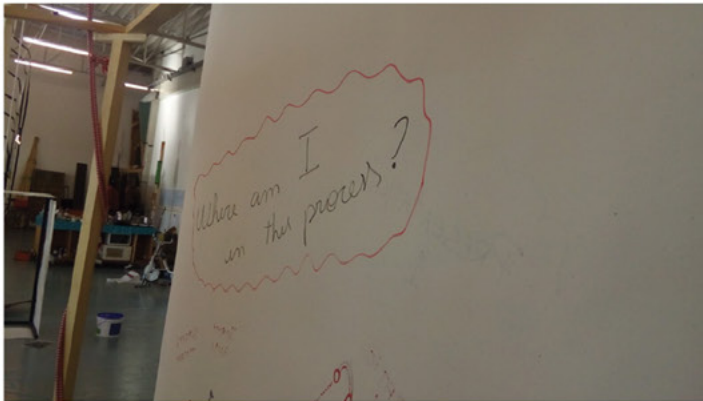
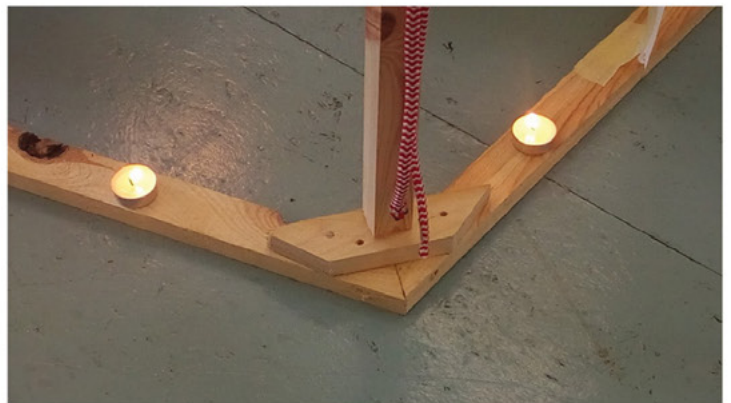
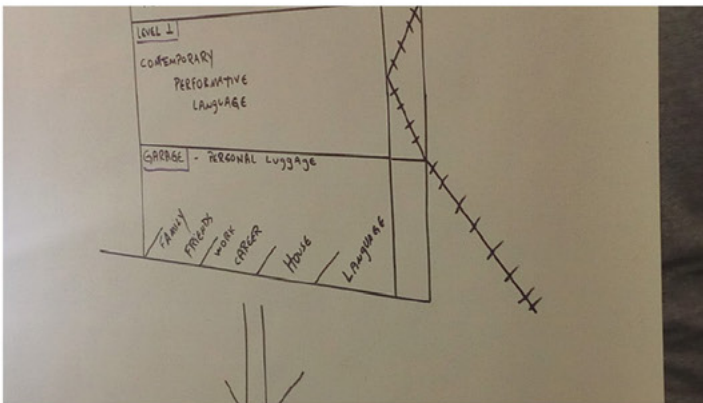
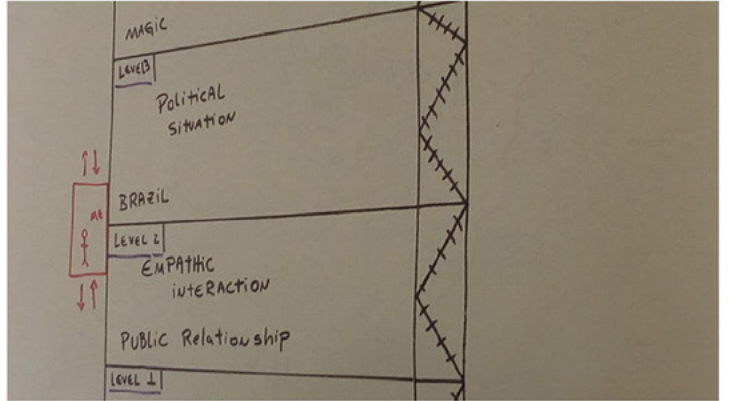
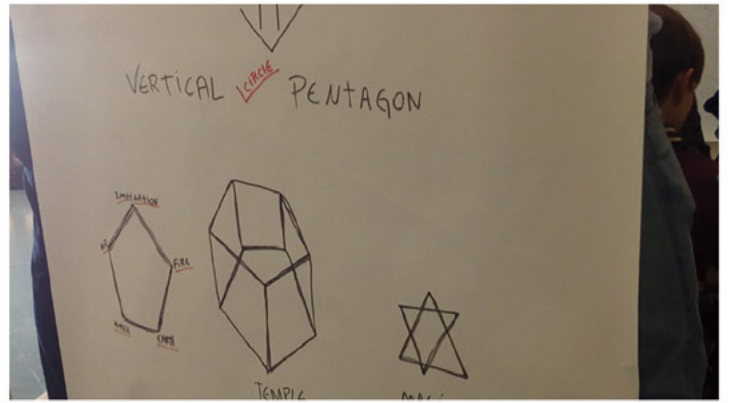
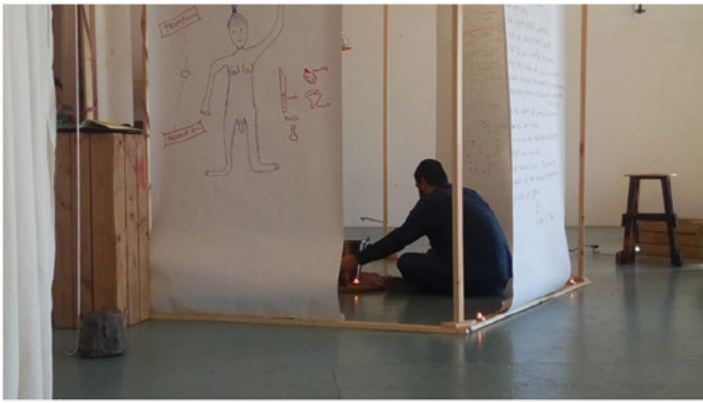
OPEN WEEK



HALF WAY DAYS

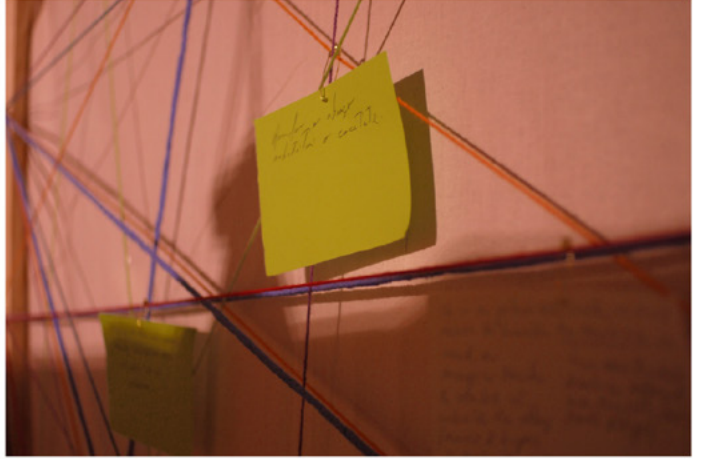






SPELLOTICS KANAL





PLANTING

THE BEGINNING OF CREATION



After another lumbar disc herniation crisis, I was lying down again, now in hospital, without being able to move my left leg. The doctors decided to perform surgery on my spine to remove the pressure on the nerve. With this, I would be away from the first month of the second block, named Troubled Gardens, curated by Nicolas Y Galeazzi.

It was like finding myself inside some big parentheses. Parentheses of space, since it all took place in a public garden on the edge of the Zenne. Parentheses of the time, as it occurred during spring and part of summer, with the rare Belgian sun participating above us. And, in my case, there were extra parentheses, as I performed part of this block lying on my bed during recovery and healing of surgery. All these parentheses added to the strong presence of nature as an active participant in the block, which brought with it a feeling that other things can be tested and experienced.

The environment of the garden was very eloquent and we, inspired by reading Donna

Haraway's *Staying With The Trouble*, began to 'listen' to the other beings around: the plants, insects, river, as well as nature's metaphorical entities, which were more revealing than the repetition of many conceptual discourses in the arts. We were faced with a great complex ecosystem, and this guided us into a more intuitive, less Cartesian communication with each interdependent process. An atypical communication for me, an exchange of fluids and not concepts. A new understanding, sometimes arid, other times gelatinous. A new relationship that demanded adoption, donation, abandonment, trust, and acceptance.

We began a parallel process of adopting research elements donated by the others. This exchange was supposed to contaminate, to introduce new perspectives into each project. I will not spend time detailing the donated and adopted elements, but I emphasize that this procedure has brought a new dimension. There is a temporality between planting and harvesting that is out of our control, and that the waiting can be productive, devastating, and revealing.

⁶ « Il y a une autre conception, que défendent la plupart des cultures autochtones, les biorégionalistes, les praticiens de la permaculture et bien d'autres qui vivent en lien plus étroit avec la terre : nous-mêmes, humains, serions tout autant la nature que l'ancien séquoia, le moustique ou la fleur sauvage. Nous sommes, de fait, des animaux. Nous sommes des corps héritiers de milliards d'années d'évolution. Nous mangeons, chions, respirons, buvons, nous nous reproduisons, mourons et nous nous décomposons comme le font d'autres corps. Dans la nature, chaque baleine géante et chaque micro-organisme imperceptible ont leur manière de participer à l'harmonie d'ensemble. Penser que nous ne le faisons pas frise l'arrogance ! »

In Quel monde voulons-nous ? – Starhawk. 2002 (2019). (p.51)

Our relationship with this adoption moved between powerful moments of discovery and hellish moments of inaction. However, it undoubtedly pushed us into new logics of understanding ourselves and our work. There were moments when it was important to unlearn one's own project and, in a way, that's what happened to me. I began a process of mapping and isolating the elements that were part of my project: the presence of rituals that structure performativity, the use of memories as raw material, the manipulation of the imaginary to reformulate these memories, and the narrative as the possibility of giving over an experience to others.

At this point, the leftovers and all the dead skin accumulated in the first block were definitely shed. From the strong presence of my body in my healing process, it became clear that the central issue of my project would be the understanding of my own body in its physiological, psychological, and socio-political contexts. The first draft of an archaeology of the body was born, which would transform into my research site. In this case, what I called the repositioning of the body is a contingency to ensure that the research is not lost from its context. The concreteness of the body as an object of research establishes a clear relationship with the space and time that it occupies, and this is crucial.





The body is a very wide object, so I needed a doorway for this research and for this repositioning. So the metaphorical impulse of this research revealed itself: the scar. Or to be more precise, the multiple scars on my body. You see that I do not give hierarchical value to these scars, many of them are ordinary, nothing special at first sight, but when archaeologically framed, they gain a dimension that triggers memories.



At this moment in the research, I was still hesitant to assume the scar as the driving force of the project. It was difficult to detach from the corpse of the project I had written in my original application to the programme. Already in the last week of the block, Philippine stepped in for an unplanned dedicated mentoring session. Although it was organised at the last minute, it became a centre, and Philippine gave birth, by forceps, to the scar as the definitive object in the construction of the critical, social, and political narration of memories that this project engages with. Literally, I decided to stay with this trouble.



⁷ "It matters what thoughts think thoughts. It matters what knowledges know knowledges. It matters what relations relate relations. It matters what worlds world worlds. It matters what stories tell stories."
In *Staying with the trouble* – Donna Haraway. 2016. (p.35)



May, 2019

first step

- to listen to the environment
- to connect myself with my surroundings
- to open my perception and to let the outside come inside
- to allow to be affected
- to interact with new entities
- to pay attention
- to be alert

second step

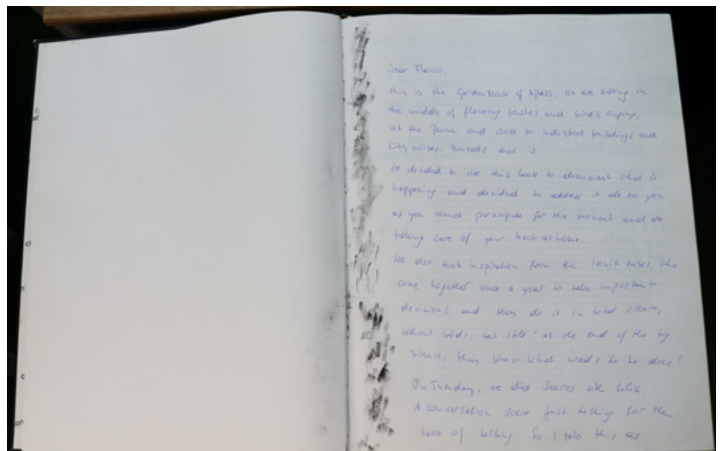
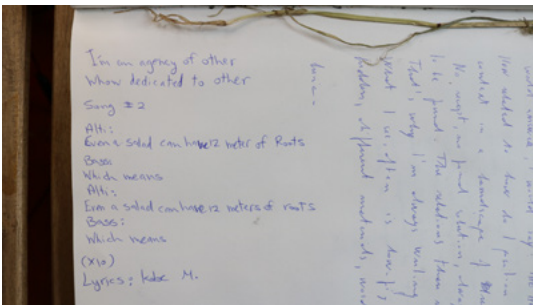
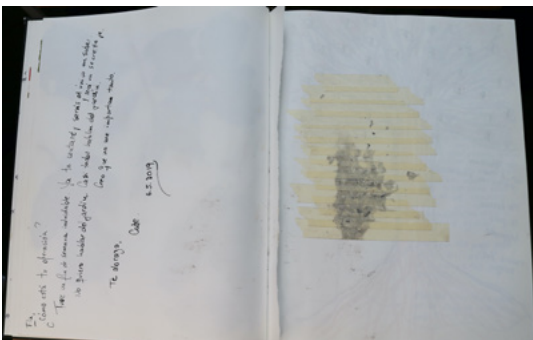
- to listen to the materials
- to build a relationship
- to recognize the tendencies of the thing
- to be guided more than to guide
- to negotiate
- to pay attention all the time
- to be present

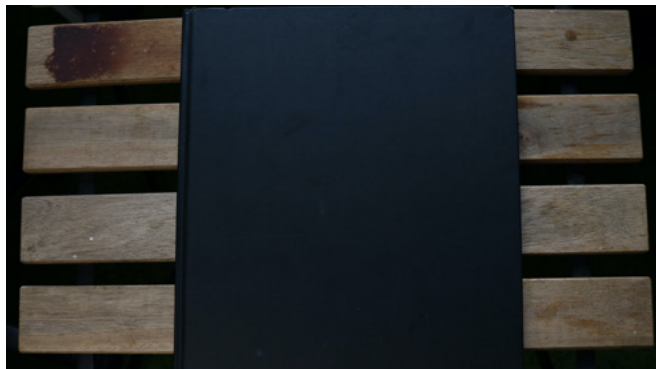
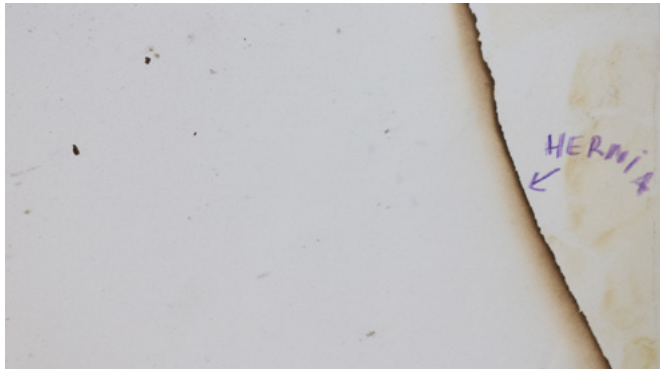
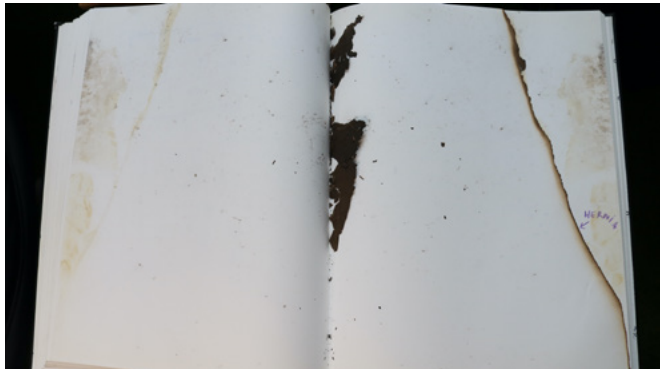
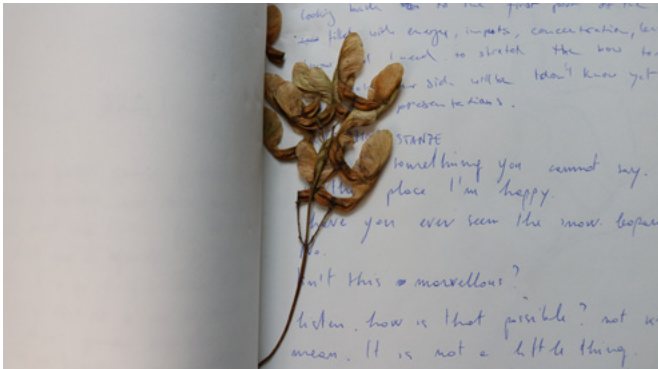
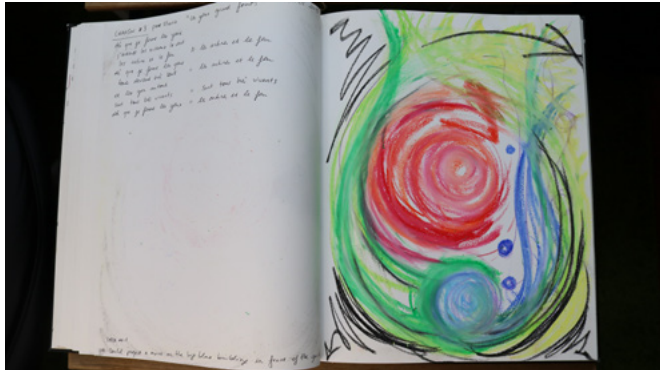
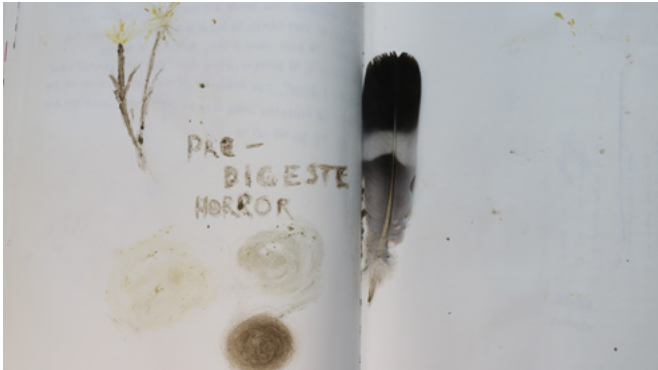
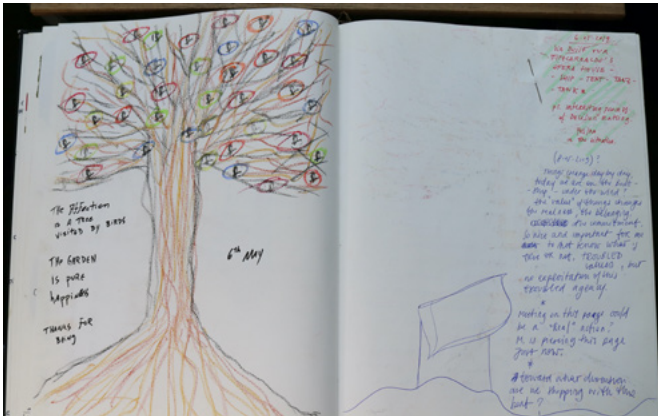
third step

- to find associations
- to discover what "make sense"
- to believe in the absurd
- to find and to build a specific corporality
- to feel the timing of the encounter
- to get to know the material
- to be part of what's going on



THE GARDEN BOOK





PAUSE TO PLAY

WHERE THINGS REALLY HAPPENED

Pause for the recreation. This block, curated by Lilia Mestre and Sina Seifee, was called A Looming Score - We Share Your Politics of Damage. Their proposal included the practice of a Bubble Score. The activity consisted of a weekly meeting for 2 months, in which the participants created something that took around 5 minutes to present - an action, a reading, a performance, a scene, a discussion, an exhibition, etc. Each meeting ended with collective feedback, in which we looked for the keywords that connected the different presentations of those who were present.

During the following week, each participant sent a question, reflection, or comment about another participant's presentation. However, each participant answered a question addressed to another colleague, not the one addressed to her or himself. So their presentation the following week would be contaminated by this input. This complex distribution of interaction provoked interconnections and traversals that only this practice made possible for all of us, both collectively and individually.

It's very difficult to explain, and very interesting to do. I had decided to participate in the block, even though I was skipping it. And so I set myself the 'aim' of, every week, researching one of the scars on my body and then preparing a presentation of the storytelling created from the

memory related to that scar and in relation to the question received. It was very interesting to discover, little by little, the pieces of my own story gaining a narrative and performative dimension.

One important thing that happened at that moment of the process was the election of a central object for each scar, for example, for the scar on the forehead, the central object is a porcelain plate. This object determined the format that the performance and the narration took. I called it a relational object, because it had the function of a bridge between memory and the performance presented to the audience.

Another significant advance in the research procedure was the development of a meditation practice to discover the memories to be worked on. This is a score for me to create the narrative of each scar. The action always goes on within a 'cocoon' of larger tissue. The score was: I entered this tissue and undressed myself. In a fetal position, I inspected, through touch, each scar on my body and tried to reach the memories related to it. Then I dressed, left the 'cocoon' and, without pause, wrote a first recap of these memories.



⁸ "Todas essas perguntas encontram resposta na própria pessoa. Trata-se de uma memória a ser despertada, de uma fala que pede para ser ouvida e dançada. Basta a disposição de ouvir e escutar a linguagem do corpo, como território do sagrado.

(...) A graça é descobrir, no fim de um processo interior de rememoração psíquica. Espiritual e corporal, que desde o início já sabíamos de tudo."

In Corpo Território do Sagrado – Evaristo Eduardo de Miranda. 2009. (p.13, 17)

The next step was a new written version of the first recap done previously, which I had the aim of sharing with an audience afterwards. I listed the central relational object of each story and began the procedure of performing the narration that would then be presented to my colleagues.

At the end of the block, I had five narratives faithful to my own history, meaning that everything there still was factual. I felt the need to explode the memories and open a space for a fictional creation anchored in the factual narratives. I began a process of transforming memories into tales blending the factual and the fictional. At PAF, during the final week of the block, I presented to

my colleagues a first draft of a solo formed from the five previously independent pieces.

The feeling generated by the block was that I was finally out playing in the courtyard. The game as a non-hierarchical environment made a more genuine exchange with the companions possible, but also with the curators, who always participated horizontally in the process. The lightness of not being officially in the block made it possible for me to play freely and discover a structure for the solo I was creating. The fear of performance gave way to the excitement of playing in itself.



october 2019
skipped block - bubble score

Click on the image to go straight to the video.

#LOOMING SCORES SESSIONS#

SEPTEMBER -
2019

NOVEMBER
- 2019 (PAF)

Session #1
Balley scars - part1
Structure and space

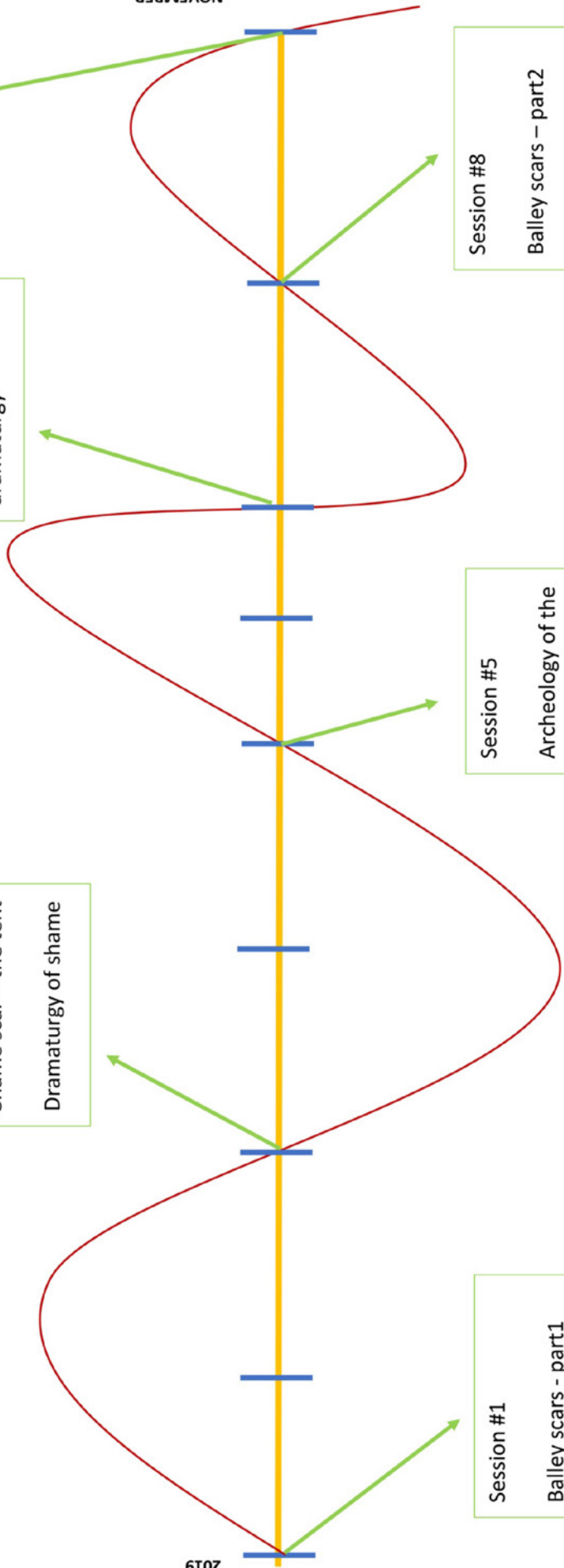
Session #3
Shame scar – the tent
Dramaturgy of shame

Session #5
Archeology of the
body – audience
interactivity
Intro dramaturgy

Session #7
Pubic Scar – coffee
and milk
Not enough trauma
dramaturgy

Session #8
Balley scars – part2
Dramaturgy of self-
migration

Session #9
Mirror game –
eyebrow scar
Ritual of healing
process



Flavio's Trajectory of Looming Scores
- sessions #1#3#5#7#8#9

SEPTEMBER -
2019

NOVEMBER
- 2019 (PAF)

...free-and-easy flow,
casual-ness,

That means, it was (generally) difficult
for me to know "who" is talking,
and therefore "whom" is being
addressed.

Does personality needs to be able to
flow in order to move past anything
that establishes itself firmly?

the habitus of the body,

Is compartmentalization needed in
order to distribute knowledge*?.

There is something to think through in
relation to the labor of the audience,
if the audience is learning how to be an
audience, where is the space for them
to 'change' lets say?

Does the negative path come to the
same place as the positive?

Why aren't we all in the dark...

What context do you have to construct
in order for your different 'selves' to
be manifest?

in agreement and echo. Let's talk
about shame.

vulnerability and risk,
shame and trauma.

Then we are archeologists of a
different sort, tentative, unwilling (or
slow in willing), too slow in any case to
uncover what is waiting to be
uncovered.

which mirrors social time (blind, un-
individuated, sometimes thought of on
the level of drives/impulses).

What are the methods that you can
bring the audience into your
vulnerability in a short space of time?
Who is the agent? What happens when
the lines are blurred?

When to pose? Where to color? Whom
to clean?
you always let us see you fragile and
tender, though without victimizing
yourself.

...actions or ambients from your
narrative to the performative action
you use to tell the story.

In your personal path where scars
speaks about wounds/burns and
suffering as a healing process while it
freeze the time of the event in your
skin condensing many different times
of your life, many different "you",
the scar plays a liminal function. It let
all the material and metaphorical
wounds by burns, by hot milk, by fire;
all the frozen time, the many "you",
the mother's voice bringing the
narrative and father's voice bringing
the feeling of not being enough to this
place where all merge.

Does the healing process end turning
the "not enough" into a strength? If it
does, how that strength would modify
the narrative in that biographical
fiction key and the discourse upon it?

OPENING WOUNDS

WHAT DOES NOT KILL YOU, MAKES YOU STRONGER

During the holidays between the previous block and the one ahead, I had the chance to create a second version of the dramaturgy and performance solo in partnership with Luiz Fernando Marques Lubi, who decided to do an external mentoring with me for a week. We performed a parallel dramaturgy focused on the reception and perception of the audience.

It was like drawing a storyline for how the audience would receive and perceive the performance. This experience was very rich and opened space for a story line of the whole performance experience, based on the fictional argument represented by a 'ghost' scar that appears on the narrator's back without him knowing how it got there. A journey would then take place as the narrator finds a narrative for the ghost scar alongside the audience. This second version was presented in the first week of the new block.



⁹ *"To write stories concerning exclusions and invisibilities is to write ghost stories. To write ghost stories implies that ghosts are real, that is to say, that they produce material effects. To impute a kind of objectivity to ghosts implies that, from certain standpoints, the dialectics of visibility and invisibility involve a constant negotiation between what can be seen and what is in the shadows. (...) Indeed, what is at stake here is the political status and function of systematic hauntings."*

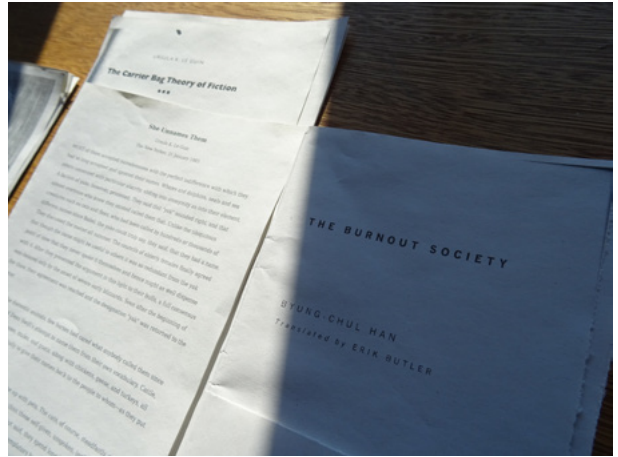
In Ghostly Matters – Avery F. Gordon. 1998 (2008). (p.17)

The block, named Zone Public, curated by Pierre Rubio, Femke Snelting and Peggy Pierrot, started in the middle of winter. At that time, I was facing a physical external winter and an inner winter in my soul. In silence, I went through an anxious depression, including panic attacks in the middle of the street or during the collective activity in a.pass. The block fell on me with a heavier weight than I could bear at that moment. This experience was, as we say in Brazil, like kicking a dead dog. Me, in this case.

The conduction of the block was very problematic, in my opinion. Full of vitiated power relations, veiled abuses, linguistic imperialism, and epistemological violence. Perhaps, if I hadn't been processing a depression, I would have gone through it differently. Perhaps I would have had the strength to position myself as I would have liked, but it wasn't possible. However, I was lucky I could count on the companionship of many of the a.pass participants and team.

The details of this problematic process do not matter for this narrative. What I want to remain in this report of my passage through a.pass is that the mediation process established between the participants and the curatorship of the block was essential for my realisation that many wounds I believed had already healed were still exposed and inflamed. Repositioning the body as it becomes aware of its own dissidence was still too long a path to be traversed. And the first step towards balancing unbalanced relationships is to expand our own supporting web. This battle, like many analogous battles, does not take place only at the individual level, but in the circles of power, in the hands held between allied bodies.

The research from that moment on affirmed its need to expand from the prosaic individual dimension to a social dimension. Matters such as homophobia, racism, and xenophobia that had been gaining in importance, began to officially haunt the creation. It was necessary to make room for the phantasmagoria of the project, whether as an additional layer in the fictional tissue, or as a sociological aspect that invaded its content. Such questions started to lead to the direction in which fiction was pointing. Yes, the open wounds of the project aligned with my own open wounds, and despite the collapse, I followed the research with determination, knowing that what didn't kill me would make me stronger.



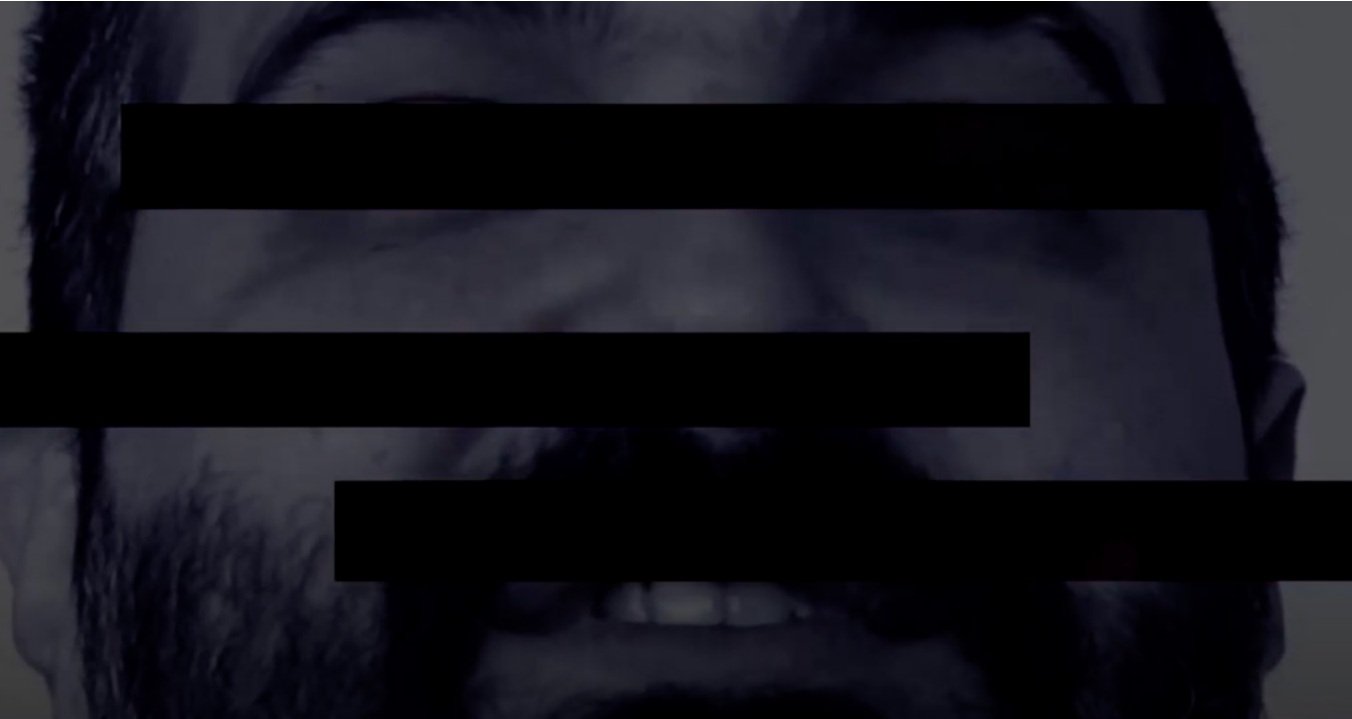
¹⁰ « Une épistémologie est une fermeture de notre système cognitif qui non seulement donne des réponses à nos questions, mais encore définit les questions mêmes que nous pouvons nous poser en fonction d'une interprétation préalable des données sensorielles. Les paradigmes scientifiques sont des engagements partagés par une communauté sociale qui, sans savoir le caractère d'axiomes infaillibles ou pleinement démontrés, sont largement acceptés jusqu'à devenir presque incontestables dans la mesure où ils servent à résoudre toutes sortes de problèmes. Les paradigmes sont des 'univers de discours' dans lesquels règne une certaine cohérence, une certaine paix sémiotico-technique, un certain accord. Mais ce ne sont pas des mondes de signification immuable. Ce qui est propre à l'épistémologie, c'est précisément d'avoir une souplesse suffisante pour permettre la résolution d'un certain nombre de problèmes. Jusqu'à ce que les problèmes créés par l'épistémologie soient, pour ainsi dire, plus nombreux que ceux qu'elle résout. De sorte que l'épistémologie, par définition conservatrice, lente et visqueuse, devient alors récalcitrante, nocive voire délétère jusqu'à ce qu'elle soit remplacée par une nouvelle épistémologie, un nouveau dispositif, capable de répondre aux nouvelles questions. »
In Je suis un monstre qui vous parle – Paul B. Preciado (2020) (p.70,71, 72)

PROJECT QUARANTINE

FEVER AND DELIRIUM



Click on the image to go straight to the video.



Click on the image to go straight to the video.

This problematic block was suddenly disrupted by the new Coronavirus pandemic. Overnight we received the news of a lockdown and we confined ourselves at home. Aside from the strangeness of the situation, the general feeling of the group was one of a total loss of vigor. What would the program become in this context? What would art become? Soon a.pass reacted. Lilia Mestre proposed, for whoever wanted, a block in between. The idea was to continue with the research online.

In the beginning it was impossible for me to concentrate on my project. It seemed that nothing could compete with the world in such a predicament. Then Lilia, suggested starting a process that we called Scorona afterwards, which consisted of weekly presentations of videos, audio, or texts of up to five minutes that worked in the same way as the weekly presentations in the Bubble Score, from the previous block curated by her.

I decided that I would try not to deviate from my project and started a series of experiments with videos, photos, and texts. The objective of these experiments was to translate a performance into another language. To do that, I faced the challenge of dealing with the project's existing audio and video documentation, working them into independent pieces alongside the performance already in development.



The block 'in between' was important, using digital language to find the absent presence of the online version. The image and the word took on another level of importance in the elaboration of the public perception, and thus the relational aspect of the material entered a new phase. In order to perform this work, I had to dismantle it into many pieces with the aim of learning how it worked presentially and what and how I should transform it to make sense at a distance.

Then the partnership with Federico Vladimir Strate Pezdirc came on the scene. With his help and experience, we started an external mentoring with the purpose of researching the transposition of a live performance into the creation of videos and photos. The results of this collaboration can be found on the website www.dismantle.espace, created to display this material and other supplementary publication texts.

Two other external mentors were also extremely important for this transposition work from performance to an online format. The first, with the Brazilian performer and dramaturgist Janaína Fontes Leite, already featured as a bibliographic ghost in this research from the beginning. She works with the practice of what she calls self-writing and documentary theatre (performance), which came along with my project. Together we work on the dramaturgy and the possibilities of translation from the presential to the online experience.

¹¹ "All portrait photography is fundamentally performative (...) Portrait photography tries to make an inner form, a (negative) shadow, expressive: a developed image which renders the corporeal, a body-real, as a real body. (...) To recognize oneself in a portrait (and in a mirror) one imitates the image one imagines the other sees"
In Unmarked, the politics of performance – Peggy Phelan. 1993. (p.35, 36)

Next I started an external mentoring work with Mariza Junqueira, also a Brazilian actress and researcher, who proposed a training through videoconference to study the performer's relationship with the online platform and the implications of this chosen apparatus on the actor's body and the audience's experience.

So, finally, I came up with a proposal to be tested. I want to make it clear that this project is still in process and that the form it has taken at the moment for its communication to the audience and visitors during the End Presentation is just one of the other experiments that I still intend to do with this research. Now, at the end of 2020, the third version of the performance solo will take the form of two distinct moments and formats: a website publication (www.dismantle.space) and a live online performance in three episodes.

11th november - 20:30

Episode 1 - the ghost and the milk

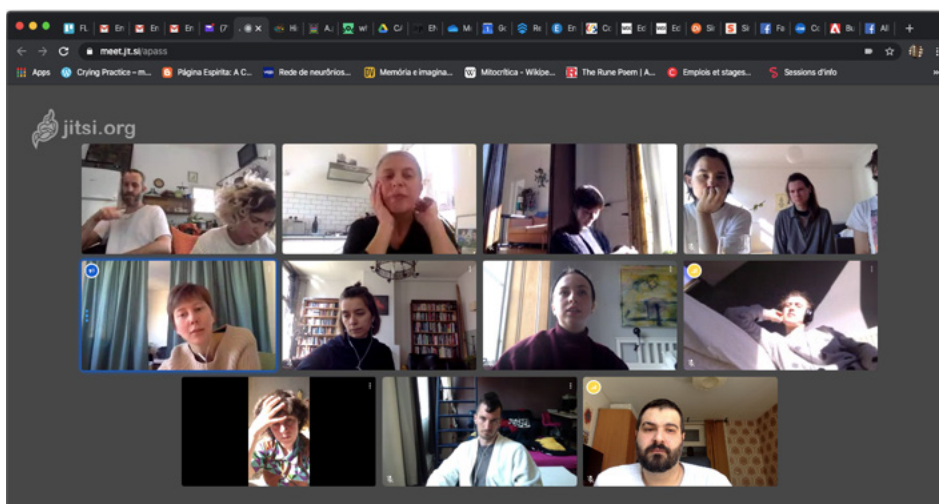
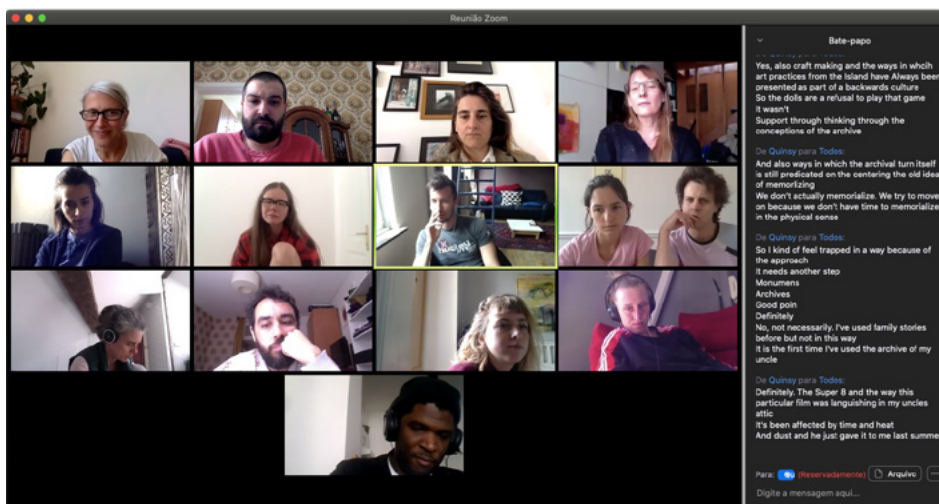
12th november - 20:30

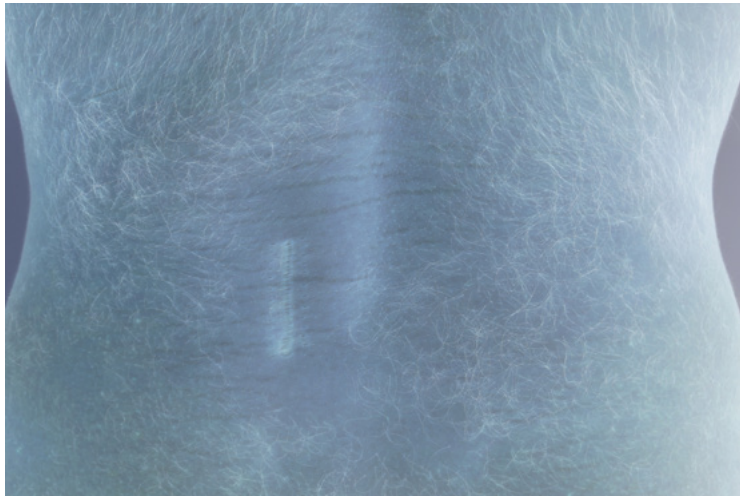
Episode 2 - the tent and the mirror

13th november - 20:30

Episode 3 - the body and the plate

In the middle of the second wave of the pandemic's contamination, the need to dismantle the research results in different pieces and online digital communication formats, exposing dismantlements such as: presence-absence, fiction-reality, Portuguese-English, Brazil-Belgium, ghost-body. What will remain after the quarantines?





Navel Meditation Score:
Find a comfortable place to lie down.
Turn the light off completely.
Take off all your clothes.
Lie in fetal position.
Start touching your belly button gently.
Try to feel the geography of your abdomen and navel in detail.
Hold on to the first old memory that comes to your mind.
Deepen that memory.

Create a mental narrative with the beginning, middle and end of this episode of remembrance.
Whisper to yourself the entire narrative created by your memory, still in a fetal position
What does this memory narrative teach you?
Synthesize this learning in a sentence and an object that is the central object of this memory.
Write this synthesis and object elected and send it to me if you feel comfortable with it.

Navel Meditation Score version 2:
This exercise is a trigger to a self-writing (autofiction) process.
Take a big tissue (sheet) to cover yourself completely during the exercise, like a cocoon.
Find a comfortable place to lie down.
Turn the light off completely.
Cover yourself with the tissue. You'll be inside this cocoon during the whole meditation.
Inside it, take all your clothes off.
Lie in fetal position.
Start touching your belly button gently.
Try to feel the geography of your abdomen and navel in detail.
Hold on to the first old memory that comes to your mind.
Deepen that memory.

Create a mental narrative with the beginning, middle and end of this episode of remembrance.
Whisper to yourself the entire narrative created by your memory, still in a fetal position.
Uncover yourself, put your clothes on and get a piece of paper and pen.
When you see this memory, how is this scenography in the background?
Chose and pick up the more evident object that appears in this scenario.
We'll call this object the central hook for the creation of the narrative telling.

Write this this narrative and emphasize this object (central hook) elected and send it to me if you feel comfortable with it.

Navel Meditation Score part 2:
This exercise is a trigger to a self-writing (autofiction) process.
Now, changing the subjectivity, you are invited to retell the same narrative respecting the same time frame (with the beginning, middle and end of this episode of remembrance) but now you will choose another perspective to retell this narrative.

Displacing the authorship of the story

Imagine that in the story you will assume the point of view of another character that is already present in the narrative.
If you are alone in your memory frame, you can assume the point of view of the object that you selected before.
Example: In the memory I am with a friend, so I will retell this narrative by the perspective of this friend.
Example 2: In my memory I am alone carrying a bag, now I will retell this by the point of view of the bag.

Say outloud to yourself the entire narrative with this changing, then, get a piece of paper and pen and write it down

INCONCLUSION

Can this work, like this account, be seen as a therapeutic process?

To a certain extent it was therapeutic. It was. However, I believe that in this final stage of my project, when I look at its purpose, the 'aim' of healing has left the scene and has given way to the scar as a trigger for the narrative as a deeper understanding of oneself, as well as the only path for one's existence in relation to the other, in the face of the other.

What I mean is this: I thought for a long time that the work would be the search for a healing of traumas by opening and narrating scars, but now I see the scar as a pretext for the act of telling a story of myself, and its content (factually or fictionally). This act is what gives me existence. I know better who I am and I orient my body better in the public world in those moments that I tell you who I am. You know who I am and you see me repositioned in the world when you hear what I tell about myself. Not only in the psychological dimension, but in an aesthetic-political dimension.

And why the scar?

Actually, it could be any other trigger, as long as it's corporeal. The body as the entrance door prevents the narrator from moving away from the reality in which he is inserted at that moment. Our stories are full of different backgrounds. My context here in Europe is completely different from my context in Brazil, for example. It is easier to not get lost in the fiction of my reality when my gaze starts from the body. The body is a milestone in the context, from which the narrative explodes while always maintaining its link: an elasticity between reality and fiction that will not break.

I also see in the scar a metaphor, born from memories of factual reality, which places itself in the spotlight. It forms, in the movement of shadow and light, a spectre, a ghost that, fictionally, manifests the egoic, social, and emotional contexts of the actual body. These ghosts carry the critique of the body-object into the place where the spectral shadow comes into contact with the light-narrative. The repositioning of the body consequently repositions the ghosts.



¹² "We are turned towards things. Such things make an impression on us. We perceive them as things insofar as they are near to us, insofar as we share a residence with them. Perception hence involves orientation; what is perceived depends on where we are located, which gives us a certain take on things. (...) The object is an effect of towardness; it is the thing toward which I am directed and which in being posited as a thing, as being something or another for me, takes me in some directions rather than others. (...) I might like them, admire them, hate them, and so on. In perceiving them in this way or that, I also take a position upon them, which in turn gives me a position. I might perceive an object as beautiful, for instance. Such perception affects what I do: if I have this impression, then I might pick up the object, or get closer to it, and even press it nearer to me. Orientations involve directions towards objects that affect what we do, and how we inhabit space. We move toward and away from objects depending on how we are moved by them."
In *Queer phenomenology - "orientations, objects, others"* - Sara Ahmed. 2006. (p.03)

How not to lose the story within the subjectivity of fiction?

In my case it is the decision to choose a relational object (à la Lygia Clarke) that appears as an image or imago of the most symbolic aspects of the memory and that centralises the strategy of the telling. For example, the pot that boils the milk is what organizes how such a (hi)story will be told in space and time. The narrative that is born from the scar of the pubis (therefore of the memory) projects ghosts, such as: the relationship with the potentially murderous mother, the rejection of the child and the non-acceptance of its own fat and effeminate body. This 'how' proposed by the object is what makes it opportune for the body to tie itself to the elasticity of spectral fiction, to stretch without breaking it. It allows the audience to lean on a relational structure, without this being rigid or fixed, precisely because it is an elastic, and not an iron bar.

From this perspective, narration arises from performance and depends on the active and participative presence of the other, who, for me, will not be called an audience, but a visitor or a ritual coagent, since the magic of the autofictional narrative experience is built by all for the enjoyment of all.

The empty space, the table, and the relational objects that will be used for this experience, as well as each cracked body – symbolically represented by my cracked and scarred body – have the same liturgical and performagical value. They only gain an aesthetic-spiritual dimension from the collective imaginary built from the gathering of the bodies, present in that moment, in that empty room (real or virtual), and in the relational experience.

From this encounter is born the childhood house, the libido room, the gender theater and the communion of inherited scars: irregular, provoked, collective, shared, and invisible.



¹³ « A mesure que je grandissais, je sentais les regards de plus en plus pesants de mon père sur moi, la terreur qui montait en lui, son impuissance devant le monstre qu'il avait créé et qui, chaque jour, confirmait un peu plus son anomalie. »
In *En finir avec Eddy Bellegueule* – Édouard Louis (2014) p.27

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