

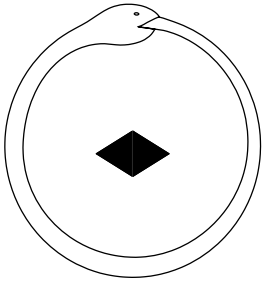


PLAIT THE PLAIT

Dorrico, Pesca, Takuá, Tabajara,
Saavedra, Verunschik, Carelli,
Losito and Moura



notebooks
SELVAGEM



PLAIT THE PLAIT

TRANÇA [PLAIT], a festival that invited researchers, holders of ancestral technologies and emerging authors to build an expanded view of art, life and literature, was held from the 23rd to 30th of October 2023. Adriana Pesca, Trudruá Dorrico, Cristine Takuá, Auritha Tabajara, Carola Saavedra, Micheline Verunschik, Rita Carelli and Lucila Losito talk here.

[Click here to watch all the festival meetings in full.](#)

TRUDRUÁ DORRICO

My anguish was that I could not understand the dynamics of authorship. This was what made me work with indigenous literature. I went for my PhD with *A queda do céu* [The Falling Sky] (Companhia das Letras, 2015), by Davi Kopenawa and Bruce Albert. I knew that our narratives were published by other people, anthropologists, linguists, called advocates by Daniel Munduruku — people who were in the movement and wanted to strengthen it but ended up becoming authors of our narratives because of the colonial mentality perpetuated by Brazilian indigenous policies.

Consider this: everybody has to read either *O Guarani* [The Guarani] or *Iracema*, canonical works, at school. Now compare this, in perspective: *Iracema*, by José de Alencar, and Auritha Tabajara speaking live, here. The description of *Iracema*, the description José de Alencar made of the *Tabajara* people, was of the *Tabajara* people from the top of Serra de Ibiapaba [Ibiapaba Mountains], in Ceará. Auritha is here, alive, publishing, in 2023, and she is saying “Hey, José de Alencar, I am not like *Iracema*”. She says, from the same geographical location: “I am alive”, “we are alive”, “our people have not ceased to exist” and this representation of a dead woman, a serving woman, does not serve us. It is a Brazilian idea of who we are, it is a colonial idea of who Brazil would like us to be. But no. I am here, alive, very much alive, whole, stunning. To be

able to use this dual movement, theory in our favour, and on top of that write some poetry, use a little of our joy and knowledge. We sometimes have to demystify so much that we spend one hour just saying “that’s not it”, so there is no time left for us to show “what it is”, “who we are”.

Eliane Potiguara states: “we are writers”, “we are indigenous writers” and our task is to create worlds, to be creative. In authorship, we understand the specificities of our writing, because our writing comes from our nation, our people, traversed by all that represents Brazil. We are living this duality, and this duality is differentiated, it is traversed and then it withdraws. I, as an indigenous woman, Auritha, as an indigenous woman, Adriana, an indigenous woman, we will never say that Brazil was discovered. This goes against our life, it goes against our existence, it goes against the respect we have for our peoples. We agree on this, it is a collective agreement. What brings us close to Brazil? The Portuguese language. It is the common language we have been using to know other relatives. So, there are clear-cut things that differentiate us and move us away from Brazil, but there are things that bring us closer. We roll with this in order to honour our ancestors.

This process of “de-baptizing” is the process of reclaiming something that was taken from us. Relative Eduardo Karai Jeguaka stated “I was taken away from myself before I even knew who I was”. Reclaiming my spirituality has been such an exercise! It means going through a process of reclaiming that which matters the most, our name. Auritha and I have a Brazilian civil name on our birth certificate. However, in this affirmation movement of who we are, we have our indigenous name. These are tiny movements that we do in existing contemporarily, in existing in Brazil, which is full of both conflict and joy.

Daniel says that after the Brazilian Federal Constitution was created, we were an indigenous movement that had to be centralised. But later, when we got our own representation, and started to politically represent ourselves directly at the Public Ministry with no need for an association, an institution, or FUNAI - National Indigenous People Foundation, we became indigenous peoples in movement. And these indigenous peoples in movement started to act in different areas, including literature, and to publish books. Nonetheless, what is closer to being civilised and

Brazilian is still not well accepted by Brazil. I think that we managed to demystify many prejudices during the pandemic, lots of racism, suspicions, including those about being a contemporary indigenous person.

ADRIANA PESCA

Writing crossed our bodies even before the Constitution. Not alphabetic writing, but the writing in our graphics, our basketry, our plaits. Plaits are very strong for us. Not just a hair plait — which was a very strong stereotypical mark to me — but also that which crosses us, the handcrafted products, the weaving, the basketry. It is not only an artisanal representation, but it also says much about how we express ourselves.

Trudruá has concepts that I find very important when thinking about indigenous literature, particularly the “I-we” poetics, which is collective. I usually say that one must be responsible for everything one says, because we do not talk for us only – Adriana Pesca, Trudruá or Auritha – but we talk for our peoples, the *Pataxó*, the *Macuxi*, the *Tabajara* people. We have a responsibility in what we say, what we produce and what we write.

I find it important to reassert the existence of contemporary Brazilian indigenous literature so that it is clearly demarcated to the Other, to the one that hears us, that this literature of ours has a specific time in the present, and it [also] exists as a name. It is also important to understand the movements that overflow beyond this, all that we consider literature. We have singing, oral expression, called *oralitura* [oraliture] by Leda Maria Martins and *literaterra* [literaearth] by Maria Ines de Almeida. It is something intrinsically connected to the territorial movement, but we cannot ignore other movements either. Daniel Munduruku is an example of someone who made Brazilian indigenous literature visible while being in a city. These are two-way movements that we often experience. It was not different for me. I had to leave in order to study, and then return to the village and contribute with what I gained outside in the schooling process, as we did not have indigenous school education then as we do now.

Thinking of didactic materials, which are flawed and excluding, we cannot conceive indigenous literature that yields from education. The first struggle happens in the process of didactic material production, which is still a huge bottleneck. A lot is being produced and shared. But what is published remains restricted to the school and does not reach other villages. Personally, I have always found it hard to recognise myself as a writer as I have never published anything individually. I have always written, but never acknowledged myself as a writer. I had to work hard on understanding that I could place myself as an indigenous writer, a *Pataxó* writer, even though I had never published anything signed by Adriana Pesca. I feel that the field of publishing has its own restrictions. The movement happens like an octopus, with several legs, several layers.

When the understandings of indigenous authorship and literature are discussed, the issue of deconstruction is also important. When I came to university, already working on my Master's research, I had to drink from European sources. First I had to define authorship from an European standpoint, [from] Derrida, [from] Foucault, to then deconstruct the idea of authorship from this bias and say "hey, this is not what we understand authorship to be", "we understand authorship as something collective". I had to say [this] through them in order for my writing to be validated, so that I could then say "hey, I want to talk about authorship as practised by Gersem Baniwa". This was when I met Trudruá's work, the book *Literatura Indígena Brasileira Contemporânea* [Contemporary Brazilian Indigenous Literature] (Editora Fi, 2018), which I used extensively in my research. I sought other concepts that said what I would like to say.

As for poetry, we are talking about healing poetry, as we have regained our territory in these spaces. To me, poetry was the field of escape, so much so that I bring authorship poetry to my work in many moments, in order for it to be clearly demarcated that our writing does not have to be restricted. For example, Oiti Pataxó is a visual artist who lives here in Santa Cruz Cabrália. His final paper for the intercultural bachelor's degree at the Universidade Federal do Sul da Bahia [Federal University of Southern Bahia], was not a dissertation but a set of artworks and sculptures. He built a narrative of Brazil's invasion – which

happened here, on the coast that is named “of discovery” but called “of invasion” by us. We manage to do work like this at the intercultural bachelor’s degrees, but otherwise the only way to get in is by kicking some doors.

CRISTINE TAKUÁ

When I dared to study philosophy 20 years ago, many classmates, and even the teachers, told me to study anthropology because they believed that what I said was not philosophy. This really bothered me, but since I am a very persistent and stubborn person, I followed many paths: in art history, in language, in technology, in logic. I faced stiff thinking all the time – this monoculture mentality that dominates university life, which is not universal at all. At the time, I held true to the thought I had and still have: the conception of other epistemologies, of other ways of conceiving the world, even if I still held a dialogue with people who did not comprehend what I was saying. Years went by and nowadays I still see many courses in philosophy and other areas trying to enter these other epistemologies, listening, hearing, reading, searching for the ancestral knowledge of the more than 300 peoples who coexist here in our country.

The world is already full of theories, and now we have to practise: practise good living, practise this good way of respecting diversity. To me, speaking of decolonization is not enough: we have to practise respect, especially with spirit-beings. Nobody is going to call pacas and agoutis to a live, an assembly, a conference – we only talk to humans. The majority of humans only talk to humans. Spiritual leaders have been saying this, that the spirits around us are very angry because we have such an arrogant human thought, believing we can do whatever we want. But since the industrial revolution, and all the mess that process unfolded, we have managed to fill our land with our own waste. Dealing with this now requires a lot of habit changes. This is not easy. I have been putting a lot of effort in the work with the Living Schools, working with children and youngsters, proposing ways to continue resisting, and

more than that, seeking ways of facing the contradiction of often saying something and doing another.

I have learned that the word is a love whisper, it leaves our inside as a flute that we play and blow into. If this love whisper does not go along our walk, we are lying to ourselves. All this is what touches me and makes me share and say that I fully respect every line of thought, be it religious, from other epistemes, other conceptions and ways of life, in circles like this. However, I often feel that we, indigenous peoples, are not respected in our way of being.

AURITHA TABAJARA

I learned to read and write at home, as I did not have the chance of going to school because I lived in a region where getting to town was very difficult when I was a child. So I attended school when I was nine years old and could read and write. Of course the school did not understand me! Because I knew how to read and write and wanted to be inserted in art somehow – singing, telling stories, making rhymes, as I learned to read rhymes. I was always punished at school. I, who didn't know the word "punishment". In the villages we do not have the habit of punishing children, at least among my people.

I was born in Aldeia Serra dos Cocos [Serra dos Cocos Village], in the state of Ceará, high atop the Serra da Ibiapaba. Nowadays the Tabajara people are located in three states, Ceará, Piauí, and Paraíba, with different cultures and traditions. I am an indigenous woman who cried in her mother's belly. Crying in our mother's belly is really strong for us, indigenous *Tabajara* people. One could say you are born with a big responsibility. We believe the child brings a message, something important to our people, the community, society. I heard my grandmother talk about my crying in my mother's belly from a very young age and asked myself "what is it?", "what do I have to do for my people?", "what must Auritha do different?".

My first text was born when I was nine years old: the "seed", where I express my view of education. I have not touched this text since then and

I don't want anyone to touch it because it is my nine-year-old essence. Although I didn't know what reading and writing meant, something in me told me I had to enter the world of writing. As has already been said, our writing does not start with words written on paper. It starts much earlier, at a time we cannot date, through our graphics, when our elders, our ancestors, already wrote our people's history in their bodily graphics, the markings of where they were passing through. This is very strong in the northeast. My grandmother, who is now 95 years old, cannot read or write but is a great sage, a great midwife, a great medicine maker (healer) and one of the best storytellers in our region.

I understood the importance of this writing over time. I am part of the first indigenous teaching course in Ceará. When I got to the School of Education, I began to perceive that the researchers and lecturers did not have indigenous references written by indigenous people and indigenous women. When I turned 22, the teachers took me to see the State of Ceara Library, BECE [Biblioteca Estadual do Ceará] and I despaired. I had not known what a library was till then. I cried a lot because I didn't know what a library was. I associate a library to a woman. To me, a library was a living being, a woman. When I arrived, I understood it was a house, a house of books. I really wanted to be inside that house of books, live in that house of books. And I explained to the teacher who was with me, calming me, why I was crying so hard – it was because I wanted to live in that house of books. They gave me Eliane Potiguara's book, *Metade Cara, Metade Máscara* [Half Face, Half Mask] (Global, 2010), as a gift. It was the first book where I had contact with an indigenous woman's authorship: the first indigenous woman to be published in our country, Eliane Potiguara. Thus, my first book, *O magistério indígena em verso e poesia* [Indigenous Teaching in Prose and Poetry] (Secretaria de Educação do Ceará, 2004), was born in the School of Education. I started understanding that we can also publish, we can also have our ancestral words, our first booklet, received orally, put on paper.

I have always wanted to record the stories told by my grandmother, have them on paper for other people to know our existence, our culture. Indigenous literature written by indigenous people is important not only for the non-indigenous society but for us, indigenous people – we

do not know all our relatives' cultures, all the cultures from other ethnicities. There is a vast diversity of cultures and traditions in our country. The *Tabajara* people are in three states, with different conventions and traditions. So literature also strengthens the knowledge network among indigenous peoples.

Many people ask me why don't I speak of corn growing in the village only, as this would supposedly be indigenous writing. That is, writing that will say that I am indigenous. We explain to people all the time that we can write about everything and should write about everything. I recently heard Glicéria Tupinambá at the Festa Literária Internacional de Cachoeira [International Literary Festival of Cachoeira] (FLICA), and it really touched me. She said that we need to de-baptize even more than we need to decolonize. I found this to be very strong: de-baptize.

CAROLA SAAVEDRA

To me, the great question came from a rather personal issue – I think it's something that happened to many people – when I started to seek that which would be my indigenous inheritance, and started to scrutinise everything that happened in my family, with my father. My father always denied it all, vehemently denied it despite being physically very indigenous. We recovered something through the children, through my writing and through my brother, who is an anthropologist. The interesting thing is that this was kind of a healing for the family, because it was not talked about, thus becoming a wound, a personal trauma. But it is also a historical trauma to the country and continent, a colonial and post-colonial one.

I guess every family goes through this in some way. It was very interesting because I started studying, and my research here in Germany is on indigenous art and literature. When I got more deeply into this, much earlier, at the time of the novel *Com Armas Sonolentas* [With Sleepy Weapons] (Companhia das Letras, 2018), it was a process of healing, discovery and transformation, all at the same time. This origin was no longer something that had no words to it, that was not being said, some-

thing that was silenced; it became something that could be narrated. That was exactly the idea for my novel *O manto da noite* [The Mantle of the Night] (Companhia das Letras, 2022): we can rewrite the past, and transform the future by doing so. I have been thinking a lot about this writing of the past, so much so that *The Mantle of the Night* ends when this – let’s put it this way – mythical image of an indigenous, native mother dies and her daughter goes to cremate her. She writes on her own body with the ashes. Someone once asked me a really interesting question about the name. To me, the issue of the name, not knowing your own name, not having access to your own name, is extremely important. Someone asked me: “what does she write on her body? Does she write her own name?” And I thought: “how curious the way in which things go unconsciously”. I said yes, I just didn’t write it in the book. So it is as if this name, which had not been said, which belonged to her but she didn’t know, as if she used the wrong name, could be written from everything that had been silenced. She could carry that on her body from that moment on.

So I believe literature also has a place of healing, not as a medicine healing, but because you place words in history. I thought it was very beautiful because I was seeing it on my father and how things affected him, and how we can access the previous generation, for example. It was very beautiful when a very important *Mapuche* poet, Elicura Chihuailaf, won a national prize equivalent to the Oceanos Literature Prize, in Chile. My father was the first person to send me the news, with pride. It was the first time I saw my father talking about his origin with pride, and I felt I had a lot to do with this, with his children’s search for something that used to be shameful for him and which he denied. This writing can somehow build bridges to this place and create metamorphoses for us. It was like this process had transformed me, as if I had integrated into me something that was outside, something that was elsewhere and I could not access, causing me much suffering.

It was as if there was a process of integrating the word into my own body, integrating a past that has to do with my personal history. I also think that it is our movement as a continent. Who are we, and what are these voices that we have not wanted to hear for so long? That

is in our body, that lives in us. Literature has something that touches the mystery of things, that touches this mystical, magical something. We can call it what we want. Going back to the idea of the flow that goes through us, when I give this woman, this ancestor, a voice – and I do it in an almost trance-like manner – it is like giving a body to this voice that I carry and that goes through me. We can interpret it as we like, but to me it has to do with accessing something that does not go through my reasoning, but that I carry in my body and maybe we all somehow carry it in our bodies. Maybe as a continent, we carry it in our bodies as well. I think literature offers many possibilities that we can grab with both hands.

MICHELINY VERUNSCHK

I can also share a little of my experience in writing the novel *O som do rugido da onça* [The Sound of the Jaguar's Roar] (Companhia das Letras, 2021). Although I tell this story a lot, I believe it fits here. It was difficult for me to define and to understand one of my narrators. This was a major problem because the narrator didn't seem believable to me, it seemed she did not stand up. I think the fact that she was an indigenous girl from the 19th century who did not speak Portuguese or the General Language, a child who was extremely silenced, contributed for me not to feel sure in composing this character, the narrator. At some point in my process I noticed that trying to get to this character by the available means offered by western knowledge was not working. I usually say that *The Sound of the Jaguar's Roar* is an ayahuasca novel. I had never used ayahuasca before, and by using it I set out to find this narrator, this voice. De-westernization of both knowledge and affection. I set out on an ayahuasca journey to find this narrator and I think that neither I nor the book remained what we were. Even after having completed the book in 2018, this encounter still affects me today.

I believe that Carola Saavedra's *The Mantle of the Night* and *The Sound of the Jaguar's Roar* are related books, which travel the same places, approach similar issues, looking into the origin of colonial wounds and

other ways of being in the world. Ways of accessing the ancestry that was denied us and taken from us. I noticed this kinship when I read *The Mantle of the Night*, and I have also been perceiving how much attention I have been paying to the southern portion of the continent. How these issues have been coming up in books in Argentina, Colombia, Chile. How it seems to be the main topic nowadays: we want our relatives, our ancestors, and we will make the necessary efforts to have them back in all possible ways.

RITA CARELLI

Just as I did for the children in *Minha família Enauenê* [My Enauenê family] (FTD Educação, 2018), in *Terrapreta* [Black Earth] (Editora 34, 2021), I narrate the book hand in hand with the protagonist's ignorance. A protagonist who knows nothing about the indigenous universe and gets closer to it little by little. What she does not know will always be more than what she knows, what she will discover, what she will learn, and that is alright. It is an approximation, a courtship, a crossing. She is there weaving real friendships with concrete people and sharing a routine. And we get to this place little by little.

If there is any exoticization at times, it is hers: the exoticization of the protagonist because among the *Enauenê* and in other villages that we used to go to, I was actually the "other". I was the different child in that context. This accompanies me and I think it is somewhat healthy to exoticize white people. This didacticism – the anthropological material for the book – made me realise that I knew much more than I was aware of. I returned to a diary I wrote while I went to the Xingu – I have always been an arduous report collector. The truth is that I started remembering things when I started writing. In the architecture of the novel, even when I did not actually know what I was doing and experimenting with, at one point it became clear that it stood up. It seems that the work imposes itself on us at a certain time, and the oeuvre begins to create itself. There are passages in the book that I wrote at age 16, which are there in full.

Returning to the trauma experience, it is this loss that marks the protagonist's departure in her journey to the Xingu. She loses someone close, so it is a trauma that is part of life and she is in a community where everybody is related, knows each other and has lost dozens of close people. It is in this collective context that she realises that her pain is the pain of every living being. This is not to diminish or minimise the pain, but to include it in the experience of being alive in a collective, ritualised manner. I think this is what *Black Earth* is about. I find that the major driving force for me to write it was the idea that we are ritual orphans. In our society, we lose someone, we change phases in life and there is no collectivity, no ritual, no social rule, nothing to organise us at [the time of] these traumas or moments of passage, or even moments of growth. In an indigenous community, all of this is ritualised, shared and experienced together. I see this is the great shock the protagonist faces. She says: "gosh, there are other ways of living, there are ways of dealing with loss, of going on living".

LUCILA LOSITO

Upon investigating my body, the history of my city, and family, to write the novel *Com o corpo inteiro* [With the Whole Body] (Jandaíra, 2019) and listening to the authors of the book *Mulheres de terra a água* [Women from Earth to Water] (Elefante, 2022), I realised that my wound was not mine alone. That the "feminine" in the world was emptied and silenced, and that the "male" was authoritarian and invasive. Of course the "female" and "male" principles mean different things to each epistemology. I am talking about opposites that compose everything that exists in nature, and how patriarchy has distorted qualities within each one of us, regardless of our gender. This relates to what Julieta Paredes, a Bolivian thinker and activist of indigenous origin, calls *warmi-chacha* (woman-man), Taoists call *yin-yang* (passive-active) and Cristine Takuá calls *anhã-mbequei* (slow-fast), which works complementary to the struggle for Good Living in the *Guarani Mbya* cosmology.

For this reason I changed the focus of my research from feminism to the body. To me, this notion of who we are (subject) apart from the body (object), is when our society started becoming sick. I believe that the body's intelligences can return us to the most lively versions of who we are, and to expanded versions of history. Nobody exists alone, as we are inevitably woven into all that exists, even though the plait seemed almost utopic several times during this project. Many triggers have to be deactivated for us to be less reactive, more open to the metamorphosis, and actually learn from each other. Anyway, the idea of the Trança/Plait Festival arose from a truly genuine and organic place. We care about the planet, about human beings, about all this reconstruction. One cannot be whole without being able to coexist with the different. The Trança/Plait Festival opens this space, celebrates and claims the right to diversity.

What moves the TOMAR CORPO platform to organise artistic and therapeutic immersions is our belief in the power of creativity, the insistence on a writing that is less "I think, therefore I exist" and more "I feel, therefore we are", less narcissistic and more collaborative, less intellectual and more experiential, less written and more oral/gestural. A humble attitude in regard to life and creation. I confess that I often think of quitting, because I bring very tangled threads, and it is really challenging to untangle and possibly plait them. However, each territory moves the creation network in one way, leading to learnings and unique strengths, and in the end a lot is moved.



The “Feitiço contracolonial [Contracolonial spell]” (2023) intervention is composed of “4 cocoa leaves” (panel I) and “The anaconda’s embrace” (panel II). Photos in collaboration with Isis Medeiros

ADRIANA PESCA PATAXÓ is a graduate of the Federal University of Southern Bahia (UFSB), a teacher working at indigenous schools in the municipal and state education systems, a poet, a *Pataxó*, a mother, passionate about reading, writing and nomadism. She has a degree in history in addition to an intercultural degree in indigenous school education. She also has a qualification in Afro-Brazilian & African history and culture, along with a postgraduate degree in teaching and ethnic-racial relations. She is a member of the Language, Power and Contemporaneity Research Group - GELPOC. As part of the TRANÇA/PLAIT Festival's curatorial committee, she is responsible for mobilising indigenous poetics and emerging themes to be debated from different perspectives.

AURITHA TABAJARA (Francisca Aurilene Gomes) cried in her mother's belly before being born at home by the hands of her midwife grandmother Francisca Gomes, in Ipueiras, countryside of Ceará. She is a writer, cordelist and indigenous storyteller. She has published three books, eight leaflets as well as several texts printed in anthologies in Brazil and abroad. Some of her texts have been translated into English and German. She has taken part in literary fairs such as FLIP, FLINS, FLIPF, FLIN, FLIPoA, FLIÙ, among others. Her book published in 2018, *Coração na Aldeia, pés no Mundo* [Heart in the Village, Feet on the World], highly recommended by the National Children's Book Foundation, is in the Washington Library for research and inspired the film *Mulher sem chão* [Woman with No Ground], which tells her story. Auritha is a member of the International Academy of Brazilian Literature (AILB). She is the first indigenous woman to publish *cordel* books in Brazil.

CAROLA SAAVEDRA is the author of the novels *Toda terça* [Every Tuesday] (2007), *Flores azuis* [Blue Flowers] (2008), *Paisagem com dromedário* [Landscape With Dromedary] (2010), *O inventário das coisas ausentes* [The Inventory of Absent Things] (2014) and *Com armas sonolentas* [With Sleepy Weapons] (2018), all published by Companhia das Letras. She has also published the book of essays *O mundo desdobrável* [The Unfolding World] (Relicário, 2021) and the collection of poems *Um quarto é muito pouco* [A Bedroom is Too Little] (Quelônio, 2022). In 2023,

Carola released *O manto da noite* [The Mantle of the Night], a dreamlike journey through the South American mountain range, in which ancestry and identity merge - and are confirmed - through the many fragments that piece together the past, present and future. Her books have been translated into English, French, Spanish and German.

CRISTINE TAKUÁ is an indigenous Brazilian writer, artisan, decolonial theorist, activist and teacher of the Maxakali ethnic group. An inhabitant of the Ribeirão Silveira Indigenous Land, located on the border between the municipalities of Bertiooga and São Sebastião, she has a degree in Philosophy from Unesp and teaches Sociology, Philosophy, History and Geography at the Txeru Ba'e Kuai' Indigenous State School. In the Guarani village of Ribeirão Silveira, she also assists the spiritual works in the prayer house. She founded FAPISP (Forum for the articulation of indigenous teachers in the state of São Paulo) and the Maracá Institute, of which she is a councillor. She co-ordinates the Museum of Indigenous Cultures and Selvagem cycle of studies on life with the Living Schools project. She is one of the authors of the book *Women of Land and Water*, published by the Elefante publishing house.

LUCILA LOSITO is a body therapist and writer. She researches the relationship between “Emergent Literature” and “Writing of the Body” at Unicamp, and “Dramaturgies of the expanded body and popular knowledge” at UFSB. She is the author of the novel *Com o corpo inteiro* [With the Whole Body] (Jandaíra, 2019), which was selected by PROAC (2016) and is a finalist for the SP Literature Prize (2020). She has organised immersions that lead to publications such as: *Corpo: animal em extinção* [Body: Endangered Animal] (Urutau, 2023), *Mulheres de Terra e Água* [Women from Water and Earth] (Elefante, 2022), *Tomar Corpo Poesia* [Take body Poetry] (Jandaira, 2021), *Corpo de Terra* [Body of Earth] (Quelônio, 2021) and *Naquela Terra, Daquela vez* [In that Land, at that Time] (Quelônio, 2017). She is the creator of the TOMAR CORPO platform and the TRANÇA/PLAIT Festival.

MICHELINY VERUNSCHK has a degree in history (AESAP-PE), a master's degree in literature and literary criticism (PUC-SP) and a PhD in communication and semiotics (PUC-SP). She is a researcher in the Communication and Culture: Baroque and Mestizaje research group and the Centre for Orality Studies, both part of the Communication and Semiotics Programme at PUC-SP. She is a writer with thirteen published books of prose and poetry, including the recent *O som do rugido da onça* [The Sound of the Jaguar's Roar] (2021) and *Caminhando com os mortos* [Walking With the Dead] (2023). She won the Jabuti and Oceanos Literature prizes in the Novel category in 2022.

MIGUELA MOURA was born in the region of Ponta Porã, on the border between Mato Grosso do Sul and Paraguay (1996). She is a **Guarani** visual artist, indigenous cause activist and art education researcher. Her artistic production carries traces, colours, memories and experiences that originate from an understanding of her own ancestry and her research is based on the spirituality of her people. Among other things, she took part in the group exhibition *Histórias Indígenas* [INDIGENOUS HISTORIES] at Museu de Arte de São Paulo (2023-2024), *RECYTYTY: festival of contemporary indigenous art* (2022), collaborates with the platform *Indigenous Art and Education on the move - VORO'PI* (2023) and illustrated the book *Jaxy Jatere*, by the author Geni Nunes (2023).

RITA CARELLI is a mother, writer, actress, film and theatre director and illustrator. She studied literature at the Federal University of Pernambuco and theatre at the Jacques Lecoq International Theatre School in Paris. She is a collaborator with the NGO *Vídeo nas Aldeias* [Video at the Villages], with which she produced the children's book-film collection *Um dia na aldeia* [A Day in the Village] (2018). She is also the author of the books *A história de Akykysiã, o dono da caça* [The History of Akykysiã, the Game's Owner] and *Minha família Enauenê* [My Enauenê Family] (2018), which were awarded the international White Ravens label by the Library of Munich and the Highly Recommended label by the National Children's and Youth Book Foundation. She is the author of the novel *Terrapreta* [Blackearth], winner of the São Paulo Literature

Prize in 2021 in the Best Debut Novel category. In 2022 she launched the book *Menina Mandioca* [Manioc Girl] and is the organiser of the books *A Vida não é Útil* [Life is not Useful] and *Futuro Ancestral* [Ancestral Future], by Ailton Krenak.

TRUDRUÁ DORRICO belongs to the **Makuxi** people. She has a PhD in literature theory from PUC-RS and is a writer, artist, lecturer and researcher of indigenous literature. She won 1st place in the Tamoios/FNLIJ/UKA New Indigenous Writers competition in 2019. She is the administrator of the @leiamulheresindigenas page on Instagram, curator of the 1st Indigenous Literature Exhibition at the Museu do Índio (UFU) and author of *Eu sou Macuxi e outras histórias* [I am Makuxi and other stories] (Caos e Letras, 2019). She also curated FeCCI - 1st Indigenous Film Festival, Brasília (2022) and was a resident at the Cité Internationale des Arts (Paris, 2023). She is currently a postdoctoral fellow in the Emerging and Consolidating Postgraduate Development Programme PDPG - Strategic Postdoctoral Studies/UFRR (2023-2024).

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