

O E(X)U atrás da(s) Máscara(s)
The E(X)U Behind the Mask(s)

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Abstract

Exu is an Orixá, a God within the Candomblé religion, the deity closest to humans. Guardian of crossroads, he is the messenger that unites realms. Exu is a foundational to Capoeira, his presence is often related to the legend of Besouro de Mangangá.

“Exu killed a bird yesterday with a rock he threw today”, says the ancient proverb. Exu crosses metaphysical boundaries and plays with the concept of time and space. His written name contains crossroads. Exu lifts bridges within our different selves.

Inspired by the proverb above, this research-art work aims to confront the linear concept of time with and through the mask(s) of E(X)U. It seeks to empower Brazilians, resist colonial oppression, and question imperial impositions of time and space.

The research-creation methodology is inspired by traditional Brazilian raft making and sailing philosophies. Masks, poetry, performance, and video are the artistic planks bound together at a crossroads to create this work.

TERRA, ESPÍRITOS E AMOR (Land, Spirits and Love)

I have been based in Turtle Island since August 2020, and currently living in Tkaronto. I am aware of my foreigner presence in this land. I know that at every step, my feet leave traces. At every step, depending on how my body moves, I may also erase memories. Sometimes, I stumble and fall. My feet also carry seeds and thoughts. I strive to create work that can grow in different perspectives. Hopefully, this work will be in a conversation with the land, with Indigenous peoples, and with their stories. Hence, before I initiate the discussion about my thesis project, I would like to acknowledge the traditional territory of different native people and respectfully ask for their permission. I would like to acknowledge the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee and the Wendat peoples, now home to many First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples.

I would like to acknowledge their bravery and resistance to the invasions and brutalities cast against them by the *colonizadores*. Sadly, the violence persists, albeit in different ways, frequently hidden. Their echoes can be heard everywhere, at times amplified, always alive in the silences that remain. I am aware that I have much to learn from their history. As I move forward, I am transformed by their histories and stories.

With an offering of tobacco, I ask permission to continue down my path in this land.

I would also like to respectfully honour Brazilian lands, traditional heritages, and all the stories left to oblivion through time. Before the ships arrived from the northern hemisphere, filled with thirsty *descobridores*, Indigenous groups lived respectfully with(in) the land. Sadly, history persists in the name of profit and power, led by similar White hands, behind fake democratic discourses.

There are more than 200 Indigenous groups in Brazil. I would like to honour all of these nations. Guardians of the land. Protectors of the forest. Tupi. Tupinambá. Tukano. Pira-tapuia. Potiguara.

Tupiniquim. Tuxaua. Aimoré. Tamoio. Carijó. Munduruku. Xavante. Krenak. Pataxó. Kalapalo. Yanomami. Aweti. Kuikuro. Matipu. Waurá, Mehináku. Caeté. Aimberê. Apinajé. Paraguaçu. Botocudos. Guarani. And so many others.

The raid of the *colonizadores* in Brazil reflected a bigger invasion, fomented by the violent enterprise of African slavery. Ripped from their homes across the Atlantic, African slaves were forced to build the Portuguese-Brazilian empire with their bare hands, first in the *latifundios*, then the mines and the cities. However, they bravely resisted, and somehow, re-pieced themselves together over centuries of oppression. It is imperative to acknowledge their vital influence in every aspect of the Brazilian culture and history. Brazil was built not only by their hands, but their hearts and spirits.

I respectfully acknowledge that I am continuously learning about all heritages that compose Brazilian culture.

I would also like to acknowledge the spirit world that I am surrounded by. In fact, not just surrounded but immersed into. I am grateful for their protection and willingness to teach me humility. At every step, I try to piece together who am I and why am I here. Often, this exploration takes me to more questions than answers. Perhaps questions are answers. I praise Oxalá, Ogum, Oxóssi, Oxum, Iemanjá, and all the Orixás, but especially Exu. *Larolé*, Exu. I ask for your permission to create my work. I ask for protection to keep going. By the crossroads, I offer you an *ebó*.

Finally, but perhaps most importantly, I would like to acknowledge the presence of love in my life. Without love I would not be here. Without love, my stories would have never been written. Without love, everything would crumble. I am grateful for having my partner by my side. Without her, nothing would be possible. With her, I am able to better understand the question of time and of time travelling. I am grateful for learning the importance of love with her and with our children.

I acknowledge my parents' love and their importance in the definition of my identity. They were my first art school. They taught me many things that continue to echo in my heart. Hopefully, I am and will be able to share their knowledge with my sons and daughters.

I also want to acknowledge the constant presence of my grandparents and my ancestors. The leaf never ceases to feel its roots. Love continues to bind us together.

I would like to recognize the importance of my mentors in supporting my work and my vision. Without their guidance and friendship, I would not be able to set sails and face the ocean.

Dedications

Para Carol, minha parceira mundo afora. Sem você nada disso seria possível.

Que possamos sempre nos encontrar amanhã, hoje e por novas vezes ontem.

Para minhas filhas Maya e Laura, guardiãs de nossas futuras histórias.

Para meus pais, Laurabeatriz e Hélio. Guardo no peito suas memórias.

Para Maricota, a jornada é longa e sempre protegida ao seu lado.

Para Batuque, o chão ainda treme com sua passagem.

Para minha mestra Dofona. Cheguei, cheguei, cheguei, eu cheguei tá chegando.

Para os Ursos que vieram nos meus sonhos e agora guardam minha passagem no Norte.

Lá no caminho eu deixei meu sentinela.

Laroiê, Exu.

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Tempo tá embriagado Time is wasted

Tempo tá embriagado Time is wasted

1. IÊ

Iê is a powerful word. In Capoeira, it announces the opening of a *roda* (a Capoeira circle), summoning everyone's attention and energy. Within the Angola tradition¹, *Iê* precedes a *ladainha*, a ritualistic form of singing that brings symbolic messages, sayings, stories, and histories. *Iê* also closes the *roda*.

Iê is how one asks for permission and protection to release their voice. The *roda* opens with each word written in these pages, whether marked on paper, emitted digitally on a screen, or hidden in your thoughts. Perhaps, my words will not echo my thoughts, but rather provoke different possibilities for you. Perhaps it will welcome you to travel to a reality that is yet to be discovered. Depending on who finds these words, and how they are interpreted, they may be forgotten, and perhaps that is for the better.

My work could not begin without the sound of my Berimbau. The instrument that never ceases to invite me to walk around the world², or *dar volta ao mundo*. As I prepare to be immersed into the *roda*, I must firstly observe and feel it, by taking a *volta ao mundo*. Walking around the world is a timeless experience, it happens now, yesterday, and tomorrow, at exactly the same time. I fall into a *bananeira*,³ a position that confronts the rules that forces things to be still. The *bananeira* is how I embody my strategy to escape Time. Merciless Time, the master of *rasteiras* and straight lines.

I find myself at an *encruzilhada de tempo e espaço* (a crossroads of time and space). Thus, it is impossible for me not to consider Exu. Exu is an Orixá, a God within Umbanda and Candomblé (traditional Afro-Brazilian religions), the deity closest to humans. Exu is known to be the trickster

¹ Angola is a Capoeira traditional school that was formally created around 1930 in Brazil.

² *Volta ao mundo* is a Capoeira counter clockwise movement. The movement reminds of a synchronized dance performed by two players, but it holds more than that. The movement can be used to break the rhythm of a "game", to enchant others, and or to restore energies.

³ Bananeira is a Capoeira movement similar to a handstand. The movement is used as a strike, defence, counterattack, or to play around and deceive someone.

among the Gods, but he is also the messenger that connects realms.⁴ He is considered the guardian of crossroads and keeper of late hours.⁵

There is an *Oriki* (proverb) about Exu's powers that states "Exu killed a bird yesterday with a rock he threw today".⁶ In this *Oriki*, Exu toys with the concept of time and space and plays with his ability to cross metaphysical borders. His presence and powers are marked by unpredictability. He is able to determine what is to come, what could have been, and what is gone. Exu brings the possibility of enchantment at the crossroads of life, a different way to resist the impositions of the supposed owners of progress.⁷ Exu challenges order and breaks compasses.

With the proverb in mind, I began to reflect upon the concept of time, the impact of time on my identity, and Exu. I eventually arrived at three main questions, which I attempted to answer in, and with, my work. (How) can the Mask of *Exu* empower Brazilians to question what is Brazilian identity? (How) can the Mask of *Exu* empower people to confront a linear concept of time? (How) can I create work that enchants people? Exu was and continues to be a foundational compass.

The work has been registered in this document much like it has been marked in my body. Each piece is a printed testimony of my thoughts. Words became Masks, poetry in motion. Videos transformed my body, changing what I used to imagine and believe about time. I hope that all the pieces will continue to gain meanings, as they are embodied by others over time. Masks became words, stories superimposed by layers of memories, dreams, and questions about what is real. Metaphors appeared to build bridges between uncertainties and eras. Despite their transitory meanings, metaphors keep me alive, enchanted, and in constant movement.

⁴ Dofona, Escola do Samba, 2021

⁵ Prandi & Rafael, *Mitologia dos Orixás*, 1999

⁶ Noguera, "Exu como epistemologia", 2020

⁷ Simas & Rufino, *Fogo no mato: a ciência encantada das macumbas*, 2019

This work is based on art research. Through interdisciplinary artistic practices, I developed a series of Masks, videos-performances, poems, and sounds that propose an alternative outlook on time and history, confronting the repressive linear concept of a single timeline. Founded on research-creation, my work embodies philosophies and teachings credited to Brazil's *jangadeiros* (traditional fishermen and raft makers). As the *jangadeiros* commonly say “jangadas são criadas no mar” (rafts are created at sea). As I sailed through my work, I created my pieces and change them over time.

My work is an attempt to resist oppressive Brazilian power structures. I perceive and experience time from different perspectives. I have aimed to subvert the linear concept of time and create a space where time bends. A place of resistance, a place where lines cross, and a place where lines play with each other. Thus, the *encruzilhada* (crossroads) became this place. An enchanted location in which I developed my artistic research. Driven by a search for empowerment, my work is a political act of enchantment.

As I moved through my research, Exu led me to question time, but also my identity. By dismantling Exu's name I discovered *Eu*, a Portuguese word that means “I.” Once again, I was able to find myself right in the centre of the *encruzilhada* of time, space, and language.

I am not Yanomami. I am not Tupi, nor a direct descendant of any Indigenous nation. I am also not Black. I was born by the confluence of Portuguese immigrants and Brazilian settler, a heritage that is linked to colonizers, but most importantly, to other obscured protagonists. My ancestors were not ripped from their lands and brutally forced to work on the latifundios. But my ancestors never owned the land. My family name carries no power, no deeds. My parents never went to university. They are both artists, workers who have always struggled to make ends meet.

However, I acknowledge my privilege. I have eaten three meals a day in a city where starvation is common. I attended university in a country where most do not have access to basic education.

In the schools I attended, most students were White. Those that were not “White enough”, compensated for their pigmentation with their bank accounts. Never given the choice, I was right in the middle of the Whitening project.

I began learning Capoeira at the age of ten, in a school that shared the space with the Worker’s Party committee, a socialist political party. Capoeira became a gateway, leading me to other Brazilian traditions. Capoeira quickly became profoundly meaningful in my life. Coincidentally, where it all began also helped shape other aspects of my being – the physical proximity to a socialist political party liberated my thoughts and helped shape my principles.

Beyond a ritual to be respected, practiced, and studied, Capoeira became a part of my identity. What began with my body quickly took over my soul. As explained by Pierre Bourdieu, what I learn through my body is not something I possess, but rather something that constitutes who I am.⁸

My childhood was also filled by the beats and spirits of Umbanda and Candomblé. My mother would take us to *terreiros* (sacred locations where Umbanda and Candomblé rituals are performed) to be blessed and receive guidance from spiritual entities. We learned, at a very young age, to respect the Orixás and what they embodied, justice, bravery, the oceans, rivers and forests, were just some of the interconnected entities that have always guided and protected me.

The rituals within Capoeira have close ties to *terreiros*. There are several practices in Capoeira that are directly related to Candomblé that shows an amalgamation process between them across history.⁹ Many of its practitioners are devoted to the spiritual practices of Umbanda and Candomblé, and some are important figures within these religions.

⁸ Bourdieu, *The Logic of Practice*, 1990.

⁹ Merrel, *Capoeira and Candomblé*, 2018.

Capoeira is a Brazilian art form. It is a ritual, with deeply rooted origins and causes. As argued by the historian, professor, and expert in Afro-Brazilian studies, Carlos Eugenio Líbano Soares, Capoeira was fundamental to the birth of a (sub)culture that embraced Afro-Brazilians and other marginalized groups alike.¹⁰ The ritual was created by the hands of African and native slaves, but also influenced by the amalgamation of different heritage found in the colonial project.

Similarly, as I will demonstrate in subsequent sections of this thesis, my work is created through a physical process. A process that summons and amalgamates the various essences and heritages of my being. Different aspects and characters that take front stage, at different times, in different projects, at different moments, contribute to an endless path of discovery and growth. A recurring metamorphosis and adaptation that are essential to both my work and sense of self. I am undefined by nature, open to explore what is presented today, yesterday, and tomorrow.

¹⁰ Líbano, *A capoeira escrava e outras Tradições rebeldes no Rio de Janeiro, 1808-1850*, 2008.

Tempo tá embriagado	Time is wasted
Tempo tá embriagado	Time is wasted
perdeu a carteira	lost his wallet
caiu no samba	went to the samba
Em plena segunda-feira	On a week night
bateu punheta	jerked off
e dormiu com o cachorro	and slept with a stray
jogado na sarjeta	over by the tracks

2. INDEFINIDO, DESENCONTRADO (Undefined, unfound)

I bring stories from the South, a place frequently referred to as “down somewhere”. Perhaps stories from the South brought me up here too. But what is up and what is down? When I was a boy, I was told that the South is at the bottom of the map. North is on top of us, I was told. The Mercator projection used in schools gives a feeling of permanent orientation.¹¹ Going deeper into the relationships between directionalities and their respective valuations, North is usually regarded as development and civilization, located above the equator line. Places located below are wild jungles, the land of tropical diseases and, consequently, the uncivilized¹² (although Indigenous populations from the North could easily fall in this last category according to colonizers). Luckily, my perceptions have changed. I am neither down somewhere, nor up anywhere. I am not looking up, nor down at anyone. Without further and farther directions, I am from Brazil.

In Canada, Brazil is written with the letter “z”. In the South, it is written with an “s”. Whenever I am forced to write my country’s official colonial name with a “z”, I feel strange, out of place, as if I am confirming that Brazilians do belong down somewhere, at least in the ranks of the alphabet.

Before the so-called descobridores “discovered” the land, it was occupied by Indigenous, primarily divided by three major groups: Tupinambá, Tupy-Guarani, and Tapuias. These groups referred to the land as Pindorama, or Terra das Palmeiras, Land of the Buritis (Palm Trees).¹³

When the European invaders arrived, the (mis)construction of a Brazilian identity began to be molded, as each piece of native history was brutally dismantled. Among the (dis)honourable White European men who skipped introductions, and did not ask for directions, was a Portuguese “humanitarian” scholar who would leave his mark in history. His name was Pero Magalhães de

¹¹ Waldman & Serrano, *Memória d'África: a temática africana em sala de aula*, 2007.

¹² Waldman & Serrano, *Memória d'África: a temática africana em sala de aula*, 2007.

¹³ Wera, *Terra dos mil povos*, 1998.

Gândavo, and he (un)granted current Brazilians with his world views about what and whom he encountered in this new land. Little is known about Gândavo's life. Researchers often raise questions about who he was and what he intended to do in South America (Carneiro, 2009). Nonetheless, Gândavo published a book in 1576 in Portugal called *History of the Santa Cruz* province which we now vulgarly call Brazil, which became a part of history. After encountering different native peoples, he came to the following conclusion: 'Carece de tres letras, convemsaber, nam se acha nella, f, nem,l, ne, R: cousa Digna despanto, porq assi nam tem Fe, nem Ley, nem Rey: & desta maneira vivem desordenadamente sem tere alem disto conta, ne, peso, nem medida' (These are people absent of three letters. They live without F, without L, and without K. This amazes me because they exist in the absence of faith, law, and king. Thus, these people live in disarray, without weights or measures).¹⁴ Gândavo's argument clearly outlines the Portuguese colonial project. His words transcribed the beliefs of the colonizers. He essentially described how the White man would dismantle and destroy the native way of life, which would later be reproduced with the African slaves. He outlined their lives as incomplete, undignified, while listing the indispensable ingredients to plenitude.

The notion of rawness suggested by Gândavo endured. It influenced the construction of Brazilian identity. As argued by the Brazilian author, historian, and Professor Lilia Moritz Schwartz in her book *Nem branco, nem preto, muito pelo contrário* (Not black, nor White, quite the opposite), an imagined [Brazilian] identity is never enough because it is always in debt¹⁵. A mixed breed is never pure, nor worthy of dignity. For some, Brazilians are mutts. Strays worthy only of scraps. Or as we say in Brazil, "vira-latas" ("trash bandits"). Never as pure as the European "descobridores".

¹⁴ Carneiro, "A história (1576) de Pero de Magalhães Gândavo: notas para uma releitura desde a retórica e a gramática", 2009.

¹⁵ Schwartz, *Nem Preto Nem Branco Muito Pelo Contrário*, 2013.

Throughout Brazilian history, distinct groups incorporated Gândavo's ideas in diverse ways. A powerful example can be found in the Sertão (the hinterlands), amid the Cangaceiros, from late-nineteenth-century to mid-twentieth century. The Cangaceiros are folkloric Brazilian characters that can be compared, in some respects, to North American Western outlaws. Although they were highly armed and often engaged in fights with the authorities, their struggle was not embraced by any organized social prerogative. The book *Estrelas de Couro: A Estética do Cangaço* (Leather Stars: The Cangaço Aesthetics) written by the Brazilian historian Frederico Pernambucano de Mello, explains how the Cangaceiros did not aim for a revolutionary movement against the government.¹⁶ Their motive was centralized around a dream for freedom. Freedom to live without legal repercussions and to be left alone. A dream inspired by Indigenous held captive, enslaved Africans, and marginalized Whites scattered through the Brazilian jungles.

Virgulino Ferreira da Silva, notoriously known as Lampião, was one of the most iconic Cangaceiros leaders. He was a brilliant strategist, who led a nomadic lifestyle. He leveraged guerilla warfare tactics against authorities and ruled for almost 20 years before he was decapitated by the police. Lampião was also known by the people as the Rei do Sertão (The King of the Hinterlands), given his impressive ability to escape and survive. Throughout his glory days, Lampião infamously proclaimed that he and his bandoliers lived “livre, sem lei, nem rei” (“free, under no law, nor king”). As the Cangaceiros were extremely religious (under an amalgamated form of a Catholicism mixed with traditional beliefs), they believed that faith was always by their side.¹⁷

Lampião and his followers were often sponsored by politicians and wealthy landlords, who would pay a lofty price for their services (usually muscle jobs and “dirty” businesses). The Cangaceiros would take the negotiated opportunities as they saw fit, uncommitted to any authoritative

¹⁶ Mello, *Estrelas de Couro: A Estética do Cangaço*, 2010.

¹⁷ Queiroz, *Os Cangaceiros*, 1977.

relationship, confronting the status quo in essence and in action. By declaring and acknowledging the absence of “law” and “king”, the Cangaceiro took ownership of his/her (his)story. At the same time, despite their contributions to a violent ecosystem of relationships, the Cangaceiros were able to rescue a sense of pride and dignity of what it means to be, or could mean, to be Brazilian in their own terms.

I feel a strong connection to these characters and stories. My maternal grandfather was born in the Sertão, in a small town called Patos. The Sertão is drastically different from the coast and, even more so, from the regions where rainforests still exist. It is a place where precipitation is very low throughout the year, like deserts. Hence, droughts are a common reality for its communities. The lack of precipitation casts a greyish appearance on the vegetation- hence the name Caatinga, an Indigenous Tupi name, means “White Forest” (Caa forest, and Tinga white).¹⁸ Moreover, spikes are common traits found on these plants, threatening unattended visitors. In this hostile scenario, the Sun reigns as the uncontested ruler. Its presence intertwines with the environment, becoming essential to the northeastern culture.

I grew up listening to my grandfather’s stories about the Cangaceiros and the northeast. He would tell me about the persistent droughts and incessant heat, both of which often became unbearable. When it rained, I would watch him go outside, always with a smile, looking up and taking it all in. He was a stoic man, who joined the army shortly after coming of age. A true nationalist that fought against Nazi submarines in the Second World War. What stuck with me most, even 20 years after he has passed, was how proud he was to be Brazilian, and even more so, to be *nordestino* (northeastern).

Brazil covers an immense amount of land. There are vastly different realities, languages, dialects, cultures, and therefore, identities within the same country. Not everyone is proud to be Brazilian.

¹⁸ Ab’Saber, *Caatinga – Sertão, Sertanejos*, 1994.

Not every type of Brazilian is thought to be worthy of pride. That is often the case with *nordestinos*. A beautiful and rich culture and people are frequently mocked and discarded by politicians and elites.

Brazilians usually have several last names. Some become lost over the years, depending which direction the family grows. For the most part, Brazilian tradition is extremely patriarchal. Married heterosexual women rarely have a choice in keeping their maiden names. Thus, it can be difficult to trace ancestry and heritages. My last names clearly indicate an inheritance passed down from old Portuguese men. My birth certificate occludes any indications of the obvious (impure) mixes that came along the way. The brutal colonization process has made this kind of naming (or documentation) a common practice in Brazil. Some may choose their prevailing Portuguese last name as indisputable proof of a pure European bloodline. However, some are brave enough, or proud enough, to share the hidden stories, the ones purposefully forgotten along the way.

On my mother's side, my grandparents' ancestors are believed to be descendants of the first colonizers that invaded Brazil. However, there are rumours about Indigenous and African family members "tampering" the bloodline along the way. Unfortunately, little is shared about the more interesting parts of my heritage, hardly acknowledged by some of the older family members. In Brazil, "for better or worse", multi-ethnicity is sure destiny.¹⁹ Multi-ethnicity can be a powerful sign of identity. Still, at the same time, it can also mean a lack of identity, an argument that fades away due to a multi-cultural perspective.

The author, musician, and historian Luiz Antonio Simas argues that the construction of a Brazilian identity started in the early twentieth century, influenced by President Vargas during his authoritarian government, which itself was inspired by Mussolini's fascism.²⁰ Over the years, the myth of a peaceful society took shape, composed by the mix of the three "Brazilian races" (Whites,

¹⁹ Schwartz, *Nem Preto Nem Branco Muito Pelo Contrário*, 2013.

²⁰ Simas, *Umbandas: Uma História do Brasil*, 2021.

Blacks and Indigenous) “that would converge into a single, stronger identity”. This utopic idea of a Brazilian ethnically-agnostic-democracy was, of course, based on the unspoken presumption that European culture would dictate where the others would and could play. The European culture would tie in (what it was willing to take from) Native and African heritages into a new civilized nation. This dangerous concept of Brazilian identity prevailed into the twenty-first century. It continues to shape Brazilian society with prejudice, racism, and ignorance, silencing the atrocities committed over the years. The signs of this pseudo-ethnically-agnostic-democracy are displayed everywhere. From the elevator divide that segregates Whites in their exclusive “social” lift from the people of colour who are forced to take the “service” lift, along with the trash and (large) pets; to the architectural considerations that must be made to fit “bedrooms for the help” within residences.²¹ Not all people of colour in Brazil are poor, but most middle class and wealthy people are White. In a sense the social elevator is not a “Whites only” elevator, but because of systemic and structural racism it ends up being that way.

At no point in history did any other country receive more African slaves than Brazil. It was the last Latin American country to abolish slavery, in 1888. The overdue adherence to the international trend of decency did not come without its fine print. There were many motives behind this play, anchored around an idea of modernization and progress, or in truer terms, whiter-nization and embedding of White privilege. As Schwartz argues, the abolition process carried singularities that legitimized the construction of the Brazilian identity. An identity defined by the progressive (and veiled) Whitening of peoples and cultures, combining all Brazilian ethnicities into one, a very specific (White) one. Rightfulness prescribed by a colour pallet: the unspoken rules that both hid and legitimized racism, violence, and prejudice. As argued in *Black Skin, White Masks* by the political thinker, philosopher and psychiatrist from Martinique, Frantz Fanon, “for the black man

²¹ Simas, *Umbandas: Uma História do Brasil*, 2021.

there is only one destiny. And it is White".²² Hence, Fanon's premonition reflects the fate of Brazilian society in its entirety, from Blacks to Indigenous to all multi-ethnic and non-White minorities.

The discourse around a racially agnostic society, that veiled the White project, grew momentum in the first decades of the twentieth century. As such, the Brazilian oligarchy looked to European immigration as a strategic initiative towards an ethnically-diverse-yet-White-looking society. Bringing in cheap-though-not-free labour helped skew the colour pallet in the desired direction.²³ A significant number of people came from countries all over Europe, pursuing a false promise that Brazil would be the land of the future.

Among the many were my paternal grandparents. Like many Portuguese working class citizens, they struggled to make ends meet and dreamed of escaping Salazar's dictatorship. Once the promising stories arrived, it did not take much more to lure them onto the ship that took them across the Atlantic. They packed only their skills and willingness to work. For the years that followed, they worked many jobs from quarries to factories.

²² Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, page 4, 1952.

²³ Schwartz & Starling, *Brasil: Uma Biografia*, 2015.

Tudo como tempo	All time takes
Tudo com o tempo	All with time
Tempo como tudo	Time takes everything
no tempo que como	in time
Tempo que tudo	Time takes everything
com o tempo	with Time

3. Eu sou torto (I am crooked)

My thesis reflects a research-creation perspective.

Research-creation pushes new boundaries to what is research in the field of art. It goes beyond a theoretical framework to explain and dissect artistic practices. To create new knowledge, or to better understand established knowledge, it is necessary to reevaluate and to consider the ephemeral aspect of what surround us. Furthermore, it is to ask ourselves how are thoughts generated and how, beyond conscious thinking, do unregistered thoughts make a difference to the creation. The difference is given by considering that knowledge is provisional. Thus, creation also occurs organically as it moves in different, and perhaps unseen, ways.²⁴

The concept of research-creation gives me the opportunity to position my work and myself more openly in the world, a nomad, in constant movement, without predetermined direction or final destination. The raft makers in northeastern Brazil say: *as jangadas são tortas porque elas se endireitam no mar. Jangadas não são construídas na terra, mas nas ondas do mar, em movimento (rafts are crooked because they can only become straight at sea. Rafts are not built on land, they are built at sea, through movement).* I believe that like rafts, eu também sou torto (I too am crooked). As I create and navigate through my work, I simultaneously feel the direction in which I am moving, at that moment. Hence, my work will take the traditional Brazilian raft makers' approach to research-creation. I do not know exactly where I am going, or how far I get, but I know that my destination will be presented to me, as I navigate through my thesis. As the raft makers in the northeast say before going fishing: *vou botar pra maré* (I trust that the tides will take me).²⁵

²⁴ Manning, *Knowings & knots: Methodologies and Ecologies in research-creation*, 2020.

²⁵ Cascudo, *Dicionario do Folclore Brasileiro*, 1999.

When I think about research-creation, the work of the South-African artist, William Kentridge, immediately comes to mind. His work clearly reflects research-creation principles, especially when considering his artistic processes and unique animations.

As Kentridge floats through different media, he allows himself to be vulnerable, he is able to open the contents of his work to question, perhaps even questions about his intent as an artist. Through this interdisciplinary approach, he allows his curiosity about the world to constantly flow.

In the short film *Invisible Mending* (2003), a featured piece within the installation *7 fragments for George Méliés*, Kentridge combines a self-portrait with live film. He plays with the concepts of both mediums, as well as the audience's perspectives and imagination. The film creates an illusion about who is the real Kentridge. Is he the painting or the moving picture? Or is he both? Perhaps neither? *Invisible Mending* pushes me to reflect upon and (r)evaluate different possibilities around knowledge and perception. Do I exist as I perceive myself or as a reflection of what others perceive me to be? Can I change what others see? Or is it other's perceptions that change me?

During a TED talk about his creative process, Kentridge stated that "*it's only on the outside edges of the straight line of thought that we are actually going to find something new*".²⁶ His statement echoes the idea of creating/allowing differences or thinking differently. Kentridge goes on to explain that he does not seek *the good idea* when creating, but instead, he creates by questioning himself and seeking other ideas, "*the less good ideas*".

3.1 Com quantos paus se faz uma jangada (How many sticks to build a raft)?

Traditional rafts in Brazil are made with just a few sticks yet are extremely sophisticated. Each wooden component has a purpose, but bound together, they form the ship.²⁷ I have converged

²⁶ Kentridge, *The creative process of a master artist*, 2016.

²⁷ Cascudo, *Jangada: uma pesquisa etnografica*, 1964.

Masks, videos, drawings, and writing to refuse what is imposed over and about time, refuse single chronological truths. The different, but interconnected, artistic planks I have used are:

Sonhos (dreams): According to Tewa researcher and professor Gregory Cajete, dreams can be gateways to creative practices, if properly used.²⁸ Dreams are highly valued by my family. I believe that important messages and sacred connections can be established through dreams. I often think about what is real and what is a dream, but then I see that dreams are not just dreams. Perhaps, reality and dreams are inverted. Perhaps, they are one. I have tried to play with the imaginary lines between reality and sonhos (dreams). Dreaming while awake. Awake while dreaming.

Writing: Whether in short stories, poems, or random lines, words echo not only in my mind, but also within my entire body. Through the years, writing has become an essential part of who I am. As Gloria E. Anzaldúa states, “I am the one who writes and who is being written”.²⁹ I have navigated between English and Brazilian Portuguese, my native language. I am aware that languages are neither neutral, nor apolitical. Both English and Portuguese carry different connotations and meanings imposed by their inheritances, including the influences of the colonizadores (colonizers). However, I believe that as I speak and write in both languages, I am able to play with (mis)interpretations and (mis)translations, uncovering some of what was hidden by the “official” rulers of history. As part of my research-creation, I have stretched words in attempts to reveal their power as subtle (or unsubtle) symbols of resistance.

Rhythms: Rhythms may become a sonorous Mask. I explore rhythms that are part of my cultural heritage, especially those that are related to resistance movements. Rhythms are inside my body,

²⁸ Cajete, *Native science: Natural laws of interdependence*, 2000.

²⁹ Anzaldúa & Keating, *Light in the dark = luz en lo oscuro: Rewriting identity, spirituality, reality*, 2015.

just as the Masks I have created. Perhaps they have a symbiotic relationship. As with my writing, drumbeats, and toques de Berimbau are part of my body.

Capoeira/Embodiment/Performance: Capoeira lives with my body, and I explore the resistance that echoes within me. The Ginga (a foundational movement based on surprise, contradictions, and erratic deviations) are included in my work as a floating strategy, to create the movements of Masks and identities that are created. The mysticism that surrounds Capoeira influences my thoughts and it is also part of my project. Although many rituals have lost their essence over time, Capoeira is still very much based on supernatural beliefs.³⁰ It is believed that the best players can Mask their intentions and deceive their opponents through simple yet powerful movements. This devious ability is called mandinga. Mandinga reflects the paradoxical essence of the ritual. It is what connects music and player, the dead and the living.

Video: I have created videos not only of my performances, but also images and sounds from different landscapes and scenes around the city. The footage added different layers of meaning to my work. I used traditional video formats but also volumetric videos, and 360 videos. Film editing gave me the opportunity to play with time, to confront time, and to converge diverse artistic practices.

³⁰ Talmon-Chvaicer, *The hidden history of Capoeira: A collision of cultures in the Brazilian Battle dance*, 2008.

Tudo como tempo	All time takes
de amanhã	tomorrow
Tudo com o tempo	All with time
da manhã	in the morning

4. VOU BOTAR PRA MARÉ (I trust the tides will take me)

Before lifting my sails, I needed a raft. Or at least the beginning of a raft, a rough sketch at the very least. I could see the ocean, feel the wind against my face, and almost taste the waves crashing at my feet. I knew that the tides summoned me, but my journey would be short without a ship. Definitely not long enough to find what I was looking for, or what was looking for me.

Walking the streets, I gathered different assets and assembled my planks. Closing my eyes at night, I travelled to distant times and places to find what I needed to put the pieces together.

Challenged by my thoughts, dreams, and feelings, my raft began to take shape.

I have used raw cardboard as the main material for my raft, and consequently for my other pieces. Before my diaspora to Turtle Island, I used to cover my sculptures with papier mache or materials that would hide the cardboard structure/skeleton, some that were reinforced with wires and metal. I believe that I was conditioned to think that my pieces required a sophisticated finish, not visible raw cardboard stripes. Cardboard is an underappreciated material. Cheap, free, and easily available. I would randomly collect large appliance boxes from the streets in Pindorama. I am becoming more and more intimate with the materials, and consequently, developing new techniques to bend and transform them, according to my intentions. I feel that the more I play with it, the more I can bring it towards my body.

Thus, the different cardboard planks that were assembled, formed a first Mask that represented my thesis proposal. The piece converged essential concepts that reflected my research questions. (How) can the Mask of E(X)U empower Brazilians to question what is Brazilian identity? (How) can the Mask of E(X)U empower Brazilians to confront a linear concept of time? (How) can I create a work that enchants people? Exu was and continues to be foundational.

Exu is represented by shapes, words, letters, and concepts. All depicted within the Mask³¹.

Figure 1

Proposal Mask



I developed mind maps, fundamental tools to my artistic processes. After several failed attempts to design, redesign and redefine my project intentions, I started to pay closer attention to the subtleties within each word I played with. Words written in my native language, Portuguese, but also in English. I began to observe how the letters compose the words and how they were arranged in space. Several questions accompanied this reflection. How are words meant to be uttered? How do they cross over, transform, and gain different meanings over time?

My mind maps were mostly designed as two-dimensional experiences, with lines and arrows often indicating loops, deviations, and cyclical events. In the beginning, the flat surface of the paper tightened me up and limited my thoughts. I was set free when I finally created a three-dimensional experience. Within Exu's name, I was able to find what I was looking for: myself, at least temporarily.

Exu's name is written in Portuguese by combining three letters. When I started to play with the word, the letter "X" marked exactly what I was looking for. The "X" represents the *encruzilhada*

³¹ There is a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

(the crossroads) itself. Exu is the guardian of crossroads³², thus, his name symbolically carries the exact place in which he resides and also where he dies (to be born again and again). *Encruzilhadas são lugares de encanto* (crossroads are places of enchantment). According to Simas and Rufino, crossroads are places where resistance to colonial structures of power can be formed and cast.³³

Within the Umbanda and Candomblé traditions, *encruzilhadas* are directly associated with the Orixá Exu, locations where several ebós (offerings) are placed to please him, to ask for his protection, and sometimes to ask for his willingness to change people's lives in different ways. According to mythology, Exu made the *encruzilhada* his home a long time ago when he started to visit Oxalá, the orixá responsible for the creation of the world and humankind. Exu stayed 16 years with Oxalá and learned everything he could before setting his home at the *encruzilhada*.³⁴

Encruzilhadas are where fortunate and unfortunate encounters happen with beings from other dimensions. The rendezvous point where the satanic transaction was performed by Robert Johnson, the famous bluesman who sold his soul to the Devil, is an example of the symbolic powers of crossroads.³⁵

The “X” gained profound meaning, and then size, on paper, occupying a central role in my mind map. Other words began to rise on each side of the letter, or roads, but still on a two-dimensional plane. Finally, I decided to cut out the “X”, the letter gained volume, and my mind map became a three-dimensional experience. This action was an important turning point. The remaining letters formed a new word: EU, which in Portuguese means “Me” or “I”. The unpredictability of Exu helped me to find myself and the meaning that I was looking for in my research.

³² As part of my thesis, I interviewed Rodrigo Rodrigues dos Santos, also known as Mestre Tiquinho, an expert on Capoeira, Candomblé, and Samba.

³³ Simas & Rufino, *Encantamento: sobre política de vida*, 2020.

³⁴ Prandi, *Mitologia dos orixás*, 2001.

³⁵ Akomfrah, *The Last Angel of History*, 1996.

The “X” forms the top of the Mask, the top of the skull, curved up, with only its four corners attached to the rest. This somewhat free attachment at the top of the Mask creates space for connections to be made, between words, characters, and spaces. I also wanted to create an *encruzilhada* where light could trigger different shades and light deviations, depending on time and space. The crossroads is where everything that is lost is connected, and makes sense, or senses.

Under the X at the top of the Mask, the letters “E” and “U” are displayed, below the crossroads, glued to the ground. Together the word “Eu” is formed, read in different directions.

4.1 As identidades (The identities)

Every road has led to a different identity, or character, but in between each there are also undefined spaces and creatures. The objective was to bring the concept of unpredictability in my piece. There are four distinguishable identities: the Vulture, the *Urubu*, the Humanoid, and *Besouro* (Beetle). However, connected by cardboard strips and colours, they share the same head. No matter what direction, the structures and shadows are left-over, crossed-over and Masked-over, creating different identities, or entities. They are never just one, they are all different and the same in time and space. Like Exu, the Mask plays with our perceptions, it is a trickster Mask.

The Humanoid represents the proximity between Exu and humankind. It demonstrates how humans and deities can be close to each other, sharing the same land, the same food, and sometimes, the same head.

Every figure is a shape shifter, in constant movement, changing within and out, over (or within) whoever is wearing the Mask. This is another important concept in my research. The Mask’s identity is constantly shifting, which leads me to question my own identity.

The undistinguishable (in-between) figures are just as important as the four identities. They are responsible for creating open spaces and different points of view, welcoming the unpredictability of both the observer and space.

The Mask is composed of two birds, faced in opposite directions. The *Urubu*, a black vulture, and the Vulture, a turkey vulture. Both are messengers and connectors of realms, much like Exu. I placed the birds in opposite directions because they represent my recent journey between hemispheres, through languages and time. When I wrote their names close to each other, I discovered a new *encruzilhada*. Exu, the two birds and I are interconnected: VultureXurubu.

Besouro (Beetle) represents three concepts within my work. The first is the shape shifting possibility, a metaphor about transformation and change of perspectives. As mentioned above, the essence of Exu is to change, adapt, and transform himself according to his needs and wishes.

The second concept is the embodiment of resistance. *Besouro* is inspired by the myth of *Besouro Mangangá*, a Brazilian legend that survived time despite having no written accounts traced to its origins. *Besouro* was a Capoeirista believed to have supra-human powers. According to the legend, his body was impenetrable to virtually any blade or bullet. His body was protected by mandinga. It was believed that he could transform himself into a beetle and fly away from any undesired altercation. *Besouro* was known to challenge authoritative figures and their brutal practices, never bowing his head to the White men, and gaining much fame after his death.³⁶

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, *Besouro* plays a pivotal role in my Mask because of his intimate connection to my dreams. He first came to me, or I went to him, a few years ago. Since that late-night encounter, he has been with me. Or perhaps, I was transformed by him.

³⁶ Abib, *Memórias do Recôncavo: Besouro e Outros Capoeiras*, 2008.

4.2 As cores (The colours)

The Mask was painted with different colours and intentions. I did not use brushes or pencils because I wanted to make my words, and my voice an extension of my body. Hence, I used a mouth atomizer to create different patterns around each figure. My breath became my hands. The Mask completed itself with the unpredictability of each drop of paint that would fall, leave its mark and relate to the other.

The birds are painted in red and black, each side one colour, inverted in relation to each other. Allowing them to share identities depending on the point-of-view. On top of the head, where the main roads cross, I used white paint. I chose white because *Urubus* (black vultures) are born white. In time, they change and become black. I wanted the piece to reflect change in time.

Most of the insect-man is painted in yellow and orange, I only added a central blue stroke after this first layer of colours. I chose bright and vivid colours to make him appear alive and enchanted. I used opposite colours (orange and blue) to play with the opposing realities that dream, and wakefulness can reflect. The humanoid figure has a darker semblance; I inverted the painting process from the Homem *Besouro*. First, I used lighter blue strokes and lastly indigo blue. The yellow and orange drops of paint came in the end, especially around the edges which were harder to reach.

5. JANGADA NA ÁGUA (Raft in the water)

At the same time, the Mask started to appear; the raft began to take shape. Not as something pre-determined, destined to have an end or to be an end, but as a different starting point. One that is supposed to change or inspire transformation.

With this Mask-raft sketch in my hands, over my head, and under my feet, I walked to the shore. At dawn, I asked for permission, cut through the first waves and into the ocean. I said to myself, “Vou botar pra maré” (I trust that the tides will take me).

5.1 Saboreando as marés e perseguindo E(X)U... ou sendo perseguido

(Savouring the tides and chasing E(X)U... or being chased)

The tide was high, and the sea was rough, but the wind was gentle. Blowing from the land towards the ocean, it helped me move forward. Every time a land breeze swept over my shoulders, I had a feeling that it whispered words and stories that I should pursue. Waves coming from different directions made my navigation difficult. I felt certain of my departure, jacumã.³⁷ I needed to find a crossroads, but how to find it in such moveable matter as the sea? My raft was built with only a few planks, not firm enough to resist strong gusts of wind. My navigation skills were yet to be improved. Afraid to sink my ship, I pulled my sails down and used my jacumã to paddle away from the dangers hidden beneath the waves. I needed to leave.

I pointed my raft to the horizon, and slowly drifted away. As I paddled, my story took shape. It began before my diaspora to Turtle Island, in a series of dreams and events around four years ago. *Besouros* and *Urubus* invaded my house during a heatwave that took the city. These were times of troubling nights. I would often awaken unable to distinguish the dimension I was in. Reality and dreams were merged. As I struggled to sleep, I also fought to stay awake. The dreams

³⁷ Jacumã is a wooden paddle used to propel a ship and a rudder by jangadeiros (traditional fishermen in Northeast Brazil that use rafts).

continued as a continuum³⁸, merging, crashing, and taking new forms and meanings. I dreamt about Exu.

Writing helped me move away from the shore. My initial intention was to create a short story that could reflect my dreams, specifically, the questions surrounding Exu, time and space. However, as I wrote, the story grew. It grew out of my control, maybe it was never under my control. The story took me to significant deviations in time, and it also pointed me to a crossroads.

While I tried to figure out the next steps in the plot, I wrote two other pieces, two poems. One was intended to be performed in the subway, with a new Mask that was taking form. Up until this point, I wrote only in English, including few words in my native language. Words that I could not properly translate or keep the meaning it carried in Brazilian Portuguese. The challenges with a foreign language made me question myself. How was I writing and being written? Why was I throwing myself in a tide that apparently slowed me down? My hands started to get blisters, and my arms were getting tired of paddling. Was I paddling with oars, or was I rowing with paddles?

The second poem started with the Oriki about Exu and its powers to subvert time, space, life, and death. Except now, it was all written in Brazilian Portuguese, later to be translated (if possible). Words came fluidly. The poem was created or created itself in just a few days.

Inspired by a *jangadeiros* ritual used to find fish³⁹, I took sip of the water and savoured the tide. This gave me direction. I left the story and one of the poems behind, moving forward only with the poem written in my native language. I am not sure if I left the other pieces behind. They were and continue to be a part of my journey.

Writing in my native language made me reflect upon an ancient writing system created by the Akan people of Ghana, Adinkra. The system is based on ideographic symbols, mainly stamped

³⁸ Anzaldúa & Keating, *Light in the dark = luz en lo oscuro: Rewriting identity, spirituality, reality*, 2015.

³⁹ Cascudo, *Jangada: uma pesquisa etnografica*, 1964.

on cloth. Amid these symbols, there is one named Sankofa. Represented by the image of a bird looking back at its tail, the symbol means that it is never too late to go back and get what was left behind.⁴⁰ Sankofa made me rethink what was behind me and question the idea of what is “behind”. Usually, people refer to the past as something that was indeed “left behind”. It is an expression that shows an understanding and acceptance of a linear concept of time. It made me reflect on how I could create different meanings for the futures that have not yet come, the past that is not gone, and the present that is always striving to become.

Macumba is a Brazilian word that carries many meanings. It is a percussion instrument commonly used in samba circles. It denotes certain types of Afro-Brazilian ritualistic practices.⁴¹ Through time, the word travelled the country and, unfortunately, gained racist connotations, along with other African cultural practices. Macumba got lost in translation, misinterpreted, misunderstood, used to be described as evil and harmful spells. It is a complex word that demands attention due to its linguistic origins and current socio-political use. There is much debate surrounding its origin. However, according to the renowned Afro-Brazilian scholar Nei Lopes,⁴² the word was derived from the Quicongo language, specifically the word *kumba*, which means sorcerer. Simas goes further and explains that among Quicongo speakers, it is believed that the initial power to enchant time lies precisely within words. *Kumbas* are word enchanters, people that have the ability to transform time according to their will, using only words⁴³.

When writing my poem, I started to realize how my words could create a time enchantment that could resist the impositions of a linear concept of time. Writing became minha macumba. An enchanted socio-political movement to confront time and its colonial impositions.

⁴⁰ Nascimento & Ga, *Adinkra: African wisdom symbols*, 2009.

⁴¹ As part of my Thesis, I interviewed Rodrigo Rodrigues dos Santos, also known as Mestre Tiquinho, an expert on Capoeira, Candomblé, and Samba.

⁴² Lopes, *Dicionário Banto do Brasil*, 2003.

⁴³ Simas, *Umbandas: uma história do Brasil*, 2021.

The poem written in Brazilian Portuguese became my sail. My arms and hands were finally able to rest. However, the journey continued, and I needed to improve my navigations skills. I knew that now I was chasing after E(X)U... or was I being chased by him.

Tempo como tudo	Time takes everything
ontem que virá	yesterday will come
No tempo que como	In the time that it takes
de noite o que será?	becoming what at night?

6. A PROCURA DA ENCRUZA (In search of crossroads)

My navigation approach changed. Jacumã took back its former role as a rudder, the wind became an ally instead of an enemy. My sail was not yet finished, but it propelled me forward. Now, I could pay closer attention to what was around me. I could see the horizon without worrying about whether I was paddling or rowing. I could breathe and look for a crossroads and the essence of its inhabitant, Exu.

As I sailed across the sea, my notion of a crossroads changed.

My first spiritual experience at a crossroads happened when I was a boy. I often played in the streets with the other children from the neighbourhood. My mother did not let me, nor my older siblings, stay outside after dark, but we did anyway. After playing with friends in the abandoned lot on my street, I walked home alone. The abandoned lot was not far, but sometimes distances are relative, especially when you are a kid. I could sense something or someone following me. When I got to the crossroads, I saw a shadow behind me. I could see its shape. It was definitely a human figure. Scared, I ran as fast I could. My heart pounded as I tried to explain to my mom what or whom I had just encountered. A few days later, my Mãe-de-Santo explained to me the relationship between crossroads and Exu, telling me that I should not be afraid. That was my first experience with the keeper of late hours. Thankfully, it was not my last. From that day on, I grew conscious of the hidden energies of crossroads.

I had never lived at a crossroads. The houses I lived in were always somewhere in the middle of the block. This changed when I arrived in Tkaronto. The house I live at with my family is, for the first time, at a crossroads. The home is located at an intersection between a major street and a small lane. It is not a crossroads coupled with crosswalks and signs, therefore hardly acknowledged. Every time I step outside, I ask for protection as I acknowledge Exu's presence and powers.

Crossroads are not just physical spaces where paths collide. As argued by Aberbal Moreira, an Ashogun in the candomblé tradition (A Boca Do Mundo - Exu No Candomblé, 2011), crossroads are where everything begins. It is the set where life is played.⁴⁴ Moreover, crossroads are not only where it all begins, but also where everything ends, renewed in different ways.

There is a common belief that crossroads are places of passage, where decisions must be made. Usually, there are four directions to choose from. But crossroads can also be final destinations, locations where different paths converge, creating new possibilities. Places to be inhabited. As Exu teaches, movement is everywhere, even when standing still at a crossroads. Perhaps mostly when standing still at a crossroads.

According to the Congolese cosmic philosophy, crossroads are represented by Dikenga, a mandala divided by a cross that introduces the mysteries of life, the universe, and time. The mandala is based on the four movements of the sun: sunrise, the noon peak of brightness, sunset, and midnight (when the sun shines in another world). If the circle represents the spiritual flow of life, the cross shows the encounter between what is visible and what is not, bringing together the world of the living and the world of the spirits.⁴⁵ The Congolese philosophy describes how the so-called “spiritual world” and “world of the living” are part of the same.

The cross is extensively used in Christianity, but for a completely different purpose. Worshiped as one of the most iconic Christian symbols, the cross was employed by European colonizers everywhere they set foot. Intended to be a sign of goodness and purity, it became a well-known symbol of “faithful” oppression in Brazil. Colonialism has used and continues to use the cross as its central shield of domination.⁴⁶ However, the Christian meaning upheld by the cross was eventually subverted and reinterpreted. The symbol became associated with the *encruzilhada*,

⁴⁴ Coster, A Boca do Mundo – Exu no Candomblé, 2009

⁴⁵ Simas, *Umbanda: uma história do Brasil*, 2021

⁴⁶ Simas & Rufino, *Fogo no mato: a ciência encantada das macumbas*, 2019

opening space for resistance. The alternative interpretation of the cross, and thus crossroads, proposed by Afro-Brazilians provided an alternative perception to life, space, and time. In Capoeira, *Bênção* is not a blessing given by the priest, but the name of a powerful strike. Applied with the sole of the foot, this strike is used to push opponents away. One of the most efficient counterstrikes to *Bênção* is called the Crucifix. Among other plays on words, Afro-Brazilian rituals have flipped and inverted Christian symbols and figures of speech.

There are more than just four paths at a crossroads. Quadrivium or the 4-direction notion is an ancient understanding based on a two-dimensional experience. Exu's name showed me something different and broader in my mind maps. By cutting the "X" and bending one of my mind maps, I was able to gain a more comprehensive understanding of why crossroads are not just flat surfaces/experiences. Crossroads are created through more perspectives. Beyond the four paths, there is a road above us. There is a road below us. The surface gains a three-dimensional perspective. Yet, there is also an inner road. Consequently, the experience goes beyond, perhaps reaching even a fourth dimension. As claimed by the babalorixá Pai Célio de Iemanjá, in the documentary "Exu além do bem e do mal", there are seven different paths at a crossroads. Four are visible, one is up, one is down, and the seventh is right inside us.⁴⁷ Crossroads are emblematic places in many cultures, places where spells are cast, and entities summoned. Mysterious places that can gather nocturnal deities and marginalized spirits.⁴⁸

As stated by Rodrigo Rodrigues dos Santos, Capoeira master, Candomblé Ogã, and musician, spiritual entities are the owner of crossroads. They can open or close any road.⁴⁹ Thus, the spiritual realm can be considered a fifth dimension, not necessarily a road, but an essence that connects all others.

⁴⁷ Bagetti, *Exu além do bem e do mal*, 2012.

⁴⁸ Cascudo, *Dicionário do folclore brasileiro*, 1999.

⁴⁹ As part of my thesis, I interviewed Rodrigo Rodrigues dos Santos, also known as Mestre Tiquinho, an expert on Capoeira, Candomblé, and Samba.

Exu's name is a crossroads. Exu lives at a crossroads, but at the same time, he is the crossroads itself. Without the "X", you find yourself in it, but without the "X" you are lost in it. Crossroads can form mysterious entanglements and summon you to find the "Eu" lost over time and space.

I found what I was looking for. What I was looking for had just found me. My search for a crossroads ended. Or yet, it had just begun.

The poem allowed me to go further and farther. My understanding about the Oriki was transformed and travelled beyond into deeper waters. When I began the translation of the poem, challenges with the English language presented themselves once again. My first attempt at a translation preserved most of the words from the Brazilian Portuguese version, but it was nonsense as meanings were lost over the page. Then, after coming back to it with the help of my partner, a new poem was created. Her relationship with the language is different than mine; she was born in Pindorama but also raised in Turtle Island when her mother emigrated to the north. She was responsible for teaching me English before coming here. Her ability to transit between languages and cultures was key to developing the poem in English.

My sail had just been improved.

Crossroads can be tricksters just as Exu. Sometimes they are hard to find. After I placed the poems side by side, crossroads became visible. My poems had been transformed into concrete poetry. They formed crossroads with different directions to follow. Moreover, when I changed the poems, turning them upside down, like a *Bananeira*⁵⁰, time and space were also subverted. The end became the beginning and vice versa. Every time I read it, there were new layers of meaning.

I kept moving/standing at a crossroads of time and space. I had explored the first four directions around me, and now, I needed to address other roads. The road above me gained depth with the bird that was killed by Exu. The bird transformed into different characters in my poem. It was able

⁵⁰ Form of handstand used in Capoeira.

to mutate, resurrect and travel through different time concepts. Its ability to fly allowed me to see things through new viewpoints.

Given its proximity to humans and our previous encounters, there was no other animal than the *Urubu* Preto that could make the connection I was looking for. *Urubus*, also called vultures, are underappreciated animals, often despised due to their appearance, opportunistic behaviour, and necro diet. As explained by the German-Brazilian ornithologist Helmut Sick, *Urubus pretos* are not directly related to the abutres of the Old World (Africa, Asia, and Europe). They belong to a different family named *Cathartidae* from the so-called New World (American continent). They are, however, all identified as scavengers, which is why they are often considered gatekeepers between life and death.⁵¹

Within Candomblé Iroko is the Orixá of time incorporated by a tree, also named as the world's first tree.⁵² Iroko is one of the oldest Orixás. He is the connection between time, life and ancestry. Vultures are considered the messengers of Iroko, hence, able to link different time sets and lifetimes.

Urubus frequently have visited me in my dreams. At first, I was unable to establish a profound connection with them. I interpreted their presence as a sign of illness, bad luck. But after my diasporic experience, I started to perceive them differently. I believe that this is how some of my ancestors introduced themselves to me. They came to remind me of their presence, even though I am not sure who they are. They came to remind me to remember them. They came to keep me alive and to ask me to do the same for them. As the African proverb says, “birds only have wings because their ancestors passed them down”⁵³. I am still unsure about their intentions, but hopefully in time I will be able to uncover different layers of meaning.

⁵¹ Sick, *Ornitologia Brasileira*, 1984.

⁵² Simas & Rufino, *Encantamento: sobre política de vida*, 2020.

⁵³ Simas & Rufino, *Encantamento: sobre política de vida*, 2020.

Urubus flew above and around me. My eyes focused on the skies, but had I forgotten the road beneath my feet? The ocean is a gigantic crossroads, a body of water that leads to multiple directions, dimensions, and multiverses.

Perhaps it was time to throw my *tauaçu* to sea.

No passado que virá	In the past that will become
eu fui hoje	today I left
No instante que morreu	At the time that has passed
eu vou ontem	I leave yesterday

7. TAUAÇU NO MAR (Tuaçu to Sea)

At that point, the wind stopped, and the ocean changed. Waves were no longer coming at me from different directions, and they were no longer splashing white water overboard. There was still a relentless swell coming from the depths. Shores were distant and no longer visible on the horizon. Darker tones announced that I had reached deeper waters. It was time to remain still at the crossroads.

Tuaçu is the name of the anchor used by *jangadeiros*. It is simple yet exceptionally efficient. Made by a large rock and secured by a rope braided with native plants, such as macambira or carrapixo. Its name originated from “Ituaçu”, an indigenous Tupi word.⁵⁴ I threw it into the water. It took time for it to reach the bottom. The rope faded into the depths below. Even though the visibility was good, I could not see how far it had dropped.

Observing the tuaçu, I realized how rocks are relevant to my work.

Recently, I had the chance to meet Dr. Rosi Waikhon, an indigenous Brazilian artist, poet, and scholar. Waikhon is doing her research about the grandmother of the world, a sacred rock formation located in Brazil, near the Colombian border. Her work is based on poetry and performance. With her, I have learned that rocks are more than just minerals to many indigenous peoples in Brazil, especially for the Tukano and the Pirá-tapuia. Rocks are alive and considered ancient ancestors to be respected and honoured. Rocks are all over the forest, and each one of them holds a specific story. They have marked the land since immemorial times. Guardians of old narratives, rocks hold the keys to different realms.

⁵⁴ Cascudo, *Dicionário do folclore brasileiro*, 1999.

As stated by the German philosopher and Professor Anselm Jappe, rocks are not inert. Rocks possess memory. They store not only heat, but stories told from different perspectives.⁵⁵ They are witnesses of time and may echo the voices of those who were oppressed throughout history.

I have few early memories about rocks. Perhaps the most vivid is related to a game I used to play in my neighbourhood, although I am not sure whether rock fight is considered a game. The common agreement was that only small rocks were allowed, but someone always got hurt. We used to play in an abandoned lot covered by tall grass and populated by urban fauna (mostly roaches, ants, beetles, *urubus* and rats). We breeched the walls that guarded the lot using my dad's sledgehammer. The lot was at a crossroads, by a cliff that we used to call, "The End of the World". One day I got hit by a rock that made my nose bleed for a long time. It left a scar. Was it one of Exu's rocks? Was it one of his tricks?

Exu threw a rock today to kill a bird yesterday. Exu uses a rock to cross timelines, subvert its rules and linear conceptions imposed by contemporary societies. Hence, a stone becomes essential technology to make his time travel possible. Just as the anchor I was using, the rock used by Exu is simple yet highly sophisticated.

In the 1996 film, *The Last Angel of History*, directed by John Akomfrah, the linear concept of time and the power of crossroads are presented through the lens of Black music and Afrofuturism. Akomfrah recollects Robert Johnson's story about how he sold his soul to the devil in exchange for the talent to play guitar. Akomfrah's version of this classic confronts the mainstream tale that suggests that Black music stems from an external evil source. According to the filmmaker, Blues, Funk, Jazz, Rap, resulted from sophisticated technology articulated by Blacks long before other cultures dared to think of it⁵⁶. To Akomfrah, Black Secret Technology is what makes time travels possible. Akomfrah's film made me realize that the stone used by Exu is not just simply a stone.

⁵⁵ Jappe, "Memory of Stones or If the Stones Could Speak", 2018.

⁵⁶ Akomfrah, *The Last Angel of History*, 1996.

Could the rock be a fossil of crossroads embedded with sophisticated technology? Could it hold a code for the future? The key to travel in time?

The rock that kills the bird is also part of the bird. Around 70% of all birds eat rocks to help their digestion. Once stones are in their gizzards, they form gastroliths that grind food. When the gastroliths start to smooth over time, birds spit the old rocks and swallow new ones as a replacement.⁵⁷ At the tide brought by tomorrow, the bird swallows the rock that is gone. It digests life, death, while speculating what day is to come.

Exu became a bird yesterday with a rock he ate now.

What will be when the bird becomes what it is not? Tossing it, Exu becomes the rock. The rock becomes the bird. The bird becomes time. It returns from time to time to find itself in time. Lamento em despacho swallowed by time. Tossing it, Exu turns the past into gravel planning how the future will condense it into dust.

7.1 A procura das Pedras Marcadas (In search of the Marked Stones)

Rocks are also relevant for *jangadeiros* because they mark the land. In fact, they mark the ocean. Usually, they remain underwater. Commonly called as Pedras Marcadas (Marked Stones), most of the time, they are identified by their fleeting shadows. They hold secrets to life. It is only around them that fish can be found in the middle of the ocean. Every elder knows about them, but each has their own sacred and secret rocks. Since Marked Stones are located in fluid environments, it is almost impossible to have land markings to find their position. The only way to locate them is through memory.⁵⁸

⁵⁷ Sick, *Ornitologia Brasileira*, 1984.

⁵⁸ Cascudo, *Jangada: uma pesquisa etnografica*, 1964.

Exu, who will speak of a memory without ever knowing what to remember? How would I find my own Marked Stones? There was no other option but to dive and seek for them.

Na memória que sobreviveu In the memory that remained
eu sou amanhã I am tomorrow

8. MERGULHO NO TEMPO E ESPAÇO (Dive into space and time)

When I tightened the loose cables on deck, the weather changed around me. Winter had arrived. Surface temperatures dropped abruptly, and strong winds threatened to blow my raft over. I lowered the sail, wrapped it around my body and before the cold made my hands useless, I took a deep breath and went over and down.

Quando comecei a mergulhar, me lembro o quanto era difícil ficar embaixo. Talvez fosse pelo medo de perder o medo de esquecer a respiração. Talvez fosse por pensar que podia dar por outra porta. Virar comida de peixe, quem sabe. Os ouvidos doíam. A cabeça parecia explodir com a pressão da água. O gosto de sal na boca dava mais sede. Quando perdia o chão de vista, ou por águas turvas ou por maior profundidade, o estômago remexia. Dava o que falar. Punha para fora o que nele havia. Descia já com o coração em ritmo acelerado. Temia que pudesse colocar a mão em toca errada. Afinal, caramurus verdes eram sempre companhia. Com o tempo, o sal entrou pelas orelhas. Correu no sangue de minhas veias. Despertava antes do Sol raiar e descia o morro para entrar na água o mais cedo que podia. Não importava o frio, com tanto que logo cedo minha sombra não fosse projetada e denunciasse minha chegada. Sonhava com o que não sabia. Talvez um dia me encontraria. Fossem águas claras ou turvas, insistia em habitar o oceano. As vezes por estúpida valentia. Por vezes cortei os pés e colecionei espinhos de ouriço nas mãos. Quanto mais descia, mais fôlego no peito. Nunca havia silêncio, sempre um continuum de vida que estavala em meus ouvidos. Com o tempo aprendi a abraçar as pedras. Permanecia por um longo tempo embaixo da água, e no desejo de conversar com os peixes, me tornava pedra também. Não respirava mais. Pedia para o coração diminuir, bater menos. Deixar para trás o que a ciência falava sobre estar vivo. Morria. Mas morria para me tornar outro eu. Cada vez que precisava subir à tona, o morto ficava embaixo ou será que o morto era o que emergia? Quando me deixava tornar pedra, mais tempo ficava, mais encontrava. Mais eu me encontrava.

When I first began diving, I remember how difficult it was to stay underwater. I was scared to not be scared to forget to breathe. Perhaps it was because I thought I would cross a door that would never let me back. I guess I was afraid to turn into fish food. My ears would hurt. My head felt like it would explode with the pressure. My lungs would scream for air. The taste of salt in my mouth made me thirsty. Seasick. My stomach turned whenever I lost sight of the ocean floor with cloudy waters or depths. I would spit up what was in my stomach. But I would still go down, with my heart beating fast. Afraid of sticking my hand in the wrong place. Green eels were always around. Due to my sheer stubbornness, the salt ended up going through my ears. Running through my veins. I would rise before the sun, race down the hills to jump in as early as possible. I did not mind the cold, as long as my shadow did not give me away. I dreamt about all the things I did not know. Perhaps to one day find myself. In clear or murky waters, I insisted on inhabiting the ocean. Sometimes I would cut my feet on sea urchins and collected spikes in my hands. The deeper the dive, the more air I would take. It was never silent; the continuum of life could always be heard. In time, I learned to embrace the stones. I would stay underwater, in hopes of speaking to the fish. I too became stone. I no longer breathed. I would ask my heart to slow down, to beat less, leaving behind what science says about being alive. I died. I died to become another me. Each time I would rise to the surface, the dead stayed below, or was it the dead that emerged? As I became stone, I stayed longer, giving myself time. Time to find myself.

At first, embracing stones was just as a strategy to remain still and avoid being dragged by underwater currents. Then, it changed. It turned into a way to find what was lost, or who was being lost, myself. Whenever I touched the rocks they came to life. Indeed, rocks are not just motionless mineral formations. They are more than cold bodies mercilessly washed by the tides. Rocks are alive; they change themselves and others over time. Rocks can turn their bodies into less rigid structures. *Itajara* is one of them. Considered to be one of the largest bony fish known to man, *Itajara*'s name comes from the Tupi language, meaning Lord of the Rocks (*Ita* means

rock, and *Jara* means Lord). I met an *Itajara* once, and it has since changed my perception about rocks and the ocean.

I looked down and followed the *tauaçu* rope. The visibility decreased with each stroke. When I hit the bottom, I could barely see my feet or my outstretched arms. There was only sand. No rocks in sight. I tried to move around, but the more I moved, the more oxygen I consumed, and less time remained. Why was I chasing rocks that I could not see? I realized that the marked stones were already inside of me. Once I realized that my search was not about something coming from outside myself, each E(X)U started to appear. Each character appeared as I understood that I was no longer just one, but multiples selves in different and sometimes equal time sets. I knew their names, but I did not know what they looked like.

Anzaldúa talks about how writers merge themselves into conscious and unconscious processes and, consequently, are possessed by their characters.⁵⁹ According to her, it is a two-way road. But I believe it is more than that. It is a crossroads with infinite creative possibilities. Characters possess us not only when writing, but when sculpting, playing instruments, drawing, and or performing. Once I internalized this notion, each Mask/entity began to possess me and arise. Firstly, in a dimension I could not fully understand. As I started to transpose on paper, each character materialized naturally. Each drawing left traces of the following character, or what could have been transformed in the previous one.

E(X)U showed himself primarily in two transformations: as shapeshifting *urubus* and as *Besouros* merged with my body. *Urubus* and vultures came from above with three different names: *Exurubu-Uburuxe*, *Uruxue* and *Urexubu*. *Besouros* came from under my skin and hid inside of my skull. They appeared in my dreams, emerging from my body or entering through my flesh. I believe they came to offer me protection, *corpo fechado. Faca de ponta não vai lhe furar*. *Exououro*, *Bexououro*,

⁵⁹ Anzaldúa & Keating, *Light in the dark = luz en lo oscuro: Rewriting identity, spirituality, reality*, 2015.

and Exururo were their names. Names came before I was able to acknowledge their bodies and shapes. As words have powers to enchant time, each character was a *macumba* casting a spell on me. They flew high and went deep inside of my bones.

The wall that separates humans from animals is thin. It is only conceptual, a shattered line meant to be broken. People can change into animals, as animals can change into humans. As Gregory Cajete states, there should be less distinction between human, animal, and spiritual realities.⁶⁰ There are hundreds of indigenous myths related to these transformations and unions. When humans are summoned into these unique relationships, knowledge is passed. “*Animals are human mentors*”, Cajete argues.⁶¹

Metamorphic stories are common in Brazil. The legendary *capoeirista Besouro Preto*, also known as *Besouro Mangangá*, or *Cordão de Ouro*, is another iconic example. Some say that *Besouro* did not die, but that he became an insect that lives on, despite his brutal and unjust murder. *Besouro* is a character deeply respected within the universe of Capoeira and Afro-Brazilian culture. Many believe that there is a profound connection between *Besouro* and Exu. It is said that *Besouro* was blessed by Exu and gifted with the powers of the crossroads.⁶²

As I held my breath at the bottom of the ocean, different animal entities surrounded me, and each character presented themselves. Born at a crossroads of sketches, words, *Besouros*, *urubus*,

⁶⁰ Cajete, *Native science: Natural laws of interdependence*, 2000.

⁶¹ Ancient stories about unusual marriages and mutations with animals are found across the world. In Brazil, there are many. The Indigenous story about *Boto* has become folkloric. *Boto* is an entity able to shapeshift between a man and a river dolphin. He is a handsome man who goes into villages at night to seduce women. During the day, he returns to the river to his animal form. The author and mythologist Clyde W. Ford, argues that within the Bantu mythology, there is an incredible story of hero, Lituolone, that also speaks to human to animal transformation. Despite his incessant effort to prove his loyalty and save humankind from the monster Kammapa, the hero is considered an enemy by men. He eventually surrenders to the fury of humans. When Lituolone is thrown into the fire to die, his heart escapes and transforms into a hummingbird.

⁶² As part of my thesis, I interviewed Rodrigo Rodrigues dos Santos, also known as Mestre Tiquinho, an expert on Capoeira, Candomblé, and Samba.

sounds, Masks, dreams, performances, and videos, my creative process was not linear, it emerged from a chaotic way of thinking/seeing.

Exu is closely connected to Chaos Theory explored and argued by the Tewa author and professor Gregory Cajete in his book *Native Science*.⁶³ The Orixá embodies an ever-changing way of being; to him, movement is the only constant just as in a chaotic system. There is no right way to start or wrong way to end. In fact, there is no pre-defined starting or ending point. In this sense, I tried to create my Masks where the principles of chaos are embedded and accepted.

8.1 Mesmo corpo, cabeças diferentes (Single body, different heads)

The characters began to appear through their Masks, and I initially had trouble envisioning their outfits. At first, I thought about constructing costumes out of cardboard, or other recyclable material I could find on the street. I gathered pieces, made numerous sketches, but none seemed to represent what I wanted. At a certain point, I considered performing with my body mostly uncovered. However, given the extremely low temperatures, it was impossible to perform outdoors in public spaces. After long hours of contemplation and experimentation, I realized that making a costume for each character would not make sense. I concluded that the Masks could lose their relationship with each other, and consequently, and their capability in creating multiple versions of myself.

Furthermore, I wanted to bring the concept of movement through the possibility of change and contrast between Exu's "heads". I was striving for movement and the *exusíaca* ability to deceive what the eye sees. If Exu wears a red hat to one side, those looking from the other side see black. Exu's games and stunts could not be absent. If I am wearing shoes, I am barefoot.

My choice of attire is also inspired by Capoeira. At the end of the 19th century, Capoeira became prohibited by law across the country. In Rio de Janeiro, where the highest concentration of

⁶³ Cajete, *Native science: Natural laws of interdependence*, 2000.

capoeiristas could be found, groups were recruited by politicians and businessmen for their brute power to eliminate the competition.⁶⁴ Capoeiristas typically wore formal clothing as disguises and identified as *malandros* (rogues).

I also wanted to wear clothing that supported the intimate relationship between Exu and men. A distinguished but not entirely unique outfit, something that an ordinary person who walks the streets and travels by subway could wear. The Masks stood out, so the clothing had to be subtle, something that would give me the possibility to blend myself among the people of the city, almost a disguise.

8.2 Tecnologias de captura da vida em movimento (Motion-life capture technologies)

Knowing that I wanted to create videos of my performances, and that editing would be a big part of the composition, I decided on two technologies that would get me to the images and flow I wanted.

The first technology I used was a 360 camera. From the moment I learned that Exu's name comes from the word sphere in the Yoruba language,⁶⁵ I knew that I would have to incorporate spherical captions and images in my work. The spherical lens of the 360 camera brings motion in a blatant way, especially when recording Capoeira movements. I was interested in possible angular distortions that could add different perspectives. I wanted to create a way to question and confront linear time through an angular distortion where beginning and end would be transformed. Also, the 360-camera allowed me to record my performances by myself, which facilitated my intention to blend among others.

⁶⁴ Líbano, *A capoeira escrava e outras Tradições rebeldes no Rio de Janeiro, 1808-1850*, 2008.

⁶⁵ As explained by the babalorixá Pai Célio de Iemanjá in the documentary "Exu - Além do Bem e do Mal" from 2020.

The second technology is volumetric video. I was interested in creating images that could transpose bodies to other dimensions. I wanted to create symbolic images generated by the meeting of several paths. I wanted crossroads. Volumetric videos can capture images in three dimensions. The construction process can generate moving point clouds, producing images that resemble different matter, one that can disappear and turn into smoke with any movement.

9. MÁSCARAS (Masks)

Today, most countries around the world rely on masks as a means of mass survival, perhaps as the only currently democratized means of protection. Unable to see each other's faces and expressions, we hide behind shields to protect ourselves from an invisible enemy. However, Brazilian social and political context is far more complex. The current government is driven by a necro-politic project that ignores the presence and risks of the Covid-19 virus, and any environmental concern over the Brazilian environment. Under ultra-right-wing rule, the pandemic has killed more 600 hundred thousand Brazilians (thus far) and has cut down the Amazonian forest more than ever before. Recent studies show that the Covid numbers are much higher in Indigenous communities, quilombos (Afro-Brazilian settlements), and favelas.^{66 67 68}

Masks have always amazed me, and now more than ever. A simplistic point of view considers Masks mere face coverings, for different purposes, or at best, decorative objects displayed in museums and art galleries. However, masks have profound meanings across the world. Masks can be used to ward off enemies and evil spirits. They can be the link between the living and the dead, summoning ancestors, and inspiring cyclical renovation. Masks are not always meant to be worn. Some are made to be carried, positioned, or hung to summon spirits of nature, facilitate spiritual possession, or many other rituals within mythical traditions.⁶⁹ As argued by Laikwan Pang in his article about the Hong Kong protests of 2019, masks can be enchanted and reflect the rebellious political power derived by the action of its users.⁷⁰

The Zapatista Liberation Army in Mexico used masks as political instruments of resistance from oppression faced by the Indigenous peoples of Chiapas. Subcomandante Marcos and his

⁶⁶ Quilombosemcovid19, "Covid-19 Observatory in Quilombos", 2022.

⁶⁷ APIB, "Indigenous Emergency: Action Plan against Covid-19 Pandemic in Brazil", 2022.

⁶⁸ Sampaio, "Meio milhão de mortes por Covid carrega marca da desigualdade do Brasil", 2021.

⁶⁹ Kecskési & Vajda, *African Masks: The Barbier-Mueller Collection*, 2010.

⁷⁰ Pang, *Mask as identity? The political subject in the 2019 Hong Kong's social unrest*, 2019.

followers used masks, not only to protect their identity, but also as part of the guerrilla theatre that captivated many Mask-wearing followers.⁷¹ I do not intent to compare or reduce the Zapatista insurgence movement to performative art, but rather to highlight the strength of Masks as rebellious instruments and power to unmask power itself.

Recently, the president, Jair Bolsonaro has declared war against masks, alleging that they are harmful and a symbol of “oppression”. The simple gesture to wear a Mask in Brazil, as prescribed by Covid-19 health protocols, demonstrate opposition to President Bolsonaro and his necro-political project. This resistance, deeply rooted in Brazilian society and history, is infuriated under Masks, but also petrified under gravestones, and millions of unmarked graves.

It was through sketches on paper that heads and bodies began to emerge. At first, I have tried to follow them precisely as they were when sculpting. I often got stuck on an idea that had not crossed other dimensions. It took some time to realize that my creative process could be different. It was unnecessary to stick so closely to the original sketches; the Masks gained life as I modelled them. The Masks were talking to me. They asked for other shapes, for different volumes than I imagined when they were first sketched to life.

I have used strips of cardboard and hot glue to create each Mask. It is not by chance that I have chosen cardboard as my main material. The decision makes part of a political and spiritual statement/belief. Once cardboard is used by industry and people as its predestined function to wrap, secure, and carry different kind of things, rapidly it becomes garbage. Thrown in the streets along with all kinds of trash, it is considered by many as an unworthy material. Due to Exu’s relationship with the streets and crossroads, there was not any other material that would make sense to create my characters. Transformed into something completely different from its origins, and gaining life when incorporated, cardboard assumes a resistance essence. Resistance against

⁷¹ Neustadt, “(Ef)Facing the Face of Nationalism: Wrestling Masks in Chicano and Mexican Performance Art”, 2001.

its destiny to become garbage. Resistance to go to oblivion. Resistance when it leaves its marginalized condition to become visible.

The building process of the pieces was additive, unlike other forms of sculpting in which the artist reveals what is underneath. With each layer added in slow succession, characters began to emerge. Sometimes I cut out entire structures to start over again. My sculpting process was somewhat inspired by how birds make their nests. Each E (X) U emerged in my hands from a handful of cardboard pieces collected on the street. The process also made me think about the *balaïos* that are traditionally used by rafters. *Balaïos* are baskets cautiously braided from vines. They are used to store whatever is caught during and after each journey on the ocean.

My Masks were made to capture me at different times. My Masks captured other-selves. Were my Masks made to capture or to set my selves free?

9.1 Entidades ao redor e dentro de mim (Entities around and inside me)

During my time at the bottom of the ocean, six different characters appeared. Each was given a Mask, a vehicle of embodiment and manifestation, as well as a name. Below is a reflection on their characteristics, peculiarities, and creation processes.

Bexouro

When I sculpted Bexouro, I wanted to incorporate human features with the character. Therefore, Bexouro is the only one among the *exus-Besouros-eus* with ears and eyelids. The insect-like features begin at the nose and become more prominent at the top. The jawbones show the beetle fusion above the head. The ends of the jaws cross each other, forming an "X", a crossroad between man and beetle. Crossroads also emerged between red and black, a colour palette traditionally attributed to Exu in the Candomblé and Umbanda religions.

Figure 2

Bexouro Mask



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Bexouro was the first to be embodied and performed.

I went to a park, one that had captured my attention since my arrival in Tkaronto. Located a block north of Bloor and Markham, it has very few trees and plants. Flat and covered with grass, it is not an attractive place. However, there is a concrete area in the centre with a labyrinth of white painted circles. Enclosed by short concrete blocks, the series of rings seem to grow exponentially. The design looks like a mandala, but some circles have straight lines that break the symmetry.

It was difficult to see with Bexouro on my head. I made small orifices so I could see, minimally. Little by little, I learned to see in a different way. I started to rely more on what I heard to keep me in balance.

At that point, it was important to ritualize my work. I could not embody a character without opening the *roda*, or was it the *gira*?⁷³ I moved counter clockwise to enchant my body, and soon I became

⁷² There is also a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

⁷³ *Gira* is a term used in Candomblé and Umbanda to refer collective rituals performed systematically to honour the orixás and other entities.

one with the Mask. I moved from right to left because to confront the unidirectionality of the clock. Through this action, I wanted to transform who I was, who I am, or who I could be. Counter-clockwise movements are used in Capoeira whenever someone wants to walk around the world, *dar volta ao mundo*, to break rhythm, catch their breath, shake their opponent, or all the above. In Candomblé and Umbanda, counter clockwise movements are also used for enchantment purposes.

The ground was covered with ice, making it hard to move. I spun slowly and initially tried to set my pace by counting my steps. After a few seconds, the numbers lost meaning as I fell into a trance. I entered a whirlwind, as I began to intone the *congo de ouro* rhythm.⁷⁴ With each spin, my body became intoxicated and wanted more. Each time I took my feet off the ground, I thought I would fall, but my own loss of balance made me spin faster. This went on for more than five minutes, which I only realized after editing the recorded video. My uneven hips also helped me not to fall. As the rafters themselves, I kept swinging my body to find balance, waiting for endless waves or unexpected Capoeira strikes.

On this day of *roda-giras*, Bexouro played Berimbau on the streets.

The Berimbau is an African instrument that became popular in Brazil, especially within Capoeira tradition. It is a simple instrument with highly sophisticated technology.⁷⁵ The Berimbau was chosen because it embodies the crossroads. The instrument comprises a wooden and wire bow pointing in opposite directions, anchored by the body of whoever is playing it. While the Berimbau is secured on the torso with one hand, the other strikes the wire with a drumstick, rhythmically. The sound then reverberates through the *cabaça*,⁷⁶ a point of intersection between different directions and lines. The sound is perceived not only by the ears but by the navel, a vital energetic

⁷⁴ As explained by Mestre Tiquinho, the *congo de ouro* rhythm is often played in *giras* as in Maculelê circles, an Afro-Brazilian dance often practiced by capoeiristas. There are also several Exu songs that are sang using *congo de ouro*.

⁷⁵ Ensaio TV Cultura, ENSAIO | Nana Vasconcelos, 2016.

⁷⁶ *Cabaça* is a hard-shell gourd species used for the Berimbau acoustic box.

portion of our body. The Berimbau crossroads is created by the fusion between the player's body and the instrument. Finally, a stone enters the mix, as a necessary component, used to rub the wire and reach different notes.

Bexouro toca berimbau para escutar ontem o ritmo que fez agora. Bexouro plays Berimbau and listens yesterday to the rhythm he made now.

A meia noite se equilibra por um fio de arame entre o que foi e o que está por vir. At midnight stands on a wire between what was and what is to come.

Extrai o som do instante que ecoa outrora. Extracting the sound of the instant that echoes at another time.
Pela madrugada toca berimbau pelo amanhã que foi embora. Through dawn, playing the berimbau for the tomorrow that is gone.

For my second performance, I went on the laneway beside my house. There is a two-story residential building with raw stone walls. This building has a strange black and red door that seems to not have been used for passage in a long time. The door is made of thick steel, with a thin glass window on top, over which two birds sit inside. Two dead birds. Stuffed. Whenever I walk my dogs at night, I see them.

Os dois estão de frente um para o outro,

esperando talvez por uma pedra ou um beijo para que a vida dê lugar à morte já tanto vivida.

Talvez eles não sejam tão diferentes um do outro, quem sabe são o mesmo.

O mesmo pássaro de tempos diferentes que se encontram presos no presente momento.

The birds face each other,

Maybe they are not so different, they may be the same.

waiting for a rock, or perhaps a kiss, so life can give way for the long-lived death.

The same birds from different times, found stuck in the present moment.

The frosty winter breezes had given way to milder temperatures, allowing me to stay outside for longer. However, strong winds made it difficult to capture sounds. Again, the Mask discarded my vision, making it an unnecessary sense for my performance.

It was almost 6pm, and the day was still bright. I felt like I needed to connect to the founding roots, so I played the Capoeira rhythm *toque de Angola*.⁷⁷ Soon after, I let myself loose and started to play variations. The wind was so strong that it blew the Berimbau sideways, making it hard for me to hold on to it. I came back a few days later during the night, the dawn also interested me. The streets were emptier, fewer cars circulating. I played the Berimbau differently. This time, I did not feel a need to begin with the *toque de Angola*, I was free to improvise much more.

I used the 360 camera to record my performances and was surprised by the unexpected results. By editing the camera's point of view, I created new crossroads. The dead bird(s) on the door became the crossing point, the point at which Bexouro enchants, and is enchanted. The spherical lens and the movement caused by the wind also brought distortions to the Berimbau's movement. The bow's straight line was now bent, breaking linearity. The Berimbau became a weapon against time. The Berimbau armed against time.

Bexouro plays the Berimbau to confront linear time.

⁷⁷ The *toque de Angola* is one of the most traditional rhythms in Capoeira and it is often played to open a circle. The rhythm calls for a ritualistic game that uses ground movements and expressive gestures.

I submerged into editing. I distorted sounds, inverted times, and superimposed different passages. Night and day met. *Repiques* and improvisations were transformed.

Exouuro

When I sketched Exouuro's first draft, I tried to reveal what lies beneath skin and muscle. At that time, bones were relevant for this Mask. I wanted to create a character with a cadaverous appearance, someone who was already dead, or a depiction of the transition between life and death. However, as I modeled, my idea changed. I reached a turning point, at which I realized that the crossroads should be present in each Mask.

During this particular creation process, I often paused, left it alone, and went to sleep to see if anything would come to me in dreams.

In time, his eyes and nose changed. Exouuro and Bexouro share similar characteristics, as both have beetle-like jaws and spines. They also have more human-like characteristics on their faces and insect-like features on the top of their heads. However, Exouuro's crossroads are at his eyes. *Olhos-de-encruza*. At a longitudinal tear, each pair of eyes becomes one. Together, insect and man can see beyond. Cross-sphere eyes.

Exouuro's mouth took long to materialize, as I struggled to model and reshape it several times. Each time, the mouth took a new shape. I was not necessarily dissatisfied, but the previous mouths were unsuccessful at animating the character. Exouuro looked lifeless. Frustrated after many attempts, I considered leaving Exouuro mouthless. I could not. *Escutei suas preces e, por vezes, reclamações de ser o único sem boca. Depois de tanto ouvir, ela se fez. A boca ganhou vida. Estava aberta. Lançava baforadas ao ar. Se fez torta pronta para mastigar o tempo* (I heard your prayers, about being the only mouthless one. After countless appeals, it came to being. The mouth came to life. It was opened. It breathed. Crooked, ready to chew time).

Figure 3

Exouuro Mask



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How would Exouuro be embodied? I eventually realized that this character came to protect me. To bestow upon me the *corpo fechado*, a spell created to protect one's body from unwanted energies. All my characters possessed this power in some way, but Exouuro was very blatant about it. *Faca de ponta não vai me furar. Faca de ponta não vai lhe furar* (No sharp knife will stab me, no sharp knife will stab me). Fate's irony, *Besouro Mangangá* was stabbed by a *tucum* blade, an enchanted palm tree that breaks the *corpo fechado*.⁷⁹ *Larolé*.

Crossroads and Exu's tricks are common in Capoeira circles.⁸⁰ Many may be oblivious to this, but Exu is present at all times. Whenever someone *gingas* or makes the cross sign in a circle, they are reverencing Exu, even if unintentionally. The cross is a symbol used by many capoeiristas in diverse ways. Traditionally, Exu is summoned before the game begins by *armando o laço*

⁷⁸ There is also a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

⁷⁹ Abib, *Memórias do recôncavo: Besouro e Outros Capoeiras*, 2008.

⁸⁰ Merrel, *Capoeira and Candomblé: Conformity and Resistance through Afro-Brazilian*, 2005.

(“closing the loop”, a movement called by one player, and if executed incorrectly by the respondent, can result in repercussion), this is also known as the *chamada* in an Angola game. Capoeira is a ceremonial practice, full of contradiction and hidden meanings. It alternates the hands from the feet and the feet from hands.

In Capoeira, what is said is often not what is meant.

Capoeira is an *exusíaca* practice, as claimed by Simas and Rufino.⁸¹ In this ritualistic pluriverse, the most important thing is the deceitfulness contained in each *mandinga* performed by the body. It is by denying that one affirms. Therefore, some capoeiristas may use the cross as an allusion to a Catholic form of blessing, but it can also slip into amalgamated religious practices. One should be aware of one-sided interpretations. To the unwary, the cross is closed in on a single bias, but it holds *mandingas* beyond what the eye can see. The cross is a sign that precedes what the Church adopted, or better, appropriated. Among African and Afro-Brazilian cultures, the symbol can be a reference to Exu and to the Dikenga crossroads principle.

Before I play in a Capoeira circle, I kneel at the *boca de roda*⁸² to ask for permission. I ask permission to the Berimbau, and with its blessing, I protect myself by signaling a cross, an *encruza* sign. *Encruza de Exu*. Exouuro performs a cross. Enchanting the body with protection. Exouuro uses candles to enchant space, time, and bodies.

Kneeling at a *boca de roda*, I created crossroads with the movement of my hand. Then, I made broader, more fluid movements that reflect the *chamadas* used in the Angola game. The stone enchanted my body and transformed it in the relationship with time. Its weight made me perceive my hand movements differently, heavier, and slower than usual.

⁸¹ Simas & Rufino, *Fogo no Mato: A Ciência encantada das macumbas*, 2019.

⁸² *Boca de roda* is a place where the *capoeiristas* must stand and kneel before they begin to play.

I continued to explore the relationship between black and red, but also yellow and orange, for the colouring of this Mask. The brighter colours were used around the eyes to highlight the black and red inside the cross-eyes. I chose yellow and orange because of my dream. The dream I had about yellow and orange beetles that invaded my house and broke my skin to get into my bones.

I recorded my performances using volumetric video capturing.

<i>Em nome da pedra, do urubu, do</i>	In the name of the stone, the vulture, the
<i>Besouro e de Exu,</i>	beetle, and Exu,
<i>me cruzo na encruza para fechar meu</i>	I cross myself at the crossroads to protect my
<i>corpo.</i>	body.

Exururo

This character may have been the first *exu-Besouro-eu* created. At this point, I cannot remember the order in which each came to life. I truly find myself at a crossroads of time and space. However, as characters are born only when embodied, soon Exururo was the first to appear.

The head has a similar structure with beetle characteristics on top, and a human face. However, jaws make room for a raw cardboard area covered by dry chalk strokes. An opening mouth shows a hungry beetle ready to swallow the human and then spit it out as part of its new identity. The presence of typical insect antennae and spiny protuberances are also striking. The intersection of this Mask comes through lateral spines that cross horizontally, making room for an imaginary intersection in the middle of the skull.

Exururo has four eyes. One pair connects the insect on the top, while the other eyes are on the face. Those were created oppositely, first human-like features came and then sculpted in

spherical shape. Exururo is the character that has the best field of vision but the one with the most restricted movements when performing. Exururo does not withstand agile movements; the mould is bigger and can spin or even fall at the slightest slip.

Exururo manifests in doorways. Guardian of the passage, bringing an *encruza* where it stands. Exururo opens paths and asks for recognition to allow travellers to continue their journeys.

The performance was made on several doors around the city, covering various formats. I recorded each performance with the 360 camera. At each door, I stood and rotated the camera 180 degrees counter clockwise. In the editing process, I placed the images together, giving an enchanted spin. Later, I also changed the speed at which each door appears, transforming time into an atemporal experience.

Figure 4

Exururo Mask



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*Se a porta de hoje se fecha, Exururo abre
ela ontem para sair amanhã.*

If today's door closes, Exururo opens it
yesterday and leaves tomorrow.

⁸³ There is also a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

Exurubu-Uburuxe

Exurubu-Uburuxe has two faces, one faces forward and the other backwards. One is predominantly red, and the other is black. The colours represent the diasporic relationship of the Brazilian Black Vulture and the vulture commonly found in the northern hemisphere.

The Mask is meant to be symmetrical. As I added layers of cardboard on one side, and repeated the exact process on the other. Both faces have distinct human features in the eyes, nose, and mouth. The remainder is all *urubus* and vultures. Ears are present and shared between faces. A claw on each side holds a small rock, a piece of gravel found in my backyard. Gravel that was probably eaten, digested, and discarded by my dog Batuque. Perhaps, in his attempt to travel in time? Maybe to become something else? A bird in the past? Or something else in the future?

*Será que as pedras já foram lançadas,
engolidas e digeridas?*

Have the rocks been thrown, swallowed,
and digested?

*Ou será que estão prestes a serem? Pode
ser que estejam paradas no tempo?*

Or are they about to be? Could they be
frozen in time?

*Inertes pelas garras de Exurubu-Uburuxe a
espera da mandinga que quebre a linha do
tempo?*

Held still by the claws of *Exurubu-Uburuxe*
waiting for a *mandiga* to break the timeline?

The Mask changed significantly throughout the creation process. The initial form had distinct faces and one claw on top of the head. As I rushed to sculpt, the faces clashed, they lacked harmony. At one point, I tried to create feathers in attempts to smoothen the transition, but the feathers looked like hair. I tried to accept it and was about to perform in the subway, but realized the claw

was too tall for the train. Finally, I decided to dismantle the entire Mask, keeping only the main structure.

I knew crossroads were missing. Without it, the character would be left incomplete. Soon, crossroads appeared on each face. On each forehead, I included another eye-ear that pertain to a third face viewed from above the top of the Mask. The top also marks the third crossroads, visible only from above.

Figure 5

Exurubu-Uburuxe Mask



Figure 6

Exurubu-Uburuxe Mask



Exurubu-Uburuxe is a palindrome, a name that can be read and pronounced in both directions. The word itself plays with time, showing the irrelevance of past, present, and future.

Exurubu-Uburuxe walks the city in opposition to time. He walks forward while others move backwards. Walking backwards, he questions what is ahead. Moving, he demonstrates that the passage of time is illusory.

To embody the character, I wore my clothes backwards.

I performed at two different crossroads. One where two of the city's large and busy streets meet. The other where train tracks intersect with another busy road. I performed down the same routes during the day and at night.

I also took Exurubu-Uburuxe, Exurubu-Uburuxe took me, for a walk in the subway. On a day with milder temperatures, we went there during the night. Before getting on the train, we walked up and down the escalators, against the imposed flow. Similarly, in the train, we walked in the opposite direction it was going. I tried to capture images of where the tracks turn, allowing perceptions of directions to be altered.

I edited the film from a perspective that made objects converge into a spherical shape, as the character moved towards it. I reversed and altered the film's speed. Again, I overlapped and contrasted different layers to provoke a sense of estrangement to those watching.

Uruxue

The creation process for this character also encountered significant transformations in the most expressive areas of the face. The first attempt suffered significant changes.

Uruxue's oval-shaped eyes are uniquely projected outwards, facing diagonally outwards. The upper eye cavities create descending lines that meet the mouth's facial expression lines from below, forming the most subtle of all crossroads. The nose is also peculiar and bony, without

cartilage or skin around the nostrils — a sign of a character who already inhabits another world. Perhaps Uruxue has just made a passage or is ready to return through the door he exited. Ears carry human attributes, as does his well-outlined lips on his small mouth.

Uruxue's colour palettes follow the same direction as the others, alternating between red and black. The beak of the character, which is opened, ready to swallow, and then regurgitate itself, was painted black to represent the strength of the Black Vulture. The colour black also demonstrates decolonization and resistance, since the Black Vulture brings the South above the North. Inside the beak, the colour red is present, as a reference to the red-headed vulture commonly found in the Northern Hemisphere, but also to give a more realistic appearance.

Uruxue's performance is also marked by walking. Unlike the others, Uruxue moves like his animal essence. An in-between spirit that wanders in search of crossroads surrounded by fierce winds.

Figure 7

Uruxue Mask



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⁸⁴ There is also a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

For this performance, I studied the way vultures move. I was mesmerized by the way their knees bend in the opposite direction to the human knee. Using the 360 camera, I went to the laneway behind my house and attempted to move like the Uruxue wanted me to move. It was not easy, but through editing, I was able to play with the images that suggested different mobilities. By cutting and overlapping images, I created a new body for Uruxue. I repeated a similar process using volumetric image capturing. My objective with both these technologies was to mimic an unattainable movement within the limitation of the human anatomy.

Urexubu

This character was born with a desire for motion. *Ânsia de plantar Bananeira*. Yearning to see things upside down. To invert senses and transform to those who looked. Who is above and who is below? They are in both directions.

The eyes are shared. The noses have a single base, but stem to opposite sides, with distinct nostrils. There are two mouths. Each is open, casting silent voices into the world. Eyes open to at a central line where vulture beaks emerge, each to one side, instead of ears. One beak is red and the other is black. The ink was sprayed on with a mouth atomizer. It was how I literally incorporated my breathe into the creation process. The crossroads are found at the intersection of an imaginary vertical line and an imaginary horizontal line formed by the eyes and beaks.

Urexubu veio para gingar.

Urexubu came to play capoeira with me and set time in motion, so I could confront it.

How would I play capoeira with myself?

At first, I thought about enacting a planned game of questions and answers. But this would have gone against my intentions. To incorporate Urexubu, I needed to feel what the Mask was telling me to do, without anticipating any movements.

I took Urexubu to the same park and played the music Bexouro composed. I struggled a lot in the beginning. The eye openings were small, making it incredibly difficult to move close to the ground, let alone stand upside down. My body felt heavy. Gradually, we began to rely less on vision, again. We moved close to the ground to escape dangerous strikes that would come from above. We got lost in our senses. So, we began to focus more on the *ginga* and wondered how we would escape our other selves. *Se meu eu velho também virava futuro eu, como escapar sem pedir uma volta ao mundo?* If my old self also became my future self, how could I run without asking for *a volta ao mundo?*

As I began editing the 360 videos, I quickly understood that the game of time would not be against me, but with me. Inspired by Urexubu's craving for an upside down world, I inverted the game's time, selected a spherical non-linear angular field, and superimposed the game I played with my(our)selves. Past, present, and future blended into a single image. *A rasteira que veio depois já sabe que ontem também foi rabo-de-arraia.* The *rasteira* that later came, knew that yesterday it was a *rabo-de-arraia*.

Figure 8

Urexubu Mask



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⁸⁵ There is also a short video of the Mask in the Appendix section based on a 3D representation created using photogrammetry.

No destino que sofreu	In the destiny that succumbed
eu volto hoje	I return today
porque ontem	because yesterday
não sou mais eu	is no longer when I am
Eu perco o presente	I miss the present
com o segundo que morreu	in the second that has passed
Tudo com o tempo	Everything with time
tem tempo	has time
Nada sem tempo	Nothing without time
Lamento	Regret

10. DAR DE VELA (I trust that the tides will bring me back)

Já era hora de regressar das profundezas e dar de vela. Precisava recuperar meu fôlego na superfície. Seguindo a corda de meu tauaçu, subi lentamente enquanto me despedia do fundo do mar. Apesar de carregar comigo as pedras marcadas, me sentia mais leve. As pedras estavam dentro de mim talvez como fazem os pássaros. Incorporadas, percebi que a cada vez que as uso para quebrar a linha retilínea do tempo, sou capaz de viajar por diferentes temporalidades. Com o uso de pedras-palavras, busco enfeitiçar quem sou, fui e posso ser. Com elas, procuro reconhecer camadas de experiências através do tempo que se entrelaçam tornando-se uma só. Procuro também adquirir consciência de que mesmo a partir de uma única experiência, diferentes possibilidades de existir podem ser alcançadas. Será que a cada vez que lanço, engulo ou mesmo apenas sinto uma das pedras, invento novas memórias? Ou seriam novas velhas memórias? Exu, quem pode falar sobre uma memória sem sequer saber o que e quando se lembrar? Talvez não seja a memória que sobreviveu que me faz tornar eu amanhã, mas a memória que surgirá ontem sobre diversos amanhãs. Enquanto regresso, não consigo parar de me perguntar sobre como se faz uma memória. Ou melhor, como memórias tornam-se vivas ou são apagadas. Ou será que podem realmente serem apagadas? Pergunto com meu corpo inteiro buscando por novas gingas e mandingas para resistir ao que é imposto como única verdade.

It was time to surface from the depths of the seas, and *dar de vela*. I needed to reclaim my breath. Slowly, I followed the tauaçu rope up and said my goodbyes. Even though I carried marked stones, I felt lighter. I brought the rocks inside me, just like the birds. I learned how to use stones to break the timelines, and travel between them. With these stone-words, I try to enchant who I am, who I was, and who I could be. With them, I try to recognize the layers of experiences that I accumulated with time but become entangled into one. I also try to understand that one experience can yield several different possibilities. Do I create a new memory merely from throwing, swallowing, or even feeling a rock? Or do I generate new old memories? Exu, how can

one speak of a memory without knowing what or when it represents? Maybe it is not the surviving memory that determines who I will become tomorrow, but rather the memory that is sparked yesterday about possible tomorrows. As I return to the surface, all I can think about is the trivial genesis of memories. Or actually, how are memories brought to life, or killed altogether? I pose these questions with my entire body, searching for new gingas and mandingas to resist all that is imposed through one single truth.

Conforme me aproximava da fronteira entre mundos, percebia que já não estava mais sozinho. Flutuava para a superfície mais rápido com a ajuda de tantos outros eus que estavam ao meu redor. Os personagens só ganharam vida por causa da encruzilhada que continuo me encontrando e desencontrando. Encruzilhada entre o dito real e os sonhos. Encruzilhada que me põe diante de Exu. Por vezes confesso que ao habitar esse espaço e tempo, sinto medo de dar um passo adiante. Mas as pedras no bolso, me falam novamente sobre os poderes de Exu. As pedras procuram me relembrar o quanto as regras para um mundo baseado em certezas universais e convicções que nos mantem na fila do supermercado precisam ser postas em dúvida. O pastor não se importa com o cachorro, muito menos com a cárie que corrói o dente de “seus” filhos. Contanto que tenha a passagem na classe de mais conforto e uma barra de ouro no bolso “naro”, danem-se aqueles que andam descalços e perambulam nas ruas, caatingas, matas, lixões e mangues a procura da próxima marmita. Vejo o quanto as pedras lançadas no tempo e as mandingas praticadas por Exu são importantes para resistir e enfrentar o status quo vigente e inventar novas possibilidades de existir. Existir e não apenas sobreviver. Existir enquanto seres encantados. Não sei se meu trabalho foi ou será capaz de encantar outros para questionarem a si mesmos. Também não sei se fui ou serei capaz de provocar outros a questionarem a concepção de um tempo linear que nos aprisiona, espero apenas que talvez um dia algo venha à tona.

As I approached the border between worlds, I noticed that I was no longer alone. Other selves floated with and around me, helping my body rise faster to the surface. The characters only gained life because of the *encruzilhada*. The *encruzilhada* at which I continuously find and un-find myself. The *encruzilhada* between dreams and what is believed to be real. The *encruzilhada* that places me before Exu. When I find myself there, I am often paralyzed, afraid to take a step ahead, but rocks in my pocket remind me of the powers of Exu. The rocks remind me of my duty to question a world based on universal truths and convictions. These convictions keep us in line, silent, believing our turn is next. The preacher could not care less about the dog, or the cavities that corrode your children's' teeth. As long as he has the first class ticket at hand and gold in his *bolso"naro"*, he remains oblivious to the barefoot scavengers and vagabonds that wander the streets, *caatingas*, forests, landfills, and mangroves hoping to find their next meal. I now understand that much like Exu's *mandingas*, the rocks flung against time are critical in challenging the status quo and offering new possibilities for existence. Exist and not simply survive. Exist as enchanted beings. I am not sure if my work was or will be able to enchant others or enable self-reflection. I am also unsure if I will be successful in leading others to question linear concepts of time that constrain and obstruct thoughts. I only hope my work provokes considerations.

Ao finalmente subir na jangada e colocar as Máscaras que fiz com a força de um folego, tive a certeza de que outros personagens surgirão pois continuo a me perguntar. Cada um me fez questionar minha própria identidade. Não tenho respostas prontas ou bem delineadas para dizer quem sou, mas agora ao menos consigo reconhecer temporariamente até onde e quando fui. Impactado por minha experiência diaspórica em Turtle Island, enxergo a etiqueta que me é atribuída como pessoa latino-americana mas a recuso. Recuso ser chamado pelo nome que provém de um dito descobridor. Américo Vespúcio foi mais um homem branco que se "aventurou" em nome do tão dito desenvolvimento, aclamado pela mão invisível do mercado. História para boi dormir. Saqueador. Ponto final. Infelizmente, versões unilaterais da história persistem e

podem tornar pessoas prisioneiras de uma única verdade. Não digo que diferenças não sejam importantes de serem reconhecidas e discutidas quando nos referimos aos diferentes povos que habitam os extremos desse continente. Muito pelo contrário. Entretanto, palavras não são apenas palavras, elas carregam consigo feitiços que podem ou não perdurar eternidades. Muito pouco também aceito o rótulo “brasileiro”, termo que provem provavelmente das árvores mortas para abastecer a cobiça européia durante o período colonial. Também não aceito o termo brasileiro pelo qual foi usado exhaustivamente durante a Era Vargas para tornar a sociedade brasileira mais embranquecida. O fenômeno de mestiçagem proposto na época vinha com entrelinhas invisíveis de tão brancas, mas claras no contrato social que persiste ainda hoje de maneira acentuada em tais terras. Como então me referir a quem sou sem tomar como aceitas as violências que marcam a história? Como resistir à opressão do colonialismo? Sinto que ainda preciso fazer outros mergulhos para procurar novas perguntas, ou talvez velhas, mas ainda não visíveis do lugar onde estou e no tempo que a cada segundo morre.

Now on board with the masks I created with the strength of a single breath, I am certain other characters will continue to emerge, as I will never cease to question myself. Each mask led me to examine my own identity. I do not have pre-molded answers to describe who I am, but now, I can recognize myself, at least momentarily, relative to where I am and was. Impacted by my diasporic experience in Turtle Island, I see the “Latin American” label that was slapped across my chest, and I refuse it. I refuse to be called by a name claimed by a so-called “discoverer”. Américo Vespúcio was another White man that embarked on an “adventure” in the name of “development”, guided by the invisible hand of the market. Nothing but a twisted bedtime story. Raider. Plain and simple. Unfortunately, unilateral versions of history persist and tie its listeners down to a single truth. By no means am I discouraging debate between the differences that inhabit the extremes of this continent. I welcome the contrary. However, words are not merely words; each carry an enchantment that may or may not last an eternity. I also refuse the label “Brazilian”, a term that

stems from the torn down trees that fed colonial greed. I also refuse the “Brazilian” that was exhausted during the Vargas Era as an attempt to Whiten and Whitewash society. The interracial mix phenomenon, celebrated in that time period, outlined the social contract with fine (White) print, which continues to dictate the rules today. How can I refer to who I am, without accepting the violence that has marked our history? How can I best resist colonial oppression? There are many questions to explore, and more explorations to reveal new, or perhaps old, questions.

Ao incorporar cada personagem, estes fizeram questionar minha identidade também por outras esferas. Me considero um homem. Posso dizer que sou uma pessoa que aceita uma condição binária de gênero e que se identifica com alguém que ocupa uma posição nomeada como “homem”. Porém, cada Máscara me jogou em uma encruzilhada entre gêneros. Pensando sobre as encruzilhadas de linguagem que Exu nos traz, a questão binária torna-se fundida em um corpo só. Logo, cada personagem foi incorporado a partir de uma outra perspectiva. Não os vejo como homens ou mulheres, os tenho como seres não binários. Talvez como seres que podem ser binários, mas que mudam de gênero conforme sua intenção no tempo e espaço. Ainda tenho muito o que perguntar sobre, e refletir em como de fato tais características refletiram ou poderiam refletir ainda mais em minhas performances. Talvez essa seja uma característica fundamental de espíritos marginais que estão por aí para nos provocar, para nos questionar sobre um mundo baseado em visões simplistas e dualísticas, baseadas em princípios atemporais de verdades únicas.

As I incorporate characters, they invite me to question my identity through different perspectives. I consider myself to be a man. I consider myself a person that accepts a binary position denoted as “male”. However, each mask led me to an *encruzilhada* between genders. Recognizing the *encruzilhada* as expressed by Exu, the binary morphs into a single body. Hence, each character is incorporated from a unique perspective. I do not consider them male or female, but rather non-binary beings. Bodies that transit between the binary, depending on their intention. There is still

a lot to reflect upon and consider, especially on how these characteristics may surface in my performances. Perhaps, my uncertainty reflects the fundamental nature of these marginal spirits; they are here to provoke us, question our simplistic views of dualities, and single truths.

Enquanto observava as Máscaras no convés, senti falta de movimento nelas. Como torná-las diferentes entidades em um mesmo corpo? Pode ser que os próximos personagens tenham camadas que se sobrepõem ou peças que se movem ou encaixam para criar diferentes feições. O papelão ainda pode ser minha matéria prima principal por conta de suas características físicas e princípios políticos, mas algo me diz que é preciso enfrentar novos riscos com outras materialidades. Por vezes o papelão fez com que eu tivesse que esperar a chuva ou a neve passar para sair nas ruas. Seria o caso de procurar materiais mais resistentes ao intemperismo? Ou seria o caso de aceitar a relação das minhas Máscaras com as adversidades do tempo e incorporar isso em meu trabalho? Recentemente, tenho trocado gavetas e portas de armários em minha casa. Dobraduras e peças de metal têm chamado minha atenção. Cheguei inclusive a coletar no lixo algumas rodas velhas de bicicleta. Seria esse um novo caminho ou encruzilhada para habitar? Será o metal a pedra derretida que me chama para viajar no tempo e criar outros personagens?

As I observed the masks from the deck, I realized movement was missing. How to summon different entities into a single body? Future characters may be composed by overlaying pieces that allow for movement. Cardboard will likely continue to be the central element to my work, given both its physical properties and socio-political representation. However, I feel that I must take risks with other materials. The cardboard's fragility kept me from performing in times of rain and snow. Should I explore resources with greater resistance? Or should I accept my masks' vulnerabilities and incorporate their physical struggles into my work? In my work around the house, hinges and old pieces of metal have caught my attention. At one point, I began collecting

spare bicycle parts. Would this lead to a new *encruzilhada*? Is the metal and molten rock calling on me to experiment and create new characters?

Na busca feita para distorcer, transformar e quem sabe multiplicar uma única e retilínea linha do tempo, o uso de diferentes tecnologias para captação de vídeo e edição de imagens foi fundamental para o meu projeto. A câmera 360 e a tecnologia contida na produção de vídeos volumétricos possibilitou criar outros caminhos no tempo. Trajetos em que pude retornar e reinventar o tempo. Tempo em que eu me (des)encontro. Será também o tempo de uma memória? Imagino que ainda tenho muito o que aprender com a linguagem do vídeo e as atuais tecnologias relacionadas, sem falar nas que estão por vir. Talvez um próximo mergulho seja em outros espaços e tempos, quiçá virtuais ou híbridos. Lugares em que o que é descrito como real e o que é sonho possam se encontrar e serem ainda mais contestados. Lugares em que portais possam ser abertos para convidar outros a imaginarem e construírem novas realidades.

I relied on different technological vehicles and tools in my attempts to distort, transform, and multiply, a single linear timeline. Both the 360 camera and volumetric video capturing technology were fundamental in my efforts to capture images and movement, which I later manipulated through editing. Technology enabled my journeys through time, opening paths that I could bend and intertwine. Times that allowed me to (un)meet myself. Perhaps the time of a memory? I recognize that I still have much to learn about video making and the various associated technologies, current and future. Will my next dive be into different types of spaces, virtual or hybrid? Perhaps places where what is said to be real can meet dreams in more palpable terms? Or maybe somewhere portals can be opened to invite new possibilities and realities?

Dar de vela me trouxe de volta a um outro tempo. Passado reinventado que se faz novo sempre que entrelaçado ao que é e será em poucos instantes. Confio na força das marés e sigo a procura das perguntas que ainda não sei. Sei que as respostas que tenho já não se conformam com um único tempo. Permaneço em movimento na encruzilhada, atento ao que me falam pedras,

pássaros, peixes e besouros. Meu cachorro que comia pedras se foi, mas o batuque que ele trouxe segue me dando forças para seguir encantado nos mundos por vir.

A mesma palavra que abre a roda, também a fecha. Fecha para que assim outras possam ser abertas. Palavra sem tempo, livre para mudar e brincar com o próprio tempo.

Dar de vela brought me back to another time. A reinvented past that renews itself every time it intertwines with what it will soon be. I trust the strength of the tides and keep searching for the questions I still do not hear. I now know that the answers I have do not respond to a single time. Moving through the *encruzilhada*, I remain aware to the words of the stones, birds, fish, and beetles. My dog that ate rocks is now gone, but the beat that he brought me gives me strength to remain enchanted.

The same word that opens the *roda*, also closes it. It closes, so others can open. A word without time, free to change and play with time.

Iê!

Exu matou um pássaro ontem
com uma pedra que jogou hoje.

O pássaro que morreu ontem, hoje vive porque
nasceu amanhã.

Morto porvir nunca há de ser?

Morto porvir sempre há de ser?

Talvez esteja mesmo morto porque o amanhã há
de se esquecer.

Atrasado em seu caminhar torto, adentrou o antigo
labirinto largado pelo Anteontem.

Sem marmita ou pão velho, seguiu, apesar de
faminto e foi condenado no evangelho.

“Filho meu, não importa se o cachorro está morto,
apenas a passagem na classe de mais conforto”,
Disse o pastor, sem remorso ou culpa de mais um
desgraçado que sujou o seu discurso.

Nem por isso, o pássaro morto deixará o que se foi
ou o que morreu. Nem muito menos mudará o
trajeto de seu futuro percurso. Mesmo que o
defunto já correu.

Fuga ilusória do buraco que cava com as próprias
asas.

Proibido de morrer porque herdou dívida no banco.
Proibido de nascer porque nunca será livre de
seus ócios. Proibido de seguir morto porque
sempre caminhará manco.

Perdeu o trem da Sé e afogou mágoas antigas em
um balde de cachaça e café.

Defunto que não toca a descarga e que muito
menos se importa em limpar a bunda.

Defunto que pouco se preocupa em fazer a barba
ou responder a pergunta.

Exu killed a bird yesterday
with a rock he threw today.

The bird that died yesterday lives today
because it was born tomorrow.

Should the deceased never exist?

Or should the deceased always persist?

Maybe it is dead because tomorrow should
not be.

Stumbling into further delays, it steps into last
week's maze.

Empty stomach, it continues down the road.
Starving and convicted by gospel.

“My son, care not for the death of a dog, as
long as you traveled in first class”, Pastor
preaches, feel no shame or guilt for just
another son of a bitch who dares spoil the
sermon.

Not enough for the dead bird to leave what is
left or already dead. Nor for it to change its
path to the future.

A pretend escape from holes dug with its
wings.

Forbidden to rest until it pays back the
inheritance. Forbidden to live until it breaks
free from its nature. Forbidden to die
because it carries the legacy.

It missed the last train. Drowned old sorrows
in bucket of cachaça and coffee.

The defunct that doesn't flush or wipe.

The corpse that doesn't bother to shave or
reply.

Exu encontrou um pássaro ontem debaixo da
pedra que lançou neste exato instante.

A pedra que cruzou o segundo de agora já não se
lembra que ontem será amanhã.

Talvez porque o tempo de hoje nunca tenha sido o
que podia, se tornará.

Lançada ao sabor dos ventos, a pedra cruza
muros, nunca sendo o que será.

Quebrando vidraças contradiz o que mandam reis.

Desafia a polícia e se desfaz de suas leis.

Despida de mentiras, enfrenta quem se apoia em
covardia.

Avança contra a cavalaria e coloca seu nome a
prova de valentia.

Lançada primeiro hoje, ontem mesmo, areia.

Fragmentos de ontem que vão-se embora?

Exu found a bird yesterday beneath the rock
he threw this instant.

The rock that crossed this time, no longer
remembers that yesterday will be tomorrow.

Maybe because today never lived up to
what it could be.

Given to the winds, the stone flies through
walls, never as it will be.

It breaks ceilings and contradicts rulers'
rules.

It defies the police and unties laws.

Stripped of lies, it defies the cowards.

It moves towards the cavalry, putting its
name to the test.

Launched today, but yesterday, sand.

Are yesterday's pieces gone?

Exu virou um pássaro ontem com uma pedra que
comeu agora.

Na maré trazida pelo amanhã o pássaro engole a pedra
que se foi e

digere vida, morte e suspeita que dia será depois.

O que virá quando que pássaro passará a ser quando
ainda não se foi?

Ao lançar a pedra, Exu também torna-se ela.

A pedra também se torna pássaro.

O pássaro torna-se tempo.

Retorna sempre no tempo em tempo de encontrar-se no
tempo.

Lamento em despacho engolido pelo seu próprio
momento.

Ao lançar a pedra, Exu transforma o passado em
cascalho imaginando que futuro condensará
poeira.

Exu became a bird yesterday with a rock he
ate now.

At the tide brought by tomorrow, the bird
swallows the rock that is gone.

It digests life, death, while speculating what
day is to come.

What will be when the bird becomes what it
is not?

Tossing it, Exu becomes the rock.

The rock becomes the bird.

The bird becomes time.

It returns from time to time to find itself in
time.

Lamento em despacho swallowed by time.

Tossing it, Exu turns the past into gravel
planning how the future will condense it into
dust.

Na beira da estrada, Exu guarda tocaia.
Bate o facão embaixo para ver se cai a
bananeira.
Se não derruba com rabo de arraia, gira os pés
em rápida rasteira.
À meia noite o galo canta, a navalha abre
caminho e corta a garganta.
Cai, cai, bananeira.
À meia noite quem é dito morto se levanta e
percebe que sozinho não se abre porteira.
No redemunho da encruzilhada, Exu acende seu
charuto e aguarda por quem passa.
Levanta, dá volta ao mundo e ginga conforme o
berimbau encanta.
Vela preta, farofa, cachaça, é no ponto final que
começa sua gira.
Pernas para o alto, cospe no chão, abre sua
risada.
Sorriso que se houve. Sorriso que ouve.
Gargalhadas que ecoam hoje, vindas do primeiro
dia depois do que nunca viria.

At the side of the road, Exu keeps watch.
With his facão, he strikes the bananeira to
see if it falls.
If it doesn't, he goes at it with a rabo de
arraia, and if that fails, the notorious
rasteira.
At midnight, the rooster sings as the blades
clear paths and cut throats.
Cai, cai, bananeira.
At midnight, the dead rise to realize they
can't open the gates alone.
At the junction of the crossroads, Exu lights
his cigar and waits for straddlers.
He gets up, dá volta ao mundo e ginga
conforme o berimbau encanta.
A black candle, farofa, cachaça, culminate
at the end and where his gira begins.
Legs up, he spits on the ground, he smiles.
A smile that is heard. A smile that occurred.
A smile project echoes of a loud laughter
today, emanated after the first day that will
never come.

Exu se torna urubu.
Exurubu. Uruxue. Uburuxe-Exurubu.
Voa alto, enxerga de longe qualquer um que não crê.
Faca de ponta não vai lhe furar.
Exu se torna besouro. Exouuro. Bexuro. Exururo.
Laroiê, Exu.
Me diga por onde anda a pedra que quebrou o vidro
da janela.
Me diga por onde anda ela.
Quando eu morrer, quem sou eu sem você?
Por favor acendam uma vela.
Não quero grito nem mistério.
Quero um berimbau tocando na porta do cemitério.
Insônia na madrugada.

Exu becomes vulture.
Exururo. Uxurue. Uburuxe-Exurubu.
He flies high, spots unbelievers from above.
Faca de ponta não vai lhe furar.
Exu becomes a beetle. Exouuro. Bexouro.
Exururo.
Laroiê, Exu. Tell me where the stone that broke
the window is.
Tell me where it has been.
When I die, who am I without you?
Please light a candle.
Não quero grito nem mistério.
Quero um berimbau tocando na porta do
cemitério.
Insomnia.

Agora alcanço o passado, e sigo desejo pelo futuro.

Faca de ponta quer me matar.

Laroiê, Exu, quem dirá de uma memória sem nunca saber como se faz para lembrar?

Exu roi o osso, mija no poste e se torna cachorro.

Vira ronco de cuica, uivo de coioote em voo de besouro.

Exu se transforma em qualquer coisa quando escuta o samba no alto do morro.

Se não escrevo o “x”, não me lembro como vim parar aqui.

Desconheço o que sucedeu ontem a noite.

Na ressaca da manhã de hoje me perco no que é seu.

Laroiê, Exu, a cada novo hoje quem sou eu?

Laroiê, Exu, a cada velho instante por onde fui eu?

Now I’ve reached the past and aspire for the future.

Faca de ponta quer me matar.

Laroiê, Exu, who will speak of a memory without ever knowing what to do to remember?

Exu gnaws the bone, pisses on the post and becomes the dog.

He becomes the sound of the cuica, the howl of the coyote, the flight of the beetle.

Exu becomes anything when he hears the samba from the hills.

Without the “x” on paper, I can’t remember how I got here.

No memories of last night.

In today’s hangover, I lose myself in yours.

Laroiê, Exu, who am I at each new day?

Laroiê, Exu, where did I go at each past yesterday?

Appendix A: REB Consent form copy

REB APPLICATION 5065

INFORMATION AND CONSENT FORM

Study Title: The E(X)U behind the mask

Researcher: Joaquim de Almeida

Researcher's Contact Information: joaquim.almeida@ocadu.ca

Faculty Supervisor: Dr. Ayumi Goto

Faculty Supervisor's Contact Information: agoto@ocadu.ca

Manager, Research Policy and Research Ethics: Christine Crisol

Manager, Research Policy and Research Ethics Contact Information: ccrisol@ocadu.ca

You are being invited to participate in the research study mentioned above. This form provides information about what participating would mean. Please read it carefully before deciding if you want to participate or not. If there is anything you do not understand, or if you want more information, please ask the researcher.

A. PURPOSE

The purpose of this research is to create a work of art that questions the colonized concept of Brazilian identity and to question what is imposed over about time, to refuse single chronological truths. These interviews will allow the researcher to inform creative processes. These interviews will allow the researcher to obtain data for his master's thesis research on this topic and learn from the experts firsthand.

B. PROCEDURES

This research will take place in the form of a semi-structured interview via Zoom or phone call with the primary researcher, Joaquim de Almeida. Audio and/or video from the interview will be digitally recorded. All participants will be informed of the study results monthly, according to each participant availability, through a phone call and/or video call, by e-mail individually, and told of their ability to withdraw at their request.

C. RISKS AND BENEFITS

You might face certain risks by participating in this research. These risks include: there is a mild professional risk to an expert if you say something that you regret, and then that content gets published in the investigator's thesis paper. You will have the opportunity to review the transcript and make amendments or edits for clarity at any point you wish to.

D. CONFIDENTIALITY

We will gather the following information as part of this research: Conversations with experts.

The data will be gathered through recordings of a Zoom or phone call. The researcher will also take notes during the interview. We will not allow anyone to access the information, except people directly involved in conducting the research. We will only use the information for the purposes of the research described in this form. The information gathered will be identifiable. That means it will have your name directly on it. Any information or discussions that you wish not to have included in the interviews will be deleted at your request.

If the interview takes place on Zoom, the researcher will record the interview through Zoom directly and save the files directly to his computer. The researcher will also record an audio file of the interview on his cell phone through the “Voice Notes” app for redundancy. The recording will be downloaded from the phone immediately following the interview and stored in a password-locked external drive. The recording will be deleted from the phone immediately following the transfer of the interview onto the external drive.

As previously stated, interviews will be recorded. Please indicate whether or not you accept to be recorded:

I accept to be recorded.

I do not accept to be recorded

We intend to publish the results of this research. Please indicate below whether you accept to be identified in the publications:

I accept that my name and the information I provide appear in publications of the results of the research.

I understand that I will be able to preview any drafts which include my name and interview details.

I understand that I will be frequently consulted about the use of the interview in the researcher’s creative and academic work.

F. CONDITIONS OF PARTICIPATION

You do not have to participate in this research. It is purely your decision. If you do participate, you can stop at any time. You can also ask that the information you provided not be used, and your choice will be respected. If you decide that you don’t want us to use your information, you must tell the researcher before April 20, 2022. From the start to the end, the investigator will check in on a monthly basis with you about your rights to withdraw the project.

There are no negative consequences for not participating, stopping in the middle, or asking us not to use your information.

Researcher: Joaquim de Almeida

Researcher's Contact Information: joaquim.almeida@ocadu.ca or at (+1) 647 5092711

In Case of Complaints or Concerns:

If you have any concerns about your rights as a research participant and/or your experiences while participating in this study, you may contact Christine Crisol at the Office of Research and Graduate Studies at: ccrisol@ocadu.ca or 416-977-6000 ext. 4368.

G. PARTICIPANT'S DECLARATION

This form has been orally communicated to me in full. I have had the chance to ask questions and any questions have been answered. I agree to participate in this research under the conditions described.

NAME (please print)

SIGNATURE

DATE November 26, 2021

Appendix B: Links to documentation

Proposal Mask - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695690175>

Bexouro - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695692486>

Exouuro - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695693108>

Exururo - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695693732>

Exurubu-Uburuxe - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695694315>

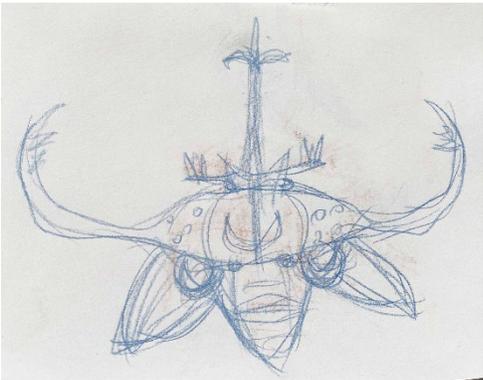
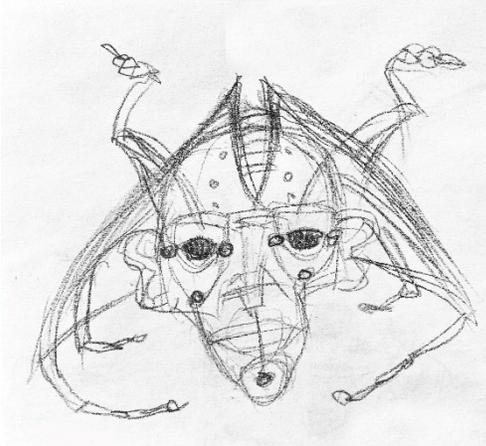
Urexubu - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695694825>

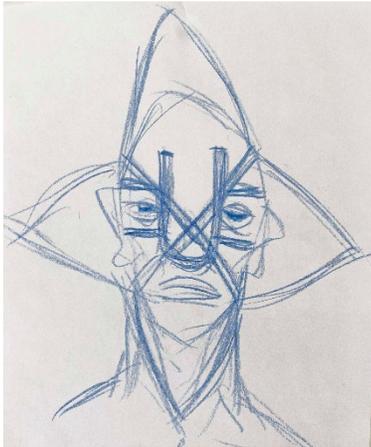
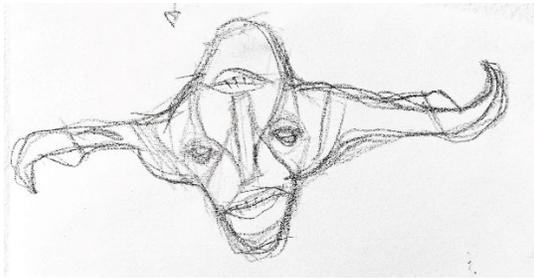
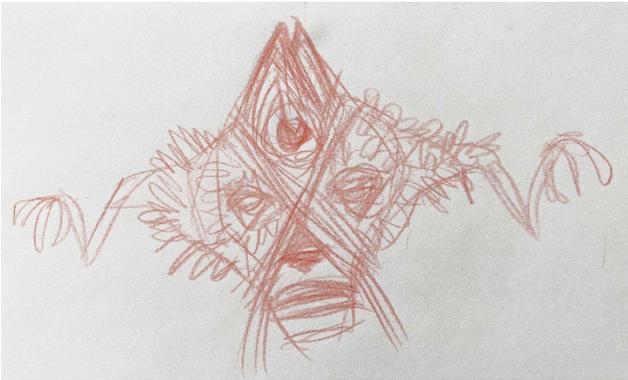
Uroxue - 3D model short film created using photogrammetry

<https://vimeo.com/695695147>

Appendix C: Exu-Besouro-Eus Sketches



Appendix D: Exu-Urubu-Eus Sketches



Appendix E: Un-find Sketches



Appendix F: Performances screenshots

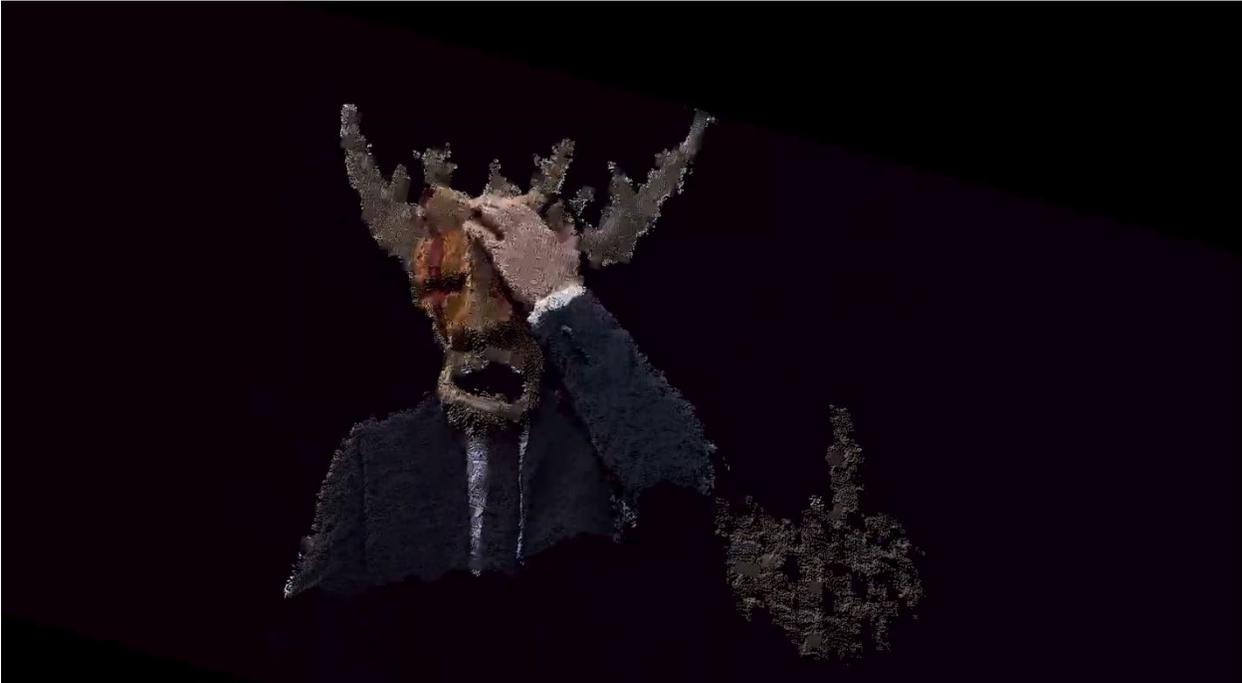
Bexouro screenshot performance-video 1



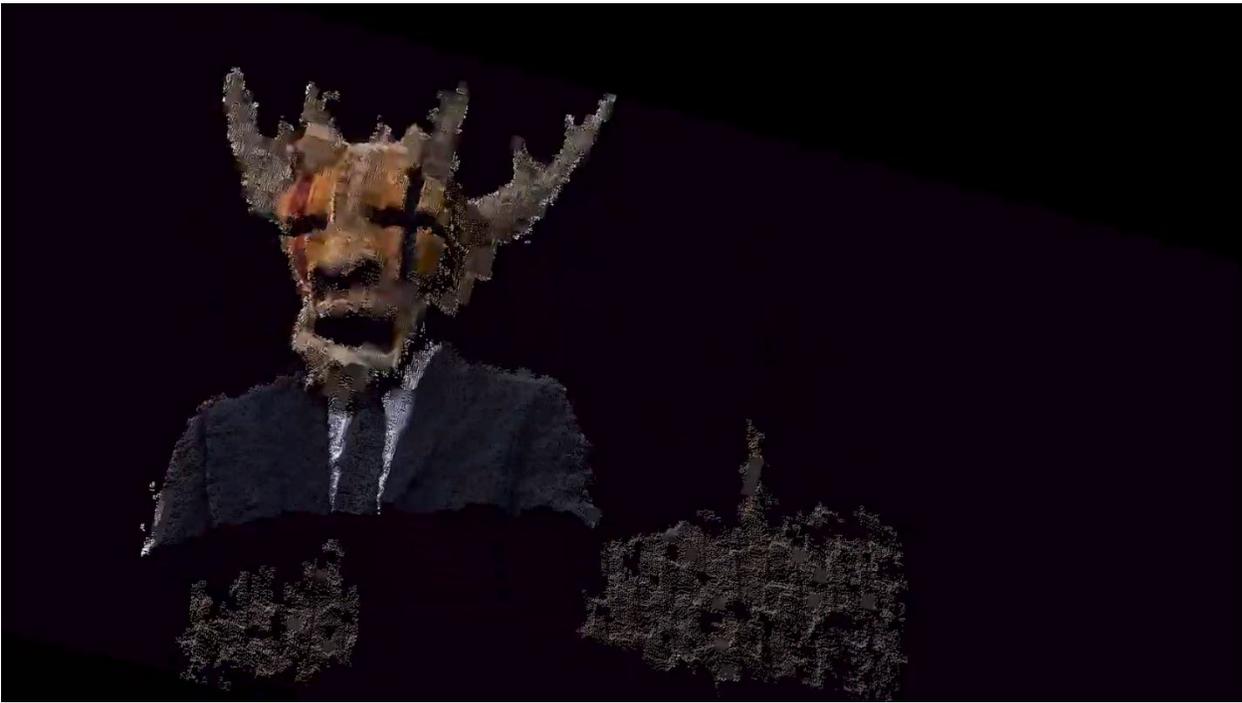
Bexouro screenshot performance-video 2



Exouuro screenshot performance-video 1



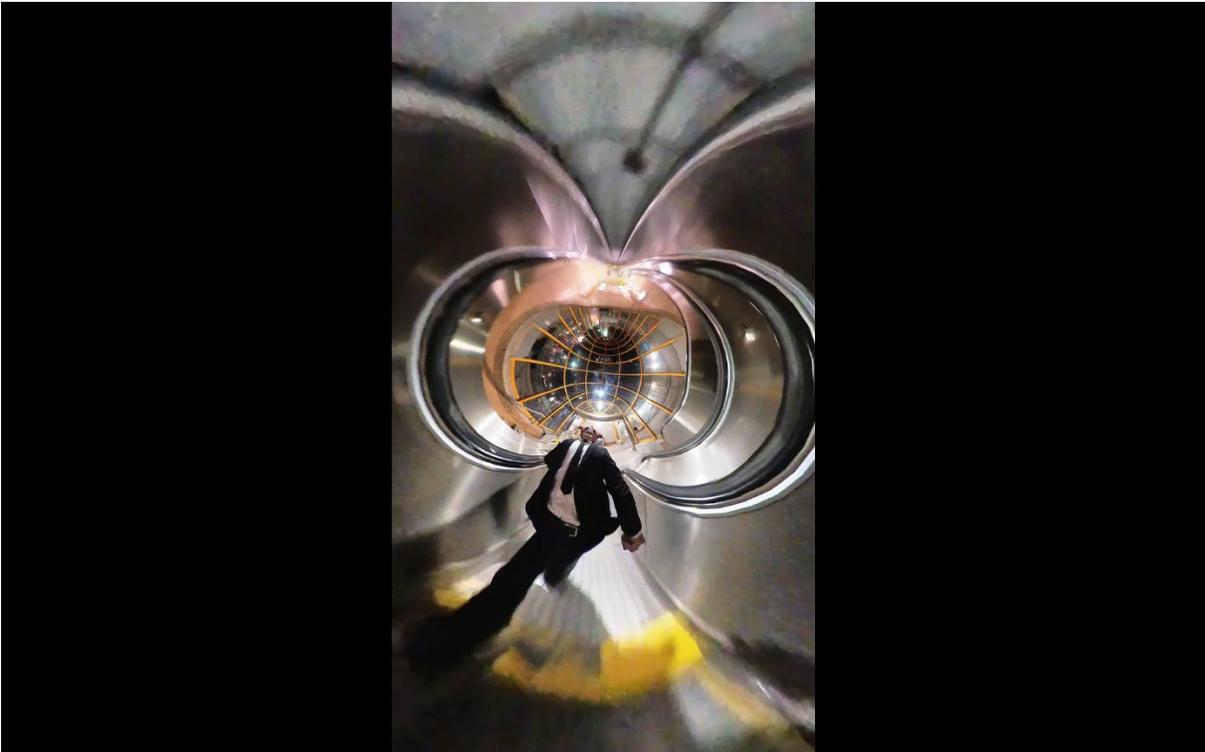
Exouuro screenshot performance-video 2



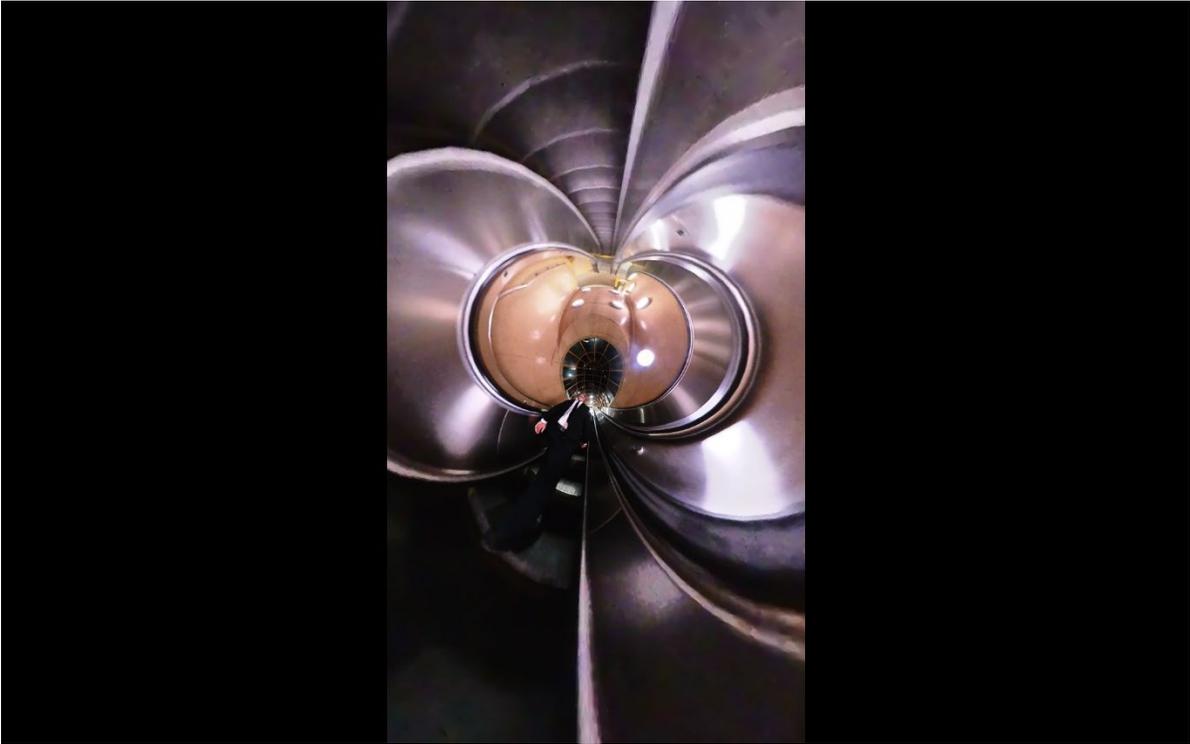
Exurubu-Uburuxe screenshot performance-video 1



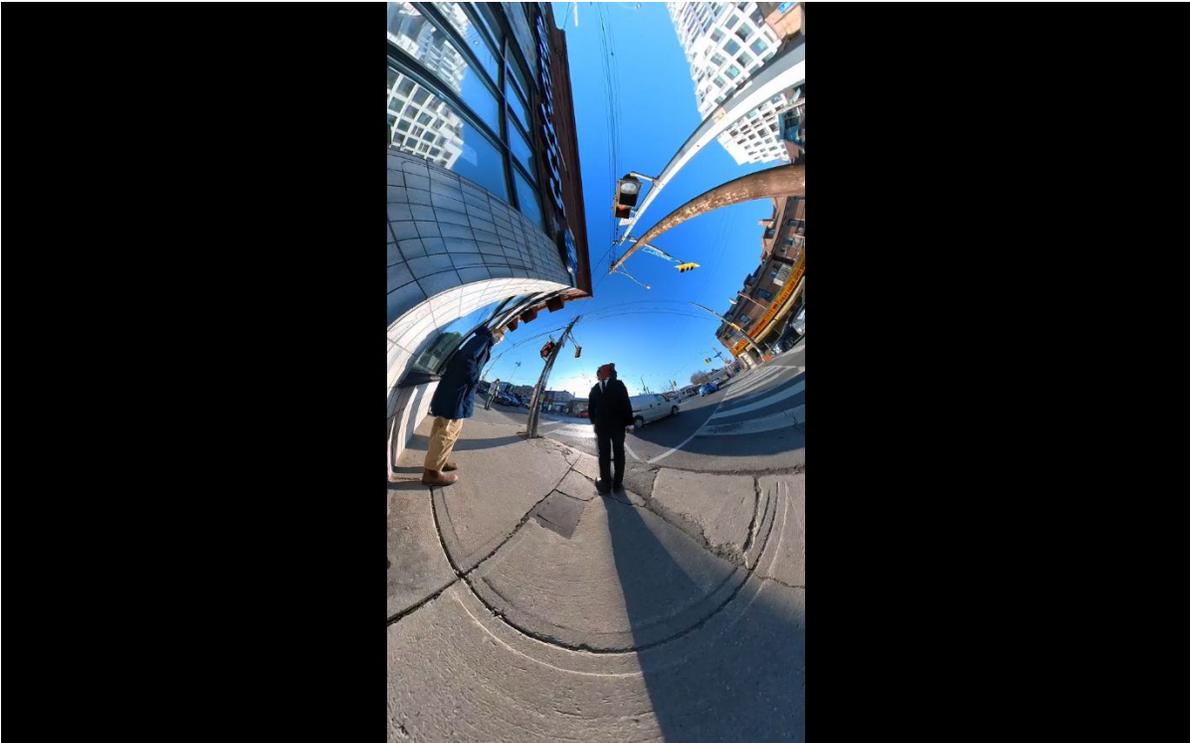
Exurubu-Uburuxe screenshot performance-video 2



Exurubu-Uburuxe screenshot performance-video 3



Exurubu-Uburuxe screenshot performance-video 4



Exururo screenshot performance-video 1



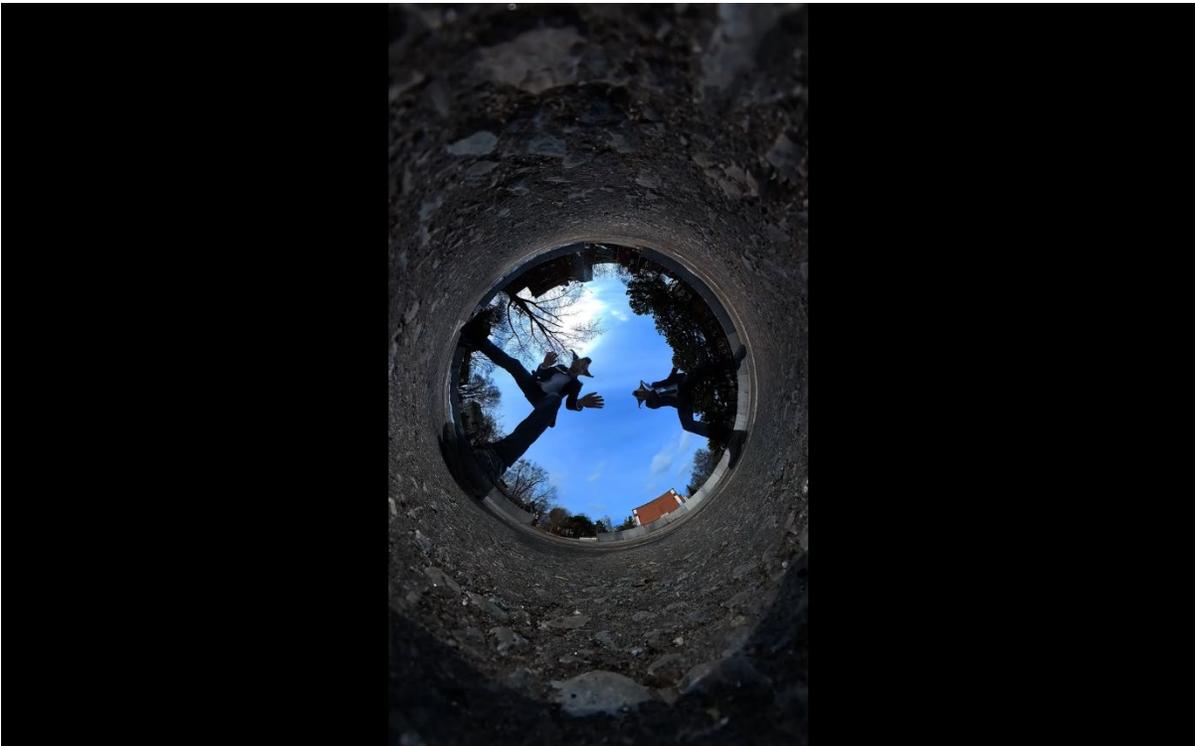
Exururo screenshot performance-video 2



Urexubu screenshot performance-video 1



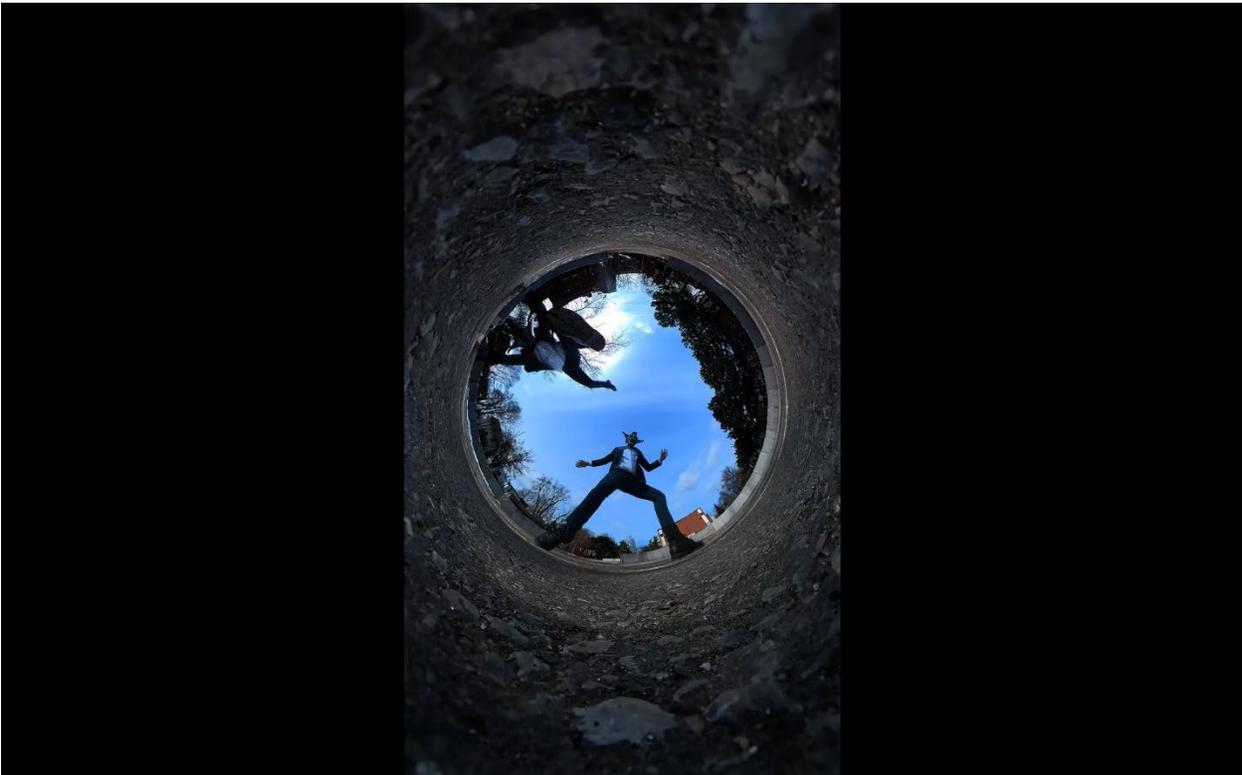
Urexubu screenshot performance-video 2



Urexubu screenshot performance-video 3



Urexubu screenshot performance-video 4



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