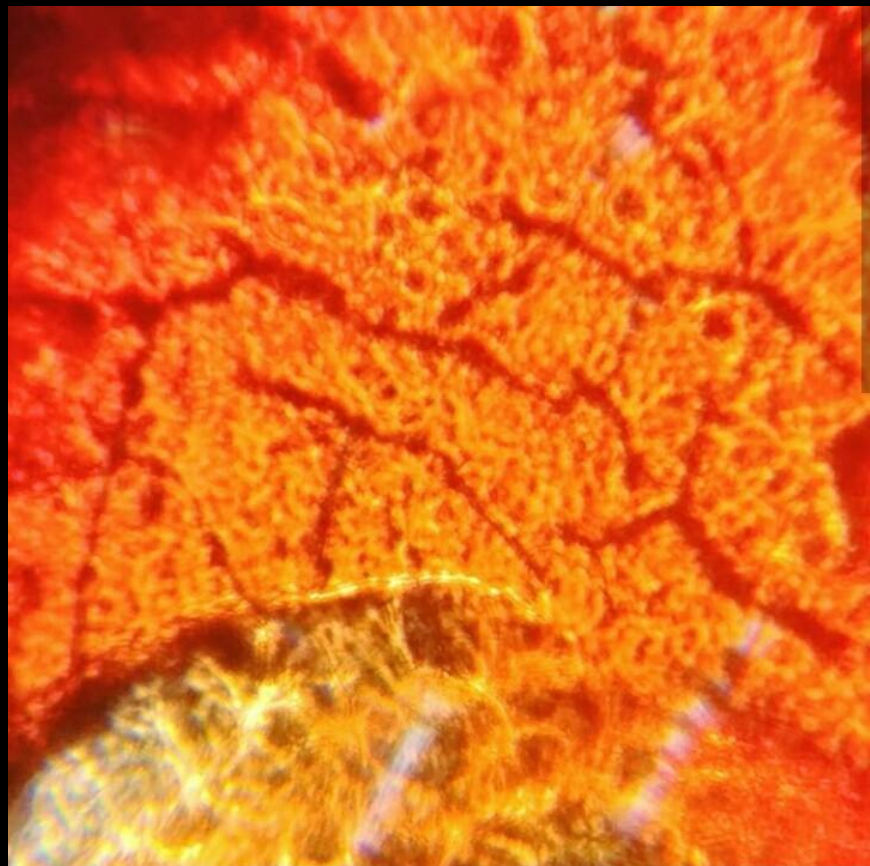
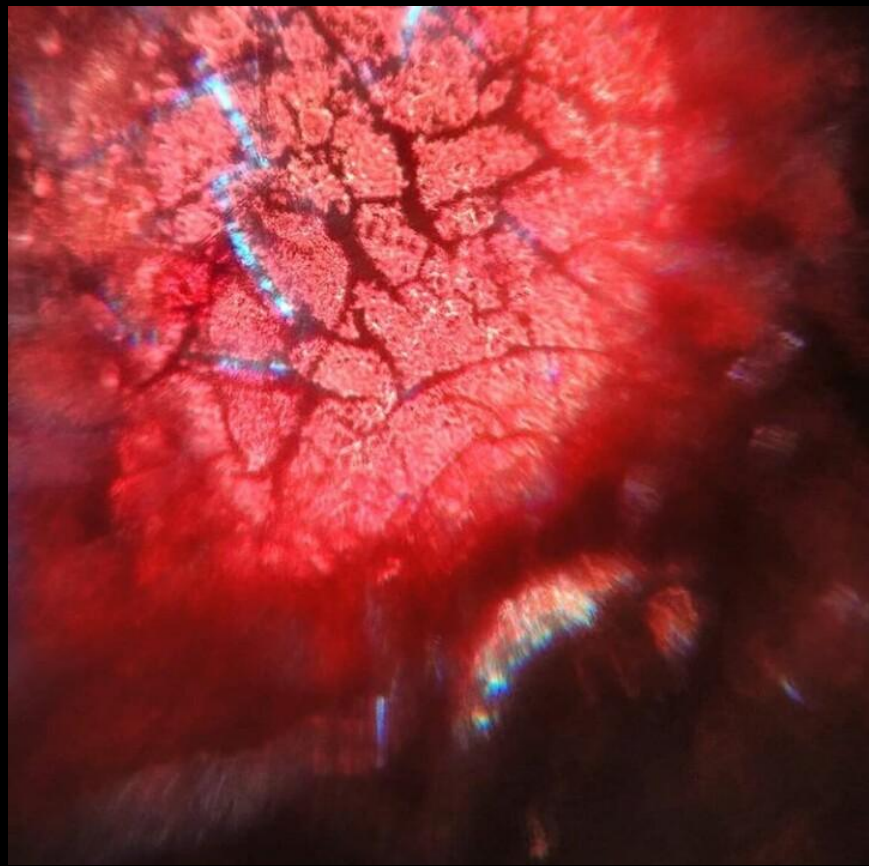
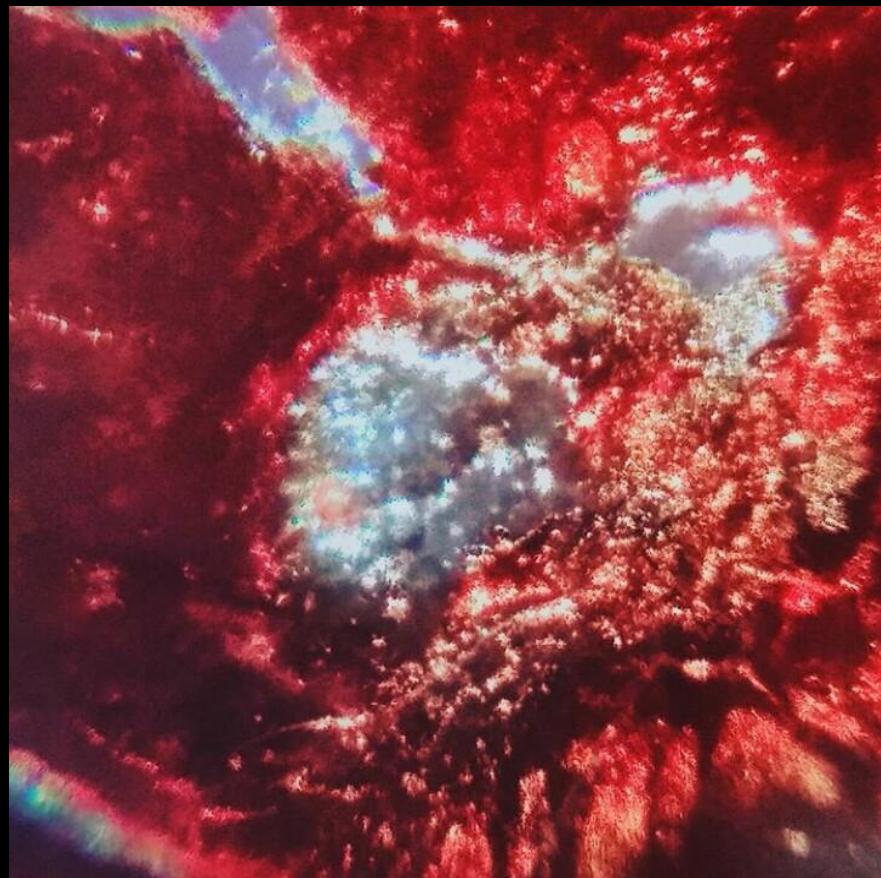
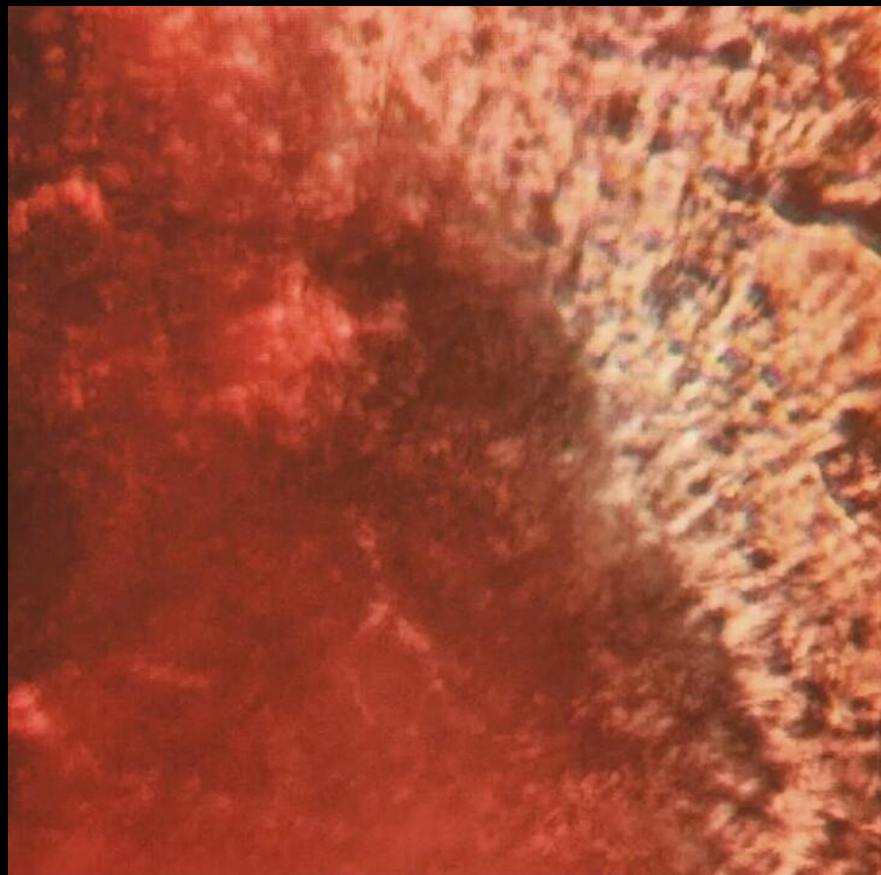


I realized my hands were shaking. Shivering and cold. I was before my own self, exposed, flat. The beating heart, the rarefied breath and before me the infinite, exploded in complexity of magma and crystal. The first dazzle quickly gave way to a systematic exploration of immense space: I carefully sought a comfortable place and dived there. Each change of scale brought with it new inter-composite landscapes, allied in the production of the multidimensionality in which I, amazed each time, emerged and submerged.

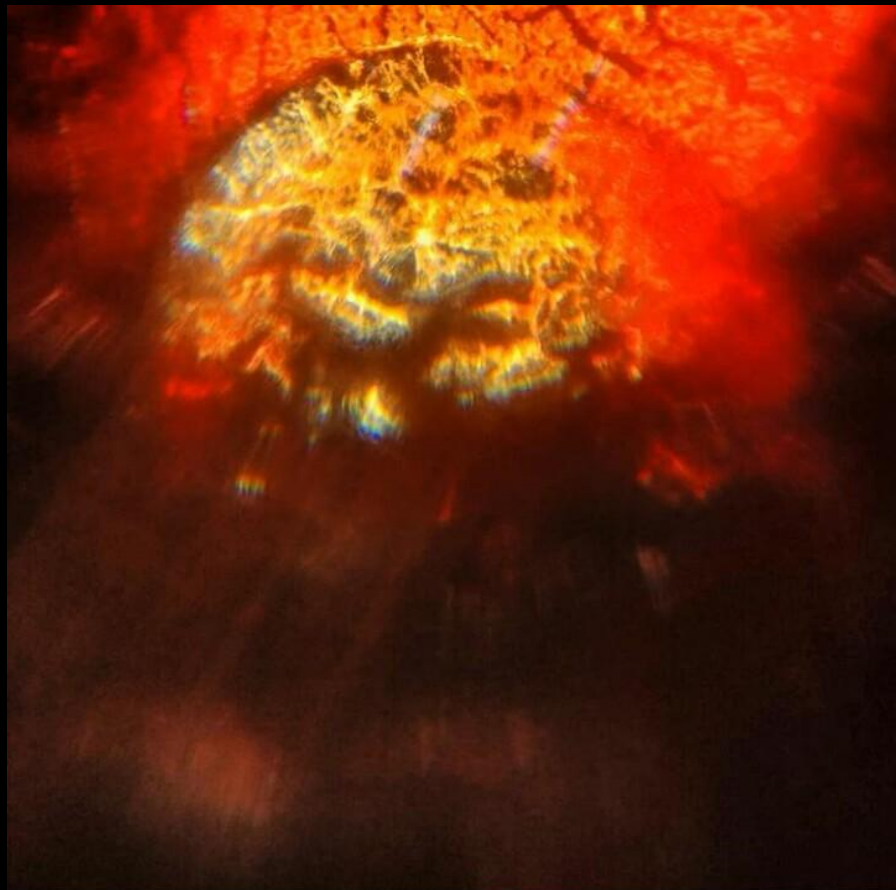
[annotation; see later; cosmogony: "the word comes from the Greek koiné κοσμογονία (from κόσμος" Cosmos the World ") and from the root of γί (γ) νομαι / γέγονα (" entering a new state of being "); wikipedia]











I asked my mom about the photos. She looked at my grandmother, her mother, and said softly, "Come here," and we went to the other corner of the kitchen. She said then that she didn't want my grandmother to hear the conversation, because she wouldn't understand. And she said she loved the pictures. And began to speak. Half stumbling over the words, choking on the difficult syllables. She told me that menstruation was a problem for her, badly resolved even after a surgery called "ablation." My mother had the uterus removed and never told me why. But she saw the pictures, and she said. She spoke of pain, of trauma, of blood and life. Arriving home after Mother's Day lunch, I think of the 57-year-old woman who generated and raised me, a woman who, like me, lived silencing her issues. But she saw the pictures and, like me, dealt with her pains. I washed away the broken silence with tears of joy and hope.

Contact is contagion. In well done field work nobody comes out as entered. The affectation is mutual. We already know that (we run from the police, we hear the drums playing) and I was prepared, exposed, flattened. But it is contagion: once it spreads into the world it continues to transform. Each affection explodes into uncontrollable infections [infected my mother]. To connect yourself with others is to spread and take responsibility.

[annotation; see later; infección: prefijo in-, que indica una acción hacia dentro; el verbo facere (hacer); el sufijo -tío (-ción = acción y afecto); from Latin infectus, "to stain, tinge, dye," also "to corrupt, stain, spoil," literally "to put in to, dip into," from in- "in" (from PIE root *en "in") + facere "to make, do, perform" (from PIE root *dhe- "to set, put"), catching, having the quality of spreading from person to person, communicable by infection]

This work is a counter-spell sketch, a joyful effort to build narratives for (earth / multi-world) survival.

** START COLLAGE, LOCATED KNOWLEDGE, DONNA HARAWAY **

"I want a feminist writing of the body that metaphorically emphasizes vision again, because we need to reclaim that sense to find our way through all the visualizing tricks and powers of modern sciences and technologies that have transformed the objectivity debates. We need to learn in our bodies, endowed with primate color and stereoscopic vision, how to attach the objective to our theoretical and political scanners in order to name where we are and are not, in dimensions of mental and physical space we hardly know how to name. So, not so perversely, objectivity turns out to be about particular and specific embodiment and definitely not about the false vision promising transcendence of all limits and responsibility. The moral is simple: only partial perspective promises objective vision. All Western cultural narratives about objectivity are allegories of the ideologies governing the relations of what we call mind and body, distance and responsibility. Feminist objectivity is about limited location and situated knowledge, not about transcendence and splitting of subject and object. It allows us to become answerable for what we learn how to see."

** END OF COLLAGE, LOCATED KNOWLEDGE, DONNA HARAWAY **

At 12 I menstruated, at 13 I was put on birth control pill, at 28 I returned to menstruate. I didn't know I had a body.

At 9 I wanted to be an astronomer, at 19 I fell in love with design, at 30 I found myself as an anthropologist of science and technology and found out that while I dreamed of the stars as a child other women earned the right to study them [the Brazilian Aeronautical Technology Institute only allowed the entry of women in 1996].

“Conservatism may slow this process down, but today it is no longer able to stop us. I know the numbers I represent and I want other women to look at me and see that it's possible. I fight every day in a scenario that contrasts with me just by being here, but I want more than that. We need to understand that all environments are ours and fight for each other” - Sônia Guimarães, first black woman teacher at the Technological Institute of Aeronautics, admitted in 1993, in an interview with the newspaper Vanguarda in March 2018.

I did not know I had a body: - foolish, inert, breathless under its geometrical burden of a cross, starting over and over, untouched by its fate, mute, contradicted in every way, unable to grow in the sap of this earth, shrunken, gnawed [I invoke Aimé Cesárie].

Now I know I have a body. In rupture of fauna and flora.

Photographic series produced from experimenting using my menstrual blood, translated from a microscope built by my friends and me, using the cell phone camera amplified with laser pointer lens (2 reais Chinese made keychain). This relationship came about thanks to my masters research, ethnographing the encounter between hacking practices and scientific doing, thinking of it as tactics of insistence to keep researching - and living - joyfully*.

* "And above all we need what such witnesses, narratives, and celebrations can make happen: the experience that signals the achievement of new connections between politics and an experimental, always experimental, production of a new capacity to act and to think. This experience is what I, after Spinoza and many others, will call joy. Joy, Spinoza writes, is that which translates an increase in the power of acting, that is to say too, of thinking and imagining, and it has something to do with a knowledge, but with a knowledge that is not of a theoretical order, because it does not in the first place designate an object, but the very mode of existence of whoever becomes capable of it. Joy, one could say, is the signature of the event par excellence, the production or discovery of a new degree of freedom, conferring a supplementary dimension on life, thereby modifying the relations between dimensions that are already inhabited – the joy of the first step, even if it is uneasy. And joy also has an epidemic potential. That is what so many of the anonymous participants, like me, tasted in May 1968, before those who were to become our guardians, the spokespersons of abstract imperatives, dedicated themselves to have us forget the event. Joy is not transmitted from the knowledgeable to the ignorant, but in a mode that itself produces equality, the joy of thinking and imagining together, with others, thanks to others. Joy is what makes me bet on a future in which the response to Gaia would not be the sadness of degrowth but that which the conscientious objectors to economic growth have already invented, when they discover together the dimensions of life that have been anesthetized, massacred, and dishonored in the name of a progress that is reduced today to the imperative of economic growth. Perhaps, finally, joy is what can demoralize those who are responsible for us, bringing them to abandon their sadly heroic posture, and betray what has captured them." (Isabelle Stenger, In Catastrophic Time: Resisting the Coming Barbarism)