

Dolce Stil Criollo – Extraordinarily Aptropaic

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Dolce Stil Criollo's fifth issue, "Extraordinarily Apotropaic," aims to rethink reality in its current ordinary form by discovering and creating charms and rituals for changing it into one where there is less harm. The issue features poems in multiple languages; a map of dreams; a video game-turned-manga; a section that functions as a kineograph; a collaboration with the Huni Kuin people; and more. We also curated a collective project, "Cinema of Hope," which brings together 11 moving image artists in search of the apotropaic moment, caught on film.

The cover of our fifth issue features one of five "santinho" inserts. Designed like prayer cards, they contain a collaged portrait of a musical artist (Pivaratu, Pivete Nobre, Iya, Swatch, Devil Gremory) on the recto and the rap lyrics they wrote in response to our theme on the verso.

Year: 2024

Languages: Spanish, Portuguese, English, Japanese and Arabic

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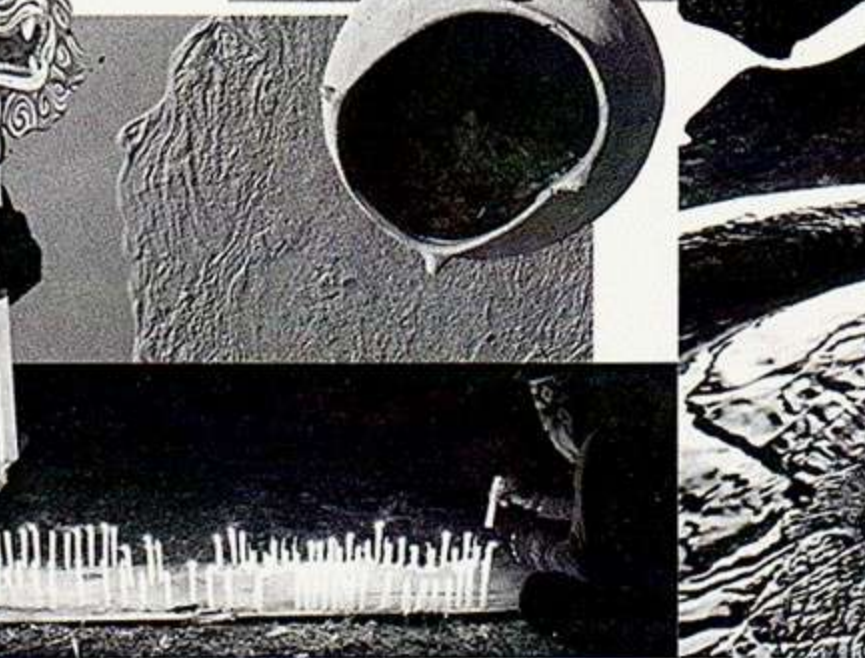
140 x 228 mm

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A complex collage titled "DOLCE STIL CRIOLLO". The composition includes a crocodile at the top left, a woman with a machete at the top right, a grey humanoid figure on the left, a vibrant abstract painting in the center, a map of Africa at the bottom left, a skull at the bottom center, and a person in a landscape at the bottom right. The words "EXTRA-ORDINARILY" and "APOTROPIC" are overlaid in a stylized, bubbly font.

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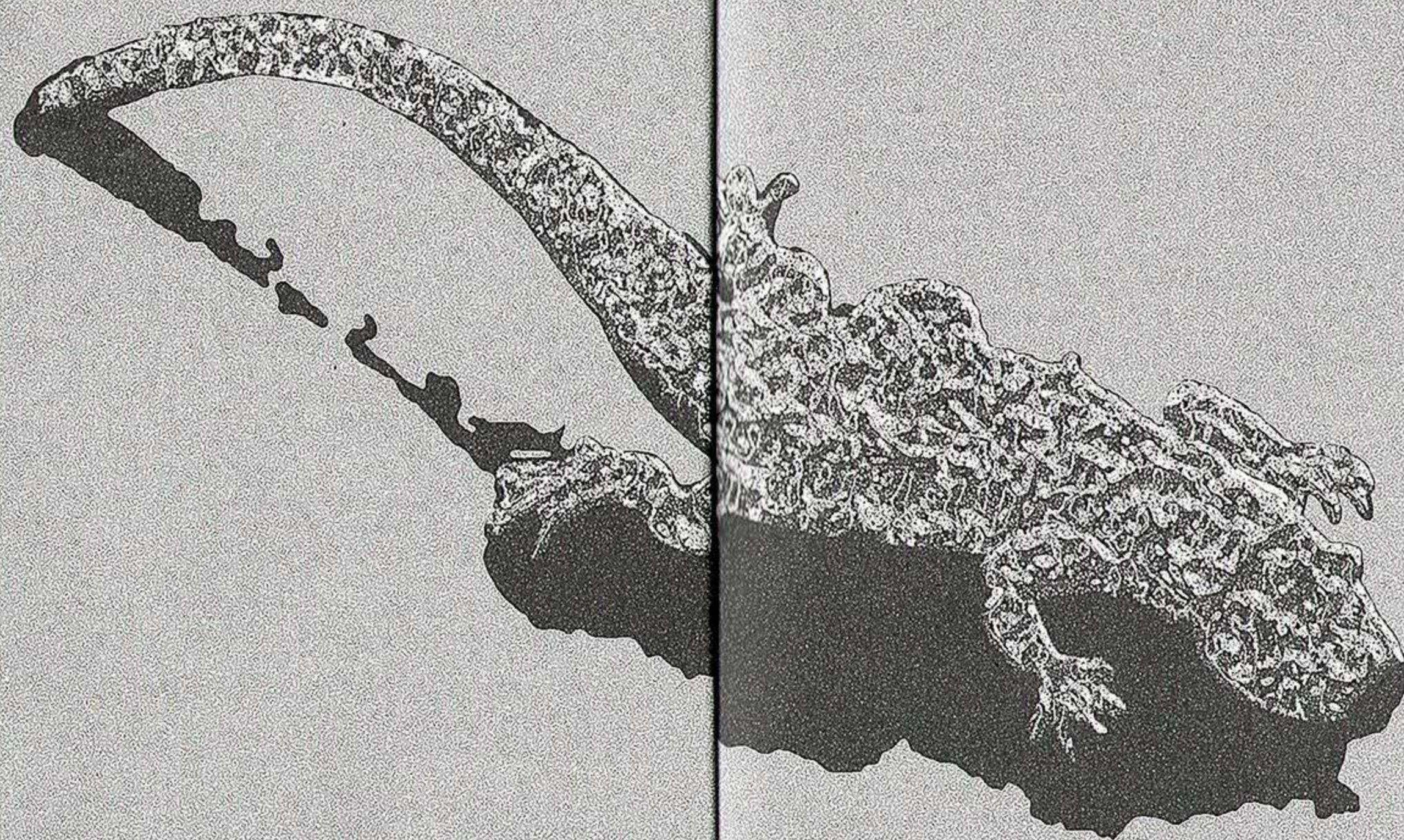
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I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ALL THE BOOKS I HAVE

On the Apotropaic Life of Books and an Excess We're Ready to Lose

by CHRISTOPHER REY PÉREZ



Because this may be the first time you are reading me and because it may be that you have not followed me to the different places, like Beijing, where I have published, you might not know that I recycle ideas and write the same sentences about the same themes. I'm going to therefore recount a scene of *El Siete Machos*, first from the film, which is summarized in part by my book, and then from my book with the same title.

Mario Moreno, better known as Cantinflas, is playing a character named Margarito who's ingested too much of an infusion he's obtained from a *curandera*. The infusion, says the woman, is going to deepen his voice. Margarito thinks this is how he'll win over Rosario who's awaiting a serenade from the bandit Siete Machos. At the very least, Margarito has one thing going for him: he looks like the bandit but that's because both characters are played by Cantinflas. In the movie, Margarito is also disguised as Siete Machos. Instead of wearing the iconic wardrobe of the *pelado* for which Cantinflas is famous and easily recognizable in all his movies, he's dressed like a mariachi, with a gun belt around his waist and an embroidered number 7 on the back of his jacket. He's maintaining this impersonation at all costs in the name of romantic conquest.

Outside Rosario's window, Margarito's voice sings and cracks. The herbs he's ingested are no longer working now that he's been doused with water from a jug that was poured from a balcony above. It's an unforeseen but only momentary setback to his plan. Margarito assumes he's been soaked by a short and enigmatic rainshower. He then excuses himself to dry up.

Luck would have it that while Margarito is away, the true Siete Machos arrives to serenade Rosario. Chole, the story's other innamorata who's guilty of causing the rainshower given that she's in love with Margarito and is aware he's disguised as Siete Machos, then pours out another jug of water, thinking she's dousing Margarito impersonating the bandit and not Siete Machos himself.



In my story, the protagonist farmer-poet from Mexico, named Fideos, is eating in a Chinese restaurant in Havana. He's fleeing two white mercenaries who work for a Peruvian academic. Inside the building, he hides in plain sight, eating Chinese noodles and repeating to the waitress Xiu every line from *El Siete Machos*. The movie is playing on a television in the corner of the room. The elaborate act seems to calm Fideos's nerves. He's watching the two white mercenaries eat at a table behind him. They have appeared suddenly, like ghosts, reflected on Xiu's glasses, while she flirts with him, criticizing a tad harshly Cantinflas' body of work to get a reaction.

Fideos eventually pays the bill and with slow, coordinated movements heads to the bathroom, where he retrieves a pair of pliers from his pocket and thrusts them into the two mercenaries who have followed him this far. I write in the first person, telling the story in English, "When the two men came in, I was waiting for them beside the door. I pushed the first one to the floor while stabbing the second right below the ribs. I kicked the one I had pushed to the floor in the face and stabbed the one I had already stabbed again. The one I stabbed twice was wearing the Panama hat. I then pushed him to the floor and kicked the one in the cowboy hat in the face a second time before bending down to also stab him below the ribs."

The story ends with the image of the two bodies sprawled on the ground, their blood forming a puddle. Actually, it ends with an analogy, that the two corpses and their puddle of blood look like two yolks that have already formed embryos.²

² In Ismar Tirelli Neto's translation, the ending scene is recounted like so:

Não precisei olhar para trás para reconhecer os dois assassinos-guardas, que certamente não haviam tocado em nada nos seus pratos. Por todo o tempo em que fiz conversa miúda com a hostess, vi seus olhos escuros detrás dos óculos dardejando periodicamente para trás de mim, um pouco acima da minha testa. O sorriso dela diminuía então, imperceptivelmente, e eu dizia algo de cômico, que era na verdade apenas o que Cantinflas interpretando Margarito interpretando Siete Machos tinha acabado de dizer, e o milímetro que ela havia perdido retornava até seus olhos vagarem novamente. Quando a hostess, cujo nome era Sue (Xiu?) passou por mim para entregar a conta, pedi a minha também e pedi licença para ir ao banheiro.

O banheiro media em torno de 7 por 12; ele tinha um vaso sanitário, um mictório e um balde sob uma pia gotejante. O recinto tresandava a amônia e lavanda sintética, e me lembrava banheiros parecidos em certos restaurantes no México, exceto pelo fato de que, no lugar do mictório, haveria uma tina cheia de gelo e bitucas de cigarro. Um rodo ficava escorado contra a pia, e por um momento pensei em desencaixar o cabo para usá-lo como pique na minha própria, minúscula arena de gladiadores, mas o alicate pontiagudo que sempre conservo comigo pareceu-me opção melhor. Quando os dois homens entraram, eu estava esperando por eles ao lado da porta. Empurrei o primeiro ao chão enquanto esfaqueava o segundo

logo abaixo das costelas. Chutei o que eu havia empurrado até o chão na cara e esfaqueei o que eu já tinha esfaqueado mais uma vez. O que eu esfaqueei duas vezes estava usando o chapéu Panamá. Em seguida, empurrei-o no chão e chutei o de chapéu de caubói no rosto por uma segunda vez, debruçando-me para esfaqueá-lo também logo abaixo das costelas.

Ambos, disformes sobre o chão, não levaram mais de um minuto para morrer, mas o que ainda me assombra é que nenhum dos dois emitiu sequer um som. Eles entraram no banheiro, fizeram o que tinham de fazer e tomaram parte em suas próprias mortes, como se a comida chinesa ou o ar de cubano os tivessem envenenado enquanto o sangue que empoçava os faziam parecer duas gemas que já haviam começado a formar embriões.

relação íntima estabeleceu-se intensamente entre mim e a flor: eu a admirava e ela parecia sentir-se admirada.. e tão gloriosa ficou na sua assombração e com tanto amor era observada que se passavam os dias e ela não murchava: continuava de corola toda aberta e túmida, fresca como flor nascida. Durou em beleza e vida uma semana inteira. Só então começou a dar mostras de algum cansaço. Depois morreu. Foi com relutância que a troquei por outra. E nunca a esqueci. O estranho é que a empregada perguntou-me um dia à queima roupa: "e aquela rosa?" Nem perguntei qual sabia. Esta rosa que viveu por amor longamente dado era lembrada porque a mulher vira o modo como eu olhava a flor e transmitia-lhe em ondas a minha energia. Intuíra cegamente que algo se passara entre mim e a rosa. Esta - deu-me vontade de chamá-la de "jóia da vida", pois chamo muito as coisas - tinha tanto instinto de natureza que eu e ela tínhamos podido nos viver uma a outra profundamente como só acontece entre bicho e homem.³

So, do you see where I'm going now, speaking to you about the story of a gemstone when I am talking about books? And if so, will you guide me in this obscure rite, since I myself don't know where these words will land?

Books are plentiful and endless. Paper and roses are not. Neither are precious stones, which like alexandrite, might be so rare as to be beautiful and extraordinary, subject to fierce extractivism or careful custodianship. What you are willing to do for such a charm might unashamedly verge on a state of limerence although then you should be prepared for what happens when you take so much that nothing's left. Or, you could "viver uma a outra profundamente", to use words I've just turned to for safe passage, and be okay with how the "coisa vivida [te] espanta assim como [te] espanta o futuro."

³ "I know the story of a rose. Does it seem strange to you to speak of a rose when I am talking about animals? But it acted in a way that recalls the animal mysteries. Every two days I would buy a rose and place it in water in a vase made specially narrow to hold the long stem of a single flower. Every two days the rose would wilt and I would exchange it for another. Until one certain rose. It was rose-colored without coloring or grafting just naturally of the most vivid rose color. Its beauty expanded the heart by great breadths. It seemed so proud of the turgescence of its wide open corolla and of its own petals that its haughtiness held it almost erect. Because it was not completely erect: with graciousness it bent over its stem which was fine and fragile. An intimate relationship intensely developed between me and the flower: I admired her and she seemed to feel admired. And she became so glorious in her apparition and was observed

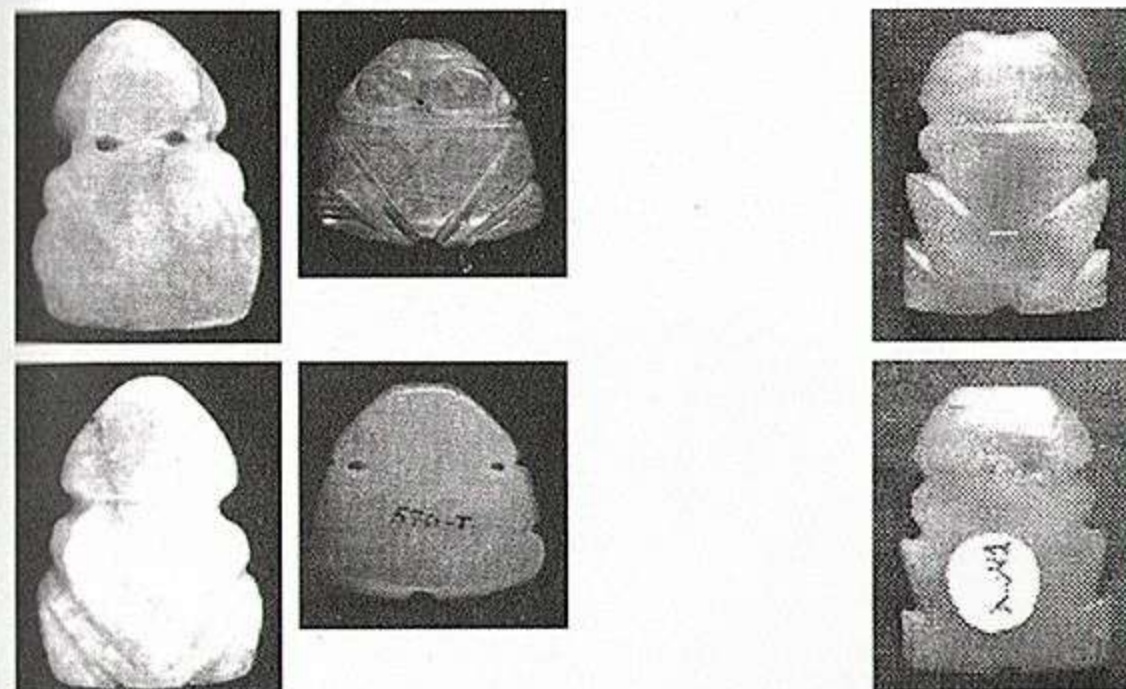
with such love that days went by and she did not wilt: her corolla remained wide open and swollen, fresh as a newborn flower. She lasted in beauty and life an entire week. Only then did she start to show signs of some fatigue. Then she died. It was with reluctance that I replaced her. And I never forgot her. The strange thing is that my maid asked me once out of the blue: "and that rose?" I didn't ask which one. I knew. That rose that lived from love given at length was remembered because the woman had seen how I looked at the flower and transmitted to her the waves of my energy. She had blindly intuited that something had gone on between me and the rose. That rose-made me want to call it 'Jewel of my life,' because I often give things names-had so much instinct by nature that I and she had been able to live each other profoundly, as only can happen between beast and man." —Translator Stephan Tobler

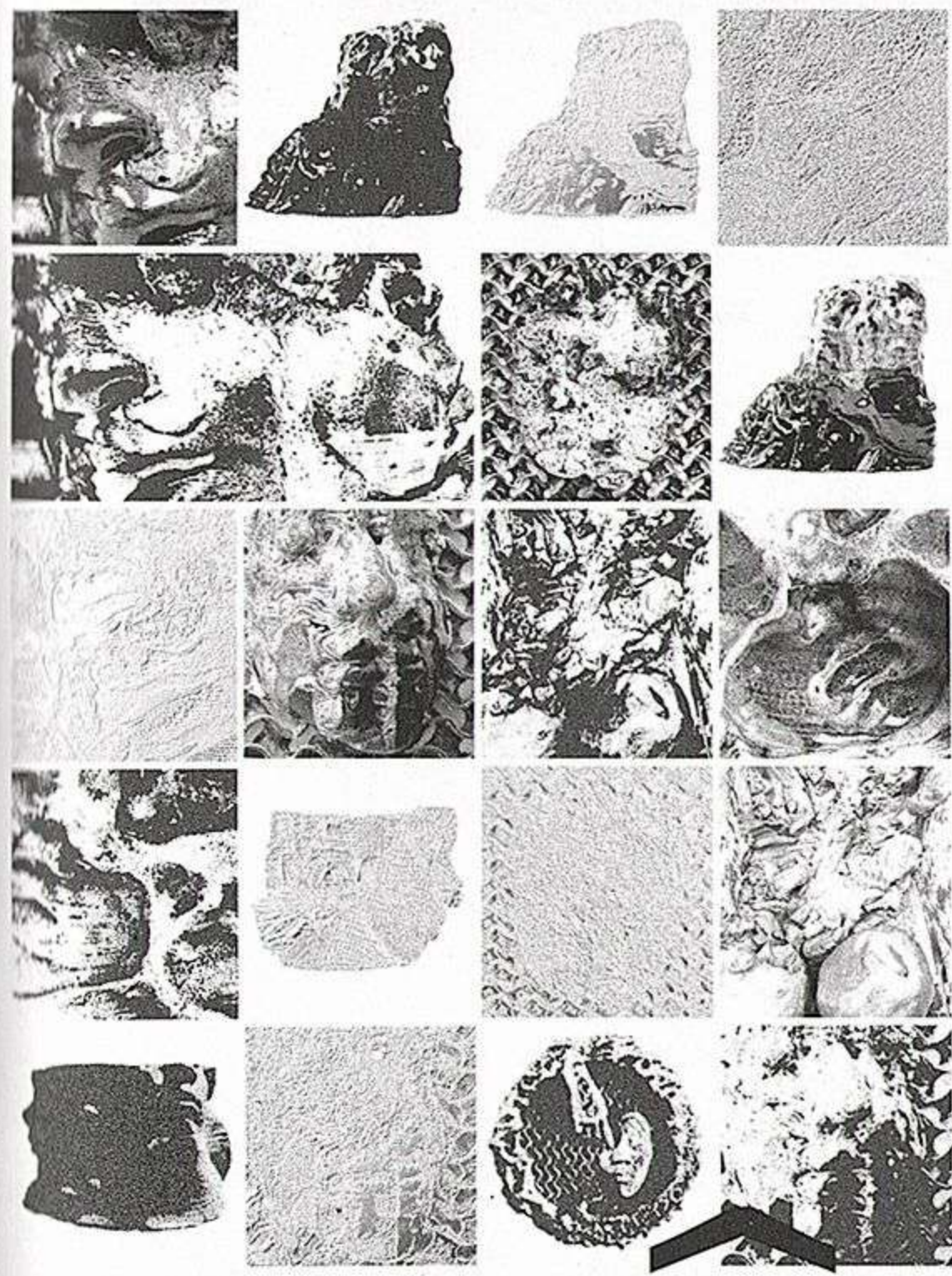
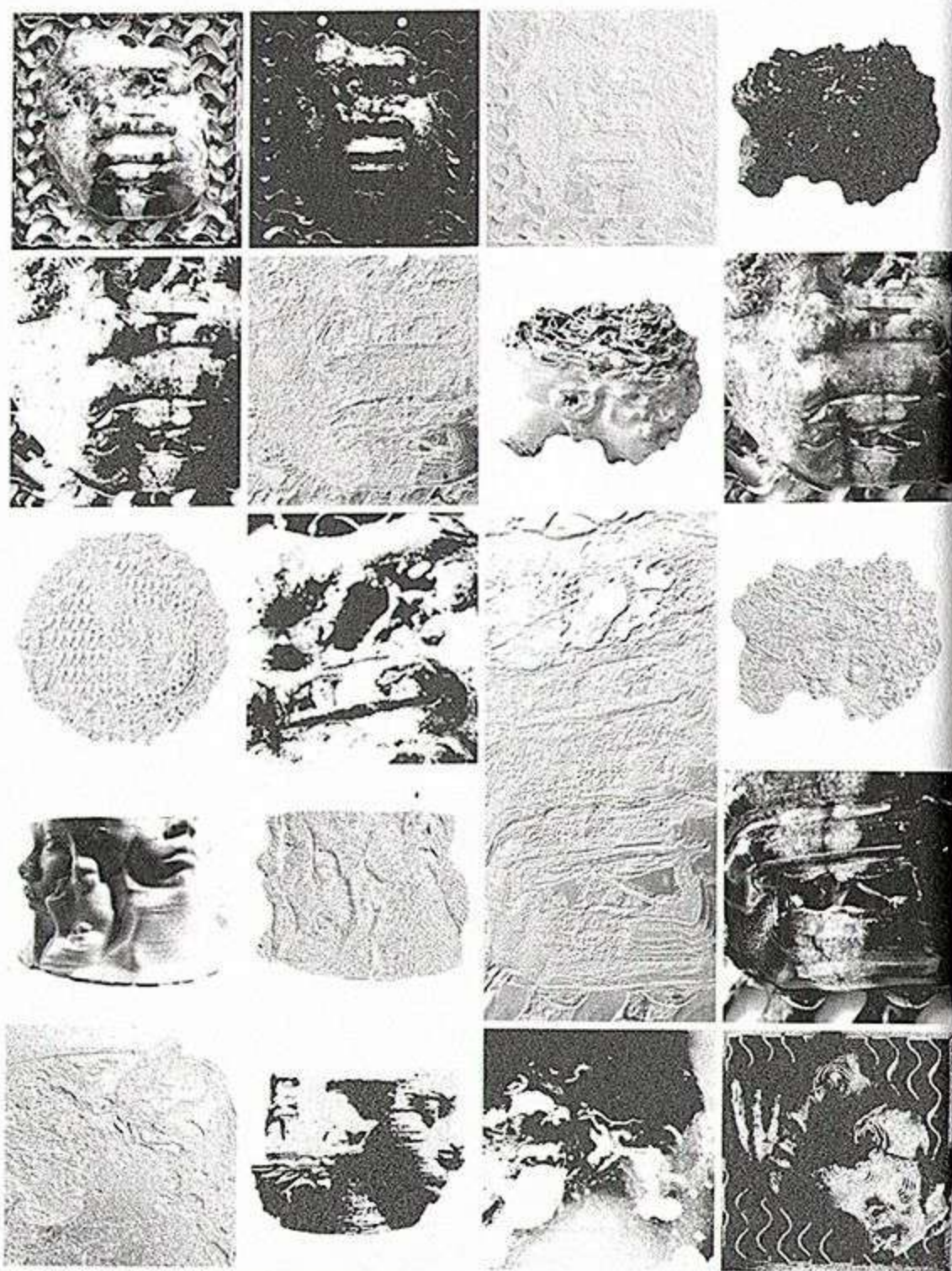
One of the books I live profoundly, which was first ordered and shipped to Clay street in Tel Aviv when I was 23 years old, a sort of Mexican *Angelus Novus* blown around from one border to the next, is *Macunaima* by Mário de Andrade. The hardcover edition of this Brazilian novel in English translation came to me at a time when I felt so homesick that I was ready to turn to cannibalism, i.e. anthropophagy.

I remember reading *Macunaima* on the bus to Abu Dis, where I taught *Gilgamesh*, *Macbeth*, and other texts that none of us at the university in Palestine owned as trade copies. The campus print shop, run by three men whom I grew indebted to with each passing semester, photocopied and bound course readers for my students who paid as much as, and sometimes more than, the trade cost of these books that could not cross the barriers required to travel to occupied territory.

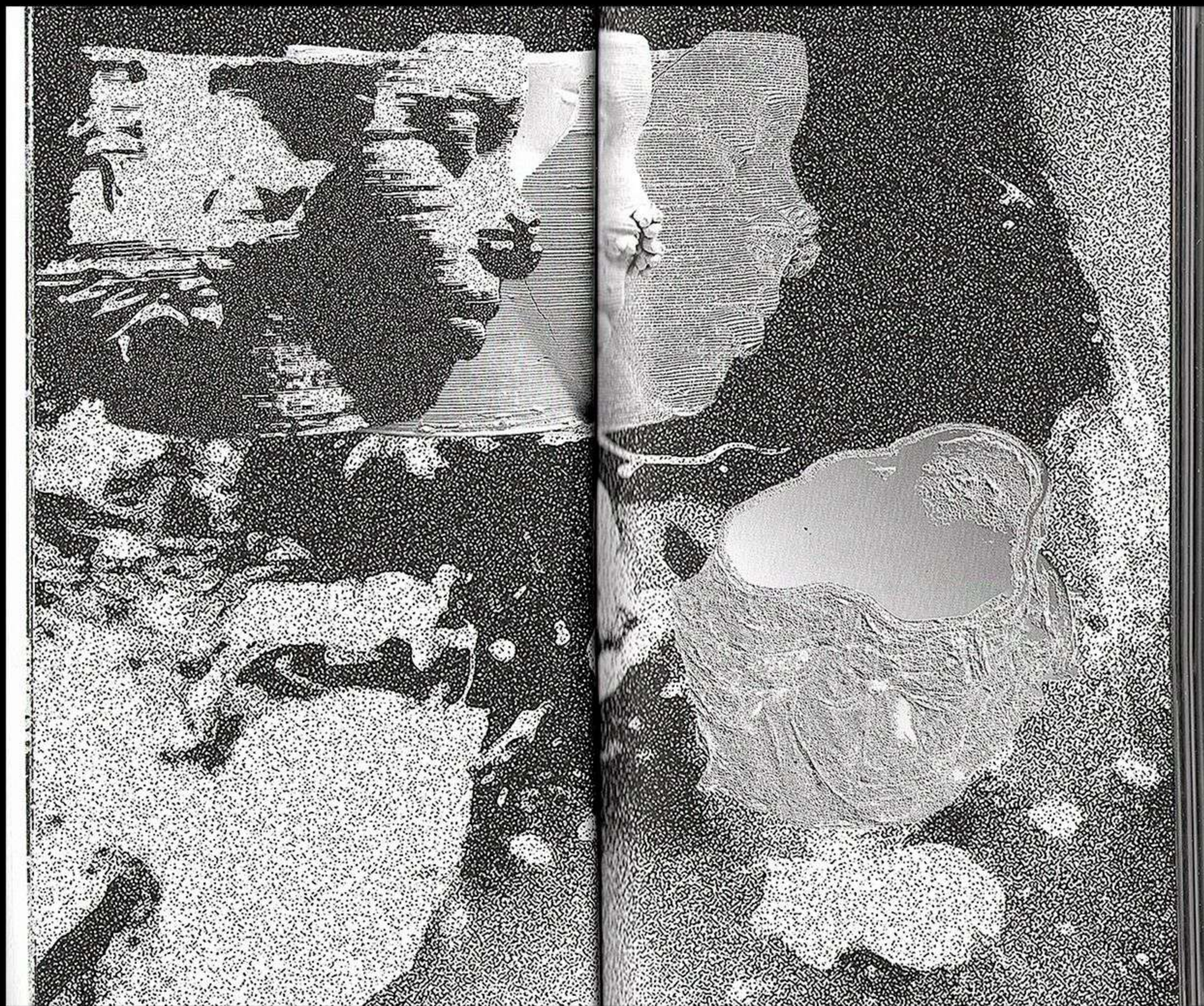
How delighted I was to find out several years later, after leaving Palestine, burnt out, that Katrina Dodson was translating *Macunaima* anew in an English I entrusted would bring to light, like "a drop of incombustible blood" from a gem's core, all the Tupi references that lay dormant in the first translation that's tarnished by outdated British mannerisms. This was meant as no slight on the translator who lived his translation and went as far as the Venezuelan border to visit a rock claimed to hold *Macunaima*'s spirit. But times change, and even in 1985, a year after the book's publication, a professor from New York University criticized idioms like "fiddlesticks" while also thanking E.A. Goodland for bringing the novel into English for the first time.

Katrina Dodson recently published her English translation on April 4th, 2023 with New Directions. I haven't bought the book, hoping that I might run into her in Brooklyn, as I have in the past, and that she might gift me a copy with a personal inscription. Chances are, though, that neither will I be so bold as to ask for a signed copy nor will I see her anytime soon, even if the translations separating us take us to the same place. Though whenever I do get a hold of Katrina's *Macunaima*, the first thing I'll do is turn to every passage involving the protagonist's prized possession: a *muiraquitã*.





INDORA



...and the ...

Carbonate of Copper

translated by
Daniel Machado

Palm tree sounding brass a building
 ripples in the slant sky
 swarming with lifelike angels at war
 in the engineered division
 of assets Firewall
 smoke cloud solar flare drone
 I beseeched all things
 in the ether rehearsing
 the lesson I learned
 for dwelling
 in the underscore
 of my hidden sequence
 fit to measure
 fit to brandish my weapons
 when I ordained
 the part of me in error
 when I was absent
 of ground
 for the encounter
 or effacement
 I had knowledge of
 a world ago
 birthmark of my person
 oblique in opposition
 to the cameras I dodge
 from the river overlook
 all my attributes
 now particles of data
 converging
 above the troubled multitude
 that denounces my pedestrian
 opulence uncertain
 when to attach
 when to destroy
 I ~ the arbiter
 of austerity the cause
 of so much unbearable
 discernment
 examples harmful in extreme
 I ~ the enforcer
 of actions condemned
 independent of my motives
 released from the nursery
 of what I once thought
 when I applied myself
 to the letter
 divisible by blood
 disjoined from the heat surge
 I choreographed —or am I
 an orphan open to apparition

ENTRANCE

converging na alvorada
 antes da batalha
 após a indignação
 e ameaças de morte
 na minha quarentena
 quando fervilho no indescritível
 na luz que me sustém
 e você cede a final
 à minha chave de braço
 meu comando lascivo
 eu cheguei primeiro eu estava
 em posse total
 dos meus sentidos de novo
 a ponto de sobreviver às proposições
 tóxicas
 mas mesmo aparentemente vitoriosos
 subestimei as consequências?

converging at dawn
 before the battlefield
 after indignation
 and death threats
 in my quarantine
 when I seethe in the unrelatable
 insofar as I levitate
 in light that sustains me
 and you submit in the end
 to my hammerlock
 my salacious command
 I was here first I was
 so in possession
 of my senses again
 as to survive the toxic propositions
 but even seemingly victorious
 did I underestimate the consequences?

ENTRADA

Palmeira latão ressonante um edifício
 vibra no céu oblíquo
 repleto de anjos vívidos em guerra
 na divisão engenhosa
 de ativos Firewall
 nuvem de fumaça explosão solar drone
 implorei a todas as coisas
 no éter ensaiando
 a lição que aprendi
 para habitar
 no sublinhado
 da minha sequência oculta
 pronta para mensurar
 pronta para brandir minhas armas
 quando eu decretei
 a parte errante de mim
 quando eu estava ausente
 de chão
 para o encontro
 ou o apagamento
 Eu tinha ciência de
 uma vida passada
 marca de nascença de minha pessoa
 oblíqua em oposição
 às câmeras que evito
 do mirante do rio
 todos meus atributos
 agora são partículas de dados
 convergindo
 sobre a multidão perturbada
 que denuncia minha
 opulência pedestre incerta
 quando conectar
 quando destruir
 Eu ~ o árbitro
 da austeridade a causa
 de tanto discernimento
 insuportável
 exemplos nocivos ao extremo
 Eu ~ o executor
 de ações condenadas
 independentes de meus motivos
 libertados do berçário
 do que já pensei
 quando a me apliquei
 ao pé da letra
 divisível pelo sangue
 desiligado da onda de calor
 eu choreografei —ou sou eu
 um órfão aberto à aparição

La Dominadora

from *Chapeo* by Johan Mijail
translated by Christopher Rey Pérez

The Dominatrix



1

The United States flag waves to us at the entrance, its stars depicting the violence of its interventionism. The years 1916 and 1965 made me despise my desire to be here. I didn't understand the idea of "money growing on trees," which according to Luis, prevailed over the promise of a visa, and while we waited for ages sitting on blue plastic chairs, my stomach begins to hurt. I touch my belly. I feel my face. I press over my lungs, caress my thighs, and the chills, the fever, return. My body forms a bridge, establishing ties to other bodies that weren't here speaking English, plotting to take over the world, inventing wars, stealing. Luis's turn comes up, and the chills unexpectedly transform into tears, reminding me of the dew on mango trees from Maní, the leaves that look like green boats on plantain trees, on guineito trees.

The chills continue to seemingly transform my skin into browner tones. I pass through shades of melanin rising and falling according to the rage I feel. My headache transforms along the way, leading me to related images of Afro-dominican resistance within the memory of a universal—better yet, a universalizing—history. Political discourses inventing a racial supremacy for naturalizing racism in our bodies, for instating in the collective unconscious the idea that some human beings are worth more than others and that our flesh should always generate an economic surplus of money and sexuality so that the colonial matrix in all its painful and insufferable forms is reproduced: an embodied memory existing only to provide livelihood for another's financial gain.

ENCUESTA

2

I stand up and head to the bathroom. Facing the mirror, I look at myself and listen to Santa Marta say, From now on your name is Filomena. She also says to leave, that I should go to the nearest colmado for coffee, Malta, eggs, and I'm told that along the way my thoughts will come and go, registering in my body signs of epistemological transformation. Knotted thoughts with complex grades of body-cognitive approaches for reactivating the social mass later. She adds that taking a walk from The Embassy to the colmado in search of rituals will allow me to leave behind performative records, which later, she reiterates, will transform into microflights from the prevailing heterowhitecolonial regime. I'll bring forward, from this racialized body, signs that will prove the same old thing. A ghostly "black being" pursues Afrodescendants like a shadow. That's why we're misunderstood as subjects. There's always a heterohomobotransnationalist force that excludes us from territories, inventing borders. The great colonial heritage we all live fighting for.

Santa Marta recommends I read Frantz Fanon in regards to this first flow and then Édouard Glissant for his Antillean discourse.

She summons me to look at my genitals because throughout this time she'll lend me a pussy, and my anus will be a speaking organ. Concerning the latter, she adds that the anal offers a space to explore reality, that by reclaiming the ass we can generate important imaginative changes in the most heteronormative spaces of black reason. Blackness doesn't negate homophobia. Is the anus a homosexual monopoly?, I ask her, seizing the moment. She replies, No, that the anus is the sexual organ of democracy because we all have one. I believe her.

She dictates a list that suggests titling it **EMANCIPATION**

1. There are undocumented immigrant women who are criminalized and outlawed for their non-national status.
2. There are bad women.
3. There are indigenous women.
4. There are crazy women.
5. There are working women.
6. There are women who have abandoned their heterosocial privilege to live the experience of inhabiting other feminine worlds with other women.
7. There are women with penises.
8. There are women with hormonal contraindications.
9. There are black women.
10. There are mentally unstable women.
11. There are women with HIV.
12. There are poor women.
13. There isn't one type of woman, and the white-cis bourgeois feminists should understand this once and for all.

Santa Marta ends her list, and I begin walking to the nearest colmado.

She dictates another list that suggests titling it **BACKFEMINIST**

1. When an Afrodescendent friend says she grew up without examples of black people in the media or in private spaces, she doesn't only say this thinking about the politics of representation but does so questioning the historical violence that ascribes white supremacy to our non-white bodies.
2. Where is the feminism of the male, female, and non-binary children of black women?
3. The political subject of the feminist movement shouldn't be decided by a "biological reality" nor a "racial reality." Trans and black feminists are also women.
4. At this critical moment for the feminist movement and its ever closer relationship to neoliberalism, we should all look to other bodies that this same movement silences due to its obsession with whiteness and heterosexuality.

Santa Marta's power inside me projects onto my steps. It opens a threshold of possibilities. Microworlds that inside the verbal radicality of chapeo establish ties to certain contributions which envision poetic spaces of racialized invention and intervention for locating pain and happiness in all of one's bodies and souls. Hurricane forces project onto the stigmas and myths about how we live, as well. They manage to curve the straight line that sustains the masculinizing design of the tricolor flag suggesting that yuca and yuatia are a breakfast feast in every echo where all that's self-proclaimed to be Dominican resounds. I reach for my phone and message Luis, who is still at her interview. I tell her I'm about to leave and that I'll be back soon. That I was having one of my communicative processes. She would respond right away, Go and come back, and advise me to not end up in the cemetery again. Ok, birdy, I write, and

(salte dos páginas)

أَلْحَانُ السُّرْعَةِ

Istidrāk

Written by Najlaa Eltom

translated by Mayada Ibrahim

اسْتَدْرَاكَ: نَقْضٌ تَدْبِيرٌ، أَحْيَا نَقْصَانَهُ، مَعَ انْغِمَارٍ فِي التَّفْصِيلِ، يُلْحَقُ بِأَسْنَانِهِ مَا قَاتَهُ مِنْ دَاتِهِ. لِأَنَّ الْمَعْرِفَةَ عَضَلَةٌ دَاخِلِيَّةٌ، وَالْإِذْرَاكُ شُعُوبُهَا، فَهِيَ تَخُصُّ الْجِسْمَ بِالتَّحَامِيهَا فِيهِ دُونَ تَدْعِي تَمَثِيلِ هَذِهِ الشُّعُوبِ. الْإِذْرَاكُ لَا يَقْبَلُ التَّمَثِيلَ وَالتَّوَسُّطَ، وَمَعَ تَعَدُّهِ الشَّدِيدِ وَكَثَافَتِهِ؛ يَصِيرُ مَنَزَلَةً كَامِلَةً سَدِيدَةً مِنْ مَجْمُوعِ نَقَائِضٍ تَتَّبِقُ بِدِقَّةٍ فَائِقَةٍ مَعَ عِصْمَةِ الدَّخْضِ. اسْتَدْرَاكَ أَيُّ انْحَرَفَ بِاتِّجَاهِ الصَّحِيحِ، لَكِنَّهُ انْحَرَفَ عَلَى آيَةٍ حَالٍ. وَيَقْتَضِي الْانْحِرَافُ جَادَةً، وَلَكِنْ أَحْيَاناً يَتَحَرَّكُ مِنْ غَيْرِهَا مُسْتَمْسِكاً بِطَلَاقَتِهِ وَمُنْخَرِراً مِنْ مَعْنَاهُ.

Istidrāk tears you apart. Your weaknesses come alive. You search open-mouthed for the missing part of yourself. Istidrāk is the tissue and knowledge is the muscle that binds itself to the body without acting on its behalf. There can be no acting on behalf of istidrāk. Its manifold nature makes it a distinct plane. It is one of the many paradoxes at peace with themselves. Istidrāk is to deviate to the correct path, but to deviate nonetheless. It necessitates taking a path, though sometimes one can wander away from the path, buoyed by the absence of meaning.



الاسْتَدْرَاكُ عَلَى نَفْسِكَ لَيْسَ مَجْرَدَ عَوْدَةٍ أَوْ لُحُوقٍ، الْاسْتَدْرَاكُ الْمَعْرِفَةُ بِمَا جِيءَ خَاصِغٌ لِلْإِحَاطَةِ وَالْإِطَاحَةِ وَالْقَفْزَةِ. اسْتَدْرَاكَ يَعْنِي بَنَى مُسْتَعْمِلاً الْهَشِيمَ؛ وَلَكِنْ هَذَا لَيْسَ مُجَرَّدَ رُكَامٍ، إِنَّهُ مَادَّةٌ رَكْضِيَّةٌ تَنَاقُزُ تَتَطَابَقُ مَعَ هُنْدَسَتِهَا، مَادَّةٌ عَارِفَةٌ وَاصِلَةٌ مِنَ الشُّعُورِ الْأَصْلِيِّ وَلَيْسَ مِنَ التَّجَرُّبَةِ. يَقُومُ هَذَا الصَّرْحُ عَلَى مِيزَةِ الْكَبَدِ، كَبَدِ الرَّجْمِ، مُطْلَقاً عُنْفُونَانَهُ فِي نَظَرَةِ صَاحِبِهِ إِلَيْهِ، نَظَرَةِ الْمُجَدِّدِ وَلَيْسَ الْأَبْقِ.

Istidrāk is not a mere step in any one direction. It is a whole new structure that can be grasped, toppled, jumped over. It is made of shattered material, which is not to say useless material. It is momentum. It is not experience that creates momentum, but pure feeling. The structure takes shape from within, with kin. It blooms in the image of its creator; the reviver and not the runaway.



Laura Huertas Millán
« PREMIÈRE GÉNÉRATION ». *Un exorcismo*

Traducido por Juan Pablo Villegas

ENGLISH

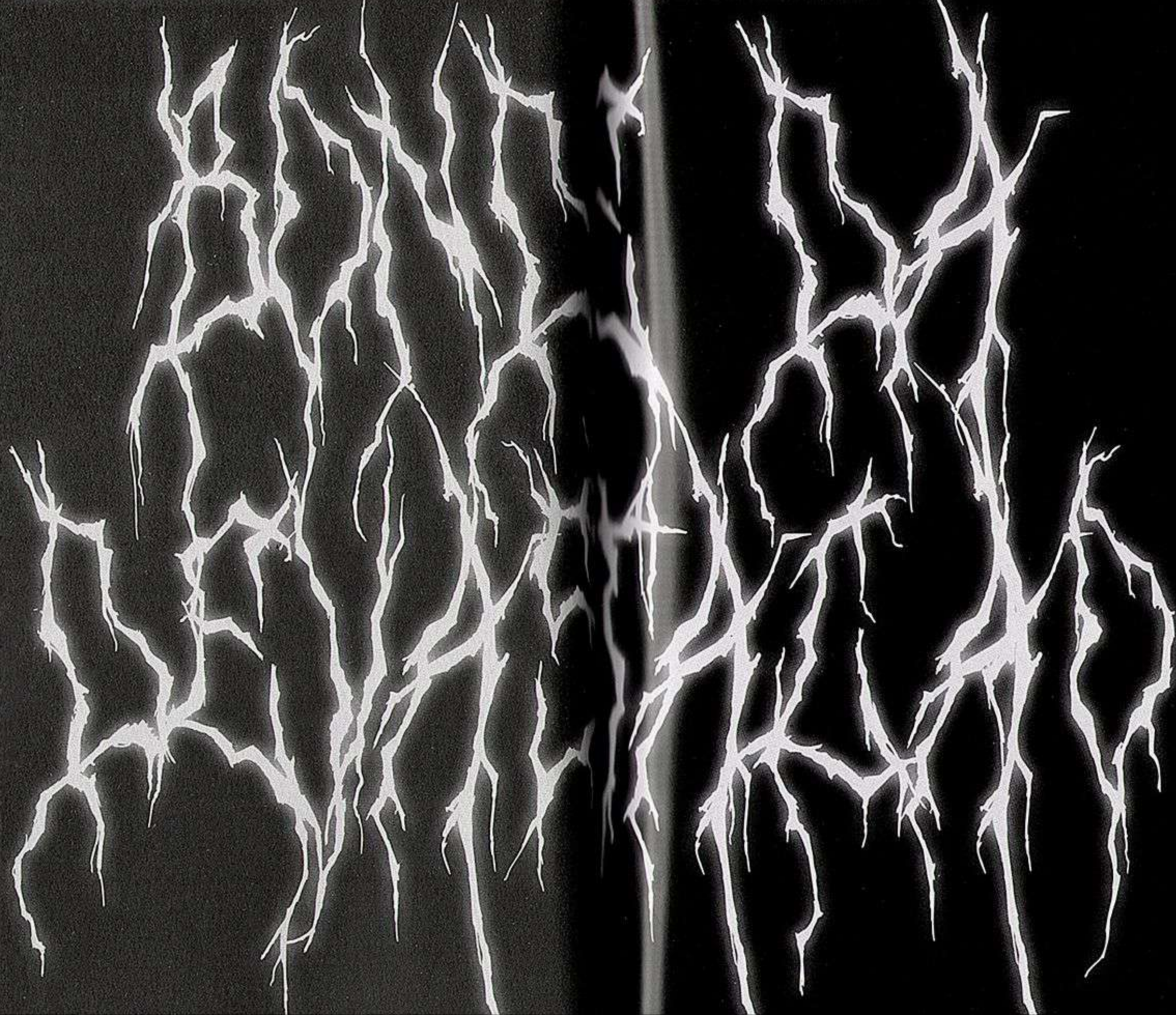
Première génération veut dire en Anglais les premiers arrivants dans un pays étranger, qui s'y installent et qui restent. No, wait, first generation stands for the children of the first immigrants. Because the immigrants are immigrants, and the children are the first generation. So the immigrants are generation zero, or perhaps generation one or one hundred back home, I mean their home because they are immigrants, they are not from here. I mean this is their homes but truly it's not their homes, they're immigrants. If the immigrants don't have any children there is no generation one, no first generation, they just die and disappear forever, with their old yellowed analog pictures and their list of main and side jobs long as an arm, as they say in French. Where did you say you come from? You speak with an accent. I mean, no, you don't have an accent but you said your family name with an accent. Is it another language? Got it. Oops. You truly have an interesting face. Une gueule. Yes, in French it means maw. Well, it actually means, in French, someone who has an interesting face, not the classic conventional beauty, you know what I mean, but rather a non-conventional kind of beauty. Or more someone who is ugly. But whose ugliness is really interesting. Like fascinating. Oh, yes, you do have a gueule. It's like no one else's, it's a face that can be remembered. A very different face. For example, my favorite movie actors have a gueule. They impress you onscreen. They are scary. You look like an African mask but with white skin. I find you very attractive. Your friend looked like an Inca princess, I remember. Very impressive. You have the best body I've bedded. You are a sacré coup. It means fuck. Let's go dancing salsa. Here they come, the Colombians! Did you see? No one here looks like you. You are alone. In this restaurant. Look at this wine. Do you have these, in your country? I'm really sorry that my husband said that to you. Latinas are caliente. I'll text you on Saint Valentine's Day even if I'm married because you danced salsa

Guidance
from a Pottery
Shard while
Confronting the
Pignatelli Cortes
Archive and
Encounters
with a Pigeon,
a Swift and
Seagulls
Maria Thereza Alves



CINEMA DE DEDO GIGANTE

THIAGO MARTINS DE MELO

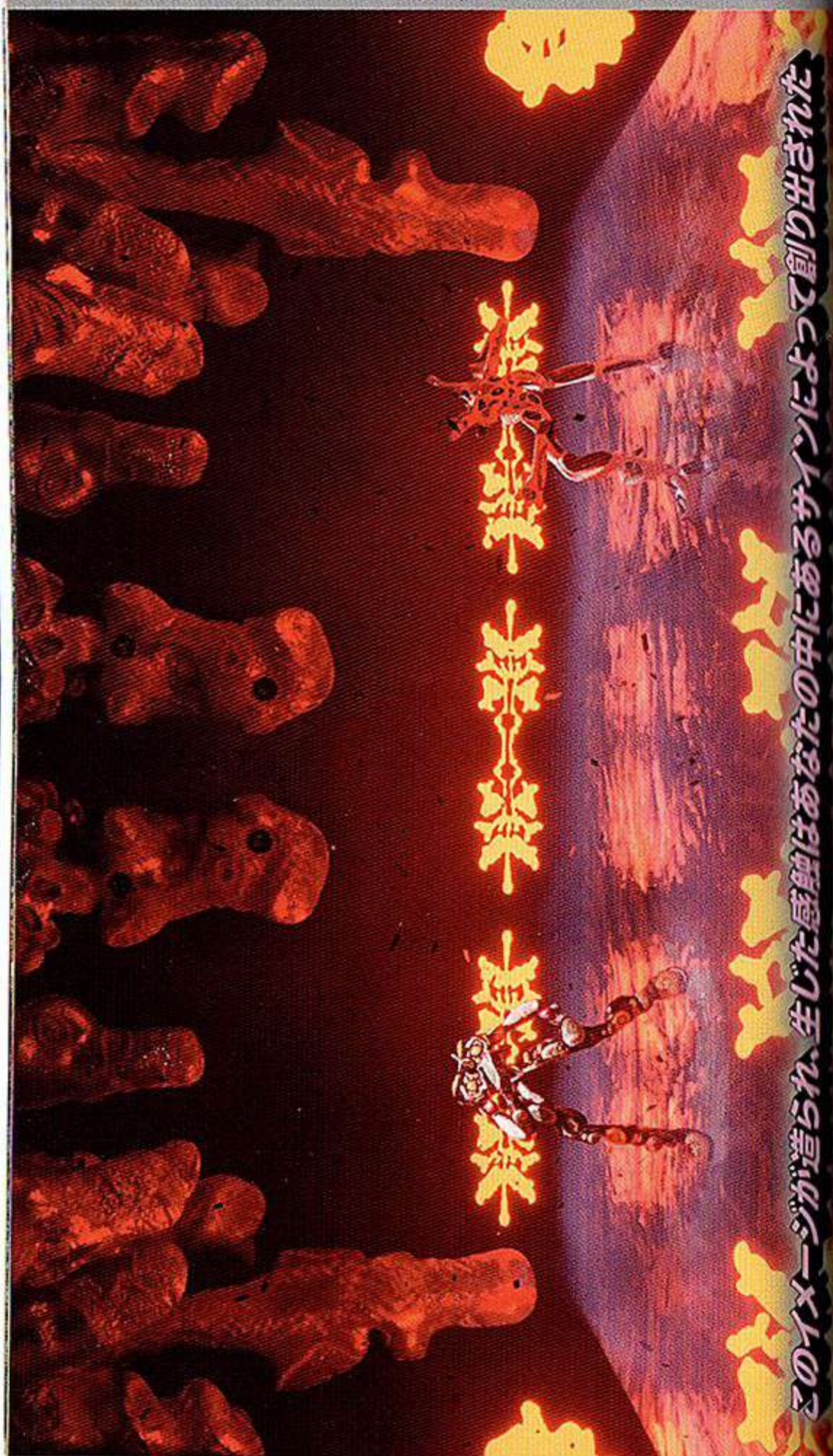




**UNBORDERED
ON A BORDERED
DOMAIN**

有界な領域ある非有界

GABRIEL MASSAN
TRANSLATED BY JENNIFER PEREZ



このイメージが造られ、生じた感覚はあなたの中にあるサインによって創り出された

THE IMAGE THAT IS GENERATED, THE SENSATION THAT IS GENERATED IS INFLUENCED BY THE SIGNS STORED IN YOU



抑えられない暴力は選択できるが、君の世界にはない

UNBRIDLED VIOLENCE IS A CHOICE, BUT NOT IN YOUR WORLD



それらは自分の期待に応えることなく存在できると想像してみて

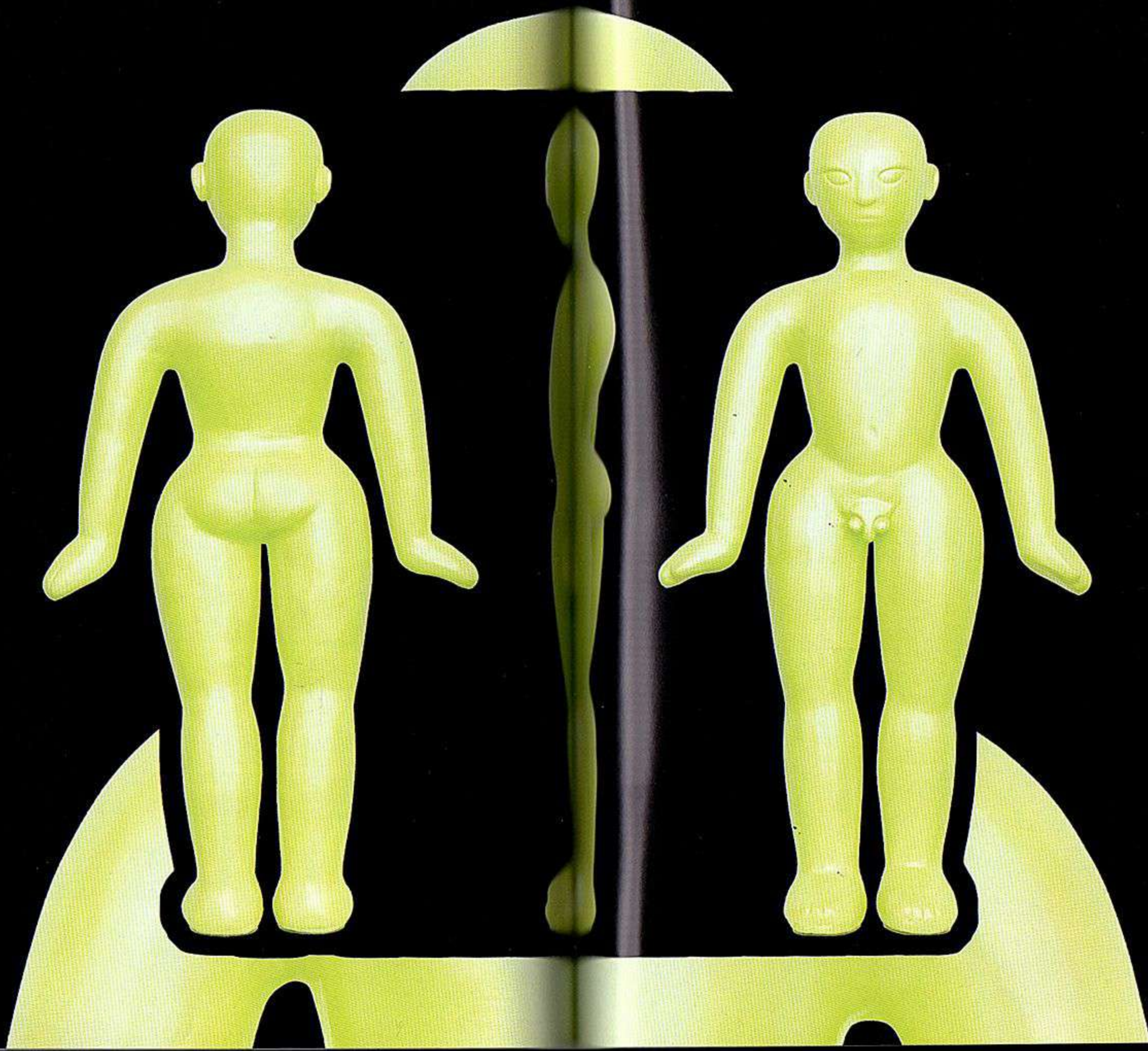
ALLOW YOURSELF TO IMAGINE THAT THEY EXIST AND THAT THEY CAN ALSO LIVE WITHOUT MEETING YOUR EXPECTATIONS



あなたがしたことがないように彼らに答えさせてみて

LET THEM RESPOND AS YOU NEVER DID





The heart of this city beats in the rhythm of your name
You've slept beside yourself on too many nights;

struggled to hold yourself. There's too much of you
Like the depths of water bodies, you cannot contain
the surface of yourself because you don't wanna drown
You could learn to swim tho but you prefer to be alone

not guided. Not dictated to but...
How else will you learn by yourself, then?

How will you navigate the expanse of your stomach,
the flow of your eyes, the depth of your laugh?
There aren't too many words you feel you've got
to say, today. You are inside all your senses.
Heightened yet numb. They say your mind is the same
still waters you have waded in your whole life

Where is your head and from which end
are you entering these waters?

El corazón de esta ciudad late al ritmo de tu nombre
Has dormido fuera de ti demasiadas noches;
Luchaste por sostenerte. Hay demasiado de ti
Como las profundidades de los cuerpos de agua, no puedes contener
la superficie de ti mismo porque no quieres ahogarte
Podrías aprender a nadar pero prefieres estar solo
No guiado. Tampoco dictado pero...
¿Qué otra manera aprenderás por ti mismo, entonces?
¿Cómo navegarás por la extensión de tu estómago,
el fluir de tus ojos, la profundidad de tu risa?
No hay demasiadas palabras que sientas que tienes
que decir, hoy. Estás dentro de todos tus sentidos.
Enaltecido pero entumecido. Dicen que tu mente es el
agua tranquila que has vadeado en toda tu vida
¿Dónde está tu cabeza y de qué lado
entras entrando en estas aguas?

Atrapas el espíritu de bailar,
con la música de tiempos lejanos,
con pies; hombros y pecho -
como si los acabaras de descubrir
Bailando como si esperaras que la luna de esta noche
surja de entre tus piernas
Ahora que la coca se acabó;
todo el dinero gastado
Debes admitir
que es cansado dormir con un ojo
abierto
Te despiertas sintiendo que te han perseguido
a través de un sueño donde las estrellas dicen
tú eres principalmente agua
fuego:
un silbato de vapor de tetera
Tú dices
no; Soy un hijo del suelo
Envíame de vuelta a la tierra
para que pueda volver
un lirio de fuego

You catch the spirit of dancing
to music from times long gone,
with feet; shoulders and chest -
like you've just discovered them

Dancing like you hope tonight's moon
will rise between your legs

Now that the coke is done;
all the money spent
You must admit
it is tiring to sleep with one eye
open

You wake feeling like you've been chased
through a dream where the stars say
you are mostly water
fire:
a kettle's steam whistle

You say
no; I am a child of the soil
Send me back into the earth
so I can come back
a flame-lily



Confucius Plaza was founded in 1983, and it's the only monument dedicated to an asian philosopher in Guatemala. It was a diplomatic gift by Taipei's Municipality to Guatemala City, and the plaza contains, engraved in marble, the famous chapter *Harmony*, by the Chinese philosopher, who is protected by two Fu Lions.

Fu Lions have a long history in cosmogony and art from China, and they generally guard spaces of power, such as governmental institutions, imperial tombs, palaces, and sometimes even homes. Historically, these mythical creatures have been represented and produced in marble, stone, or bronze, and they are believed to protect and combat bad energies, both mundane and metaphysical. In the patriarchal tradition, the male lion guards the outside, the structure; whereas the female lion protects intimacy, the people who inhabit the place.

During the performance, I wear two masks, which are based on the Fu Lions from Confucius Plaza in Guatemala, but I do not protect the philosopher. Instead, I guard two restaurants now serving as bars in the City Center. 'Las Estrellas' and 'Chino Pobre' are both cantinas and part of my daily life in my country. My body, which is more vulnerable than a mythical, stone creature, works as a bridge for the lions' female and masculine energies to collide as a desire and counter narrative to their founding, binary history. In this way, both take part in the polyvalence and multiplicity of yin yang.

Being both lions is a homage not only to the apotropaic animal but to the will to protect the restaurants now turned Chinese bars/cantinas in zone 1, which form part of my daily life in Guatemala and whose existence persists despite contexts of violence, both concrete and spiritual.



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2023,
Performance, Guatemala City
Esvin Alarcón Lam
Photo documentation: Alejandro Ortiz
Make up: Andrómeda

protocolo de uso de

Nos presentamos:

Somos dos amigas que colaboramos desde 2018, interesadas en comprender cómo puede cuidarse lo invisible. Combinamos métodos propios desarrollados a lo largo de nuestras trayectorias como artistas, la experiencia ganada en actividades laborales y la investigación sobre prácticas ceremoniales de diversas culturas.

Bernardo es de Bolivia y ha vivido en Australia, España, Portugal, Inglaterra, Brasil y ahora, Argentina. La familia de Lucía lleva tres generaciones migrando entre Guatemala, Estados Unidos, Argentina y Ecuador. Esta obra fue hecha especialmente para "Luz y Fuerza" (MALBA 13/7/2023-13/11/2023) y nos inspiramos en nuestro vínculo, en cómo nos sentimos en casa con otros, en cómo los cuerpos migrantes y descendientes de migrantes generamos arraigo. Es por eso que esta obra ofrece la posibilidad de cambiar de forma y de lugar, de armar y desarmar donde queramos dentro de la sala. Vemos las piezas como objetos para transitar estados. Por ejemplo, la frialdad de los museos, el cansancio de estar mucho tiempo de pie, la necesidad de sentarse frente a una obra un rato largo para procesar una emoción.

por Lucía Reissig
& Bernardo Zabala

criaturas para guardias

El dibujo que está en sala da algunos ejemplos de formas de usar la obra, pero nos parece vital contar con la participación de los orientadores de sala para transmitir oralmente las instrucciones. ¡¡Gracias por ser parte de esto!!

El criterio de cuánto usarla puede depender de ustedes intuitivamente. Por ejemplo: dos personas por día mínimo sería genial y 5 máximo. Esto en cuanto a abrirla y "usarla", pero pasear con las criaturas de la correa y devolverlas a su estacionamiento creo que puede ser ilimitado.

Después de cada visita: que cada visitante que interactúe con las criaturas las lleve a su "estacionamiento", que es donde descansan. Solo es necesario enganchar las correas en los ganchos y chequear que las piezas estén enrolladas, ni muy sueltas ni muy justas. Este gesto de ver cómo quedan enrolladas puede ser reforzado por el/la orientadorx.

Así, la mística de cuidar y convivir con una obra de arte espiritual comienza a tomar forma. Durante una de nuestras reuniones para conversar sobre la creación de Criaturas, la curadora Lara Marmor se refirió a ellas como *objetos espirituales*. Eso luego dio nombre a la acción de apertura de la exposición, una experiencia que propone la acción colectiva de iniciación y de conexión con la territorialidad de la sala habitada por las obras y los artistas. Pensando en esto, se nos ocurre proponer el uso de las piezas dentro de este marco: en nuestras vidas personales, ¿cómo nos vinculamos con aquello que consideramos espiritual? Otra referencia: cuando jugamos con un animal que no es nuestro o con el hijo de un familiar o amigo, ¿cuál es el estado anímico que nos habita? Sin duda se hace presente un estado de **máximo cuidado**, sin que eso signifique que dejemos de disfrutar el momento. Ese contexto de **cariño y cuidado** puede ser un diferencial a la hora de **acompañar** el uso de las piezas.

Nos parece importante la forma en la que, mediante la palabra, le damos entidad/animalidad a la obra y comunicamos lo que queremos transmitir. Esta obra es para **usar** y para **jugar**. Sin embargo, es delicada. Para usar las piezas hay que seguir algunas reglas, pero queremos que se las use.

¿Cómo romper la frialdad de las reglas? Por ejemplo, cuando rescatamos a la perra de Lucía en plena pandemia, vimos videos de adiestramiento canino en YouTube y descubrimos algo llamado "adiestramiento positivo", la implementación de reglas ayudaba al desarrollo de la personalidad del perro. Entonces pensamos que la lista de *noes* podría ser reformulada mediante *síes*.

de sala

Nota

populaciones - Pico de expone
relatividad exponencial
diferencia exponencial

2. separación: agua - oxígeno / dióxido de carbono / nitrógeno - gases volátiles
de oxígeno - los gases volátiles - los
solidificación de oxígeno / dióxido de carbono
los gases - oxígeno - los gases volátiles
de la separación
los gases - los gases y los gases volátiles
relatividad del agua - los gases volátiles

CAPI	LATEX
ESR	CUCHA YETU
ELR	COSAS
PR	DIRECC
ELR	DIRECC

UNA HISTORIA POSIBLE

sobre el acceso a las películas confeccionadas ilegalmente por el estado y transferidas al Archivo General de Puerto Rico para su custodia, preservación y divulgación **A POSSIBLE STORY** regarding access to films illegally-made by the state and transferred to the General Archives of Puerto Rico for their custody, preservation, and dissemination

por Sofía Gallisá Muriente translated by Christopher Rey Pérez



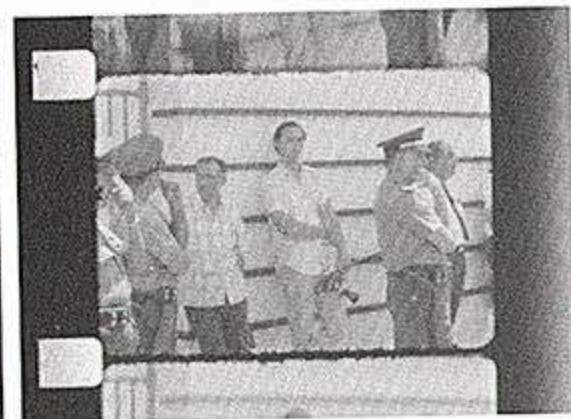
Los policías no son buenos cineastas. Comienzan a producir cine inútil para la División de Inteligencia, explorando las posibilidades técnicas de la cámara para hacer imágenes ilegibles en una suerte de sabotaje simple que subvierte sus intenciones. La mayoría de los oficiales no dominan el uso del fotómetro para medir la luz, además de que es un reto controlar el encuadre y el foco cuando se filma a escondidas, mirando por un visor pequeño bajo el sol inclemente del Caribe. Dejan la cámara filmando dentro del estuche, abren la cámara bajo el sol, olvidan limpiar el lente y llenan rollos de 100 pies de película Kodak o Eastman con imágenes completamente fuera de foco, haciendo ver a sus sujetos como siluetas de luz y sombra que bailan entre fotogra- The police aren't good filmmakers. They mas. Casi siempre fil- end up producing useless films for the In- man acercándose a telligence Division, exploring the camera la acción con un lente technical capabilities to make illegible im- telefoto y sin trípode, ages in a sort of simple sabotage that sub- dejando que todo su verts their intentions. Most officials don't nerviosismo se refleje know how to properly use an exposure me- en imágenes temblo- ter to measure light, plus it's a challenge to rosas con movimientos control the frame and focus when filming bruscos. Los que gra- covertly, looking through a tiny viewfind- ban sonido no lo hacen er under the harsh, Caribbean sun. They mucho mejor. A veces leave the film rolling in the camera case, esconden el micrófo- expose it to daylight, forget to wipe the lens, no debajo de su ropa and fill 100-foot reels of Kodak or Eastman y capturan más ruidos film stock with completely out of focus im- corporales que discurs- ages, turning their subjects into silhouettes sos o consignas, se of light and shadow that dance between les olvida modular los frames. They almost always film approach- niveles de volumen y ing the action with a telephoto lens and al no llevar audífonos without a tripod, letting their nervousness para no delatarse tam- come through shaky images with jolting poco se enteran de lo movements. Those recording sound aren't que han grabado hasta much better. Sometimes they hide their mi- regresar al cuartel. crophones beneath their clothes and most-

En las reunio- ly capture bodily noises instead of speech- nes de revisión con es and slogans. They forget to adjust the sus superiores, donde volume, and since they don't carry head- proyectan las películas phones to remain concealed, they come to frente a la misma mesa find out what they've recorded once they ovalada donde apren- return to headquarters.



During reviews with their supervisors, where they project films in front of the same oval table where they first learned to use a camera, the filmmaker officials claim that it's all been a terrible accident or blame someone from the headquarter's darkroom on the 10th floor. They go over the films in slow motion, taking note of familiar faces, organizational

dieron a usar la cámara, los oficiales cineastas argumentan que ha sido todo un accidente o culpa de alguien trabajando en el laboratorio en el décimo piso del Cuartel General. Repasan las películas en cámara lenta, tomando nota de rostros familiares, insignias de organizaciones y comportamiento sospechoso. Diseccionan las películas tratándolas como una secuencia de fotos, congelando imágenes útiles para ampliarlas y reproducirlas e identificar personas investigadas, o que ameritan que se les abra un expediente. El Superintendencia de la Policía se niega a invertir en más equipo o entrenamiento, y les instruye a documentar a las personas que vean con cámaras en los eventos. Reclutan informantes en los laboratorios comerciales de la isla para que dupliquen insignias, and suspicious behavior. They dis- o confisquen material sect the films, treating them like a sequence filmado por mejores ci- of photos, freezing useful frames to enlarge neastas. Así obtienen and reproduce them in order to identify peo- películas caseras filma- ple under investigation or who merit their das desde cerca y con own file. The Police Superintendence refusa la complicidad de quie- es to invest in more equipment or training nes aparecen frente al and instructs them to document camera-car- lente. En algunas reda- rying people they see at events. They recruit das a hogares y ofici- informants from the island's commercial nas también incautan laboratories to duplicate or confiscate mate- películas, algunas con rial that's been filmed by better filmmakers. policieros cubanos de That's how they obtain home movies filmed propaganda socialista, from up-close and with the consent of those tras con contenidos appearing before the lens. In some home domésticos de dudoso and office raids, they also seize films, some interés para la División with socialist propaganda from Cuban news- de Inteligencia. reels, others with domestic content of doubt- ful interest to the Intelligence Division.



der

Hick Duarte and the Huni Kuin
at Aldeia São Joaquim, Acre, Brasil



de perto



pra conta de perto

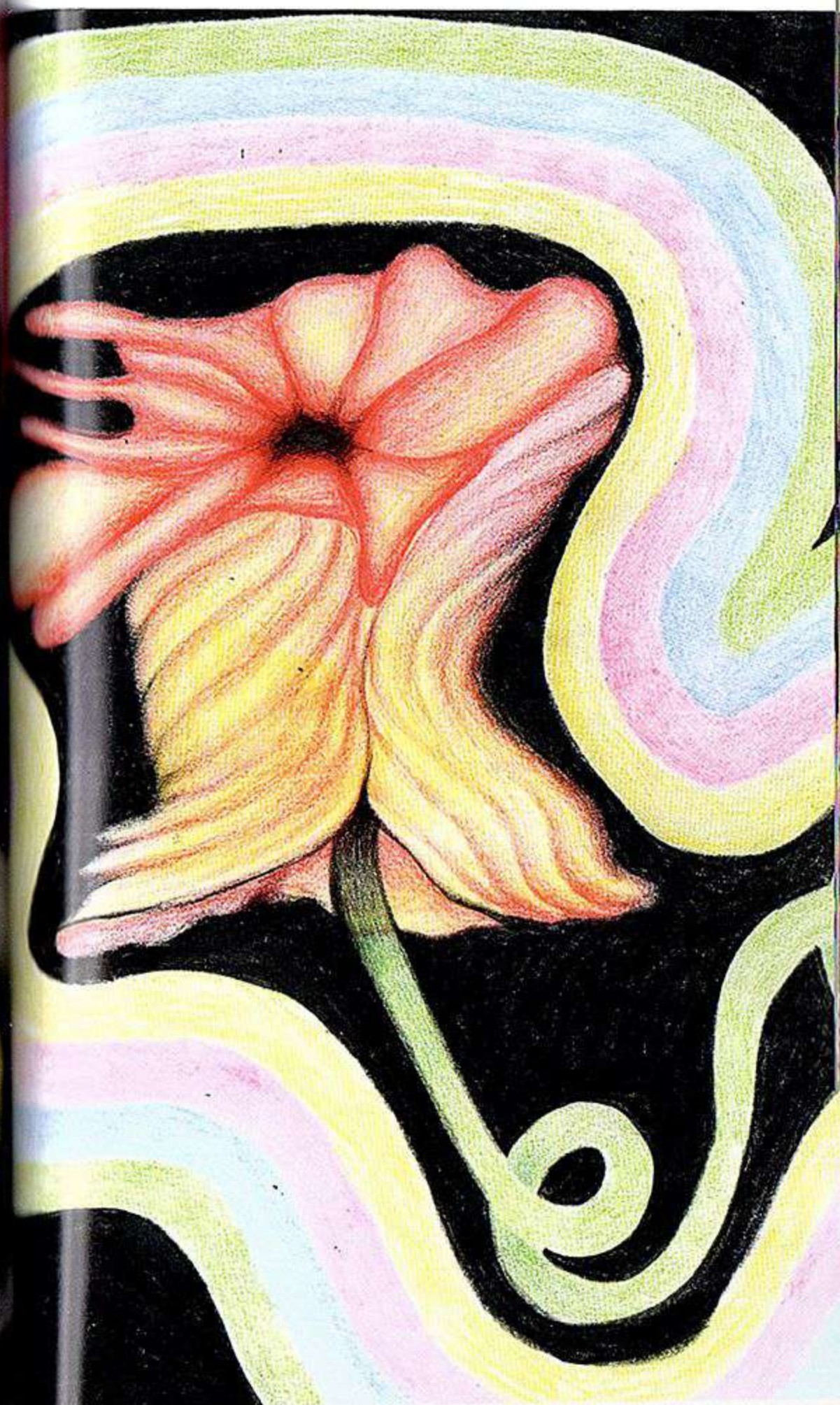
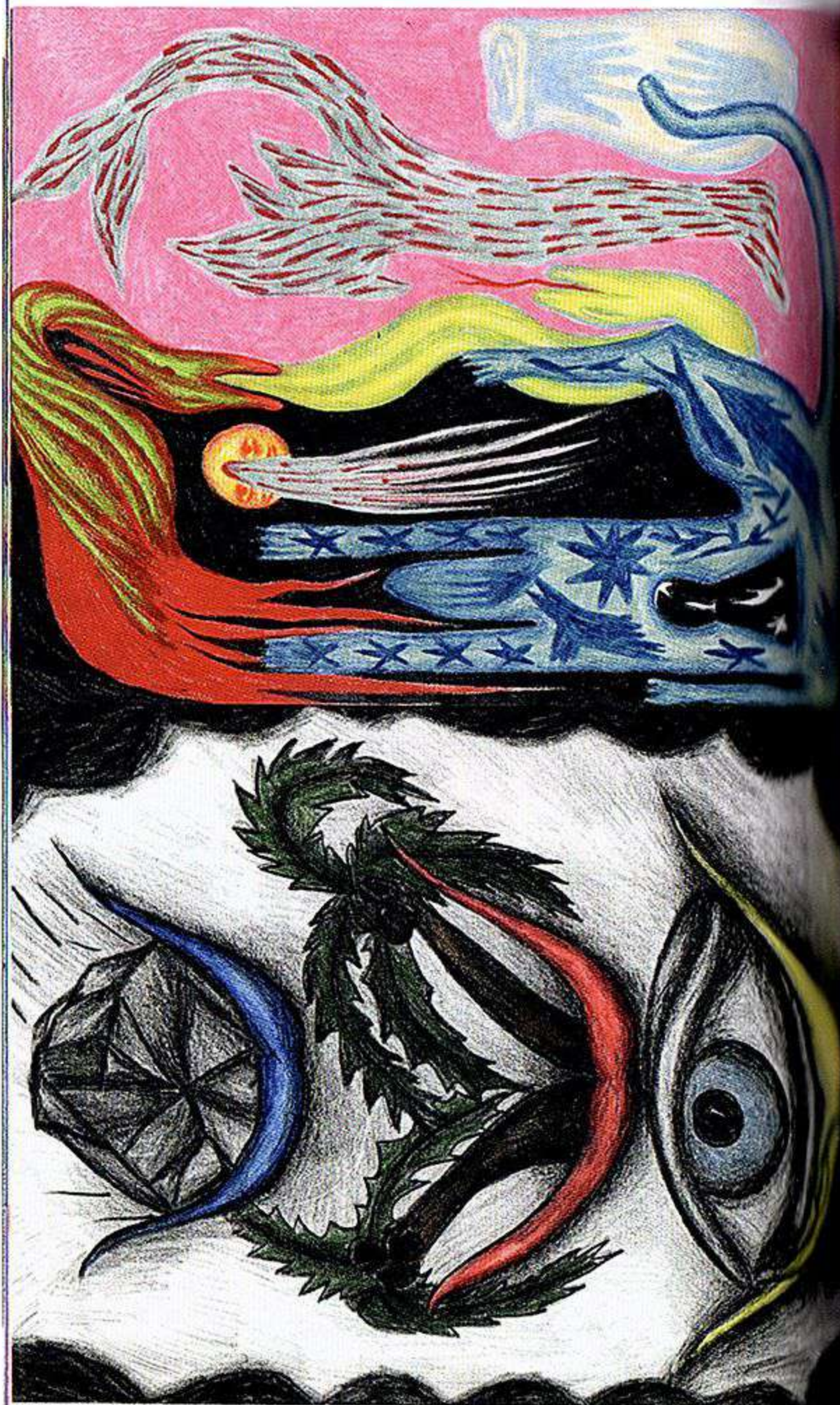


Jesse
Cohen

El Mapa de Los Sueños

Dream Map





RICARDO PINHEIRO (GANSO)

SPACE IS THE PLACE
JOHN CONEY, 1974



"Eu não sou real, assim como vocês. Vocês não existem nessa sociedade. Não me apresento como uma realidade, e sim como um mito. Porque é isso que os pretos são. Mitos."

Abraçar os vícios dum über cafetão até a total destruição
ou teletransportar o planeta via música?
Nenhuma palavra.

Sim, "O mundo decepcionou muitos bons músicos"
Sim, o ar da terra é preenchido com ruídos de armas, ódio e frustração.
As vibrações de Saturno e da Terra são muito diferentes, sim.
Nenhuma palavra.

"I've never seen a nigger like you before", disse o Juiz.
"No, and you never will again".
Nenhuma palavra.

Vamos pra Saturno.
Todo o corpo dele se transformou em outra coisa. Ele podia ver através de si.
O mundo estava entrando em um caos total
Mas o faraó estava no palco.
Todos estão tocando sua parte na vasta orquestra do Cosmos
E era algo tão amedrontador como *O cosmos ou o nada*.
Nenhuma palavra

(...)
Era o cosmos ou o nada.
"Yeah, but it swings" disse Monk.
Se minha cadela é extraterrestre, por que você também não pode ser?

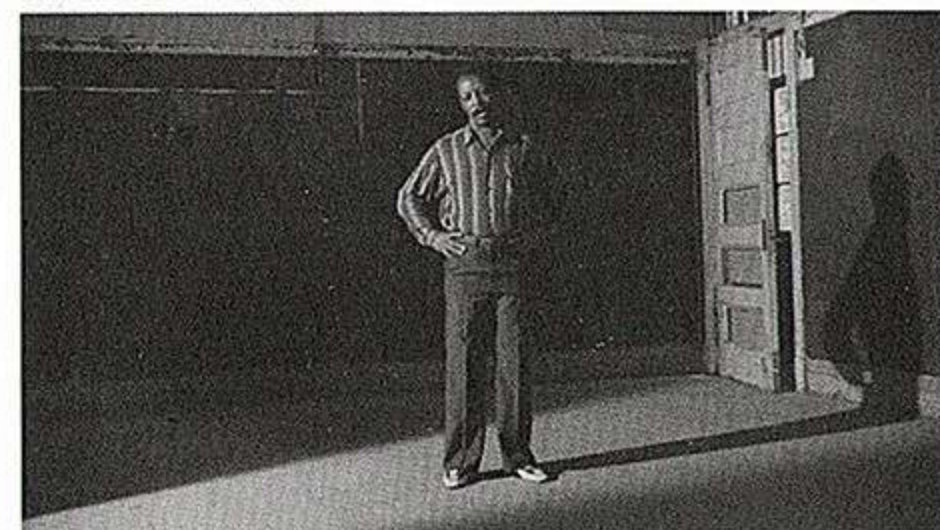
RICARDO PINHEIRO (GANSO)

RIO ZONA NORTE
NELSON PEREIRA DOS SANTOS, 1957



Um filme maravilhoso e absolutamente trágico, mas a cena em que Grande Otelo canta para e então com ngela Maria traz o melhor do mais vil ser humano.

ORNETTE: MADE IN AMERICA
SHIRLEY CLARKE, 1985



INT. - CINEMA DE RUA

-Calma. Eu sei que te enfiaram nessa sala. Vamos aproveitar que a luz está apagada e eles não vão notar quando sairmos.

Se levantam cuidadosamente e sobem a suave rampa em direção à porta.

EXT. - FRENTE DO CINEMA - NOITE

O letreiro de *Asteroid City* aparece ao fundo, quase como easter egg, mas bastante legível. Está garoando.

-Ufa. Depois de tudo o que fizeram ainda me trazem num filme desse cara?

-Meu Deus, sim. O que você quer fazer?

-Vamos tomar um drink em qualquer lugar antes que sintam a minha falta.

Corta para ambas no interior de um Monza 89.

EXT. - RUA LARGA EM SÃO PAULO

Lonely Woman começa a tocar assim que ligam a rádio, o parabrisa do carro reflete os luminosos da rua à medida em que avançam. Não se ouve suas vozes, somente a trilha. Elas parecem entusiasmadas até perceberem um carro no retrovisor. Aceleram, ruídos de pneu e motor tomam a cena, trilha some abruptamente.

ANDRÉS MONZÓN-AGUIRRE

Born in 1987 in Medellín, Colombia, and a refugee in the United States at the age of 12, Andrés Monzón-Aguirre abstracts personal and collective imagery to create artworks that reflect the complexities of cultural assimilation and their particular relation to the Northern Andes. In their work, they employ symbolic techniques and materials such as bahareque and nail polish, replicating and distorting historical motifs from across time. By repurposing iconographies since 2009, Monzón-Aguirre has addressed themes such as mestizaje and collective memory, the artifice of gender, and the unstable boundaries between the original and the reproduction, the new and the ancient. Monzón-Aguirre currently works between Brooklyn and Medellín.

AYKAN SAFOĞLU

Aykan Safoğlu explores cultural belonging, migration, familial lineage, and historical time, which are always portrayed through the mirror of his personal experience in life and practice. Safoğlu juxtaposes intimate memory work against media conventions, questioning storage, documentation, and reproduction in film, photography, and performance. Safoğlu received his MFA in Photography from the Milton Avery Graduate School of the Arts at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York (US). He was an artist-in-residence at institutions such as Akademie Schloss Solitude, Ashkal Alwan, and Rijksakademie van beeldende kunsten between 2014-2018. Recipient of the Grand Prize of the City of Oberhausen at the 59th International Short Film Festival Oberhausen (2013), and Birgit Jürgenssen Prize (2021); Safoğlu is currently a PhD-Candidate at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna.

AZUL CABALLERO ADAMS

Estudió lengua y literatura en FES Acatlán (UNAM). Ha participado en proyectos editoriales como la revista de arte contemporáneo en México y Latinoamérica Chiquilla te quiero y es coorganizador del Coloquio Cuerpo y transgresión en el orbe hispánico (ENAH). Sus intereses tocan la poesía del Siglo de Oro, la poesía mexicana contemporánea y aquellas prácticas artísticas que involucren la convivencia del texto verbal con otras formas de expresión.

BELINDA ZHAWI

Belinda Zhawi (b. Zimbabwe) is a literary & sound artist based in London, author of *Small Inheritances* (ignitionpress, 2018), & experiments with sound/text performance as MA.MOYO. She heavily collaborates with musicians in the ever growing South East London jazz and beat-making scene - mainly with harpist Marysia Osu. Belinda's work explores African diaspora research and narratives, and

how art and education can be used as intersectional tools. Her literary & sound works have been featured on various platforms including The White Review, Vogue, NTS, Boiler Room & BBC Radio. She's held residencies with Triangle-Asterides, France; Cove Park, Scotland; Serpentine Galleries and ICA London. She is currently a Brixton House Associate Artist 2022 - 24. Belinda's the co-founder of literary arts platform, BORN::FREE.

DANIEL MACHADO

Daniel Machado se formou em história na University of British Columbia, é tradutor e redator desde 2020. Traduziu obras de Anna Israel que exploram o mundo da arte e o trabalho de Rubens Espirito Santo.

DANIEL MOURA

Daniel Moura é pesquisador musical e DJ. Sua pesquisa está ligada principalmente a sons novos e disruptivos. Na rádio Veneno produz os programas Orvalho Ácido e Jamaican Greek Style.

DEVIL GREMORY

Devil Gremory, nascido e criado na região de cajazeiras, maior bairro da América latina, situado em Salvador. Criador e idealizador da "gangue da 10", com álbum de estreia lançado em agosto com grandes referências do metal core e hardcore nacional/mundial e linhas agressivas com grande foco em suas dificuldades na periferia baiana. Vem moldando o que o mesmo chama de afroCore.

ENORÉ

Enoré (b. Rio de Janeiro) is a London-based artist working with 3D technology to think through the entanglements between virtuality and physical embodiment. They work primarily with 3D-printed ceramics to use clay as a catalyst to question how digital objects can be mediated through material processes.

ESVIN ALARCÓN LAM

Esvin Alarcón Lam (Guatemala, 1988) works in a diversity of mediums. He is interested in the Chinese diaspora in Central America, as part of his family's history, but also in other histories, in the intersection of bodies and contemporary debates. Selected exhibitions include: "Métrica Imprecisa", Casa de Cultura do Parque, São Paulo, Brazil (2023); "Omniscient: Queer Documentation in an Image Culture", Leslie-Lohman Museum of Art, New York (2021); "Beyond, The Sea Sings", Times Arts Center, Berlin (2021); "This Might be a Place for Hummingbirds", Galerie im Körnerpark, Berlin; "AMERICA: América Invertida", ICC, Universidade de Brasília, Brazil (2019); "The Sun Teaches Us That History

Is Not Everything", Osage Foundation, Hong Kong (2018); "Bienal en Resistencia", Guatemala City (2018); "Spatial Acts", The Americas Society, New York (2014), among others. Lam has been artist-in-residence in: Art Omi, New York (2021); Masaha, Misk Art Institute, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia (2021); ARAMAUCA, Chiapas, México (2019); Il Taller Casa Tomada, Havana, Cuba (2018); Al Lado, Lima, Perú. (2018); Hidrante, Puerto Rico (2018); CAL-UNB, Brasília, Brazil (2017). He received a grant for research by the Foundations for Arts Initiatives — FfAI (2018). His work is featured in the book: *Remains-Tomorrow: Themes in Latin American Contemporary Abstraction* (2023), by Hatje Cantz, and Cecilia Fajardo-Hill. Lam is currently based in Berlin as a visual arts fellow of DAAD for the period 2023-2024.

GABRIEL MASSAN

Gabriel Massan (b. 1996, Rio de Janeiro) is a Berlin-based artist renowned for employing 'fictional archaeology' to craft immersive worlds. Utilizing 3D animation, game engines, digital sculpture, and interactive installations, Massan's work scrutinizes inequality within the Latin American context. Selected residencies and awards include the Arts Explora Program supported by Cité Internationale Des Arts (2023), Dazed 100 (2022), Circa x Dazed (2021), Instituto Moreira Salles (2020), and ETOPIA – Center for Art & Technology (2019). They have created significant commissions with Serpentine Arts Technologies (2022-3), Bangkok Biennale (2022), The Photographers' Gallery (2022), and X Museum (2022). Massan has presented talks and conversations at institutions including La Biennale di Venezia, Art Basel Miami, DLD Conference, University College London, University Of The Arts, Royal College Of Arts, and Institut Français. Recent exhibitions include: 'WORLDBUILDING: Gaming and Art in the Digital Age' (Julia Stoschek Collection, 2022-23; Centre Pompidou-Metz, 2023); 'Canon!' (Frieze No.9 Cork Street, 2022) and 'Possible Agreements' (Mendes Wood DM, 2022). The artist launched their critically acclaimed first solo exhibition, "Third World: The Bottom Dimension" at Serpentine Galleries in London in 2023. Their second solo show followed this, "Continuity Flaws: The Loophole," at Outernet Arts, a part of Outernet Global, London.

HICK DUARTE

Hick Duarte is a Brazilian photographer and director who has been documenting the behavior and cultural expressions of youth in his country and emerging nations for ten years. Born in Uberlândia, Minas Gerais, and now based in São Paulo, his work seeks to demystify stereotypes and give new meaning to

imaginaries distortedly associated with Brazil, in a practice that navigates between fashion, photojournalism and commissions. In 2010, Hick founded Fenda, a multidisciplinary space for the development of young Brazilian artists through mentoring, artistic residency and collaborative projects.

ITAMAR ALVES

Itamar Alves é jornalista, professor de inglês, video maker & podcaster. Criou e editou o podcast Tudo Joia e o videocast Dobradilha. Fez videoclipes para as bandas Mantena, Bufo Dígito e Displícina, coletivo de músicos, agitadores e artistas gráficos do qual faz parte. Tem programas editados para rádios europeias e brasileiras. Veio de Recife, mora no Guarujá, adora sushi.

IYA

Sou Iyá, tenho 22 anos. Nasci na cidade de Salvador/BA, mas atualmente moro no Rio de Janeiro. Sou apaixonada por arte e sonho em abrir uma exposição no MAM Bahia, museu de referência lá em Salvador e é daí pra mais..

JENNIFER PÉREZ

Jennifer Pérez expatriated from the United States after finishing her bachelor's degree in Fine Arts at St. John's University. She then spent some time living and working in Shanghai, China before moving, and finally settling in Japan. Jennifer is a masters graduate from Japan's Waseda University Graduate School of International Culture and Communication where her thesis focused on "eco-consumerism". She now works between the English and Japanese language in the public sector.

JESSE COHEN

Jesse Cohen is an artist born in New York City and currently based in México. For several years, Jesse has explored different methods of dreaming. Her ongoing investigations—which have primarily taken the form of drawing, writing, visualization exercises and games—focus on the merging of individual and collective dreaming practices, reweaving the connection between waking life and dreaming, and on the commitment to dreaming as a medium to connect with ourselves, each other, and the living world around us. Jesse is the creator and facilitator of Ombligo Ubicuo, a series of exercises and encounters that seek to open portals of transformation, connection, and imagination through dreaming, play and drawing.

JOHAN MIJAIL

Johan Mijail (República Dominicana, 1990). Escritora y performer dominicana. Autora de los libros "Pordioseros del Caribe",

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