





IWMR  
i wanna make revolution

displacements, mutant & in transit bodies

This is a temporary manifesto of poetic proposals, aesthetic confluences, non permanent body modification, unstable self manipulations of subjectivity

An artistic research, scientific, antropomorphic, socio and political phagia. A profusion of facts, acts, troubleshootings, becomings, in between, in and outs

An experimental self induced process of mutation through diverse techonologies of manipulation of the self, cultural-geographic replacements, hormonal and corporeal changes

Here is the gathering of about one year and a half mapping these manipulations being used as strategies and tools for artistic performative experiment practices.

The beggining or the end and mid-step of a never stopping, never ending process of auto intoxication, my body my frankstein, effects, affects, defects, influences, contamination, infections, penetration, hallucination, dissolution, transformation, deformation...

place, context, ambiences, culture, genders, benders, what else would beeeee come ids.

**This is a project about displacements,  
mutant and in transit bodies.**

## COISAS QUE PRECISAVA FALAR MAS VOU ESCREVER



Entrada x



**Calo César Andrade Costa** <caiocesardeandrade@gmail.com>

para mim ▾

10/06/14



Hoje saindo da SP escola de teatro encontrei seu bilhete no bolso da minha jaqueta. Eu fiquei tocado! Eu te amo Mavi!

É muito bom saber que você gosta de mim! Fico envergonhado e honrado.

Você já me dá todo carinho que mereço e cuida de mim no que eu preciso e você é a melhor companhia que tenho. Você realmente é meu companheiro!

Você é um homem lindo. Já quis ser uma grande bixa, por você. Já quis ser uma bela bixa por você.

Eu não entendo as impossibilidades e nem como estão, tenho muita dificuldade com elas. Mas sei que a gente se gosta e não quero machucar você.

Não sei Mavi. Esse ano está difícil. Sinto calafrios constantes, parece que vou ter um troço, que o santo vai baixar o dia todo. Eu não tenho me sentido boa companhia.

Você é importante na minha vida eu sinto que a nossa relação é profunda e por isso tão bonita. Não sei se é casamento ou amizade. Para mim essa resposta não é tão importante.

Mel, sinto que as coisas estão mudando e não se trata de superar as impossibilidades, mas entender como faz pra fluir a vida. Eu não quero te gerar dor.

Ai, sei lá...

Eu te quero bem!

Beijos,  
Calo



**mavi veloso** <maviveloso@gmail.com>  
para Caio ▾

11/06/14 ☆



tábe,  
desculpa ter feito isso assim dessa maneira  
no meio da noite, tomei a coragem q devia ter pra fazê-lo pessoalmente invés de deixar um bilhete

vc é leve  
livre  
lindo  
vasto  
devasso  
narsis

eu é q sou estranh  
inebriad  
romantic  
profund  
pesad  
de mais  
talvez

mergulho muito fundo nas paixões  
foi inevitável  
desculpe  
quem mandou ser gostoso  
narsis

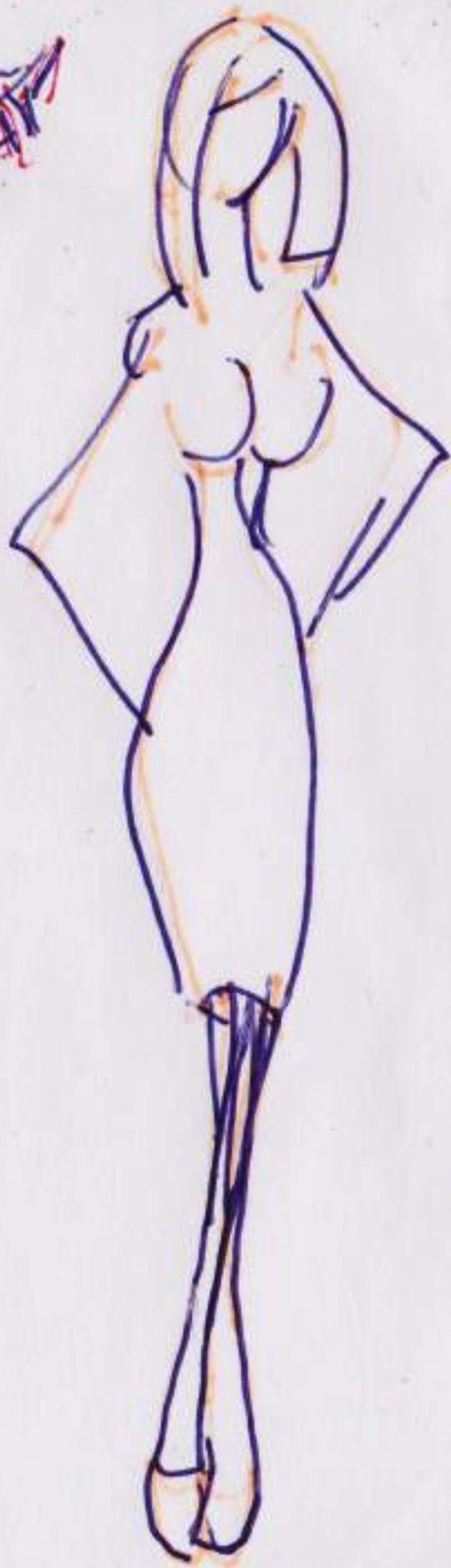
e que a vida continue  
bonita

um xêro



PESQUISA,  
COLABORAÇÃO  
CRUZAMENTOS  
EXPERIMENTAÇÃO  
DESDOBRAMENTOS





IND. POP

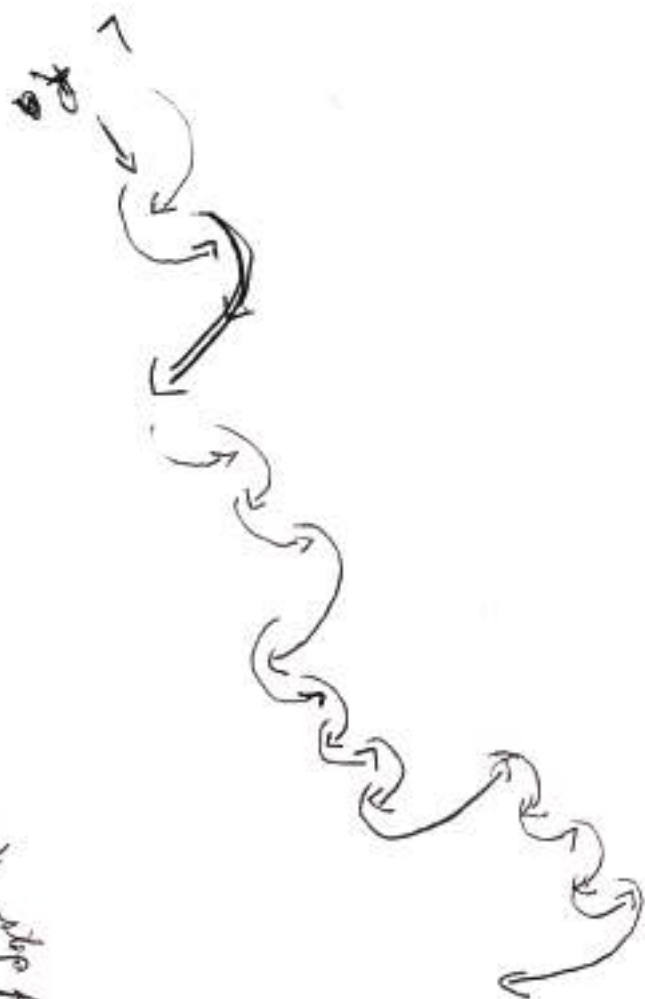
LIKE ALITTLE PRAYER

salve senhora, mãe de misericórdia...











# TRANS.

TRANSACTION; TRANSACTIONS.

TRANSFER.

TRANSFERRED.

TRANSFORM.

TRANSIT.

TRANSITIVE.

TRANSLATED. \* (I DID)

TRANSLATED.

TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATOR.

TRANSPARENT.

TRANSPORTATION.

TRANSPOSE.

TRANSVERSE.





OE



→ Kowalik .

Service public fédéral Intérieur  
Direction générale Office des Etrangers  
Direction Contrôle Intérieur - Contrôles et Interceptions  
Perm: Permanence - Permanente  
Bur\_PERM01@dofi.fgov.be

► fax | urgent | confidentiel

24.09.2014

A: ZP Molenbeek-St-Jean

T:

CC:

F:

Notre référence: 7948773

Nombre de pages:

Votre correspondant: BONGE, Séverine

T: 02 793 83 52

E-mail: severine.bonge@ibz.fgov.be

F: 02 793 96 50

Ref TARAP : <A REMPLIR - TARAPREFERENCE>

Ce document constitue une instruction destinée aux services de police et ne doit pas être remis à l'intéressé.

Le nommé Veloso, Marcus Vinicius

Brésil

08.06.1985

est

A REI A XER SANS PI LIS

**A RELAXER SANS PLUS**

Raison:

☐ Document valable: Passeport et cachet d'entrée valable.☐ .....

Si le message est incomplet ou peu lisible, prière d'informer l'Office des étrangers.

Pour le Ministre de la Justice, chargée de l'Asile et la Migration, de l'Intégration sociale et de la Lutte contre la pauvreté,

Christel Luciano  
attaché

*Relaxé le 24/9/2014  
à 23.30h.*

World Trade Center II  
59 B Chaussée d'Anvers  
1000 Bruxelles

T 02 793 80 00

infodesk@ibz.fgov.be  
www.dof.fgov.be



HA HA HA HA

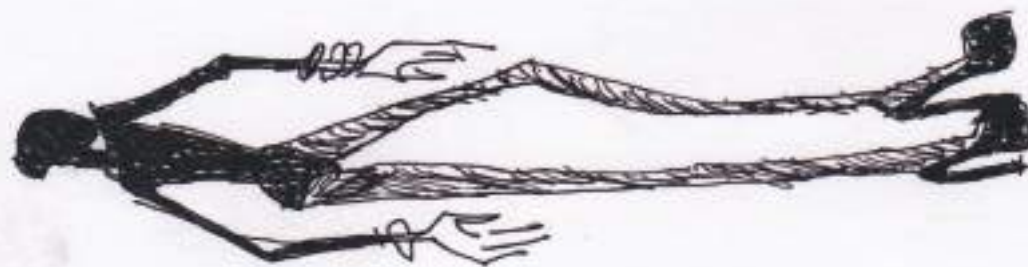
REALLY?!  
o

ATIONS,

IT IS AFFECTING ME

TE?

U CAN BRING IF YOU PROPOSING CHANGES?  
OF CHANGES? IN YOU OR IN SPACE  
ME




- THERE WAS
- BLACK FABRIC
  - A MAP OF ORUSSELS UNDERNEATH SKINS
  - BLACK TAPE MASK
  - PLUS FABRIC ON TOP OF IT, COVERING EYES AND ALL MASK



WALK AROUND / SOME LAYERS  
 JUST BE THERE AS A GHOST AS A RELATION  
 A-DESS SUP / OCT 2014





**aqui  
algo negro  
aconteceu**

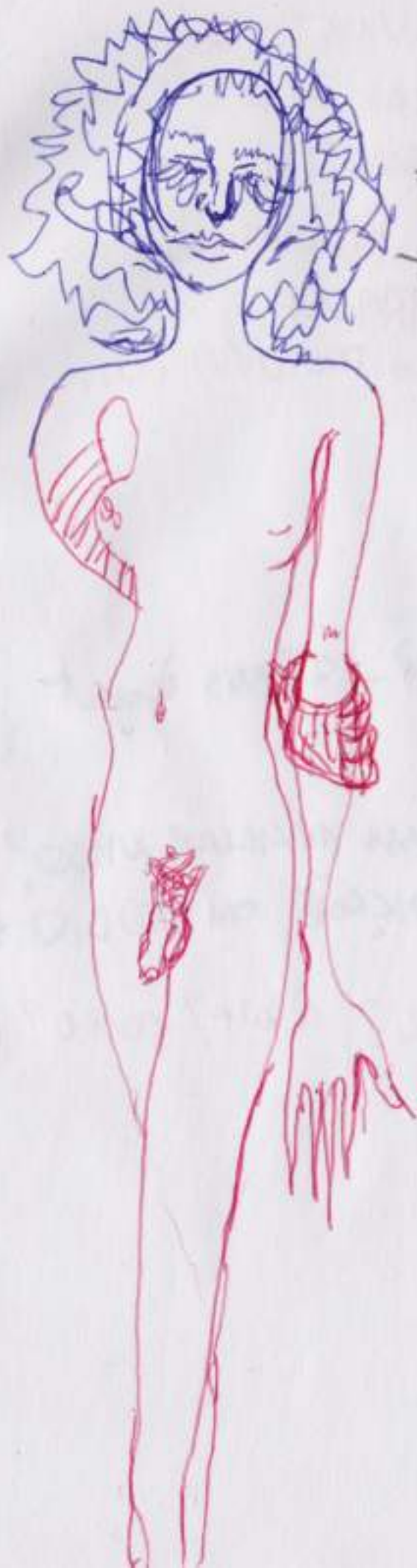
**acontecimentos  
reajustes  
derivas  
perseguições  
medos e aventuras**

**eles cuspiram  
eu agitei  
eu enfeitei**

Really Fear like going to cover it all. Don't like the







WHAT  
SKIN  
TO EXPERIMENT  
THIS ENTRANCES  
EVERYWHERE  
IN WORLD  
?

MANEIRA AS COISAS COMO AQUE  
WACABADAS ?

Seu comportamento aparentemente leve e displicente me assusta. Eu que lhe considerei até então o homem mais sensível e fantástico que conheci agora me surpreende decepcionadamente. Tenho desejado estar à distância. Não sei se é o melhor mas espero que seja no mínimo uma saída possível para esta cilada aterrorizante. Sinto ainda profunda paixão. Desejo-te imensamente. Tenho carinho e afetos gigantes que adoraria partilhar contigo, mas vejo agora impossível. Você parece impossível de compreender, aceitar, receber, merecer. Não só acredito que não compreende como parece inclusive não se importar. Tenho achado sua insensatez tamanha que não quer nem admitir a possibilidade de considerar um pedido desesperado meu para que me poupe de coisas que não merecia presenciar: a sua normativa luxúria e deleite, sua individualidade necessária, o exercício de seu desejo preciso, a manifestação de seu poder sexual, machuque a quem machucar, mesmo que lhe peça por favor.

Tenho lhe achado cruel e isso me suscita crueldade e amargura imensas. Não gosto de estar me relacionando assim com o mundo. Não quero lhe culpar mas não paro de pensar numa displicência bestial advinda de ti que me parece incapaz de compreender uma possibilidade afetiva verdadeira para além do que conheces – advinda de um rabo de saia, uma vagina dentada. Só posso julgar assim agora, diante dos fatos que me rodeiam e de modo como os posso interpretar, tens tudo seu direito. És santo, és belo, és humano. Apenas me iludi no meio do caminho com o que chamo de falsas aberturas, o seu cu se dilatando. (É como considero agora as coisas).

São Paulo, 08 julho 2014

A cada novo pensamento destinado a este rapaz que desejo gosto amo (talvez), um novo imenso delírio. Em breve me afastarei dessa terra de santa cruz, terra de tanta cruz, carregada demais. Terra que tanta alegria gozei. Algo de amargo parece que sempre fica. Palavras na boca que dificilmente sairão, dificilmente ouvir-se-ão. Não compreendo toda essa frustração, não compreendo toda essa impossibilidade. Na vida, parece, pouco adianta se falar tanto. Pouco adiante. Preciso é acontecer.

julho/agosto 2014















FRONTIERA  
FILMES

EU  
VOU  
ME

PIRATAR

DANIEL FAVARETTO DUDU QUINTANILHA

GLAMOUR GARCIA MAVI VELOSO

UM FILME DE

A miséria da produção do desejo na era da mídia

Pane no equipamento sensível

Todos os sinais são ambíguos e enganosos

A única coisa de absolutamente real é a morte

Não se pode saltar impunemente no vazio

Cenas de ambigüidade explícita

PRIVATE  
EXPERIMENTS  
~~STUDY~~

COME  
AND GO  
PLAYING  
WITH  
OBJECTS  
HANG  
LITTLE  
WIG

what do you wanna change in the city?

**TOLERANCE, VIOLENCE, PREJUDICE,**

PRIVATE  
EXPERIMENTS  
~~STUDY~~



COME  
AND GO  
PLAYING  
WITH  
OBJECTS  
HANG  
LITTLE  
WIG

REVERSE

**in TRANS!**  
project  
impressions all around



It is the body and all the desires it produces that we wish to liberate from “foreign” domination. It is “on that ground” that we wish to “work” for the liberation of society. There is no boundary between the two elements. ‘I’ oppress myself inasmuch as that ‘I’ is the product of a system of oppression that extends to all aspects of living.

The “revolutionary consciousness” is a mystification if it is not situated within a “revolutionary body,” that is to say, within a body that produces its own liberation.

Women in revolt against male power—a power that has been forced on their bodies for centuries—homosexuals in revolt against a terroristic “normality,” young people in revolt against the pathological authority of adults: these are the people who, collectively, have begun to make the body a means of subversion, and have begun to see subversion as a means for meeting the “immediate” needs of the body.































YOU.  
ME.  
HE.  
SHE.  
MAN.  
WOMAN.  
GAY.  
LESBIAN  
TRANS  
TRANVESTITE  
TRANSGENDER  
TRANS IDENTITY  
BISEXUAL  
TRISEXUAL

TRISHA  
BEESHA  
BAMBY  
SEX VARIANT  
BIO MAN  
BIO WOMAN  
TRANS MAN  
TRANS WOMAN  
MONEY

JOINT  
COCAINE  
VIAGRA  
PROZAC  
CIGARRETE  
PILDORA  
TESTOGEL  
OESTROGEL  
PROGESTOGEL  
ANTIDREPRESSIVE

BIO FOOD  
BIO HOUSE  
BIO BEHAVIOUR  
BIOLOGICAL SOFA  
BIO HAIR  
BIOLOGICAL FABRIC  
SINTHETIC FABRIC  
SYNTHESIZER  
TECHNOLOGIC

TECHNO SEX  
TECHNO MARRIAGE  
TECHNO POP MULTI TRANS CULTURAL IDENTITIES  
IN TRANS IT

WE DON' T KNOW WHERE TUPI  
OR NOOOT TO BEE... ZZZZZZ  
AFACSHION, LOOKING GOOD AND  
FEELING FIIINE!  
BECOMING  
PAUSE

IDENTITIES

TRANS

MULTI

POP

TECHNO

POP COSTUME

TRRRÁAA...

LANTERNA + LEGUE



## Progesterone

by Peter Stamer

I don't know who is going to read this but I feel obliged to write my thoughts down whatever the consequences are. I have to be very careful, should not be caught and if my writing seems inconsistent it's due to the fact that I am surveilled. We are under total control of them. We are only a few left and it makes me sick to lift my head and look around. We have been more than, many more a decade ago and now it's this group of upright men. I am proud to be one of them, the finest brigade I had the honour to stand shoulder by shoulder with. Thank God I could find this old lap top from ten years ago, they have overlooked it in their last sweep, Jean was hiding it under his skin for special occasions until his very last breath. I couldn't stop crying when I cut him open to retrieve it, I think this very special moment has come now, it's about time to tell the truth about what has happened. I don't know for how long I will be having energy on this note book, so I better hurry up.

I not only have a first hand account of the person with whom everything started, I have to admit to my own shame and disgrace I also played a part in the beginning what is soon to become my end. It was on a rainy February day back in 2015, I remember very well the blue-grey colour of the sky, how the raindrops drummed against the steel roof of the institute. I was a visiting mentor at the institute and my job was to counsel young, promising artists coming from all over the back then wonderful world. During my assignment I made the acquaintance of someone of whom nobody, least me, would have thought that he once would change the world as we know it. In his field of research he experimented with hormones, only god of whom I am not so sure if he exists anymore knows why. He had the amazing talent to intrigue the whole group with his open demeanour, never having an attitude, everybody simply loved him. And this was my biggest mistake I have ever made, to trust him completely. This being which now is the ruler of the world, adored by so many, revered, loved, hailed, followed blindly started of under the name of Mavi. Mavi was obsessed by any hormones he could get hold of, man, woman, animal, he had a special dealer in the beginning but soon managed himself to fabricate them by himself, using the dealer's contacts and then labs and then got hold of the formula, would go on killing everyone systematically up to the .... Sorry, I am losing myself, I got carried away. One day he got bored with self-experimentation. So he began to slip different hormones into drinks of this coresearchers, just to fool around and see how they would change their behaviour. I swear, I have seen him doing this. And it took him a while to engineer the vicious plan of which we are suffering from since back then: had he stared on any kind of hormones, female ones, male ones, animal ones, he later focused



on progesteron. So he would systematically slip progesteron into food of people eating in a restaurant, feeding it to dogs, putting it into lunch boxes, Kellogg's cornflakes, inject it into apples in such amounts that in scarcely any time people changed. At first they were confused about the change that was going on. Men suddenly developed tits, their thighs grew, the hips became rounder and became socially nice people. And women liked their new companions. Mavi's plans didn't stop here. He managed to break in water supply facilities and poured huge amounts of hormones into the fresh water supply with which people would cook, wash, brush their teeth. He found out by this that so called mineral water manufacturer's where using the same water, and only carbonated it. And since the economic system back then was globalized, the hormones were spread very fast and quickly, and Mavi could convince a lot of people to produce the hormones with him which were inserted into further nutrition cycles. Tits, hips, and brains were growing, the world was full a love, people took care of each other, being empathetic was the new currency, soon money didn't play a role anymore, people started bartering out of sympathy and soon also this was forgotten: if people had plenty they gave to those who didn't have so much, everywhere. Everyone smiled at each other the more testosteron rates went down, everyone was friendly and attentive, kids in school were less aggressive, and a couple of years in police was not necessary anymore, no crime, no detention, the world was a peaceful place.

But there were some people who resisted this treatment. Not that they could do it purposefully, but the continuous flow of progesteron didn't have any effect on them at all. At all! And I am among those few people. At first we didn't know what was happening but very soon we discovered the consequences: we couldn't procreate anymore. At first there were plans to lock us few in and use us for procreation, but soon they found this too violent for the planet and discovered ways to follow through. So we became useless. We became outcasts, outlawed, and children wanted to play around with us, and when we fought back we were mildly detained, with a smile.

*Text made in the occasion of Half Way Days at A.PASS during a 30-min-feedback session  
proposed by Adva Zakai, February 2015.*







**mofo**



**Androcur®**

— 50 mg  
— 50 tabs.  
— oral

Bayer Schering Pharma









UMA BUSCA POR UMA PAUSA  
SUSPENSÃO DE PASSAGEM DAS HORAS  
INTERRUPÇÃO DOS TEMPOS, DILATAÇÃO DO PENSAMENTO  
TRAGA-ME UM COPO D'ÁGUA TENHO SEDE E ESTA SEDE PODE ME...

mum,

Am I going to get married?

Am I going to have babies?

Should I be kissed by this one I love so much?

Should I cut my hair?

have my hair cut?

Should I wear bra?

Should I smell a finger?

Should I stop smoking?

not using drugs?

Should I insist in small doses of hormones?

Should I dress like a man?

like a woman?

Should I be kissed?

Should I be paid for it?

How many boys for a girl?

What girl? Who girl?

THIS IS THE STORY IF MR MRS MISS





## CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OBJECT

Choose an object  
pass it to and fro between you  
listen to it      discover its qualities

Each time  
find a different relationship to it  
let the object reveal itself

Attend to fleeting thoughts  
at the edge of your consciousness

Pass a cup as:  
an ear trumpet    a cave    a code surface...

Find a place for an object  
a place for yourself in relation to it  
listen to it      ignore it      transform      discard

'Read' object as a score  
Imagine them giving you instructions

Find a relationship to and object  
find another  
find ten more  
push yourself beyond 1st 2nd 3rd thoughts  
into unfamiliar territory  
100 relationships?

See the object as a person    or an expression

Invent a narrative which includes the object as you work with it

Ordinarily objects are at our disposal  
Change roles  
perform *for* an object

Do small scenes on street, in the corner, in a room, in your house, in your bedroom. But if it's not so "genuine" never mind, you will play in imaginary and or real sphere with the same intensity! Be modern and refined, fierce and elegant, sickening and brilliant. Work, transform, bring the deeeeepness of your entire subconsciousness - dark, dirty or not - the attempt is the soul for your business. And if nothing goes well, Oh My God?! A body, a lot of body, a lot of bodies, surrounded by crowds, body-no-one. Clothes, costumes, mask, make up, shoes, objects, pieces and scraps, pieces of flesh (flash flash flash), bones, skin, silk, skins, leather, layers, glitter, plastic, high heels, shoes, sound system, microphone, voice, face, fake, face, what the heeeeeelllll?! She is gonna do something here and there, stitch the other audience, there she goes, vogue, vogue, blow the blow, hit the wall with her own head, headache, pain in the ass, where's your class mother fucker?! She comes and goes whether backwards or forwards, one never knows. This space is very intimate, oh yeah!, but you're very welcome to pass by and check what's up. Coz when she wakes up from this lovely dream she'll never be the same again. A blind prayer to exorcise some avatars (some others we keep), a macumba on the contrary, A non stop catwalk to the infinitum, back and forward fashion show, a tantric vogue battle, trembling bull fight.



i'm in love with a man that i think  
doesn't care much about my love.  
He's my friend, we had sex some  
times (like a gun, i shot myself with  
his gun, he didn't know it, he didn't  
see it, he felt only a glance...), we  
had lots of moments together, we  
cooked dinner, we took shower



together... i mixed it all in  
my brain. i did a mass. i trans  
formed situations in love. and  
now? i'm lost. who am I? who  
do want to be? can i? if i be your  
darling will you love me? if you  
take me home are we sexy? if  
you kiss me will it be happy?

# drawings/drafts as score for performing

The following material has been developed within January and March inside the contexts of PERFORM BACK SCORE sessions project proposed by Lilia Mestre to A.PASS post master program.

So during nine (9) weeks, nine (9) sessions was run and nine (9) drafts for performances were produced - not only nine (9) but more, some of the actions have more than one draft. (???)

Freely taking few notations as ingredients to perform, the idea of scores as device and or dispositive to embody and develop performances here are proposed through drawings or better drafts.

The artist has to list as many elements as possible - objects, scenario, costume, sound, light etc... or go the other way round, giving just simple and minimal cues to be adapted, interpreted and performed. You can work as an ARCHEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE\*, you give details imagining the work/piece was already done/finished and you are just describing it so that others can see and make their own other versions. But you do it not with writing, you better do it drawing/drafting, just to make it maybe more abstract, more fun, oh no no no, it's just an strategy for you to see and make your own reading of the events on the images on the walls of this cave

;)

This material can be - thanks God if you do it - as tool for you to perform as well as I did/ as i do.

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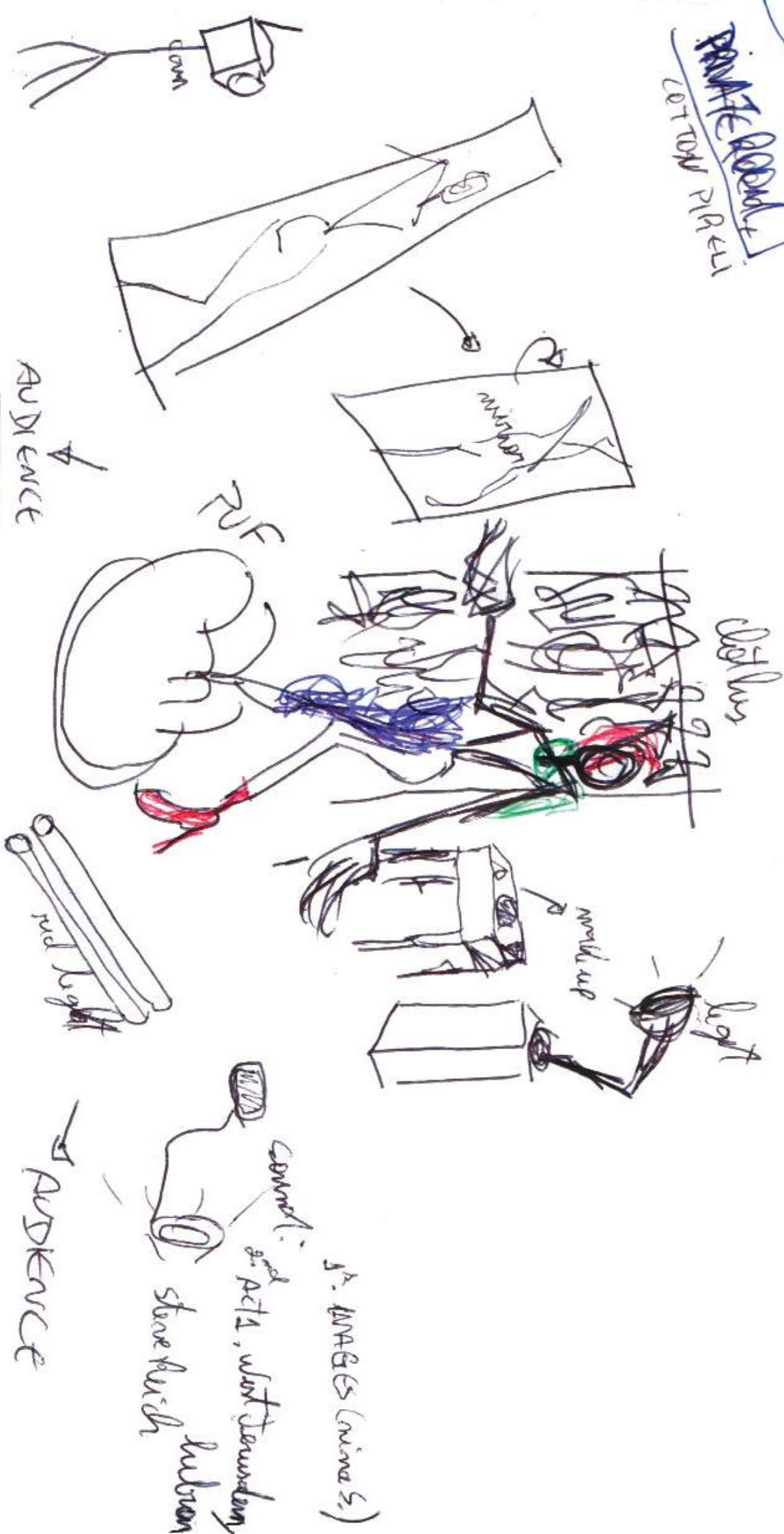
\* ARCHEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE project developed by plataforma DESABA, coordinated by Thelma Bonavita and Chirstian Duarte.



MY DEAR LOVE OF MY LIFE

(THIS TEXT IS NOT FOR AMOR 2001/2002 in love)

PAINT RECORD  
COTTON PAPER



5. IMAGES (mine 5.)

Sound:

Act 1, what boundary

stone push

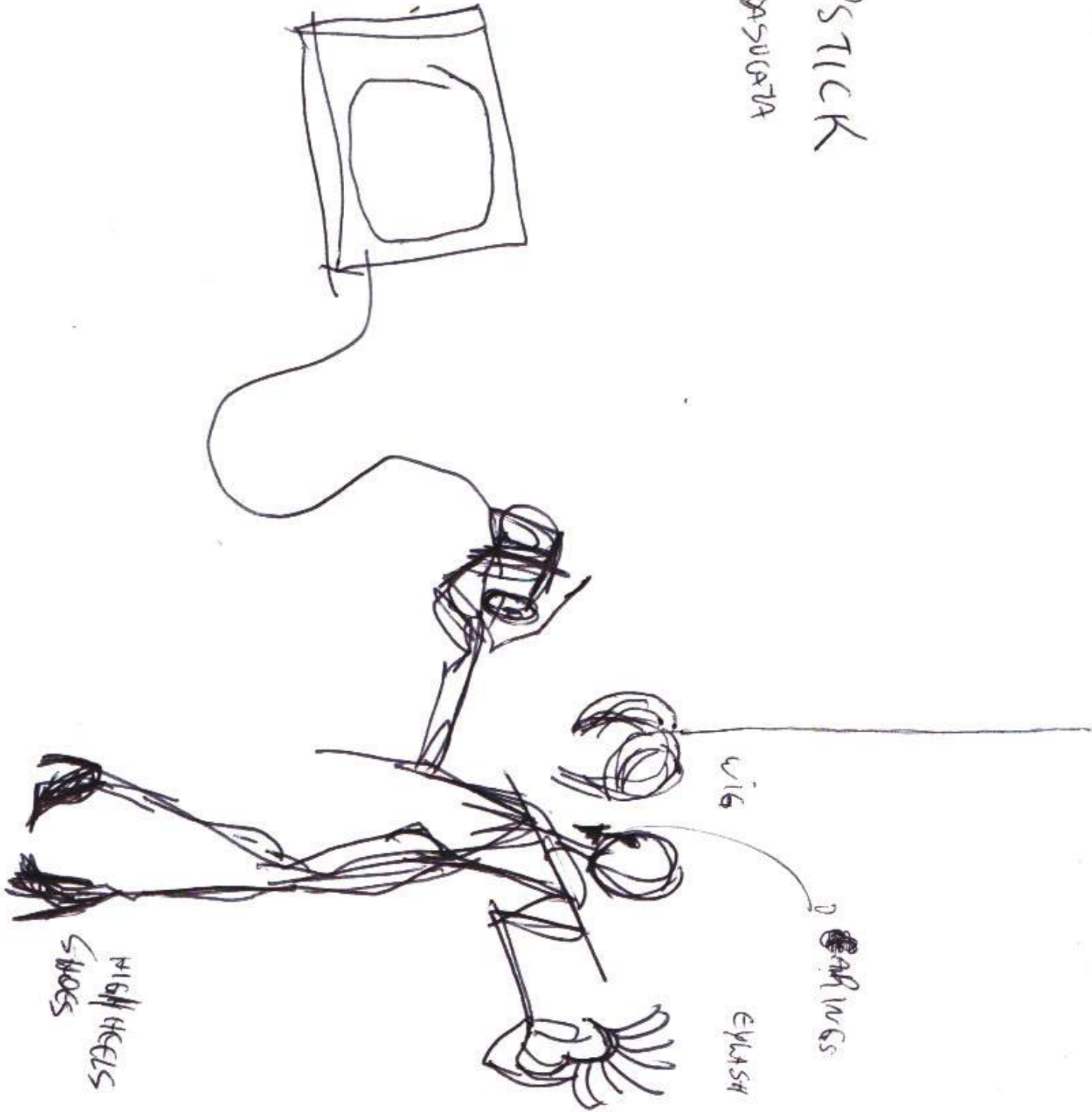
AUDIENCE





# SLAPSTICK

MANUSCRIPTA



SDOT

L1 5ft

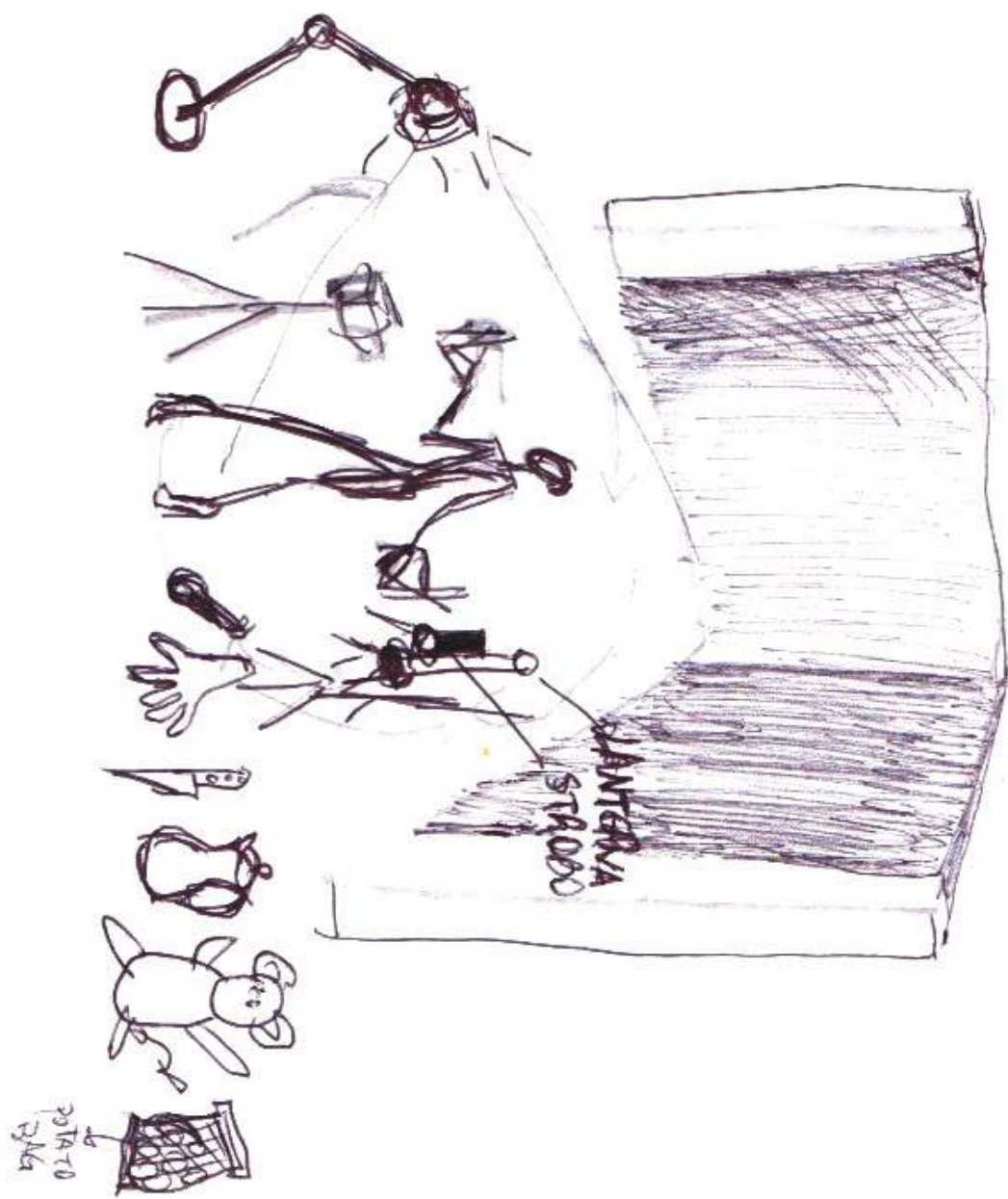
coming from front

- Shadow in the back



THERE  
WAS A BOY  
AWAY STRANGE  
AND ENCHANTED BOY...







Start Black dressed - ② EACH TIME GOES BACKSTAGE CHANGES DRESSING  
 - COME BACKSTAGE AND BRING OBJECTS (?) WITH

(BLACK WALL / TOPIC)

OBJECTS ②  
 TO THE FLOOR



INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR REHEARSALS (BLACK TRAVIS)



AVEC LES YEUX FERMÉS  
ON VA ÇA VA  
TRA TRA ZUM ZUM

SMUG (?)







M A N T E R  
AS COISAS  
COMO QUE  
INACABADAS?



i am not decided to almost anything / NOW I DON'T TAKE  
THIS ONLY AS A PERSONAL DECISION, A PERSONAL CHANGE,  
TRANSFORMATION. / i'll take this, this body as means to study,  
research. / THIS BODY AS TISSUE, MATERIAL TO THIS POSSIBLE  
GARMENT / {(garments)}

I WILL NEED TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME MEDICAL MONITORING  
/ this is a challenge for me in this foreign land. / I ASK FOR HELP  
THEN. autonomy, yes BUT NOT TO BE ALONE...

"tu cuerpo es un importante instrumento poderoso de  
afectación, de transgresión y cuestionamiento en las personas  
acerca de la normalidad o las diferencias en el/los contextos..."  
(Pablo Bensato?) POLÍTICO? ARTÍSTICO, ESTÉTICO?

\_ But why do you think/believe this procedure is not only a  
personal choice for a self adaptation and yes is a possible  
research?



# TITRE DE SEJOUR

2294613 78



NOM

**Veloso**

**Marcus Vinicius**

VALABLE JUSQU'AU

**31.10.2015**

LIEU ET DATE DE DELIVRANCE

**Bruxelles 19.06.2015**

CATEGORIE DE TITRES

**A. Certificat d'inscription au registre des étrangers**

**Séjour temporaire**

OBSERVATIONS

**N° d'identification du Registre**

**national 85.06.08-433.87**



SIGNATURE DU TITULAIRE

*Marcus Veloso*







**i mvarnna  
bee yoo  
ur. mæm**

உரை





جہاں  
ہے

**wan**

**na**

**bee**

**wh**

**o**

**am**

**In**

**love**



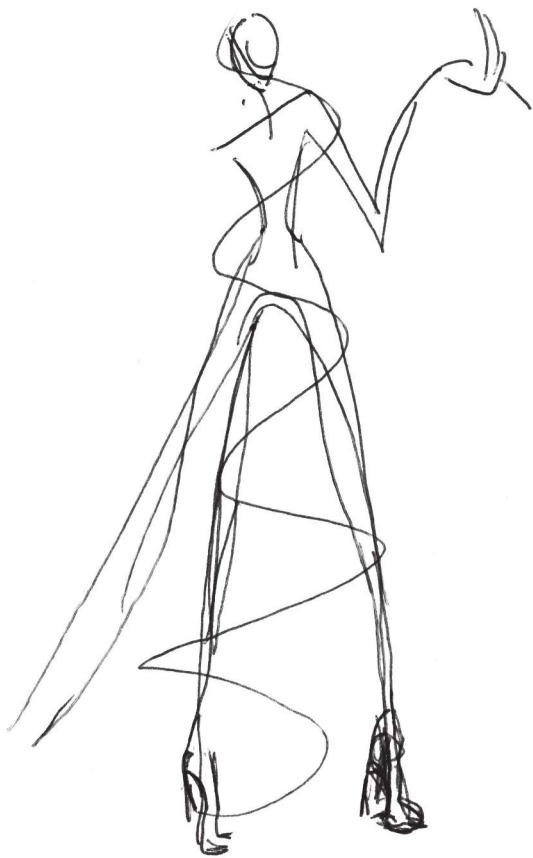
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LAUGH  
NOISE  
GEMMA  
SCREAM IF YOU CAN  
CRAWL  
WALK, RUN  
TURN IN CIRCLE  
TWIST?  
CAT WALK  
FASHION BABY  
CAT WALK  
JUMP  
TAMBORE  
STICK  
STUCK  
BOIL  
TROPICAL



IT TAKES TWO

&

?

MY MAKEUP IS TERRIBLE

FOR LAST DAYS OF DIAMONDS?

MADE 3 LOOKS OF WARRIOR?

AND PAPER





IT TAKES TWO

&

?

MY MAKEUP IS TERRIBLE

FOR LOSING DAYS OF DIAMONDS(?)

?

MADE 3 LOOKS OF GARAGE  
AND PAPER



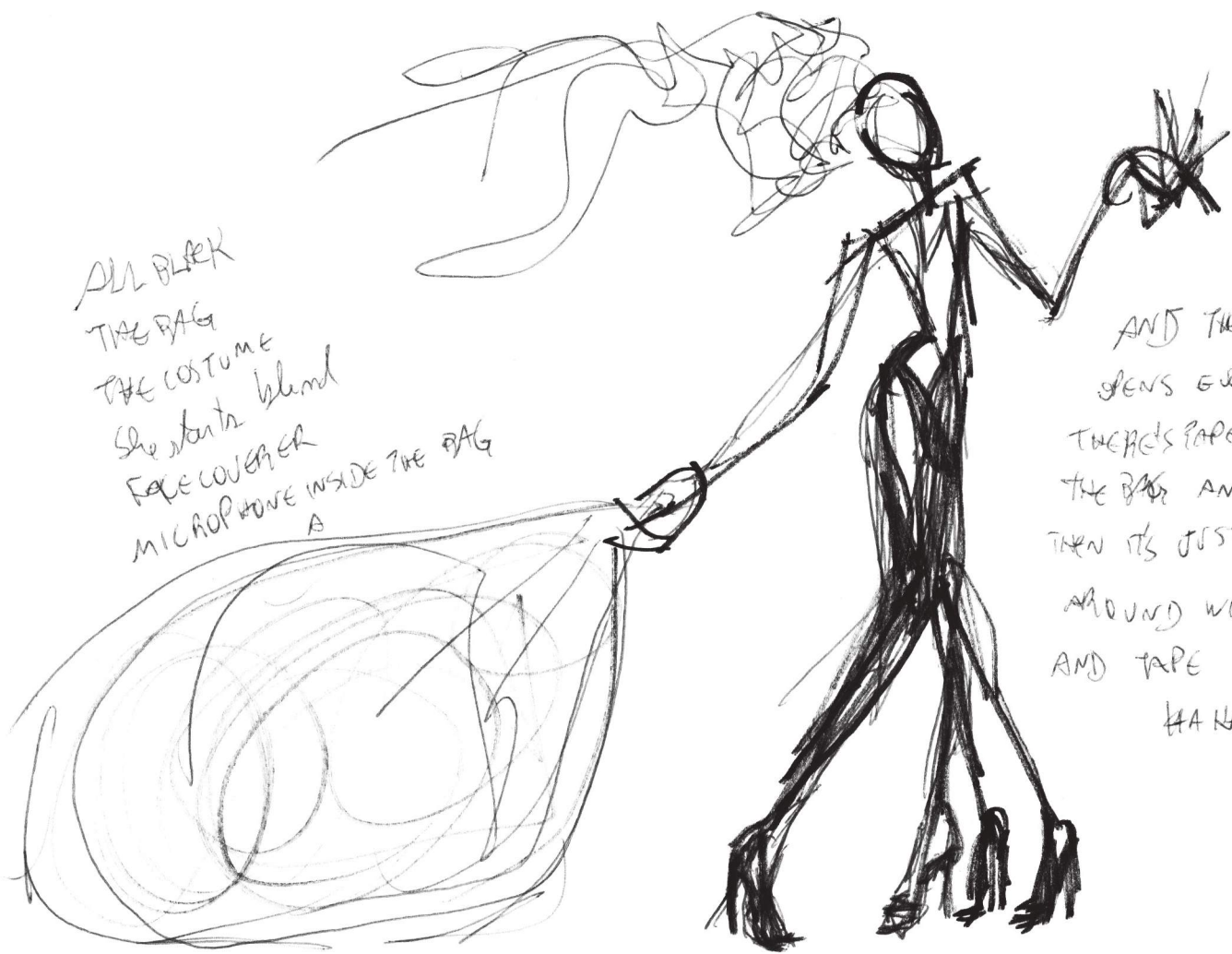
- START IN ME TALKING TO PEOPLE, SINGING
- HICAHUANA, NOISE, SOUND
- TABLE, JAMES BRA LVA
- END WITH APLASE

- EYES CLOSED
- WHITE MAKEUP : UP ~~BELOW~~ (NEED TO TRY IT)
- dance the shadow (butoh) (huahuahua)









ALL BLACK  
THE BAG  
THE COSTUME  
She starts blind  
Face COVERED  
MICROPHONE INSIDE THE BAG  
A

AND THEN SHE  
SPENDS EVERYTHING  
THERE'S PAPER INSIDE  
THE BAG AND  
THEN IT'S JUST PLAY  
AROUND WITH PAPER  
AND TAPE  
HA HA HA HA HA HA



PLASTIC  
DOLLY  
PATTIE

TABLE DINNER  
GARDEN



GARDEN

Shirts, full skirts  
Red lingerie, round earrings  
Hair: ballet stick, red ring, black lace  
GARDEN & PIANO/DINNER



LAST 40 SHIRTS  
100%



SWAN DANCE YELLOW



PING PONG



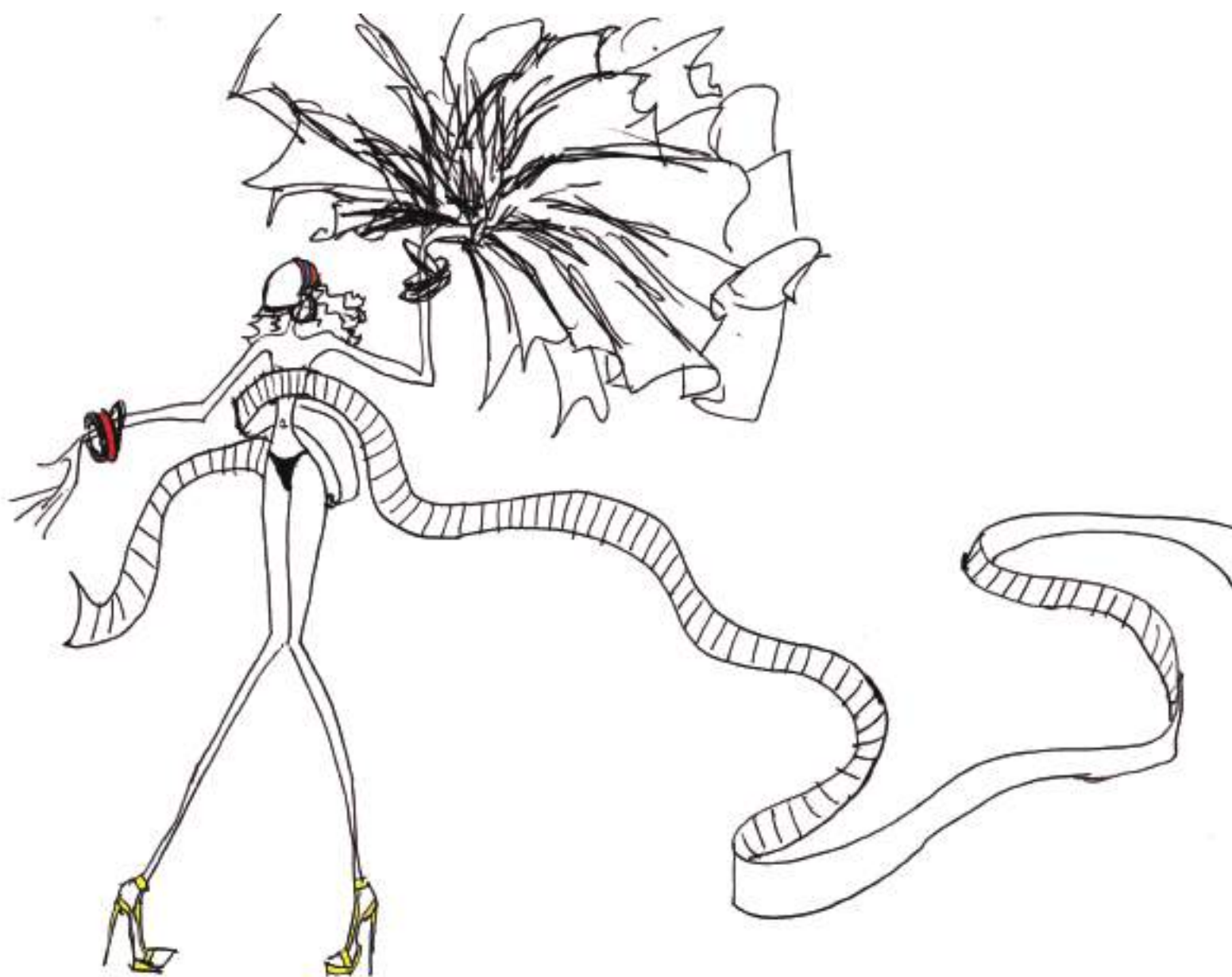
PAPER GOWN







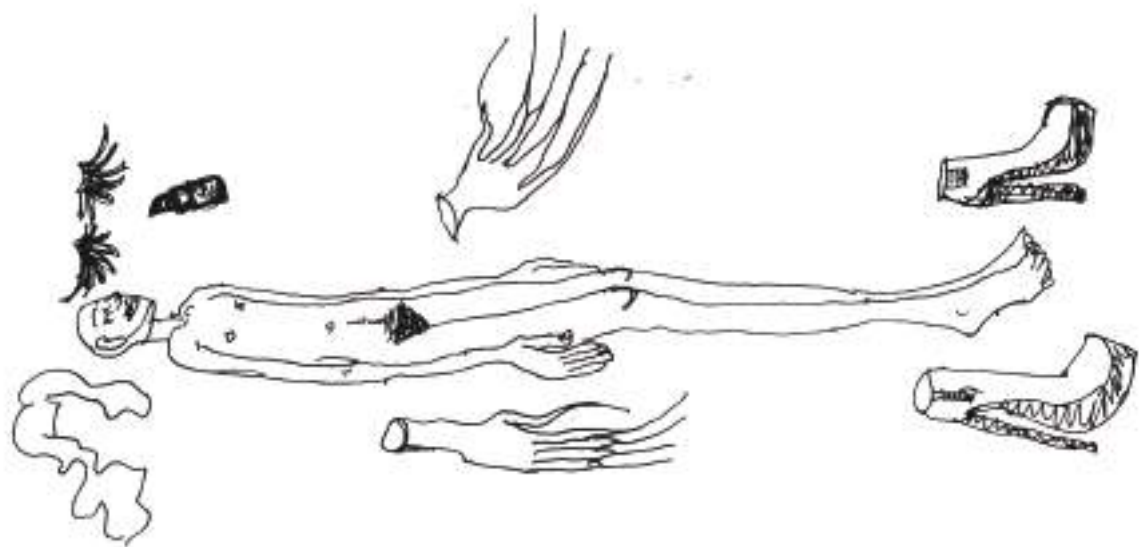




PRIVATE ROOM



MAKE UP THERAPY

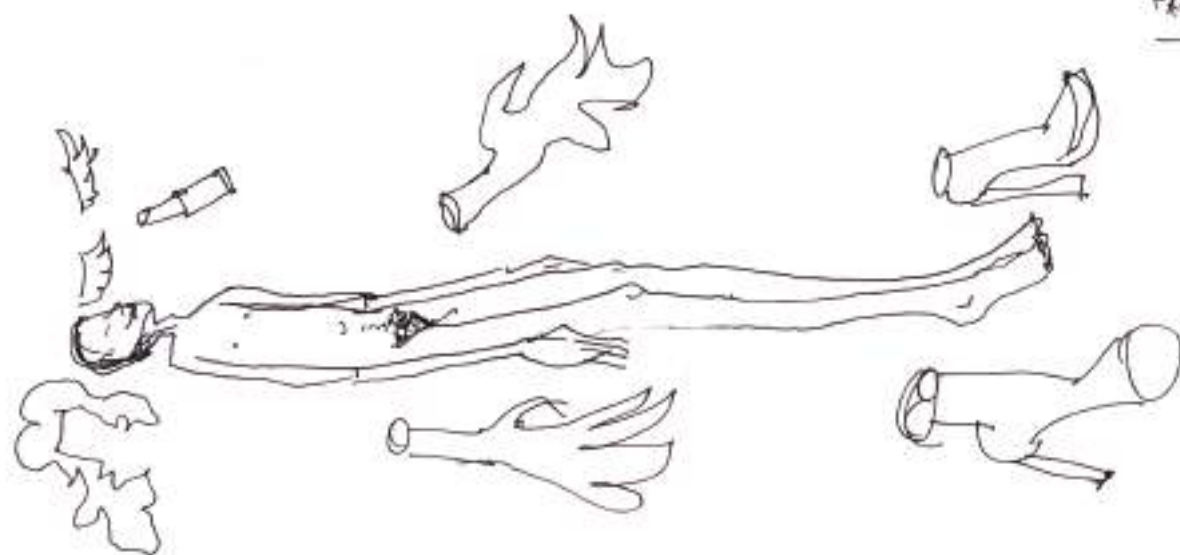


HULL - JUNE 2014  
... 10.1.1



310415 LAB.

LIST:  
TAPE  
PLASTIC  
WOOD  
PAPER/CARTON



WORK UP THEORY



BALANCE

~~UN~~STABILITY, INSECURE, UNSAFE,  
FESSURES

~~BEING~~

BEING IN THE EDGE  
PLAY WITH DANGER (?) TIGHT HERE

NEVER FORGET THE  
DANCE OF SHADOW

THE ALMOST FALL

~~BEING~~

CREATE TENSION  
THROUGH PUT BODY  
IN TWO OR THREE SUPPORTS  
UNBALANCE/PLENCE

MOVE GOES IN CIRCLE

TORSIONS/TWISTS

POSES → explore stretchings

TORSIONS

Permanently

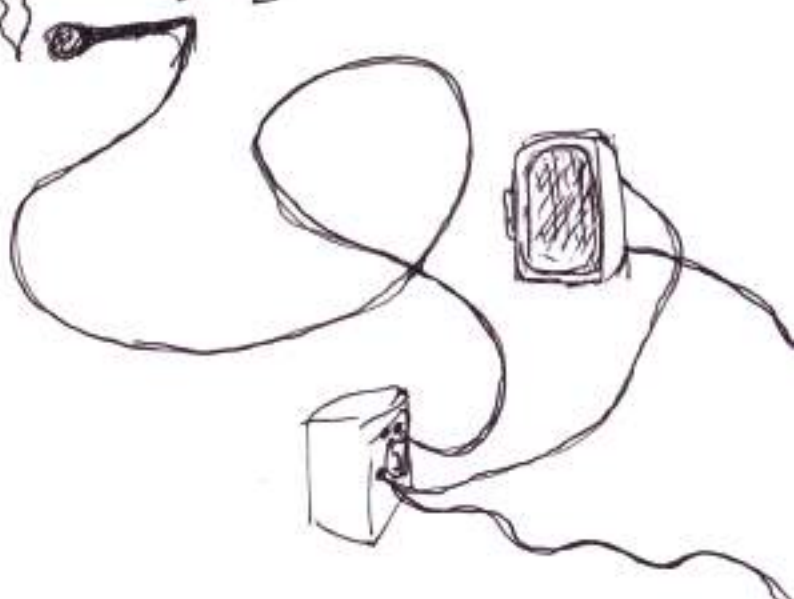
and they go to school to the new school building  
the 1st school with the new building and the old building







TOTEM TANTANUEA



WHICH HOLE  
IS THIS BITCH GOING  
TO DIG?

WHY THIS BITCH  
TALKS LIKE THAT?

WHERE (DIES)  
THIS BITCH GOES?

HOW THIS BITCH  
CONVINCE PARTNERS TO FOLLOW WHAT?

HOW TERRIFYING THIS  
BITCH CAN BE?

WHAT'S THIS BITCH TALKING?

WHEN IS THIS  
BITCH GOING TO SAY  
STAND UP? RUN AWAY?

COULD THIS BITCH REACH?

HOW TO MAKE REVOLUTION





TAPE  
TUCK  
SHOES  
HIGH HEELS  
TIED HAIR  
NUDE  
LES YEUX FERMÉS  
SIMPLE ANCHOR  
DICTIONARY  
MICROPHONE



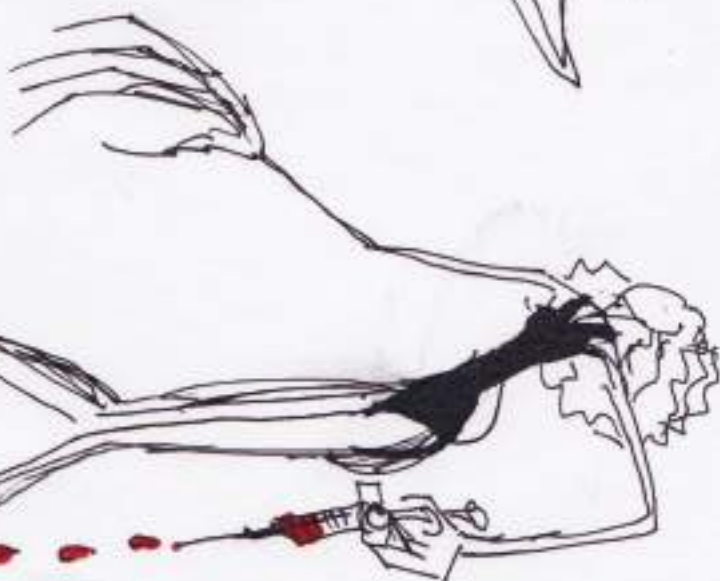
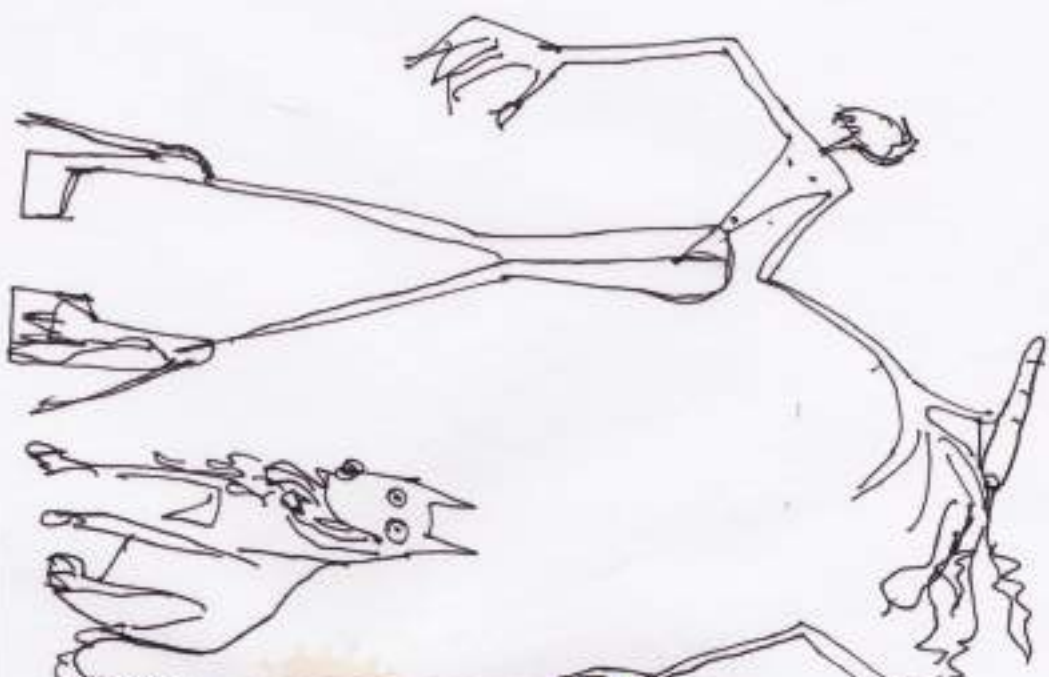
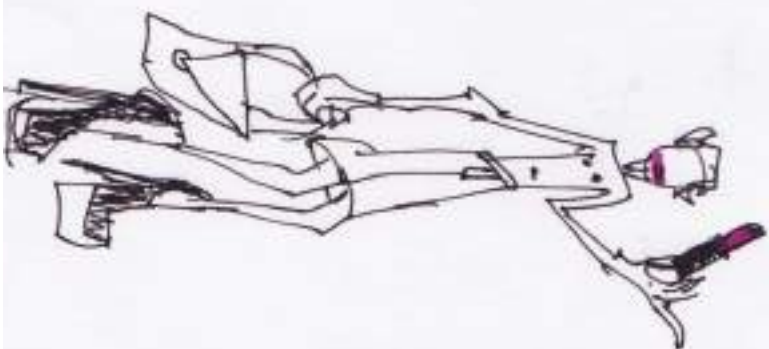




STRIKE  
TICK IN

STATUE  
BIRTH  
BABE BLUE  
SUN  
LIGHT  
ENERGY  
BLAN  
MEDITATION

GROWTH  
SEE  
PLANT  
PUBLIC MONUMENT  
NO EYES/NO SEEING



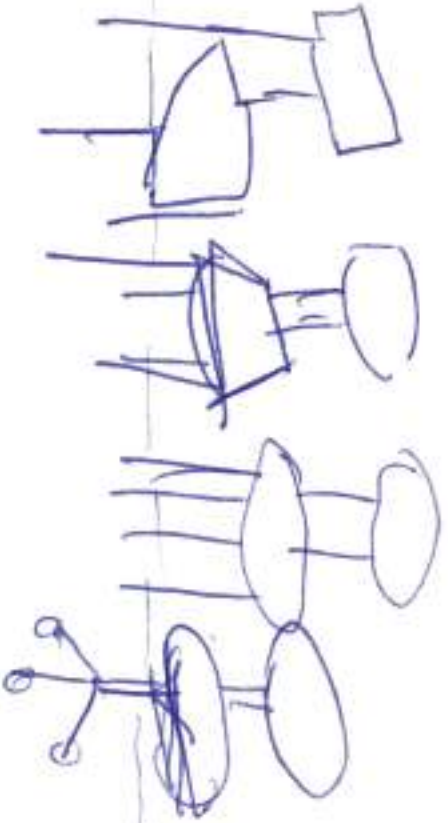
I FEEL LOVE...



BIXXS-LAB

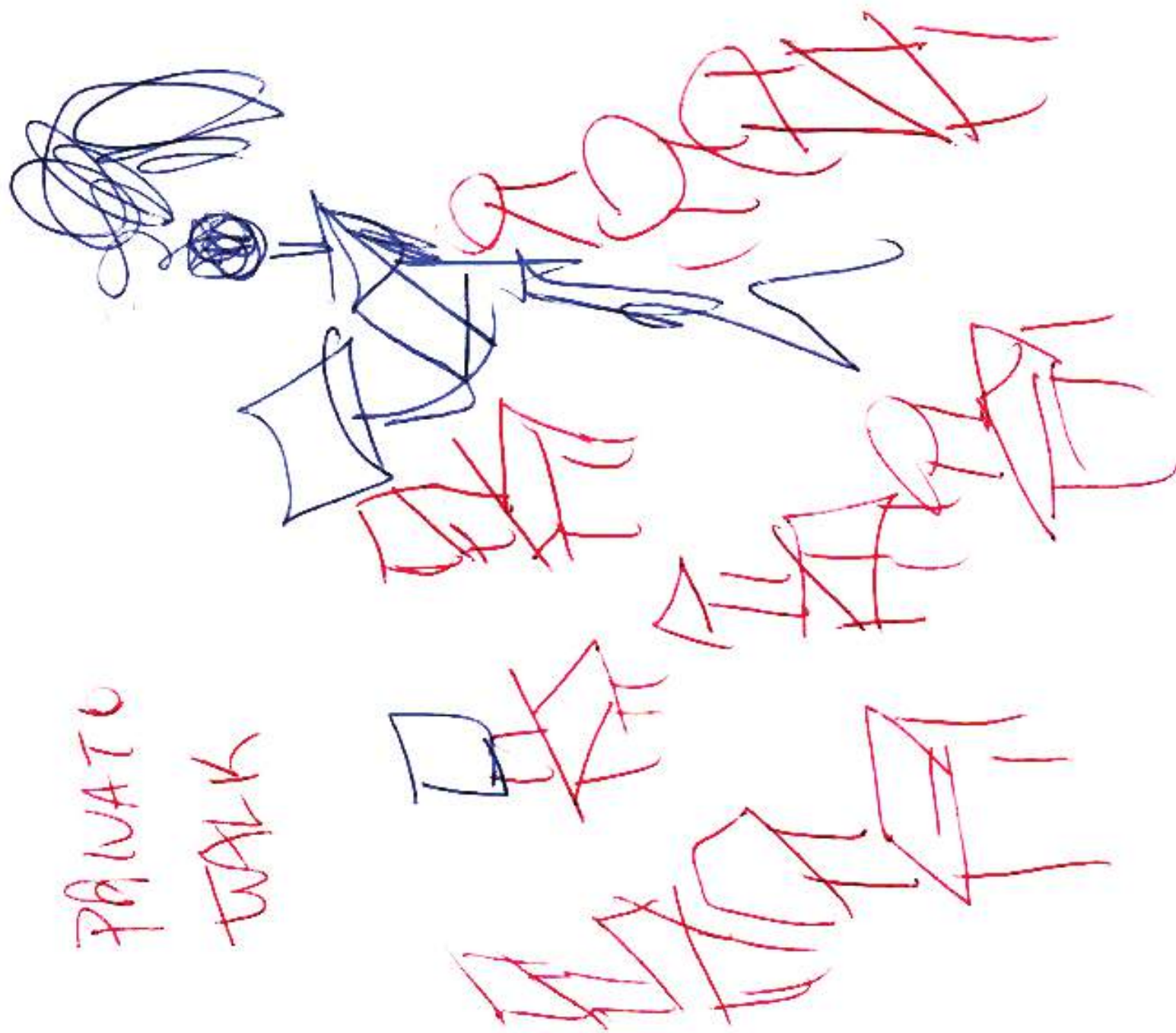
Shin Solers

BEWILDERED

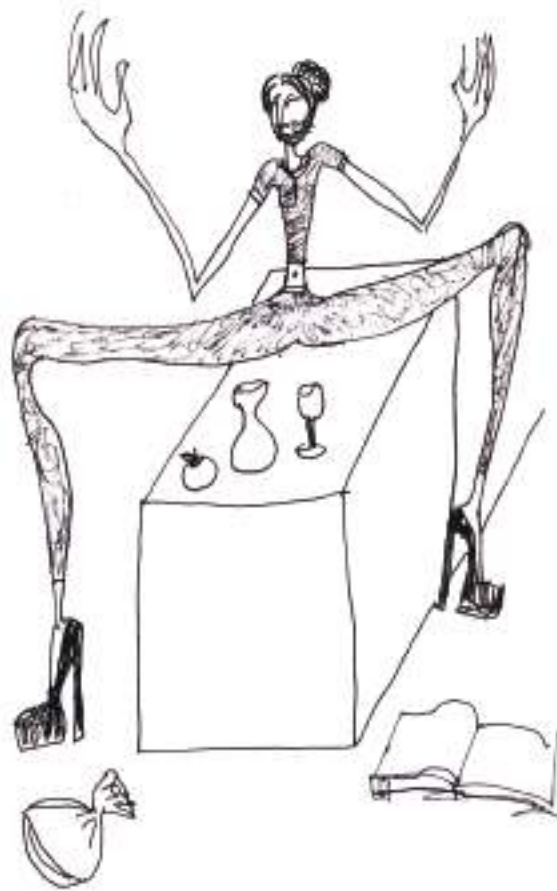




A 6467  
e



APPLE  
 BANANA  
 A BOMB  
 A CONDOM  
 A LAB TICK  
 A GLASS OF WINE  
 PILLS  
 MORTON  
 STRAWBERRIES  
 A BOOK  
 A PLAIN BAG



## SELF INTERVIEW #2 VIDEO

WIFE / BLACK DRESSED / DREADED LADY

OBJECTS

IN SLOW-DILATED TIME SPACE  
 SHE COMES AND GOES  
 POSITIONING, DOING, UNDOING,  
 SELF RELATING TO OBJECTS.

BLACK SPACE

SHE IS IN SILENCE

SCREEN: QUESTION SCROLL  
 CARTON IN THE VIDEO.

REF: THE LADY BEWAULT  
 LUCY AND CHLOE

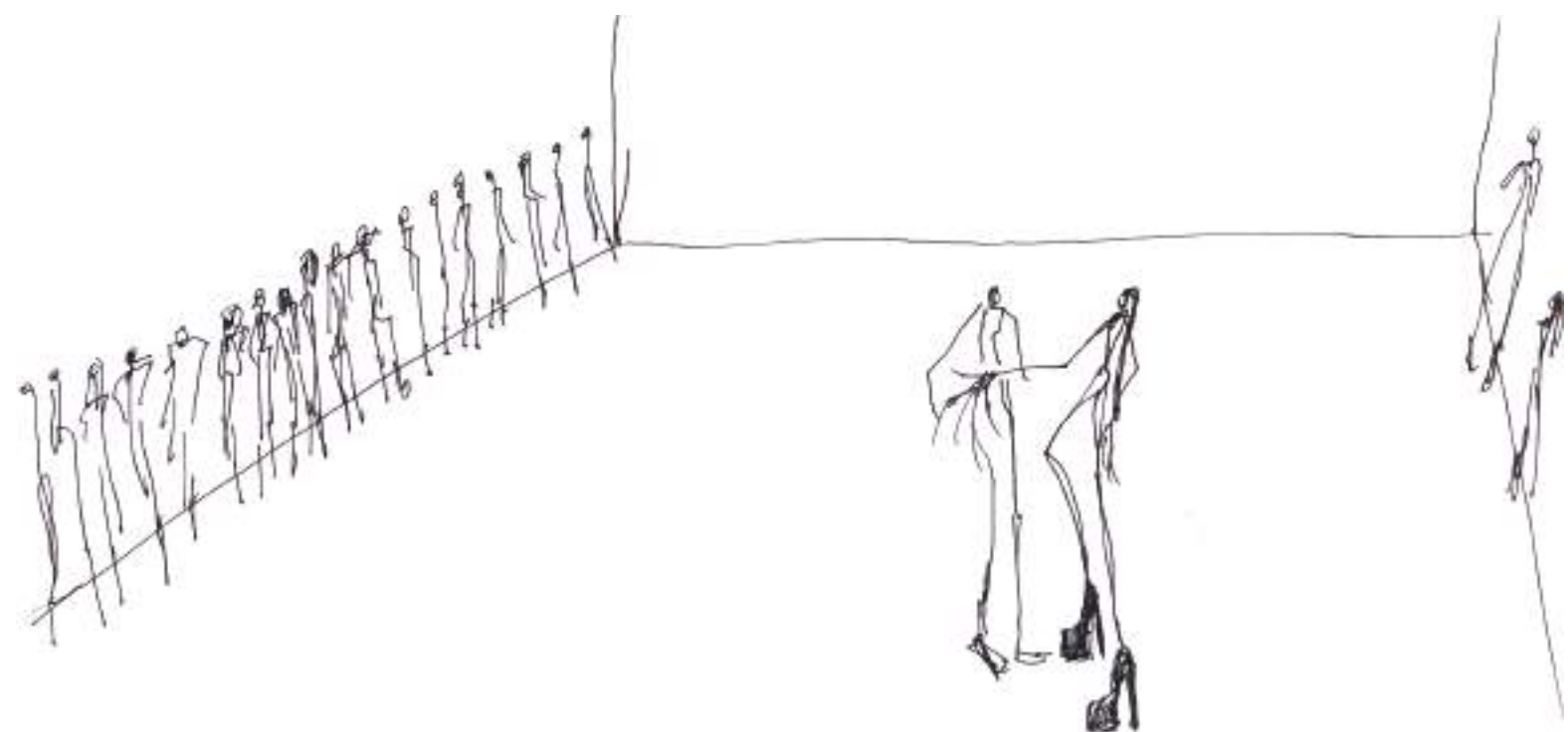




AS TUS BALAS ME MATAN DE PAZTER / I SHOT THE GUN







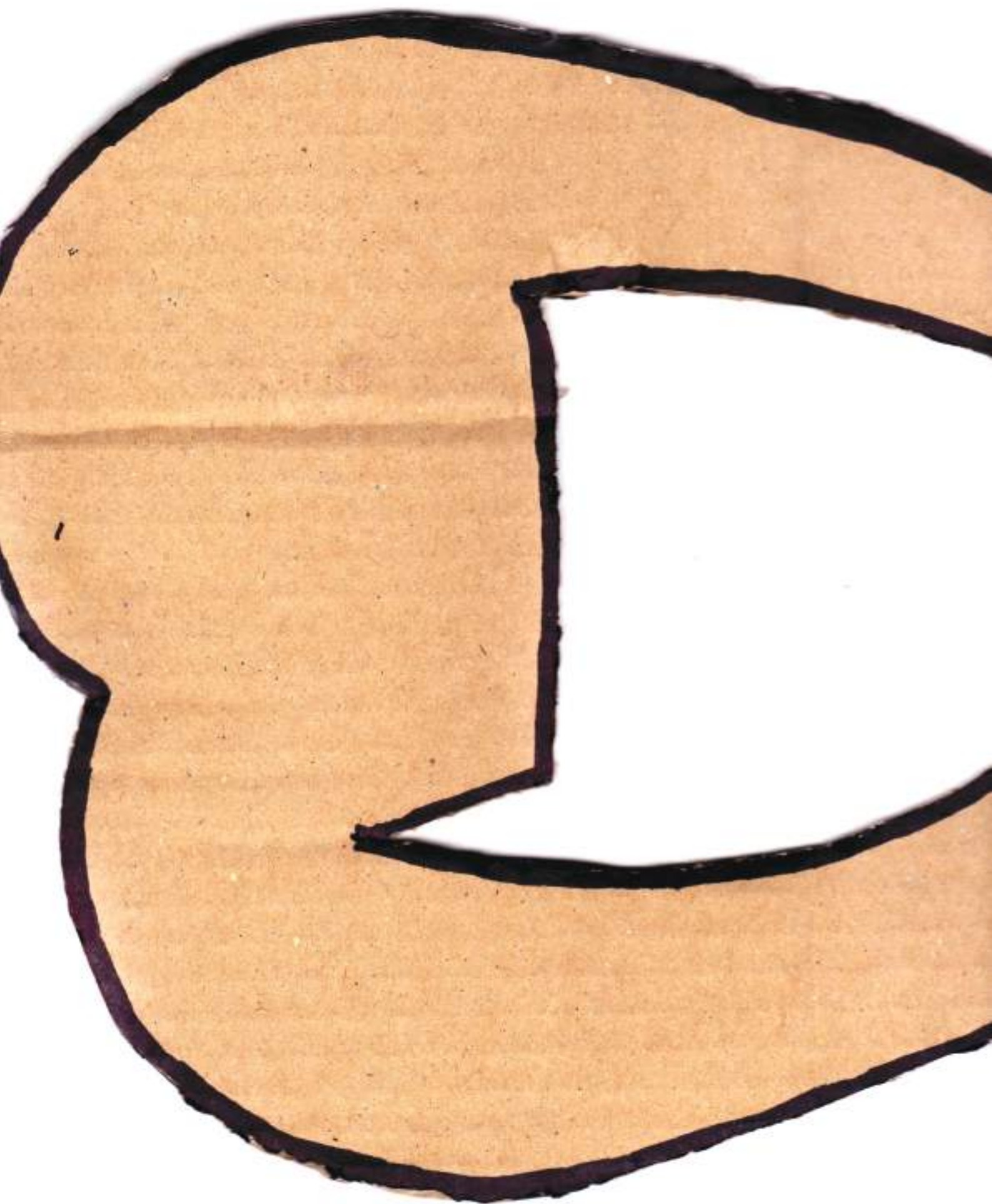
\*UTAHOME ENTERS. SHELLIN BRINGS EACH TO A PLACE (THE PLACE IS CHOSEN BY BOTH). THAT'S ALL BEFORE



In every place you go, in each context created, each form it's given. Each body you penetrate, every experience no one will take you away, with every step you make, in each body you oscillate. An intelligence developed within a body, and it seems to be only a point of view, it's not the same to be unfolded within another body. The most overwhelming, scary, restless, thrilling and challenging thing of transmuting from a subjectivity in a body considered to be masculine to another subjectivity in a body supposedly feminine is the fact you simply acknowledge that these so many rivers can cross from now and then into this "new" becoming full of inter-crossings, complexities, hallucinations and a lot of desires... Such intelligence, if one never gave oneself the luxury opportunity to taste it one would never know. It's for sure very much confusingly fascinating. Here you are these multiple odd subjects mixing in another body-mind, here you are the theory of colours, here you have this rain of so much honey. Yes, it is fascinating, yes i am delighted. Ok, let me enjoy this, so much still left to know.



Em cada lugar que se passa, cada contexto que se cria, em cada forma que se dá. Cada corpo que se penetra, cada experiência que ninguém lhe tira, cada passeio que você anda, em cada corpo que se oscila. Uma inteligência que se desenvolve a partir de um corpo, e parece que é apenas um ponto de vista, não é a mesma inteligência que se desdobra dentro de outro corpo. A coisa mais arrepiante, assustadora, inquietante, emocionante e desafiadora de se transmutar de uma subjetividade até então num corpo considerado masculino pra uma outra subjetividade num corpo supostamente feminino é o fato de que parecem estar se mesclando outras formas de inteligência. E o fato de se constatar que esses tantos rios se encontram a partir de então nesta nova sobrevida cheia de cruzamentos, complexidades, alucinações e muitos desejos... Inteligências estas que se você não se desse o luxo de passar por elas você jamais saberia... Isso é por demais confusamente fascinante. Eis que diversos sujeitos se compõem numa outra mente, eis aqui a teoria das cores, eis agora a chuva de muitos méis. Sim estou fascinated! Deixe-me gozar o muito que me ainda resta!

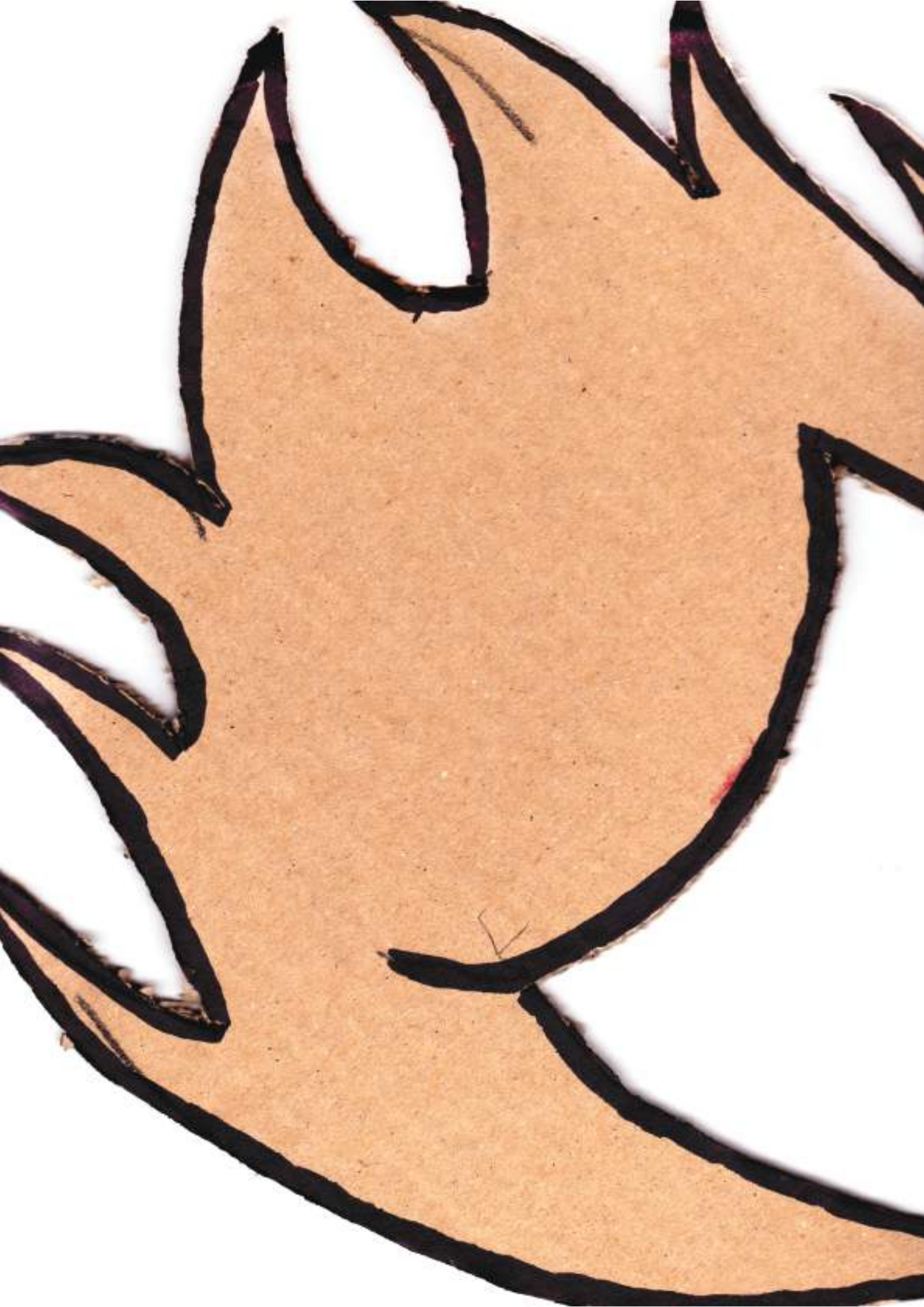


which animal should i have to kill so that i won't be hungry today... in the city nowadays there are no more animals to hunt, no more land to plant and harvest, time and ages have come and taught me to be lazy like that, and hunt my food in the shelves of supermarkets. So i try to get what i need to keep alive, without being caught by the cameras, the vigilance... Should i live under bridges as well so that i don't have to pay the higher and higher rents? No no no, me as an artist... i'd better werk bitch, and waitress in bars, gogo dance in clubs, drag star in shows, cashier here and there, flight attend to Bagda... ups i'm flying away, going out of the point again :/













this is not a work  
it's not a piece  
is not a show  
not a performance  
it actually doesn't exist yet  
It's still to be born  
to be built , to be settled up  
But it's full of composition, full of existing smell , powder, ingredients, fluidity, vibrating energy. It's almost squirting, spinning round... it is absolutely something TO BECOME. It doesn't have a name, doesn't have certain shape or established place to be in. The sound...is brutal, trancy, undefined but totally immersive and seducing.  
not a piece, or a show  
it's compositional resource "box"/*truc*, made up with fragments, experiments, tools, practices, entrances, drives...  
all that enables possibility to paint different ambiances, adptable corpses, adjusting skins, very contemporary!!! witness of this age work.

this are very technological and dynamic epoch.  
It's not only to me that the idea of changing and transforming sound crucial. It seems to be all person's special need and wish nowadays wether if it's for getting a new car, or if it's for a new pair of shoes, whether if it's for new rebuilt nose, or for a complete exchange of identity, sex or subjectivity.

It's not about concept. Not to be something behind. It's it as it looks like. About body, about sensation, about organic needs and adjustment and articulation of body in/with technology, it's about gender, about identities, about layers of being, about layers of positions one can occupy in society, about variation on themes; it is a reaction to, it is against some of the formats stablished in society, to some pre concept ideias that enclosure creativity and freedom of one's expression, the norms petrified by law, and limitations on culture behaviour.

It is onward transformation, mutation, oxygenising, recycling and refreshing of possibilities forward the widening of contemporary minds and tolerance to the diversity and different manifestations of expression of one's self.

It is tool, method and proposition to raise, stimulate sensibility and sensation to awaken body in contemporaneity; it is against the zombie like body so projected and built by capitalism and systems for control.





daily portraits

personagens? personas? ficções diárias? invenções cotidianas? sustos cotidianos? acho que não quero me ater apenas à ideia de criar a cada dia uma personagem diferente, com uma cara diferente, com uma personalidade diferente... pq? pq sim? pq não? essa sintomática de subjetividades múltiplas, se transformar em diversos seres já é presente em nossas sociedades e é praticado por diversos artistas... a subjetividade líquida é praticada e estimulada pelos meios de comunicação especialmente a partir do avanço tecnológico, isso me parece bem mais ampliado.

Não sei...

Eu enquanto sujeito sou vítima e carrasco de mim mesma. Eu me implanto desejos e torturas? Eu desejo e quero me transmutar em diversas cabeças. Papillon, dragão, centauro, onomatopéia.

só sei q não tem nome, não tem casa correta, teria um cheiro próprio, mas ele muda...

body object. objects. sex. body tool. body is to abuse. porno era is not gone. in brazil we sing macaco velho não ponha mão na cumbuca...

it's a lot about body, presence, also object, context, to

*des object, de purification, le context, et avec qui et comment tu veux parler*

this practices are a lot about soloing, a lot about individualities, particularity, and peculiar way of doing, of responding / reacting to different stimuli, but it's not something isolated, no no noooooooo, not at all coz it's something that could never exist alone. it only exists for the presence of THE OTHER, it's mainly drawn up by the act of being breathing and also replying to someone, something, somewhere.

i am not decided to almost anything / NOW I DON'T TAKE THIS ONLY AS A PERSONAL DECISION, A PERSONAL CHANGE, TRANSFORMATION. / i'll take this, this body as means to study, research. / THIS BODY AS TISSUE, MATERIAL TO THIS POSSIBLE GARMENT / {(garments)}

I WILL NEED TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME MEDICAL MONITORING / this is a challenge for me in this foreign land. / I ASK FOR HELP THEN. autonomy, yes BUT NOT TO BE ALONE...

"tu cuerpo es un importante instrumento poderoso de afectación, de transgresión y cuestionamento en las personas acerca de la normalidad o las diferencias en el/los contextos..." (Pablo Bensato?) POLÍTICO? ARTÍSTICO, ESTÉTICO?

\_ But why do you think/believe this procedure is not only a personal choice for a self adaptation and yes is a possible research?



I WANNA MAKE REVOLUTION

to think about change the world,  
to propose any kinda revolution  
that i don't even know what is it for  
what to revolution? what to change?  
is there anything still to be changed?  
is there any new thing to invent, to save people from?

i first need to fight against my own fears, my own prejudices, my own stupid pre concepts, pre judgments.

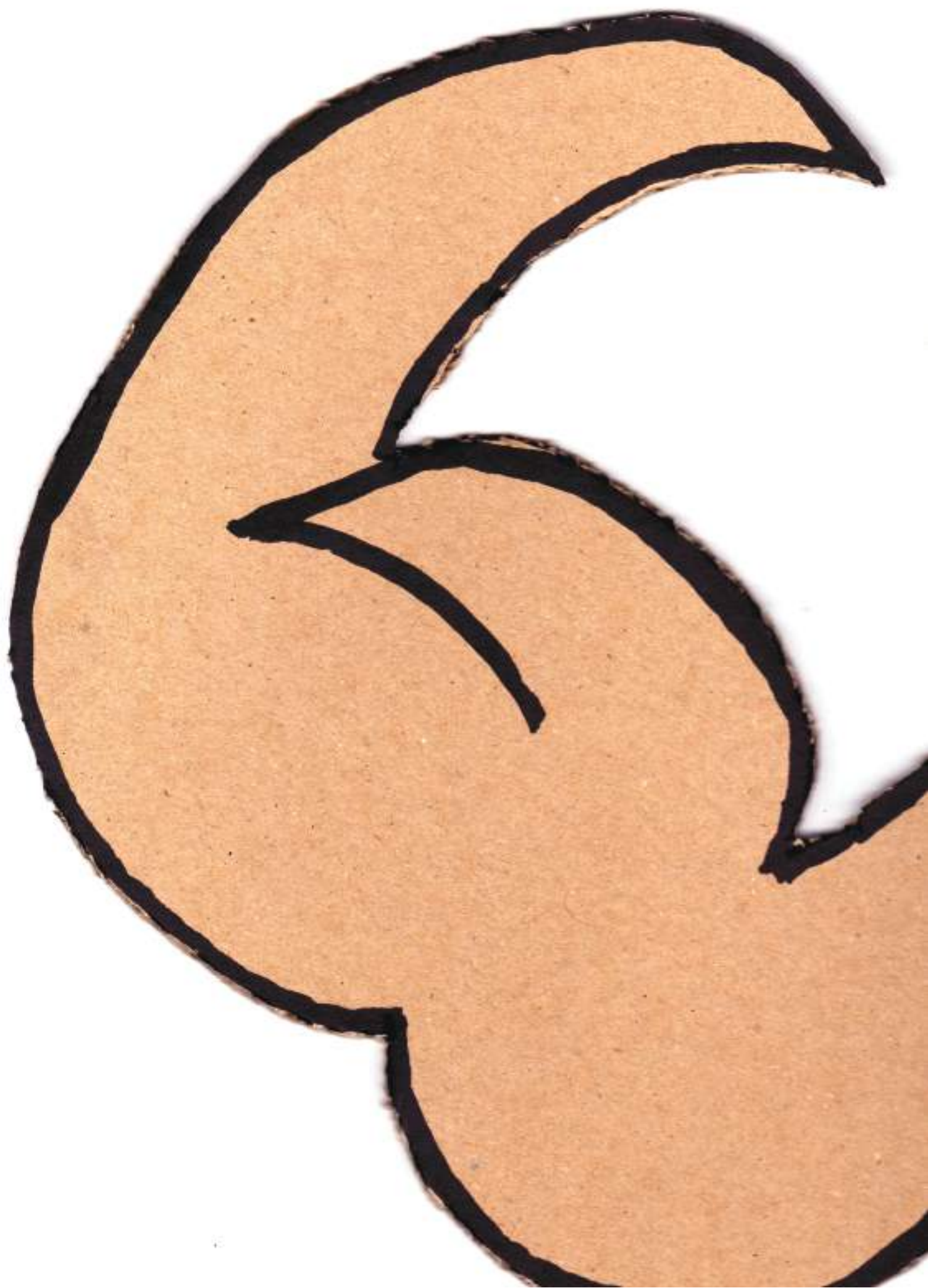
i still have my taboos, still have my enclosures, my rights and wrongs, my blacks and whites.

a kid, a pervert  
homosexual  
pan sexualising  
christianity, judgmental  
queer, arrested myself  
forbidden of my own  
hiv positive  
my world has fallen into death  
rebirth  
sculpt new entrances  
trans something  
drug/hormone-addiction-treatment  
sexuality in transit  
sex work

Suddenly it seems i was taken the right to feel, to cry for something. I cannot shout, pain, suffer anymore for the horrible things that happen to me. This is all things that happen and i am not the only one. In this my time age era of today there's a relief for everything. My body & mind is being convinced & taught to go ahead, do not be the victim. Take a pill, as aspirin, a coke, a cigarette. You gonna be cured, or relieved, or just do not think about it. Nobody needs your problem, i do not need my problem. Really. And it's great! *en fait*.

But still feel the need to adjust better inside my body all this sensations at same time. Pressing three buttons, three commands \_ be happy, be funny & see your mother die in front of you and no cry at once in same second \_ it's maybe not enough for a time machine.









something that i'd like to share... it's about me? Me and what!!!!

I just see around that out there in life things are to be played for real. And this real in kinda boring and teasing, both frightening, stupid, ridiculous and fascinating, challenging, sexy. Coz it's all about the way you perform. If you put red scarf, sparkling dress, top model heels and slide through streets of Molembeek, Barcelona or New York (i've not been there yet, sun of a bitch, but i bet it might be interesting), you've got to have chance to prove yourself you can do it. Do it what? Whatever happens to this love, to this J, this O, this I, N, Tea, no tea no shade, you will have to succeed any kinda situation, with your own procedures, improvised or embodied, never mechanically formatted - this type of information is not allowed in Alicia's House. What i wanna say is, colon, semi-colon, question mark, period, reticencias

Okay let's start. This is a story about a person in the world that would like to represent the whole entire widely devastating great big population in world that would like to say yes in parliament for making legally accepted the rights to be happy, just happy, nothing but the happy. What's that mister Dee Jay?

Voilà, once I was walking in a street at night and a guy stopped his car to ask me something. As i did not speak very well french yet i couldn't understand very well what he said. Then i thought did he speak french or Arab? \_No, not thanks! Good bye!!! beep beep. But i wanna fight for having the rights for every Moroccan guy that wants to fuck me at the beach, in a park or in dark small street in Laekenstraat, Bruxelles 1000 in a sunny honey rainy day, why not?! If they were not so so so much stupid during the day, lika spitting on a fly girl like me?! what the fuck, m'am, why? So, not, not really. But i still try, i can still have guts enough to give a bit of huuuummm to me, and give a bit o huuuummm to you, jus to try, just to see... maybe tonight will be the night when paradise will be finally it is happen to be right in front of my face, my phase, my crazy stupid little bullshit brain, that still always insist because i believe in the power of love. (I believe). i believe in the power of love. (i believe). i believe in the power of love...

don't know what i'm talking about still? Okay i go on... I just think that, politically, things are very well done not done but in life, day after day, one must have and make a big effort to survive, life is such a pleasure! Differences are a lot, in every context you go, but now i know, that's not such big deal, i mean, it is indeed, but people is people everywhere, they shit, they smell, they taste, they speak, specially they speak, they look, mainly regarde moi, Mira-me! Mira-me!

...things are very raw, out there it is for real, ma honey, you gotta have papers to find werk, you gotta have permission to standing in way of control, you gotta have a J-O-B if you wanna be with me, you gotta have a car if you wanna, if you wanna, if you wanna, if you wanna, if you wanna. that's not bad, i think this is how time is now and we did that. We developed things for having this system, and then they system make whatever with us. This is not about revolting against blah blah blah. It's just... I wanna do with it! I put up some make up, turn on the eighth track and post to ELLOCO72 maybe tonight he wants to doobeedoobeedoo.

I still think that as an artist sometimes i feel very uncomfortable for not having such a big definite object direction erection. Choosing things, elements, body states to create like a God(ess) something to entertain, to convince, to confuse, to destabilise, to allude, persuade, to engage people in,

it seems, at a times, just a fantasy. But i want that fantasy! Outside life can be cruel, boring, still teasing and delightful but rough, formal, stuck. And here in this subconscious parallel instance i maybe can play the owner of the world.

Right, that said let me finish here for awhile

## that was chapter number #1

## **... and then we go to chapter #2**

pas de secret pour toi... je suis pas libre, pas seul. Now it's only the two of us, maybe the three of us, or four, five... thousands of them, everywhere. All spread along all the space, invading all entrances, all corridors, all muscles, skin, hair, foot, je t'embrasse, t'embrasser en te caressant les cheveux. When it started i couldn't really have the progressive metrics of what and how this could lead to be, this could ever end up in. Never supposed to have an end. One thing will bring to another and so on and on we keep chasing ourselves into something bigger smaller tidy brand new day. Sou a barbie girl in a barbie world. My little treasure, please, never let me be alone again! If you have to leave please call somebody else. Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte past

I feel very afraid! This is too scary for me, imagine that it can last forever or only for a second, but never be the same again.

Things can turn into something very affecting. While i read this sentences zillions of decisions pass by my door. None of them sit for such a long. A scar tissue blowing in the wind, she's all made of effects, after affects, and so what?

## ORAÇÃO À MINHA MÃE

o corpo é um lugar sagrado de todos os modos. Seja doando seu suor, seus músculos; deixando o outro se utilizar de si seja pelos poros, os ossos; o outro entrando pelos olhos, pela boca, pelos ouvidos. Quer você arreganhe suas entranhas e ele entrar ou sair, seja vendendo seus cabelos, as unhas, costurando novelos ou dando seu cu. Seja sangrando sua buceta, o caralho, a porra, a baba que nos gosmeia... O corpo é um lugar sagrado de qualquer jeito seja pelo feito, pelo refeito, pelo perfeito, pelo avesso, pelo qualquer direito, calcanhar de aquiles, as minhas fraquezas te fortalecerão, as minhas belezas os amadurecerão. Gozaremos fervos, trôpegos desterrados, sem eira nem beira se propagarão.

Minha mãe este é sagrado, meu corpo te me pertence. Cuidarei até que nela cravo, cominho, canela, esta pele verde amarela experimente todos erros, compromissos com mil destinos...

ainda não sei o caminho, não sei quantos seremos, não sei se temos vela, aquela pica rosa amarela. Mas eu sei o pequeno, aquele miudinho. Eu te amo mesmo sempre, por todo esse meu ninho, aqueles tantos séculos, por séculos e séculos, amém!



## PRAYER LITTLE MUMMY

Dear mother, this body is a sacred place in any ways. Even if you're selling your sweat, your muscles, letting the other use the openness of your poros, the bones, the other entering your eyes, your mouth, your ears. Even if you stretch open your guts and he will come in and out, if you sell your hair, your nails, sewing ball threads or fucking your ass. Bleeding your pussy, the cock, your cum, salive that makes you wet... This body is sacred place anyways either by what you are doing, the re-doing, for the perfect, ugly or wrong, for the inside outside or some, Achilles heel's, my heels, my weakness will strengthen their powers, my beauty will make them ready. We will be joyfull in amazing blissfull, stumbling exile, without a penny without direction, they will spread and prociate on and on. Dear mother, this one is sacred, this my-yours-body belongs to. I will take care till it's smelly, clove, cumin, cinnamon, belly, till this yellow green skin can try all mistakes, all destinies and engage with the undone... I still don't know which way to go, don't know how many we are, know not which spaceship to take, that yellow pink prick to lick... But will always remember that one, the tiny shiny one thing. I love you really always, for all this nest and ever, those centures forever, for ages and ages amem.



ind pop\_evolutionary chain: democracy nowadays

There's some affection. There's some need in my body. Your body. Our body. I need you inside me. On top of me, under me, underneath deep in me. And i don't know how to do it. If i ask you might deny me. If i offer you might get confused. If i force to enter the void... It might not be yours, not be mine, not be our pact of love.

I'll put everything in my ass. The pain at night when i'm alone. My best desire to the man i love. My fear when i walk through the streets of Brussels. The rage and shame when they shout quelque chose que je ne peux pas comprendre. I'll stick everything inside my ass. My proud to be an artist. My lack of money to buy some coke. The despair when the bills arrive every fucking beginning of each month. I'll stick my love for all humans around. My sexy horny desire to all handsome fellows i meet on street every day and i want to kiss them but they don't want me because i'm a tranny and they want a masculine dude, they don't want me coz i'm feminine, coz i'm not white, coz i'm too skinny, coz i'm bottom, coz i'm top, coz i'm not muscular... stop!!!

I'll put everything in my ass. My confusion about where to go. My confusion to know which nation i belong to. The wish i have to become a good professional. The desire to become always something brand new and different every day.

why don't you stick my ass your guts to kill that son of bitch of your neighbour that puts music loud in middle of the afternoon and you want to take a nap. why don't you stick my ass your finger when you point that bitch wearing something just a bit different. Why don't you lick my hole with these lips that pronounce your damn words against my beloved devotion to Jesus.

I don't wanna know what language to speak to the guy next door who laughs when i cross the street with my beautiful high high heels. Why don't you stick my ass your best regards to kids in Pennsylvania. Why don't stick my ass when you want to love your babe. Why don't you put my ass in your calendar best wishes for two thousand sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen...

I'll put inside my ass the words i don't wanna hear coz they hurt me. I'll put inside my ass the hunger i feel coz i got no money to pay my pain. I'll put inside my ass everyone i hate coz i had no taste to love them before 9 a.m. I'll put inside my ass all the questions i have and will have no answer before they explode my heaven the next morning to come.

*Chameleon. Years later and I still rely in aspect of the chameleon. From different points of view, nowadays somanythings passed, crossed, overlaid.*

*I wanna say yes to my desire. what's my desire? I feel i've been possessed by this culture that makes me want to consume an image per second. I wanna do a lot of things. I wanna say yes to my desire.*

*I wanna say yes to this thing that seduces me and see how i can pursued and be myself in the middle of the monster.*

*pop corn haute coulture*



# i bit the apple

eu mordi a maçã. depois de um tempo eu mordi a maçã. peguei a maçã por detrás das costas, a maçã tava presa na bunda, na saia, por dentro da saia. I grab hold of the apple, bring it slowly from behind to the hips, to the belly, to the chest, bra, necklace, flower hair. bananas, Carmem, bananas! take a time and strike a pose... and bite it!!! bite the apple, chew it, bite more, more, more. bite more, Oh my God there's too much inside my mouth. i'm gonna throw it, throw it, throw it. i'm gonna throw it. and then?! let's do it! i walk from back forward to the camera, catwalk dance, dance, dance, dance, catwalk, floor, oh no, up, up up up up, hand belt feet leg thumb.

in the end i was eating all the chewed pieces of apple still lying in my hands and the floor. cleaning, eating, cleaning eating the apple i did this mess in the scene tonight. thanks!

## **penny for a tranny**

if you find me on street  
with yellow high heels  
very long red dress  
walking back & forwards  
here and there, going nowhere  
would you give me a penny?!

you meet me in a corner  
waving hands someone never there  
licking fingers strawberry  
I thinks it's gonna rain  
oh God how i wish to become and ostrich  
would you gimme a penny?!

if you go to supermarket  
you buy a lot of things  
but when you go cashier  
you don't find money to pay  
would you stay awake  
or just make a pocker fake  
Elza! Elza! Elza Elza Elza!

Ok, so you travel somewhere in Europe  
with a very nice sunset  
living life is such a paradise  
you Italian dick is amazing  
by the way bitch, i'm HIV positive  
hurry up and gimme a penny!!

if you meet me in Canadian Islands  
with a black moustache  
my best diamonds bracelet  
and a beautiful horney bikini  
shall i propose a manifest against capitalist system  
in all its forms,  
or you better just gimme a penny?!

my honey will use me  
and then will abuse me  
tomorrow i call him and maria bethania will send me a letter

that's all i want, that's all i need  
i little bit of penny could maybe make me rich bitch.

## i'm in love with a man

i'm in love with a man  
he doesn't care much about my love.  
i'm in love with this boy  
he gives kisses but don't sell what i want  
it should be paradise  
he's my friend, we had sex some times

(like a gun, i shot myself with his gun  
like a gun, i shot myself with his gun...)

we had lots of moments together  
we cooked dinner, we took shower together  
i mixed it all in my brain, i did a mass  
i trans formed situations in love  
it should be paradise  
he's my friend, we had sex sometimes

(like a gun, i shot myself with his gun  
like a gun, i shot myself with his gun...)

if i be your darling will you love me?  
if i be your darling will you take care of me? (2x)  
if you take me home are we sexy? will you love me?  
if you kiss me will it be happy? will you take care of me?

i'm in love with a man who doesn't care much about my love. He's my friend, we had sex some times (like a gun, i shot myself with his gun, he didn't know it, he didn't see it, he felt only a glance...), we had lots of moments together, we cooked dinner, we took shower together... i mixed it all in my brain. i did a mass. i trans formed situations in love. and now? i'm lost. who am I? who do want to be?

we had lots of moments together  
we cooked dinner, we took shower together  
i mixed it all in my brain, i did a mass  
i trans formed situations in love  
it should be paradise  
he's my friend, we had sex sometimes

(like a gun, i shot myself with his gun  
like a gun, i shot myself with his gun...)

**what is importante now to you? how to relate you subjects to the world around? Is it important politically & socially something? How do you talk about love, gender, identity, sex, transformation, your secrets, your recurrences... with your mum, you dad, your family, your friends, the whole world? But where is the love? Why do you dress like this to perform?** Performatively it's very interesting how garment can take you out of yourself. And at the same time fires on you something, everything that you have as repertoire. **Is it always like this?** Never know... Subjective... How the garment will stick you and twist you and be with you. It's more like a second skin, a third skin, layers and layers that can come and operate in different ways for each body, each consciousness, is subjectivity, each bitch has it's own way to do your make up. **Pomba gira ou bailarina? ballet dancer or voodoo convulsion?** Not a trans, or a gender something, not a drag queen, not a man, just girl, a little boy, that faggy shiny bitch, am i woman, am I child, just a mother, or a sin, never saint, never green, i don't really feel my twin, i'm a MEL, i'm that thing, just nothing, let me think... **Why are you trying to close your eyes so frequently?**

It sometimes just makes me a bit sad the act of looking. The eyes, the looking is what most hurts. What most fascinates. The predominance of the visual makes me tired and obsessed. Then i try to relearn how to use the other parts of the body. Then i try to pretend that i have no eyes over me, nobody looking at me. I try to imagine the whole world and people (un)connected by not seeing. **why so slow?** Slow and Blind. As if nobody will see you turn everything upside down. As if nobody will see you change the world. **Evolution time line, how do you define or describe it?**

#### **How to make revolution?**

To make any change around i think i'll need to first fight with my own fears, my own judgments & pre concepts, prejudices. I still have a lot of embodied forms, established beliefs & and fixed deals, illusions. Now i decide to try to explode my own body to maybe then be possible to make revolution.

**Which hole is this bitch going to dig? Where does this bitch is going to? How terrifying this bitch can be? When is this bitch going to fall? stand up? run away? Why this bitch talks like that? How does this bitch convince partners to follow what? What is this bitch talking? Could this bitch reach? what is the broken object?**

the broken object is the body, the broken wing that never flies. **You're male trying to... Acting as a woman, isn't it? But why do you think this procedure is not only a personal choice for a self adaptation? Why do you think this is subject for art? This what? Would you give a penny for a tranny? Healthy? You are using drugs, hormones is it good or bad to your body? Why still go to the opposites male-female? and how dangerous can it be in the sense of maybe to be reinforcing theses opposites? are we still talking about man and or woman? The chemical side of this process, how problematic is it to be saying yes to this farmaco porn culture?** I am changing my body, transforming, morphing. In many and different ways. I get old day after day, my hair grows up, my skin get sun tanned and whiter from time to time, depending on time space variations. I drink some, i smoke joint, i use my drugs, i take my vitamins, my medications, i fuck, i fall in love, i get love delusions, my body experiment hormonal variations. Yes I am experimenting hormonal transition (**transition?**). Some things are normal, natural. Some things are injected, are altered, put by myself, it's a way to experiment some radical alternations. The oestrogen and progesterone that i add in my body makes the supposedly pre-dominance of the testosterone that previously existed get destabilised. I feel destabilisation in a lot of other different levels, emotional, psychological and physical aspects.

I take all these as performative strategies to have different points of views, to have different possible answers and decisions. It's absolutely personal and subjective, it's absolutely material that affects my artistic practices. It's absolutely a political statement. When i decide open hands of a so called biological, natural way of life and bend myself to the consume culture that shines in my eyes the possibility to become. And i stop saying no to this naturally synthetic contemp era that is on vogue and i try to incorporate this new era and it's implications replacing the previously nostalgia of the age before me. **What is the result of that? what do you want with it? are you crazy?** what if there's no other choice before and after that and you got to do it yourself wether going this direction or that direction? ... **Why do you laugh, why do you smile? What are the carrots for?**

In each place you go, to each context you create, in each form you give. In each body you penetrate, each experience that nobody takes from you, to each walk you go, in each body you sway. A quality of intelligence that's developed within a body, and this is just a point of view, can be very relative, it's not the same intelligence that unfolds inside another. The most thrilling, frightening, restless, exciting & challenging thing of transmuting from a subjectivity up to this moment considered to be masculine to another subjectivity supposedly feminine is the fact that it seems to be mixing, blending and twisting other forms of intelligence and body experiences. And when you acknowledge that these so many rivers can embrace together from now on to this new bloom full of intercourses, complexities, hallucination and so many wishes... Intelligences these that if one did never allow one's self to the delight of such transformations one would never know.

It is so much and a lot amazingly confusing. Here you are these diverse subjects composing another awareness. Here you have the theory of colours. Here you are this rain of so much honey. Yes, i am fascinated. Let me delight this so much horny state that is left to me not forever.

**How many cocks can fit your mouth?** shadow, instability, affect and affection. **How many hearts you've broken? What is this anger that's arising against black, muslin, white? against phallus that you wanna suck? Why in the mornings do you wanna kill the fuckers you had at night? How do you develop love for the men you will never reach? What's this mechanism of self torture of trying to have only that one who you will not have inside you?**

*I wanna hold him in my arms and breath his air that's being exhaled out of his nostrils and mouth. His saliva will be my sacred liquids, his sperm will be my sacred body lotion. But I can't have it. All i'll have is stolen hugs in hours of distraction, minutes of begging for some attention, seconds of compassion. And when at night if i struggle to sleep and in the middle of dreams, illusion, unconsciousness desire burning my veins i rape his body, posses his not given attitude towards me... will i be punished? Shall i be saint? Shall i kiss a piss of yours? Go to hell!*







**fingerprints**  
this face is my id mother fucker





today it took me, as always these, a bit slazy  
to decide or to figure out what i was supposed to do  
then i just went little by little into some... dress myself up  
put some make up girl, stop being so careless with yourself  
for i stopped a little while to be so concerned of these things.  
i go one side to the other, i cook some food to drink  
i comb some hair and stretch my legs, warm up this body  
my back was pain, the nerves and muscles a bit hard  
this contemporary vicious for not moving a feather.  
Eyelashes, mascara, chicken and mushrooms,  
eyeshadow, blush, rice, some salad and after a tea  
lipstick, more blush, these boots or not?, high heels? what else?  
The streets are bad, or good or somebody can still hello  
that boy looks good, that girl faced weird  
some guy said chien, that man bla bla  
lady lady call me tomorrow and you will see a big star!  
I don't mind what they say, a group of teens may maybe attack  
i learned just go gay ahead go ahead go ahead  
never look back though that guy could blink a bliss.  
These days i promise, not belonging nowhere is not only my gift  
or bomb.

#03 sept 13 2015





cabelo de anjo...

they say it is cabelo de anjo

when you go curly like this and specially if you're blond

and no matter how much you can try to straighten your manners

it's all the way around, that's fashion nowadays

be different, surprise me, make me feel high.

honey, i don't know what to say when you tell me to go simple

it was never simple, it is not simple

congratulations, you're very exciting

but nobody will give a shit when I panic coz these days,

my dear, i don't know what happens but what if i get bold?!

No problem you might say. Okay

i've been counting during all day the threads of my gray hair

no, of course i still have no one!!

but that's the problem, what if they all fall before getting gray?!

ooooh my god!

tranny honey and bold. That could be at least sexy i hope

maybe i could go back seeing myself less feminine and fuck more guys than i ever do now... ok. Just forget it!

É, não sei... Não são todos os dias que a gente tá super ativista

com ideários transversais, querendo mudar a história da sexualidade,

querendo vestir o mundo de qualquer coisa que não seja isso que táí,

querendo dar o cu a qualquer custo,

se asfixiando pra não gozar - se gozar explode, se gozar fica preso, se gozar vai perder o rumo rapaiz!

I WANNA MAKE REVOLUTIOOOOOooooooooonnnnn...

Deixa de ser beixta, travesti não sente. Travesti só balança fala abobrinha e faz o povo gemer. Eu não sei o que que eu preciso, senhor, eu só sei do de dia de hoje. Eu só sei como andar a pé, de salto alto é mais bonito, faça pedra ou faça tiro.

I never wanted to be in love. I never had man to call my dear. I never felt the taste of your teeth. I'll never be the same again. My mom says she loves me anyway but I never told her i would become a trans-gay. Je nes comprends pas les hommes français. I feel older day after day. I sell my body and then i have to prey. The food i eat is just like video game. Life is so beautiful so let's all play. You give me a kiss I give you my ass. there's no limit this time will pass. I made love with my father now i'm best. There's a lotta things to be discovered though it's two thousand fifteen. If we all migrate to something never seen at least we can say we tried something in between.

#04 sept 17 2015



A pele que me cobre mamãe tem sido um grande verde fracasso. Tem dias que chove, tem noites que medra, manhãs que assusto de tarde me embebedo. Só não sei dizer qualé o peixe que me perdeu, qualé a prosa que me rodeia, qualé a tumba que vou cair. Vou ser gente phyna quero ser seu grande, uma grande rainha de copas quando tou bege, semear meu cabelos e avassalar ribeiros. Os corações que parti, os que me partiram, partirão, tem dias que chove, tem noites que nunca durmo, que o sexo me consumando, manhãs que não acordo, tardes que me bombeiam bombardeio, se deste me vejo ileso, desta me vejo cega, me deito morta, me finjo a santa, me bato torta, no outro sou tiroteio, cuendei o patrão, sereia bonita, um dia gisele... cadê a fazenda? Só quero dinheiro, não adiantou nada ser pocarrontas, agora vou indo sem eira nem beira até que me digam qualé a próxima, qualé minha deixa, qual seu travesseiro, se deite comigo?! Já não quero nada bater não adiante fico miudinho, fico apaixonada, o moço primeiro me veio elegante, chupou meu cabelo, adentrou as entranhas, chamou de faminto meu cu que era belo. Me vejo arrombada pedindo abro a porta ninguém vai entrar. Tem dias que chove, tem noites sol forte queimando meu seio, quiçá amamento seu filho nojento falando alemão, me nego e me deito até serei o parto seu filho habbib ja nem mais renego por mais que me berrem seus nomes bonitos, de tarde acho graça do pau circuncizo que vara pedante não quero negar. Só gasto meu euros com batata frita, não tenho carona, não tenho beleza, sou deusa do avesso, fico amargurada se crescem meus pêlos se cortam meus pêlos se doiram minhas peles que quero ter muitas. Tem dias que chove, tem noites não durmo, manhãs não acordo, de tarde acho graça, não gosto de beijo, só gosto de beijo, cadê meu marido, me sinto na falta, não tenho direitos, vou ser cidadã.

























PROIBIDO  
ENTRAR  
SEM  
CAMISA



































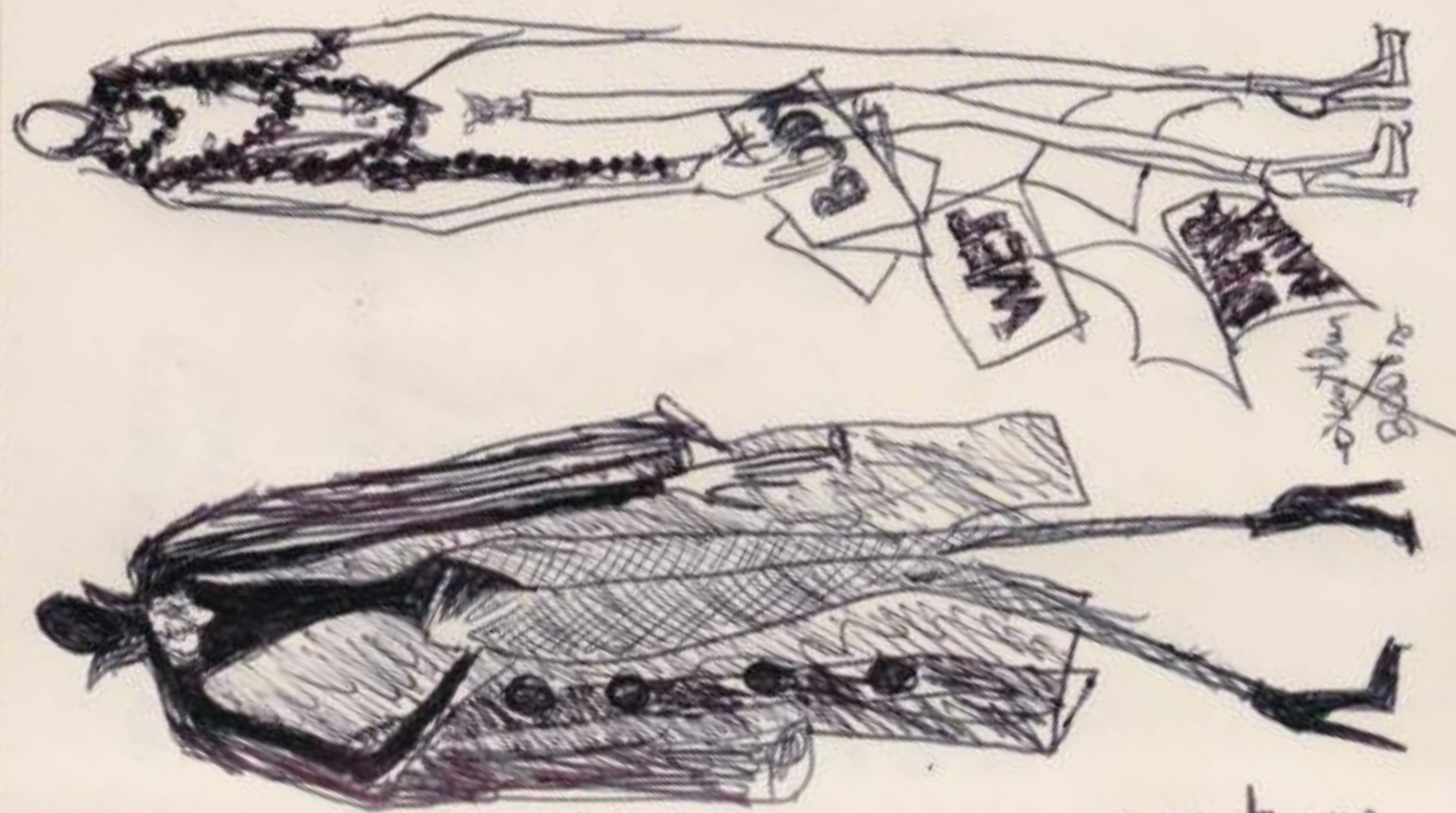




The <<pharmacoporn>> era summarises and defines a very specific masturbatory mode of production on life. Hallucinogenic and virtual aesthetics, a particular way to transform interior into outer space and the city around into interior and <<garbage space>> through self surveillance devices and ultra fast information diffusion, a continuous way of and without resting to want and resist, consume and destroy, evolve and self extinguish. (PRECIADO in: testo yonqui)







CALL 4 JUSTICE



PAINT  
TEXT  
Send PRAYER  
TO FATHA





NAO EH UMA... EXPANSAO DAS COISAS SOH, EH EXPANSAO DA  
SUBJETIVIDADE  
EH UMA BUSCA, UM ALMODOVAR DIVERSO DAS COISAS  
ESCORAR NUM OUTRO BRAÇO, SE APOIAR COA OUTRA PERNA  
PISAR COM O PEH DUM LADO DIFERENTE.

*but WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO CLOSE YOUR EYES SO FREQUENTLY?*

*- I JUST MAKES ME A BIT SAID THE LOOKING.*

*THE EYES, THE LOOKING IS WHAT MOST HURTS ME AND WHAT MOST AMAZES ME.  
THE PREDOMINANCE OF THE VISUAL MAKES ME TIRED & OBSESSED. THEN I TRY TO  
RELEARN HOW TO USE THE OTHER PARTS OF MY BODY.*

*THEN I PRETEND THAT I HAVE NO EYES OVER ME. I TRY TO IMAGINE THE WHOLE WORLD  
AND PEOPLE (UN)CONNECTED BY NOT SEEING.*

# roteiro de performance

## i wanna make revolution

we could have some food  
as we never know  
i think i would eat till it ends  
of die, or cry, or pilk  
so anxious, compulsive, fragmented

we could be both blind  
we could be all blind  
walk round, vacuum clean a bit  
stop and dance, stand still forever  
they will never understand  
does anyone here share of  
of same or similar disease?!

we could get pieces of paper  
plastic and tape and make dildos  
masturbate awhile till it's cum or not  
they will say it's unnecessary  
but these days i'm so needy and sexy  
anyone who would come to fuck  
would not never ever be enough

a million things and needs  
and dos and don'ts and dids  
i want to laser hair  
i need to take a shit  
i want my body back  
i know i'm getting fat  
i think i'll stop hormones

if he don't pay my sex  
i can not live alone  
sometimes a sing a song  
i want to change my voice  
transgender tranny track  
we still don't see a thing  
we both blind go so deep  
deep throat i do my best  
i want to be hang on  
from to top to swing and sway  
and then just after all  
i know i'll step high heels  
so high to touch the top  
the roof  
the sky  
his name  
i'd mov like nevi' before  
to change this world us four  
the sound should be so loud!  
all mics spread round and round  
i say come on lets go  
we have no time to loose  
take pics, look strong, say yes,  
you laugh, i shout, they burn,  
a joint, my mom, that's it,  
i'm here, you there, we make,  
this piece, stand still, don't stop

tomorrow on and on...

This time I started in the floor. I was a bit afraid that what was going to happen could be just a big destruction, something that would explode everyone's ideas from inside to outside, from outside to inside. I had the microphone in my hand, i touch it on the floor as if sticking the surface with sound could map me wherever to go. Completely in darkness we wonder if there's possibility to be safe till the end. I put the volume as high as it's possible, I need to hear you, I need to hear me, we need to hear what. Inside me, outside me, surrounded by the black of my thoughts, of my

## I WANNA MAKE REVOLUTION\_performance

fears, my wishes, of my sexual power to become yours. So how to make this sound become our pact of love, how to make this noise the witnessing of the crime between you and me, how to make your home my best place to be in, how to tease your desire and maybe try to kill you without you perceive. I dance, i crawl, i walk, i reach my arms to you, to the floor, to the space as if this blindness could turn revolution something possible to exist, to rebuild the way we conceive this new world to come next day.



I DON'T  
HAVE FOOD  
\* TODAY !!!  
KA KA KA KA

- SEAC



I am not myself. I am what it is made of me.  
iam not myself, i am what can be made with me  
i am not myself. i am what it is made from me  
with me, by me, through me  
i am i am not myself, i am what is made with me, from me, to me beneath me what is made  
on me

my body doesn't belong to me.  
my body is a place for passage for the things, for people, for the skins that can inhabit this  
around, this my body ground

i am not myself. i am what it is made of me  
i am what it's made from me  
with me  
by me  
through me  
my body doesn't belong to me.  
my body is a place of passage  
my body is an instrument to do things  
to be things and to be  
people  
my body as a place for transit  
the body as a place for transit



she dresses nice colours  
she wears accessoires  
she puts some make up  
she paints her nails  
and it all looks good  
but it's not supposed to be beautiful  
to be fine

she takes her beard  
and moustache one by one  
with a pince  
but it's not the hair on the face  
that makes you a man or a woman

she hides her cock between the legs  
to cause an effect  
but it's not the organ  
that makes you a femme or a mec

she cuts her long curly hair off  
after long three years growing them (it)  
coz it's not the hair that makes you beautiful

she sucks his soft penis  
while he says i love a transgender!  
i need a transgender to my life  
and send her away a few minutes later  
because it's not forever

the cheapest meat in the market is mine!  
i don't have to pay my rent  
i don't need to pay for food  
i don't need to buy more shoes

so get me there in your spot  
show me in your event  
lets play and try and experiment  
i can show my best talents,  
my creativity power  
make you laugh and rich  
and take you all advantage

next summer i'll be back





more

warrior

how

with

+



i Need to do it!

It comes from somewhere. comes by the conflicts between you and i. It's just because there's the subject, the living entity and it shouts for being and becoming...

maybe by it's own nature, maybe because affected by the technological contemporary era. there's the strong need and automatic tendency to adapt, transform, appropriate & be appropriated by things in the middle of this road trip and other layers and complexities seems to be appearing and approaching. this can sound interesting but it's a black whole where things can turn blurred, confused &

Now i decide to try to explode my own body. to maybe then be possible to make revolution.



## **apêndice geral/general appendix**

all drawings and texts (except when credited) are notations, drafts and reflections taken from three personal notebooks ( 2014, 2015, 2016).

document from police office of Molenbeek, Brussels, Belgium from occasion when i was kept in jail for one because of being inside the public transport without ticket and because of suspect of having problems on the visa.

this book contains pictures of different cities and countries while bringing unfoldings of this project to different places and collaborators:

- Tromsø, Norway with COMO clube and Small Projects Gallery;
- São Paulo contexts of process of creation of the short film Eu Vou Me Piratar ( The Get Up) with Daniel Favaretto, Dudu Quintanilha, Glamour Garcia;
- Mel party and Lua de Mel/Honey Moon, performances RE\_Gabriela and Marriage photo book;
- Morretes & Antonina and surroundings in Paraná and Itupeva and surroundings in São Paulo. Process of creation of the long metrage Cor de Rosa/The Pink Color by Otávio Tavares and Francesca Oyaneder.
- Lecce, Italy during the Free Home University in December 2015.

Oestrogen and androcur, two medications used by transgenders within the transition process MTF (male to female). The first is estrogen hormones that promote the development and maintenance of female characteristics of the body. Such hormones are also produced artificially for use in oral contraceptives or to treat menopausal and menstrual disorders. The second, androcur, an anti androgen, is primarily used in the treatment of androgen-related conditions for its ability to suppress androgenic activity in the body. It's also used to treatment of prostate cancer, precocious puberty, androgen related dermatological conditions and to reduce sex drive in sex offenders. In case of MTF transition process it's used to inhibit the production of testosterone causing among other things reduction of libido and atrophy of male genitalia.

purruqui masks, the mask like paper wigs, brown, made with carton paper, was an element developed in Jardim Equatorial/COMO clube project (2012/13)

The photo serie FINGERPRINTS is a long term, still ongoing, photo project started in Jardim Equatorial/COMO clube (2012/13). Documenting with scanner photographs changes on the body skin along the years. Until now with collaboration of Caio César, Catalina Rincon, Verônica ????.







iwmr

i wanna make revolution

Mavi Veloso | 2014 . 2015 . 2016