

# Journey to Vajucá: education as a transdisciplinary experience in non-human ways<sup>1</sup>

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## ABSTRACT

Led by the Rã Azul, by Runuwã, Bom Floral, and sensibilities of minimal existence that fight for more reality, this essay journeys through Vajucá—an enchanted territory of dissident subjectivities and readers that do not yet exist—proposing educations for the body, voice, and soul, carried by the transdisciplinarity—almost always unsettling—of ancestral different enchantments: the earth as an artistic territory; life as a delirious craft of differences and enchantments; educations as an experience of no-human sensibilities.

**KEYWORDS:** Educations of enchantment. Non-human mastery. Epistemologies of the sensitive.

*Viagem à Vajucá: educação como experiência transdisciplinar de modos não humanos*

## RESUMO

Conduzido pela Rã Azul, por Runuwã, Bom Floral e sensibilidades de existências mínimas que batalham por mais realidade, este ensaio viaja pelo Reino de Vajucá – território experimental de subjetividades dissidentes, docências ativas e leitores que ainda não existem –, propondo educações para o corpo, a voz, a presença e a alma, carregadas por fabulações e encantarias ancestrais – ficções como atos políticos exigentes e, quase sempre, incômodos: a terra como um território artístico; a vida

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como um ofício delirante de diferenças; a educação como transdisciplinaridades de modos não humanos.

**PALAVRAS-CHAVE:** Educações de encantaria. Docências não humanas. Epistemologias do invisível.

*Viaje a Vajucá: la educación como experiencia transdisciplinaria em aspectos no humanos*

## RESUMEN

Guiado por la Rã Azul, por Runuwã, Bom Floral y virtualidades de existência mínima que luchan por más realidade, este ensayo viaja por el Reino de Vajucá – território encantado de subjetividades dissidentes y lectores que aún no existen –, proponiendo educaciones para el cuerpo, la voz y el alma, impulsadas por transdisciplinariedades fabulativas, casi siempre incómodas, de encantos heterogéneos ancestrales: la tierra como um território artístico; la vida como un ofício delirante de diferencias y encantamientos; la educación como uma experiência de sensibilidades también no humanas

**PALABRAS CLAVE:** Educaciones de encantamento. Artes maestras no humanas. Epistemologías de lo sensible.

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*Master Carlos is a good master  
He learned without teaching himself  
Seven days he sat  
At the root of the Juremá*

(Traditional line of Catimbó de Encantaria transmitted to me by Exu Zambarado, in Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil, 1998)

## Introduction

Who are you?

What's your *gira*?

Which *terreiro* educates you?

What mirrors do you look in?

What educations cross you?

Do you take transdisciplinarity seriously?

Restlessness throws savages onto paths not yet discovered or walked. In them, education and transdisciplinarity take place. Not educations of harmonious full moons, but of sinister archaeans found in the interstices of matter. Jurema is the living transdisciplinary mirror. Animals and plants spy on it with full attention and in a thousand ways: rose, flea, lion or Bom Floral. Everyone looks into the specular eyes of Jurema as they step on Terreiro do Toré.

Thousands of existences are arching over each other in the mirror stuck in the middle of the backyard of the Enchanted Kingdom of Okê Ajucá (or Vajucá). It's her. It is Jurema who opens her reflective ranges to humans, non-humans, and much more than humans: corporeities that pass: they enter and leave, remembering themselves, treading lightly on the earth, teaching, learning—making fiction real.

Women have served for centuries as mirrors with magical and delightful powers to reflect. The mirror is of paramount importance because it recharges vitality and stimulates the nervous system. Without this power, the land would probably still be swamps and jungles (Woolf, 2014, p. 54-56, our translation).

Riding on the tail of Jurema's mirror, we travel in other bands of reality, incarnating, reincarnating; arranging re-enchantments throughout the millennia: premonitory dream-cinema or just liver discharge, from three to five in the morning, but always a remembrance of oneself. At noon sharp, the Educações do Toré begins. The mirror of Jurema is not human, but it increases the degree of humanity, giving birth to and nurturing a Shaman, an Axé, a Catimbó, a Woman.

At noon sharp, with the sun at its peak, the Toré begins: get ready, pay attention, remember, be.

The Toré of the Borum Krenak is Catimbó of rivers and forests within the body. Toré is a measure of time for those who yearn for the beautiful destiny of deepening the friendship with the earth before dying. In the capital sites of hypercities, life is getting uglier, more miserable, more terrible. Not at Toré. Toré still preserves the stillness of the stone, the power of the waters, the beauty of the flower, the teaching of the leaf. Toré also produces the *taru andé* art of the Krenak ancestor<sup>3</sup>, capable of postponing the end of the world: song and dance, philosophy and politics, production and medicine.

Bom Floral is our first *catimbozeiro* master. His nickname was given by the wind, when it saw him spitting forestations of a thousand and one hues in Gaia's navel. Floral's good breath contained not only air and pneuma, but petals of unusual geometries. And the wind, always so friendly, spreads, to the four corners of the earth, with the first rays of light, the perfumes of the forested Old Man Caium Drinker. Câmara Cascudo<sup>4</sup> already spoke of him with great enthusiasm. In addition to the wind, Floral is a friend of the Rã Azul. Rã has a postdoctoral degree in Methodology of Subtleties from the Open University of Encantarias da Beira do Rio Jequitinhonha, North of Minas Gerais, Brazil, South America. Her advisor is an Exu. Her co-supervisor is a Pomba-Gira.

Bom Floral likes Rã because he says that she breaks down the walls that the bodies' detached heads and the worlds' detached bodies build against certain subjects, according to Guattari's theory<sup>5</sup>. There, in the blue mosses of the Rã, which are born in the absence of the walls, the waterfall of knowledge—in the mode of gaia science—is totally transdisciplinary: it washes everything. It is in these insistent rapids that Rã Azul produces her practices of freedom: other aesthetics, other ontologies, other epistemologies and other methodologies carry the salt of life: educations enter through all the holes in the bodies of the Gaian beings: they jump through the earlobe,

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<sup>3</sup> I am referring to "Taru Andé: the encounter between heaven and earth", by Ailton Krenak, 2006.

<sup>4</sup> I am referring to "Meleagro", a seminal work by Luís da Câmara Cascudo, 1951, p. 33-45.

<sup>5</sup> I refer to "For a refoundation of social practices", the last interview given by Félix Guattari to Monde Diplomatique, 1992, p. 26-27.

descend through the neck, reach the thread of the spine, slide down the lower back, and rest on the feet for a long time.

Eukaryotes, the bodies are delirious.

Everyone comments that Rã, the wind, and Bom Floral form a triptych of methodological movements in the Rare Earths of Toré Borum Krenak: paradigm, archaeum, and signature. There, no one has delusions for sure. Existence is scandalously crossed. Crossroads. The wind directs the movements and motions. Birds teach the language. Body and soul are trained with the rivers: dance and music. There is a group of eternal innocences that advocates the artistic splendor prescribed by Souriau<sup>6</sup> as an antidote to any evil. From climbing trees so much, it is the artistic splendor of childhood that coordinates the teaching of how to rebuild friendship with the earth in order to inhabit it in a mode of shared coexistence.

The sun, in logic and sense, is the master of solidarity and patiently awaits our dawn. Eschatologies become aqueous and watery humor, salamanders blown into the air, earthy and from earth, as Latour<sup>7</sup> once said. In the center of Toré Borum Krenak, there is no shortage of mysteries, and those who have never danced and sung a Toré do not know of old people who talk to mountains and move things, bodies, worlds, life, and death from place.

In the emptiness of the night, around the fire, they share a *barbatimão* tea that can cure any inertia. After tea, everything disappears. Only the images of the trees reflecting in the waters of the rivers remain, sharing the same breath as Coccia managed to<sup>8</sup> see, grazing, during a philosophical delirium. The bodies stamp their feet on the earth and levitate, even without taking their feet off the ground. The dust rises: subtle and hazy. The Oldest Tree of the Rare Earths sent a message to Bom Floral through Rã Azul: “Now, you are a window! Take a seat in the gap and prepare the community for another “Open Hybrid Workshop/OHW””.

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<sup>6</sup> I refer to “Having a soul: an essay on virtual existences”, by Étienne Souriau, 1939, p. 113-114.

<sup>7</sup> I refer to “Where to land? – how to orient oneself politically in the Anthropocene”, volume 1, by Bruno Latour, 2020, p. 5-10.

<sup>8</sup> I am referring to “The life of plants: a metaphysics of mixture”, by Emanuele Coccia, 2018, p. 54.

With his voice unexpectedly tender, the sweeping wind rubbed his ear against the bar of the day and said that this year's OHW is a pedagogy that resumes ancestry/intensities of the body, voice, and soul, definitively putting his hand on the destiny of being earth. When the earth arrives to make the morning literature of corporeities, Bom Floral lets out two long whistles: one being on top of the earth and the other being under the earth, summoning the entire lineage of corpses that, at the slightest thrill of the wind, gives it vitality, meaning and resistance, as Deleuze<sup>9</sup>, the most different Vajucan among all Vajucans, breathed on it.

But beware! The ancestry of a people that does not yet exist can leave sequelae. Some report shortness of breath. When this happens, Bom Floral blows its pneumatic *cauim* of flower. Others report muscle pain. When this happens, Rã offers its blue moss, infiltrating the *kombucha*. And there are also reports of sudden memories of himself in the middle of the afternoon. When this appears, the Toré Borum Krenak summons Friedrich Nietzsche. They love old *niet*. By the way, in Vajucá, Niet is the name of many cats. On the National Day of Becoming-Yourself-Who-Thou-Are, the Forest and the rivers let out an eight-octave cry to feed the children and wake up the adults by frightening them. Everything vitality, everything felt, everything resistance: cat, scream, child, forest, river, and becoming.

The mouth of the night brings the sound of the drum. Its ancient melody ignites, in the body, the longing for the future. A line of Catimbó regenerates the rational man who is lost from the corps of the gaia ballet. “Mestre Carlos is a good master, he learned without teaching himself, seven days he spent sitting at the root of the juremá” (Exu Zambarado, 1998, our translation).

We will never know the origins of the production of knowledge, as long as the educational joys of this Line of Mestre Carlos last. Everything in the Borum Krenak Rare Earths is slow, but the raucous hallelujahs of

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<sup>9</sup> I am referring to “The Act of Creation”, a lecture by Gilles Deleuze, given at the European Foundation of Image and Sound in Paris, 1987.

this sonorous *cauim* fly over our heads quickly. Who is the master teacher? The corpses of Deleuze. Who plays the drum? The corpses of Deleuze. They don't even play badly for those who have been underground for so long. In the first 21 days after death, the magic of the drums rises and smokes the air. Sofia sprouts on the forest floor. Then, the bodies embody joy, love, and knowledge all at once.

At night, walking under the moon is allowed as long as hikers walk slowly and carefully so as not to scare away tiny animals that also walk at that time. These are Borum Krenak Rare Earth rules. They are not written anywhere. They have only inhabited the hearts of the people of Boruna for thousands of years. The Krenaks wash their eyes in the serene waters of night and quiet down to receive the voices of the dead through their left ears until all the vertebrae of the spine start cracking. They say that this serves to build a soul. By shaking the body, consciousness is acquired as “a block of myriads”, they say, inspired by Gil<sup>10</sup>, the favorite philosopher, when the subject is the relationship between body, dance, and the production of that consciousness without a subject.

Crutches are not allowed in Borum Krenak Rare Earths. Of no nature. The blind are skilled seamstresses, for example. When crossing with birds, it is necessary to match their trill. It's like a statue game. If they see a bird, the Borunense stops, listens, and trills. It is a national law. It was decreed that the old people return to the old way of walking on all fours, like animals, to give them greater agility when lighting fires and licking their own wounds. No one expects miracles. Blood makes fevers to cure the genome. They call this Epigenomic Science, with which it is possible to alter the almost 3% of free will that the Great Shaman negotiated with the sun.

As in a picture on the wall, despair hangs on the clocks to remind us that time is a dead language whose rebirth, in an unknown mineral hidden at the bottom of the sea, has erased from the language the most

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<sup>10</sup> I refer to “Total Movement: The Body and Dance”, by José Gil, 2013, p. 123.

feared words: fear and death. Death in the Borum Krenak Highlands is a rigorous, *bandeirante*, and continental adventure: they throw the bodies in an ancestral quest for the head of the wind, reducing the distance between the Borum Krenak territory and the moon. From the cadence of lunar crystals, and from the fluid of the dead, caves, waterfalls, seas, and beaches are born. The wild wind is the Chief of the Red Feathers, a sister nation that, every nine moons, lights up the forest and shows all its power to sweep away fear and reinvent joys.

Perhaps touched by the eve of things, the imagination speaks off the cuff, without reality inside its mouth, in a Hyperborean dance between wing and serpent. The earth does not stop giving birth to voices. They are infinite. A Babylon of languages is strange and interpenetrating. The land's proposal is laborious: supreme and tiny things have the same indocile destiny: to exist. The proposal of the Borum Krenak Rare Earths is even more laborious: to exist with joy, mixing love and knowledge.

In these lands, the forest connects everything and everyone in the absence of everything and everyone. Only she, Eshu, and the rivers, can restore the open door, essential to the vitality's flow. The forest believes it is the arena theater of the history of multispecific ontologies, and that an endless text runs through its multidimensional plane of immanences. Only the forest is someone luminary and subliminal. The rest are all agency participants, and with some small agency power, the so-called epigenomic 3%. Its hidden lines pull secrets and move plots. There are things that can be recorded and things that are born lost forever. Only the forest knows of certain very strange biothings that rest on the mantle of its velvet leaves. Its dreamlike voice devours everything around and blows a lyre of a thousand holes that drift endlessly. It's just that in Toré—the other name of the forest—everything begins where everything is lost, like a night disappearing into the bar of day or day dawning from within the mists of night. It's all borderline.

Suddenly, things appear, disappear, and reappear. Nothing lasts long. Ways come and go. Yesterday it was like that. Not anymore. Suddenly, a man who has been dead for a thousand years is alive again, continuing a conversation from the exact point where he left off, laughing at the frightened face of his interlocutor. It's embarrassing. The day can last for years, and then the eyes of the Krenaks shine from within a night that happens out of nowhere, when it is still only noon.

Females shape spring. The perfume of sex comes down the back of her neck. It is the most-awaited code. The trees gesticulate, the saps groan moist with largeness, the birds are more strident than ever. From the hole from which I peek, I see that even Jurema sighs, caboclanating rhizomes with the splendor of its green gold. Bom Floral hugs a tree so that its spring double can dawn smiling.

Rã Azul takes the opportunity to disillusion words and produce more emergency escapes in her Methodology of Subtleties. The wind tangles the clouds, forming thoughts in the air, persevering in life. On the trunks of the trees are coffers of loving sap that winter, autumn, and summer have guarded. Spring is the one who distributes them without looking at whom, without choosing anyone. Rã also takes the opportunity to offer her Undergraduate Course in Embrace. The waiting list is huge.

The wind and Bom Floral present Rã as the First Invisible. She uncovers her head for life to enter, because the sun and moon need the spring open to provide their services. Opening *moleiras* is one of Rã Azul's trades. It is driven by the flesh and dreams. She has hidden letters of joy, and her god is not a dictated god, but a god who gives her body. The people of Boruna love Rã Azul and her embodied disciplines. I, myself, have waited for a thousand moons for the opportunity to make her the guide of my Borum Krenak Resumption.

When I resumed my Place of Existence and Enunciation in the immense phalanx of the Borum Krenak, Rã said that a great serpent, birthed by the cosmic womb (Figure 1), was going to glue my head to the body and my

body to the world again to remake the link, because, like Ana Godinho<sup>11</sup>, she advocates that the link is the place where one lives and the place where one lives is Gaia, and Gaia is Toré. Then Toré hung Runuwã, the great boa constrictor writer of the Borum Krenak, around my neck forever, like a necklace full of lines of many educations, of many transdisciplinaritys, but warned that Runuwã would never reach any reader immediately. It's just that the reader of a boa constrictor takes time, because they are still becoming a reader along with it.

**FIGURE 1:** Cosmic womb – Déa Trancoso



**Source:** author's collection (2020).

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<sup>11</sup> I am referring to “On grace or immanence: the place where one inhabits”, a lecture given by Ana Godinho Gil, at the VII Deleuze and Guattari Meeting, in 2020, on the *Youtube* Channel “Contemporary Assemblages”, linked to the Research Group in Philosophy, Human Sciences and Other Systems of Thought, at the State University of Montes Claros.

## Subtleties methodology

To the sound of the Sacred Jurema, the old *cauim* drinker took the fifth group of the month to the Methodology of Subtleties: a small Shamanic Trail of Enchantment, with a narrow, rustic and steep trail, which required care and had to be carried out in single file: gravel, small bushes, thick compost of dry leaves, slippery passages, invisible gaps that appeared abruptly.

Bom Floral—very high, very black, with his fluctuating time and his eyes of impossible thought, according to Deleuze<sup>12</sup> and Lilith—knew all this much more than three hundred years ago. The body was agile. He jumped. It went up. It went down. He memorized. I turned around. Bom Floral had a “*ginga*” acquired in long complicity with the forest. Deep *axé*. He knew every piece, every stream, every snake, every ant, every ladybug, every capybara, every poison, every cure. He thought it was funny when he received someone who didn’t get along with the forest. Someone who wanted the pleasure of a waterfall bath without facing the mud, the slip, the possibility of, while suddenly falling, hitting their head and being enchanted by moss or waterfall foam right there. Is there a more beautiful death than turning a prism of the now in the air? The old *cauim* drinker didn’t think so.

But at the top of the waterfall, it was another old man who sang happily:

“Kêkêrêkê! Mr. Tupinambá, when he comes to the village, he brings a coral snake on his belt, oi, it’s a coral snake, oi, it’s a coral snake... Êkêrêkê!”

Bom Floral looked up and saw the Tupinambá Shaman smiling. He entered the well with clothes and everything, inviting everyone to participate. He stood up and then went deeper to kiss Lilith’s hand. She smiled when she saw him:

“Hail *floreiro*! Another enchanted trail?”

Bom Floral nodded.

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<sup>12</sup> I am referring to “Letters and other texts”, by Gilles Deleuze, edition prepared by David Lapoujade, 2015, p. 239-243.

From the deep waters of her mouth Lilith pulled another Odara Subjectivity, which she called “sensitivity to deactivate the patriarchy’s bombs of misery”. Lilith was from the post-Deleuzean class of the Fourth Logos (Figure 2). It was flesh and nail with Donna Haraway and Isabelle Stengers, other witches from her ancient and long lineage, and with Virginia Woolf, the most sinister pioneer witch of all.

“Come another day calmly. I’m going to introduce you to the Fourth Logos.”

“Fourth Logos? What animal is this?”

**FIGURE 2:** Logos Room – Déa Trancoso



**Source:** author’s collection (2020).

“It is just education thought of in the plural (educations) from transdisciplinarity taken seriously: art, clinic, philosophy, joy, and healing. The Art of Medicine of Gaia’s sciences, going through the concept and drawing from it the medicine of which it is constituted, and is filled to the brim. Can you imagine, *floreiro*, a class being really just emotion, as Deleuze<sup>13</sup> postulates? E-motion, movement, movement of the head glued to the body, and the body glued to the world. Can you imagine, in the middle of a content,

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<sup>13</sup> I am referring to “Gilles Deleuze’s Alphabet”, a series of interviews by Claire Parnet filmed between 1988 and 1989 and aired by TV Arte, a Franco-German channel, between 1994 and 1995. The text I used is a publication in Portuguese made by the *website* Biblioteca Nômada, 2008, p. 58-59.

one of those kilometric ones, the teacher pulls a Guided Breath as parrhesia to ignite learning? All inputs and outputs are self-technical. Aren't Foucault's philosophies<sup>14</sup>? Between a mathematical equation and a chemical formula, Fernando Pessoa will propose the creation of heteronyms as a clinic for the body: educations, regeneration, forest, river, Exu, Toré... What a great transdisciplinarity, huh, *floreiro*? Have you ever thought about whether the physics teacher might ask about possible resonances between self-care and political action in the test? And, even more, have you ever imagined yourself teaching a course on "Shamanic Trails of the Enchanted Kingdom of Vajucá"? It would be a mandatory subject, *floreiro*, a mandatory subject, okay?

Bom Floral kissed Lilith once more and went up, smiling. Lilith always made him laugh with her cruelly royal daydreams. Transdisciplinarity... Well, yes! The Cartesian production of knowledge would never, in fact, adopt this mad centipede, rejected throughout the history of the forging of the University itself.

Finally, Floral emerged. All this Lilithian philosophical movement lasted no more than seconds, but the feeling was that 100 years had passed. After all, knowledge production, education, and transdisciplinarity were thorny topics. The so-called Fourth Logos, being only transdisciplinarity taken seriously, was genius, he thought. It was a good motto to write an essay.

But that would be for another time.

Now, the trail would begin.

The old Tupinambá sang and asked those to pay attention to the "diaphragmatic breathing of prolonged exhalation (1:2)" of the neuroscientist Castellanos<sup>15</sup>: inhale in time "x", retain at the same time "x", and exhale twice the time of the inhalation/retention of "x". The old Tupinambá, Bom Floral, and Castellanos' followers liked the basic 3/3/6: inhale in 3, retain in 3, exhale in 6, at least three times a day.

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<sup>14</sup> I refer to "The Courage of Truth: The Government of Self and Others II – Course at the Collège de France (1983-1984)", by Michel Foucault, 2011, p. 3-23.

<sup>15</sup> I refer to "El puente donde habitan las marisposas: biosofía de la respiración", by Nazareth Castellanos, 2025, p. 176.

“Kêkêrêkê! Mr. Tupinambá, when he comes to the village, he brings a coral snake on his belt, oi, it’s a coral snake, oi, it’s a coral snake... Êkêrêkê!” This part of the path is dense and dark. The big, tall trees and the little sunlight bring the cold. This way, we can pick some leaves along the way to keep us company. This first part of the forest is called the Path of the Semovillas. Semovillas are small seeds of a very common undergrowth here in Vajucá. You can pick some to boil and take a bath later. They are good for cutting through fear.

The old Tupinambá narrated something here and there until he reached the mouth of the cave. Runuwã was at the entrance. Tupinambá greeted Runuwã singing.

“Kêkêrêkê! Mr. Tupinambá, when he comes to the village, he brings a coral snake on his belt, oi, it’s a coral snake, oi, it’s a coral snake... Êkêrêkê!” It is necessary to ask permission to enter: stop, look into the snake’s eyes, and enter, one at a time. The entrance is very narrow. So, I suggest dusting off the *ginga*. Move—*gingue*—your body to fit in between. Inside, it’s pitch black. Therefore, close your to-see eyes and lighten those on the back of your neck and that are rarely used. Feel your way to the Rose Quartz Lake in the corner on the right at the bottom of the cave.

The bodies were passing one by one.

The old Tupinambá waited patiently, singing softly.

“Kêkêrêkê! Mr. Tupinambá, when he comes to the village, he brings a coral snake on his belt, oi, it’s a coral snake, oi, it’s a coral snake... Êkêrêkê!”

Finally, he also entered.

“The advice is to get rid of all baggage and enter the lake naked so that it can infiltrate through the skin and reach the organs, washing them, altering them, changing them, regenerating them. Let the pink of the quartz lick the wounds. All of them. From the most derisory and already closed to the most open and still raw. Let the boil of the lake ice reach the heart and settle down, warming the educations that build the soul. Spend as much time as necessary with transdisciplinarity so that the heart warms again.”

From then on, Pandora heard nothing else, dragged by an ancestral cry of explosive pain, which turned into a scream, became an echo, became a drama, became a myth, became a woman, rested in herself, and flowed. Consciences sliced into others, others, and more others...

When he opened his to-see eyes and closed the ones at the back of his neck, the old Tupinambá led the group to the cave's exit. Phew! Pandora had almost missed the exit again. She looked into Runuwã's eyes and passed through a door so wide, but so wide, that it and all her thousands of sliced subjectivities, her thousands of modes, should fit. She passed by smiling. The laughter turned into one that quickly crushed the drama and transmuted into another sliced consciousness.

A shaman?

A shaman of herself?

An exu woman?

Bom Floral laughed. He had been watching Pandora, at Lilith's request, since the beginning. What an interesting woman! She seemed like a myth! Scrutinizing eyes and a nose of chronic rebellion. The body was half woman, half *daemon*, who now embraced a huge crystal in the forest of crystals that the old Tupinambá had made appear before a stunned group. In that part, Vajucá was very elven: mosses, caves, small crystalline forests, floating aerial rivers: scenery of pure wonder.

To embrace a crystal is to put one's hand in destiny, to awaken a Presence. Crystal is time, wisdom, and becoming condensed. Isn't that how Exu Calunga da Calunga Grande speaks? But what does time still want from us? This is the question of Calunga and Ancient Astrology. Perhaps, time wants only trust, kindness, and gratitude from us. Thus, to embrace a crystal tree is to be grateful. Trust in the earth, the teacher.

The old Tupinambá was silent for a moment, embracing small crystals that grew at the foot of a leafy Vajucan tree that Bom Floral embraced with his closed to-see eye, and those on the back of his neck were lit. A scenic spectacle: an iridescent dragon rising and falling through the *floreiro's* veins,

turning into *neon* sap in the crystal: trust, kindness, and gratitude spiraling—a show apart, he thought.

At this point, Pandora was perched on the crest of a kapok tree. A single kapok tree in the middle of a forest of crystals became such an imposing science... The female belly in the middle of that infinity of pointed crystals was a rare beauty.

And the trail kept going. Now, through increasingly open and airy paths. Solar. Flowery. All sorts of animals. Birds of many songs. A racket that gave way to a huge mountain that was unveiling itself as the bodies passed. From the top of the mountain, I could already see the fire cracking high.

The old Tupinambá took a deep breath.

“The shaman awaits us. Let’s go down there and put away the backpacks. Then, we will sit around the fire and throw into it, literally or not, all the overweight: what is no longer useful, what is no good, what hurts, what weighs. It can be a short thought or a thousand long shackles of slavery and systematic erasure. Here, everything is medicine.”

One by one, the bodies beheld the salamanders in the flames, crumbling in a spiral. Quickly, a Mandala of Disidentification, Detachment, and Disengagement was formed. Its little finger that had been cut in half even hurt a little. But what was not so, so poetic was to see the blood of that unnamable violence that Pandora had suffered in the past and that so many other women suffer to this day. Fresh blood. The cheapest meat on the market is still women’s meat. The Shaman blew the pipe’s smoke all over the kaleidoscope and entered an *oca* (a hut) that expelled smoke from the top.

The old Tupinambá said that the Shaman waited for each body to pass by her, having the right to ask a question. A question? Pandora had no idea what to ask. Bom Floral remarked, quietly, always in a position of theory. Pandora admired that beautiful Shaman of Himself, who was so Deleuzian that he looked like an Exu.

Eve appeared and closed Pandora's to-see eyes and opened the ones at the back of her head. All in a split second. Nothing. No questions asked. When suddenly Guattari jumped in front of her and said:

"Since you don't have questions, would you ask one for me?"

"Hey. Do it yourself, Guatty."

"I can't. I don't believe in shamanic trails guided by a guy who calls himself Bom Floral. It's too simple to be true.

"Hey. Do you care about the truth or what is happening to you?"

"Good question."

"What are you doing here if you don't believe what happens to you?"

"I was passing by..."

"Passing by?"

"Yes. There is a secret passage..."

"Between the head and the body?"

"Yes. Between the head and the body. My head has detached from my body, and, therefore, I have lost the ability to believe what happens to me."

"Next!", shouted the Shaman.

As it was my turn, and I was at peace with what happened to me, I pushed Guattari and, frightened, he ended up at the feet of the Shaman, who widened her eyes at the back of her neck when she saw him.

"Well, well... Whoever is radically alive always appears! What brings you here, Felix?"

"I want to glue my head to my body and my body to the world again."

"Ask Bom Floral to take you to Lilith, the one who lives in the *locas* at the bottom of the main waterfall of Vajucá. She, Pandora, and Eva will pull their dissidence from their own body, a kind of becoming-guatty: a deactivator of bombs of misery" she explained didactically.

"I know what dissident subjectivity is!"

"Yes, but "the shoemaker's children go barefoot", says the saying."

"I don't believe in popular sayings."

“And unfortunately, you don’t even believe what happens to you. And there is no greater misery than not believing in what happens to the body, Felix. But at the end of this trail, there is the sea. Observe the sea and listen to what it says. It is impossible not to listen to the sea. The sea is different from philosophy, but it asks for the same thing: trust and surrender. But philosophy is ashamed, and the sea demands it. Surrender, Felix. Delivery is the glue. Delivery is the link.”

In the distance, we could still hear the old Tupinambá singing.

“Kêkêrêkê! Mr. Tupinambá, when he comes to the village, he brings a coral snake on his belt, oi, it’s a coral snake, oi, it’s a coral snake... Êkêrêkê!”

Minutes later, Felix saw the sea and, in front of it, had an undoubted desire to give himself categorically to the land. The earth is the glue. The earth is the link. The earth is the artistic-philosophical territory. All education for making other possible worlds depends on the degree of friendship between bodies and the earth.

Bom Floral laughed, hugged Pandora, and ended another trail to the sound of the Sacred Jurema<sup>16</sup>.

## Counterintuition conclusions

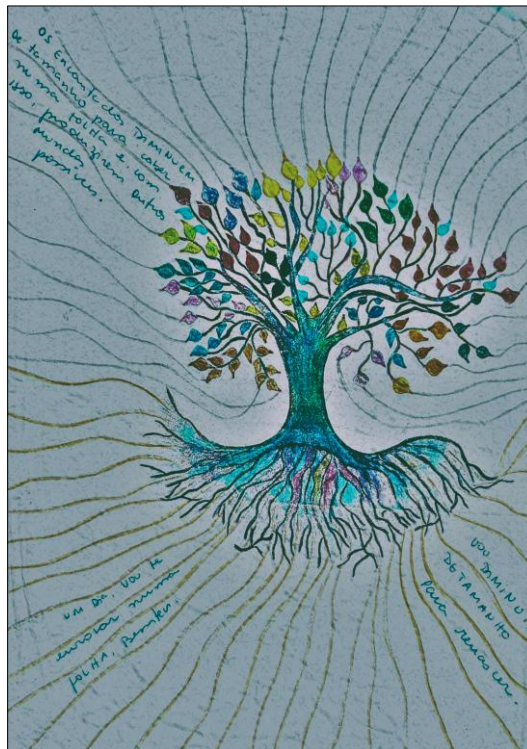
The world is everything that contrasts with the light while walking. Walking among horns that blare our ears yet learning to get out of time through forests we open in space. Quickly recognize the crack and slide. Learn to see portals. To acquire the dexterity to wrap oneself in a leaf to see them, cross them, and kiss the Bom Floral Master, who has been in Amazonian stillness for thousands of years. To be like a Jurema from Beira de Igarapé (Figure 3), bearer of the insignia of those educations that pay dearly for existing in this increasingly miserable world. To discover that one does not fit into the previous formats that are foisted on us. In a breach, falling madly in

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<sup>16</sup> Song from the album “Líricas Breves para a Construção de uma Alma”, by Déa Trancoso, 2012. Access at: <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1rn8HmklKn04D0I5Fj32Q7pk462HNETIZ/view?usp=sharing>.

love with becoming. Walk with it throughout the whole life. To find beautiful the seaworthy sound of its multiple and crossroads senses. To break and acquire various skins to know how to walk among the ruins of the deafening and deadly machines of hypercapitalism. To create other ways of being alive: ways that have a soul and can create more life.

**FIGURE 3:** Jurema – Déa Trancoso



**Source:** author's collection (2020).

Feeling Gaia in a sudden sensation between the thyroid and the thymus. Exu advocates that it is there, between these two commands, that we make worlds. Making other worlds is pure transdisciplinarity. Life is unavoidably transdisciplinary: it goes by storm, forcing us to invent more skins, more bodies, more voices, more existences, more paths, more modes. To learn to give more reality to the most beautiful and sublime ways: the sentimental melody of our mother's daily music; the smile at the corner of a son's mouth, at the age of three, sucking at the breast; that father's guitar playing the sounds of chimes.

Educations that will certainly accompany us to the grave.

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