

MOQUÊM - SURARÎ. CONTEMPORARY INDIGENOUS ART

Ministry of Tourism, Special Secretariat of Culture and Government of the State of São Paulo, through the Secretariat of Culture and Creative Economy, Fundação Bienal de São Paulo and Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo present

3

The Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo, in parallel with the reflections on the centenary of the Week of Modern Art of São Paulo in 1922, promoted by the museum throughout 2021, opens the exhibition *Moquém_Surari: arte indígena contemporânea* [Moquém_Surari: Contemporary Indigenous Art].

The exhibition is the result of a partnership with the Fundação Bienal de São Paulo and is curated by artist Jaider Esbell. MAM and the Bienal share a common history. In addition to the Bienal being born at the museum in 1951, the first six editions were carried out by MAM. With common values and goals, it is a pleasure to see that two institutions that are so important to the history of Brazilian culture are close again.

For MAM, integrating the network of cultural institutions in the city of São Paulo linked to the 34th Bienal de São Paulo will certainly contribute to its mission being fulfilled with excellence. Simultaneously, MAM presents a wide range of online programming on its digital channels aimed at audiences of all ages, as well as courses and proposals for artistic practices that will make art available to as many people as possible.

The *Moquém_Surari* exhibition not only broadens the visibility of contemporary Indigenous art, but also signals MAM's interest in valuing the culture of ancestral peoples who, in the last 500 years, have had their existence threatened.

MOQUÉM_SURARI:
CONTEMPORARY INDIGENOUS ART

SEPTEMBER 4TH TO
NOVEMBER 28TH, 2021

CURATORSHIP_ Jaider Esbell
ASSISTANCE_ Paula Berbert
CONSULTANCY_ Pedro Cesarino

Lei de Incentivo à
CULTURA

PROVA
EDITAIS

partnership



realization



ELIZABETH
MACHADO
President of the Board of Directors of the Museu
de Arte Moderna de São Paulo

In the current moment that Brazil lives, when threats to Indigenous peoples have intensified, to present the exhibition *Moquém_Surari: arte indígena contemporânea* [Moquém_Surari: Contemporary Indigenous Art], curated by Jaider Esbell and in partnership with the 34th Bienal de São Paulo, is of fundamental importance to draw attention to the artistic production of Indigenous peoples and their knowledge.

Given the impossibility of separating the different dimensions that art has, such as political, symbolic or aesthetic, the exhibition and this catalogue are a relevant gesture, not only in the field of visibility. Both contribute to the appreciation of the culture of ancestral peoples, the recognition of their originality, their narratives and their universes. The presence of this exhibition in the Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo's programme indicates an institutional posture that deconstructs colonial assumptions. *Moquém_Surari* inaugurates a direct dialogue with Indigenous artists that will allow MAM to rethink and expand its policy for acquiring collections, including ethnic groups that have been underrepresented or neglected throughout history.

Entirely conceived by an Indigenous artist, the exhibition and edition of this catalogue, for the first time in MAM's history, bring texts translated into Guarani Mbya. Highlighting the original language of the region where the museum is located, reaching a larger group of speakers of an Indigenous language, is also a way of contributing to the expansion of the bibliography on Indigenous art and the strengthening of the Guarani language.

The exhibition features works in different media and languages – such as drawings, paintings, photographs and sculptures – by artists from the Baniwa, Guarani Mbya, Huni Kuin, Karipuna, Klamatah-Modoc, Krenak, Marubo, Makuxi, Patamona, Pataxó, Tapirapé, Taurepang, Xakriabá, Xirixana, Wapichana and Yanomami peoples.

In addition to the text by curator and artist Jaider Esbell, the catalogue has the collaboration of Paula Berbert, curator assistant, Pedro Cesarino, project consultant, and Cristine Takuá, pedagogical advisor who collaborated over the months preceding the exhibition in the formation of the MAM educators to attend the visitors. The publication also brings texts by artists, thinkers and researchers, mostly of Indigenous origin: Ailton Krenak, Arissana Pataxó, Carlos Papá, Charles Gabriel, Denilson Baniwa, Isael Maxakali, Maria Inês de Almeida, Naine Terena, Nei Xakriabá, Rita Huni Kuin, Sueli Maxakali, Vernon Foster and Yermollay Caripoune, who elaborate a reflective panorama that has everything to become an unavoidable reference on contemporary Indigenous art.

The exhibition and the catalogue expand the reflection not only on art, but also on Amerindian cosmological thought. Both help transform the museum and the country into a more diverse space. The narratives of the descendants of Makunaíma, told by themselves, certainly open other perspectives beyond those imagined by the modernists artists and intellectuals who were central to the founding of MAM.

CAUÊ ALVES

Chief Curator of the Museu de
Arte Moderna de São Paulo

A man left Moqué́m, the Moqué́m was abandoned, without an owner. Then Moqué́m became a person. After he became a person, Moqué́m was thinking about how he would stay. He wondered where his owner had gone. The owner of Moqué́m had said that he was going to ascend to the sky. For this reason, Moqué́m was thinking of ascending to the sky after his owner. The Moqué́m spoke to himself:

— How could I make it to the sky?

While Moqué́m was thinking, a little bird named Ma'tapiri¹ found him and said:

— Hey, brother-in-law!

The Moqué́m replied:

— Hey!

— What's wrong with you, brother-in-law? – asked Ma'tapiri.

— I am very sad.

— Why are you sad?

— Because my owner left me alone in the world. So I'm thinking about going after him, thinking about how I can go up to the sky.

— Yes, I'll take you!

— Then help me right away!

— Yes, I'll help you – said the little bird.

— Can you handle me?

— Yes, I can handle you. Hold on my wings as I'll take you to the sky.

Ma'tapiri took Moqué́m to the sky and said:

— Now you stay here in the sky. I brought you because you were sad.

— Yes! I will be the Moqué́m's rain so that the young Makuxi know that the Moqué́m's rain is raining.

Until today Moqué́m lives near the Morning Star. That's the story of Moqué́m, that's how old women tell it.

1 • Ma'tapiri is the Makuxi name for the small hawk native to Amazonian gardens, whose taxonomic classification in Western science is *Falco sparverius*.

* Text adapted from a narrative by Eduína Makuxi, told in the 48th episode of the program "Vamos aprender Makuxi" [Let's learn Makuxi]. This program aired between 2003 and 2008 on the Monte Roraima radio station in Boa Vista (RR) and was produced by Makuxi language teachers and the Indigenous Pastoral of the Diocese of Roraima.

I'm going to invite you to come here because, I confess, I don't know how to organize my thoughts and contemplate what is expected of a curatorial writing without referring to my own trajectory. Perhaps at the end of the text we will not find ourselves more curious than now, as the idea is never to exhaust constancy. Take your paddle, the canoe needs to be moving.

When I finally deserved the great reconnection with the universe, I was on the beach, on a branch of the river, there in our lands, the land of Makunaimi. It was night, the sky was starry, there was a bonfire and the shaman was young like me. He came from many wanderings, plotting the most difficult of the arts, that of moving between worlds.

We prepared the ceremony, we did it in a way that it worked and it was like this that my counter-baptism, one of the many that I will possibly experience, happened. I had already known a bit of the wider world, as I have been on the move since a very young age, but that access was a great revelation. So much that, even today, a few years later, I can still hear myself feeling the candor in the voice of the great mother welcoming me in her womb.

Perhaps my wanderings through so many places had prepared me to see and feel what colonization had taken from our people when they arrived here, the greater soul. I can now understand better the meaning of these encounters that have been taking place always, since forever, but which, given the urgency of the humanitarian debacle on ecology, we must show off at the same time. It is necessary to speak, write, perform, act, bewitch, because in matter of arts, for us, Indigenous peoples, the work is not enough.

It is that we are in fact on a great and, who knows, definite journey in the dominant world to compose the genesis of yet another full passage – from the collective unconsciousness to the replacement of ourselves by other supraexistential experiences. It would be indeed complex if we weren't following an *a'ka* – the clarity that guides us by its own signs to the unrestricted accesses to our ancestral root.

I'm trying to say that the ancient knowledge of the original peoples are indispensable technologies to add to the idea of the latest technology, like *software*, and that only together we can extend our permanence in the universe. But, to get there, we must go

through all the colonial effects that subsume in the disqualification of our knowledge and we must invert the logic of finitude that white thought insists on emphasizing.

A'ka, which is this clarity, expands itself when we can understand it as a guide capable of alerting us, with a fine capacity to discern the effects of these scopes, enabling us to share through many means of expression, which, in practice, is what we are doing: pure counter-colonial politics, in the arts.

Recalling my movements, especially the encounters from these moves, I see myself, and I still feel, as a child, lying with my brothers and cousins on an old cowhide, looking at the infinite, navigating in the great universal immensity. My grandfather was with us and it was him who, already fragmented of body and memory, brought us aspects of our cosmology. He spoke of the perfect time, the time of constant creation.

Those affectionate moments were recurrent and the more I listened, the more I got closer to a possibility other than living alien or apart from others, the way it seems to me that happens to the subjects displaced by colonial invasions. I have, therefore, believed since then that there are many ways to the entrances back to the nests, but that these entrances were *ai'kutaasa'nai*, that is, so soaked through due to how much they have disturbed the essential equilibrium of our cosmo-identity. You can't walk properly in what is drenched, you have to walk slowly, tiptoeing. It has to dry up so you can see where you walk.

– *Aase! Aase!* – Come on! Come on! It was, and still is, what it said, and still says, that inner voice that warms me, that doesn't forget me. So let's go along these paths, which were still vague for our little understanding. This is what the dominant language limits by making us believe that the path and the walk are something that can be done solely by the literal act of walking with your feet on the ground, following a path that is already ready-made.

Aase, in the language of my people, is an invitation to walk other paths. Those paths really are abstract, as they are paths that lead to the essential roots of our constitution. Only the entrances to these loci are on the surface, and the entrances, my kinspeople, are our own bodies. Did you know that?! To enter this dimension that I try to take us, it is necessary to ascend to the skies or intersect yourself on earth – the most complete memory of us.

So, I kept walking. Secretly I moved forward, always trying to be aware of the *a'ka*, the clarity. I went through so many places, transformed myself into so many characters until I constituted the persona, the artist who, at the moment, even fits well in my collective body. For generations before, I was deprived of the essential right of being people-me, a complete Makuxi. Today I'm much more us, although I still hear other invitations of Come on! They are recurrent invitations, not to follow *a'ka*, the clarity, but to move myself further and further away from our identity, accepting without questioning the oblivion, the erasure, leaving aside this stubbornness of being Makuxi and willingly accepting to be an authentic Brazilian.

It's just that when I was in the first years of school, my classmates, well instructed by coloniality, invited me to forget that insistence of mine on being Indigenous. When I refused to deny myself, they beat me. Yes, I was beaten up by other children, but I fought and I also beat them, for I knew I wasn't alone and I was right.

E'ki'pa'pî! Dirty! They thought I was dirty. They even told me that being Indigenous was not good, therefore, for me to be part of that world, their world, I should let go being an Indian. Indian was, and still is, for many people, synonymous with a useless thing. I still hear this, if you're interested to know, here in these privileged spaces of Europeanizing arts. I was stubborn, I got rid of my black eyes from the beatings, I washed away all the tears and decided not to suffer anymore from the door to myself inside.

Is it the art I believe that is my shield or is it my healer? Am I a kind of *piya'san*, a shaman, a healer? I feel this healing every time I put a piece of "art" in the world. Does the art that we operate cure those who are no longer in themselves? Could the art of the Indigenous people return the souls of the invaders' heirs? The mountain of crystal, the mount Roraima, or the trunk of the great tree *Wazaka'ye*, once told me many things. When I was there, also as a route for my return, I ascended, or I was ascended. I was taken by the hands when they told me, those from there, that my feet needed a rest and the entities of the place took me to the invisible branches to eat other fruits. Those beings said to me: do not search in vain, what you are is here. We are infinite mirrors radiating that which is beyond the reach of extinction. But when you go down, keep walking, as it

is certain that many, in fact, have completely lost the horizon of reconstitution and it is continuous movement that oxygenates the life that is always waiting.

After apparently so much talk about myself, kinspeople, readers, let's expand on the issue, as this is not about bringing here a structural, formal and classical text by an art curator. It is always necessary to remember that our performance in the hegemonic space of art, I mean, of European matrix art, is to make, bring, present and even co-create another possibility where we do not incur the basic error of describing or interpreting any piece of work in this exhibition as a detached piece of its whole. Let the artists speak, or be silent enough for the works to speak what the world really needs to hear. Thus, I, as an Indigenous, like my peer artists and Indigenous artists' collectives curated in this exhibition, want to disrupt any sense or attempt at translation much more, leaving the field wide open for the works, as part of our bodies, to speak or express exactly what has to be said.

Mi'ki, the ant, never walks alone. The wandering ant has its antennae well raised to maintain constant communication. When an animal wants to catch it, *mi'ki* enters the earth. And wasn't that what we were talking about before? Or, when it can't enter the land, *mi'ki* grows wings and flies so that the wind shows it the right destination where to leave the eggs it has in its belly, its own population.

I believe that this is a bit of what the curatorship of this exhibition is about: the movement of plural worlds that take place parallel to the dominant flow and, invariably, ensure as finished technologies (state of the art) the structures of our common platform, the various skies and the various earths functioning regularly for everyone, for everything and forever. Another possible art system may be sown. It's the system of the arts of the original peoples itself that minimize itself to fit the restrictive, disqualifying and dequantifying world of archaic thought in the modern world, the unsustainable domain of the white thought.

Thinking about expansion, transit, movement, collectivity, technology, flow, strategy, integrated action and so many other positive waves, I proposed that our exhibition be called *Moquém_Surari*. It really seems to me that, at least here in Brazil, we are living this moment. A *moquém* is not made alone. There must be people waiting at home, in the communities, for the hunters to engage themselves. There must be a hunger for life so that the animals appear

12

13

and surrender to slaughter to serve as nutrition, encouragement and instruction. *O'ma'kon* is a gathering of animals, a great animalia. They are our teachers. We are no more than them. It is necessary to refuse human supremacy over the diversity of life forms.

Isn't it really amazing that the platform where food is smoked to withstand the inclement weather of the long journey is abandoned by its owners, the men? And that this technology misses them and also goes out looking for part of itself in all corners of the Earth and that, not finding them, it wants to search in the skies, where it doesn't find them either, and decides to become a constellation to continue serving the Makuxi by warning them when the rains will come, the season of good planting! For me, what we Indigenous artists are doing is this. We are leaving our communities, ghettos, slums, and going hunting, as we always do, resorting to our masters, the animalia. May they teach us once again and serve us so that we serve as new food for the impoverished, exhausted and deeply needy world, the life of today.

That exhibition room, with little more than a few hundred square meters, this catalogue, with a few pages, and the small spaces in the big media will never be enough for us to fill the existential void that has been established, or that has been made in the worlds, ours as much as the those of the invaders, because, in the end, we're in the same boat and the water is coming in much faster than we can take it out.

It is very delicate to be in this place of observation. At the same time, it is very easy to act from here, for what we don't lack are teachings, what our predecessors left us. It is necessary to resist, always.

Iwii – killing, for us it's very easy. But we are tired of wars. *Ixere'ku*, the gall, is very bitter, but it is still a very good medicine, it cures fatal diseases if they are treated in time. We have lived this bitterness for centuries and we do not want to repeat the domination that afflicts us. We want to keep life alive, viable, because our teachers, the animals, say that's how it should be. So the call was made. Let peoples come from all corners, from the extremes, peoples who were almost erased, forgotten, landless, homeless, waterless, voiceless. Let them come and introduce themselves. That they would respectfully enter through the front doors of the museums and settle in, also by their own will and necessity. May we exemplify with great elegance and humility that it is possible to share existence, science, that we would provide more and healthier experiences.

So, the *moquém* is done. A masterful gathering of cosmologies that cooperate with each other in mutual support and claims. We emphasize, above all, that in order for us to tell more of our essences, we need our shelved files to be returned, those under lock and key in institutions, in churches. May the ecological urgency help us to say that we do not need, although it is necessary, to bring down very heavy statues that suffocate our sacred soils. These colossal colonial monuments that supplanted our sacred sites, our cemeteries, the place of our plantations. The plantations that we were also taught to create, like those created by our teachers, the animalia.

It is important that the annals state that the exhibition *Moquém_Surari* is a denial of individuality. That it is a plural effort of approximation, but never an attempt at translation. That it was not at all easy to dialogue with the institution. That we are minimally aware that our role as a world lifter is to withdraw into the corner and let each and every one gathered here make their own self-presentation.

What else could motivate us if the world of individuality has already proven to be unfeasible? If science has also proved to be inappropriate? The idea of art, this still random word, can be useful to us if we roast it, in our own ways, to put it at the service of our urgencies. Such urgencies are not the pseudo-privileges that many non-Indigenous still think we have. Our urgencies are global, local and cosmic urgencies. They are work, operational and daily urgencies, such as getting to preschool and transforming it into a place of fair exchange. It's just that, as it stands, the dominant art system still frightens our parents, our grandparents. We want, and I suspect we can, awaken together to another consciousness, the effective collectivity, no longer the one that reinforces race, racism, revanchism.

Finally, the ultimate image that comes to mind is of a *peya'*, a balneary, a place where we can bathe, a place to take and wash our souls. A place to let our bodies float, a place to mirror the sky that there is in our faces, the great mirror of life in harmony.

Morri'penan!

I was appointed curator of the Moquém_Surari exhibition. The world changed radically right at that time, but, for us, it's still the same, only a little better, because o'ma'kon, the animalia teacher, is actually very happy and so are we!



MASTER BERNALDINA MAKUXI,
ETERNAL GRANDMOTHER
(1945–2020)

TO START THE CONVERSATION

Contemporary Indigenous art.

These terms, combined in this order¹, have been provoking a lot of curiosity and some estrangement from art institutions and their professionals, as well as from researchers and interested public. This surprise, which is often also accompanied by a certain suspicion of legitimacy, is based on worn-out pairs of opposition that still encompass the imaginary of the modern West itself, differentiating it from the peoples who constitute its otherness. To these the West attributed nature, myth, orality, tradition and artifacts; reserving for itself culture, history, writing, contemporaneity and art.²

On revealing the ethnocentric aspects that underlie the very Western notion of art, one is also led to the existence of another meaning for this idea, from which particular forms of expression, aesthetic thinking and relationship with life derive, being, therefore, ontologically autonomous in relation to the practices and methodologies of the metropolitan art system. We are talking of another art, Indigenous art. So the order of factors really makes all the difference, since what is being referred to here are artistic assemblages that are Indigenous before being contemporary. This is because such propositions are carried out in continuity with an original framework of the peoples of the earth, that is, with their millenary ways of relationality, such as shamanism and war, and their expressive counterparts.³ And it is the coeval agency

1 • Translator's note: The adpositions of attributive adjectives can be seen in short as opposites in English and in the Portuguese source language. The term *arte indígena contemporânea* therefore is translated into *contemporary Indigenous art*, since the core attribution to the noun "art" is its classification as "Indigenous" and that, following the adjacency subcategorization, it is notwithstanding also "contemporary", as further explained in the article. Finally, I chose to capitalize "Indigenous" following language politics that claim that Native Americans, First Nations, Aboriginal and other peoples who have a bond of ancestral belonging to their lands possess a history and identity as deserving of respect as the peoples of modern nation states whose languages and names are normally referred to in this way.

2 • On this see: Pedro de Niemeyer Cesarino. "Conflitos de pressupostos na Antropologia da Arte". *Revista Brasileira de Ciências Sociais* 32, no. 93 (2017). <https://doi.org/10.17666/329306/2017>.

3 • In this regard, Jaider Esbell argues: "Those paintings left on the rocks are codes saying dig, deepen, use your resources for self-knowledge, for autonomy. And what resources would these be? Memories, shamanism and other extrasensory abilities. (...). The shaman and his craft combined with artistic skills, such as rites, songs, dances, performances and, of course, drawing, a more illustrative way of passing on information that should be conceived by the entire group in each particular situation. Here we have

of the Indigenous artist, living in transit between worlds, that will also produce the link between times, so that the ancestral is contemporary, and vice-versa.

The art so called merely contemporary, without announcing its own roots, is actually a tributary of a very specific tradition, of modern, Western, metropolitan, European, white, colonial ascendancy. Thus, the idea of a "contemporary Indigenous art" implicitly suggest that contemporary (Western) art would also become Indigenous by encompassing, by bringing into itself even the productions by Indigenous artists. And that is not what it is about, we are facing different ways of thinking and making art, the Indigenous and the Western. Their practices and systems are in dialogue today, but they are not confused nor reduced to one another.⁴

We are talking then about contemporary Indigenous art, and not about a particular aspect of contemporary art that would be Indigenous. Do you see the difference?

FROM CATTLE TO MOQUÉM

In December 2019, Jaider Esbell received a second invitation from the curators of the Bienal de São Paulo. After being invited to integrate the 34th edition of this important show as an artist, the proposal was for him to expand his participation in the event, organizing his own exhibition that would be held at one of the partner institutions of the Bienal's expanded program. Still without having a definition about the space that would host his future project, Jaider took up the challenge with the certainty that it would not make sense, as an inseparable member of his communities of origin, to elaborate an individual proposal. He knew from the first moment that he was faced with the opportunity to organize a collective exhibition of contemporary Indigenous art. The institutional sewing continued and days later he received confirmation that such a proposition would be carried out at the Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo, another eminent space for the non-Indigenous art system.

strong clues as to how art has always been manifested among the first peoples. The art lends itself to the practical sense of life, being a shamanic skill to guide one about hunting places, ways of war or ways of using resources for healings or even spells against enemies" ("Índios: identidades, artes, mídias e conjunturas", in *Jaider Esbell*, Tembetá collection, eds. Idjahure Kadiwel and Sergio Cohn (Rio de Janeiro: Azougue, 2019), 83.

4 • On the meanings of this distinction see: Jaider Esbell. "Sobre a Arte Indígena Contemporânea", *ibid.*, 49-50.

The starting point for preparing an exhibition proposal was unequivocal for Jaider: the collective series *Vacas nas Terras de Makunaimi: de malditas a desejadas* [Cattle in the Lands of Makunaimi: from Damned to Desired].⁵ This choice was due to the fact that this set of works embodies the articulation experiences of a collective of Indigenous artists in Roraima, while at the same time highlighting particularities of the artistic production of Indigenous subjects – the relationship of their poetics with the memory of ancestral belonging to the land, the collective aspects of their creation regimes, the inseparable involvement with the struggle in defense of original and environmental rights, that is, its activist sense. The question that was posed was to build a curatorial argument that would connect the works in that series to the works of other artists and contexts that Jaider would also like to present in the exhibition. It was with the task of assisting him in this endeavor that I landed in Boa Vista at the end of January 2020.

We immersed ourselves in our curatorial research in the community of Maturuca, one of the political centers of the Raposa Serra do Sol Indigenous Territory. We arrived there to follow the schedule organized by the Indigenous Council of Roraima (CIR), which celebrated the 40th anniversary of the project “Uma vaca para um índio” [A cattle for an Indian]. This project is a landmark in the history of resistance to colonial invasion in the region. Counteracting the *coronelista*⁶ claim of the invaders, that only those who had cattle should have land, Makuxi leaders together with progressive sectors of the Catholic Church started to raise funds so that each community had its own herd and with it

5 • The *Vacas nas Terras de Makunaimi: de malditas a desejadas* series is the result of a curatorial provocation launched in 2013 by Jaider to a group of Indigenous artists in Roraima, inviting them to produce works that address the history of the livestock invasion in their original territories and the Indigenous resistance strategies to colonization. This set of works served as the motto for the 1^o *Encontro de Todos os Povos* [1st Meeting of All Peoples], an event that brought together in three editions the production of Indigenous artists from the state. The need to house these works and have a space to host the production and articulation of these artists led to the creation of the Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte Indígena Contemporânea [Jaider Esbell Gallery of Contemporary Indigenous Art], also in 2013, in the city of Boa Vista (RR).

6 • Translator's note: *Coronelismo* is a term used to refer to a regional structure of power relations in modern Brazilian history, which emerged in the early 20th century and is based on the domain of colonial, particularistic and patriarchal interests through the rule of ‘colonels’ (understood as a paramilitary force) on large rural properties.

could defend the territory from the eagerness of the farmers. After securing their rightful space, protected by then Indigenous cattle, the community in question should donate a herd of equal size to another neighboring community – *cattle in the lands of Makunaimi: from damned to desired*, we come to understand why.

We were welcomed at Maturuca by one of its most illustrious residents, Bernaldina José Pedro, Meriná Eremú, a historical leader of that *maloca*, great expert in the songs, prayers and traditional arts of her people. Grandma Bernal welcomed us with her characteristic joy and enthusiasm. And it was at her side that we watched the numerous assemblies that recalled the centuries-old struggle in defense of land and culture, and we also witnessed debates on the challenges for the continuity of these struggles at a time when the forces of death update themselves and intensify their violence against the original peoples. By knowing all this a little closer, I could see Jaider's trajectory, the *Vacas* series and the possibility of organizing the exhibition at MAM in a different way – variations and effects of Makuxi political strategies, metamorphoses in the languages of resistance, pedagogies of transformation.

Back in Boa Vista, it was our turn to host a visit, the anthropologist from the University of São Paulo, Pedro Cesarino, who had arrived to join the team of curators with us.⁷ During our first afternoons at work, we introduced him to the *Vacas* series and shared the incredible experiences we had during our days at Maturuca. Our curatorial research continued on another immersion, focusing now on the Jaider Esbell Gallery of Contemporary Indigenous Art to expand the selection of works for the exhibition. We were also looking for a curatorial line that would sow together the *Vacas* series as a whole to the other works we were choosing. As we examined dozens of paintings, drawings and photographs, Jaider introduced us to the material from where he was studying the Makuxi language. It was the *Vamos Aprender Makuxi* [Let's Learn Makuxi] program, broadcast by Monte Roraima radio between 2003 and 2008. The initiative was organized by the Indigenous Pastoral of the Diocese of

7 • *Moqué*m's curatorial team is a second context for sharing between Jaider, Pedro and me. They are also the co-supervisors of the doctoral research that I develop in the Graduate Program in Social Anthropology at University of São Paulo.

Roraima and by teachers of the Indigenous language. Each episode was based on an aspect of Makuxi culture, which served as a context for lessons on vocabulary, verbal conjugations and pronunciation, always accompanied, between blocks and also at the end, by traditional songs. We listened to each of the program's many episodes uninterruptedly during our workdays. And days before Pedro and I returned to São Paulo, Jaider proposed a theme for the exhibition: *Moqué*m⁸. The 48th episode of that radio show had caught his attention. It was the episode about *Pandon de Surarí* [Surarí's Pandon], the ancient story of the *Moqué*m⁹, which he invited us to hear again.

The apparent simplicity of the narrative unveils the refinement of the Makuxi cosmogony, which, based on beautiful synthesis-images, deals with fundamental questions for the understanding of contemporary Indigenous art: the aesthetic senses of utility; the collective aspect of the practices; the complexities moved by the transit of people, objects and knowledge between different spatiotemporal dimensions; the potency of producing alliances between diverse; the formal translations that reproduce memory on multiple devices. It's all there, the *Pandon de Surarí* is practical evidence that Indigenous cosmogonies constitute sophisticated, complete and current philosophies. This traditional story would serve us as a foundation for building a curatorial argument that seeks to relate the work of the 34 artists who make up the exhibition based on the elements highlighted above.

PANDEMIC AND TIME FRAMES

Weeks after we presented the *Moqué*m_ *Surarí* project to the MAM teams, our work was interrupted by the Covid-19 health crisis. With calendars suspended, budgets frozen and the fearful prospects imposed by the pandemic, there were no more conditions to hold the exhibition. Thus, given this uncertain scenario, it really was cancelled. And in the months that followed, like thousands across the country, we also mourned the early departure of family and friends,

8 • Translator's note: *Moqué*m is a Tupi word that was introduced in the Brazilian Portuguese language, which designates a platform made of wooden sticks, as well as its handling technique, where fish and game meat can be grilled, as well as smoked to be kept wrapped in leaves, widely common to the practices of Amerindian peoples.

9 • See the text *Pandon de Surarí* in this catalogue.

victims of a public health management that fostered contagion.

Very tough times in which the threads of purpose almost escape our hands, requiring a lot of concentration on the thought: “joy is the greatest stubbornness”, we so often remember the sublime lesson left by master Bernaldina. In early 2021, the beginning of vaccination and the understanding built together with MAM and the Bienal about the aesthetic and political relevance of the exhibition allowed us to persevere in the realization of *Moqué*m_ *Surarí*. We revisited the proposals we made a year earlier to adjust them to a tight and adverse context. We continued with the project starting from one of its most important fronts, the educational actions. Coordinated by Cristine Takuá, a Maxakali thinker who has been working for years in the Guarani Mbya schools in the Rio Silveira Indigenous Land, in Bertioga (SP), we began the internal training of the MAM educators and the planning of educational activities aimed at the external public. Without knowing for sure how the visits and in-person programs at the museum would be, it became clear to us the importance of expanding the records and reflections on the exhibition. For that reason, we have extended the scope of this catalogue, creating a section for artists' texts and presenting images of the more than 140 works that make up the exhibition. With the desire to contribute to the development of reference materials aimed at Indigenous education, we took on the challenge of presenting this publication translated into Guarani Mbya, the most widely spoken Indigenous language in the state of São Paulo and its capital. A dream made possible thanks to the affectionate dedication of translators Carlos Papá, Marcos Morreira and Valdemir Martins Veríssimo, to Cris Takuá's articulations and to the material support of the Jaider Esbell Gallery of Contemporary Indigenous Art.

*Moqué*m_ *Surarí* was finally opened in September 2021, together with the 34th edition of the Bienal de São Paulo, and at the same time that one of the largest Indigenous mobilizations in history took place, the *Luta pela Vida* [Struggle for Life] camp in Brasília. In the heat of events, during the many interviews he gave during those days, Jaider analyzed the relationship between those events: multiple strategies of the Indigenous movement in the struggle against time frames of coloniality. On the Esplanade of the Ministries, they confronted the time frame

of the occupation, in the form of Bill No. 490, which provides a radical change in the understanding of the original right to land, moving to an understanding of Indigenous lands as the places inhabited by these peoples in the date of promulgation of the Federal Constitution. In practice, this would mean legalizing the colonial plunder of ancestral territories, legitimizing the historic dispossession of Indigenous lands. At the Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo and at the Bienal Pavilion, an analogous clash took place, aimed at other time frames of coloniality, those that organize the hegemonic narratives of art history and that until recently denied Indigenous peoples their fair recognition as contemporary subjects, producers of thought and aesthetic sense. In all these spaces echoes an unpostponable question: how many layers of reparation must be made in the face of more than five centuries of colonial war?

SMOKING [IN] A MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Thinking about an exhibition of contemporary Indigenous art from the understanding that we are living in an ongoing colonial war helps us to better scale the facts. It is in this sense that we emphasize the importance of conducting *Moquéem_Surari* at MAM, an initial step in which a museum can collaborate in the immense collective task of historical repair of colonization: opening space for the peoples of the earth to be present, opening a way for the power of their thoughts and their arts to express themselves. What may unfold from here on is still uncertain, it is a problem that needs to be effectively faced by this and all institutions that have set themselves the prospect of bringing together different art systems. Will their programming schedules welcome new Indigenous art projects? What will be the exhibition spaces and budget possibilities offered? Will educational actions absorb as a permanent agenda the reflection on these themes, searching to relate directly to Indigenous communities and their specific demands? And will the acquisition policies for the collections be redefined given the huge gap in relation to the productions of Indigenous artists? The nature of these issues demands continuous attention, as well as constant care to keep constant the fire of the *moquéem*. As in the time immemorial of Surari, we are facing the possibility – and the urgency – of transformation.

The drawings gathered in *Moquém_Surari* testify to the temporal depth through which contemporary Indigenous art must be understood, despite its systematic exclusion from the narratives of the history of Brazilian art. The works of Jaider Esbell, Yermollay Kari-poune, Joseca Yanomami, Rivaldo Tapirapé, Isael Maxakali, Vernon Foster, Ailton Krenak, Armando Mariano Marubo, Antonio Brasil Marubo and Paulino Joaquim Marubo are tributaries of a long graphic tradition that goes back to the inscription of bodies, pottery, basketwork and stones, updated here for supports and techniques with which Indigenous artists have been confronted throughout colonial history.

Vernon Foster's work, in this sense, is emblematic. It refers to the production of the so-called ledger art carried out by original peoples of the North American plains, who created a vast iconographic set in notebooks to which they had access when imprisoned by foreign colonizers throughout the 19th century. If paper and pencil are two of the main weapons introduced by the colonizing genocide and epistemicide, given their direct relationship with writing and the devaluation of Indigenous knowledge and aesthetics, the resistance and the capacity of transformation of Native peoples does not fail to offer a remarkable counterpoint. It was not by chance that, in the notebooks that they had access to, designers from the Lakota and other peoples of the region prolonged the cave painting temporal tradition dating from the beginning of the Christian era.

By taking for themselves the techniques introduced by the non-Indigenous invader, different artists not only translate graphic and narrative schemes already practiced in other media onto paper, but also inaugurate a new genre capable of subverting, through its beauty and meaning, the colonizer's violence. In the South American lowlands, figurative productions on book-like objects are uncommon, as in the case of the hieroglyphic and pictographic traditions of Central American civilizations such as the Maya and the Aztec. With the introduction of alphabetic writing by the school, the academy and other metropolitan institutions, a hybrid expression is established mainly through the action of male artists, since the elaboration of bodies covered by patterns (whether made of flesh, straw or pottery) is usually mostly female knowledge.

The three Marubo designers (Paulino, Antonio and Armando) are shamans and

narrators who had virtually no familiarity with paper, pencils and pens when they were introduced to these materials by me. However, they quickly mastered the technique of drawing and produced a repertoire notable for their intimate affinity with the structures of song compositions and long narratives. Without any prior agreement, they adopted uniform, rigorous and coherent graphic signs in their drawings (circles, human bodies, lines) that indicate the names of people and places, as well as the paths taken by spirits and ancestors in times when the earth was young. They established, therefore, an expression that can be considered pictographic and, in this sense, close to the consolidated traditions of Aztec books, as they are visual translations of oral composition schemes already mastered by the three shamans.

Armando, Paulino and Antonio did not make their drawings with the aim of exhibiting them as works of art in museums. Although aware of the importance of spreading their work and the universe of their people, their intention is different from that which permeates the works of other artists included here, even though they share common traits with them. It is these traits that define the criteria for understanding a history of Indigenous art that has not yet been understood: narrative structures, schematic use of graphic signs placed sometimes against monochromatic backgrounds, sometimes amidst the saturation of the visual field (*horror vacui*), alteration of the boundaries of the human figure.

The narrative background seems to be constant in many of the works gathered in *Moquém_Surari*, especially in the drawings by Joseca Yanomami and Jaider Esbell, who also add to it other layers of experience not accessible by language and capable of extrapolating the borders of the human. It is that narratives are also lived spaces and not exactly stories enclosed in books. Hence the intensity of the colors make adorned bodies more powerful beings than what is human (Rivaldo Tapirapé, Acelino Tuin/Huni Kuin Artists Movement) or even the precision and fluidity of the stroke that makes it possible to visualize silhouettes otherwise only accessible by the shamanic experience (Jaider Esbell). We are thus able to understand some of the fundamental characteristics of an artistic production whose long trajectory does not begin in the environment of global contemporary art, but uses this environment to present its originality and claim for itself its stolen place.

The drawings produced by Antonio, Paulino and Armando presuppose explanations that give meaning to their images. Produced halfway between the visual and verbal register, they are essential for its understanding and are detailed below.

31



**PATAMARES
CELESTES**
CELESTIAL PLATEAUS
• Antonio Brasil Marubo

The drawing shows the plateaus interconnected by a spirit-path (*yove vai*) used by shamans in their travels, as well as by the maloca chief-spirits, who are at the doors of their houses carrying spears. From bottom to top, the following plateaus or “worlds” (*shavá*) are present: 1. Dwelling of Death Sky; 2. Dwelling of Blood Sky; 3. Dwelling of Ultramarine Grosbeak Sky; 4. Dwelling of Drawing Sky; 5. Dwelling of Ultramarine Grosbeak Sky, double; 6. Dwelling of Blood Sky; 7. Dwelling of Ultramarine Grosbeak Sky, double; 8. Dwelling of Drawing Sky; and 9. Dwelling of Fog Sky.

30



**PATAMARES
TERRESTRES**
TERRESTRIAL PLATEAUS
• Antonio Brasil Marubo

The drawing shows the terrestrial plateaus, also traversed by the spirit-path taken by the shamans, as well as by the maloca spirit-owners with their respective spears. From bottom to top: 1. Dwelling of Death Land (*Vei Mai Shavaya*); 2. Dwelling of White Land (*Mai*

Osho Shavaya); 3. Dwelling of Oropendola Land (*Rovo Mai Shavaya*); 4. Dwelling of Blood Land (*Imi Mai Shavaya*); 5. Dwelling of Adornment Land (*Rane Mai Shavaya*); 6. Dwelling of Macaw Land (*Kana Mai Shavaya*); 7. Dwelling of Drawing Land (*Mai Kene Shavaya*); 8. Dwelling of Fog Land (*Koin Mai Shavaya*).

33



O CAMINHO-MORTE
THE DEATH-PATH
• Armando Mariano Marubo

The drawing translates parts of the long song of the Path of the Dead. In the drawing, we see the path from this land (gray maloca at the top), even though it is oriented from top to bottom. In a red circle, there is the hill that starts the path, crossed in a zigzag pattern by death-logs, bones of death-tapir, bones and ribs of death-snakes, over which the dead’s double steps without being able to touch the ground. At the beginning and at center of the path is the dead’s double; at the edges, darkened, are the death-specters and the death-fire, in yellow. To the left of those who depart, the path is flanked by death-papaya, death-banana, death-sweet potato, death-peach palm and death-grass. On the right, it follows death-pumpkin, death-manioc, death-corn, death-pineapple, death-yam and death-inga. Crossing the path after this sequence of food items is the trunk of the death-sa-mauma. Next, is the trunk of the death-taboca and the death-basket (colored circle), which rotates and bewilders the unwary dead person. On the right, in red, is the death-cocoa and on the left, in gray, another death-cocoa. The gray circle on the right is a termite mound, in which an incautious double has turned into. In black, in the middle of the road, are the death-children. On the right are

24

25

the fruits death-manichi and death-yae, in addition to the death-specters, drawn in blue on the edges of the path. The path continues flanked by fruits such as death-passion fruit (on the right) and death-mamey sapote (on the left). Dividing the path, there is the death-river and the death-trunk, which deceives the double that tries to cross it. Clumsy, the double that falls into the water will be shredded by death-crab, shrimp and shellfish. Continuing, on the right, there is a tree that contains death-genipap, death-mamey sapote, death-bacuri in its branches; on the left, death-rubber, yellow and red. The person inside the circle in the middle of the path is the Death Owl, who knows the dead person’s lies and strikes him/her with an arrow. Next, on the right, there is a death-coconut tree. It’s there that the Brown Woolly Monkey people divert and take their own path. On the left, the colorless fruit tree is of the death-*ãcho* sweet fruit; the yellow fruits are death-bacuri and, in the middle of the path, there are death-spikes, flanked next by giant death-urtigas, in whose center the Death Black Monkey awaits the doubles to devour them. The owner of the maloca, Veshko, awaits for the person to come in, invites him/her to lay down in the hammock and throws him/her in the boiling cauldron filled with bones and corpses. The Death Women await the bastard, in the two hills represented by the circles that surround them. The path continues with its dangers. On the right, the death-*açaí* holds the futile woman with her beads and golden apple snail adornments. On the left, sitting inside his hole, the Death Armadillo awaits the dead. At the center is the Death Txao, a nice person that will show the successful passer-by the way forward. The Tome-Parrot women are right above, and announce: “*uuu*, come see the relative who has arrived!”. From then on, the person will make his way until the “death-snake piece”, a ritual name for the hills from which one arrives at the maloca of the double eyes, which live at the end of the path.

32



OS MESTRES ANIMAIS
THE OWNERS OF ANIMALS
• Armando Mariano Marubo

The Owners of Animals, also by Armando, is another cartographic scheme. below is the region of the rising sun; above, that of the setting sun. On the left, the southern region and, on the right, the northern region. In the middle of the composition is the midday sun. The *Minshō*, owners of animals (*yoñi ivorasin*), are distributed over these regions, in their respective dwellings, distinguished by their colors. The owners of animals are represented by pictographic schemes that translate the following moments: emergence, trajectory and establishment. The trees are those that give emergence, trajectory and establishment of the entities in question. The trees are those that allow the spirits to arise, as indicated by the circle drawn on their trunks. From there, the spirit follows a path that leads to its dwelling (maloca or village), metaphorized as a tree trunk.

34



35



**PILARES
TERRESTRES**
TERRESTRIAL PILLARS
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

[FRONT]

The drawing shows the demiurge spirits that make the Fog Land, the last of the terrestrial plateaus. They have no legs, as they remain always suspended in the wind carrying their

spears, as well as headdresses and jaguar teeth necklaces. After naming them, Paulino also presents some of the psychoactive herbs that serve as food for them, in addition to the fog-tapir, that exists in that other world. Translation of the Marubo excerpt: “Their food drugs are the Fog Lily, the Woods-Pasture-Fog, the Fog Snuff and the Fog Ayahuasca / Koa Voã, Koin Nesa, Vari Nesa, Tao Ipo / Ino Nesa, Kana Nessa, are really the people that from a long time ago were making the Fog Land with the wind / This is really the Fog Tapir”.

[BACK]

There we see the cosmogram of the Fog Land, surrounded by a river and by pillars that support it (represented by vertical and horizontal lines). Translation from the Marubo excerpt: “This is the emergence of the land. This is the river that goes around the land. Long ago they set it down, holding it with the Wind of the Fog Land.”



**POVO DA TERRA-NÉVOA
FOG LAND PEOPLE**
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

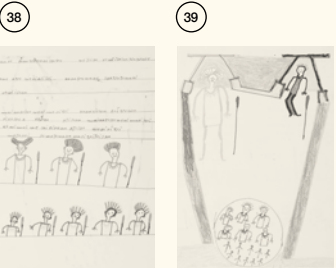
[FRONT]

Paulino drew some of the animals that exist in the Fog Land (upper band), such as the fog jaguar (*koin kamã*), the fog bird (*koin chã*) and the fog snake (*koin rono*). In the middle range, there are three of the inhabitants of that land (*Mai Koin Nawavo*), with their spears, body paintings, bandoliers and jaguar teeth necklaces (in the right figure, with yellow outlines). In the lower range are the inhabitants of the Fog River (*Ene Koin Nawavo*), also with their spears, necklaces and bandoliers (in one of the figures, in red). Translation from the Marubo excerpt: “Dwelling of the Fog Land, People of the Fog Land, your place of awakening.”

[BACK]

There are the inhabitants of the Dwelling of the Fog Land in front of their malocas,

carrying spears, headdresses and jaguar teeth necklaces.



**A MALOCA DE KANA VOÃ
KANA VOÃ’S MALOCA**
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

[FRONT]

Paulino used the same pictographic scheme employed by Armando in his drawings: below, the circle represents the place of emergence of the demiurge Kana Voã and his peers, who then follow a path until they settle in their houses (on the left, in yellow, is Kana Voã; on the right, his nephew Roin Iso).

[BACK]

Translation from the Marubo excerpt: “This is Kana Voã’s maloca, the other one is Roin Iso’s / The one who emerged with him is Kana Voã’s nephew, Roin Iso / Kana Voã and Koin Voã didn’t emerge from the nectar of the earth / Pikashea, Otxoko, these people didn’t really emerge from the nectar of the earth / They really emerged from the wind spiral of the Fog Land / Did you understand? Perhaps it seems silly what I say...”



**DEMIURGOS
KANÃ MARI**
KANÃ MARI DEMIURGES
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

[FRONT]

Translation from the Marubo excerpt: “Kana Voã is older people. Kanã Mari emerged later / This is Kanã Mari who emerged later. Maker

of the sky and the earth / That’s really how Kanã Mari is. There are many stories about him / This is Kanã Mari’s maloca. This is to make emergence”.

[BACK]

The Kanã Mari demiurges were responsible for spoiling the land once best made by Kana Voã and his peers, who are conceived as a sort of younger brother. There they are depicted as chiefs who carry their spears and their bodily adornments. In the drawing on the back, the same pictographic scheme is employed: the spirits emerge in a circle and then travel along a path that will lead to their dwellings.



**SERRARAM JACARÉ
ANTIGAMENTE**
THEY SAWED THE ALLIGATOR IN THE PAST
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

Paulino represented there one of the moments in the song of the emergence of the ancestors (*Wenía*). At a certain point in the journey, the ancestors come across the Alligator Bridge, a monster full of food planted on its back, which crosses the two banks of the great river *noa* (Amazon). The chiefs and shamans decide to cross first. When the fools are in the middle of the monstrous bridge, they cut the monster’s neck, thus causing them to fall into the water and be killed by the water blades.



**ENCONTRARAM A PONTE JACARÉ
ANTIGAMENTE**
THEY FOUND THE ALLIGATOR
BRIDGE IN THE PAST
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

Paulino shows there the ancestors responsible for finding the Alligator Bridge, which crosses the two margins of the great river *noa*.



**PAJÉ VARI MÃKO
VARI MÃKO SHAMAN**
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

Paulino drew Vari Mãko, a shaman that lived in the ancient times.



**COMERAM OVOS DO PÁSSARO-QUEIXADA
ANTIGAMENTE**
THEY ATE BIRD-PECCARY
EGGS IN THE PAST
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

In this drawing, Paulino shows the ancient ones

who found the eggs of the peccary bird (*yawa chai*), which are eaten at a collective meal. The ancient ones then transform themselves into the living white-lipped peccary pigs.

47



PAJÉ
SAMAÚMA
SAMAUMA SHAMAN
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

Samauma Shaman traveled with his daughters in search of game. Upon encountering wild boars, he decides to take a path that led, however, to the house of enemies. The enemies attack him and the shaman’s body is riddled with arrows. He resists for some time, until it is dismembered. His double survives and goes on singing beautiful songs.

48



FLECHARAM
GAVIÃO
THEY ARROWED HAWK
• Paulino Joaquim Marubo

The story narrates the encounter of the ancient ones with a giant hawk that devoured humans. The ancient ones then decide to kill the hawk with their blowguns.

A vast production of meanings, artifacts and images make up the collections of the original peoples of the American continent. The *immaterial* is where creation is invisible to the naked eye. Vast landscapes of deserts, mountains, forests and rivers transmute in “visible signs” that the eye sees. Daily rites and celebrations weave the meshes, at the foot of the mountains sleep the stones that dream of other landscapes to come. A paddle, a basket, weaves and messages to heal the day, artifacts. Adornments for the world to be filled with beauty.

Artistas de plástico [Plastic Artists]¹: With this suggestive title, a collective of subjects who create images and artifacts that speak for themselves brought together works in multiple configurations of materials and support, in public exhibition spaces, but also on walls and alleys in the city of Boa Vista, questioning, in chorus with Jaider Esbell, the plastic ARTS.

¡Mira! Artes VISUAIS Contemporâneas dos Povos Indígenas [Mira! Contemporary VISUAL Arts of Indigenous Peoples]² brings works by creators from regions of the vast Amazon basin, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil and Colombia, inaugurated in Belo Horizonte in 2014 and also on tour in Andean countries.

Djá Guatá Porã: Rio de Janeiro Indígena [Djá Guatá Porã: Indigenous Rio de Janeiro], at Museu de Arte do Rio, in 2017, with a multimedia approach and discourses in which authors circulate decolonizing questioning on the stabilized narrative of arts and graphic registers, we are called to think about other possible views of history. Tens and hundreds of materials in multiple arrangements configure surprising landscapes, linking other readings of historical events and facts fixed by a hegemonic narrative in which ART and memory confront each other. The persistence of new subjects claiming a place and their plural expressions, jumping from silence to speech, already implies the growing presence of an increasingly significant production of collectives formed by authors from original peoples, determined to institute counter-hegemonical discourses.

1 • See the project catalogue at: https://issuu.com/talitaoliveiras/docs/cat_logo_artista_de_plastico_vers.
2 • For more info on this project carried out by the Literaterras Research Center at the Federal University of Minas Gerais, see: <https://projetomira.wordpress.com/>.

A decade that pronounces itself, for these creators since their origins, informed by a temporal urgency of “making the paper speak” – in the expression of Valdelice Veron, in the documentary *Índio Cidadão*³ –, Indigenous artists draw, braid, weave, paint, mold and also engrave, on different supports, their expressions of the world, and open plural dialogues with the so-called art system.

Through spaces of galleries and museums, biennales and private collections, these works speak languages of waters and forests, pour out ethnic histories revealing myths and elements that belong to cosmovisions. A willingness to fly in constellations brings together creators of generations and ecological and cultural contexts as diverse as the grassland of Roraima, Atlantic Forest and Caatinga, mountains and forests.

For decades, some of these creators have been making their works circulate in the illustration of scientific, artistic and didactic material publications. The MAHKU group, the Huni Kuin Artists Movement, one of the most widespread collectives through its productions, inside and outside Brazil, shows its innovative works in France, and prominent spaces in Europe, such as the Cartier-Bresson Foundation.

Since the 1980s, Joseca Yanomami’s drawings dialogue in tune with the greatness of the work of Claudia Andujar, his encourager and inspired supporter, who presented him his first drawing pen in his village in the forest. Joseca Yanomami’s works articulate dialogues between documentary photography and drawings with an incomparable load of meanings. His works are integrating collections at Instituto Inhotim, in Minas Gerais, and museum collections in Europe and the United States. Among these engaged artists, women like Carmélia Emiliano, with a vast production already in circulation, unveiled in 1996, with work that evokes the Makuxi identity of the author, who continues inspiring new generations among the villages of the Roraima grassland to perpetuate their imaginaries of beings deeply informed by ancestry.

Arissana Pataxó had her work exhibited at *¡Mira!* with singular repercussion for its speech with images of denouncing power, even filled with beauty, a recurrent line of this artist dedicated to the task of educator, like her peers who in no case have their exclusive attention focused on the production of what is meant by “art”.

3 • Documentary available at: <https://www.camara.leg.br/tv/432678-indio-cidadao/>. Last accessed on 06/16/2021.

“Plastic Artists”, thus, may sound like an observation about this approach of the creation of meanings through the various techniques that these people use, from pottery, weaving and the making of straw and wood artifacts, with the constant disposition in the search for beauty, added in many cases to the determination to denounce the repeated colonial violence, its racializing and excluding marks.

The curatorship of *Véxo: Nós sabemos* [Véxo: We Know]⁴, between 2020 and 2021, with Naine Terena, also a creator of expression in artistic creations, provided a wide representation of different places of the sense creation, with Denilson Baniwa, Daiara Tukano, Jaider Esbell enunciating the disposition for occupying other spaces of representation in the world of artistic creation. Gustavo Caboco, in collaborations that aim at publishing texts and other graphic languages, performances and public occupations, reaffirms the multiplicity of this broad collective, who draws constellations and, before assuming the configuration of an emerging group or generation of Native artists, proposes other alliances between humans and non-humans.

Beings from the rivers and mountains converse, ready to circulate between worlds as well. They envision pluriverses, create gables in urban landscapes, as well as murals to reforest cities, to flourish in concrete sidewalks and cobblestones.

WE ARE BEAUTY HUNTERS,
AVID FOR BEAUTY, WE HUNT
BEAUTY IN EVERYTHING⁵

An invitation to think about Indigenous Art at an event at MASP [Museu de Arte de São Paulo] brought together curators, researchers and a few Indigenous artists around the *Histórias Indígenas* [Indigenous Histories] episode of the *Histórias Brasileiras* [Brazilian Histories] seminar, organized by Lilia Schwarcz in 2017. It featured Aristóteles Barcelos Neto, Claudia Andujar, Davi Kopenawa, Edson Kayapó, Els Lagrou, Joseca Yanomami, Luís Donisete Benzi Grupioni, Luisa Elvira Belaunde, Lux Vidal, Milton Guran and Pedro de Niemeyer Cesarino. I also had the opportunity to speak on that occasion. A courageous gesture that

4 • On *Véxo*: <https://pinacoteca.org.br/programacao/vexoa-nos-sabemos/>. Last accessed on 09/16/2021.
5 • Reference to the book *Lugar onde a terra descansa*, by Ailton Krenak and Adriana Moura.

opened dialogues between specialists who deal with the production and circulation of artistic expressions by subjects belonging to various ethnic groups in Brazil, clearly avoiding the anthropological sense of the approach. It provided speeches from the experience of producers of works in circulation in various media and supports such as the great work of Claudia Andujar, who presented her inaugural experience with images of surprising potency in moving from a non-figurative Yanomami cosmovision, by instituting a gallery of images with magical beings, *xapiri* and *cultural heroes* from the universe of orality, previously not graphically represented.

Assisted by Sandra Benites, Luisa Elvira Belaunde, Els Lagrou and Lux Vidal, these dialogues animated another moment, now with its own motto and collective curation, provided by the Goethe Institute of São Paulo, within the *Diálogos do Sul* [Dialogues of the South]⁶ series, which welcomed the proposal of a seminar that expressed the various perspectives of Indigenous actors such as Jaider Esbell, Denilson Baniwa, Bu’ú Kennedy, Sandra Benites, Miguel Verá Mirim, Arissana Pataxó, Edgar Kanaykô, Cristine Takuá, Carlos Papá, Daiara Tukano, Ibã Sales Huni Kuin, in addition to the observers who were also invited to this inaugural conversation, thinking through Indigenous cultural production and the art system. A unique panel brought together curators and managers of museums and galleries such as MAM, MASP and Pinacoteca, as well as cultural managers such as Ticio Escobar, former Minister of Culture of Paraguay. It was a glimpse into the scene that preceded Sandra Benites’ invitation in 2020 to join the MASP’s curatorship, as well as to the announcement of the curatorship of Naine Terena in the celebrated exhibition *Véxo*, at the Pinacoteca, in São Paulo, provoking new observations in the view of these creators about ART. A stabilized concept in Western culture, as an exercise by subjects detached from their various cultural contexts, and who visibly set themselves apart from the realities of their social origins, which does not correspond to the ideas of Indigenous creators.

6 • Info at: <https://www.goethe.de/ins/br/lp/prj/eps/epd/pt16506451.htm>.

Reflecting on the Indigenous cultural creation, production and dissemination, responding to the growing demand from museums and art institutions in Brazil and around the world to acquire or exhibit “Indigenous art”, confronts us with a problem with aesthetic, ethical and political implications. The emphasis of the Western view of art, in which the exercise of creation is confined as a specific activity, separated from the other spheres of everyday life, contrasts with the practices of different Indigenous peoples.

The mechanisms of production and dissemination of the art system, as well as its insistence on the predominance of the object, have little concern with issues of agency and collectivity, with languages and urgencies, or with rhythms and conditions of production different from those to which the establishment is used. This discussion also took place at the meeting facilitated by the Goethe Institute of São Paulo, in December 2017, with a collective of Indigenous people, dedicated to the issues of cultural creation, production and dissemination, and non-Indigenous people who work with the interface between art and politics, especially with the operations of the art system that neutralize the political power of artistic practices and their contagious power, as well as the artistic operations of resistance to this instrumentalization. In the broad universe of the original peoples, nothing resembles this idea of ART. As I understood from the expression of Davi Kopenawa Yanomami, who visited us during the installation of a collective work guided by Bené Fonteles, seeing a column where a graphic art was applied with the insertion of his sentence:

– *Omama was the first artist.*⁷

A revelation that links the artist’s idea with the mythical creation of worlds, cosmovisions and pluriverses, where ancestral spirits display “their luminescence” – in the high peaks of the forest, in addition to communication between equals, it summons all Beings of Creation. Thus, it is not surprising that Jaider Esbell evokes his pertinence as Makunaimi’s grandson. That’s how it is, in symbiosis with non-humans living the ancestral *cosmopo-*

7 • Kopenawa, Davi and Albert, Bruce. 2015. *A queda do céu: palavras de um xamã yanomami*. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras. [Kopenawa, Davi and Albert, Bruce. 2013. *The Falling Sky: Words of a Yanomami Shaman*. Cambridge, MA: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press].

etics that operate these mediators of worlds. Art gives entry to these creative conversations, capable of also enchanting existence, of expanding subjectivity and deep bonds with Gaia, the supra-planetary organism that inhabits and hosts us. Moquém thus evokes in simplicity what the intact retina encompasses in a profusion of colors, creating forms for the spirit that opens up in timeless flows. Constellations in recognition of equals, in exercises to make landscapes of meaning capable of weaving confluent narratives. A platform for placing stories drying in the wind and sun.

*Contemporary Indigenous art
Brings the power of healing
The echo of politics in its broad conception
Creative and transformative
The Indigenous artist is a sower
With ancestral knowledge and accomplishments
He touches the soul and decolonizes the mind
For centuries shaped by a Monoculture
of thought
The Indigenous artist is able
to metamorphose relationships
Between the sky and the earth
Between the visible and the invisible
Showing us other ways
Other possible realities
In an intellectual and creative fount
That inhabits the complex and
beautiful existence
of the more than three hundred
Indigenous peoples
Who resist for centuries with their songs,
Prayers, arts and philosophies.
The forest aesthetics is multiple
And dialogues with ancestral knowledge
That is not in the books nor in the museums
We live an epistemic criminalization.
A violence against the ideas
Against thinking
that is sickening
darkening humanity
They want to silence us!
But our songs will echo through the four
Directions of this Earth!!!*

Just as fire transforms everything, the breath of the wind purifies and the rain wets the earth and plants bloom, we walk sowing wisdom in our children and young people, following the teachings of our ancestors. We know that we currently live an emerging and complex human crisis, that reflects on social, political and environmental relationships, which lead us to question and to rethink what we are and what we know, resulting in an awareness that we have to relearn how to think, act and walk in the world. However, human beings, in an incessant search for understanding, domination, ordering and control over the environment and over themselves, ended up disrupting nature and accelerating its unbalance.

Indigenous peoples have been showing the world what it means to be sustainable for many centuries. The relationship with other beings in the forest is a relationship of respect. We are part of a big web, where everything

is connected, everything is related. Ancestral knowledge and practices are totally connected to these plots of the great web of life.

Contemporary Indigenous art brings in its power the possibility of creating bridges between worlds and allowing everyone to reconnect with an ancestral memory, the memory of the river, trees, mountains, earth and all beings that are resisting along with us humans. At this moment when everyone is going through a process of transformation, we feel the need to metamorphose relationships and relearn how to walk in a lighter and smoother way on earth.

There are many movements that are blossoming in cultural circles, bringing a pulse that gives meaning to everyone, an invitation for everyone to reflect on their hard footprints here on Earth and be able to change directions, decolonize the mind for centuries shaped by a Eurocentric and reductionist vision. It is urgently necessary to rethink museums, the cultural spaces that host and dialogue with the visual arts. And also rethink education! Much of the unbalance, racism and prejudice that still exists in Brazil today is the result of this model of colonial education. We need to metamorphose curricula and expand dialogues about the usefulness of school and the true meaning of knowledge transmission. A school that does not prioritize the multiplicity of knowledge is deprived of direction. I think of a living school, which dialogues about the values of being in the territories in a balanced way, that speaks of the many arts, different forms of healing, the songs and charms of life that pulsates with each new day. A school that establishes epistemological, artistic and spiritual relationships with all forms of life. We have lived for centuries with the denial of Indigenous philosophies, Indigenous arts, Indigenous stories and spiritualities. A violence against ancestral memories, against thinking in its multiple forms, which reflects on this heavy reality that affects humanity. Consequently, forest leaders are beings persecuted and even murdered, in order to silence their voices, to weaken and unbalance the ancestral knowledge of the Native peoples that inhabit our country. In educational processes, and not only in them, but also in human relationships, there is a lack of affection and concentration, care and attention.

There is an aesthetic spiritual process of Indigenous peoples that spreads freely on all sides, moving across the land and beyond the political borders of nation-States. In it are

present all the conceptions of existence, which through a creative power transforms everything. There are symbols and invisible communications present in artistic creation. And in all territories, there is a strong energy that drives the relationship between art and nature.

Contemporary Indigenous Art weaves bridges of encounters between time: the old traditional and the new metamorphosis of the intimate inspirations of each artist. But the art itself, which inhabits the everyday life of all cultures, is reflected in the essence of its own realities. A collective of women weavers produces, with cotton, multiple forms, indescribable languages that communicate with sacred beings and reveal that for many centuries there is knowledge transmission of a science that does not live in books, but is present in spiritual visions that change in creative elements of their productions. Artistic making is totally related to the existence of forest life, to the cecropia fibers that woven can serve as a healing element or be useful for those who have them, to the clay that produces pottery molded and created to be present in everyday relations, to the bamboo and the imbe vine that braided produce baskets, to the box that once carved is transformed into animals of the forest: agoutis, pacas, owls, jaguars, boa constrictors, an infinity of deeply sensitive creations.

The meanings that echo from these creative productions are totally related to the need to preserve forests. Without the forest, there is no art, as it springs from nature itself and from the ancestral knowledge that inhabit the perceptions and intuitions of each artist.

The activism present in contemporary art productions reflects the struggle and resistance of Indigenous peoples. In recent years, there has been a significant impulse from literature, cinema, theater, expressions of exchanges between peoples, to reveal to us Art as a fundamental element, which makes it possible to affect and transform the Brazilian population, still steeped in the prejudice of disinformation. The colonization process left very deep consequences in the structure of non-Indigenous society. Through education and art, we see possibilities to break through these colonial barriers and go beyond the field of imagination, to heal the mind molded and limited to appearances.

However, Brazilian education today faces serious challenges. In fact, not only today, we have been observing for some time how much education has been limited

in its commitment to the very process of educating. Because, when we look at the school curriculum, we realize that the school often proposes to teach contents that are meaningless for life, which, especially in cities, generates competitiveness, sometimes using the motto “to be someone in life”, that means access the job market and earn money. Indigenous school education, on the other hand, does not prioritize this access to the labor market, much less competition, but a school that strengthens our territories, that puts first and foremost respect for the other, not only for humans, but for all beings. Respect for the forest, the river, trees, bees, ants. So, Brazilian education has left a lot to be desired in this regard, because it has not contributed to forming really conscientious citizens who respect the diversity that exists in our country. We are a diverse country, with more than 300 peoples, more than 200 languages being spoken, but unknown to many.

For Indigenous peoples, nature is what gives meaning to life. Everything in its balance. As a web that surrounds and guides us, showing us the path of light to follow in search of wisdom. Every sign we receive has a meaning for our life. The song of a bird can indicate something, the passing thunders are a sign that something is about to happen, the ants in the way, the shapes of the clouds, the direction of the wind, well, many omens are transmitted to us by the signals of nature, which with its delicacy and wisdom will guide and teach us how to live in balance, respect and harmony.

All this complex relationship crisis that humans are living today is nothing more than the reflection of centuries of a badly chosen path, because before everyone lived in nature, with nature and from nature. And today people have removed themselves from the environment, they use and abuse nature to survive or alleviate their consumption ego. Many forget that we are part of this immense web, which should not and cannot be separated. The teaching and strength that the Indigenous arts bring to the world is to go through portals and allow a reconnection with the beings of the forest. Many of the drawings, shapes and songs produced are materializations of the spirit world, which need to be listened to and respected.

Currently, there is a growing demand from art institutions and museums in Brazil and around the world to acquire or exhibit Indigenous art. As a result, we are faced with

many issues that have ethical, spiritual, political and aesthetic implications. Because the appreciation of the Western view of art, which restricts the exercise of creation as a specific activity, separated from the other layers of everyday life, is in conflict and contrasts with the practices of various Indigenous peoples, who live and understand art collectively. It is necessary to rethink the collections and the dialogues that are woven in the spaces where it is proposed to establish communication with the Indigenous arts.

Therefore, as grains germinate, sprout and blossom, people need to know their origins, the speech that inhabits each seed. Every being who can hear the voice of silence hears its truths. There is an existing bridge between visible, literate knowledge and the knowledge that inhabits the depths of songs, dances, braids and in all the complexity of the art and spirituality of ancestral peoples. However, it is necessary to break through the barriers of appearance.

Because while some remain based and stuck in the non-being of things (appearance), they will never reach the greater dimension of true knowledge, the wisdom of those who know and can feel their own shadow.

*And although all people
Keep laughing, doubting
these stories I say*

*I don't care: I am happy
Crudely improvising
on my flute of clay*

(BACELLAR, 1998, P. 23)

–

Honey enters everything that is sweet, enters everything in order to make life better: to calm our spirits, remove negative energy. Wearing honey is a way to shield yourself from the negative things that surround us. To be bathed in honey is to be in the clothes of honey – to make our body and honey one. First, because the bee is brave, warrior and, at the same time, sweet, as are Indigenous peoples

(TERENA, 2021, P. 31)

MELIPONA SCUTELLARIS: THE
CONSTRUCTION OF HONEYCOMBS
AND NOT APIARIES

The lines that cascade from this point bring memories in their waters that I carry with me until the sky falls. To the masters Feliciano Lana and Higino Tenório, who taught me to look the waters and through them reach the sea.

The disappearance of the narrator with the birth of Western modernity hasn't yet arrived in the villages of the Rio Negro, I'm sorry, Walter Benjamin. The ability to exchange experiences and transform them into arrows that drill the ears is still alive in us. Narration is the honey that dresses and articulates a new community of listeners: Western art. And like honey, it can be hallucinogenic, poisonous or healing. Depending on which bee vomited it into the honeycomb capsules.

The bee-artist who is being placed in hives throughout Brazil, being Native-Brazilian, has no stinger. It produces medicinal honey that helps to heal colonial wounds and burns, from its own scars. Pollinating an entire forest that is now being discovered by curators, gallery owners and critics. Stingless, bee-artists defend themselves biting their predators. Devouring the other so that the possibility of offspring may exist.

In communication with other bees, they create narratives that Benjamin would love to hear. Workers in their community, they open paths for other bees. The becoming of honey against colonial sugarcane. Bees like Feliciano Lana, Higino Tenório, Gabriel Gentil join together in memory to build a history in which contemporary Indigenous artists are able to dress the History of Art with honey. Like Luiz Bacellar, even if all white people laugh and doubt the stories we tell, it doesn't matter, we will improvise in our pan *flutes*.

OWNERS AND DOUBLES: IF YOU
WANT TO LICK THE HONEY, BUY
ME FLOWERS FIRST

Let's write these questions down for now. We are here talking of a time when everything could be everything. We speak of a time when things changed shape under other circumstances. It is from that time that Makunaimi comes. In fact, he comes from an earlier time.

(ESBELL, 2018, P. 21)

It is necessary to understand that when it comes to Indians¹, it is not polite to go into someone else's garden and pick a fruit without asking permission to the owner of the plantation. Crossing the kinship boundary and "hunting in the territories of a neighboring chief can lead to geopolitical complications" (Cesarino, 2010, p. 149). So what would be the reason for allowing Western art to enter our roundhouses and steal objects and decorations from it to build a "turning point" in the careers of many white artists, to the point of changing History of Art itself? It is still necessary to understand other aspects of Indigenous art. While in Western art the author of the work is the artist himself, this statement does not work in the Indigenous world, because in many cases, the owner of the art is not the artist who reproduces it on canvas or body. There are several owners of the art, the Jiboia² for instance.

1 • Here I use "Indian" as a provocation. It could use Indigenous, Native, among other ways of presenting the peoples who originally occupied this territory. The word is unimportant when the main objective is the retaking. In fact, in [land] retakes, the less identified we are, the less chances of retaliation.
2 • Translator's note: *Boa constrictor*, known in Latin American as 'jiboia'.

At an event held in Rio de Janeiro, master Ibã Huni Kuin³ was asked how he had learned to draw and paint, if he had an art teacher. He immediately replied: the one who taught me was the Jiboia. Not understanding anything, the person who asked insisted on wanting to know who had taught him to paint. And the answer was the same: the one who taught me how to paint was the Jiboia.

Establishing affiliations, influences, schools, traditions are procedures that organized the discipline and, despite all attempts to rethink it in less evolutionary and canonical terms, the “demon of origins” always remains on the prowl. [...] The exercise of reflecting on these ways of thinking, understanding and creating, alien to those that the history of art discipline naturalized, is fundamental for its process of self-criticism, of provincialization (as opposed to the globalization movement), decanonization

(PITTA, 2021, P. 39)

It is not yet up to the West to understand “knowledges” that do not pass through the Academy’s endorsement. On the other hand, the pragmatics of the white world entitles him to enter our gardens and steal from them small bunches of art that they find along the way, which they call research, data collection or artistic practice. So, it is up to Indigenous artists to give an answer, which came from the capture of Western art so that, like a mirror, the West reflects and creates a critique of colonial practices that are still institutionally accepted today.

Western art, mixed from Indigenous cultural practices, becomes the double of the Indigenous artist. Where the art owner and artist re-elaborate the answer in form and concepts that break what is traditional and contemporary. The white artists are responsible for their practices and if they still insist on being “influenced” by the Indians, may they now do so in partnership, no longer from the place of savior of Indigenous culture. From an artist who gives voice and silences.

3 • Ibã Huni Kuin (Isaiás Sales) is a txana, a master of chants in the tradition of the Huni Kuin people. When he became a teacher in the 1980s, he combined the knowledge of his father Tuin Huni Kuin with Western knowledge, starting to research the writing of his tradition alongside his students. He entered the university (Federal University of Acre, Cruzeiro do Sul, AC) in 2008 and created the “Espírito da Floresta” [Spirit of the Forest] project, aiming, with his son Bane, to research multimedia translation processes for these songs, forming the MAHKU collective – Huni Kuin Artists Movement.

IS HE OF JAPANESE DESCENT?
BELOW THE TROPICS EVERYTHING
IS A COMPANION DOG

It is very common for people who want to approach me to ask: are you Japanese? Aren’t you Tanaka’s brother? Faced with my denial, the stranger continues: if he’s not Japanese, although he looks like one, he can only be Chilean, Bolivian, Peruvian. *Usted habla espanhol?*

And again, I deny the question and my interlocutor seems to get a little, or somewhat, bewildered. If you are not Japanese and if you are not Chilean, Bolivian, Peruvian, then you can only be an Indian. (MUNDURUKU, 2020)

The Indigenous presence in society was made so invisible that we are still not recognized within the world by those who have become used to the idea that an Indian’s place is in the forest, far away from modernity. As it is not our place to possess tools that were denied to us, it takes a while for us to be recognized as capable of being in places we would not have stepped before. The Indigenous artist carries the burden of unprecedentedness, of representing all the Indigenous peoples of the world (even if he can’t), it’s up to him to answer all the questions that Western art still has no answers for. The infamous resilience is required. It shouldn’t be.

Until our presence is evident to the point where we are not confused with other racial stereotypes, me and other Indigenous artists who wear their anthropomorphized doubles should only be the protagonists of, like ñewíeda⁴, building the support for the *moqué*m to be firm, and to bake on it the anthropophagic banquet that we carry in our hands, even if it is every two years or every centenarian.

4 • Ñewíeda, in Baniwa language, is a frame made of three poles mounted to form a triangle to support the moqué

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This garden of mine has no wall, nor houses around it, it is willing to grow as I go through it, once, twice, thrice, hundreds of times. Is it a place? Is it a source that communicates with space? Is it a text to read? Is it the garden that thought allows?

Maria Gabriela Llansol

With this epigraph I want to begin a small reflection on the contemporary visual arts of Indigenous peoples, because the image of a wild garden, taken from the work by Portuguese writer Maria Gabriela Llansol (1931-2008), has served more or less like a lantern, since the beginning of my approach to Indigenous lands. What could a white university professor find in the forest-villages of signs that shape the languages of the Indians? I say languages, using the semiological concept of anthropologist Gersen Baniwa, who considers the multiple languages (visual, sound, verbal) as aspects of a language (the “pure language” according to Walter Benjamin? The one that remains untranslatable, in translations?):

Thus, for the Baniwa it is also the means by which they communicate with other beings in the world and with the world itself, since, for them, communication between beings is the secret for the balance of the cosmic world. Hunting shortages, for example, can be the result of a lack or inefficiency of communication between the shaman and the superior spirits of the hunts. But this communication with the universe is not exclusive to shamans. All humans, according to Indigenous cosmologies, must permanently maintain this communication. Communication, language and dialogue are, therefore, essentially of the spiritual and transcendental order. (...) Unlike evolutionary thinking, Indigenous peoples conceive languages as inherent parts of the original creation process. The ability to build a language is a gift received in the process of the creation of the world. Each people potentially received a language for communication. But the Indigenous language is a heritage in permanent construction, maintenance, change, improvement, updating and complementation. It can

be said that, according to some Indigenous mythologies, the world is the result of a continuous process of dialogical and dialectical communication between creator beings and creatures. The world is always under construction and, together, so are languages.¹

A wild garden is where weeds, medicinal, edible and the simply beautiful herbs are in harmony invisible to Westernized eyes. Seeing Indigenous villages, crossing the borders of our disgraced and suffering urban civilization, entering the forest of signs, so difficult for outsiders to read, will be the *sine qua non* of thought in Brazil, this country always fragmented with many languages? Without the exercise of impossible translation, without contact with worlds irreducible to the Portuguese language, I don’t think there would be any Brazilian literature or art.

Let us think then of the great imagery revolution that constitutes the *visions* of ayahuasca and the yāmīy of the Maxakali people. Non-real-existing, would be the Llansolian term for these virtual figures from the Indigenous worlds. Figures that resist the places of “characters”, in the fictional pacts of a civilization that assimilates everything and reduces it to the gray of realism – this *modus operandi* that casts works of art in the Judeo-Christian ethos: the man, image and likeness of the omnipotent God, to whom the latter gave the prerogative to invent bad or successful copies. As opposed to this totalizing humanism, the Indigenous people create figures, in their works, that enter into the aesthetic coexistence as living among living, without hierarchies.

With the works that the Indigenous people exhibit in the city – textual overprinting of the village in the urban and modern world – come the languages of the peoples, those that must be unfolded and read. Thus, paintings, sculptures, films, drawings, photographs, which present themselves in contemporary times as Indigenous demonstrations, in my view, should be regarded as an irruption of worlds with their languages, barbaric interventions. Organic, marginal and, in its own way, epic aesthetics. Voices and landscapes from villages arrive in cities to announce the good news: wild humans resist in the garden that thought enables.

1 • BANIWA, Gersen Luciano. Língua, educação e interculturalidade na perspectiva indígena. Revista de Educação Pública, v. 26, n. 62/1 (May/Aug. 2017) Cuiabá, EdUFMT, 2017, p.298.

When, in May 2013, I was looking for the works of artists who participated in the research, teaching and extension project *MIRA! Artes visuais contemporâneas dos povos indígenas* [MIRA! Contemporary Visual Arts of Indigenous Peoples], carried out by the Transdisciplinary Center for Literary Research and the UFMG Cultural Center, I went to the region of Iquitos, specially Santo Tomás and Pevas, where I met artists Pablo Taricuarima, from the Cocama people; Brus Rubio from the Bora people; Santiago Yahuarcani, his son Rember and his wife Nereyda López, from the Huitoto people. Getting to know the house, the village and the family of these artists, as well as the families of all the others I was able to visit during the project, was an experience that changed my way of reading Indigenous visual arts.

After visiting the Yahuarcani family's village, when I was already embarking at the port of Pevas, to go up the Ampyacu River to Pucaurquillo, where the Churay family (from the painter Brus Rubio) lives, Santiago caught up with me and handed me a sheet from a notebook where there was a handwritten text that, transcribed and translated, was used as the caption for one of his works ("El corazon de los varones del caucho") in the *MIRA!* exhibition:

Between 1903 and 1935, acts of barbarism took place that marked the present and the past of Indigenous peoples. For more than 30 years, the Indigenous people suffered the horror of death, carried out by the Peruvian Amazon Company or "Casa Arana" [Arana House], an enterprise that was created for the exploration of *caucho*, or rubber, in the jungles of the Amazon. To carry out these activities, Julio Cesar Arana built a collection center in La Chorrera, Putumayo, currently Colombian territory, which was the most important branch of the rubber emporium. In this place, the company led a genocide in which more than 40,000 (or perhaps 70,000) Indigenous people from different peoples were exterminated, simply for not complying with the rubber quota that was required of them. Men, women, children and elders lived these years under threats, murders and torture: they were branded with the initials C.A., from "Casa Arana"; entire traditional houses were set on fire with Indigenous people inside. Parents

were chained and imprisoned along with their children – fathers and mothers were left to die without food, by starvation, while their children saw their suffering. Hands and arms were mutilated for not delivering the required 50 kilos of rubber. Forced to travel 80 kilometers, carrying enormous weights, without eating or drinking, some died. By drowning and beatings, so many died. There were drownings and beheadings, bodies dismembered and given to dogs as food. Others were burned alive, had their eyes gouged out with wires, or were thrown into pits 15 or 20 meters deep. Indigenous girls were raped by their bosses and foremen. Some were thrown alive in La Chorrera waterfall and others disappeared. For the descendants, these are unfinished damages and open wounds to this day. My son Rember Yahuarcani and I are descendants of the Huitoto Áimenu people.

Navigating the Ampyacu towards the Bora village, I imagined the shock of the slavery imposed by the *caucheros* on that gorgeous river. I understood how the visual arts make us see a little of the remaining lives in forests, in the Caatinga, in the Pampa, in villages, on the outskirts of cities, in rubber and other plantations... Always in transit, the *Indians*, seeking to engage in trade, in school, in the State, finally, in contemporary Western arts, to insert there their languages (words, rhythms, voices, images, movements). The history lesson given by Santiago – the son of Martha Yahuarcani, the heroic female leader since an early age who came from La Chorrera to Pevas – changed the curatorship of the *MIRA!* exhibition², determining the organization of the works (paintings, drawings, ceramics, sculptures, collages, videos, photographs) in order to contemplate, in addition to cosmovisions and landscapes, the theme of violence.

This account of an experience with Indigenous artists at UFMG aims to bring to the exhibition *Moquém_Surari* a reflection on how ethics and aesthetics, histories and

2 • Editor's note: "MIRA! Contemporary Visual Arts of Indigenous Peoples" was a project coordinated by Maria Inês de Almeida between 2013 and 2015. This project unfolded into an important exhibition of the same name at the Knowledge Space of the Federal University of Minas Gerais (UFMG) between September 2013 and January 2014. See more at: <https://projetomira.wordpress.com/>. Last accessed on 10/09/21.

cosmologies, the arts and sciences are intertwined. When artists Isael and Sueli Maxakali, Nei Xakriabá and Ibã Huni Kuin carried out studies and research with us at Literaterras, during the Intercultural Formation course for Indigenous Educators (at the Faculty of Education at that university), I had the opportunity to follow a process that I consider essential for the emergence, in Brazil, of a contemporary art scene, in which talented young people are designated, supported and sent by their communities to the cities to learn new languages and techniques with the "white people" (alphabetical writing, painting with industrialized materials, web design, cinema, photography etc). In a general sense, in the last 30 years, with the strength of Indigenous leaders, interculturality and bilingualism have become concepts reflected in advances in human sciences throughout Latin America. Following such leaders, as university professors, we get involved in these "Indigenous transformations", mutually placing us in a space that is, of course, transitory, but also definitive, of an epistemological turn that should not be underestimated. I want to call this space the Indigenous School.

Here I reaffirm the fundamental role of the Brazilian public university in legitimizing contemporary Indigenous visual arts. The articulations and partnerships that certain policies have fostered between Indigenous and non-Indigenous educators, researchers and artists in university spaces are responsible for opening many museums and galleries to Indigenous peoples. As examples of these policies, we have the Indigenous Licentiate Program, created at the Ministry of Education (MEC) in 2006, and the quota system for admission to Higher Education, instituted in practice since 2004 (first at the University of Brasília) and regulated by the MEC in 2012.

On the centenary of the Modern Art Week, MAM aligns itself with this "step-of-letter" in the History of Brazil and shows what Abaporu, with his huge foot, has been writing. More than one hundred works by Indigenous artists, in various language and media, exhibited in this public space that is a reference to the Brazilian imaginary, undoubtedly say a lot about the national corrosion that even the modernists could not have foreseen. The Brazilian nation insists on not standing on the massacre

of the original peoples; the fissures, the cracks, the explosions, everything tells of a real that cannot be sutured. And each work of *Moquém_Surari*, under the baton of Makunaimi's grandson, Jaider Esbell, comes from the confines to clash in the choir of the metropolises.

The big hunt has been in the works for a few decades, not to say centuries. It has been prepared from generation to generation, through bodies that appear on earth, from time to time, carrying the cosmological energies that move and make the ancestry stand firm in the face of chaos. We can observe this, if we think of the different moments coined to approach Indigenous history in the country, in which we observe the rise of leaders and agents capable of maintaining a dialogue with non-Indigenous society, in order to assert the recognition of their existence and resistance. Not that they are special people, or different from other Indigenous people.

Indigenous peoples resist because they exist. Or do they exist because they resist? For all moments coined by scholars of the subject, it appears that with these groups of Indigenous people/leaders agents of speech, new artifacts were incorporated by them and their peoples, to strengthen this dialogue. For the petty, such incorporations are considered acculturations but, for the hunters, they are strategies. In my own production, I speak of a fourth moment in Indigenous history in Brazil, in which the rise of communication technologies makes them present now as essential elements of struggle and mainly for the connection with non-Indigenous people.

The opening of the virtual space for the creation of narratives was the free ticket for some generations to seize these languages and turn them into weapons for their hunts. I mention in particular the organized Indigenous movement, which adapted itself to the language of both communication and the arts of non-Indigenous people to make itself heard, having its own news release agency.

This fourth moment narrates the total mastery of communication mechanisms for the production of their own texts, the expansion of narratives and the construction of denunciations that escape our geographic dimension, spreading across the world, mobilizing eyes to Brazil.

The rise of Indigenous groups on the global computer network represents the boldness of Brazilian peoples to assume full responsibility for their speeches, contrary to discourses that promote the idea that these organized Indigenous people would be manipulated by non-Indigenous institutions.

If the dominant groups thought that peoples would remain in the space of isolation imposed on them, they could hardly expect that, by recognizing the different ways

of connecting with the “other”, these Indigenous people would readily learn to handle, assemble, create, dialogue, from the knowledge of the dominant groups. An old Terena elder once told me that he insisted that all his grandchildren study, for they needed to understand how the “whites” spoke.

This introduction is quite pertinent to talk about Moquém_Surarî, precisely because we are talking about a large gathering of hunters-practitioners-thinkers of contact strategies, remembering that the intention of contact of Indigenous peoples is certainly more human than the proposals used by the colonizer to start a dialogue with the original people in the invasion episode and in other episodes that take place up to the present day.

This is also due to the fact that the colonizers had the intention of domination (so do the new colonizers!). Indigenous peoples, in their place, intend to expand knowledge and ties that Moquém makes explicit.

In this fourth moment, when I speak of the full use of communication technologies by peoples, the strength of the many ways to expand these dialogues is added. For now, I was talking about the media tools that produce journalistic news, in a strong clash with power groups that dominate national news outlets.

However, it also includes Indigenous groups who, individually or collectively, bring the expansion of different knowledges from other fields of action. I encompass, in addition to audiovisual or news media makers (now we also have a flood of youtubers and influencers), contemporary Indigenous writers and artists. Each of these groups finds in the tools of this moment ways to dialogue, meet, seduce and hunt forms of connection.

The interesting thing is that, if we look at it, everything is closely mixed, even though I referred to groups earlier. But we see the creation skills of Indigenous characters in different fields: writers, visual artists, singers, communicators. For the good hunter has a broad view of the universe in which his hunt is. Indigenous education allows for wit and stimulates the senses. It makes individuals walk among the different skies, the different earths, and retrace these paths whenever necessary.

In Moquém_Surarî you can see this. The expanded dialogue makes this encounter of hunters a big collective hunt. It is the gathering of the strength of resistance, expressed in each work that makes up the exhibition. Jaider Esbell decided to lead the hunt,

inviting strong, powerful hunters, aware of their condition as belonging to a strong group of social actors.

In this fourth moment, which dates back to the 20th century and entered the 21st century, I believe that the Indigenous artists of this contemporary art are hunters capable of formalizing a communication with those who were until then not what they call “our peers”. Our peers, until then, were seen as militants, “NGOs”, anthropologists, missionaries and researchers.

Indigenous art advances over other times, other formats, other agents. It even advances to find those who are not within these strong networks, generally formed by scholars of Indigenous themes. It amazes and causes curiosity about its non-archaeological/non-anthropological existence. It comes via sensitivity to the candy vendor on Avenida Paulista, who one day saw a drawing by Denilson Baniwa painted on the wall of an institution. The candy vendor sat down beside me and said that he liked that. Also, when I met with the excluded living in Cracolândia, who said they recognized a magnetic force in the Indigenous “being”. From exclusion to exclusion, it is necessary to dialogue. Indigenous art has the power to make itself exist in front of a public that is not considered allied with us. Art itself finds the dimension of encounter.

What we see in this exhibition is the diversity of supports for the construction and distribution of narratives. Indigenous artists from different regions make contact from the production of canvases to metal engraving. From drawings to weaving. From photography to book-object. The variety of supports is representative of this fourth moment – we, Indigenous people, dominate all the ways of communicating with non-Indigenous people – from our traditional ways to their traditional ways. And so the strategies of this hunt are built. If symbols and elements from Indigenous culture are not easily understood by the non-Indigenous, it is necessary to take possession of the languages of these other people in order to make ourselves understood.

The colors, shapes, constructions, constitutions, carry the many voices that one wants to make echo. I heard the leader Thiago Karai Jekupé say, during the “Levante pela Terra”, “that the letter he read was written with the white pen, but it carries the spirit of all Indigenous people” (Brasília, June

2021).¹ I use this speech by Karai Jekupé to explain this exhibition to the visitor. Although the various supports found in the works are largely related to non-Indigenous technologies (photography and video, for example), it is necessary to observe each production with a little more openness so that one does not think that, even using the codes of Western society, it is a Westernized work. What I want to emphasize is that it is very common to observe Indigenous productions from Western schools and canons, mainly because many of them already use artifices from the non-Indigenous universe for their production.

That is perhaps what this hunting is talking about. About the dimension of the productions gathered here and a new “time” to see Indigenous art. One must escape a little from the already solidified layers in order to understand the works of art, and try to avoid using them as markers for reading the diverse works found here.

Indigenous artists produced works in this exhibition (mostly) from “white” supports, but Indigenous spirits are impregnated in them (if I would paraphrase Thiago Karai Jekupé, for the reading of these works of art). I exemplify the need for exchanges, if we look at the interviews carried out with artists from Roraima. At this moment, the audiovisual would be the most dynamic and accessible way to bring these narratives to the public. Or even the photographic records of Arissana Pataxó and Sueli Maxakali, which bring the movement of the feminine spirit of women from their respective peoples.

Finally, the txaism proposed by Esbell calls my attention. One of the biggest concerns that permeate the making of a great hunt as this. The exhibition brings together many perspectives, and some of them follow the path of what Jaider considers to be txaism. I often repeat the mantra that racism cannot be fought with intolerance and, in the words of Jaider himself, we have here an urgent invitation to create new forms of relationship, in the production of multiplicities.

Jaider speaks much better than I do, based on the expansion of txaism/affective alliances, that we need to improve the idea of relationships and put an end to the

1 • Translator’s note: “Levante pela Terra”, or “Rise for the Earth”, was an Indigenous occupation and demonstration which took place in Brasília, in June 2021, against a series of political and legal attacks on the constitutional, original and human rights of Indigenous peoples to land and life.

common idea when “we put everything and everyone in the same bag”. *Moquéem_Surarí* is the apex of sharing suggested by Jaider, as he dodges the proposition of an individual exhibition and transforms it into a great encounter/hunt. Everyone looking to expand a dialogue beyond their peers.

If the “old people of the system” already succumb, it is necessary to make a meeting with the time/space of those who have been emerging in this new time. And for that it is necessary to remove everything from the bag and separate all that was obtained during the hunt. That which will not serve for consumption may sometimes germinate.

By proposing the concept of txaism, Jaider is showing different paths for the hunt of this contemporary Indigenous art. It brings together warriors with different specialties, peculiar, affectively connected. Hence the highlight of the strong alliance that Jaider maintains with Paula Berbert and Pedro Cesarino not only in this production, but also in others. The maintenance of the peculiarities of the listening processes and places to speak with and not speak for is an important key to understanding this relationship with “brothers-in-law/txais”.

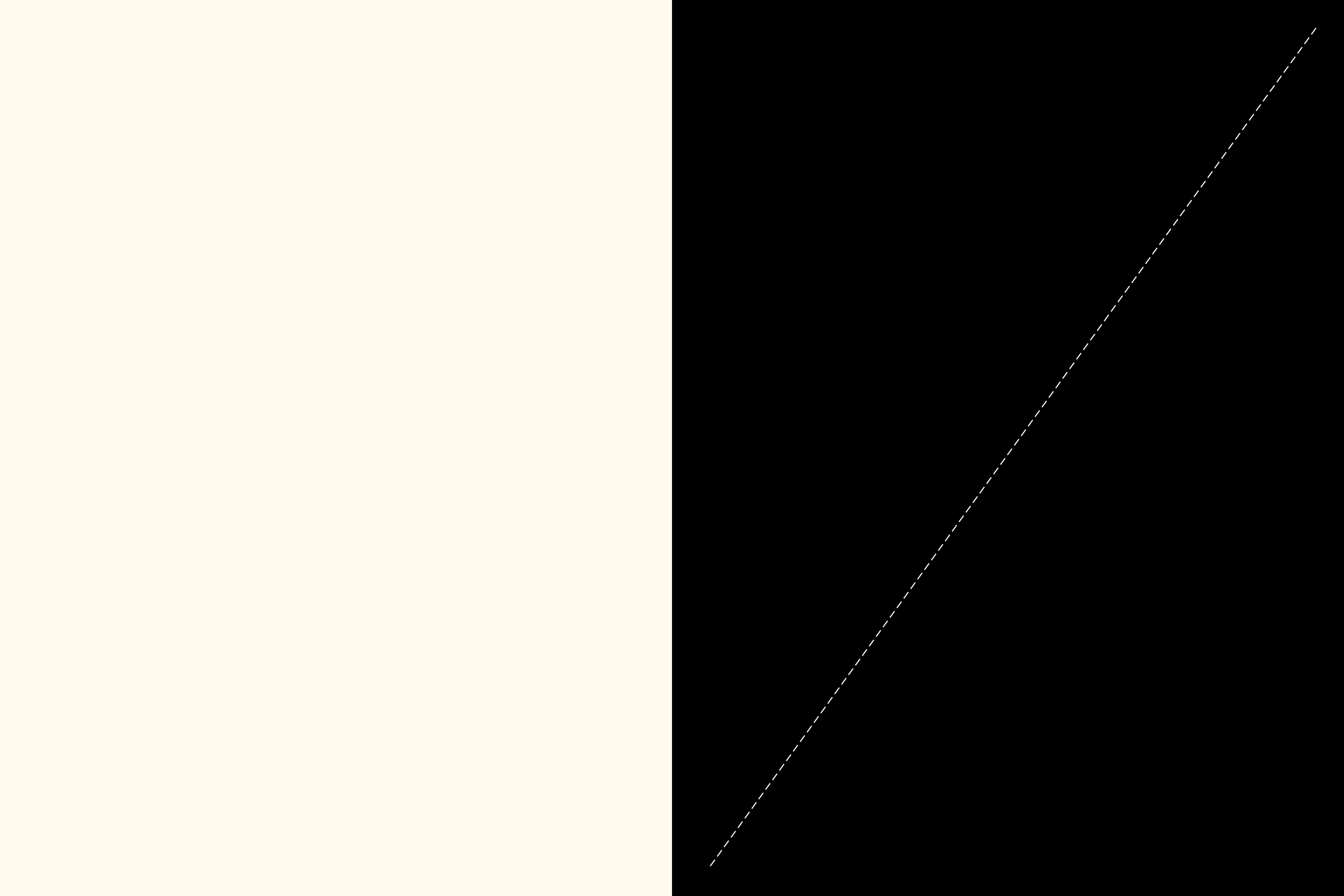
The time for non-Indigenous people to speak for Indigenous people, based on their propositions, has passed. The time for collective production has arrived, respecting the ways of understanding the relations of the original peoples. Relationships that do not focus only on human issues, but on intertwining with the cosmological and environmental universe. There is no way to understand the making of Indigenous art without recognizing the time/space from which artists arise. It is not possible to think about and interpret production conditions without grounding in the extensive relations between human and non-human beings.

To think that traditional Western art schools by themselves and their timeline will achieve the aesthetics of Indigenous production, whether this production is built with non-Indigenous supports or loaded with Indigenous technologies, is a mistake.

Txaism is perhaps one of the ways to enter this universe, understanding that the Indigenous artist, even though he makes an individual journey, will never be alone. Because his ink is loaded with his ancestors, pulsing so that he is always alive in the other. Ceramic modeling expands the relationship with nature, strengthening an ongoing

dialogue with her. It is not simply extracting the raw material for the raw material.

Understanding the world needs to be like crossing a bridge, look at the entire landscape. The *txais* that have proposed to do this, almost always emptying their already crystallized concepts, find themselves in relations of reciprocity and recognition, as mentioned by Jaider Esbell himself. Indigenous people, in turn, collect the lessons learned. More than that, we see in *Moquéem_Surarí* many hands preparing the most sophisticated instruments for a big hunt. Not the hunt that will kill for slaughter, or kill for trade itself. But the hunt that represents the collectivity and from it comes the intention to strengthen and nourish everyone as a whole – the nourishment of *txais*, of the Indigenous male and female warriors, of the enchanted beings who are present, even if not visible.





• Arissana
Pataxó

The first sign of land seen by Cabral's squadron, the Pascoal Mount, is Pataxó land. As a song sang by our people says, "*From the top of that hill up there I can see the sea*". Who knows whether, 500 years ago, some Pataxó from up there did not see signs of the first caravels as they approached our sea before the Portuguese sighted our mountain... In order to understand the Indigenous presence in this *hahãw*, we need to start listening to the "history of Brazil" from another place, starting from the top of the mountain, and not from that sea.

The Pataxó presence in these lands until today demonstrates the strength, struggle and determination of a people who survived by resisting and guarding this *hahãw*, probably for over 500 years. It was from this territory that for many centuries they took their livelihood – collecting, fishing, planting, harvesting, hunting and making *moquém* –, which guaranteed the survival of generations.

Mãgutxi Pataxó: Catching Sea Urchin is a series of photographs that show an activity regularly carried out by the Pataxó people. They were captured on the beaches of the Coroa Vermelha Indigenous Land, which is surrounded by reefs where many shellfish and crustaceans live, which enrich the daily diet of the Pataxó people. Collecting, roasting and eating sea urchins has always been a very common practice among the Pataxó families that live on the coast of Bahia.

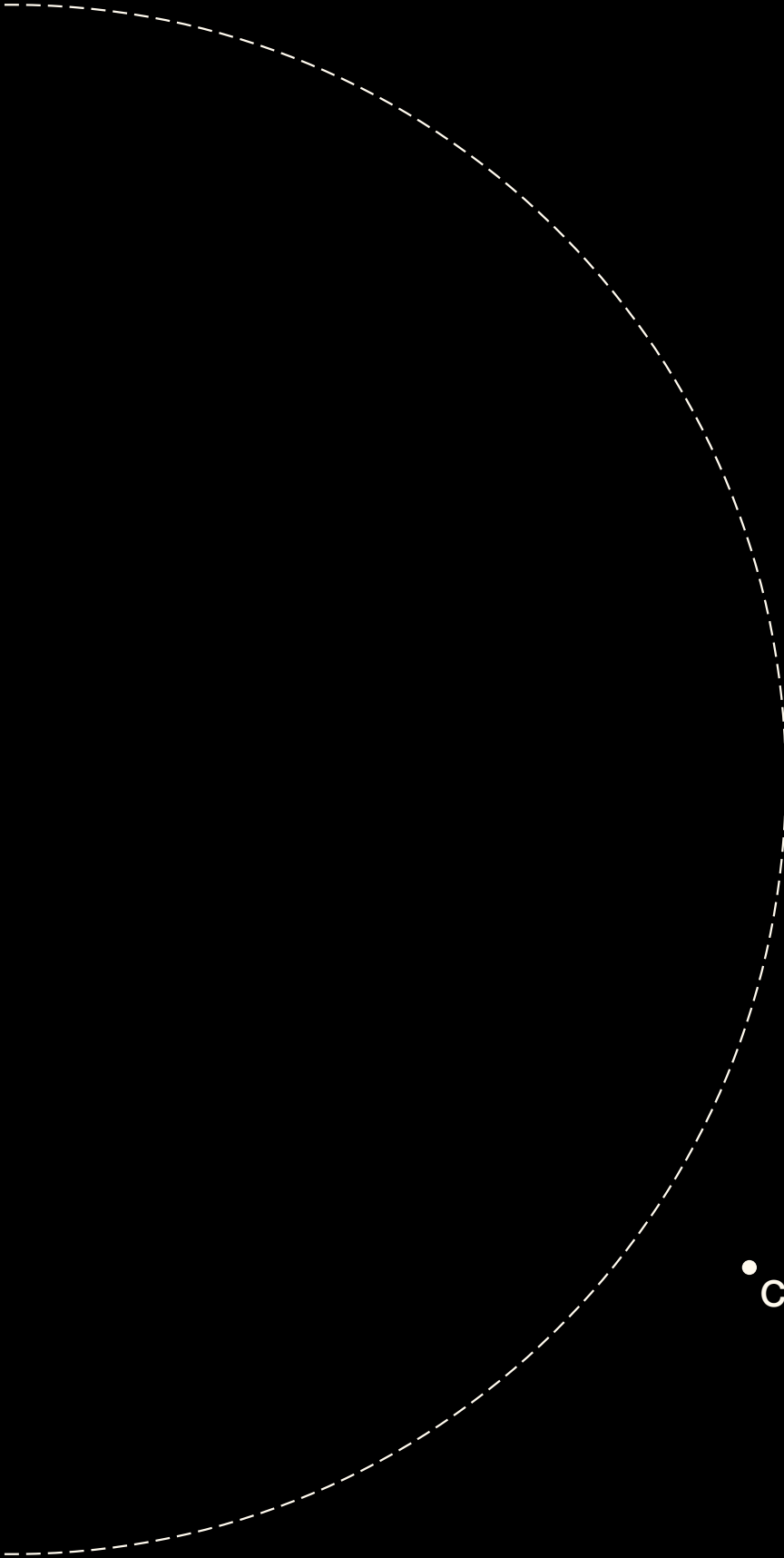
The Jokana that appears in the images is my *imamakã*, Meruka. She was born in the Barra Velha Indigenous Territory at a time when the area was not yet demarcated as an Indigenous Land and was experiencing conflicts. There was the presence of the Instituto Brasileiro de Defesa Florestal [Brazilian Institute of Forest Defense], which had been installed there since the 1940s, in an attempt to make the Pataxó *hahãw* a forest park. Later, in the 1960s, this came to be a reality. During this process of overlapping the Monte Pascoal National Park over the traditionally occupied territory by the Pataxó, the sea, the mangrove and the reefs were sacred places for the Pataxó families. It was from these spaces that they extracted "their sustenance", since they could no longer hunt, nor farm, nor extract any type of vegetables and vines for daily activities in the forest they had always inhabited.

My mother says it was a difficult time. Like all the people, she lived a childhood with great food shortage, having to resort to what the mangrove and the sea could still offer them, since living and surviving from the forest was considered an environmental crime. To get around the food shortage, the union of the people made the difference. She says that at that time everything was shared, because when they managed to hunt something (albeit secretly), fish and shellfish were shared with their relatives, who also reciprocated with what they had: flour, *beiju*¹, fish etc.

My mother, like most older people her age, did not have the opportunity to attend school, so she helped and accompanied her parents in their daily tasks. She says that she didn't like to take care of the housework very much, she preferred to wake up early, still at dawn, to go with her father to see if any game had fallen into the trap they set the day before.

Today times have changed, I was born in a new era, in the age of electricity, of television. But whenever I can, I stop to listen to the stories she tells of the experiences she lived in other times. I believe that it is these memories shared with each new generation, with their uniqueness, that strengthen our people and give place to other stories, stories told from another place: from the "hill" and, who knows, at the foot of some *moqué*².

1 • Translator's note: Beiju is an Indigenous delicacy that was introduced into the Brazilian cuisine, made from a traditional process of handling manioc, usually consumed as an accompaniment to fish or game meat in a meal.
2 • Translator's note: Moqué is a Tupi word that was introduced in the Brazilian Portuguese language, which designates a platform made of wooden sticks, as well as its handling technique, where fish and game meat can be grilled, as well as smoked to be kept wrapped in leaves, widely common to the practices of Amerindian peoples.



• Carlos Papá

THE BLOOMING
ATLANTIC FOREST

For us, Guarani Mbya, the dark is responsible for the whole universe, everything that is created springs from the dark: the earth, the water, the mountains, all of us. From the origin of our ancestry we continue to preserve our memory, taking care of our sacred territory: Nhe'ery, which teaches us every day to live together with all beings in harmony. We carry on with our children, with our men and women of prayer singing sacred songs for the forest to continue alive and so that we continue to have the little plants that heal, the berries that feed and the joy that motivates our walk together with the Living Well.

• Charles Gabriel

The artist Charles Gabriel also wrote this text in Makuxi, his mother language. This version is reproduced on the back cover of this catalog. Editor's Note.

THE MAN AND THE MOQUÉM*

In the middle of the mountains, so far away, a couple lived for some years who, in their old age, had a child. As the years went by, the boy grew, becoming smarter and smarter and, every afternoon, his parents told stories about the places where they had already traveled to, and he always answered:

— One day I'll go there too, Dad.

He was already grown up, a strong, hardworking and very intelligent young man. He started thinking about what his life would be like in the future, as he also wanted to build his family and he wanted to follow his father's example, but, unlike him, he would have more children. One day, the young man decided to venture into the world and explore new horizons, discover what was behind the mountains and beyond. The next day he picked up his few things and left for an unknown direction. He spent the whole day walking and found nothing but beautiful nature, but wherever he went he made a drawing on the stone to identify that he had walked through that place. So, in the late afternoon, before reaching a forest, he found a small stream with clear blue waters, and decided to find a corner to sleep right there. Before going to look for something to eat, he found, on a rock, roasted fish and wondered if there was anyone in that place. Even so, he got the fish and ate it, as he was very hungry. When night fell, he tied his hammock at the top of a tree and the moon was very beautiful. When later he began to hear a noise in the woods, it was the owner of the fish he had eaten, an animal he had never seen before. The animal stopped at that place bringing many more fish in its hands, put them back on the stone and gathered many leaves, it made a fire and roasted the fish, then wrapped the fish in the leaves, tied them with vine, left them on the stone, and went back into the woods. The young man, amazed by this, left that same night, walked all night and, already in the morning, arrived on top of a mountain. There he saw a house. So the young man decided to go there to meet whoever lived there and the people received the traveler. He told them his story, of how he had ended up in that place.

The owner of the house invited the young man to go fishing, and so the next day they left for the river that was nearby. Arriving at the place, they fished a lot, the women

were preparing the fish, but before finishing preparing all the fish, the owner of the house asked the young man to do what he had learned in the middle of his trip: he roasted the fish and then took leaves from a banana tree and wrapped all the fish in them. That was unheard of for those people who watched and saw that this was a simple way to store meat.

The next day the young man continued his journey and wherever he went he taught the way he stored food. Many people liked the idea, little did they know that what the young man had learned from the animal in the forest was called Surarî (Moqué). After a while, the young man decided to go back and visit his parents. When he got there, he told the whole story of his trip, especially what happened with the fish roasted in the way that the wild animal had done. His father said that the animal the young man had seen was called Surarî (Moqué). So, since that day, the young man decided to call that way of roasting and preserving fish Surarî (Moqué). And that is why most people today use this name, *surarî* (moqué), to refer to that way of roasting and preserving fish.



Isael
Maxakali

OUR DRAWINGS HAVE A SONG

I'm Isael Maxakali. I live here in the Hãmkãim village, in the municipality of Ladainha, Minas Gerais.

I want to talk a little bit about our art, our drawings. I really like my work because I want to strengthen our culture, our Indigenous art too. Here we all draw, we have songs, we have paintings. That's why I made drawings for the exhibition *Moquém_Surari*: to exhibit in the museum and for non-Indians to get to know my work too.

I am strengthening our culture. Because when I draw, it seems to me that the drawing is alive, all that's left is for it to walk. All drawings have a story, they have a song. All the animals that exist, the ancestors, who no longer exist, the big animals, alligator, tapir, capybara, anaconda. And today we are drawing the animals, the drawing represents the big animal. Our songs preserve the names of animals that no longer exist.

That's why we are working and making a lot of drawings for exhibitions as well. We have to show our different knowledge, the knowledge of the Maxakali people.

Bay.

• Nei Leite
Xakriabá

I'm Vanginei Leite Silva, known as Nei Leite Xakriabá, an Indigenous teacher, researcher and artist. I live in the Barreiro Preto village, Xakriabá Indigenous Land, in the municipality of São João das Missões, Minas Gerais.

Over the last three decades we have been living, since the ratification of our territory and the implementation of the Indigenous school, a movement of cultural repossession with the objective of guaranteeing the recovery and transmission of this cultural heritage to the younger generations, thus avoiding the danger of their separation from this ancestral knowledge due to the actions of the colonizer. And the Indigenous school has been one of the allies in this struggle since they started to hire only workers of our own people and adopted methodologies aimed at a differentiated education, having as a priority the strengthening of traditional practices. The teachers started to take the Indigenous Teaching course, which was a conquest of the peoples' struggle before the Minas Gerais State Department of Education, in partnership with the Federal University of Minas Gerais (UFMG). Then, we also created the Intercultural Formation course for Indigenous Educators, at the Faculty of Education at UFMG (FIEI/ FaE-UFMG), which resulted in several researches and researchers of our own peoples. In this way, the school institution began to make more sense to us, training Indigenous researchers fed by the idea of belonging and prepared to live in their land and also move into the world of non-Indigenous people without abandoning their roots. All of this has thus contributed to our increasing awareness of the right to culture, difference and cultural diversity, which were previously discouraged by the previous non-Indigenous school.

To reactivate some cultural practices of our people, which were dormant, we make "retomadas". "Retomada" is a word used for land repossession, that is, the occupation of our lands previously invaded by farmers or squatters, in order to take them back. In cultural repossession, we take back old practices, customs, artistic practices, body painting, or language. The repossession of pottery production took place from the moment I was chosen to

be an Indigenous teacher in my village in the discipline of art and also from a workshop held by professor Rogério Godoy with the Xakriabá pottery artists. The workshop was part of one of the actions resulting from my study of Xakriabá Traditional Pottery, carried out during the Intercultural Formation Course for Indigenous Educators at FaE-UFMG. Until then, the potters produced some pottery pieces, but they no longer burned them and, therefore, the pieces were not very useful, as they did not stay firm, or fell apart over time.

In my research with pottery, I have been learning more and more traditional modeling and burning techniques and, at the same time, pursuing to add value to the piece by transferring the traces of our body painting to it. I tried to improve the finishes and create lids for the jars with figures of animals from the Cerrado¹, native to our land. As I had already learned from my mother how to model some animal figures from our region with clay, I decided to put these lids in the jars, representing some of the animals that marked my childhood. When I was a child, I received from my uncle, for being small, the nickname of “little armadillo”, hence the inspiration to make Moringa-Tatu [Armadillo-Jar]. During my adolescence I started to catch young hawks and domesticate them. And so, came the idea of Moringa-Gavião [Hawk-Jar]. Since I was very young, I heard my relatives talking about the cabocla-jaguar or laiá cabocla², an enchanted jaguar, our protector who still communicates with our shamans today. So, I decided to create Moringa-Onça [Jaguar-Jar]. As my father was a hunter and always brought from his hunts the Jacu [Guan] bird to feed us, I thought about making Moringa-Jacu [Guan-Jar], as it reminded me of many childhood memories.

The collection of clay is related to the phases of the moon and the rain cycle. During the time of the bud, of the waning moon and the very new moon, the clay is weak, it cracks a lot, which indicates that it is not time to look for it. The bud begins in August, when the plants begin to renew their leaves, and ends a few days after the first rains in the rainy season. The waters are the rainy season. During this time, the Xakriabá hardly make pieces of clay because they are busy in the gardens, as it is the rainy season. Women do not take clay during the days when they are

menstruating, because during this period clay can cause illness in the body. It is the moon and the rain who tell us the right time to ask Mother Earth permission to fetch the clay under the ground. The clay has to be fetched before or after the bud times, the time of the waning moon and the first three days of the new moon. Just as the moon has authority over the earth, the earth has authority over us. The objects of Xakriabá pottery are produced from clay, clay is the earth that is under the care of the Moon.

1 • Translator's note: The *Cerrado* is a vast tropical savanna ecoregion broadly located in the Brazilian Highlands, characterized by its semi-humid climate and unique biodiversity.
2 • Translator's note: *Caboclo(a)* is a term most probably of Tupi origin that designates, in a general sense, a person of mixed Indigenous and non-Indigenous ancestry, but also, in diverse Afro-Brazilian and Indigenous religious contexts, an ancestral spirit or tutelary deity.

• Rita Sales
Huni Kuin

THE ORIGIN OF THE AYAHUASCA OF THE HUNI KUIN
PEOPLE THROUGH YUBE INU AND YUBE SHANU

From the moment that my father, Ibã Huni Kuin, founded the Huni Kuin Artists Movement (MAHKU), working on paintings and telling the myths of our people through music, I began to be woken up to the desire to make different drawings about the same songs or stories. It was then that I started to observe the trees, the river, the people, and I started to paint them. It was a big challenge, my teacher was nature itself, especially when I had no encouragement from anyone. There were times when I looked at other people's paintings, beautiful and colorful, and felt unable to do the same. That's why I spent some time without painting, I just kept watching!

In 2009, an artist came from Rio de Janeiro and brought some painting material. I saw him giving it to some artists in the community to make paintings for an exhibition. I took the risk of going there and offering to paint too. I did it, I joined them, I was paid and I was very happy. At that moment I started to wake up again to painting, I started to do what my vision showed me, and not what people wanted me to do. Gradually my sister, Yaka Huni Kuin, and I started to paint. Our biggest difficulty was finding the materials when they were missing, as we live in a small town in the state of Acre, where everything is very difficult to access and far away. Even so, we have not given up on our dream of always doing our best! We always remained confident, giving each other strength so we wouldn't give up! As time went by, today I have my paintings as one of my best inspirations, because besides having a passion for what I do, paintings are always my therapy. While I make my works, I fly in my imagination, always looking for something new to leave registered on the canvas, because for me paintings are not just stories and songs, they are the stories of our ancestry, energies and memories passed on to each generation. Today I love what I do, besides being my livelihood, it's also where I always look for the answers for a new work!

Among the many paintings I do, the main one is the painting about the story of Yube Inu and Yube Shanu, the Indian hunter and the Boa-woman¹, which is the story of

the emergence of Ayahuasca! I will tell you this story.

In a village where an Indigenous community lived, there was an Indian who always went hunting. One day he went out and found many footprints of various animals that passed by around that place because of the abundance of food.

By the lakeside there was a genipap tree with many fruits, because of that several animals circulated there. When the Indian named Yube Inu arrived at the scene, he noticed this circulation. For him, a hunter, that was a real treat. So Yube

Inu made an ambush, which is a hunter's hideout to wait for the prey to arrive without it noticing. Yube Inu waited...

Until he just got tired and started to take a nap. When he heard a noise coming towards him, he quickly got up and looked through the small gap, he saw a tapir. He waited for the tapir to get closer to try to kill it. But he was surprised when he saw that the tapir was not an ordinary animal, it was different. The tapir took three genipap fruits from the ground and threw them in three different directions into the lake, it waited a few seconds and bubbles began to come out of the water. Then a white woman with long black hair appeared, and came out of the lake to the land.

Surprised, Yube Inu remained silently watching from the ambush, watching everything that was happening! Upon coming out of the water, the Boa-woman, called Yube Shanu, had a love affair with the tapir. Soon after, Yube Shanu returned to the lake and the tapir had gone away! The hunter Yube Inu left his ambush and repeated the same scene as the tapir had done, but when he realized that Yube Shanu, the Boa-woman, would come to meet him, he hid behind the genipap tree. Upon leaving the water Yube Shanu asked:

— Who called who isn't here? Show yourself! I want to see you!

Yube Inu slowly appeared and introduced himself to her:

— It was me! I saw what the tapir did, I was curious to know!

And I also did it to find out who you are!

And she introduced herself:

— I'm Yube Shanu! And who are you?

— I'm Yube Inu!

And she said:

— You are like me! I want to date you!

They had intercourse, the Boa-woman fell in love with Yube Inu, and he also fell in love with her.

70

71

Yube Shanu spoke:

— I have to go, my family is waiting for me.

— Where did you come from? – asked the Indian-hunter.

— I am from the bottom of the waters of this lake!

And who are you?

— I'm from here, I came hunting and I found the tapir doing this enchantment with you.

— Are you married? Come live with me, I'll take you!

So, the Boa-woman gathered some medicinal herbs from the forest and passed it on Yube Inu's eyes and together they went into the lake. Under the spell of the herb, the hunter realized that he no longer belonged to the world in which he lived. When he arrived in the water world, he realized that everything was different from his previous world. Yube Inu was received as a stranger, after all he was a human in the aquatic world of the boas, fish and all those who breathe underwater. Once there, he was introduced as Yube Shanu's new husband and the families were very happy, but fish like the stingray, mandi, electric fish, which we also call *puraqué*, and others didn't like the idea at all!

Over time, Yube Inu and Yube Shanu had two children.

However, all the work carried out by her and her family were always kept secret for the Indian. Even though he had been there for a long time, he even had children, the works were still completely confidential, as they were afraid to reveal their secrets to the human world.

After all, Yube Inu wasn't one of them, although he was Boa-woman's husband, he was still a stranger. That's why he was always forbidden to commune Nixi Pae, the ayahuasca, together with them. Yube Shanu always said that the hunter wasn't ready for that yet!

One day, tired of them hiding everything from him and already knowing a lot of things, as he watched from afar, Yube Inu decided not to obey his wife anymore and confronted her to take this medicine that they hid so much. So, the Boa-woman took him, served the ayahuasca medicine, the Nixi Pae. When he started to feel the *miração*², in his vision small things started to appear like butterflies, caterpillars and other animals of the forest! When finally the force came strong³, it revealed to him that the world he lived in was no longer what he thought. And his wife and the rest of the boas were also in force, and everyone already knew

that Yube Inu had discovered the secret of the world of the boas, that he was aware of many things he learned during their coexistence. So, they planned to kill Yube Inu, in an attempt to prevent him from passing on that knowledge to the family of the earth. Still in the force, Yube Inu saw that he was being swallowed by his own woman! And he screamed, in the force, asking for help because he was being devoured by the boas! His wife, Yube Shanu, and also his father-in-law came, and they sang a song to heal him, because that was just a *miração*, and everything was fine!

The whole day after he remained sad, thinking about the vision he had had in the force of ayahuasca, because for him it was all reality. Yube Inu decided to go hunting in an attempt to flee back home to the land, where he had left his wife and children!

When he was at the headwater of a stream, sitting, thinking about how to get back, suddenly a very dark man appeared, who is actually an enchanted fish called Ixkin, who came close and asked:

— What are you doing around here?

Yube Inu replied:

— I'm lost here, trying to get back home because my wife and her family are actually a bunch of boas and they're trying to kill me! Help me! Could you take me back home?

Ixkin replied:

— Let's go! I'll help you get out of here! Do you see my hair all broken? Yeah! Your children and your wife, whom you left behind on land, are starving! They almost ate me, I barely saved myself here in the hollow of a stick in the middle of the river! They wanted to catch me and I ran away! I'll help you, get here on my back, I'll help you reach your true family!

Upon reaching his true family, Yube Inu spent several days telling the stories and mysteries of the world of the boas. The hunter shared everything he experienced during the time in the waters, from small details to the most important things. Meanwhile, his other family was getting ready to go out looking for him, and they planned to kill Yube Inu as soon as they found him. His real family would not let him out, not even to use the bathroom, in an attempt to protect him, fearing that something might happen to him! He did his physiological needs, showered and ate his daily meals without leaving the house!

Until one day Yube Inu decided to go out for a while, when suddenly a boa, one of his youngest children, came singing the following: *Sirim sirim sirim* – and ended up swallowing his little toe in an attempt to swallow his father! The second son came doing the same thing: *Sirim sirim sirim* – and swallowed his big toe! Finally came Yube Shanu, the Boa-woman, who swallowed Yube Inu up to the waist, according to the vision he had in the power of ayahuasca! But he braced himself between one tree and another, held on and shouted for help from the other relatives:

— Please help me! The snakes are swallowing me!!!

They all came running to help, the boas let him go and left.

Yube Inu was taken in the hammock to his home, where he received all the necessary care. But he knew he was going to die, because the part of the body that had been swallowed was rotting away. And as the days went by, he explained the little experience he had had in contact with ayahuasca. Until the time came for Yube Inu to make his passage, but before that he explained that upon completing seven days he was to be visited, as medicinal plants would be born from the members of his body, including mainly the Jagube and the Chacrona. Yube Inu explained how to take, mix, prepare and commune, taught the songs to be sung, but he would explain the rest in the force, as he would be the very force of medicine:

— Whoever tastes this medicine will be with me! You will learn more and more, as I will teach you in the force! After a week they fulfilled what had been said, because before he had taught everything he learned from the world of the boas: the paintings, the songs, the secrets and everything else!

That's why today this sacred medicine exists for all those who believe, and the more we study, the more we learn from it!

Haux haux! Long live Yube Inu!

That's why the paintings I'm inspired to do are about this story of the emergence of ayahuasca through Yube Inu and Yube Shanu!

1 • Translator's note: Boa constrictor, a large, non-venomous, heavy-bodied snake known in Brazil as 'jiboia'.
2 • 'Miração' is a Brazilian Portuguese word that refers to the dreamlike inner visions induced by the ingestion of Ayahuasca.
3 • 'To be in the force', in Ayahuasca and Indigenous contexts, is an expression to designate the change in the state of consciousness and perception induced by the ingestion of Ayahuasca.

• Sueli
Maxakali

My name is Sueli Maxakali, I'm from the Hãmkãim village. But when I started working with images, I lived in Aldeia Verde. I'm going to talk a little bit about my work that is being shown in the *Moquéim_Surari* exhibition and also about when I started to work. It was as follows.

The first thing, when I got a camera, I started taking pictures with the girls from Aldeia Verde to make a book, *Koxuk xop/Imagem: fotografias tikmũ'ũn de Aldeia Verde* (2009). That's when we had this idea of making a book. The photos I chose for the book are like image, *koxuk*. I chose those photos because they look so much like what we draw, they look like an image of spirit, of *yãmĩy*. It may look like it's a little blurry, but we had to choose that way, in order to show our culture. Photography, in our Maxakali language, is also called *koxuk*. At the same time, for us, spirit is *koxuk* and also *yãmĩy*.

So we had to choose. We started to work. Then we made posters for the Museu do Índio. We did an exhibition there too. And that helped a lot to show our *yãmĩy* outside the village. This was also important for the staff to have more knowledge about some species of animals that today, here in the Mucuri Valley, are gone. I see that there are still few animals, they have adapted to the polluted water, as we sometimes see more *kegmaih*. For us, *kegmaih* is a spirit too. *Kegmaih* is a spirit that, when we knock it down, we put manioc dough on it so it can get up. *Kegmaih* is tortoise. As we can see, in Teófilo Otoni itself, where there is polluted water and a lot of *kegmaih*. We see that there are many species that are suffering from all the violence against animals, and we are very concerned about that.

I would also like to say that our people are fighting for the land so that our *yãmĩy* can come back, so that it becomes very strong, and also gives back our forest, which is *mîmputax*. When we talk about *mîmputax*, it is the spirit of the wood inside the forest, which today is ending due to the violence against the forests as well. And the *yãmĩy* are very important for us. *Kegmaih*, spirit, they are all inside the woods, they come from inside the woods. But today they are running out.

Photos are also very important. Taking a picture today is different from what you used to see in the past, so it is very important to register. Nowadays photos are changing more and more. It's very important for us to take pictures, make more books, make more school. Have the land to make a forest-school to do more activities, make more books. This is all very important to our children. The photos, the pictures make the children from outside the village see them too, to further reduce prejudice. Because there is still a lot of prejudice against us, Maxakali Indigenous people.

Bay!

• Vernon Foster

Art has been around since mankind. Being fairly new to the Art world, as an artist, I can only give my point of view, for art is in the eyes of the beholder. As a somewhat knowledgeable person in the history and folklore of Native American culture, I found it not just exciting but an important means of preservation. Some of the ancient aspects of a culture have given way to time, but it is through various mediums that this culture lives on as we cultivate its meaning. The art work was done also with the intention of preserving the culture for future generations. Perhaps the old ones knew that someday the exploits of the people would jeopardize their way of life. So what we see today in modern society is not only the art itself but it reveals life as it was, every day, at special times and events.

Looking at a worn piece of buffalo hide can show us how skilled the people were at creating things to survive. There were those who were so sophisticated in their techniques and creativity that today could be seen as a Native Picasso or Van Gogh. Maybe that's extreme, but nevertheless art was done with great pride and care. Sometimes, very rough and not as beautiful as others but important just the same. As an artist, like many others, I began to admire other works and even tried to copy some, of which I myself am guilty of, but eventually one finds his own unique style. I struggled to find my style. Perhaps this is a constant. I dabbled in simple sketches, oils, acrylics, scenery, portraits, even abstract museum quality reproductions of daily utensils, musical tools flaking away at stones and much more. Many of the things of this nature, I have created with what I have been given, gifted or traded which is a way of keeping an old custom alive.

I became interested in the old styles known as winter count and later as ledger art. This was done on tanned hides like a big canvas. The depictions often showed what was happening within the community at the time such as: Indian battles, ceremonies, the following of the stars or weather patterns and simple personal deeds of accomplishments. At the turn of the century, buffalo and deer hides were not as plentiful due to western expansion. What remained was found in old ledgers, gifts that were

given to dignitaries even visitors from London and, of course, the soldiers took their share of souvenirs. Much of this type of art can be found in various museums around the world.

Around the 1800s, wagons of settlers began passing through Native lands often leaving broken or abandoned wagons along the trails. Native people began to look through the remnants of what was left to see how they could utilize any discarded objects. Often, financial records, music and notebooks, journals or personal diaries were found. It wasn't long before the winter count keepers started using the ledgers to do their art, becoming known as ledger art. Later, during the reservation era, all kinds of art and expression were forbidden and these techniques lost in time. It wasn't until just recent times due to the American Indian Religious Freedom Act that was passed in the seventies that all forms of Native American culture and traditions were allowed to once again bloom. With this, came the contemporary art of ledger. The old style brought a new approach to the Native American art world. It has made a comeback through another generation of artists including myself.

Painting very simple, sometimes distorted forms adding to an abstract look, with little details and placing the subject in a modern society as we may see it today. For example, a painting of Indians riding in the back of an old model t sedan in full native clothing when they were taken to Europe. Or, a painting of natives in full regalia carrying umbrellas. The backdrop becomes endless.

Personally, sometimes, I find myself making a painting with mixed humor or a serious matter. As an artist, I sit with a canvas or a piece of paper in front of me and begin to create. I really don't know what I have in mind. The emotional process I go through is somewhat nostalgic. When I draw or paint an Indian portrait, I try to place myself in that period and capture the reality of what my subject was experiencing at that time not just the physical aspect, but the emotional, social and spiritual aspect too. Once I can envision all this, then I can begin the project for my ledger art. I have sought out old ledgers in bookstores, antique shops and music books. The older the paper, the better the art. I feel this brings to life an old way of being.

Ledger art is growing in popularity among Native American enthusiasts and hobbyists. No matter the changes, there will always be a place for Native art. As long as we have art, we will always have a culture. Art does not belong to one man or collector, like many of our ways, art belongs to the people.

• Yermollay
Caripoune

1. MITO DO CRIADOR TEMERÔ'Q, 2019

• Yermollay Caripoune
(Aldeia Santa Isabel, Terra
Indígena Uaçá, AP, 1976)



In the beginning there was only Temerõ'q, the first father. Tired of certainties and isolation, he brought out the opposite twin of himself, Laposié. Temerõ'q gave him the power of transformation. Laposié dressed his fur cloak and went to the three worlds. The world above, of spirits and souls, the world in the middle, where we live, and the world below, which is the world of waters, where animals like us live, they are people.

Laposié dressed his fur cloak and turned into Aramary, a supernatural and monstrous snake, the seducer of girls, and went to the world of waters. He went from one world to another, getting women pregnant, who produced the children of animals.

Laposié is turned into Aramary, a creature that descends from the heights, balanced by the protection of beings, being born love and from love, understanding.

Aramary took a girl to the water world and turned her into a snake. This woman spent a long time living in the water world, but managed to flee Aramary and return to her village in the middle world. This woman had her whole body marked with beautiful paintings. She said that she was in a very beautiful village and that she didn't feel like leaving. She then taught other women of the village the supernatural secret of Aramary, and spoke the secret of his fur cloak, which was named Adamnã, and how it morphed into beautiful bright colored marks, which had the power of deadly seduction.

When Aramary arrived at his house, in the world of waters, he didn't see his wife and got furious. So, he came to the middle world to look at his wife who had run away from him. When he arrived in the village at night, he had a surprise, the men and women were all painted like him. So, Aramary turned into a beautiful boy to get the woman, but he didn't make it because the men in the village already knew his secret and shot him with an arrow. But the arrows didn't pierce him, then he quickly transformed and dove into the world above, turned into Laposié. He arrived at dawn and hit the woman with his supernatural arrow, killing her in her hammock. Thus, he turned into the head of the Kuripí river and made many genipap trees from Aramary.

Temerõ'q saw all this and was furious. He expelled them to the middle world and took from Laposié his mantle of transformation. Temerõ'q turned Laposié into a boy. Thus, in the middle world he had neither mother nor father. He could only count on his sisters to return to the world above. On this route he was very hungry, and he told his sisters to look for food, so they said:

— We won't make beiju¹.

Even contradicted, they decided to do it, because the boy was very hungry and kept taking a piece of raw beiju. The boy returned to take another piece of beiju, his sister angrily pressed his hand on the hot oven, burning it. The boy was sad with his hand burned and hungry. So, he started crying and went off to the woods. He produced a bow and many arrows. As the sky was low, he started shooting towards the sky and hit the big star Warukamã. Excited, he began shooting one arrow after the other, until a string of arrows was created. His sisters shouted for him to come eat the beijus that were ready. He replied that he didn't want to, but that he was leaving. Then, the boy started to climb the arrow rope soaring towards the sky. When he was at a certain height, he let out a very loud scream. His sisters saw him climbing, and caught a pole, managing to climb a certain height behind him. They then grabbed him by his leg and, with their weight, managed to rip the boy's leg off. But he continued to climb and his sisters fell and entered the water world, turning into frogs.

Then the boy reached the sky, giving Temerõ'q back his mantle of transformation. Laposié or the Seven Stars spoke from the sky to his sisters:

— When I bestow the rain, you will cry.

They are the frogs that cry with longing for their brother.

That's why frogs, and also lizards, snakes, trees, peel, lose their skin, because they answered Laposié.

Today Laposié meanders through the sky, which is his home. He turned into stars.

1 • Translator's note: Beiju is an Indigenous delicacy that was introduced into the Brazilian cuisine, made from a traditional process of handling manioc, usually as an accompaniment to fish or game meat in a meal.

• **Jaider Esbell**
(Normandia, RR, 1979 – 2021)

2. MALDITA E DESEJADA, 2012





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• **Amazoner Arawak**
(Maloca da Malacacheta, Terra
Indígena Malacacheta, RR, 1973)



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• **Bartô**
(Maloca do Orinduque, Terra
Indígena Raposa Serra do Sol,
RR, 1969)



12

• Carmezia Emiliano
(Maloca do Japó, Terra Indígena
Raposa Serra do Sol, RR, 1960)



• Diogo Lima
(Normandia, RR, 1987)



• **Luiz Matheus**
(Boa Vista, RR, 1997)

15. GRILAGEM, 2013



15

• **Mario Flores Taurepang**
(Comunidade Sorocaima I, Terra Indígena São Marcos, RR, 1977)

16. BOI TAUPERANG, 2013



16

17. CABEÇA DA VACA, 2013

• **Isaiais Miliano**
(Mutum, Terra Indígena Raposa
Serra do Sol, RR, 1971)



19. YE'PÁ MAHSÜN KÜN ÑA'Á
TÚO'NARÁ, 2012

18. SEMÉ HORI TÉ'É MOMORI HORI NUN
DÍ'AH, 2011

• **Bu'ú Kennedy**
(Border between Brazil and
Colombia, 1978)





23—29. UNTITLED (series Máguxi
Pataxó - pegando ouriço), 2014

• Arissana Pataxó
(Porto Seguro, BA, 1983)



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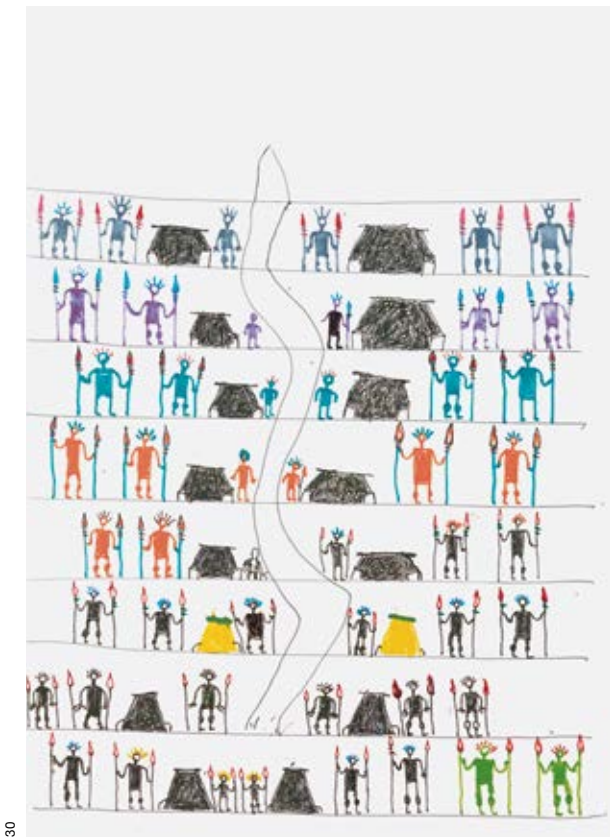
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• **Antonio Brasil Marubo**
(Região do Alto Rio Itui, Terra Indígena Vale do Javari, AM, 19? ?)

30. PATAMARES TERRESTRES, 2004

31. PATAMARES CELESTES, 2004



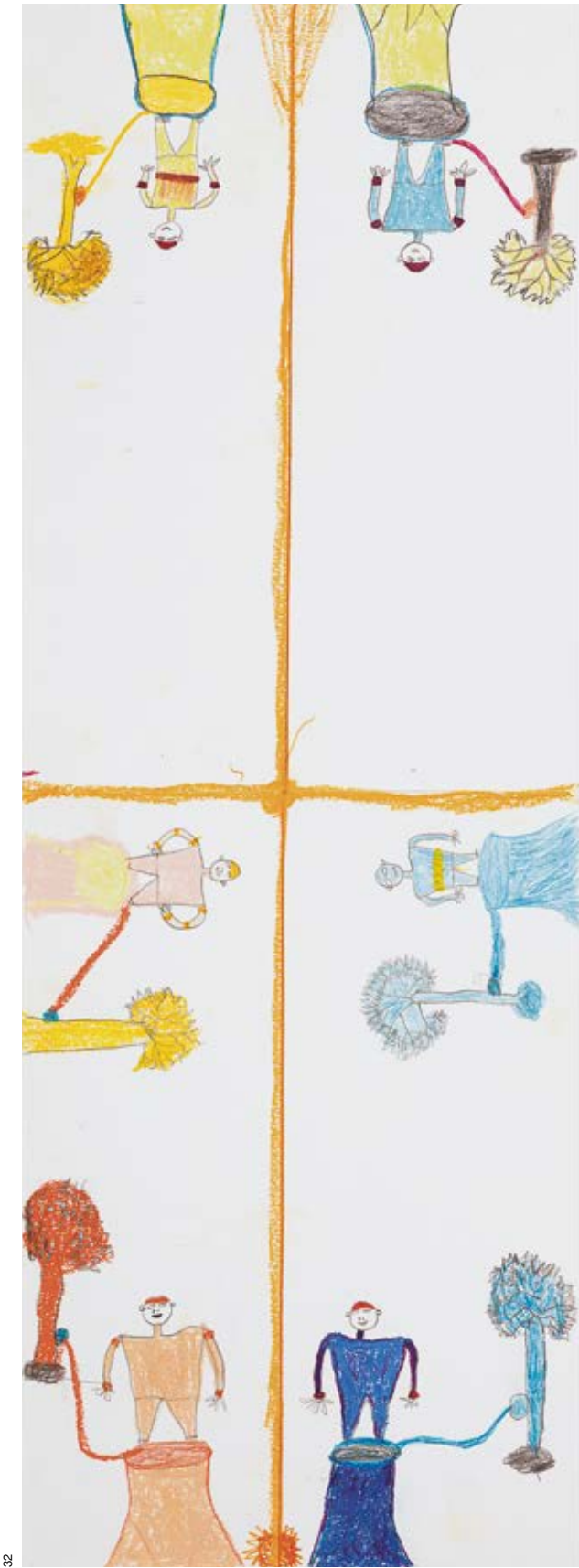
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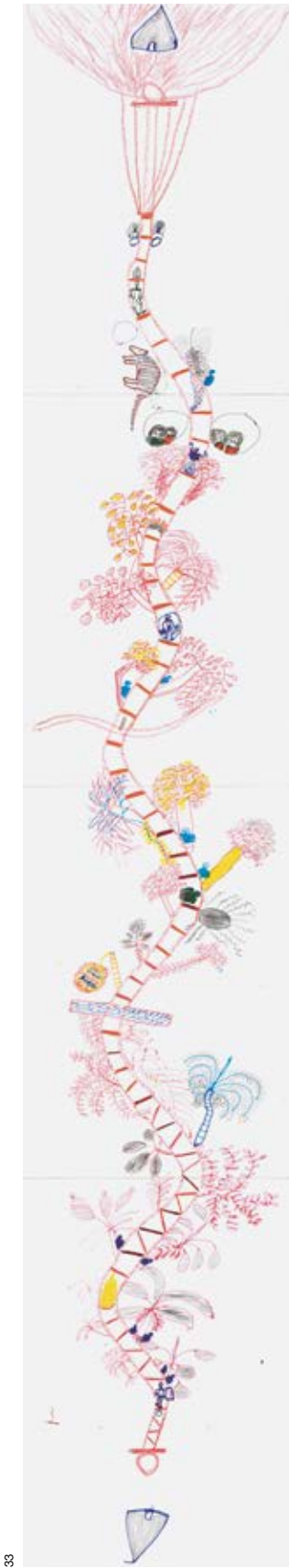
• **Armando Mariano Marubo**
(Região do Alto Rio Itui, Terra Indígena Vale do Javari, AM, 19? ?)

32. OS MESTRES DOS ANIMAIS, 2005

33. O CAMINHO-MORTE, 2005

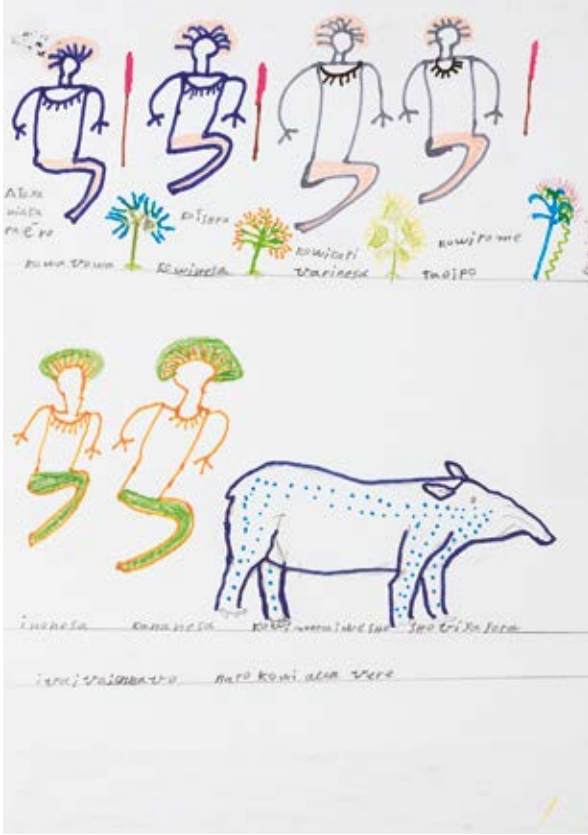


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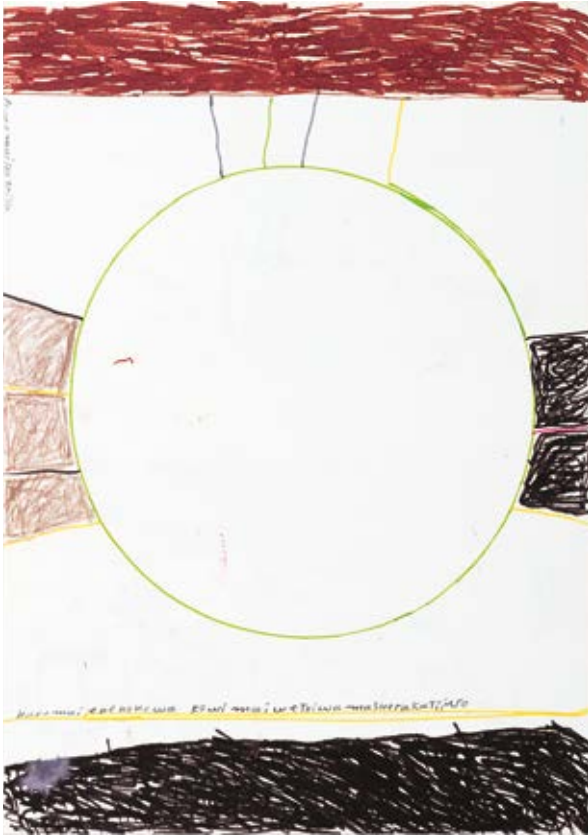


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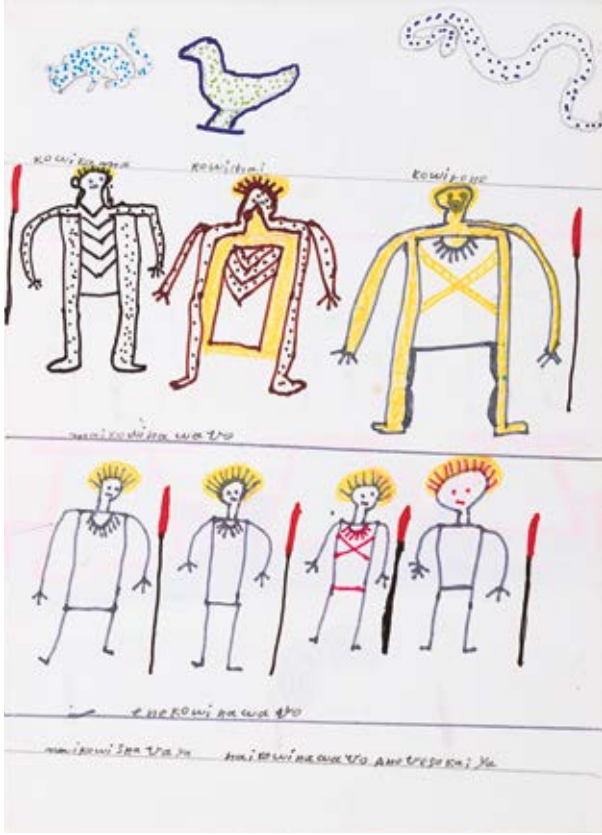
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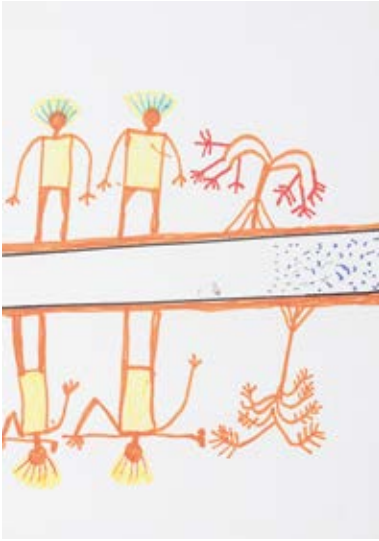
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38—39. A MALOCA DE KANA VOÃ, 2005 | 40—41. DEMIURGOS KANÃ MARI, 2005 | 42. SERRARAM JACARÉ ANTIGAMENTE, 2005 | 43. ENCONTRARAM A PONTE JACARÉ, 2005 | 44. PAJÉ VARI MÄKO, 2005
45—46. COMERAM OVOS DO PÁSSARO-QUEIXADA ANTIGAMENTE, 2005 | 47. PAJÉ SAMAUJUA, 2005
48. FLECHARAM GAVIÃO, 2005



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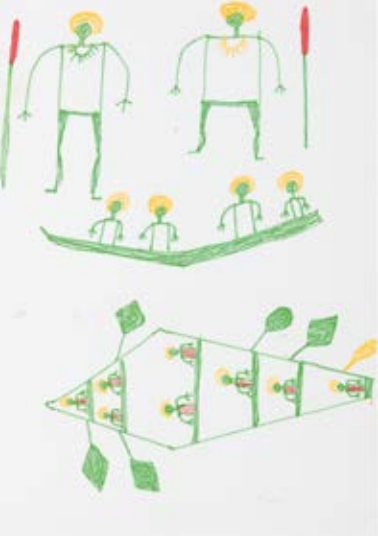
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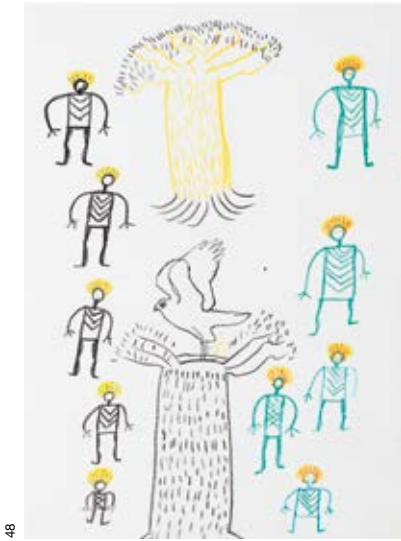
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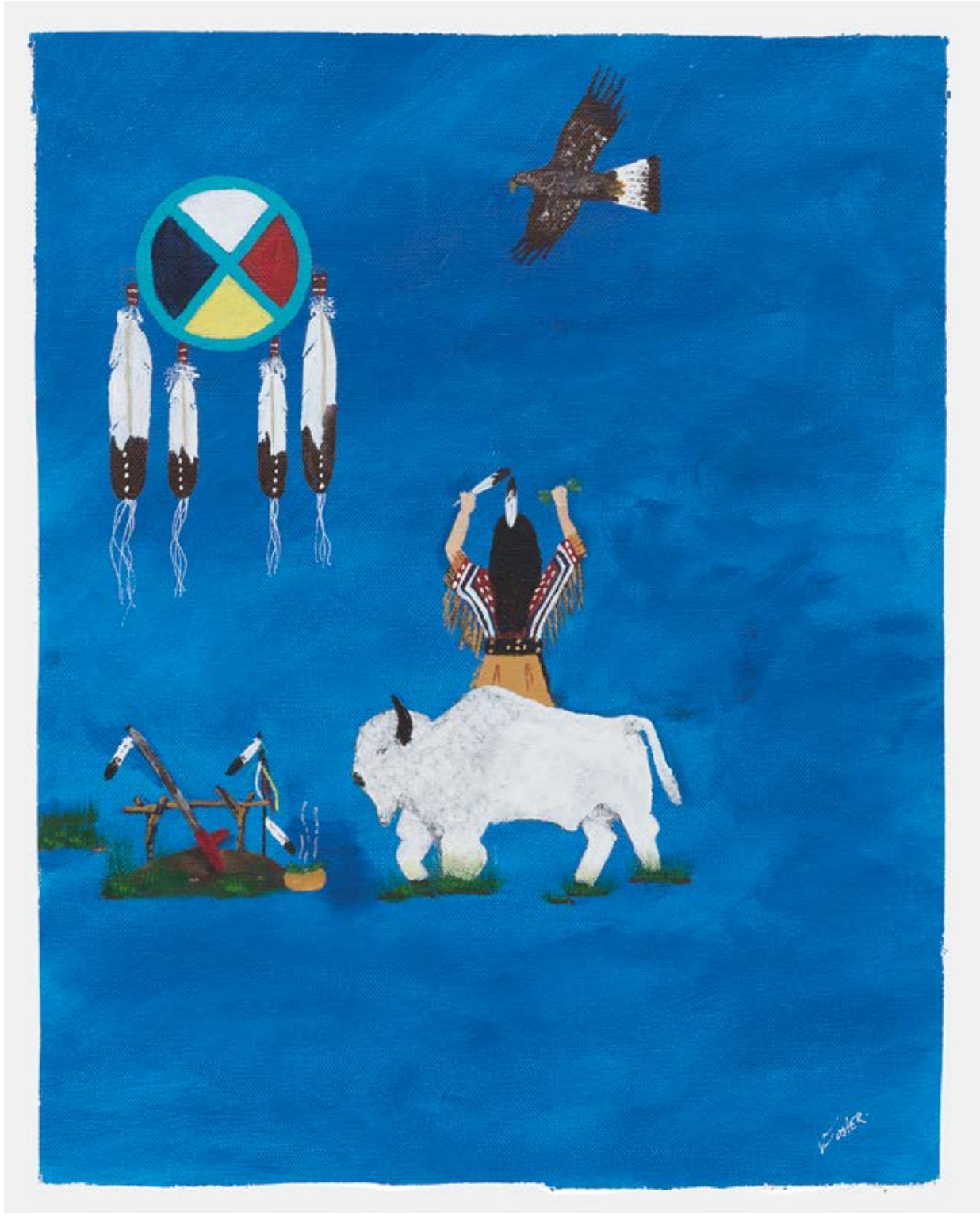
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• **Charles Gabriel**
(Kunai'ken, região da Maloca
do Tapá, Guiana, 1979)

62. **MAIKAN PISI WEI TIPI PIKKIRI**
(Terra dos netos de Amooko Makunaimi:
Raposa Serra do Sol), 2016



62

• **Gustavo Caboco**
(Curitiba, PR*, 1989)

63—64. **ENCONTRO COM**
“CABOCOS”, 2017



63



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71. MORINGA JACU, 2020
72. MORINGA GAVIÃO CARUÓ, 2020

69



69. MORINGA ONÇA IAIÁ, 2020
70. MORINGA TATU, 2020

70



• **Nei Leite Xakriabá**
(Aldeia Barreiro Preto, Terra
Indígena Xakriabá, MG, 1981)

71



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79. TAMANDUÁ BANDEIRA, 2020
80. TATU SENTADO, 2020

76. ANTA, 2020
77. ONÇA, 2020
78. GATO DO MATO COM
LAGARTO NA BOCA, 2020

73. TATU, 2020
74. COTIA, 2020
75. ONÇA, 2020

• **Dalzira Xakriabá**
(Aldeia Pindaibas, Terra Indígena
Xakriabá, MG, 1962)

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81. NHE'ERY JERA (Desabrochar da Mata Atlântica), 2021

• Carlos Papá
(São Sebastião, SP, 1970)

81



82 — 83. KE EROA NHOA, NHINÍKO
HÓTSHOME KAAKÓ KARO NHOA (fiquei com
raiva e levantei-me para falar), 2021

• Denilson Baniwa
(Aldeia Darí, Rio Negro,
AM, 1984)

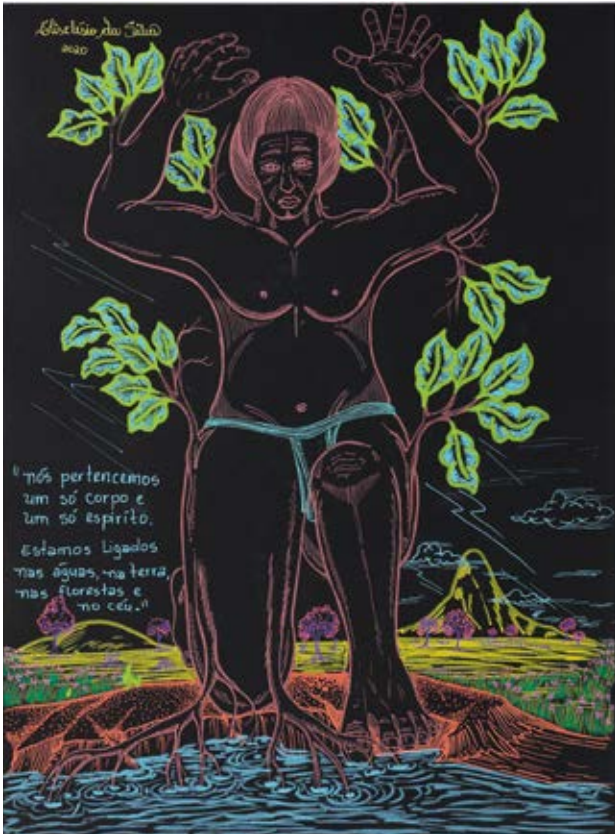
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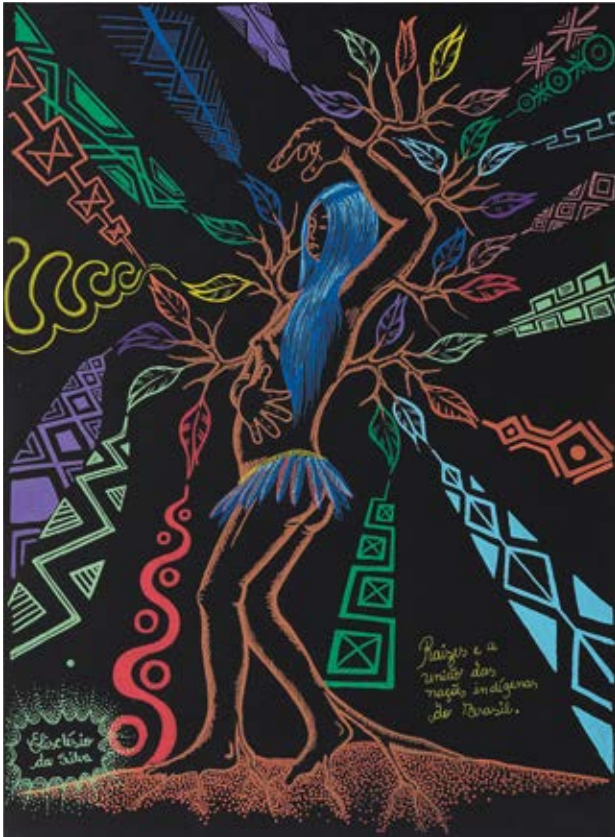
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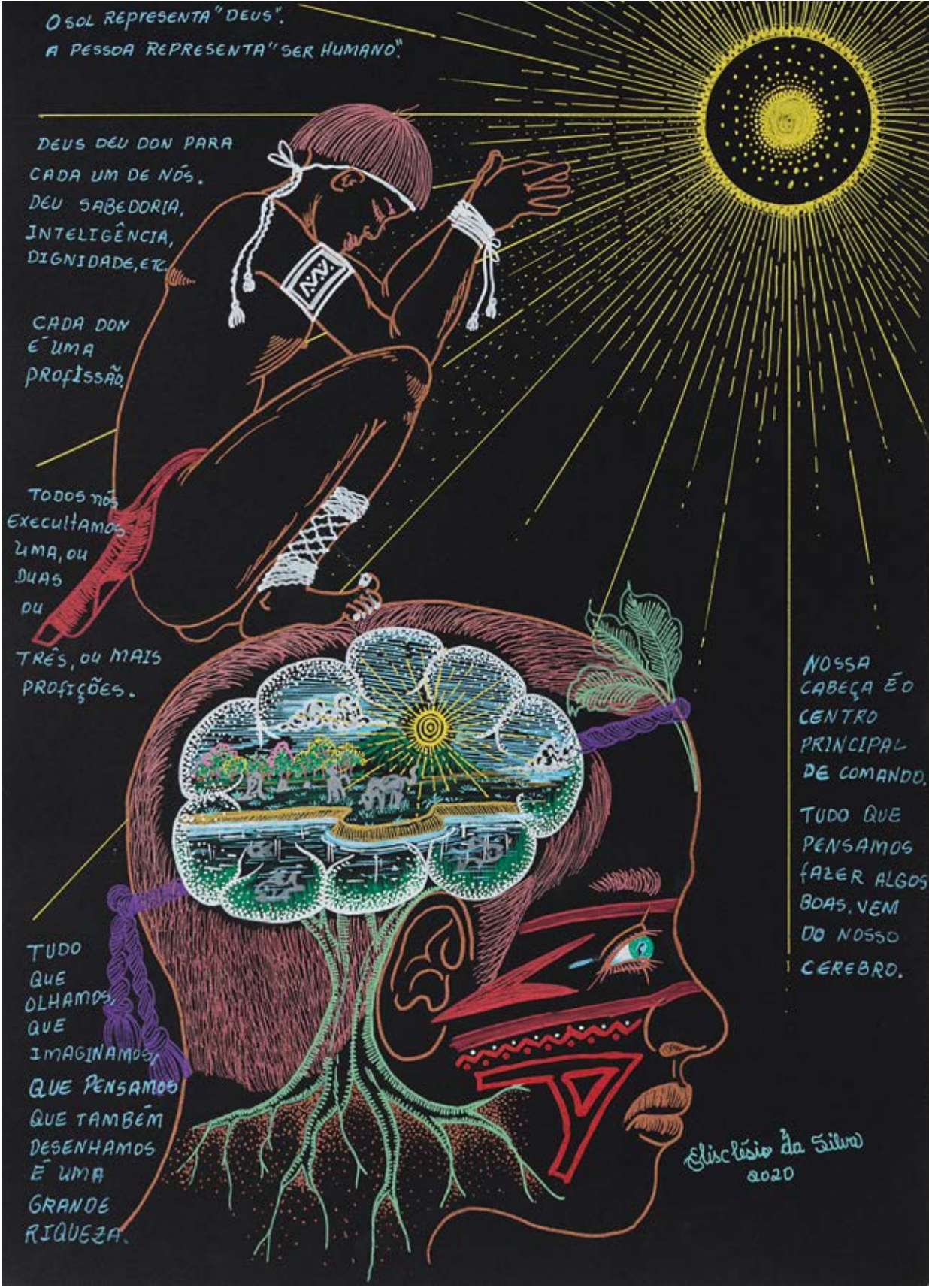
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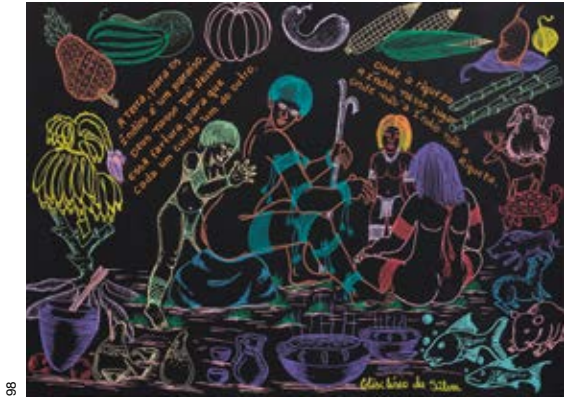
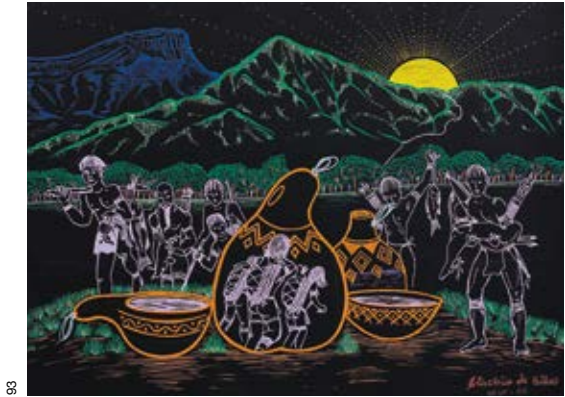
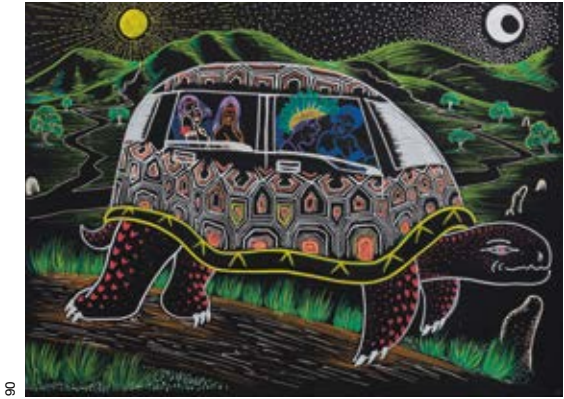


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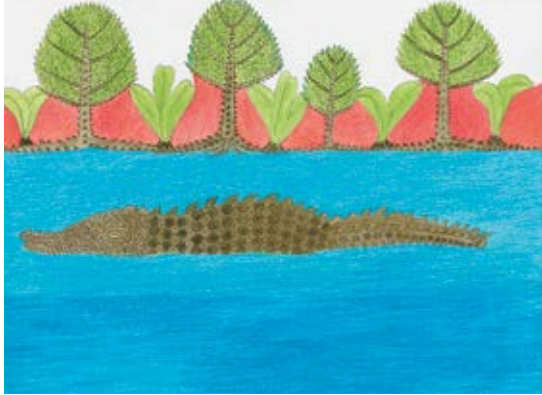
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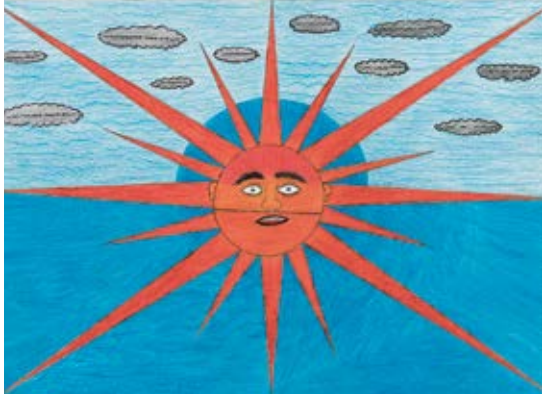
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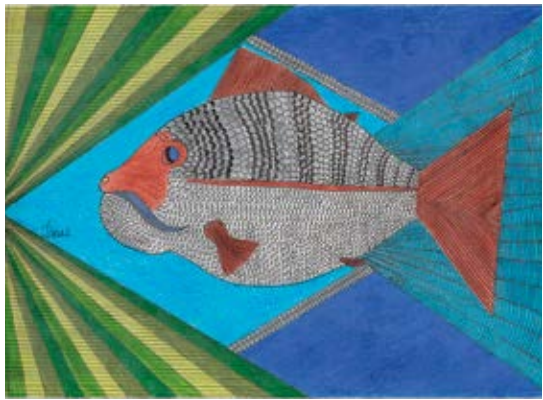
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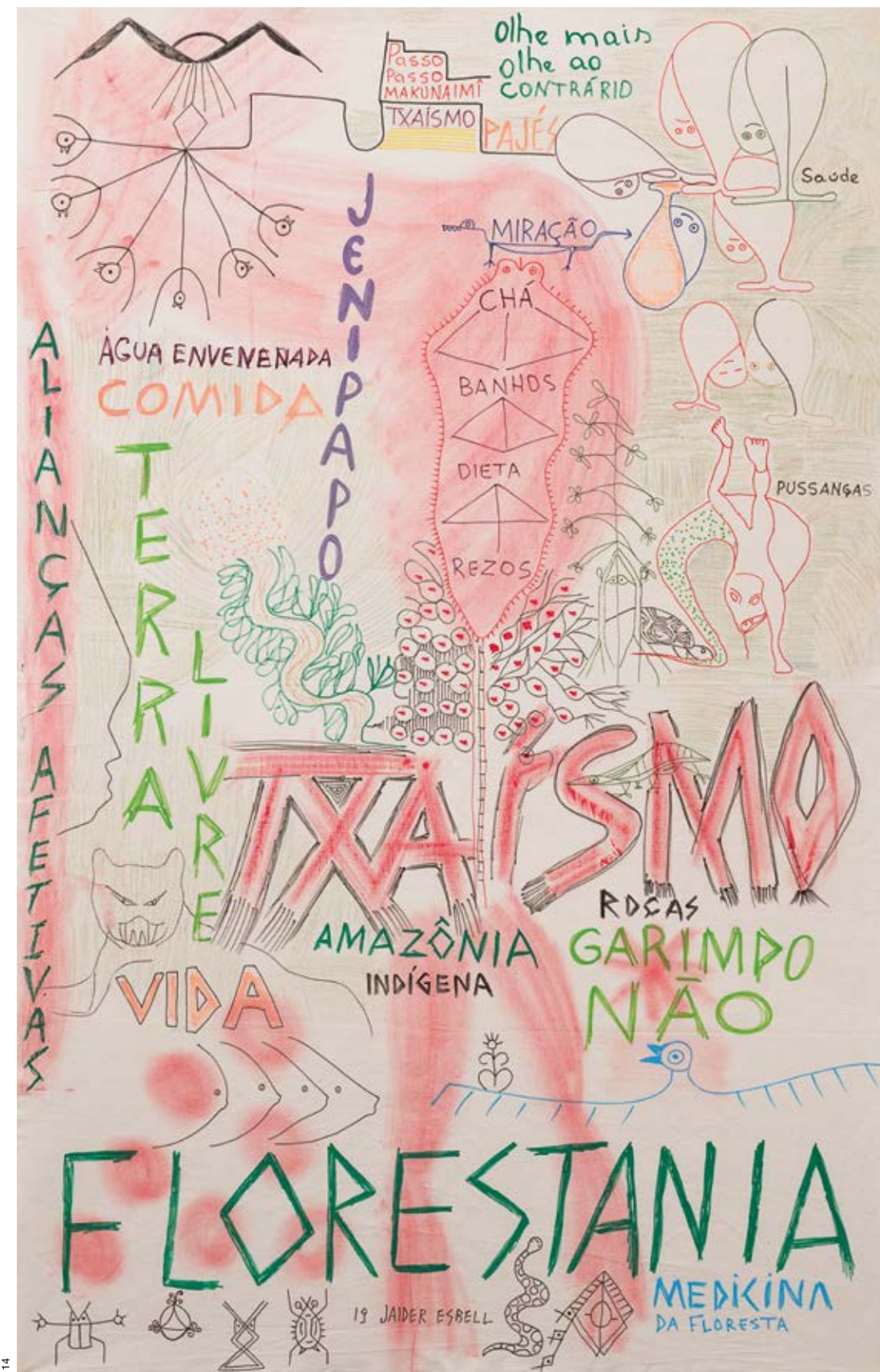


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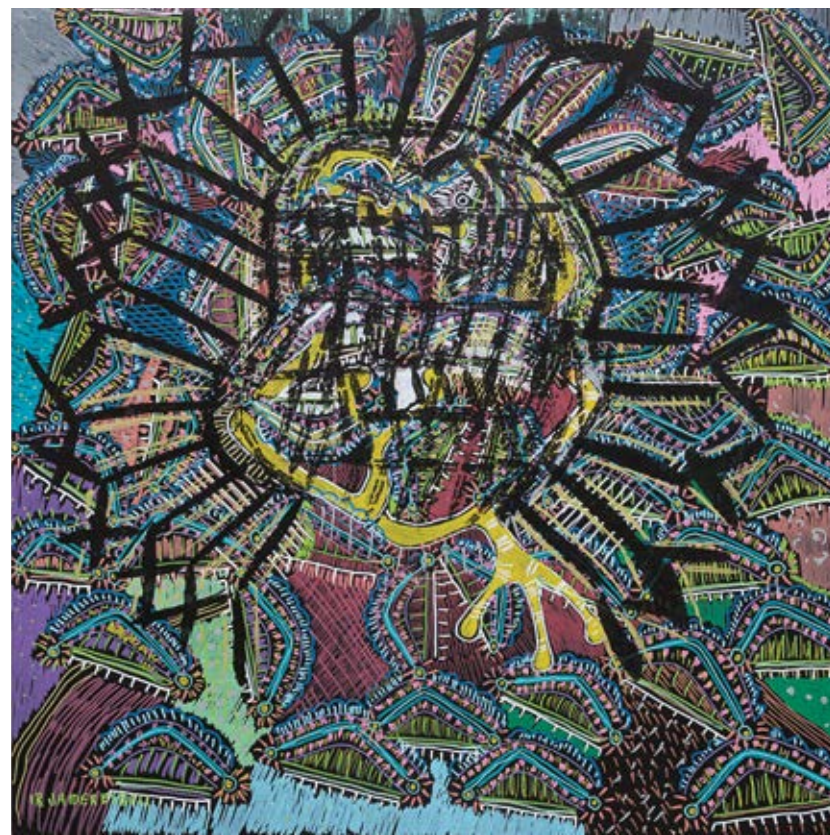
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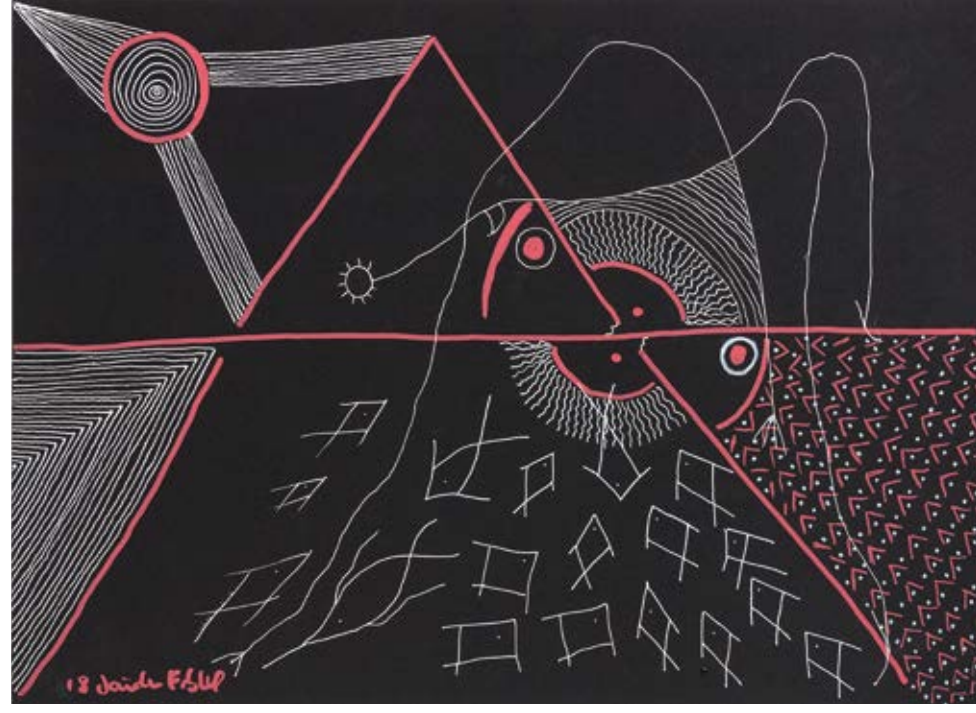
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124. ASSEMBLEIA GERAL, 2019
 125. FESTA DO NATAL NO CEU, 2019
 126. DESFILE DE KANAIMÉS, 2019



121

121. MULHER PESCANDO, 2018
 122. GENEALOGIA DO MACACO, 2018
 123. BENZIMENTO DA VOVÓ TATU (KAIKAN), 2019



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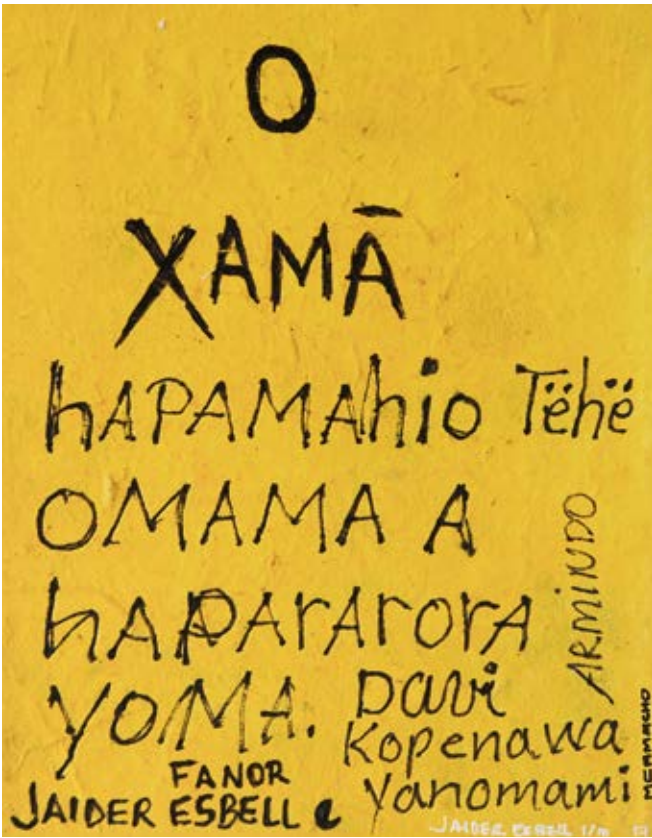
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126



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- Jaider Esbell
(Normandia, RR, 1979 – 2021)
- Davi Kopenawa
(Foototobi, Terra Indígena Yanomami, AM, 1956)
- Fanor Xirixana
(Sikamabliu, Terra Indígena Yanomami, RR, 1968)



128



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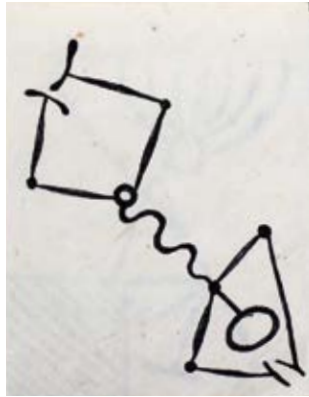
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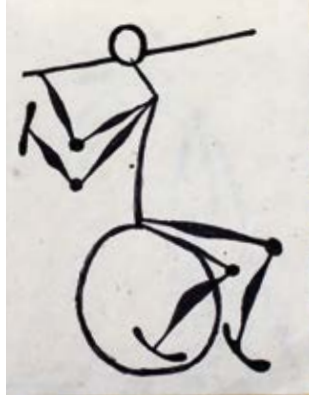
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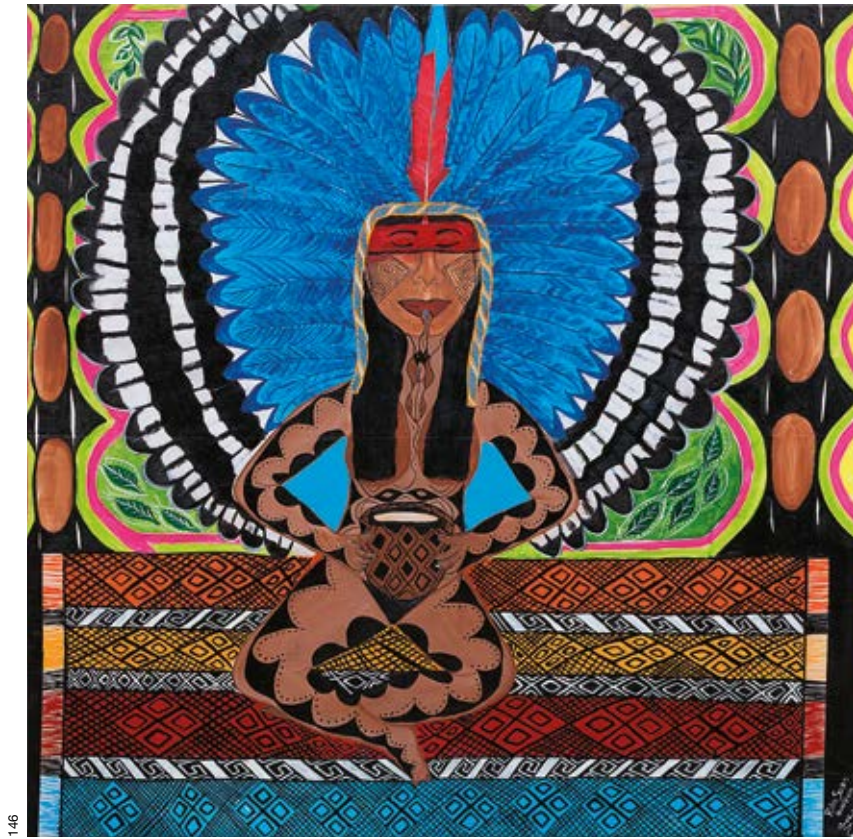
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• MAHKU (Movimento dos Artistas Huni Kuin) // Acelino Tuin (Aldeia Três Fazendas, Terra Indígena Kaxinawá do Rio Jordão, AC, 1975)

145. NAI MÂNPU YUBEKÁ, 2017



148. BARNÉBURU KENE
BÊNI (ARANHA TROUXE A
TECELAGEM), 2019



147. YAME AWA KAWANAI
(A CURA DO ESPÍRITO), 2019

146. YUBE NAWA AINBU (MULHER-
JIBÓIA ENCANTADA), 2019

• Rita Sales Huni Kuin
(Aldeia Chico Curumim, Terra
Indígena Kaxinawá do Rio
Jordão, AC, 1994)



150. NETE BEKUN (A MULHER QUE TRANSFORMOU AS MEDICINAS), 2021



149. YUBE INU YUBE SHANU, 2021

• **Yaka Huni Kuin**
(Aldeia Chico Curumim, Terra Indígena Kaxinawá do Rio Jordão, AC, 1994)

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154

159—165. TARTARUGA (series Yâmiy /
homem-espírito), 2019

158. ANDORINHA (série Yâmiy / homem-
espírito), 2019

• **Sueli Maxakali**
(Santa Helena de Minas,
MG, 1976)

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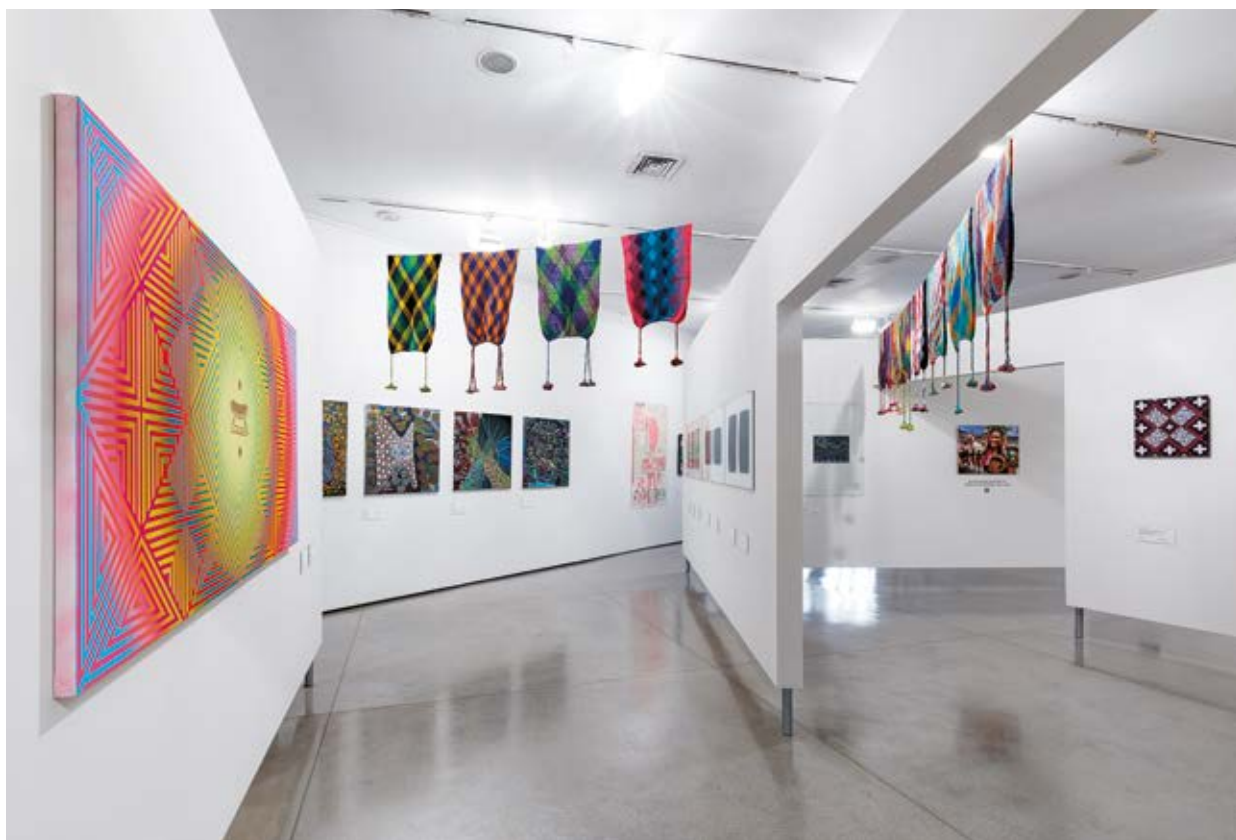
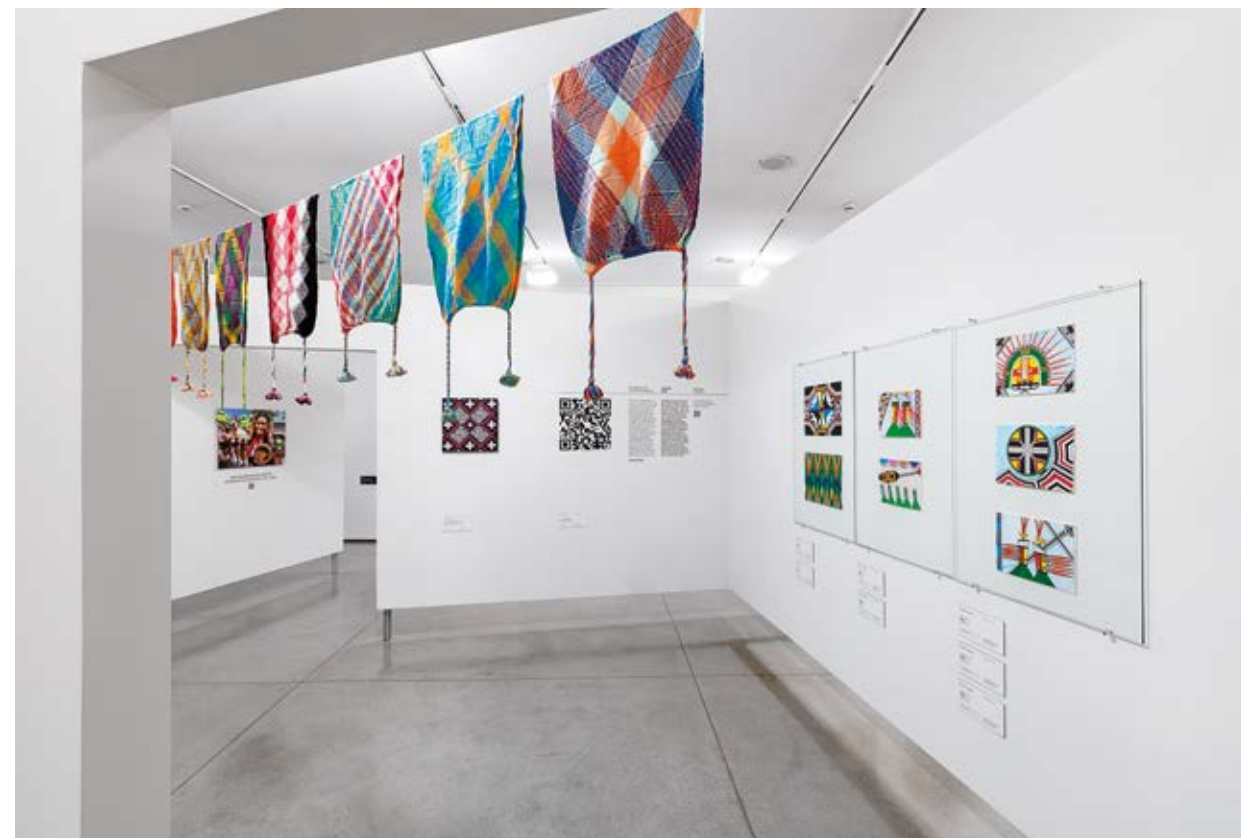
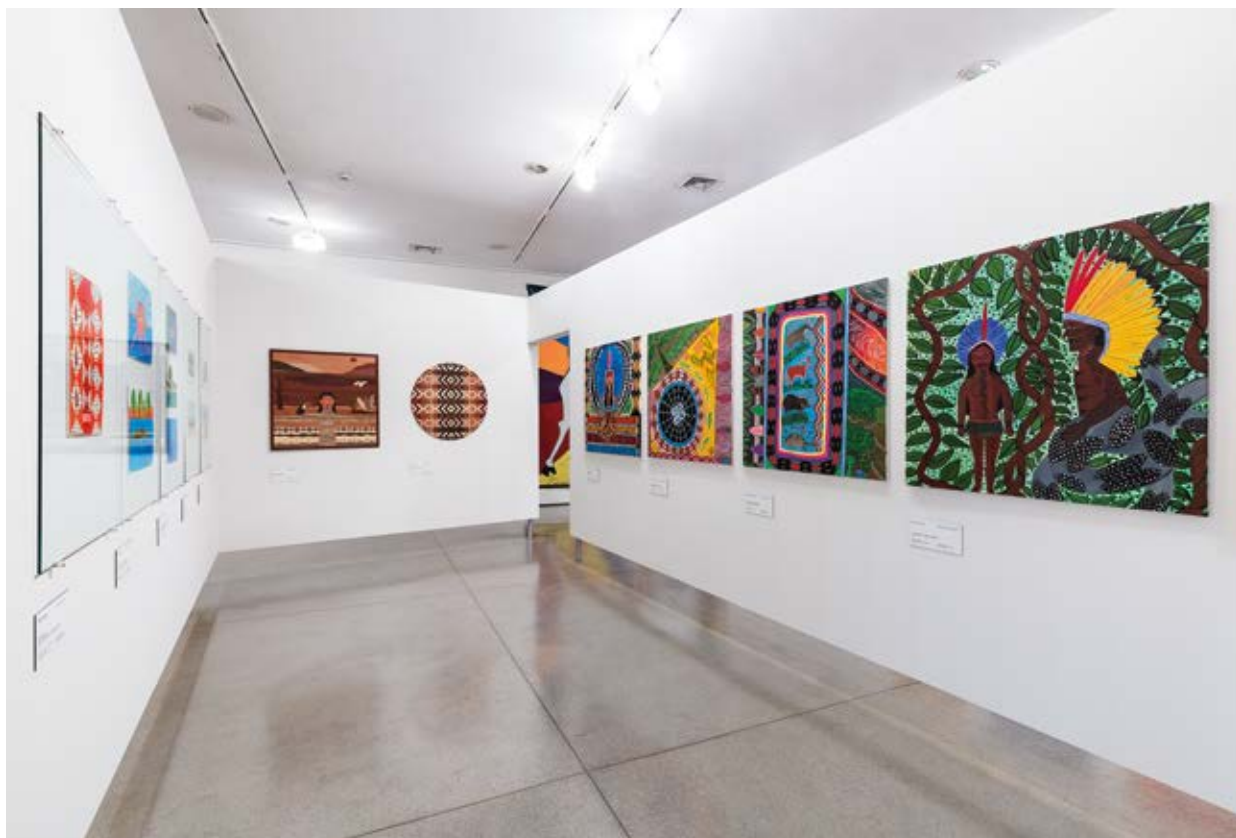


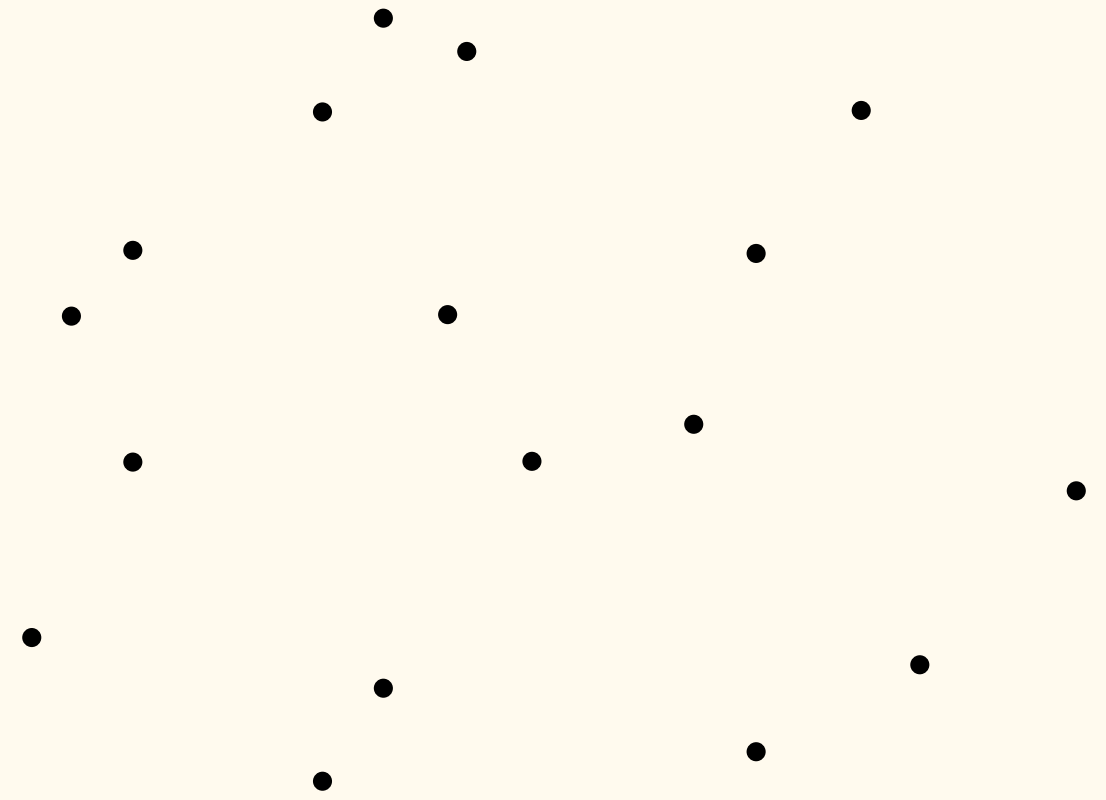
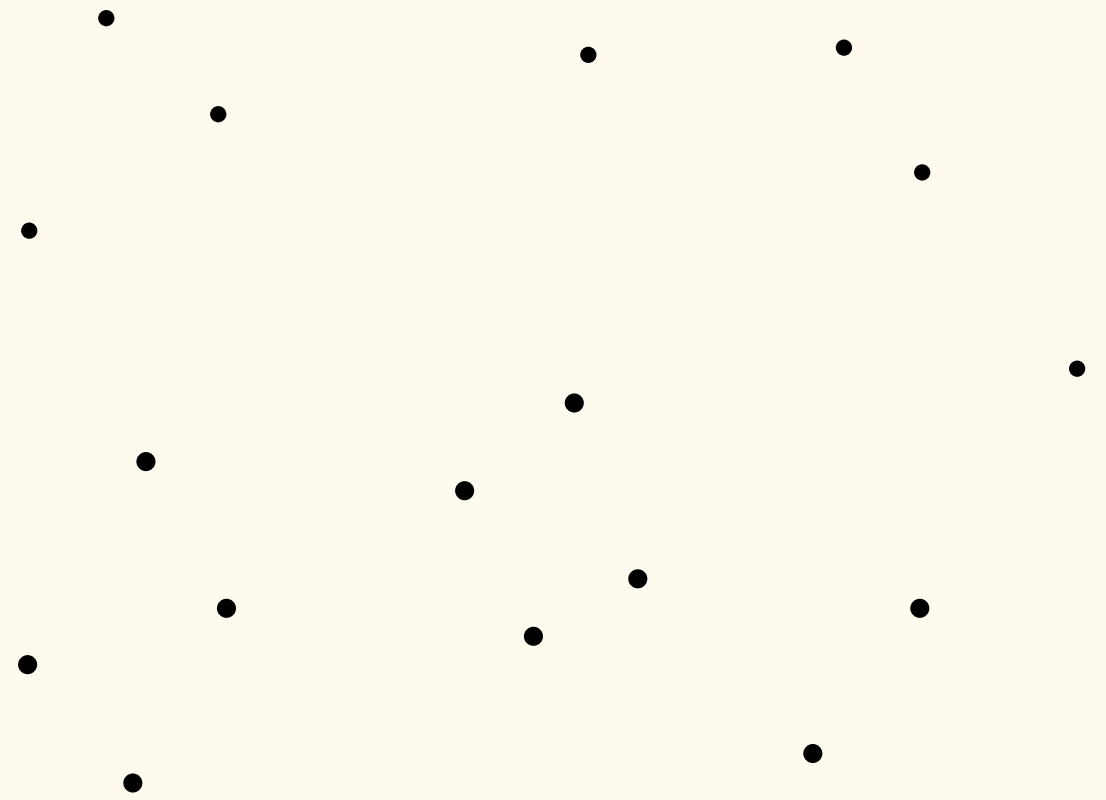
165











● Ailton Krenak
Itabirinha de Mantena,
MG, 1953



21
CABOCLO D'ÁGUA
1993

China ink on rice paper
38 x 38 cm

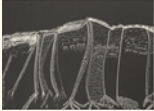
Artist's collection



22
FESTA NA FLORESTA
1998

Acrylic and urucum on
wooden board
100 x 70 cm

Artist's collection



20
UNTITLED
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Amazoner Arawak
Maloca da Malacacheta,
Terra Indígena Malacacheta,
RR, 1973



11
VACA FLECHADA
2013

Oil on canvas
75 x 94.2 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Antonio Brasil Marubo
Região do Alto Rio Ituí, Terra
Indígena Vale do Javari, AM,
19? ?



31
PATAMARES CELESTES
2004

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



30
PATAMARES TERRESTRES
2004

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection

● Arissana Pataxó
Porto Seguro, BA,
1983



23–29
UNTITLED (SERIES_
MÂGUTXI PATAXÓ-
PEGANDO OURIÇO)
2014

Photography on cotton paper
30 x 42 cm

Artist's collection

● Armando Mariano Marubo
Região do Alto Rio Ituí,
Terra Indígena Vale do Javari,
AM, 19? ?



33
O CAMINHO-MORTE
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
120 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



32
OS MESTRES DOS ANIMAIS
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
60 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection

● Bartô
Maloca do Orinduque,
Terra Indígena Raposa
Serra do Sol, RR, 1969



12
UMA VACA PARA
UM ÍNDIO
2013

Acrylic on canvas
163.5 x 125.5 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Bernaldina José Pedro
Maloca do Flechal, região
das Serras do Uiramutã,
RR, 1945–2020



50–61
WENNE (TIPOIA)
2020

Cotton weaving
Variable dimensions

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Bu'ú Kennedy
Border between Brazil and
Colombia, 1978



18
SEMÊ HORI TÉ'É MOMORI
HORI NUN DI'AH
2011

Wood
Ø 80 cm

Artist's collection



19
YE'PÁ MAHSÛN KÛN
ÑA'Ã TÛO'ÑARÃ
2012

Wood
90 x 90 cm

Artist's collection

● Carlos Papá
São Sebastião,
SP, 1970



81
NHE'ERY JERA
(DESABROCHAR DA
MATA ATLÂNTICA)
2021

Video
9'47"

Artist's collection

● Carmézia Emiliano
Maloca do Japó,
Terra Indígena Raposa Serra
do Sol, RR, 1960



13
UNTITLED
2012

Oil on canvas
64 x 94 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Dalzira Xakriabá
Aldeia Pindaibas,
Terra Indígena Xakriabá, MG, 1962



75
ONÇA
2020

Clay
13 x 14 x 28 cm

Artist's collection



77
ONÇA
2020

Clay
13 x 14 x 28 cm

Artist's collection



79
TAMANDUÁ BANDEIRA
2020

Clay
8 x 4 x 18 cm

Artist's collection



73
TATU
2020

Clay
7 x 7 x 21 cm

Artist's collection

● Charles Gabriel
Kunai'ken, região da Maloca
do Tapá, Guiana, 1979



62
MAIKAN PISI WEI TÍPÍ
PÍKKÍRÍ (TERRA DOS
NETOS DE AMOOKO
MAKUNAIMÍ: RAPOSA
SERRA DO SOL)
2016

Acrylic on canvas
56 x 56 cm

José Luis P. Sousa collection

● Daiara Tukano
São Paulo, SP, 1982



68
KUMURÔ
2021

Acrylic on canvas
200 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



65
ÑOHKÕA MAHSÃ:
A ESTRELA QUE NÃO
QUERIA DESCER DO CÉU
2021

Felt-tip pen on paper
29.7 x 21 cm

Artist's collection



67
ÑOHKÕA MAHSÃ:
A MÚSICA
DA ESTRELA
2021

Felt-tip pen on paper
29.7 x 21 cm

Artist's collection



80
TATU SENTADO
2020

Clay
15 x 8 x 27 cm

Artist's collection

● Denilson Baniwa
Aldeia Darí, Rio Negro,
AM, 1984



82–83
KE_EROA NHOA, NHINÍKO
HÓTSHOME KAAKÓ KARO
NHOA (FIQUEI COM RAIVA
E LEVANTEI-ME PARA
FALAR)
2021

Video
42'18"

Artist's collection

● Diogo Lima
Normandia, RR, 1987



14
VACAS NO LUAR
2013

Acrylic on canvas
65 x 55 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Elisclésio Makuxi
Maturuca, Terra Indígena Ra-
posa Serra do Sol, RR, 1982



84–103
UNTITLED (SERIES ANNA
SENKAMANTO, ANNA
KOMANTO – NOSSO
TRABALHO, NOSSA VIDA)
2020

Posca on paper
29.7 x 42 cm

José Luis P. Sousa collection

● Dalzira Xakriabá
Aldeia Pindaibas,
Terra Indígena Xakriabá, MG, 1962



66
ÑOHKÕA MAHSÃ:
O SONO DA ESTRELA
2021

Felt-tip pen on paper
29.7 x 21 cm

Artist's collection



76
ANTA
2020

Clay
13 x 7 x 25 cm

Artist's collection



74
COTIA
2020

Clay
13 x 7 x 28 cm

Artist's collection



78
GATO DO MATO COM
LAGARTO NA BOCA
2020

Clay
12 x 10 x 19 cm

Artist's collection

● Gustavo Caboco
Curitiba, RR*, 1989



63–64
ENCONTRO
COM “CABOCOS”
2017

Metal etching
60 x 10 cm

Artist's collection

Roraima > Paraná:
This is the displacement
experienced by Gustavo
Caboco's family.

Curitiba > Terra Indígena
Canauanim: This is the
return path to ground
created by Gustavo Caboco
and his family.

Curitiba - RR:
because there are no limits
to the wapichana border.

● Isael Maxakali
Santa Helena de Minas,
MG, 1978



112
KAXÖY YÖG HÂM
ÄGTUX (HISTÓRIA DO
LOUVA-A-DEUS)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



106
MÃ'ÄY (JACARÉ
TEM CANTO)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



107
MÃMXEKA YÖG HÂM
ÄGTUX (HISTÓRIA DO
PEIXE GRANDE)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



110
MÃMXEXEX YÖG KUTEX
(CANTO DO MARTIM-
-PESCADOR)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

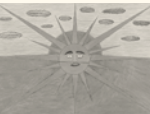
Artist's collection



111
MÃMXEXEX YÖG KUTEX XI
HÂM ÄGTUX (HISTÓRIA DO
CANTO DO MARTIM-
-PESCADOR)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



105
MÄYÖN
(SOL TEM CANTO)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



104
MİMÄNÄM (PAU DE
RITUAL TEM CANTO)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
42 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



109
XAKUXUX
(URUBU-REI)
2020

Colored pencils on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



113
XÜNİM XATIX
(MORCEGO TEM CANTO)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



108
XÜNİM YÖG KUTEX
(CANTO DO MORCEGO)
2021

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
21 x 29.7 cm

Artist's collection



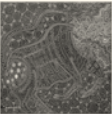
17
CABEÇA DA VACA
2013

Sculpture in cedro doce from
Roraima
82 x 26.5 x 13 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Isaiais Miliano
Mutum, Terra Indígena Raposa Serra
do Sol, RR, 1971

● Jaider Esbell
Normandia, RR,
1979–2021



119
A LUTA DA VACA COM
MAKUNAIMÍ
2017

Posca and acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



124
ASSEMBLEIA GERAL
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Private collection



123
BENZIMENTO DA VOVÓ
TATU (KAIKAN)
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Artist's collection



126
DESFILE DE KANAIMÉS
2019

Posca and colored pencils
on paper
42 x 30 cm

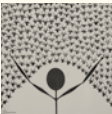
Private collection



6
ESCONDERIJO
DAS MENINAS
2012

Acrylic on canvas
106 x 105 cm

Artist's collection



9
FAZENDEIRO
2012

Acrylic on canvas
106 x 105 cm

Artist's collection



125
FESTA DO NATAL NO CÉU
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Artist's collection



7
FUGINDO DAS VACAS
2012

Acrylic on canvas
105 x 105 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



10
FUGINDO PARA
AS MONTANHAS
2012

Acrylic on canvas
104 x 106 cm

Artist's collection



122
GENEALOGIA DO MACACO
2018

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Artist's collection



2
MALDITA E DESEJADA
2012

Acrylic on canvas
400 x 400 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

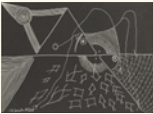


3
METAMORFOSE
2012

Acrylic on canvas
110 x 106 cm

Artist's collection

● Jaider Esbell
Normandia, RR,
1979–2021



121
MULHER PESCANDO
2018

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Artist's collection



5
O CURUMIM ESCONDIDO
2012

Acrylic on canvas
64 x 104 cm

Artist's collection



8
SAPO BOI
2012

Acrylic on canvas
106 x 105 cm

Artist's collection



115
UNTITLED (SUBSERIES_
TRANSFORMAÇÃO /
RESSURGÊNCIA DE MAKU-
NAIMA / SERIES_
TRANSMAKUNAIMI)
2017

Posca and acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



116
UNTITLED (SUBSERIES_
TRANSFORMAÇÃO /
RESSURGÊNCIA DE MAKU-
NAIMA / SERIES_
TRANSMAKUNAIMI
2017

Posca and acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



117
UNTITLED (SUBSERIES_
TRANSFORMAÇÃO /
RESSURGÊNCIA DE MAKU-
NAIMA / SERIES_
TRANSMAKUNAIMI
2018

Posca and acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



118
UNTITLED (SUBSERIES_
TRANSFORMAÇÃO /
RESSURGÊNCIA DE MAKU-
NAIMA / SERIES_
TRANSMAKUNAIMI
2018

Posca and acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



114
TXAÍSMO
2019

Posca and colored
pencils on cotton
168 x 105 cm

Private collection



4
VOVÓ COM MEDO
DAS VACAS
2012

Acrylic on canvas
104 x 96 cm

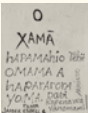
Artist's collection



120
O XERIMBABO
DO PAJÉ
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Artist's collection



127–139
O XAMÃ
2017

Felt-tip pen on paper
5, 1 x 4.1 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Jaider Esbell, Normandia, RR, 1979–2021, Davi Kopenawa,
Toototobi, Terra Indígena Yanomami, AM, 1956 and Fanor
Xirixana, Sikamabiu, Terra Indígena Yanomami, RR, 1968

● Joseca Yanomami
Uxi u, Terra Indígena
Yanomami, RR, 1971



140–144
UNTITLED
2016

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
42 x 30 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Luiz Matheus
Boa Vista, RR,
1997



15
GRILAGEM
2013

Acrylic on canvas
112 x 142 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● MAHKU
(Movimento dos Artistas Huni Kuin) // Acelino Tuin
Aldeia Três Fazendas, Terra Indígena Kaxinawá
do Rio Jordão, AC, 1975



145
NAI MÃNPU YUBEKÃ
2017

Acrylic on canvas
122 x 144 cm

Artist's collection

● Mario Flores Taurepang
Comunidade Sorocaima I, Terra Indígena
São Marcos, RR, 1977



16
BOI TAUPERANG
2013

Acrylic on canvas
81 x 102.1 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Nei Leite Xakriabá
Aldeia Barreiro Preto, Terra
Indígena Xakriabá, MG, 1981



72
MORINGA GAVIÃO CARIJÓ
2020

Clay
33 x Ø 20 cm

Artist's collection



71
MORINGA JACU
2020

Clay
33 x Ø 20 cm

Artist's collection

● Paulino Joaquim Marubo
Região do Alto Rio Ituí, Terra Indígena
Vale do Javari, AM, 19? ?



38–39
A MALOCA DE KANA VOÃ
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



45–46
COMERAM OVOS DO PÁSSA-
RO-QUEIXADA ANTIGAMENTE
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils and
chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection

● Paulino Joaquim Marubo
Região do Alto Rio Ituí, Terra Indígena
Vale do Javari, AM, 19? ?



40–41
DEMIURGOS KANĀ MARI
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



43
ENCONTRARAM A PONTE
JACARÉ ANTIGAMENTE
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils and
chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



48
FLECHARAM GAVIÃO
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



47
PAJÉ SAMAÚMA
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



44
PAJÉ VARI MĀKO
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



34–35
PILARES TERRESTRES
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection



36–37
POVO DA TERRA NÉVOA
2005

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection

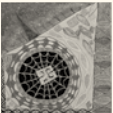


42
SERRARAM JACARÉ
ANTIGAMENTE
2006

Felt-tip pen, colored pencils
and chalk pastel on paper
30 x 22 cm

Pedro Cesarino Research
Collection

● Rita Sales Huni Kuin
Aldeia Chico Curumim, Terra Indígena
Kaxinawá do Rio Jordão, AC, 1994



148
BARNĒBURU KENE BÊNI
(ARANHA TROUXE A
TECELAGEM)
2021

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



147
YAME AWA KAWANAI (A
CURA DO ESPÍRITO)
2021

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



146
YUBE NAWA AINBU
(MULHER-JIBOIA
ENCANTADA)
2021

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection

● Rivaldo Tapyrapé
Santa Teresinha, MT,
1979



151–152
UNTITLED
2017

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
42 x 30 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



153–157
UNTITLED
2017

Colored pencils and felt-tip
pen on paper
30 x 21 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection

● Sueli Maxakali
Santa Helena de Minas,
MG, 1976



158
ANDORINHA (SERIES_YĀMIY
/ HOMEM-ESPÍRITO)
2009

Photography on cotton paper
26.7 x 40 cm

Artist's collection



159–165
TARTARUGA (SERIES_YĀMIY
/ HOMEM-ESPÍRITO)
2009

Photography on cotton paper
26.7 x 40 cm

Artist's collection

● Vernon Foster
Redmond, Estados Unidos,
1955

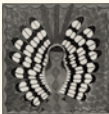


49
THE SACRED
2020

Acrylic on canvas
47 x 37 cm

Artist's collection

● Yaka Huni Kuin
Aldeia Chico Curumim, Terra Indígena
Kaxinawá do Rio Jordão, AC, 1994



150
NETE BEKUN (A MULHER
QUE TRANSFORMOU AS
MEDICINAS)
2021

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection



149
YUBE INU YUBE SHANU
2021

Acrylic on canvas
100 x 100 cm

Artist's collection

● Yermollay Caripoune
Aldeia Santa Isabel, Terra
Indígena Uaça, AP, 1976



166
CONSTELAÇÃO
ESCORPIÃO SWARĀ
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



167
UNTITLED
2019

Posca on paper
42 x 30 cm

Galeria Jaider Esbell de Arte
Indígena Contemporânea
Collection



1
MITO DO CRIADOR
TEMERÕ'Q
2019

Acrylic on paper

29.7 x 42 cm

Artist's collection

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INSTALLATION_ Manuseio	PHOTO RETOUCHING AND PRINTING_ Ipsis		
SHIPPING_ ArtQuality	ACKNOWLEDGMENTS_ <i>to the great grandfather Makunaimi_ to Zenilda Sarmento (mother) and the entire Esbell family_ to master Bernaldina José Pedro to the artists who composed the Moquéim_Surari constellation_ to all MAM's team_</i>		
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This book is composed in Helvetica Neue font and printed on Pop set Extra Black 400 g/m2 (cover), Polén bold 90 g/m2 and Eurobulk 135 g/m2 papers (body), in November 2021, by Ipsis printing.

MUSEU DE ARTE MODERNA DE SÃO PAULO

Moquéim_Surari: arte indígena contemporânea. Elizabeth Machado (presentation) ; Cauê Alves, et all. (texts) ; Jaider Esbell (curatorship and text) ; Paula Berbert (assistant) ; Pedro Cesarino (consultant) ; Renato Salem (editorial coordinator) ; Carlos Papá (Carlos Fernandes Guarani) (translation – Guarani mbya) ; Idjahure Kadiwel (translation – english) ; Maurício Ayer and Dominique Makins Bennett (proofreading) ; Estúdio Campo (graphic design).

São Paulo: Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo, 2021
208 p. il. :

Portuguese, Guarani mbya and English texts.
Exhibition held at the Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo from September 4th to November 28th, 2021.

ISBN 978-65-990406-6-5

1. Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo. 2. Título. 3. Arte Indígena Contemporânea Século XXI – Brasil. I. Almeida, Maria Inês de. II. Baniwa, Denilson. III. Caripoune, Yermollay. IV. Foster, Vernon. V. Gabriel, Charles. VI. Huni Kuin, Rita. VII. Krenak, Ailton. VIII. Maxakali, Isael. IX. Maxakali, Sueli. X. Pataxó, Arissana. XI. Papá, Carlos. XII. Takuá, Cristine. XIII. Terena, Naine. XIV. Xakriabá, Nei.

CDU: 7. 031(81)
CDD: 704. 0398