



of identity

gionrale #9

Sometimes I wish I could have also gotten excited about the idea of staying,
instead of always looking for the time I'll leave.

Casa

Gonçalves Dias, born and raised in Guimarães em Fortaleza, and went beside it counter part in Portugal as a student. When he wrote one of the most, if not the most famous poem in Brasil which is called Canção do Exílio - The Exile Song, that goes like this:

Minha terra tem palmeiras
Onde canta o Sabiá,
As aves, que aqui gorjeiam,
Não gorjeiam como lá.

Nosso céu tem mais estrelas,
Nossas várzeas têm mais flores,
Nossos bosques têm mais vida,
Nossa vida mais amores.

Em cismar, sozinho, à noite,
Mais prazer encontro eu lá;
Minha terra tem palmeiras,
Onde canta o Sabiá.

My homeland has many palm-trees
and the thrush-song fills its air;
no bird here can sing as well
as the birds sing over there.

We have fields more full of flowers
and a starrier sky above,
we have woods more full of life
and a life more full of love.

Lonely night-time meditations
please me more when I am there;
my homeland has many palm-trees
and the thrush-song fills its air.

Every kid in Brazil learns this in school, and I was no exception. In that sense, I had never fully grasped its true meaning. For context, I spent 17 years of my life in a small city in the countryside of São Paulo. Now, at 22, after 4 years in Portugal, reading the word again brings me a warmth and understanding I had never felt before. The contrast between the original and the translation captures it well. I've felt the shade and touch of a Palmeira, but never of a palm tree. And if I close my eyes, I can hear the song of the Sabiá, even though I don't know what a thrush looks like.

Portugal is as similar to Brazil as any other country could be, and yet it's not the same. In every sense, I'm not complaining—I really enjoy my life here. There are many opportunities, learning experiences, friends, and even temporary girlfriends (who are about 70% cool and 100% beautiful) that I would never have had if I were still in my homeland.

Nevertheless, thinking of where the Sabiá sings always brings me saudades (an untranslatable word). So, "Don't allow me, God, to die without returning to where I belong, without enjoying the delights found only there."



DO IT FOR THEM

umh, yeah
who am i



i keep
walking
and if i stop
is to make a
home

i want to learn
to go back

what does it
mean to go
back?

January 18, 1926

Tolkien,

Sounds good. I have never met you before and have no idea who the hell you are.

Your friend,

C. S. Lewis.

My calendar is suggesting that i'll have a crying meeting this week. Busy.

January 12, 1926

Dear C.S. Lewis,

I do not know who you are. Let's be friends.

Sincerely,

J.R.R. Tolkien.



Mathematics tells me that identity is something that, when combined with other thing, it doesn't change it.

Aristotles tells me it's the friends and property you have.

Averroes tells me there is one identity.

Descartes tells me that the identity is because it thinks.

Marx tells me it's your relationship to the means of production.

My heart tells me that it's who I see reflected in your eyes.

"Schools feed students only by draining away the lives of nonhuman animals to feed humans and often this food is of such a low quality that it materially drains their capacities to think, act, and perform. Animals must also die for students to learn biology and play sports. We could even note, following Freud's account of sublimation, that the intellectual labor practiced in schools is only possible through sucking away energies that would otherwise travel in the directions more obviously sexual (including, well, sucking)." (Nathan Snaza, 2016, School sucks)

"Recently, during a visit to a Gay-Straight Alliance (GSA) in a Midwestern urban high school, Jack, a lively Grade 11 student, dominated what was meant to be a discussion among students, teachers, and researchers about a storytelling project on LGBTQ issues I had helped organize two years prior. Jack had participated as a first-year student and now, a year or so later, he declared confidently and with some bravado, "This school is literally the most homophobic space I've ever been in." The advisory teachers in the room struggled to suppress guffaws and gasps: they had worked tirelessly to make the school more welcoming, and Jack's rebuke stung. But Jack's declaration was meant to provoke." (Jen Gilbert, 2016, The pleasure of protest: LGBTQ youth in school)

It just scares me how we're scared of the unknown.

gionrale #9 / of identity

questa fanzine è uno spazio bianco per le tue idee. se ne hai,
mandaci una mail a nientedafarebiella@gmail.com

biella



07/2024



Co-funded by
the European Union

nientedafare*