



*Andreia and I driving around with her motorcycle*

## *Times In Space: Records of a Fabian Week*

*I'll share my Journal with you*

### **TUESDAY, 03.05.2019, 01h07-01h33: FLORA'S ROOM**

So much to be expressed. Today, as Andreia said, was the rebellious one, when we both accessed revolting feelings towards patterns, people, episodes. We keep on going through this catarse together. I wake up around 9am and she's reading news from the computer in the living room. We talk and I stretch my body so it starts to wake up, too. Then, a 3-hours-long breakfast: lots of coffee for me and cheesy tapiocas for all. Andreia prepares fried cookies and I finally get to wash my clothes — a hard mission to accomplish in a 4-children-house where the water supply is limited.

Later, by the bridge with no water underneath, I connect with this trusting happiness. At the end of the day, Andreia and I drink tea and greet this beautiful Female energy surrounding us. Night-dreams are shared and we laugh remembering the rain-shower on our way back from the National Park dirt road, where we went to see the stars. There's no moon in the sky. I felt afraid of the dark — such a primitive energy on those rocks.

### **SATURDAY, 03.09.2019, 20h37: GARDEN**

We're facing our second night without water in a role. Laying down in the hammock beneath the mango tree, I put piano music on my earphones and let feelings come. Time to watch them. There's tiredness, some loneliness and a bit of stress. A deep wish for Touch and Protection, thoughts about my ex and that boy I've met early this year.

That's it: I'm out of my comfort zone. I take it as a good sign. "Just let it come and have some rest", thinks my Inner Me.

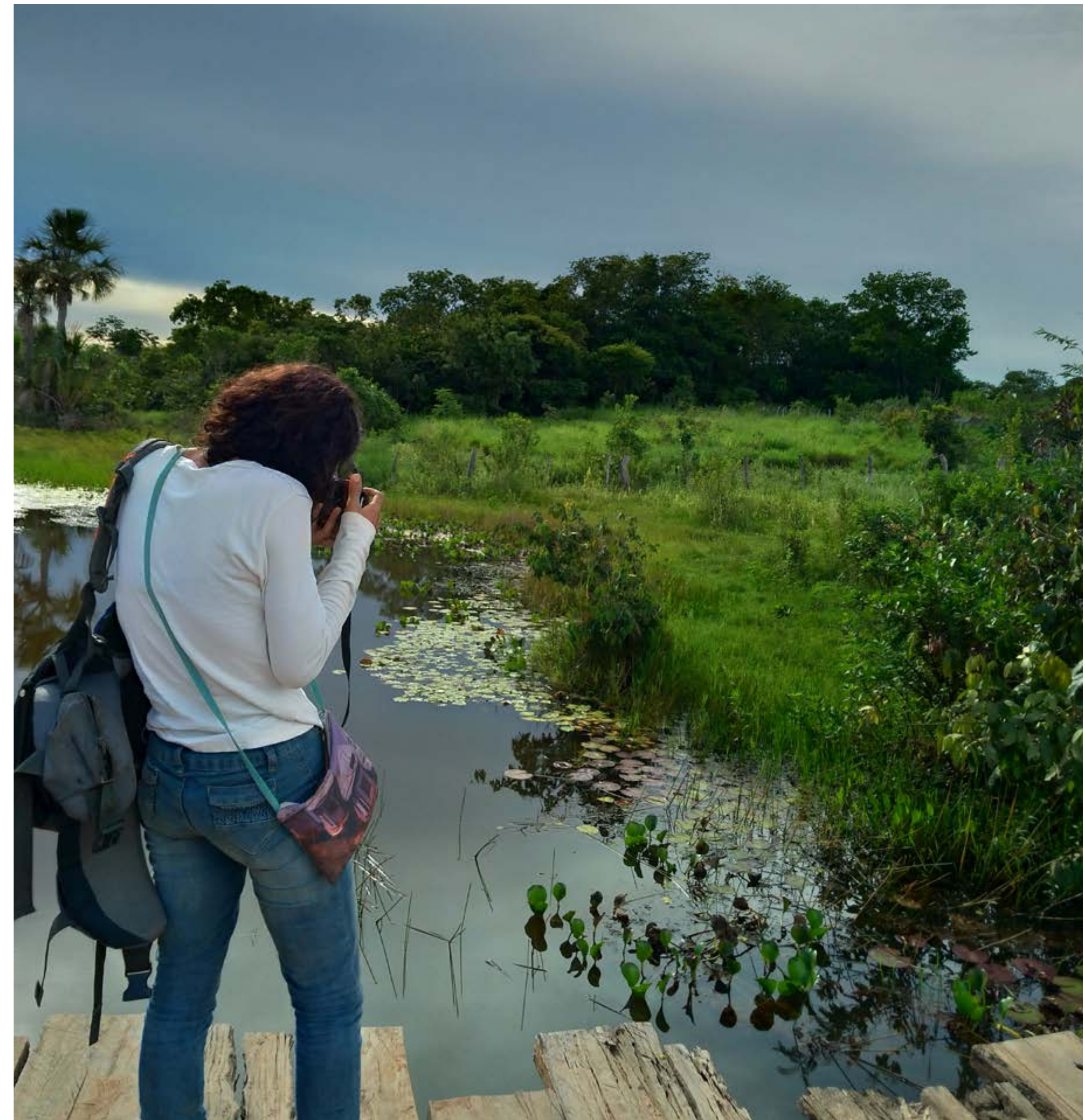
I'm writing from Fabião, a small rural community where everyone's family. I'm an outsider and a second-time-visitor. This is where I spent my longest non-interrupted season of 2018: from July to October, I've worked as a volunteer for ICMBio — the government agency responsible for the recently-opened Peruaçu Caves National Park, which entrance happens to be here. This still-quiet-unknown place holds some of Brazil's biggest and most beautiful caves. On their walls, rupestrian paintings dating up to 12,000 years ago\* indicates it's been inhabited way before the Portuguese decided to call this land their own.

Life isn't easy and here is no different. We are in the northern part of Minas Gerais, a state bigger than France and incredibly diverse. A country by itself, one could say. I was born here, but in its southeastern part, where Economy *does better*. "Home" is so different and rainy. This is Brazilian Backlands — or "Sertão", as we call it. Poetic, yes, romantically and beautifully described by some of our best writers, but hard. Sertão means its hot and dry. We do have some big rivers around, but... Well, water is a delicate issue. Peruaçu River, that names the area and is the author of all those big caves, is drying. It's a smaller portrait of what's been going on with the São Francisco Basin, one of the biggest in Brazil.

### LATER, 23h13

Lights are out. The hammock bounces. There's people partying close. The joy of being alone: Andreia's out with the kids. She's a 42 year-old incredible woman and a good friend of mine. A divorced widow who teaches me how to loosen control. I love the way she raises the kids, full of autonomy. They are intelligent and creative. They're also not afraid of doing things they do not know — I'm still working on it. Quetzal, 16, is creating a food forest in the garden listening to rap music. Arandé, 13, plays the flute and dreams of being an actress. Flora, 9, is confident and connected to nature. Alice, 8, loves to draw and feeds her peculiar imagination with cartoons on Netflix. I learn from them. Observing this family for a month is part of my traveller life.

*Januária/MG, abril de 2019*



*Andreia photographs a "vereda" that no longer exists: it used to be a water fountain, but it went dry after a big fire a few months later*