



The indigenous dramaturgy wants to breathe

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The memory catharsis of the traumas brought by coloniality and curtailment of territoriality invokes what is called in the theater universe, *kátharsis*, a greek word that means among other things, the purification and liberation of a trauma, which arises in all its strength in the actors' manifestation while performing, bringing from the inside their deepest shadows, light for their bodies, expressions, words, emotions. Tybyra, from potyguar multi artist and dramaturg João Nyn's perspective, is one of the greatest examples at the programming of this memory cathartic confession.

The works available at TePI Digital Platform are meant to be a reflection, also of documentary evidence, and talk about the rights of the whispering voices coming from within the trees. And the sound is everywhere, linking a sea of beings and species in an inconspicuous harmony for those who don't inhabit a native existence, but, even before being born, have the vision of all pulsating



lives coming from Rio Xingu up to the different waters flowing all the states of the country around usurped and seized.

The indigenous theater aims to breath, to perspire, and needs transgression and anticolonial doses to become all it can be. Indigenous dramaturgy breathes in order to allow the passing of the ghosts inhabiting the stories which could never be told. These indigenous souls are not on sale and wish to get out of the purgatory imposed by the Brazilian state over their bodies during the civil-military dictatorship and the eternal process of invasion of native territories that happens to the present day.

Speaking Ze'eng eté

In Pytuhem | A letter in defense of the Guardians of the Forest, actress Zahy Guajajara manages to express all the power of denunciation and message of what this protagonism of narratives is, fruit of so much struggle to occupy spaces denied. Ze'eng eté comes from the tupi guarani branch, is spoken by Guajaras in Maranhão, and an artist who can use his own language expresses his cosmos uncensored of what can not be translated to another idiom the same way.

The bodies dance the fall and rise of the sky itself, saying in silence about the violence and the healing through a spiral of affections brought by the listening power which goes beyond the ears, but through all the senses, physical or not. In the art that is life, voices multiply themselves in a garden of timeless stories.

