

Fragment of “One is not born a monstress, neither does one become”:

I still remember quite clearly 2015’s new year’s eve. I was crossing the Vila de Ponta Negra – the most impoverished area of a middle-class neighborhood in Natal’s seaside with a group of gender disobedient and feminist people. We were all agitated, animated by alcohol, hornyness and cocaine, laughing a long and singing anarcho-funk down the street. I felt strong, happy for the new year. I was dressed with black boots with a short skirt and a t-shirt, and I confidently walked as if it was a right of mine to dress and act that way. However, in the moment I lagged behind for some reason or another, when walking by a bar, a cisgender man who I had not even looked at or spoken to yelled at me: “ABERRATION!”

I had been called a “monster” and, with the same force that I had been pushed towards a reading of interracial masculinity as inherent to the shapes of my body, I had embodied the failure of that project and I had been pointed out and marked by it. A body taken to the limit of sociality, placed at the margins, due to the friction of the systems that prevent it from going beyond, from finding an “outside” and inscribing a “post-” in relation to the terms that describe the systems of reproduction of violence against bodies such as my own – namely: coloniality, raciality, sexuality, modernity, humanity and gender.

But in this here-and-now, there are forces and movements which co-exist with the brutality of these systems. Unlikely methods of avoiding that in power which is unavoidable. After all, a body taken to the limit of sociality is a body which has no option but to study the margin, to understand the passages and to elaborate a politics which simultaneously settles and unsettles: which settles the normal-colonial by unsettling the boundaries which maintain the internal coherence of this system. This is how the monster which crosses this here runs under and about, multiplying itself from the sides, without thus constituting an outside. It is precisely within, in the faults and unintelligible zones of the project of subjective totality and of the capitalist colonialist world, that this monster proliferates.

The history of this monster crosses mine, insofar as my history makes of me a dispossessed creature, beneath the regimes of sociality because I recognize myself as black, in spite of the process of whitening; bicha, in spite of hetero-terrorist; and gender disobedient, in spite of the compulsory inscription of the codes of cisgender masculinity. These are precisely the moments of rejection and reversion of the norm which inscribe the history of this monster in the density of my own history. Thus,

instead of saying that I am a monster because I am black, because I am a bicha, because I am gender disobedient, I say that I am crossed by a monstrous passage which generates conditions for me to diverge from the whitening, hetero-terrorist and gender normative investments against my life. The monster that crosses this here resides, therefore, in the “in spite of”. It operates in the break, and not in the elaboration of alternative figures of subjectivity.