

Skogar • Florestas • Bosques • Matas • Forests

Texts and Visual art About Forests in the Anthropocene

Introduction 4-5

The Forest Roars 6-17

Works from the Forest 18-29

Il Vento Solo non Può 30- 36

Forest Spirits 38-47

Sumaúma 48-49

Contributors 52-53

Introduction

Skogar Florestas Bosques Matas Forests is published with the [2024 Crosscuts – Stockholm’s Environmental Humanities Festival for Film and Text](#). Organized by the [KTH Environmental Humanities Laboratory](#) (EHL) at KTH since 2018, Crosscuts invites to consider contributions from film, visual media and other art forms to thinking critically and collectively about environmental challenges and relationships.

This is the first year that the EHL publishes a book with the festival and it is a joy to go through the works that the poets, translators, artists, researchers and journalists generously contributed with. The authors were invited to work with the festival theme – forests as complex ecologies, places of social and cultural meaning for many historic and contemporary communities, and sites of production and extraction. The result is a polyphonic publication that values plurality and difference against monoculture.

The works cross Sweden, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Portugal: Skogar in Umeå, the north of Sweden, in [Sanna Nilsson](#)’s drawings, jewelry and poetry; Florestas in [Letícia Larín](#)’s drawings of forest spirits from a trance with Amazonian wood, and in the manifesto of [Sumaúma](#), the journalist platform from the Amazon; Bosques in the poems from poets of the [Southern Cone](#); and Matas in [Rita Barreira](#)’s essay about Mata do Bussaco in Portugal.

They also cross between beings and dimensions to include spirits and dreams, fireflies, the many human and other than human beings of forests, their desires, their histories, knowledges, struggles. The diversity of mediums – poetry, photograph, drawings, jewelry, essay, manifesto bridges fields and disciplines, conveying forms of sensing and knowing, and the knowledges they create, relevant to environmental issues and discussions about natural, artificial, preservation and extractivism.

Finally, the works also cross between languages Swedish, Spanish, Brazilian and European Portuguese into English. In *The Forest Roars* the translations of poems were made by students of the *Ecopoetry in Translation* course, at the University of Texas San Antonio. Linus Johansson translated [Sanna Nilsson](#)’s poem and letter from Swedish, while the works of [Letícia Larín](#) and [Rita Barreira](#) were translated from Portuguese (Brazilian and European). The [Sumaúma](#) journalists—Eliane Brum, Jonathan Watts, Verônica Goyzueta, Talita Bedinelli, and Carla Jiménez—authorized their own English translation of the manifesto to be reprinted. Translation was, thus, an important dimension of the work, one that materializes the essays in communication present, in different forms, in all the contributions.

This work was made possible by the support of the EHL and its Director [Robert Gioielli](#), and the work of [Anja M. Rieser](#), coordinator of the EHL. It was also made possible by the generous contribution of all the authors, to whom I express my gratitude.

[Nuno Marques](#)

The Forest Roars

Translations by students from the class *Ecopoetry in Translation* at the University of Texas at San Antonio.

Folio prepared by [Valeria Meiller](#) & [Stefanie Naoun](#).

The poems here translated into English were originally included in [Ruge el bosque. Volúmen I: Ecopoesía del Cono Sur](#) [*The Forest Roars. Volume 1: Ecopoetry from the Southern Cone*], a plurilingual literary anthology featuring poetic expressions from Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, and their borderlands. This selection includes four poets of the volume's twenty-four contributors, whose poems index the environmental degradation of woodlands from the Southern Cone. These translations were done by a group of the students from *Ecopoetry in Translation*, a Spring 2024 course at the Modern Languages and Literatures Department from the University of Texas at San Antonio. Students' work was revised by Prof. Valeria Meiller and M.A. candidate Stefanie Naoun.

Iroko Flowers

by [Ana Gayoso](#)
translated by [North Awad](#)

I rest and merge into the earth
I am water spiraling down, transforming everything I touch...
I turn us into mud,
I break through forcefully,
gentle strength, wisdom of the Calunga.
On my way, I embrace all life pulse:
brother seed,
sister rain,
worm family,
communal womb
We are a creative power!
Nature's extension,
Jurema leaves,
and Iroko flowers.
I breathe serenely, listen attentively to what is coming
Blood has flowed, new ideas have arisen:
caution!
My dance is tranquility with projections of fire,
I move while burning, and cross the wind,
break through cement, hypocrisy, and myths of fear.
I am black earth,
river water,
I am sunflower.

I declare my existence of beauty:
In my womb, I carry the knowledge of Ifa:
I cultivate medicine and give milk to the guardians of Maat.
In my arms, innocence will bring justice:
historical reparation,
and ancestral territory,
of the Afro-Argentine lineages, and the world's diaspora.
Look at me!
Today my eyes speak,
tomorrow our hands will build once again,
as we did in the past with your fields, your churches,
and your consumerist city.
Look at me!
Today my eyes speak,
tomorrow you our hands will build once again,
as we did in the past with your fields, your churches,
and your consumerist city.
Look at me!
Today you perceive my eyes,
tomorrow you will see what you ignored as you passed by:
the traits of Africa that we bequeathed to this society.

Smoke Altar

by [Natalia Garay](#)
translated by [Denise Delgado](#)

It dawned cloudy
on TV they show that the air
is a huge gray curtain
let's hide
from this neglect
because it smells of burnt
flesh
and the forest cries.

I woke up coughing
with a stuffy nose
and a heavy knot on my throat
If I breathe: smoke
the backyard is a thick cloud
If I swallow: smoke
I scoop the ashes out in buckets
I dust off the furniture jam
all doors and windows
still
my eyes burn.

Fire spots in the island area
says the news reporter
while it shows how the fire
takes the island over
a naked Curupí
the wind blowing from the north

an aggravating heatwave
and we are unable to
come out of our houses far from everything
we watch as the animals
run in panic
in any direction they desperately
lose skin and offspring
no edges left
some submerge
in the water to save themselves
the fortunate ones swim gasping reach
this side planting
their feet with firmness
in the mud they spit out the hot air
collapse.

The need to move
to do something
to stop the silence
it is urgent

a bunch of people gather
form teams cross
in borrowed canoes hurry
extinguish the fire with their hands
bring animals into their boats
a single wailing
nobody silences them
they raise other voices in their snouts
the signs in *bloody red*
implore to be heard.

When someone dies they throw
their ashes from the shore
a ritual of silent
scream
among the dust that doesn't dissolve
and the remaining ones
endings always shake me
the fire now
anchored over the island too.

The stubble burning are a huge
torch that expands
devastating soil and air
hectares and hectares of scorched grass
animals and trees
hurt
screaming isn't enough
nor hearing for such pain
words are postponed and vanish
justice glows in a drawer.

The rain in the fire
is not enough
the cut made by the fire
in the land dries insects
there are no more holes
no hiding places
there are no ants
worms
there is nothing

just pieces of live
coal that pierce
what is left

What is the intent behind the fire?

Heat rises
water dies
fish cramp up from hunger
everything in ruins
the nest frays fades
slowly its cry
sadness is huge
past times leave
no landscape left
they want to burst nature
turn it into an object
a shiny cement jewel
an expensive tale without natives
nor habits
nor mud.

Darkness creeps again
with a new fear
and that is why we can't sleep
this time we pray out loud
may the horizon
not be read
may fire not

tijuiném
veté cátua apí vedé.

109.4°F

by [Carolina Rack](#)

translated by Hannah Wool

Just as we ask
where were you on 9/11
now we can start a conversation
about where you were the day it was 109.4°F
and begin the descriptive anecdote
of the new hell:
109.4°F and north wind in a sea of jellyfish
109.4°F and six in the afternoon on a packed bus
109.4°F and a menstruating body anywhere
109.4°F in a lagoon agitated by exotic waves in the province of Buenos Aires
Perhaps 96.8 °F if the body remains in lukewarm water,
if bodies spread over the beach chairs
over the beach chairs sitting inside the lagoon
inside the lagoon the waves could topple them
could topple them if the bodies abandoned the beach chairs,
but no: they remain there, close to the cooler loaded with warm cans
109.4°F and how much beer are you going to drink to get through the afternoon
without thinking about the apocalypse

Without saying if this continues a few more days they will start running into the melted
[substances of things
and beings, of cables and antennas, with the lines that created ordered fainted, that makes
[us believe
that we stand with some dignity, that aid us in making choices, filtering states and aspects.

109.4°F and how much more beer to look at the children with the eyes of an
[invented hope:
as if they're going to find a way
one that lets them see how little by little
everything that they know starts to become
something slower, a few minutes still detained before
starting again,
a tiered but intermittent preparation, with some pauses of irregular frequency, like
[those of an improvised
staircase, that is being built as if one was needed.
In that structure, we think, while we finish off the beer, our already-adult children
will walk,
accustomed to looking at a horizon that's a dotted line, neither so surprising nor
[very defined.

Fallow

by [Victoria Herreros Schenke](#)
translated by Alfredo Maldonado

For the women who work the land.
Sky fell upon us,
old women smiled,
always missing a few teeth,
just like so many other things,
children played in their cribs,
fruit crates
under the apple trees,
all apples were forbidden,
pecked by a bird,
flying over the fallow,
screaming when to bury
a potato with the hoe.
Sowing ended
just before dusk,
when we all turn into silhouettes,
black birds in the night,
queltehues quawking threats
in the open field,
one of them will pluck our eyes,
as if it were a crow
raised by us.
We faced the most ruthless wind
which made us older than the world,
our shadows quivering
before the fire

are ancient echoes of a time
when we were barely human,
we are the fleeting memory
of those who lose their way,
and end up in dark
and ill-fated bars,
as if nothing good existed.

Works From the Forest

[Sanna Nilsson](#)

I want to thank nature for giving me all that I need in my artistic work

Sleeping Body

Could it be so that the strong urge to belong, to fit in,
to avoid to be looked upon as a lonely Don Quixote,
meant that we did not notice when the buckets
shovelled away the warm spot in the forest
where the pine needles tickled beneath our feet,
did not recognize when the mechanical cranes pierced
the eyes of the starry sky, tore apart the crusty snow,
and shattered the call of the tengmalm's owl,
the one that sounds like a string of pearls,
so that all the pearls bounced off in all directions,
through the perforated passages of the ear canals,
in and under the protective spruces of the lungs,
which no longer breathed.
Did not see when the bulldozer found its way
through the branches of our ribs,
crushed the eggs of the curlew and finally deep down
in the cave of our stomach,
mashed the early summer's field
and the butterfly that was you.

|

On the following pages:

Sleeping Body, 2024. Translated by [Linus Johansson](#).

Tillsammans, collage, 2018.

A Letter to my Hometown, letter to the editor, published in the local newspaper
NSD (Norrländska Socialdemokraten) in July 2024. Translated by Linus Johansson.

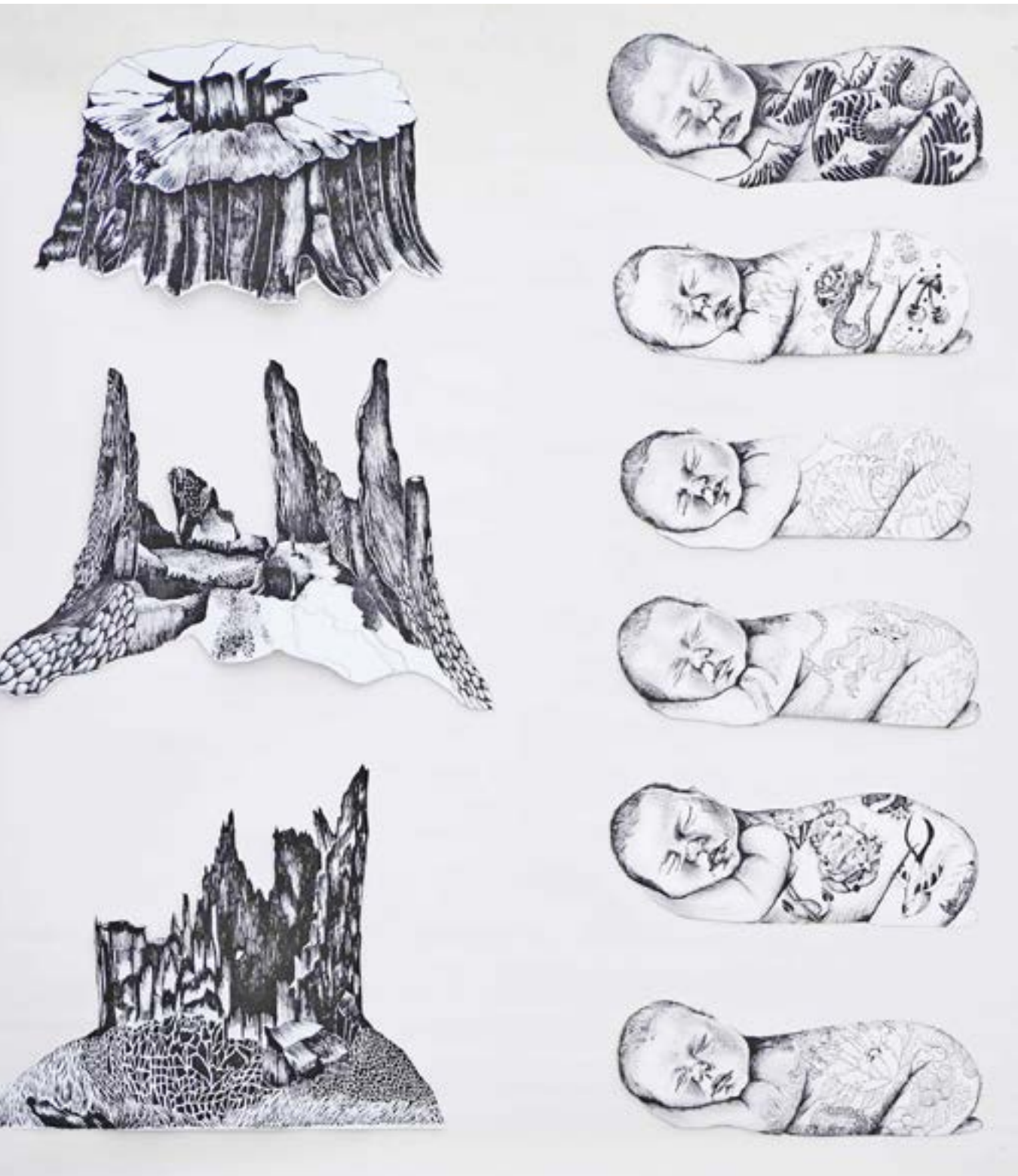
Bergtagen, inkdrawing, 2016.

Tagen ur berget, collage, 2024.

Den svarta svanen, oil on canvas, 2021.

The society, copper and enamel, 2018.

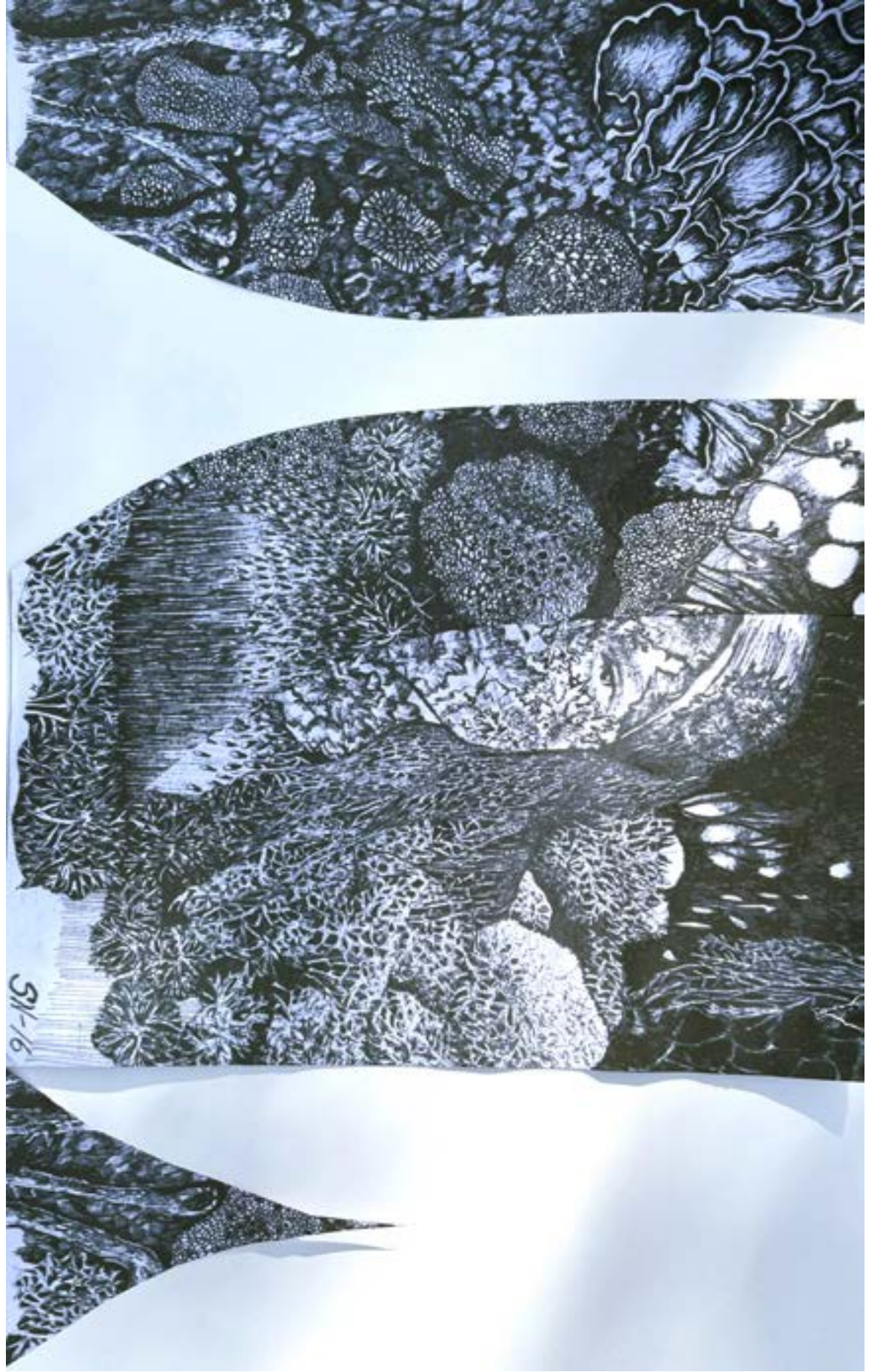
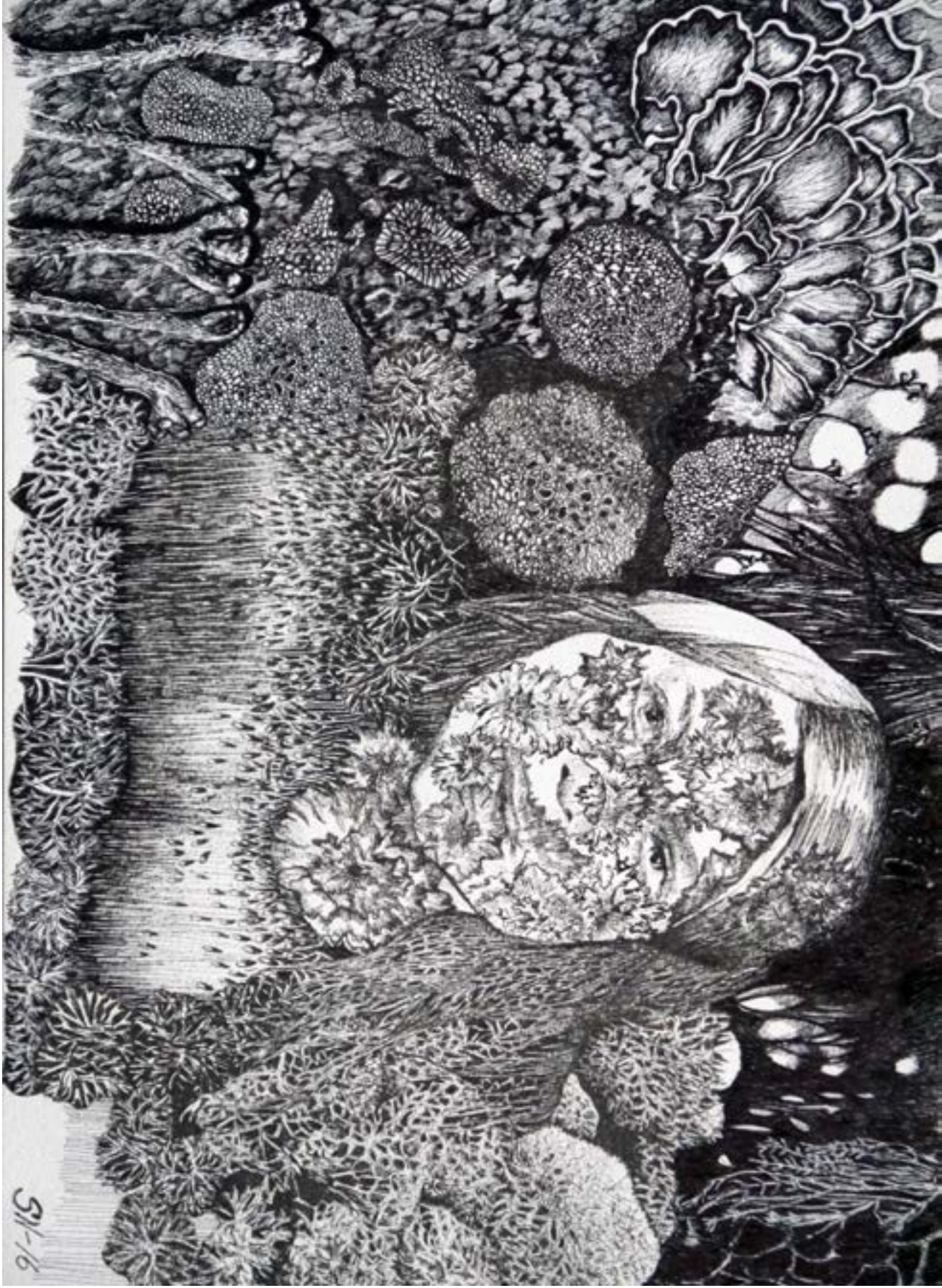
Getingbo, silver and brass, 2018. Photo by Lars-Eric Fjellvind.



A LETTER TO MY HOMETOWN

A friend from Portugal once told me that watching the iron ore trains roll south every day does something to one's self-image. At the time, I didn't really understand what he meant, I mostly remember waiting at the railroad crossing, thinking it was fun counting if there were 52 or 53 freight wagons passing by. After visiting my parents' home at Gruvberget this week, I now understand. The landscape that meets me has been transformed. The sense of orientation is lost. The forest has been cleared away. The electric light trail is teetering on the edge of ruin. From early morning to late evening there is a mishmash of noise. The beeping of reversing machines, speeding dump trucks, bangs, and the constant hammering of stone that shakes the entire house—and even me. My brother sighs at the loss of his ski trail, and a cousin says it breaks her heart to see the place.

We're told throughout the town to be patient, that it will all be fine in the end. But it's hard to wait patiently like we did when we were kids, hearing the mountain slowly being chipped away and watching the familiar paths disappear—along with the nature itself. The wind's whisper and birdsong is quickly replaced by transport routes for green steel. I have a feeling in my stomach that it's a zero-sum game. Destroying nature to save the climate? Boden has lost a beautiful, natural space, and many of us are mourning. Plants, animals, and people. Even if we go unnoticed amidst the thundering vibrations of the machinery.







Il Vento Solo non Può - Essay as a scientific fictionⁱ

[Rita Barreira](#)

Introduction The Buçaco Forest is one of the twenty-eight Deserts (religious parks) built by the Discalced Carmelite Order after the reform carried out by Saint Teresa of Ávila and Saint John of the Cross in the 16th century. Continuing to support the foundations of hermitages observed since the 12th century in Mount Carmel, Palestine, the Carmelite Deserts are a materialization of the Christian order's practice and evangelization. The deserts were, as historian Paulo Varela Gomes notes, "isolated and rugged places where a complex of hermitages was built, representing the caves of hermits... or where existing caves were actually used" (2005)ⁱⁱ. Indeed, the characteristic isolation of the order was inscribed early on with the first Carmelites, who were hermits that inhabited the caves of Mount Carmel. This was distinct in the architecture of the Desert missions/settlements. Saint Teresa of Ávila's reform formalized communalism and practical mysticism with hermitage life, and for this reason the settlements won a new design: a central church, a refectory and a porter's lodgeⁱⁱⁱ. Furthermore, the desire for an original representation of the Carmelite Order is not limited to expression of hermitages and caves in their architecture. The word "Carmel" etymologically refers to a garden, a cultural design of nature, which echoes in the planting and gardening practices carried out by the order in its missions^{iv}. Within this context, the intersection of the natural, built, cultural, and religious heritage that Mata do Buçaco presents might be better understood. Its 105 hectares host more than 250 species of trees and shrubs, reflecting a biodiversity specific to its territorial boundary. It is classified as a Property of Public Interest due to its architectural configuration, which includes the Bussaco Palace Hotel, the Santa Cruz Convent, Via Sacra, viewpoints, forest houses^v. A UNESCO World Heritage application is currently underway. The replication in small scale of an original religious landscape is the dominant principle of this complex architecture, as Susana Neves highlights in her book *Love the Precipice* (2022)^{vi}:

"Planting trees, for these very determined monks, was another way of praying, and planting cedars, which from afar indeed resemble Lebanon cedars, was a way to recreate Mount Carmel or Mount Saint Elias in full view at Buçaco, located in Palestine, where the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was founded in the 12th century. (...) With an area of 90 hectares (in 1887, it expanded to 105 hectares), it would be enclosed by a high wall that surrounded it entirely, thus preventing any outsider from entering and damaging or harming the forest; that is, from destroying the presence of the sacred manifested in a forest that was both symbolic and real, connotative and transfigurative, where, among many species, especially native ones, the mysterious and centuries-old buckthorns, which are preserved to this day, also grew" (ibid.)^{vii}.

The landscape and built architecture of the Carmelite monks favored the development of the primary forest and its diversification. The wind alone could not create

such a composition. Despite the current industrialization and monoculture of forests surrounding the Buçaco Forest in Portugal, its astonishing abundance does not signify a more "alive" naturalness. Formally, and due to its subjection to planning, the Buçaco Forest is no less artificial in its exuberance and diversity than industrial forests are in their austerity and monoculture. The relic or primitive forest occupies a small part of the area, and it is precisely the planted forest, established by the Carmelite monks, that covers the majority of the Buçaco Forest, about 80% of the total area—referred to as the Arboretum.

The so-called cedars of Lebanon mentioned by Susana Neves are, in reality, a South American species introduced to Portugal by the Carmelites: the Mexican cypress. This, in turn, came to be known as the Portuguese cypress or Bussaco cedar due to its dominance in the Forest and subsequent commercialization as high-quality timber for Europe and Brazil. Meanwhile, the introduction and proliferation of the buckthorn bush in the Buçaco Forest by the monks has created an imagined bio-region in the Luso mountains that stretches across the Mediterranean, North Africa, and Southwest Asia, further highlighting the cultural representation of the Carmelite Order through the so-called natural elements.

On the other hand, we can find stairways, fountains, reliquaries, and paved paths that lead us to small churches and hermitage houses through the Mata's forest, and stand for what we conventionally know as the Sacromonte or Via Sacra. Popular throughout Europe, and disseminated mainly through an Italian model, Via Sacra is a symbolic reenactment and representation of the final moments of the life of Jesus Christ as he traverses the holy city to his crucifixion. For this reason, in Mata do Buçaco, the Via Sacra is a topography of chapels, transitional architectures (such as stairs and fountains), iconographic and sculptural representations, where the journey is made through the articulated significance of all these religious elements. These initiatory paths are therefore deeply theatrical, immersing the pilgrims in a total scenario that calls for a dynamic retroactive relationship between themselves and the path they traverse.

.we leave the forced relic and embrace each other around a stateless cedar. From buckthorn to buckthorn, we reach the southeast, whistle to the Terebinth (*Pistacia Palaestina*), count the gazelles of Palestine and Persian deer, make crowns of Lebanese oregano conjuring here a distant Carmel.

Like the Forest, the Bussaco Palace, designed by architect and scenographer Luigi Magnini, thrives on unique architectural exuberance, constituted by an overabundance of decorative elements, a multiplication of non-structural architectural motifs, with plant motifs and heterogeneous ornaments. This palace is now a luxury

hotel filled with forest-motif and forest-narratives frescos on the walls.

The village of Luso, at the foot of the Buçaco Mountain, is itself an architectural replica of the typical mountain villages in Switzerland. Full of manor chalets and charming Hotels made to host wealthy natives and Europeans, the health tourism is structural to Luso's hot springs. These springs are mainly configured through an architecture of well-being and healing based on a spa in the center of the village. The main building is built around the main water source, but we can get free water from the several fountains distributed along the village.

It is this excess of representation, meaning, and theatricality—the replica in scale, the construction of the forest as a garden, the reenactment of the Via Sacra, the necessary participation of the pilgrim, now the tourist—that make the Buçaco Forest a Relic, a Replica, a Souvenir. The fence perpetuates its function of isolation and protection of the forest, and its discursive implosion is so solid that it hinders critical engagement, or an autonomous and situated relationship with the forest: the jump over the fence, or the lingering touch on the Mexican cypress^{viii}.

Brazilian architect Paulo Tavares presents a paradigm of approaching the forest that decenters the evident modernist, colonial, and secular encirclement^x quite present in the Buçaco Forest—with all that I have crossed to describe it. Planting a forest is distinct from a conceptual design apparatus or architectural project. Speaking about the Amazon Forest, Paulo Tavares tells us that although planting involves a visible human planning and design— what he calls ruins through the human evidences in the forests— it also grounds a more-than-human agency that is now the design that further opens the possibility for future life:

“The living ruins of Amazonia tell a different, dissident story, suggesting an image of design that is less about planning and more about planting the planet, inasmuch as planting is also a practice of planning and design, but one that needs to be fine-tuned to the agency of winds, climates and the myriad of beings upon which the seeding and pollination of life depends. Beings as vital to humans as bees, and at a moment in which the ecocidal designs of late modernity are driving bees to extinction, let be the bees, and not man, draw the concept of design with which we can make life a possible project amidst the ruins of the ‘age of humans.’” (Tavares, 2022, n.p.)

Paulo Tavares' political proposition frames our detour in the Forest. We sought the critical liminality of the planted forest through the myriad beings that inhabit it, observing their nocturnal and almost imperceptible movements in the face of so much human discursive exuberance. The camouflage is vital to Mata since its life depends on this extreme signification and contrast with the monoculture surroundings, like a hyper-visible fence. It is this contrast that guarantees its patrimonial classification. It is also vital to the living critters among Luso and Mata, whose modes of living and resisting definitively pierce the Carmelite fence with a more-than-human

a more-than-human poetics.

.in 1602, Sebastián Vizcaíno, a navigator from the Spanish colonization arrived in Mexico and named the river which passed through the valley: Carmelo River. The story goes as he honored the three Carmelite friars that were traveling in the boat with him. Later, in the beginning of the twentieth century, a group of artists writers and intellectuals raised there a commune called Carmel-by-sea. Under the major influence of the writer, environmental activist and anthropologist Mary Austin, the poet George Sterling and the writer Jack London, the commune had a Marxist exegesis reading group, organized dance and poetry performances, and exhibitions focused on ceramics— the original group in Carmel was the Arts and Crafts Club. The shared housing already set the tone for the hybridity of artistic mediums that became a characteristic of post-war objects and processes in California. With its socialist, ecological, and poetic inspiration, Carmel-by-the sea was the mythical reason why the poet and anarchist philosopher Kenneth Rexroth moved to Monkey Block, San Francisco in 1927. From the socialist commune that Montgomery Block became, Rexroth quickly began organizing and participating in political actions and theoretical-philosophical meetings, aiming to perpetuate what poet George Sterling had somehow initiated.

Methodology In fact, the physical wall around the city and the heritage designation of the Carmelite complex have turned this forest into a sanctuary of plural lives that survive and resist outside the surrounding monocultures of maritime pine (*Pinus pinaster*) and eucalyptus (*Eucalyptus globulus*). The night, however, brings a different kind of exuberance to the forest: far removed from the neo-Baroque ornaments of the hotel, the patterned cork on the convent walls, the long stairways full of fountains, reliquaries and viewpoints, or even the Via Sacra that crosses part of the forest; the woods become a space of singular movement, shifting and evolving each second. A unique entity emerges.

Surprisingly, the forest gates are closed during the day, requiring an entry fee, but at night they are open—probably due to the traffic heading to the Hotel Palace of Buçaco. Stories of human presence in the forest at night quickly reached us, with unconfirmed rumors of nocturnal Sabbaths, small gatherings featuring fluorescent mushrooms and colored plumes rising from eccentric, low, formless bushes; sacrifices and rituals where wild animals are offered up among trees, with geese spread-winged in a Christ-like image. We heard of sculpture-structures found in the forest that are altars dedicated to unrequited love, envy endured, or curses of revenge. Everyone ascends to the forest to conjure or transgress. And we, the Image-Makers. Our microscopic lenses zoomed in on the lush vegetation, now transformed by the refraction of the full moon, juxtaposed with red, green, blue, and lilac filters that we alternated in front of the lens. These experimental variations were also registered through lens juxtapositions, such as a microscopic lens reading a large aperture or a large aperture attempting to focus on a micro-aperture. Additionally, we experim-

ented with combinations of imaging devices: underwater cameras, cell phones, semi-professional and microscopic cameras. We documented through photography and audio recordings, seeking non-diegetic elements for the text and film to disrupt the setting of the forest.

In Luso, we visited a centenary Chalet, took a guided tour of the Luso Thermal Baths, held a conversation at the Documentation Center, a hair appointment, and engaged in long informal conversations with local people. We traveled to Mealhada and attended the installation of a mural celebrating the Portuguese Revolution and fifty years of democracy in Portugal. We counted several restaurants specializing in the region's traditional roast suckling pig (*Leitão à Bairrada*). We had planned to visit Santa Comba Dão, the birthplace of the Portuguese fascist dictator António de Oliveira Salazar, located nearby, but the visit ultimately did not materialize.

Results Fauna plays a vital role in the more-than-human design of the forest. We observed a multitude of slugs (*Geomalacus maculosus* Allman^x) that emerge from beneath stones or trees at night, becoming visible along the forest's open paths. These intersex creatures can live up to three years, with a striking green and brown striped appearance, camouflaging easily as part of the moss on trees. They feed on moss and living plants, leaving a shining trail of mucus secreted by a gland on their belly. As we approached, they protected themselves by curling into a sphere, shielding their central locomotive organs. Their defensive mechanisms include remarkable periods of quiescence^{xi}—a temporary dormancy that allows them to conserve energy, evade environmental stress, and survive under adverse conditions. Similarly, the camouflage of water scorpions serves as both a defense and attack mechanism. Their wings fold against their bodies, adapting to the surrounding environment, while a respiratory tube at the end of their bodies enables air renewal without leaving the pond or puddle they inhabit. It took us some time to realize why the pond's bottom seemed to move until we spotted the scorpion's two front claws, and when we tried to insert the camera, the tiny creature leaped in defense, diving back into the depths.

Direct observation revealed numerous boar tracks in the forest, with signs of passage marked by broken branches, scratched trees, and uprooted soil. These animals find refuge in the forest, as hunting is forbidden due to its National Park status. Local inhabitants construct cane and stick barriers to protect their crops and gardens from nocturnal boar visits, some using perfume or technological means with intimidating sounds: barking dogs, gunshots, and even distress grunts from boars themselves.

.approximately 500 suckling pigs are slaughtered each day in the region's slaughterhouses, which are fundamental to Mealhada's economy, creating jobs and supplying local restaurants known for this regional specialty, as well as commercial

establishments nationwide.

Intra-species sounds serve as a communication mode essential for survival, defense, and attack. Capturing these sounds helps identifying species and understanding social relations within animal communities and their habitat. This was the case in a study identifying 14 species of bats in Buçaco forest through sounds indicating “mother-child interactions, aggression, territory defense, mating, and alerts.” A challenge noted by the study's author, Milena Matos, was the “faint or easily dissipated echolocations” of what she describes as “whispering species” of bats, whose emitted sound is nearly silent, complicating echolocation^{xii}. Their typically large, pointed ears allow them to detect the almost imperceptible sounds of small prey.

Thus, camouflage becomes a generative mode of life within the forest, rooted in self-defense, attack, and resistance, observable in these forest inhabitants. Each body, by species and context, has its own repertoire for confronting threats, adversity, or violence: submersion, nocturnal lo-fi, signal communication through sounds—whether cries or whispers—relocating to safer territories, or radical stillness, such as quiescence.

Discussion In her book *Self-defense: a Philosophy of Violence*, particularly in the section “Black Panthers: Self-Defense as a Revolutionary Practice”, French philosopher Elsa Dorlin questions the presumed opposition between pacifist resistance and direct action as modes of self-defense against oppression and violence. For her, this distinction lies not in a dichotomy of “passivity vs. action” or “weakness vs. strength,” but in the different temporalities and fields of effect. Pacifist resistance entails daily acts of self-denial, sacrifice, and resilience. For Dorlin, self-defense is a martial practice, “a philosophy of combat in which the moment—the revolutionary *kairos*—depends on landing an effective blow”^{xiii}. Historically, as exemplified by the Black Panthers, self-defense politics intertwine with identity and affirmation politics. On the other hand, and focusing primarily on feminist subjectivities, Elsa Dorlin speaks to us of “dirty care”: a form of self-defense born from continuous violence, expressing a radical and exhausting anxiety that requires paying utmost attention to others to anticipate, identify, and defend against attacks. This process of negative care is rooted in two principles: first, the assimilation of the oppressor's epistemologies and behaviors due to exhaustion from constant vigilance in self-defense; and then, the perpetuation of those dominant epistemologies due to the self-care of the oppressor and the dirty care of the subaltern which is regulated by the attention regime necessary for her/his survival^{xiv}.

Correspondingly, it is relevant to consider what Cristina Nogueira points out as modes of political resistance during the Portuguese Dictatorship, based on “two transversal criteria—legality and temporal perspective,” here quoting Portuguese

sociologist Hermínio Martins:

(1) “opposition” in the strict sense, that is, anti-regime behavior aimed at legal or semi-legal opportunities for political conflict; (2) conspiracy, upheld by the Portuguese praetorian tradition, by definition illegal and episodic; (3) “resistance”—clandestine opposition with a long-term strategic perspective; (4) *paideia*: action developed over the long term (Nogueira citing Martins, 2020)^{xv}.

Luso was the site of the dramatic arrest of Sofia Ferreira in 1949 by the political police of the Portuguese Dictatorship (1933–1974). Sofia Ferreira managed the safe house where exiled communist and anti-fascist leader Álvaro Cunhal also lived, along with their comrade Militão Ribeiro. While chalets and the spa replicated the serene charm of a Swiss mountain village, the clandestine house in Luso mirrored the popular houses typical of the surrounding area, thus a camouflaged space of resistance. The transition from a normal civilian life to clandestine militancy was referred to as the *Mergulho (the Dive)*, a total immersion into the party’s illegal network. It involved cutting all family contacts and taking on one or more false identities to complete missions of conspiracy and resistance. According to Márcio Matos, clandestine houses were situated “at the edges of towns and streets” to facilitate possible escapes. For this reason, and also for effective camouflage with the surroundings, the houses were furnished modestly, with the exception of those in upscale areas, where care was taken in decorating entrances so neighbors would not suspect the frugality. Each safe house had tools associated with it: a bicycle for transportation, a typewriter for drafting documents, a pistol for self-defense, and a radio for access to Rádio Portugal Livre (Radio Free Portugal).

Following the same strategy of camouflage, the houses were occupied by couples composed of a man and a woman. Just like in civilian society, women were responsible for most of the domestic tasks, which in this case constituted the nerve center of the technical apparatus of the party: document falsification and printing the party’s newspaper, *Avante*. Women also assumed the “negative care” of the neighborhood around them, staying vigilant to the comings and goings of nearby houses, maintaining a coherent story with neighbors to confirm the couple’s credibility, watching the window, and, as in surface society, ensuring the care of meals and emotional structure of their fellow fighters^{xvi}. “Maria Luísa Costa Dias, referring to life in clandestinity, described it as ‘a game that demands much self-control, much discernment, a deep psychological understanding, and the art of looking at facts and people with their eyes... and ours.’” Women who held party leadership positions often had masculine pseudonyms: Sofia Ferreira was “Soares”^{xvii}. Women’s designated tasks were consolidated in a party publication that circulated among women in the party, the name chosen by historical Portuguese communist and anti-fascist Margarida Tengarrinha: *A Voz das Camaradas das Casas do Partido (The Voice of the Comrades of the Houses of the Party)*^{xviii}. This publication disciplined the styles and manners of the comrades in a way that was as instructional as it was creative,

an ambivalence that eventually led to a process of gender affirmation (subjectivities) within political struggle (self-defense), which took place within the urgency of Portuguese anti-fascism in the 1950s and 60s. A collective fine-tuning was essential to ensure that the clandestine apparatus became a unified body ready to counteract. *A Voz das Camaradas* of the Party Houses armed themselves with lists of duties and proper conduct for the anti-fascist woman (“beware of the good manners of men, don’t let yourself be seduced like comrade X”); but also, and gladly with poems, letters from the prison, essays, correspondence between woman comrades through the publication numbers, short stories, and even drawings. Thus, this particular camouflage participates in one of many possible genealogies of self-defense as a mode of social and political transformation proposed by Elsa Dorlin—here, the resistance led by Portuguese women during the dictatorship.

.In the forest, we ended our exploration near a cloud of fireflies, passing by Pasolini (always!), knowing now of Sofia Ferreira’s *Mergulho* there in Luso, she who was camouflaged in the past, is now shining in our closed hand through a diagonal light—“Again, we must recognize the essential vitality of survivals and of memory in general when it finds the right forms for its transmission. Then what will emerge, in that geometric combination of retreat and nonwithdrawal, is what Arendt calls a diagonal force, which differs from the two forces—that of the past, that of the future—from which it nevertheless results.”^{xix}

- i Under the scope of Il Vento Solo non Púo, with the support of: [Associação Aderno](#); Fundação Mata do Bussaco; Luso/ Mealhada Municipality; Exorde. Text: [Rita Barreira](#); [Video Piece](#): [Elisa Pône](#) and [Lise Bardou](#).
- ii Buçaco, o Deserto dos Carmelitas Descalços, Coimbra, XM Editora, 2005 cit. <https://fmb.pt/a-mata/sobre-a-mata/patrimonio-edificado/alguns-factos/>.
- iii Ibidem.
- iv Please see: “And yet to speak of “Carmelite spirituality” in the singular is to acknowledge that, down through the ages, these varied Carmelite expressions have returned again and again to certain images, themes, and spiritual models in pondering the mystery of divine-human friendship: the mountain, the garden, the spring, the hermit’s cell, the journey, night, fire, the heart, allegiance to Jesus Christ, continual pondering of the Law of the Lord, radical availability to God, mystical union, self-transcending love, contemplative prayer, prophetic zeal, Elijah, Mary, Joseph, and so on.” Payne, S; Phyllis Zagano, Series Editor. *The Carmelite Tradition*. Liturgical Press. Collegeville, Minnesota. 2008: Introduction xiii.
- v There is a foundation that is responsible for the heritage administration and has a very well organized site with a full description of all buildings, fountains, flora, fauna, etc.: the residential hermitages, chapels of devotion, and Stations of the Cross that compose the Via Sacra, the Fence with its Gates, the Military Museum, and the monument commemorating the Battle of Bussaco, as well as the crosses, fountains (notably the monumental staircase of the Cold Fountain), cisterns, viewpoints (the Cruz Alta viewpoint offers a privileged view over the entire region from Coimbra to the Caramulo Mountains), and forest houses. In <https://fmb.pt/fundacao/>, last check in October 23rd.
- vi Neves S. *Ama o Precipício, Viagem à Mata Nacional do Buçaco*, Fundação Manuela dos Santos, 2022.
- vii Except when stated otherwise, all translations are by the author of the essay.
- viii Contemporary thought surrounding the nature-culture issue has also legitimized our questions. Specifically, I drew on Donna Haraway, who highlights the term “nature-culture” to emphasize the implosion of the discursive field between the two into a single word. I was also accompanied by Bruno Latour, in *We Have Never Been Modern* who asks: “What to do when the networks between critique, science, and nature are simultaneously real, like nature, discursive, like discourse, and collective, like society?” (1993, 6).
- ix For a further elaboration of these ideas, please read: “In the history of western ideas, forests most commonly represent a threshold against which the human condition is defined, figuring as the territory of humanity’s primeval state and its antithesis at the same time. This liminal aspect is related not only to the intimate association between the forest environment and the concept of wilderness, but foremost refers to the ways in which forests came to symbolize the outside, the negation, or the enemy of the space of the civic. The myth of the foundation of Rome tells that the city was built in a clearing carved in the dense silva: cutting and burning the trees was the first inscription of human design in the landscape. In its concrete form, the forest demarcated the legal-political boundary of Rome’s jurisdiction beyond which land was terra nullius, a lawless and unruly territory populated by barbarian tribes and all sorts of outcasts and outlaws. In the western imagination, the space of the social par excellence is the city, and the forest stands to the city in a relation of fundamental opposition. (...) This image of the forest as a pre-civilizational space inspired modern theories of the social contract from Hobbes to Rousseau, and by the nineteenth century became entangled with orientalist geographies of colonialism and its attendant doctrines of social evolutionism and racial inferiority. Through the narratives of white explorers, colonial administrators, naturalists and ethnographers, the tropical forests of the colonial world were depicted as the Earth’s last pristine environments, isolated territories where society was found in its infancy and humans remained in a primitive, animal-like developmental stage. Amazonia, the world’s greatest tropical forest, was one of the most symbolic spaces through which this image of nature and society, and the structures of knowledge-power it sustained, was factored.” “In The Forest Ruins”, Paulo Tavares, available in: <https://www.paulotavares.net/forest-ruins>.
- x <https://www.gbif.org/tools/zoom/simple.html?src=/api.gbif.org/v1/image/cache/occurrence/4510409846/media/87794237e73b2dc7cf2d8da94a4b50ac>.
- xi <https://cisce.com.br/glossario/o-que-e-quiescencia/>.
- xii <https://secem.es/sites/default/files/galemys/articles/9/public/9-9-1-PB.pdf>.
- xiii Dorlin Elsa. *Self Defense: A Philosophy of Violence*, Verso, 2022, p.119-131.
- xiv Dorlin Elsa. *Self Defense: A Philosophy of Violence*, Verso, 2022, p.169.
- xv Nogueira, Cristina “Ser-Se Outro Legalizado: Práticas de Falsificação de Documentos na Clandestinidade Comunista” in *Trabalhos de Antropologia e Etnologia*, 2020, volume 60.
- xvi Gonzalez, Sara. *Da Clandestinidade Para a Liberdade: Histórias de Vida de Mulheres Comunistas*. Mestrado em Sociologia – Comunidade e Dinâmicas Sociais. 2017 UNL-FCSH.
- xvii Ibidem
- xviii <http://casacomum.org/cc/pesqArquivo.php?termo=a+voz+das+camaradas>
- xix Didi-Huberman. *Georges. Survival of the Fireflies*. A Univocal Book. University of Minnesota Press 2018, p.82.

Forest Spirits

[*Letícia Larín*](#)

The genesis of a Forest Spirit in a breath

When studying in 2023 about eco-poetics and contemporary ecological policies from Abya Yala, I separated words and phrases that I wrote on a fabric on a paper. Subtle stains of red permanent marker remained on the paper, on which I drew and saw the Spirit of the Forest 1 emerge like an unexpected wind.

The creation of these Forest Spirits in a process

The Spirits of the Forest 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 shown here each consist of a 65 x 50 cm sheet of paper drawn in permanent pen.

To make them appear, I looked at olive tree stumps painted in the guise of brazilwood, reminiscent of a trunk I cut with an axe during an artistic performance entitled Pau-Brasil.

In Tupi-Guarani mythology, the brazilwood (ibirapitanga, red tree) is the indigenous ancestral soul woven by Mother Earth over countless moons to shape the physical body of the first human being.ⁱ

So, I seized corporeal-emotional expressions from the travestied stumps and drew them on fabric as humanized figures.

In a 16th century Tupi-Guarani ritual, the oldest brazilwood was cut from its roots and taken to the center of the village for relatives to dance and sing around it.

In my trance, the stains found on the sheet of paper when I lifted the fabric, along with the songs of the forest people, guided me to the revelation of the spirits present.

With the memory of being descended from trees, life is temporarily rooted in the earth and then, “like a breath, a wind, a flowing river”, we return to the immaterial world.

In our experience, as those who come from trees, we are permeated by ancestors who, just as they made human nature, manage earthly existence.

ⁱ WERÁ, Kaká - When we were breath and water, sun and moon, earth and forest. In BETHÔNICO, Mabe (ed. and org.) - Provisões: uma conferência visual (world of matter). Belo Horizonte: Creative Cities Institute, 2013. ISBN 978-85-61659-24-0. p. 150-165.









Manifesto

Sumaúma -journalism from the centre of the world

*Eliane Brum, Jonathan Watts
Verônica Goyzueta, Talita Bedinelli, Carla Jiménez*

Known as *Sumaúma* in Portuguese, the kapok is one of the largest trees in the Amazon rainforest. It joins heaven and earth, in the words of **Juma Xipaia**, the first female *cacique*, or leader, of the Xipaya people and advisor for the SUMAÚMA journalism platform. During their constant exchange with non-human forest beings, the roots of the kapok collect water, producing a sound that can be heard over long distances, according to **Maria Francineide Ferreira**, a *beiradeira*—as members of traditional Amazon forest communities are known. The tree’s roots draw water from the ground and release it into the sky, swelling the rivers flying above our heads and carrying rain to other regions, says **Raimunda Gomes**, another *beiradeira* from the Middle Xingu, who has a deep relationship with the ancient kapok that is her neighbour. The grandmother of socio-environmental activist **Eldinei Souza** used the soft silky white floss that surrounds the kapok seeds inside their pods to stuff the pillows and mattresses where her family lay down to dream.

In the Amazon, just say the word *Sumaúma* (or *samaúma*, as it is also pronounced) and everyone will have a story to tell. That’s why we chose the name for our journalism platform. We want to tell stories that live here, in the Amazon. We also want to tell stories from other parts of the world, but in a different way—from the perspective of forest peoples, as well as the most rigorous science. We will work to have these stories reverberate far and wide, helping irrigate the public debate and expand flying rivers of ideas that can be converted into action. We believe in the power of storytelling and in the power of journalism that deserves this name because it is done ethically, scrupulously, and independently.

This is what the founders of SUMAÚMA have done throughout our journalistic lives, and this is what we want to do together with this new project. We are reporters with decades of professional experience who realise we need to create something different in response to the climate emergency and mass extinction of species. We want to do more than we have already done, and we are committed to dedicating our lives to the great struggle that has fallen to the current generation. We have challenged ourselves to act more forcefully to defend today’s and tomorrow’s children— and SUMAÚMA is our response.

Our values can be summed up in two words: forest first. The forest— its nature and its people—must come before the market. This is an approach based on both cutting-edge climate science and traditional Indigenous thinking. But there are powerful and violent threats to those who believe this from companies, politicians, and organised crime.

As journalists, we stand with the forest-peoples on the front lines of the war now being waged against nature. As well as violence against environmental defenders, the website MapBiomass tells us this conflict killed eighteen trees per second in the Amazon rainforest in 2021, and it is almost certainly killing them at a faster rate now. This war is forcing butterflies to mute their colours, mimicking the brown and grey of the burned forest so they can survive. Instead of tanks, this war uses tractors and chainsaws; instead of traditional bombs, its planes rain agrottoxins down on the earth, rivers, and people; instead of battleships, gold dredgers release mercury that destroys the health of the rivers; instead of regular soldiers, this war relies on hired guns and police officers turned militiamen, because the state has been usurped. Today, this war of unbalanced forces has become a massacre, and the massacre must end.

When we say we will do journalism from the centre of the world, we do not mean it rhetorically. The only way today’s children will have any chance is if we understand that the centre of our values has been misplaced and must be repositioned. This misplacement is why we have reached the terrifyingly absurd point where a minority of humans is altering the planet’s morphology and climate. The most important centres of a planet experiencing climate collapse are not Washington or Beijing, nor are its centres the bunkers of the financial system; they are the enclaves of life on which our survival depends—the oceans, tropical rainforests, and other diverse biomes.

As journalists, we pursue truth and we look for the clearest possible perspective. The urgent need to reposition centralities must be accompanied by a shift in viewpoints and values. This decentralisation is fundamental if we are to create, in a short period of time, a human community capable of living with all other species without destroying our planet-home. This is what we call the Amazonization of the world, a concept woven by many voices, a concept that goes far beyond the Amazon.

Based in Altamira, in the Middle Xingu region of Pará state, SUMAÚMA takes a side. SUMAÚMA is an ally of those who defend enclaves of nature and centres of life. Altamira is the epicentre of both the destruction of the forest and resistance to this destruction. SUMAÚMA stands firmly on the side of life. We want to be part of a transformation. We want to connect supporters in distant cities with those fighting in the forest to protect our planetary life-support systems.

We will start as a seed, releasing a fortnightly newsletter in Portuguese, English, and Spanish beginning on September 13. With your support, we will sink our roots into the ground and spread our limbs until we form a tree, as a trilingual digital newspaper. We will also release an audio podcast, led by **Elizangela Baré**, an Indigenous woman from São Gabriel da Cachoeira, considered “the most Indigenous city” in the state of Amazonas. Designed to respect the oral transmission of knowledge by Amazon peoples and distributed over WhatsApp, the podcast is a partnership with the Indigenous communication network *Rede Wayuri*.

SUMAÚMA will also seek partnerships with other independent journalism agencies and collectives of forest communicators as part of a collaborative network.

SUMAÚMA is not just an environmental journalism platform. Our understanding of the world is not compartmentalised: we believe the climate crisis cuts across all topics, and journalism should approach it as such. It is a prism to view everything, not just another subject. Only by understanding that the war on nature is shaped by the power relations between race, gender, class, and also species can we cover the brutal actions of the human minority that is causing the mass die-off of nature and risking a hostile future for its children. The climate crisis has been triggered by inequalities that it now magnifies, since those hardest hit are Indigenous and Black people, women, and the many species headed toward extinction. Yes, SUMAÚMA defends democracy, but in the twenty-first century, it makes no sense to speak of democracy without extending representation to other species and future generations. We are anti-racist and anti-speciesist.

We are the founders of SUMAÚMA, but the platform will only grow like its namesake by working with forest journalists in a process of co-training, where we will teach local communicators the best of what we have learned and practised in journalism, some of us for more than thirty years, while young Indigenous, beiradeiros, descendants of enslaved rebels known as quilombolas, small-hold farmers, and youth from the marginalised areas of Amazon cities will teach us how they tell stories. After all, Indigenous peoples have been transmitting their knowledge and producing news in the Amazon for at least 13,000 years. As proposed by SUMAÚMA, this process of training journalists will also be a process of de-training its founders. SUMAÚMA believes the main field of contention in this war is language, and we align ourselves not with the “commodities people,” as **Davi Kopenawa** calls colonisers and their descendants, but with people who have never stopped being part of nature. SUMAÚMA does not call rivers, mountains, or trees “resources” but aligns itself with those who call them “father,” “mother,” “grandfather,” and “grandmother.” It is a relationship of interdependence.

The future we imagine for SUMAÚMA is a newsroom composed increasingly of forest journalists. We, the founders of the platform today, should only be bridges for a movement that begins as a gesture in the present, a bridge with an expiration date, so that in the not too distant future we can cede our place to people trained in SUMAÚMA-izing. We will work so that those trained by us, and who will de-train us, can also create other enclaves of journalism, because we need much more than what exists today if we are to have any chance in this war, where the other side holds much greater power and is driving the rainforest to the point of no return.

SUMAÚMA begins as a seed. It can only become a tree if you believe it is important to have a journalism platform like this on the planet-home we share. Our content will be open in all three languages, but we can only exist with your support.

Rather than passive readers, we want to create a community along with those who have already chosen their side in the great battle of our time, a war that will last well beyond today’s adult generations. SUMAÚMA is an independent journalism platform that can only grow and stay alive if you feel it is important to have such a platform in your lifetime, and if this understanding translates into an ongoing donation.

With your support, SUMAÚMA will be able to form a newsroom that can cover the rainforest not just in Brazil but across the Pan-Amazon regions and other biomes threatened by destruction. We want to build the journalistic capacity to report on major global debates and events from a rainforest perspective. With your support, SUMAÚMA can conduct more investigations, spark more debate, train more journalists. Your donation will be the water and sun that allows SUMAÚMA to grow from a seed into a tree. Without water or sun, without you, SUMAÚMA will die before it blooms.

Living in war is not a choice; the war is here and all you need to do is open your window—or sometimes your faucet—to understand that it is advancing fast. Our only choice is whether or not to fight, a choice that has consequences for the present and future. We have chosen. Now it is your turn to choose.

We invite you to join us. Let’s SUMAÚMA-ize, let’s Amazonize!

Altamira, Middle Xingu, Amazon, Center of the World,
September 1, 2022.ⁱ

ⁱ The *Manifesto* is reproduced with kind permission of the [SUMAÚMA journalism](https://sumauma.com/en/quem-somos/) platform. <https://sumauma.com/en/quem-somos/>

Contributors

Alfredo Maldonado was born in Edinburg, Texas, into a beautiful family. He spent most of his childhood in a small town near southeast Texas on the edge of the Rio Grande Valley, called Nuevo Progreso, Tamaulipas. In 2010, his parents experienced a financial crisis and moved to Mexico with his paternal grandparents. With determination, they were able to overcome these dilemmas and rebuild their lives. Thanks to them, he was able to graduate from IDEA Weslaco Pike College Preparatory in 2021 and is currently a student at the University of Texas at San Antonio. He is set to graduate in December 2024 with a bachelor's degree in biology and a minor in Spanish.

Denise Delgado studies Modern Languages at UTSA. She was born and raised in San Antonio, Texas, after her family immigrated to the United States in 2001. Denise grew up speaking both Spanish and English. Her favorite flowers are tulips and bluebonnets. The landscape around the schools where she grew up has always been dry, but spring makes up for it. As a student of French and translation, her favorite way to express nature is in French.

Hannah Wool has lived in San Antonio, Texas, for as long as she can remember. It is a sprawling city at the southern end of the Hill Country, with a small “river” running through downtown—now fenced in by stone and cement. The city derives most of its water supply from the Edwards Aquifer. Hannah lived for a year and a half in Baltimore, Maryland, and came to see it as a second home. While there, she encountered real snow, life without air conditioning, and new kinds of trees. Since returning to San Antonio, she has missed the magnolia trees but not the snow. When the so-called Snow-mageddon of 2021 hit San Antonio and much of the South, it was a reminder both of the shortcomings of modern construction and of the importance of shelter, water, and food. The storm's impacts on infrastructure lasted long after it had dissipated, but even so, Hannah was relatively lucky. While the lack of snow in 2024 has been a relief to her, the unseasonably warm temperatures of January and February were a stark reminder of the continuing march of climate change. She is a second-year master's student studying Spanish.

Letícia Larín (São Paulo, 1982), is an interdisciplinary artist and researcher. She lived in Lima from 2012 to 2016, and has been living and working in Lisbon since 2017. She is finishing her PhD in Fine Arts (FBAUL) on the Kaiowá and Guarani indigenous peoples (MS/BR), having been awarded scholarships by the Portuguese Science Foundation (FCT) and the Latin American Council of Social Sciences (CLACSO). She has held artistic residencies, performances and solo shows, and participated in around 70 group exhibitions mainly between mainly Greece, Mexico, Portugal, Brazil, United States and Peru

North Awad is the first child of Arab immigrants born in America. Although they were born on beaches of California, North was raised in the countryside of New Braunfels, Texas. During their childhood, North traveled to the culturally rich countries of Jordan, Egypt, Israel, and Palestine. They miss the fresh fruits and sunset on their grandfather's farm in Tulkarem. Nothing in the world compares to the beaches in Tel Aviv, the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, or the pyramids and camel rides in Egypt.

To preserve their Arab culture, North has been teaching themselves traditional Palestinian cross-stitching art of “tatreez”. They hope that one day they can go back to their parents' homeland. North is currently an undergraduate at the University of Texas at San Antonio where they are studying neuroscience, psychology, and pursuing a minor in Spanish.

Nuno Marques is a researcher, poet and translator, working on ecopoetics in the environmental humanities. He is working on a monograph about Ibero-American ecopoetic breathing practices and wrote a thesis about how ecopoetry emphasizes song, breathing and air as liberating atmospheric figures for communication and relationships with others and the planet. He published the poetry book *Dia do Não* and translated poetry by Athena Farrokhzad (with Alejandro Urrutia), Gary Snyder (with Margarida Vale de Gato) and John Cage, all published by Douda Correria, Portugal.

Rita Barreira, (Lisbon, 1979) is a PhD candidate in Artistic Studies- Art and Mediations at the Art History Institute (IHA) - NOVA FCSH - UNL with the project “PIGS: Spaces of Exhaustion as an Artistic Practice in Southern Europe,” funded by the Fundação para a Ciência e a Tecnologia (FCT) [2020.06548.BD]. Her research focuses on artistic practices shaped by territory, activism, collectivism and self-organization. She positions research as a social practice in both academic and non-academic contexts. She co-organizes exhibitions, installations, performances, and talks to foster the production of space.

Sanna Nilsson, born 1987, is a jewelry artist and a painter who lives in Hörnefors, 30 km south of Umeå. Nature is her source to inspiration. Both in the way to convey its calmness and recently to question how we treat it in “Den gröna omställningen” (“the green transition” which takes place in the north of Sweden.

Stefanie Naoun was born in San Diego on land that once belonged to hunter-gatherers known as the Arawak, who were displaced with the onset of urban development. She grew up in a house away from the city, surrounded by mountains. She received her B.A. and an M.A. in Literature at the University of Texas, San Antonio. She is the author of *Venezuela*, a collection of poems inspired by her identity as a Venezuelan woman born in the 2000s, and worked as research assistant for *Ruge el bosque* during 2022 and 2024. Stefanie is passionate about translation and interpreting studies, which she integrates into her work with literature.

Valeria Meiller works at Stony Brook University which stands on the territory known as Wopowog by the Setalcott people. She is an Assistant Professor of Hispanic Languages and Literatures and a core member of the Native American and Indigenous Studies Initiative. She is currently working on her first academic monograph titled *Necroterritories: Slaughterhouses and the Politics of Death* and is the director of a project on plurilingual poetry from Abiyala called *Ruge el bosque*..

Skogar • Florestas • Bosques • Matas • Forests

Texts and Visual art About Forests in the Anthropocene

Edited by [Nuno Marques](#)
Formatted by [Anja M. Rieser](#)
Number of copies: 100

ISBN: 978-91-531-2247-0 (print)
ISBN 978-91-531-2248-7 (pdf)

crosscuts.se
kth.se/ehl

[KTH Environmental Humanities Laboratory](#)
Division of History of Science, Technology and Environment
Teknikringen 74D, 11428 Stockholm
Sweden

Cover: Artwork by [Elisa Pône](#) from a still of the
video piece *Il Vento Solo non Púo* ([Elisa Pône](#) and [Lise Bardou](#) with [Rita Barreira](#))

