

Versions of Anastácia

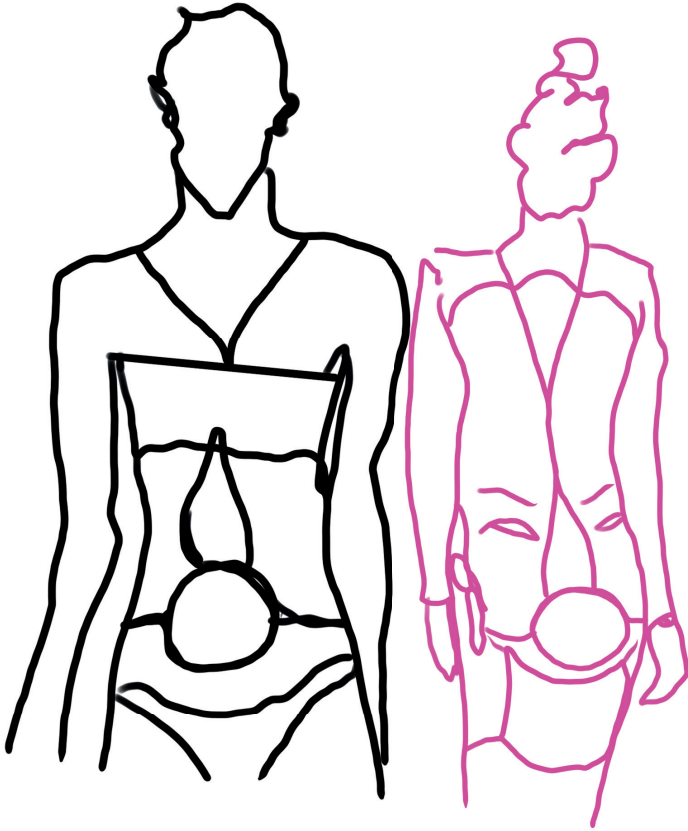
The television version portrayed Anastácia as a Nigerian princess, of pure African blood. Her eyes are blue, as a sign that she has been endowed by the spirit of the rivers (Oxum) with miraculous healing power, and assigned the mission to bring spiritual liberation to her people in bondage in Brazil. She has just married in Africa, and lost her virginity, when she is kidnapped by slavers and dragged to Brazil, where she is sold to an evil master and a jealous mistress. The master falls in love with her, and pleads with her to cede her body to him. She refuses, and he bides his time. Meanwhile she cares for his children, who love her, and she lays her hands' healing power upon the whipping wounds of the other slaves. Anastácia is tranquil, serene, and immune to vindictiveness. At one point another slave, embittered about nursing the master's child, sets fire to his crib, but Anastácia arrives and miraculously douses the flames with the gaze of her crystalline blue eyes.

Finally, the master can resist temptation no longer: he tries to rape her, but, in one bodily act of resistance, she pushes him away and runs to the plantation's front gate, which she flings open for a group of runaways. She, however, insists on staying on the plantation and facing her destiny. For the crime of letting out the slaves, and, implicitly, for having refused the master, she is tortured and confined to a face-mask. But her inner freedom is so great that she need only meet the looks of other slaves to evoke their love

of freedom. As she lies dying from the gangrene that has set in around her face-mask, she heals all those who come to her. Then, in what was for many viewers the most memorable moment of the series, the master and mistress come to Anastácia with their son, who is dying of pneumonia. Without hesitation, in an act of monumental dignity and forgiveness, she cures him. As she does so, she dies. The final scene is a view from the kitchen, as one of the cooks looks through the window and sees a white dove flying away from the plantation.



>>> This is the first version in my personal sequence. This is the first time I saw anything about Anastácia - which means that every version I heard or read afterwards only got shittier.



SPFW
2011



The slaves brought from Africa to Brazil, came from Guinea, Angola, and the Congo, bringing rosary beads with them around their necks. Only the strongest and those with the best teeth were chosen. Many died on the trip to the north of Brazil. Yellow fever and nostalgia for their distant homeland took many lives. Among the slaves were chosen the healthiest female slaves to take on heavy tasks in the plantations and sugar-mills.

Among them stood out because of her stature and the perfection of her facial traits, a young woman of Angola. She was beautiful, with white teeth and sensual lips, upon which could be noted a sad smile. In her large eyes, there was always a shining star. Because of her physical gifts, it may be presumed that she was the property of a noble family, which, upon returning to Portugal, sold her to a rich Brazilian planter. Taken to the plantation, her life underwent an abrupt change. Lusted after by men, envied by women, she was loved and respected by her brothers in suffering: old and young slaves alike found in her a sage friend. Stoic, serene, obedient to her torturers until she died. They called her Anastácia, for she had no birth record. She said that she left in her distant homeland father, mother, and a brother. She was cruelly raped to augment the workforce, and to satisfy the instincts of monsters in the clothing of men. She was harassed constantly by the slavedriver, in whom she inspired a morbid passion, and who raped her cruelly, turning her life into

a martyrdom, as if the torture of slavery was not already sufficient. Pursued by the men in the surroundings, her nights were filled with anguish, fear, and shame. Her honor, body and dignity were sacrificed by the violence of men brutalized by instinct. Like beasts, they fought over who would possess her, like an object.

As an inevitable consequence, she had many children. Beautiful children with blue eyes, like the blue of the sky, that seemed so far away from her. In order to nurse the children of her master, she had to deny her healthful milk to her own children who, while still young, were already hard at work in the Big House.

During the day Anastácia worked in the sugar-mill. The cane-juice was denied her, as it was to the other slaves. One day she felt the desire to taste a piece of sugar. She was seen by the evil slavedriver, who, calling her a thief, placed the face-iron upon her. It was vengeance. Anastácia had never allowed him to kiss her. She was pure, innocent, and chaste. This punishment was dreadful and drew the notice of the Mistress of the house, who, vain and jealous, upon seeing the strange beauty of the slave, feared that her husband might fall in love with her. Perfidious, without consulting her husband, she ordered a neck-iron to be placed upon her. She could not withstand this torture for very long. The iron, digging into her flesh, caused tetanus, which poisoned her blood and perfected her soul, elect by God who called her to the kingdom of heaven where the angels live.

Anastácia died after a prolonged agony, on a pale and sad morning. There was general grief on the plantation, reducing the productivity of the slaves, who attended her body in tears. When the fact of this sadness became known to the owner, remorse awoke too late his pity for this slave, sacrificed in the full bloom of youth.

The slavedriver and the Mistress felt pierced by a feeling of guilt that was so great that they permitted the vigil for Anastácia to be held in the chapel, while the master, filled with remorse and compassion, provided a burial worthy of a freedperson. And so the beautiful slave, covered with flowers, was buried in the Church, built by slaves, their sweat mixed with the mortar.

And today her devotees can testify that the tortured slave is a saint. I have already received many blessings and miracles from her, in the certainty that she died in saintliness, and must be in Heaven, surrounded by the angels, interceding for men. Go there, to the Museum of the Negro, and verify for yourself that what I have reported here. Go and meet Anastácia. Contemplate the softness of her gaze. Ask from her a blessing and return later to thank her for the miracle.

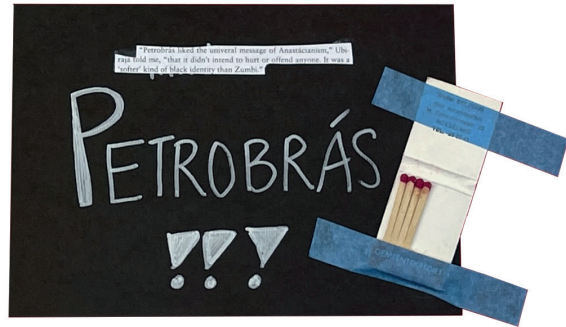


She was born more or less in the period between 1770 and 1813, in the state of Bahia. A beautiful Negra with blue eyes, daughter of adultery, of a plantation owner with a slave. Anastácia, for having always insisted on preserving her body – in full puberty from the defiling desires of her owner, was cruelly subjected to a martyrdom that lasted years. In hateful spite, the master ordered her placed in a neck-iron and face-mask of leather. She was then abandoned in a dark cell.

Some time later, dying, devastated by hunger and sickness, she was found. Her saviors took her to Rio de Janeiro, where she was given medical attention and made a member of the Brotherhood. Here she died and was buried. Now in this church there is constant celebration of masses for the souls of the slaves, of whom Anastácia is only one represented in effigy in the church. And in compensation for the tortures of the slaves, God has given to the generous gaze of the portrait of Anastácia, true power to ease the suffering of all those who come close to God with sincere goodness in their hearts, faith, charity, and love.



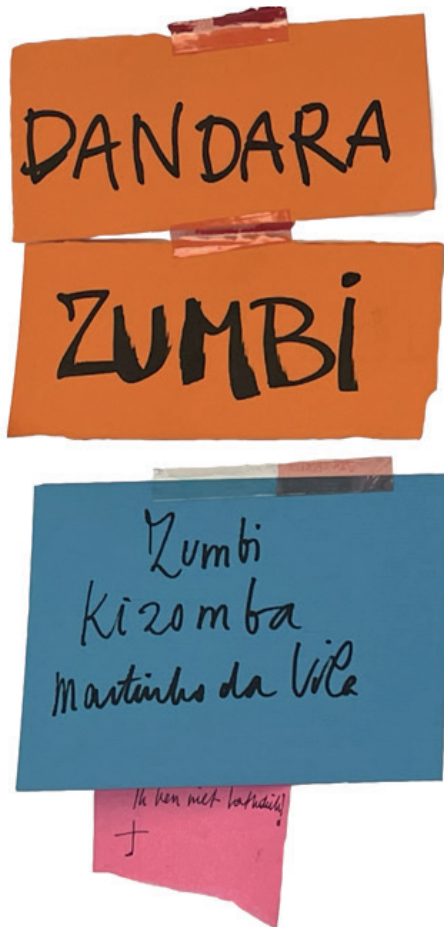
In their effort to canonize Anastácia, the two men (Nilton da Silva & Ubirajá Silva, CMF) received support from Petrobrás, the national oil company, which subsidized the publication of the movement's booklet and the production of its T-shirts.

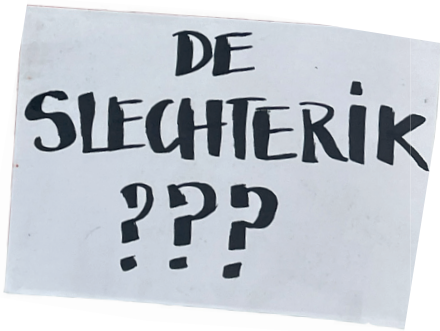


The company had been approached for support of the Zumbi monument, and had declined. The image of Anastácia, with its appeal to harmony, may have appeared to the nationalist elite at Petrobrás to be a useful alternative to the separatist radicalism of the black movement. "Petrobrás liked the universal (sic) message of Anastácianism," Ubirajá told me, "that it didn't intend to hurt or offend anyone. It was a 'softer' kind of black identity than Zumbi".

In May 1984 the two Silvas sent their petition for canonization to the pope. In it they retold the story of Anastácia. This retelling became the version printed on the hundreds of thousands of small prayer sheets distributed by Nilton's shrine to Anastácia over the course of the last decade.

Palmares was Brazil's largest Quilombo, – a community founded by enslaved persons who escaped. The Dutch tried to conquer Palmares and failed, as did the Spanish and the Portuguese. It was one of the longest standing fugitive communities, in the end hosting tens of thousands of escaped persons. The last leader of Palmares was Zumbi dos Palmares.





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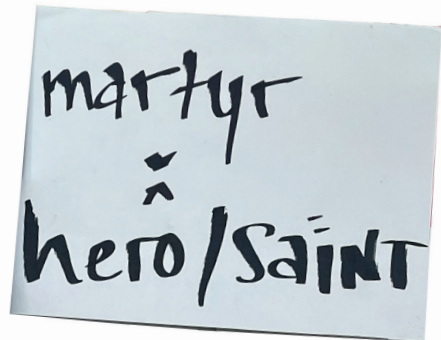


**DIE TATSACHEN
GEHÖREN ALLE
NUR ZUR AUF-
GABE, NICHT
ZUR LÖSUNG**

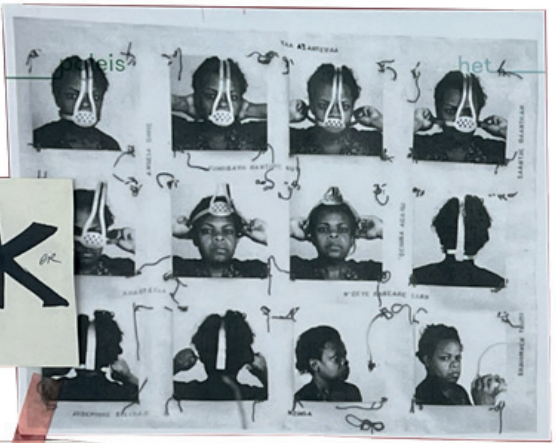
intentional

In this version, Anastácia is the daughter of the master who owns her, who had fallen in love with her mother. The master's wife, suspecting that her husband's tender treatment of Anastácia is due to his paternity of her, tries to banish the young slave from the plantation, but fails. Anastácia having inherited from her white father a strong sense of dignity, fails to recognize herself as a slave, and speaks to everyone with the calm and tranquility of a freed person. This behavior enrages the master's wife, who, along with her biological daughter, makes the owner believe that Anastácia is planning to lead a general slave revolt. This is too much even for Anastácia's father to bear. She is seized and tortured to death. Only after she dies does her father learn of the lie. He repents and asks the spirit of Anastácia for forgiveness, which she grants.

This was the first version of Anastácia's life that made her out to be a voice against slavery, albeit a voice qualified by an unwillingness to lead an all-out uprising, and by the final act of forgiveness.



MASK



However, it is immediately clear that the image produced by Agre was not to be identified by name. In fact, because the image shows both a mask as well as an inner collar, it probably represents a composite mask design as observed in Rio. And in the brief descriptions accompanying each image that explain the previous four questions, Agre made it plain he was following an as least several people. In any case, the made person's legs used in his references to this image (e.g., "my legs are human", "I'm here", "my legs are human") were almost made to appear that they're in some sort of original appearance, that the image was intended to depict a multi-cultural. Whichever form identification has been made between Agre's legs and the re-creation of America's cultural context that has resulted in the way, and his original drawing.

50 J. S. Hadden, K. E. Heron, *African Diaspora 2* (2000) 25-51

resistance. None of these meanings intentionally exclusive, but all are quite different from what Jacques Estève Victor Agre intended to convey when he made his original drawing.

It is well known that the visual dimension is central to Afro-diasporan religious images of gods and spirits, elaborate costumes and crowns, complex alms, and multiple ritual processes designed to involve all of the senses, an essential media for maintaining and interacting with the spirit world. Very often these visual elements, like the images of Catholic saints that today adorn temples in Haiti, Cuba, or Brazil, or the wangs that Vodou specialists manufacture in harnes and direct spiritual energies, organized in very different cultural and religious contexts. Much scholarship has been devoted to identifying the cultural origins of various Afro-diasporan phenomena, from the creolized practices favored by African American quilt makers to the specific design elements utilized in Haitian Vodou. While this scholarship is important and valuable, it does not reveal much about the specific processes through which traditions originating in one cultural context were forged into new, responsive complexes in another. Rather, it tends to perpetuate a vision of Afro-diasporan traditions as preserving or reconstructing a primarily African past. Our study of the distinctive image imagined today as that of the masked dance Afro-diaspora has concerned us that identifying the origins and reading the historical trajectory of religious images is important, but we also should extend to re-examination in the meanings of these images and the role they play in diasporan lives. Such an approach not only connects the ability to emphasize the African aspects of Afro-diasporan traditions, but also suggests new vistas for understanding the local processes through which these traditions were forged and continue to evolve.

Works Cited

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1923. *Monnaie et d'Égypte Ancien du Monde: Peinture de l'Asie*. 1917, 1918, 1919 et 1922. *Les Cahiers de l'Institut de l'Égypte*. Paris: PUF.

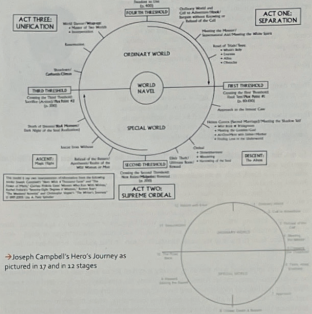
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- Summing up, these are the three largest ingredients for the choreography:
1. The monomyth, or the 17 steps of The Hero's Journey (sometimes reduced to 12).
 2. The tetrameter, and the oppositions that comes with it.
 3. The subject, or the dramatic and spiritual component.

Please find some illustrations of all before-mentioned here below, as well as a list of the people already involved in the project and some info on Sandra Ilariets, who, with me, would be performing the dancing.

The Hero's Journey



→ Joseph Campbell's Hero's Journey as pictured in 17 and 12 stages

WAT ZIJN DE FACETTEN VAN HAAR VERZET → bekeerd blijven in er ook één!



Concept, text, play	Carolina Maciel de França
Dramaturgy	Kopano Maroga
Movement	Yi-Chun Liu
Director	Rodrigo Batista
Virtual reality	Wes Nijssen (Visual Assault)
Light design	Alek Lewandowski
Costume design	Jan-Jan Van Essche
Scenography	Gert-Jan Vanoevelen
Production	Ella Roels
Programme book	Ella Roels
Technical support	Rex Tee
Outside eye	Flora Verelst
Photography	Adel Setta (Mellunman)
Coproduction	DE SINGEL, Viernulvier, Het paleis, wp Zimmer, Beursschouwburg
Executive producer	Klein Verzet
With the support of	De Vlaamse Gemeenschap
With thanks to	Jan Wallyn, Mano Amaro, Sandra Hillaerts, Prisca Agnes Nishimwe en Felipe França

