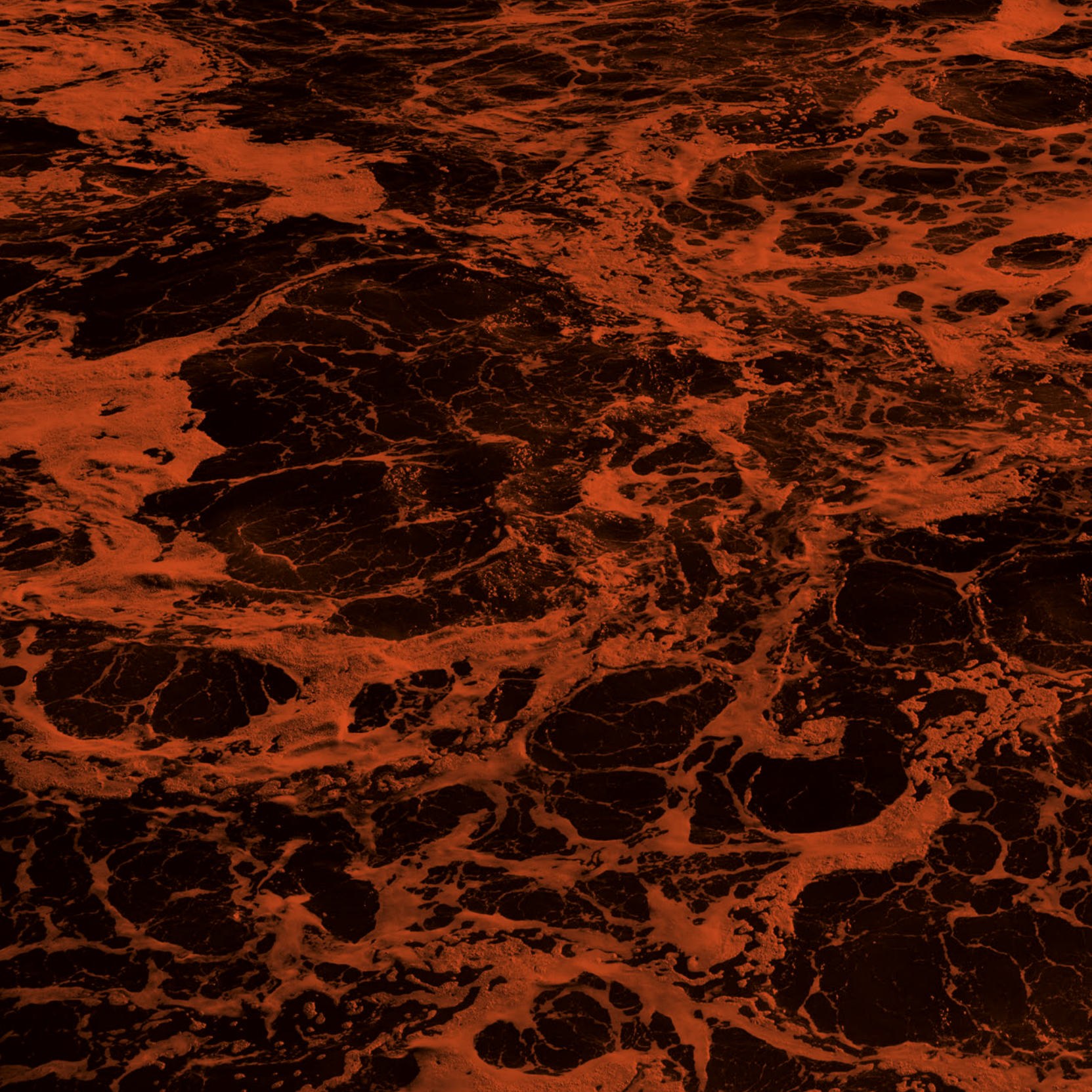
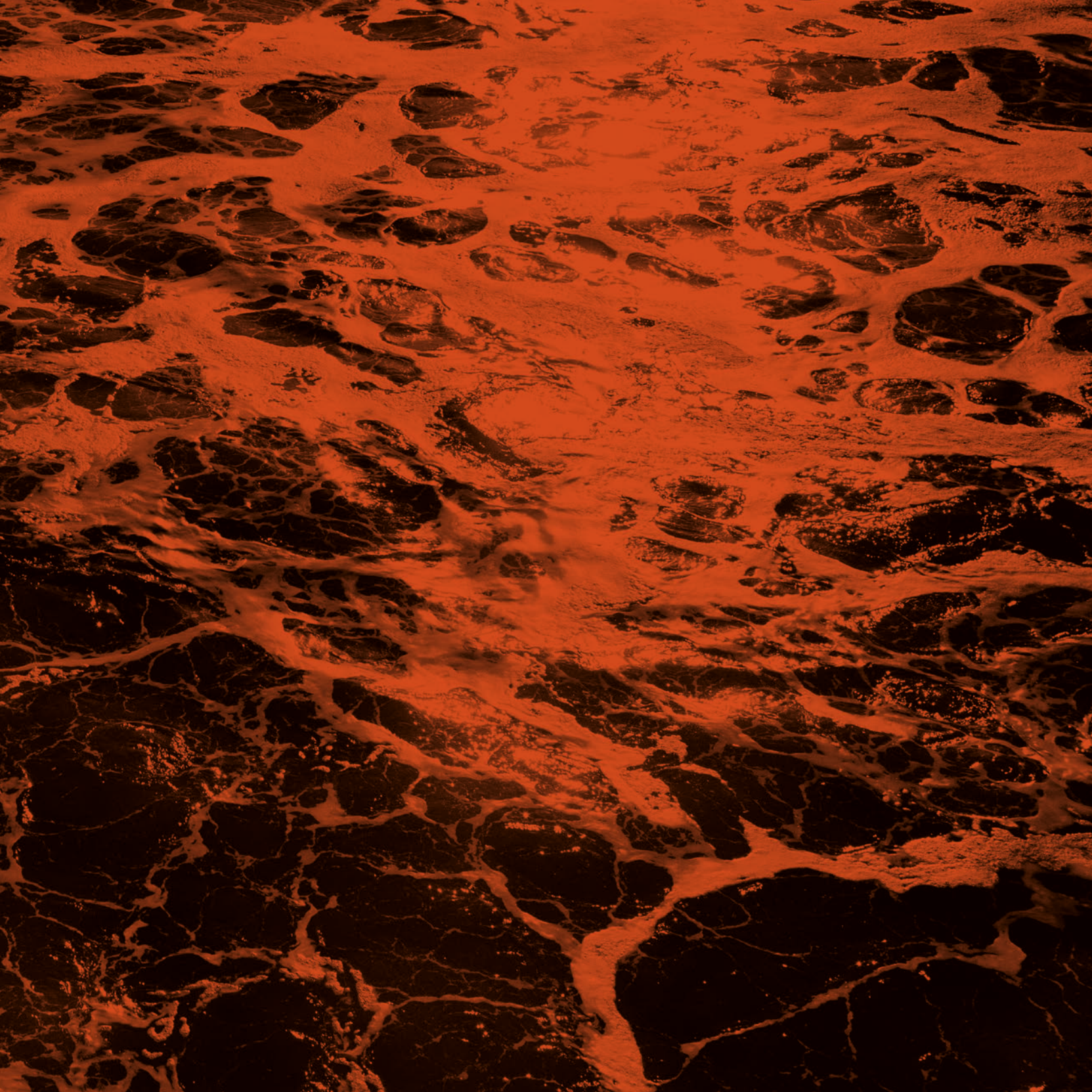
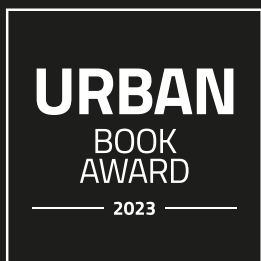




CAFUNÉ







WINNING PROJECT

CAFUNÉ

Rafael Fabrés

URBAN Book Award 2023

winning project

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CAFUNÉ

IT'S NOT EASY TO WORK IN RIO DE JANEIRO, WHICH CAN BE VERY VIOLENT AT TIMES AND AS A PHOTOGRAPHER YOU CAN BE VULNERABLE AT THOSE MOMENTS. THAT MAKES THE WORK OF RAFAEL SPECIAL, HIS INTIMATE AND POETIC IMAGES SHOWS HE IS CAPABLE OF WINNING THE TRUST OF PEOPLE. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MIX OF DAILY LIFE AND THE HARDCORE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL REALITIES (THE WORK WAS SHOT DURING THE BOLSONARO PRESIDENCY) IN BRAZIL. HE HAS DEVELOPED A STRONG SIGNATURE AND THEREFORE DESERVES THE AWARD.

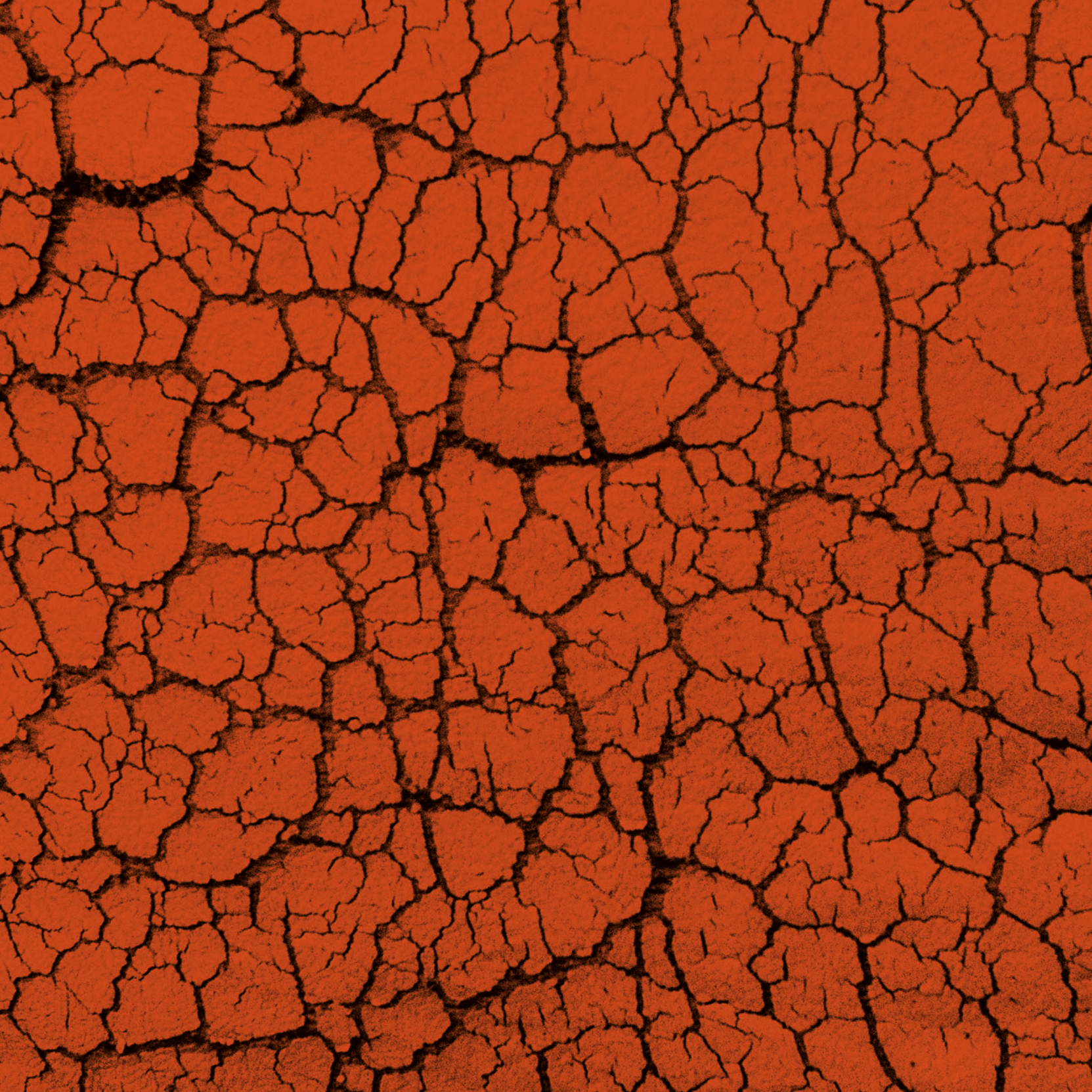
KADIR VAN LOHUIZEN

URBAN 2023 COMMISSION MEMBER

IN BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE THE WORD CAFUNÉ IS A GESTURE OF AFFECTION TOWARDS A LOVED ONE. THIS PROJECT IS A GESTURE OF AFFECTION TOWARDS RIO DE JANEIRO IN ALL ITS EXTREMES. FOCUSING TANGENTIALLY ON THE “PACIFICATION” OF THE FAVELAS OF RIO, THE PROJECT IS A DOCUMENT OF THE MARVELOUS CITY DURING THE WORLD CUP, THE OLYMPIC GAMES, THE POPE’S VISIT AND THE MASSIVE PROTESTS IN 2013. WHILE THE WORK DOCUMENTS A FUNDAMENTAL PERIOD IN BRAZILIAN HISTORY, THE PROJECT IS BOTH PERSONAL AND INTIMATE. A PHOTOGRAPHER’S DIARY OF THE JOY AND SORROW OF A CITY AS INTENSE AND UNEQUAL AS RIO DE JANEIRO. A PERSONAL RECONCILIATION AND A BITTERSWEET FAREWELL TO A PLACE AND A TIME OF EXTREMES.

RAFAEL FABRÉS

URBAN BOOK AWARD 2023 WINNER



“QUANDO A MINHA MÃO CHAMA O SEU CABELO PRA DANÇAR.
EMARANHADO DE CARINHO. NÓ DE AFEIÇÃO.
É QUANDO MEUS DEDOS BEIJAM SUA NUCA.
ATO DE AFAGAR ALGUÉM QUERIDO.
QUANDO BEM FEITO, FAZ DORMIR.
CALMANTE NATURAL.
QUANDO MEUS DEDOS VIRAM PEIXES NO SEU MAR DE CACHOS”.

JOÃO DOEDERLEIN

“WHEN MY HAND ASKS YOUR HAIR TO DANCE.
TANGLED WITH LOVE. A KNOT OF AFFECTION.
IT IS WHEN MY FINGERS KISS YOUR NAPE.
THE ACT OF CARESSING SOMEONE DEAR.
WHEN DONE PROPERLY, IT MAKES YOU SLEEP.
NATURAL SEDATIVE.
WHEN MY FINGERS BECOME FISH IN THE SEA OF YOUR CURLS.”





P3  SE PM NO 07 03 FERNANDO	P4  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	P5  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 LORENA	SECRETARIA  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	SSJD  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	CONFERÊNCIA  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	SERVIÇO SOCIAL  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	AUXILIAR DA SUPERVISÃO  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	LTS  SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO	 SE PM NO 07 03 MACHADO
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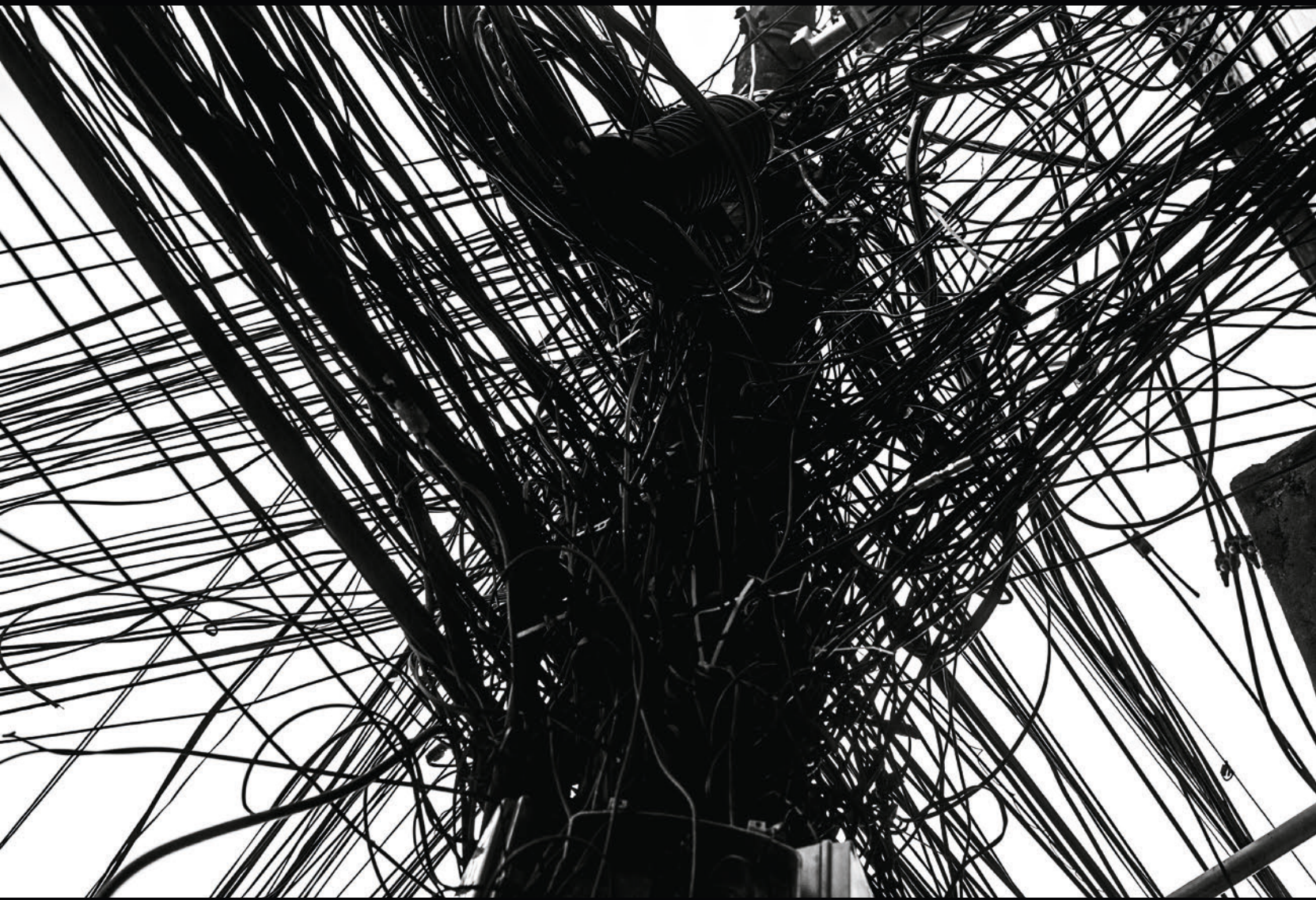
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RAFAEL FABRÉS

CAFUNÉ













**PEDI-LHE CONSELHO NA VIDA, MAS ELE PARECIA
AINDA MAIS PERDIDO.**

**I ASKED HIM FOR LIFE ADVICE, BUT HE SEEMED
TO BE EVEN MORE LOST.**

















BALA
NA
UPP

(11) 3415-2992



VENDE-SE
UMA CASA

N
SUA
CASA

TAPANA























SÓ SEI DANÇAR COM VOCÊ.

I ONLY KNOW HOW TO DANCE WITH YOU.







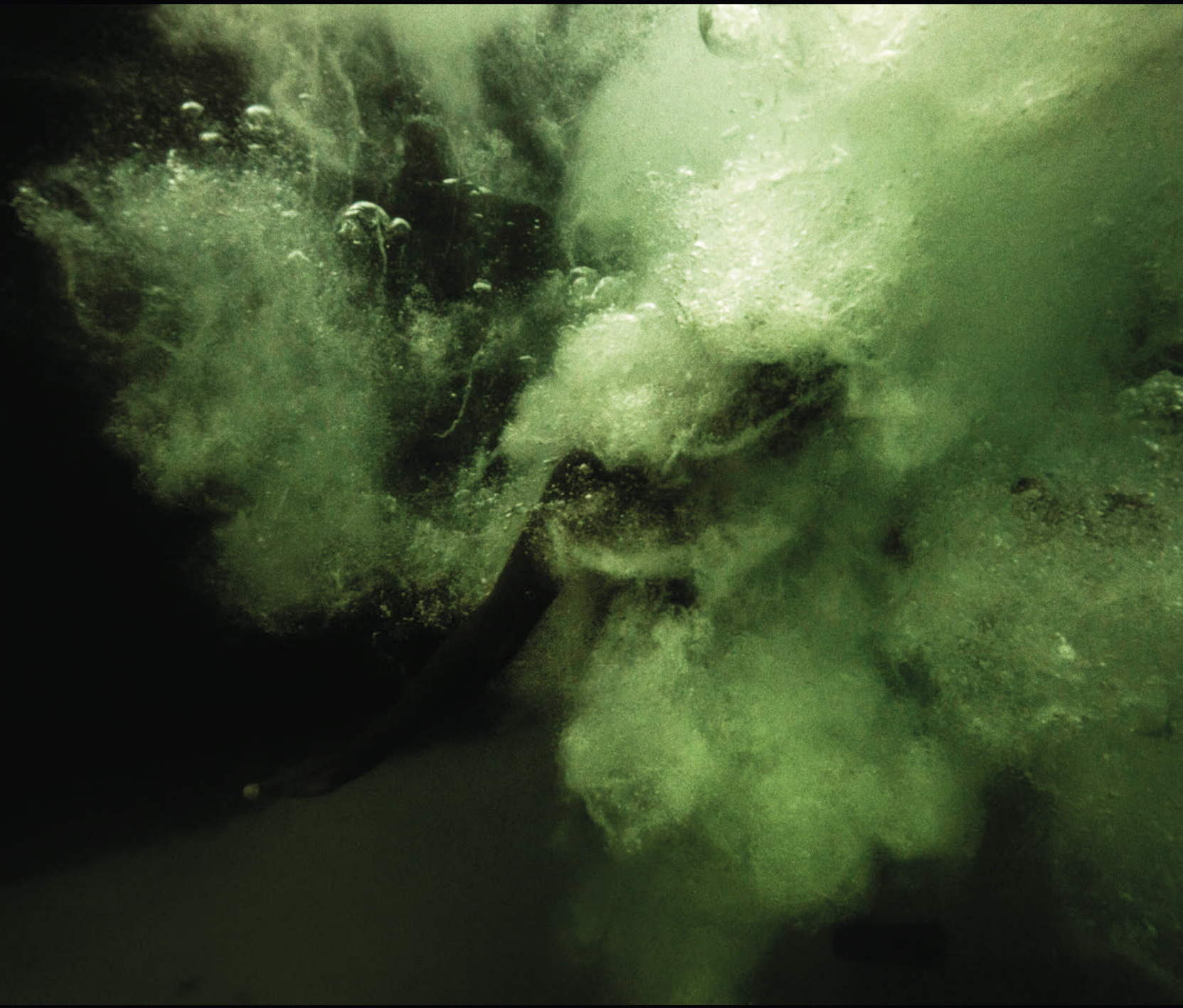
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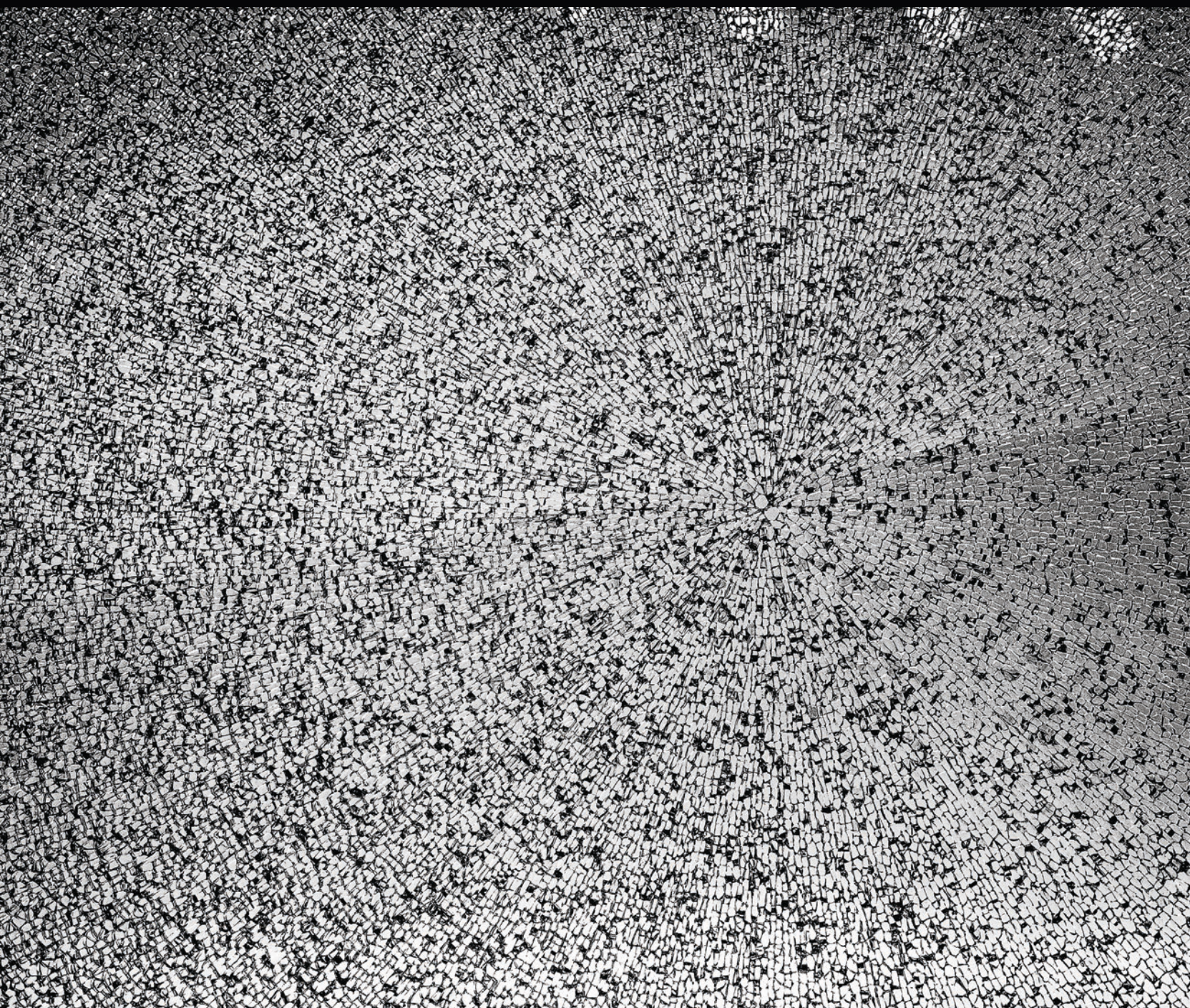
















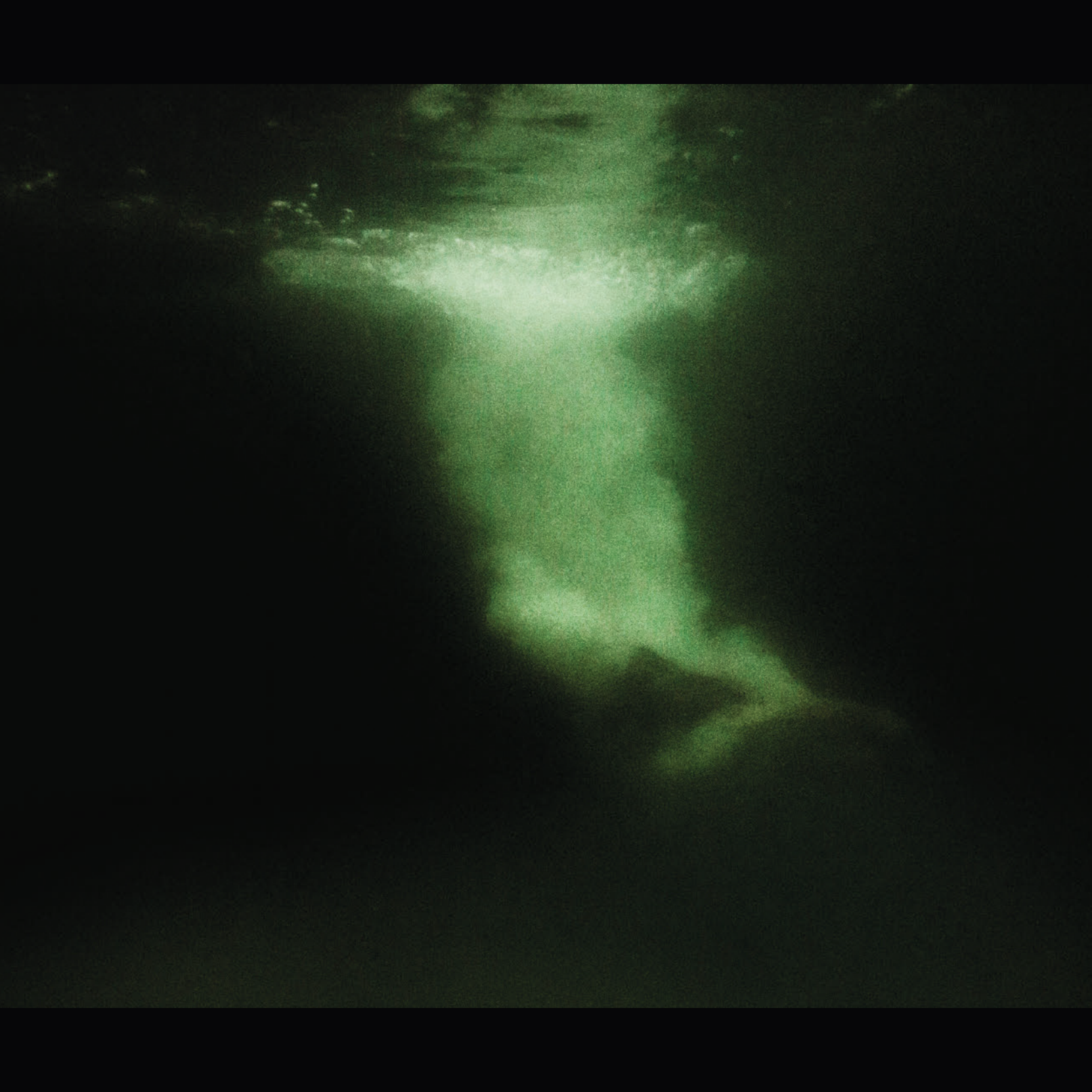




SERÁ QUE VOCÊ FOI MORDER MAIS DO QUE PODE MASTIGAR?

DID YOU BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW?

















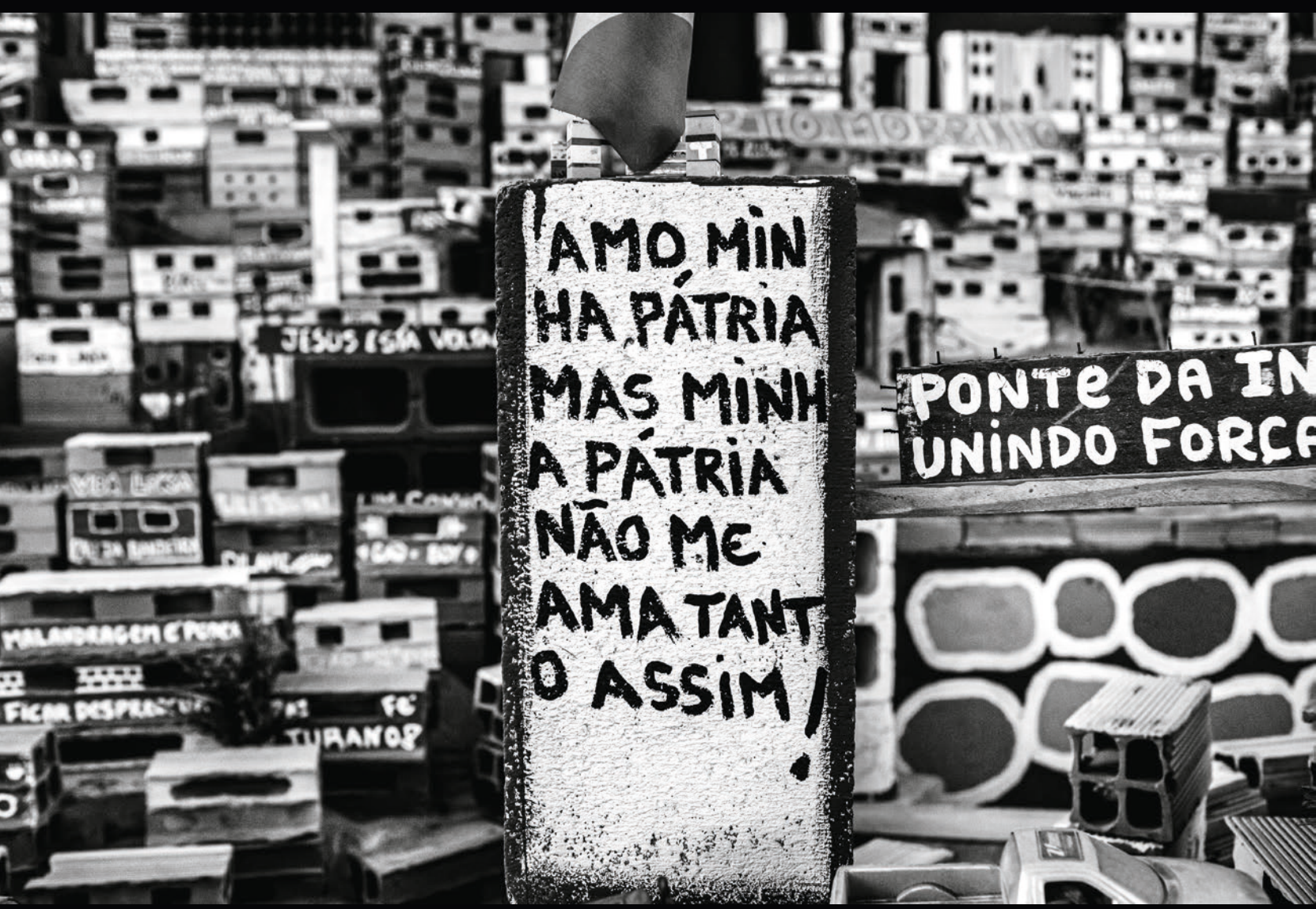




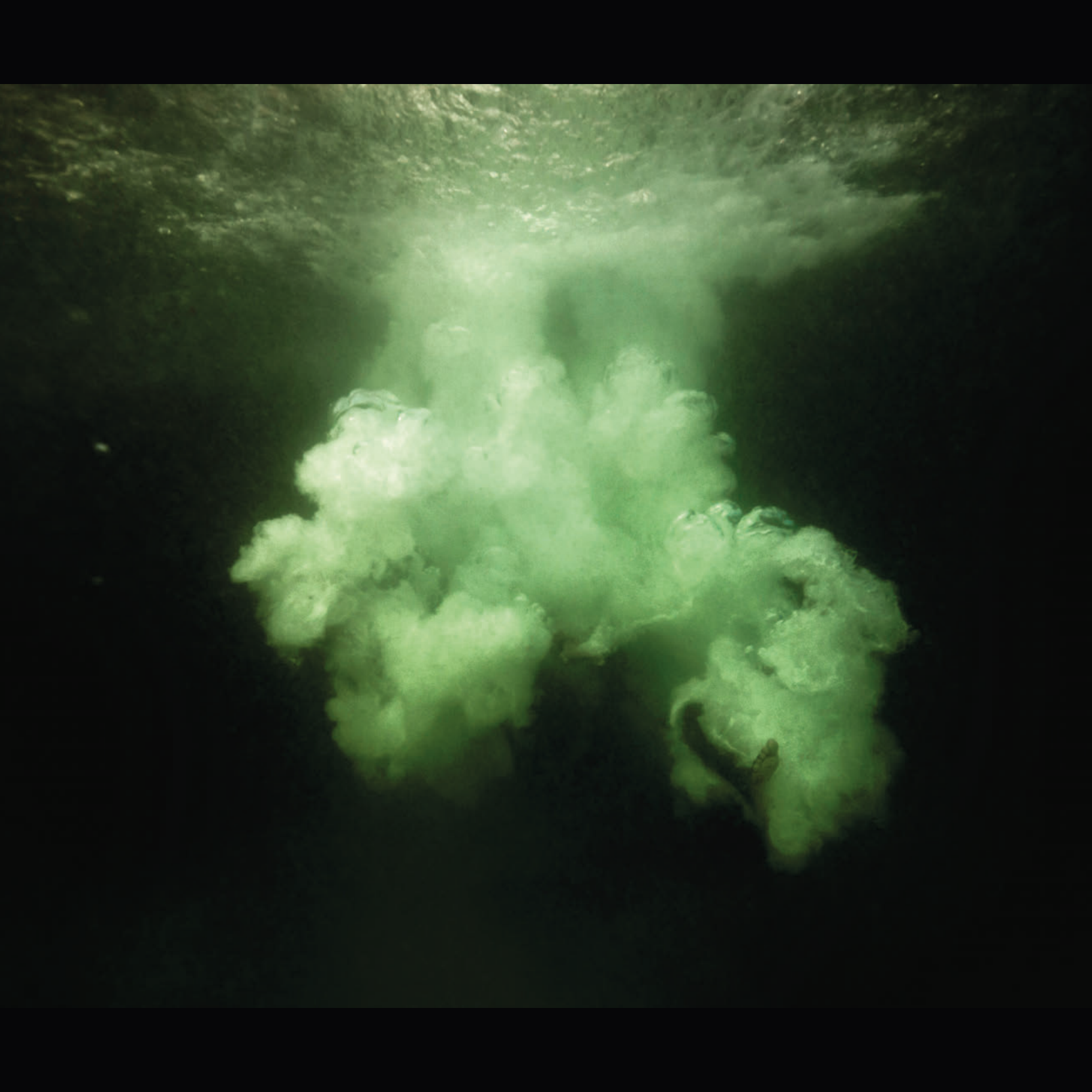


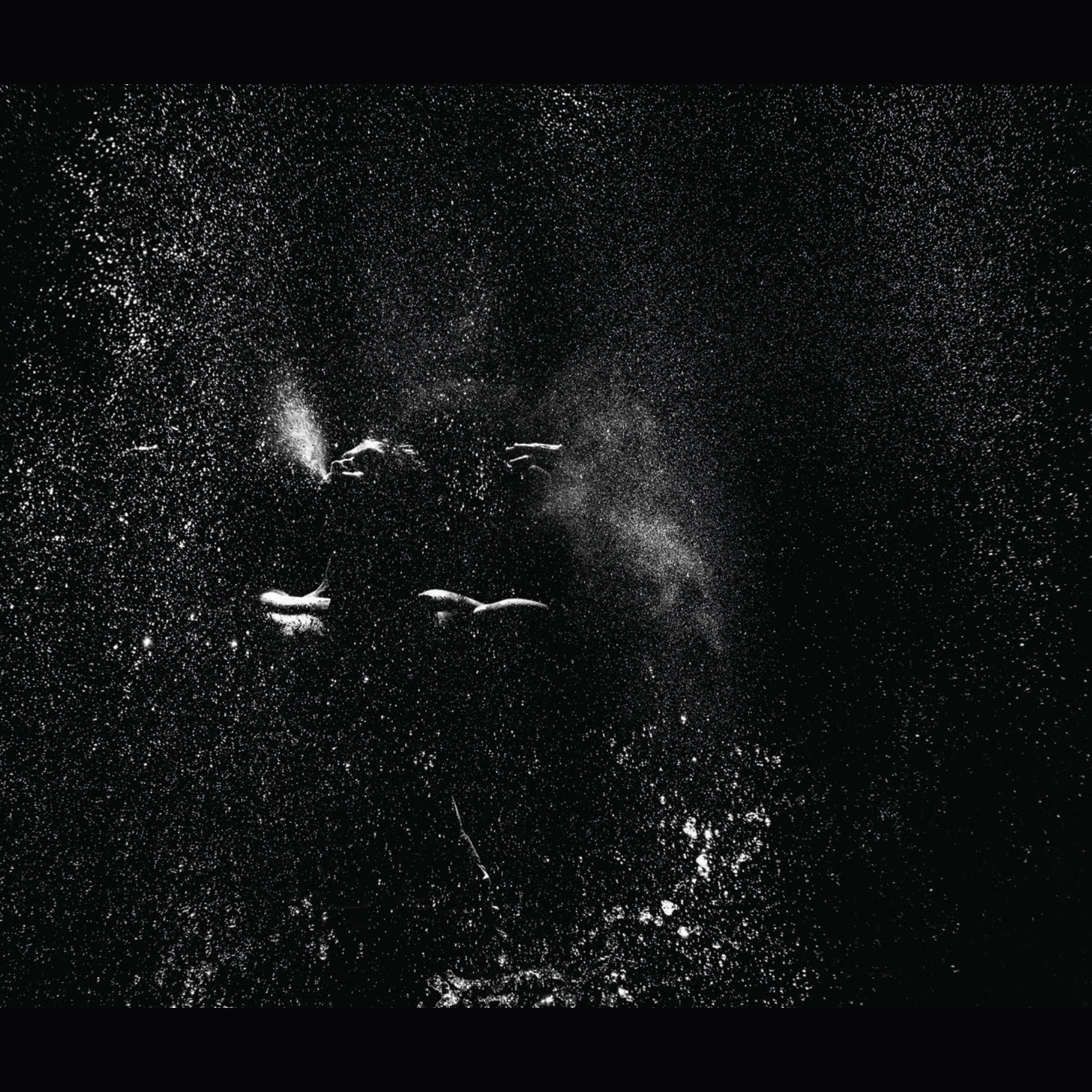
AMO MINHA PÁTRIA
MAS MINHA PÁTRIA
NÃO ME AMA TANTO
ASSIM!

PONTE DA UNINDO FORÇA













TODAS AQUELAS VIDAS QUE VOCÊ ATRAI. TRAÇAS À LUZ.

ALL THOSE LIVES YOU ATTRACT. MOTHS TOWARDS THE LIGHT.











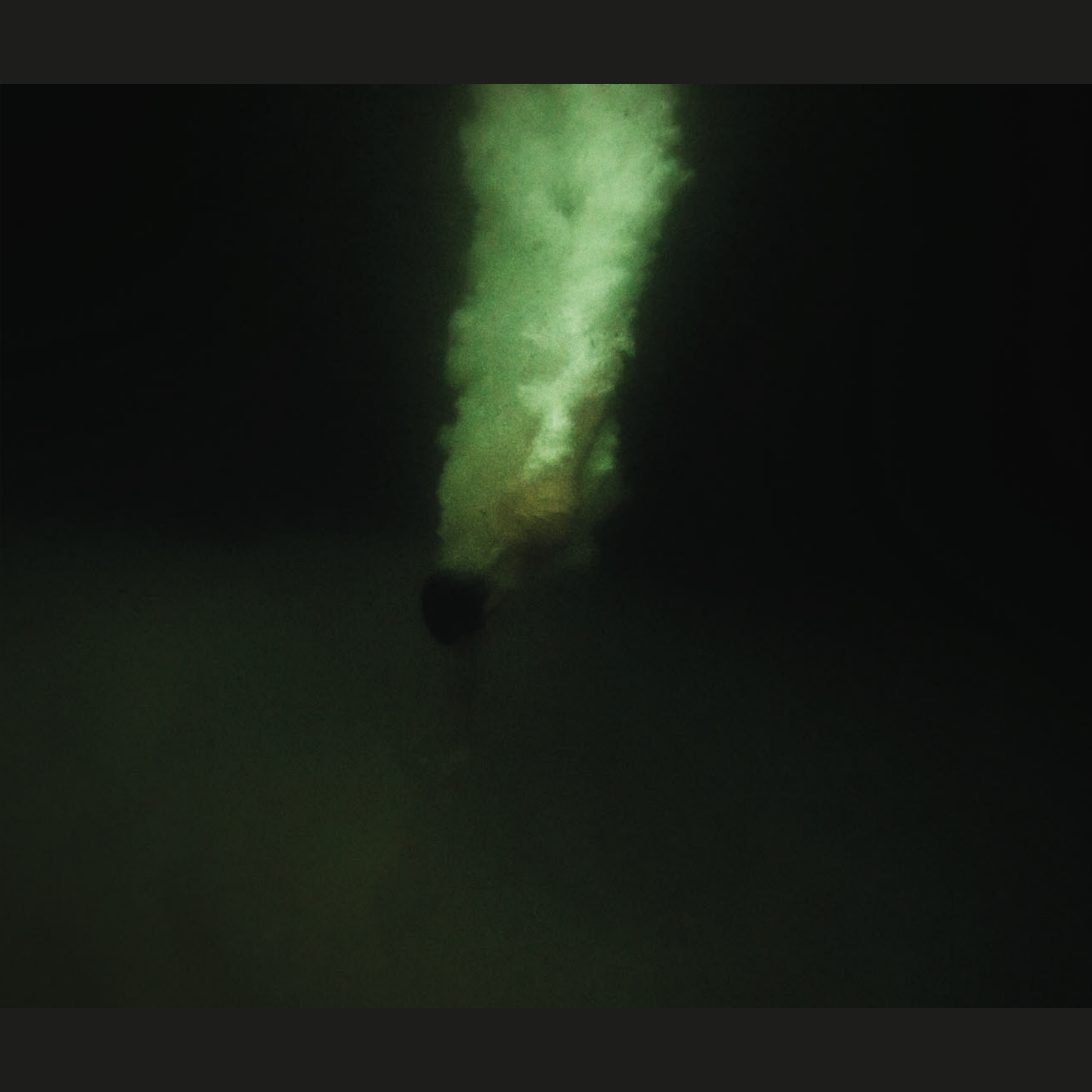






ANA LÍVIA - TURMA DA MANHÃ

























IGREJA PENTECOSTAL DOS MILAGROS
IGREJA DO PODER DE DEUS
CURSOS "MILAGROS", "LIBERTACAO", "REVELACAO"
PRED. PE. ADILSON JOSE DOS SANTOS
Obras a R\$ 6,4 - Prefeitura FINE - 24h 00 00

SUBRE
PEDRA
CAREIA
NHA IGRE
E A PORT
DO FER
MAO
LEO













É SÓ RODOPIAR. EM BUSCA DO QUE É BELO E VULGAR.

JUST WHIRL. IN SEARCH OF WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND VULGAR.























F-10
P
10R

45s.
10R

WHITE

M-10
FOR





MAS É DIFÍCIL PARA OS OUTROS VEREM.

BUT IT IS HARD FOR OTHERS TO SEE.

















TODAY, A LIZARD WITH NO TAIL VISITED ME. I LOOKED HIM FOR SOME TIME, BUT HE SEEMED EVEN MORE LOST THAN I WAS. IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, I CAME ACROSS THIS THING AND IN THE END I FOUND IT QUIET. I ONLY KNOW HOW TO DANCE WITH YOU. THAT'S WHAT LOVE DOES. YOU ASKED ME TO DANCE THAT DAY, BUT I NEVER KNEW HOW TO ROLL. THOSE WERE SOME OF THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE THAT TOOK THE STREETS. O GIGANTE ACORDOU PEOPLE KEPT REPEATING. THE GIANT AWOKE. IT WAS A CONDEMNED LOVE THIS ONE. BOUND TOGETHER THE SUN AND THE MOON. SHE ASKED FOR ATTENTION WITH A GRIEVING FACE WHILE HE STARED EXPRESSIONLESS AT THE HORIZON. A GROUP OF NEIGHBORS AND I BOUGHT A PACKAGE OF MILK TO CLEAN HER FACE AND EASE THE IRRITATION (WATER IN THESE CASES SOMETIMES MAKES THINGS WORSE). SHE WAS IN A TRANCE, CRYING AND SPINNING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. WHEN I TOLD ONE OF THE POLICEMEN, THAT I THOUGHT IT WAS INHUMAN WHAT HIS PARTNER HAD DONE, HE REPLIED THAT IT ISN'T HUMAN TO BE PREGNANT AND BE ADDICTED TO CRACK WHILE LIVING IN A TUNNEL. I THINK THAT WHAT ISN'T HUMAN, SOMETIMES, IS THIS CITY. PAPOS DE BOTECO. "THE STREET IS THE STREET. RESISTANCE MEANS THE INNER POWER TO FACE A DIFFICULTY, AND IT FORCES YOU TO ACCEPT IT. MY DIGNITY IS NOT FOR SALE IN THE MARKET, IT WILL NEVER BE, THAT IS WHY I AM STILL ON MY FEET. IT WAS NOT ME. WITHOUT WORK, YOU ARE NOTHING, BUT WITH GOD I AM EVERYTHING. THOSE WHO WANT TO SEE THE RAINBOW MUST LEARN TO ENJOY THE RAIN". BEFORE THE UPP'S CAME, THEY USED TO MAKE THEIR REUNIONS OPENLY IN THE MAIN STREETS, HOLDING THEIR HANDS TOGETHER, PRAYING AND ASKING GOD TO BLESS THE DRUG SALES. THAT WAS MY FATHER YOU KILLED, SAID THE SCORPION. NOW ME AND MY 200 BROTHERS WILL COME TONIGHT. SEEKING REVENGE, HAUNTING YOUR DREAMS. DID YOU BITE OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW? I REMEMBER ONE OF MY FELLOW ROWERS JOKED, WHEN HE SAW ME AT 6AM TRYING TO DRAG OUR HUGE CANOE INTO THE WATER ALL BY MY SELF. I'M MISSING SOMETHING. I ONLY HAVE A CASE, A SKIN, A WRAPPER. AT THIS POINT I ONLY KNOW THAT I NEED A SPINE, A HEART AND SOME BONES TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS. SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME RECOVER THE INNOCENCE OF LOOKING. I THOUGHT ANDERSON WAS GOING TO BURST INTO TEARS, BECAUSE FOR A SECOND HE SEEMED TO LOSE THE THREAD OF THE CONVERSATION AND STAY SILENT. IT WAS AS IF, IN THAT EXACT MOMENT, THE FULL REALIZATION OF WHAT HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED TO HIS FATHER HIT HIM. INSTEAD, HE PULLED OUT HIS IPOD AND HIT PLAY. IT WAS A FUNK SONG, COMPOSED BY A GUY FROM ROCINHA, ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO AMARILDO. O CARA E AMIGO MEU (THIS DUDE IS MY FRIEND), HE SAID PROUDLY, SPEAKING OF THE COMPOSER. ALL THOSE EYES YOU ATTRACT. I AM GOING TOWARDS THE LIGHT. EVERYONE'S. MINE. YOU ABSORB THEM. YOU TRANSFORM THEM. YOU TAKE THEM AWAY WHENEVER YOU WANT TO. EVERYONE LOOKS AT YOU, EVERYONE ADMIRES YOU, THEY WANT YOU. I LOVE YOU, BECAUSE YOU MAKE ME FEEL ALIVE,



WHEN I SEE THOSE WHO AREN'T ANYMORE. ALWAYS READY TO GET UP FROM ALL THESE STUMBLES. YOU BROKE, YOU MUTATED, YOU MATURED. YOU LAUGHED AT YOURSELF, AT THE WORLD, AT ME. BUT I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. I TAKE YOU WITH ME. I'LL TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU GO. LIKE THE MARKS OF YOUR TEETH ON MY BODY. WHAT REMAINS OF MY SOUL IS YOURS. YOU KNOW. WON WITH VIOLENCE AND TENDERNES. GIVE ME BACK THE PIECES. I'M NOT ASKING YOU PLEASE. IT'S NOT YOUR STYLE. ONCE THIS IS ACCOMPLISHED THEN MANY OTHER OBJECTIVES NEED TO BE ACHIEVED, IT WILL BE A VERY SLOW PROCESS BUT NOTHING CAN BE UNDERTAKEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A CROSS-FIRE. "I LOST MY JOB BUT NOT MY DIGNITY, THATS WHY I'M HERE, TRYING TO EARN A LIVING. THE ONE WHO OWES, PAYS. YOUNG MEN IN BRAZIL ARE NEVER TAKEN SERIOUSLY. I LOVE MY COUNTRY, BUT MY COUNTRY DOES NOT LOVE ME THAT MUCH." WHAT ARE YOU, IN THE END? WHERE IS YOUR PASSION? CONTINUE OVER THERE, I AM NOBODY IN PARTICULAR, AND NEITHER ARE YOU, ~~NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CROSS-FIRE~~ ~~WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND VULGAR~~. I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT I HAVE BEEN THINKING TODAY ABOUT SOMETHING SERIOUS OR VERY TRANSCENDENTAL. DUNNO, MAYBE ABOUT PEOPLE'S ABILITY TO OVERCOME, TO FIGHT, TO IGNORE OR SIMPLY FORGET THAT WHICH THEY DON'T WANT TO SEE OR WHICH HURTS THEM. OR MAYBE IN THE RESILIENCE OF HUMANS, IN ADAPTING TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT, FORGETTING ANYTHING THAT IS NOT USEFUL OR IMMEDIATE. I'D BE LYING TO YOU IF I SAID I DID. I'VE ONLY BEEN THINKING ABOUT HOW ABSURD IT ALL IS. O JR. FICO FAMOSO! (JR. BECAME FAMOUS!), SHE SHOUTED JOKINGLY AND FLIRTATIIOUSLY. ESA LOIRA? ESTAMOS NAMORANDO (THAT BLONDIE? WE'RE DATING), HE TOLD ME, AS WE KEEP HEADING DOWN. IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE WHILE LATER THAT I REALISED WE WERE TALKING, LAUGHING, ABOUT THE SUCCESS HE'S HAVING WITH WOMEN, NOW THAT HE'S A MODEL. NOT LESS THAN 20 MINUTES AGO HE WAS TELLING ME HOW HE THOUGHT HIS FATHER COULDN'T STAND THE BEATING OF THE SOLDIERS, WHILE HE WAS TORTURED. AND THAT'S WHY HE DIED. "BUT IT HAD THE PERFUME OF ROSES, THE SMELL OF THE DITCH WAS NOTHING AFTER THAT BLOW OF THE LEGENDARY PIGEON WITHOUT A WING". FINALLY YOU ESCAPED THROUGH THE HOLE. I'M PISSED, REALLY, REALLY PISSED. IT MAKES YOU WANT TO NOT TO GET CLOSE TO ANYONE. NOT TRUSTING ANYONE. GO FUCK LOVE, IF WHAT IT DOES IS SEPARATE. IT WAS PARADISE IN ITS OWN WAY. A PERFECT SEA OF PURPLE, WAVING SLOWLY WITH THE WIND, ABOVE THE GREEN VALLEYS OF THE EARTH. THERE'S A THREAD YOU FOLLOW. IT GOES AMONG THINGS THAT CHANGE. BUT IT DOESN'T CHANGE. PEOPLE WONDER ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE PURSUING. YOU HAVE TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THE THREAD, ~~BUT IT IS HARD FOR OTHERS TO SEE~~ WHILE YOU HOLD IT YOU CAN'T GET LOST. TRAGEDIES HAPPEN; PEOPLE GET HURT AND DIE; YOU SUFFER AND GET OLD. NOTHING YOU DO CAN STOP TIME'S UNFOLDING. YOU DON'T EVER LET GO OF THE THREAD. AND IF ALL ENDED UP IN CAFUNÉ, MAYBE THINGS WOULD NEVER ENDED UP.

**CAFUNÉ (N.) • PORTUGUÊS BRASILEIRO
O ATO DE PASSAR OS DEDOS COM CARINHO
PELO CABELO DE ALGUÉM.**

**CAFUNÉ (N.) • BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE
THE ACT OF TENDERLY RUNNING ONE'S FINGERS
THROUGH SOMEONE'S HAIR.**

THE POLYAMOROUS GIRLFRIEND ANA SCHLIMOVICH

“IT WAS SATURDAY, NIGHT HAD ALREADY FALLEN AND IT WAS HOT, AS ALMOST ALWAYS IN RIO. A CROWD GATHERED AROUND THE MUSICIANS OF SAMBA DA OUIDOR, A CENTRAL STREET FROM DOWNTOWN. WE WERE HAVING BEERS IN THOSE TINY GLASS CUPS TYPICAL FROM THE BOTECOS –RÍO DE JANEIRO’S BARS, WHICH ARE DOWNED AS SOON AS THEY ARE REFILLED. THAT NIGHT RAFA TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO MEXICO FOR AT LEAST SIX MONTHS. HE NEEDED TO TAKE A BREAK, TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND EVERYTHING HE HAD GONE THROUGH IN ORDER TO DIGEST IT.

HE EXPLAINED IT AS A MAN WHO NEEDED TO GET AWAY FROM A GIRLFRIEND. RIO IS THAT GIRLFRIEND, SO UTTERLY BEAUTIFUL THAT YOU COULD FORGIVE ANYTHING SHE DOES. A GIRLFRIEND THAT ATTRACTS LOVERS LIKE A LANTERN ATTRACTS MOTHS AND CONSUMES THEM; RIO LIKewise DEVOURS US, CHANGES US. A POLYAMOROUS GIRLFRIEND BLIND TO GENDER, RACE, OR AGE. SHE EMBRACES US AND LEAVES US STRANDED WITH THE SAME LEVITY. SHE KILLS US. FOR RIO, THE PIETÁ (MERCY IN ITALIAN) IS JUST A FOREIGN STATUE. RÍO KNOWS NO MERCY; SHE DOESN’T EVEN SUSPECT ITS EXISTENCE, BECAUSE SHE IS TOO BUSY CONTEMPLATING HERSELF. AND WE ALL LOOK AT HER, APPRECIATE HER, DESIRE HER. THE CURVES OF HER GEOGRAPHY, THE SOFTNESS OF HER SANDS, HER PYRAMIDAL BOULDERS, THE SEA... THE MUSIC, WHICH RUNS THROUGH HER, AS THOUGH HER OWN BREATHING. HOW CAN SHE BE SO PERFECT, BUT SO CRUEL? A WELL-PLACED BLOW THERE WHERE IT HURTS MOST, A MIRROR THAT LAYS US BARE FOR CONTEMPLATION. AND WHEN WE JUST CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE: THE ECSTASY. LIKE THOSE COUPLES THAT ENJOY QUARRELING, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT MAKE-UP SEX IS JUST THAT MUCH BETTER. ALWAYS MORE INTENSE.

RIO IS THE PERENNIAL GIRLFRIEND, BECAUSE ONCE THIS CITY INJECTS HER ESSENCE INTO YOU, YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO BREAK FREE FROM HER, WHEREVER YOU GO, NO MATTER THE DISTANCE. AND RAFA IS BRIMMING WITH RIO, BECAUSE HE HAS DELVED INTO HER DEEPEST NOOKS AND CRANNIES, TO THE VERY CORE. AND FORTUNATELY FOR US, HE HAS PORTRAYED EVERY BIT OF IT.

I REMEMBER ANOTHER NIGHT. IT WAS THE LAST DAY OF CARNIVAL. IT WAS HOT, AS ALMOST ALWAYS IN RIO. MANY FRIENDS, RAFA INCLUDED, AND I WERE MOVING TOGETHER WITH THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE DRESSED IN WHITE AND GOLD, SPRINKLED WITH GLITTER, IN A STREET PARADE THAT HAD NO FIXED DESTINATION. VIEMOS DE EGIPTO (“WE CAME FROM EGYPT”) WAS THE NAME OF THE BLOCO. A FLOAT FULL OF PARLANTES (–LOUD SPEAKERS– ALWAYS MUSIC...) LED THE CARAVAN THAT DEPARTED FROM CINELÂNDIA, ONCE AGAIN DOWNTOWN RIO, IN FRONT OF THE ODEON CINEMA. IT CRUISED ALONG THE STREETS OF THE NIGHT-LIFE-RICH LAPA DISTRICT AND CROSSED THE CURVED ATERRO DE FLAMENGO BRIDGE. EVERY NOW AND THEN THE FLOAT STOPPED, THE VOLUME OF THE MUSIC PEAKED, AND WE ALL DANCED FEVERISHLY, LOSING TRACK OF TIME, STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER, EVERYONE BECOMING A BLUR OF WHITE AND GOLD. EVEN CAETANO VELOSO WROTE ABOUT THAT MAGICAL AND UNPRECEDENTED NIGHT IN HIS NEWSPAPER COLUMN. WE RETURNED OVER ANOTHER BRIDGE TO THE STREETS OF THE GLORIA DISTRICT, AND, WITHOUT QUITE KNOWING HOW, OUR GROUP OF FRIENDS FOUND ITSELF DANCING IN A REPAIR-SHOP TURNED INTO A BAR AND CONTEMPORARY ART GALLERY. THAT BLOCO IS RÍO DE JANEIRO. ONE KNOWS WHERE IT STARTS, BUT NEVER KNOWS WHERE IT WILL END. THAT SMALL JOURNEY THROUGH THE CITY IN THE LAST NIGHT OF CARNIVAL MAKES ME THINK OF RAFA’S PHOTOS. GLOWING AND GLOOMY. LADEN WITH MYSTERIES. POWERFUL.

RAFA HAS PORTRAYED RIO AS ONE WOULD A LOVER. WITH PASSION. WITH PATIENCE. WITH INSATIABLE CURIOSITY. HE TASTED HER SOIL, BREATHED HER AIR, WAS BURNT BY HER FIRE AND IN HER WATER HE FOUND SOLACE, A REFUGE, PAUSE. HIS PHOTOS CONTAIN ALL FOUR ELEMENTS AND RAFAEL GENEROUSLY INVITES US TO ENTER INTO THE WATER EACH TIME WE NEED TO CATCH OUR BREATHS. THE SAME GOES FOR THE CITY. IF RIO HADN’T BEEN BATHED BY THE SEA, THE CITY WOULD BE INFERNAL, OR AT MOST AN ORDINARY ONE. THE SEA HAS THE QUALITY OF THAT UNTRANSLATABLE WORD RAFA WISELY CHOSE FOR THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK, THIS HOMAGE; THE SEA IS THE HAND WITH WHICH RIO MAKE US “CAFUNÉ”, STROKES OUR HAIR TENDERLY, AND IT IS THAT TOUCH WHICH, IN THE END, LINGERS WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE.”

CARIOCA DOPPELGÄNGER ARTURO LEZCANO

“ONE OF THE MOST DEVASTATING TRUTHS ABOUT THE WARS OF TODAY IS THAT CIVILIANS ARE ALMOST ALWAYS THE MAIN VICTIMS. RIO DE JANEIRO IS A PRIME EXAMPLE OF THIS REALITY. THE BANDIDOS AND THE POLICE ARE CONSTANTLY KILLING EACH OTHER, BUT THE CROSSFIRE LEAVES A TRAIL OF DEAD YOUTH, WOMEN AND ELDERLY PEOPLE, ALMOST ALWAYS POOR, STUDENTS, RETIREES, OR CLEANING LADIES.

THE MOST FAMOUS CIVILIAN VICTIM OF THIS SILENT WAR WAGED IN RIO WAS, AND STILL IS, A STONE MASON NAMED AMARILDO. WE NEVER MET HIM, BUT WE DID GET TO KNOW HIS EXECUTIONERS, ALTHOUGH AT THE TIME WE WEREN'T AWARE OF IT. IT WAS THE MILITARY POLICE SQUAD STATIONED AT ROCINHA, ONE OF MANY FAVELAS THAT HAD BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A RECURRING MURDER SCENE. THEIR SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS WERE FULL OF TALK ABOUT PEACE WHEN I PRODUCED MY NOTEBOOK, WHILE RAFA PHOTOGRAPHED THEM, FROM THE DROP OF SWEAT RUNNING DOWN THEIR FOREHEADS TO THE TIP OF THEIR RIFLES. MONTHS LATER IT WOULD BE KNOWN THAT THOSE UNIFORMED MEN HAD TORTURED AND ASSASSINATED AMARILDO, WHOSE BODY TO THIS DAY HAS NOT YET BEEN FOUND. WE CAME OUT MORE HARDENED FROM THAT ASSIGNMENT, THAT TERRIBLE CALAMITY, ALTHOUGH MY PARTNER INSISTED ON EXPOSING HIMSELF EVEN MORE. FOR HIM THE COVERAGE DIDN'T END DURING THE FRAME-SNAP WITH HIS CAMERA IN THE FAVELA: HE ACTUALLY LIVED THERE. DURING MANY SEASONS HE SHIED AWAY FROM THE COMFORT OF THE ASFALTO AND BEACHES, IN ORDER TO REVISIT, CLOSELY, HIS PAST EXPERIENCES IN AFGHANISTAN OR HAITI.

I REMEMBER HIS ARRIVAL; ONE OF THOSE SCORCHING JANUARIES RIO HAS. HE WAS STILL BRIMMING WITH ADRENALIN, BUT UNLIKE OTHERS, HE DID NOT COME WITH THE SAFETY-NET OF TAKING HIS BEST SNAPSHOT AND THEN LEAVING. HE WANTED TO UNDERSTAND WHY A PARADISE OF ENDLESS SUMMER DIVIDES ITS TIME BETWEEN PARTIES AND SHOOTINGS. AND HE GOT TO IT, EMBEDDING HIMSELF AMONG THE ELITE POLICE FORCE IN SÃO CARLOS, SHARING THEIR ANXIETIES AND GUN-FIGHTS, OR AMONG THE EVANGELICALS PERFORMING EXORCISMS IN THE DARKEST HOLES OF SÃO GONÇALO, OR IN THE LINE OF FIRE OF ANTI-GOVERNMENTAL MARCHES.

IT WASN'T ENOUGH TO FIND CLOSURE FOR HIS QUEST. SO, HE TURNED THE TABLES, IN ORDER TO COMPREHEND THE CARIOCA DOPPELGÄNGER. AND THUS, BEGAN A NEW JOURNEY.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING I IDENTIFY RAFA WITH, IT'S EMPATHY AND SENSITIVITY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE IT FROM ME: IT'S PLAIN TO SEE IN EVERY PHOTO HE TAKES. BEYOND THE ARTIST'S EYE THAT PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE ASSUMED TO HAVE FOR IMAGERY, HE GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE MARROW AND TRANSPORTS US TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR. AND THEN HE CAPTURES THE PRECIOUS MOMENT OF WHAT LIES UNDERNEATH, BEYOND THE VIOLENCE, AND GIVES IT A PERSONAL MEANING. HE MANAGES TO PORTRAY HOPE IN CHILDREN'S PARTIES THROUGH WINDOW PANES, THE ADVANCE OF NATURE GNAWING AT THE EDGES OF THE CITY, THE LEISURELY COMPASS OF TIME FLYING BY FOR THOSE BORN UNDER THE STIGMA OF THE POORER ECHELONS OF AN OBSCENELY UNEQUAL SOCIETY, A CACHOEIRA SHOWER, THE HAND THAT PICKS UP THE BRICK THAT WILL LATER BE FLUNG, THE T.V. THE T.V. THE T.V., A FUNK DANCE OR SIMPLY A KISS. IN THE GAME OF CONTRASTS, RAFA PLUNGES RIGHT INTO THE WATERS OF COPACABANA IN SEARCH OF AIR, AND LEAVES US WONDERING WHETHER AT THE END OF THE DAY HE'LL BE WAITING AGAIN FOR SHOTS TO BE FIRED. AND HE OFFERS HIS ART-MATERIAL, SENSORY, ABSTRACT-IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PSYCHIATRIC WARD IN THE WORLD.

RAFA TRAVERSED THROUGH RIO'S CONTEMPORARY HISTORY AND RIO DID LIKEWISE, FROM SIDE TO SIDE. RIO SHOOK HIM, ROUGHED HIM ABOUT, THREW HIM TO THE FLOOR, PICKED HIM BACK UP, AND LEFT HIM A DIFFERENT MAN. MORE OR LESS LIKE ANY OF US THAT NESTLED IN THAT CITY, BUT WITH A SUBTLE DIFFERENCE: HE DECIDED NOT TO PASS IT BY, BUT TO SHOW IT HIS ART AND SOUL, BOTH THE CITY'S AND HIS OWN. HE DECIDED TO BREAK FREE FROM THE DEATH, BLOOD, SHRAPNEL, AND BULLETS, IN ORDER TO OFFER TO US, THAT INEFFABLE TOKEN OF AFFECTION THAT CODDLES YOU WITH ITS FINGERS AND RELEASES YOU TO THE WIND, THE LOVE OF A CITY THAT HAS GIVEN US EVERYTHING AND THAT RAFA NOW REPAYS, GIVES BACK TO US ALL, WITH THIS TREASURE THAT BURNS THE HANDS AND LIFTS OUR SPIRIT.”

PELA SAUDADE.

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I WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MARIELLE FRANCO AND ALL THE PEOPLE STRUGGLING TO FIGHT THE VIOLENCE AND INEQUALITY IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

CAFUNÉ
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