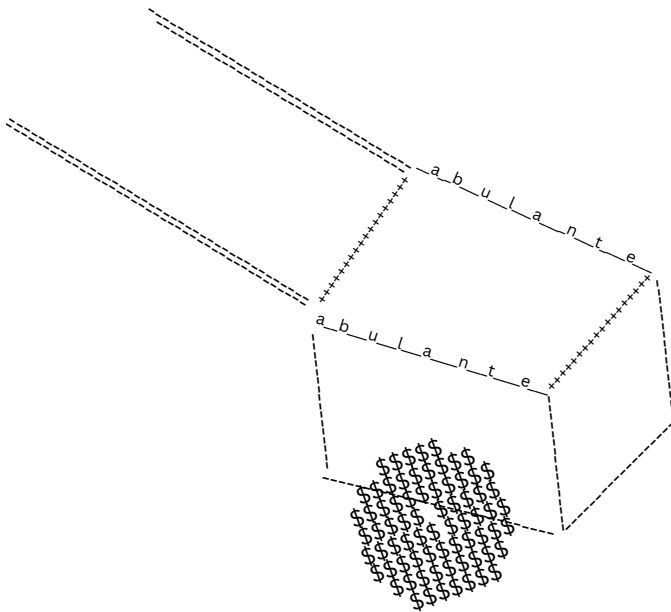


BULL
SH*T
LAWS

THIS TEXT WAS
ORIGINALLY
PUBLISHED ON THE
ANARKISS BLOG
WITHOUT
FOOTNOTES AND
WITH THE
INCORRECT
SPELLING OF
PELORINHO

There lies an unwritten law and unspoken rule in Bahia that: '*Abulantes get in for free'. It's a public transportation rule. The reason is simply that they're poor and covered from head to toe in their merchandise. They are trying to get from point A to Point B to make a sale, half of the time on the bus itself. I bought my first *Sonho* from an Abulante on the bus.



It was a Monday morning, the bus was nice & cool, He wore an apron, Sonho was warm, and I've been chasing that feeling ever since. Heck I even wrote a Zine about it.

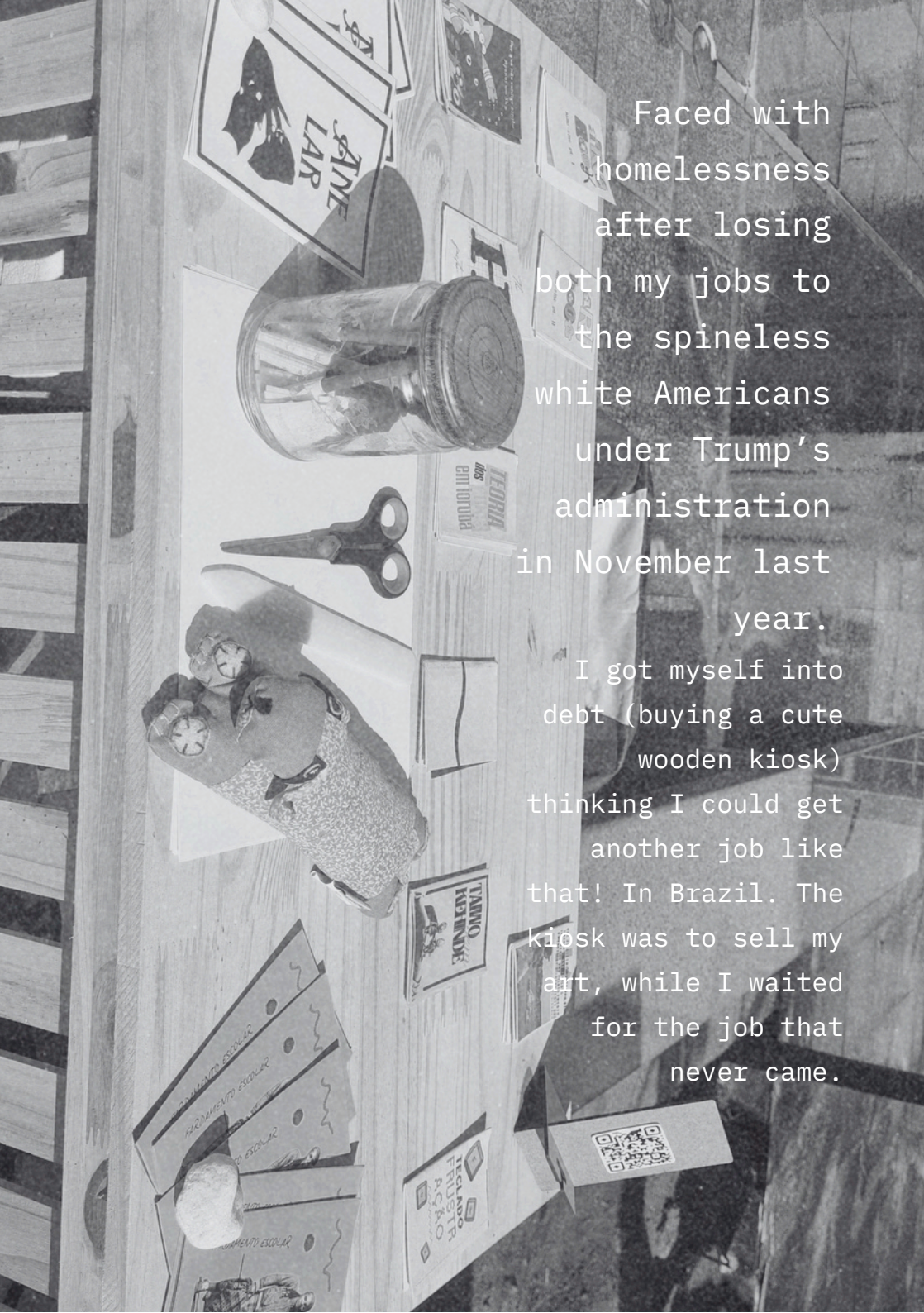
Abulante - Street Hawkers :)

Sonho - A bun with jam inside and sugar on top. We call it a doughnut in Nigeria. We know it's not a doughnut okay? What do you guys call it?

Men
primeiro



Sonho



Faced with homelessness after losing both my jobs to the spineless white Americans under Trump's administration in November last year.

I got myself into debt (buying a cute wooden kiosk) thinking I could get another job like that! In Brazil. The kiosk was to sell my art, while I waited for the job that never came.

Months later, living in a shelter and broke AF I mapped out the trip from Elevador Larceda to Terreiro de Jesus.

It was simple really; I will get on the Elevator packed with tourists and my kiosk heavily sitting on my rickety 2-wheeler wheel-barrow thingy, and walk 450 meters via Praça da Sé all the way to the spot in the historic centre of Salvador.

I chose this spot because it was perfect. Had 2 rows of 5-6 traders selling derivative Pan-african merchandise and more to tourists. It was filled with curious tourists, shady trees, stray dogs, good music, and good people. The day I did this mapping, I also decided to politely ask the Military Police fucks working there, how to get a license to sell there, he took me to a trader-friend of his and asked, she answered me struggling to make eye contact and without giving too direct of an answer. The gist of it was I had to go to SEMOP (Secretaria Municipal de Ordem Pública). And so one faithful day, I did.

SEMOP

The day I went to SEMOP was a hard one, I had a shitty Sonho, had to explain to the folks at UNICAD the triggering reason I do not have a passport etc. Anyway, I finally made it there and I asked how to get a license please? The lady asked what I wanted to sell and I handed her a cute little sack filled with my zines.



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////////////////////////////////////// quite
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ng like;

"You cannot sell your sh*t anywhere in Pelorinho or Rio Vermelho"

My jaw dropped, and I almost laughed at her face. What? I thought. For the uninitiated, Pelorinho and Rio Vermelho are historic centers and therefore tourist spots in all of Salvador, heck Mercado Modelo right next to Elevador Lacerda is a World Heritage site. I'll talk about the history in a bit. Shocked, I asked her why I couldn't sell in any of these hot spots and she responded, telling me, "Well basically because these places have a lot of people there and these are HISTORIC spots".

Translation: These places are our (the government) money-makers okay? These places are why people come to fucking Salvador, besides the beaches of course. We can't have your poor black ass pedaling, what is it? Stickers? To our big spenders. God no!

I was so dumbfounded,

First of all; “Too many people?” Pelorinho attracts 530,000 people a year, okay chill.

Secondly, “Historic spots?!” The reason these places are historic markers in the first place is because of people like meeee! People who look like me and people who do what I do! The black freedom fighters of Brazil’s colonial past and the African descendants who brought their trade to these shores. What the fuck?! There are murals of us all over the elevator and around the Mercado Modelo building! The irony was outstanding! Even more so that there are literally hundreds of dark skinned folks breaking this bullshit law everyday all over the streets of these spots as we spoke. And I can bet, bitch bought her lunch today from one of these Abulantes.

I asked her; okay I’m hearing a lot of where I CANNOT sell my shit, but where can I? And she took a pause, and stuttered as she thought: “Some beaches” she said.

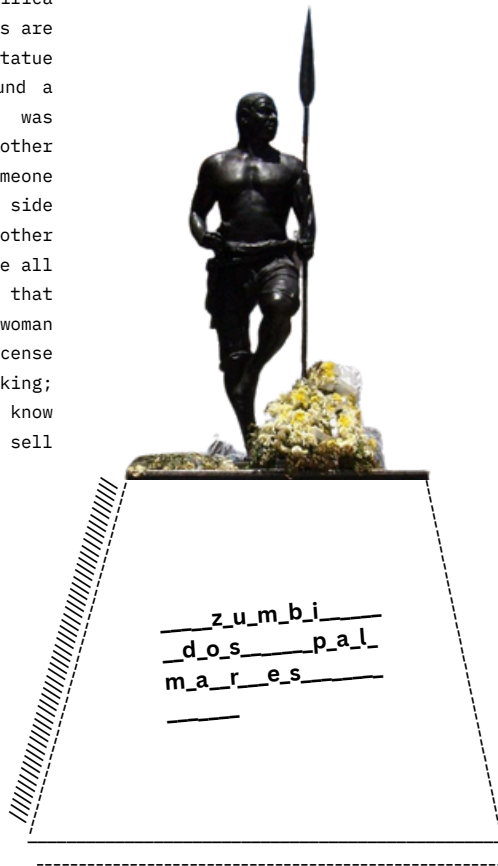
This was a black woman by the way. The irony, the audacity, oh the pain for my gay autistic ass to understand what was going on. Anyway, I left with the flyer and made my way back to the shelter.

- Alvará de Licença de Localização e Funcionamento fornecido pela SEDUR; (**não sendo aceite protocolo ou TVL**)
 - Planta ou desenho cotado da localização do estabelecimento com indicação da área pretendida;
 - Disposição e quantidade de mesas e cadeiras que pretende colocar em logradouro público.
 - Certidão Negativa de Débito **Mobiliário** (ISS/ITFF);
 - Certidão Negativa de Débito **Imobiliário** (IPTU/TRSD);
- Do titular:
- Cópia do RG, CPF e Comprovante de Endereço

AFRO- CAPITA LISMO

The next saturday I rebelliously carried out my plan and made my way to Terreiro de Jesus in the car of a reluctant driver, thanks to my found-mother in the shelter; Cristina. Love you Cris.

Fun fact I wrote this piece on the *Dia da Consciência Negra 2025 and to give you a mental picture of where I was situated or aid your google maps search, it is right at the side of the Catedral Basílica de Salvador and the trader rows are on either side of the famed statue of Zumbi dos Palmares. I found a spot to set up shop and was immediately told to move by another woman, stating it was someone else's spot. I moved to the side and was told to move again, another woman helping me carry my table all the way to the end. Before that happened though, the first woman managed to ask if I had a license to sell here? I chuckled thinking; "License-Shmicense we both know neither of us is allowed to sell here by law.

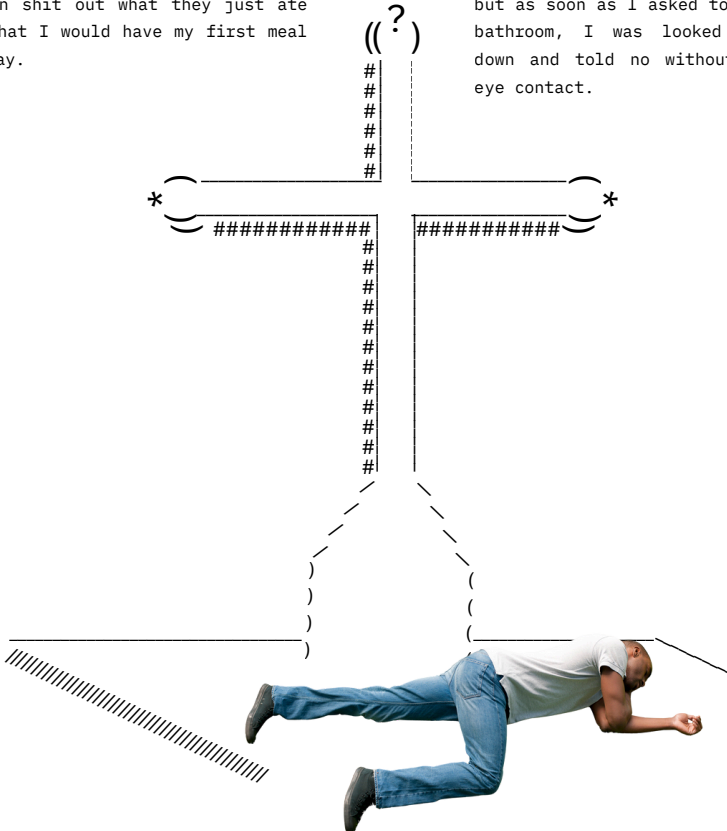


TF? Infighting? Early this morning? Really?' Whilst after the second move, a woman came over to me to ask what I was selling, she was so transparent in her fishing attempt to determine whether or not I was competition.

Dia da Consciência Negra - National Black Consciousness Day (20th of November) marks the death of Zumbi dos Palmares and is also a date to reflect on the situation of the black population in the country as it is the population segment most affected by police violence and social and economic inequalities.

In the end I was located next to a dark-skinned woman selling bags, beads and what have you, and an old white man, who was really the star of the show, selling hand made wooden cars of quite the variety. In front of me was a building, and on the first floor, a café. Hungrily, I watched an old white couple have breakfast. Betting my life that they were retired land owners, and will soon shit out what they just ate sooner that I would have my first meal of the day.

I spent my morning playing with the woman's dog and watching white tourists make their way out of their hostels rolling those tiny luggages. It got hotter and hotter and later I went off to find a bathroom. As soon as I walked into these establishments; shops, restaurants, what have you. I was greeted with a smile, but as soon as I asked to use the bathroom, I was looked up and down and told no without making eye contact.



It was kinda funny if not entirely painful. Eventually, I found a place that said yes, which came as a surprise 'cause it was fancy AF. The kinda fancy that had its guest stare at me a little because; black people don't come here! TF? just the ones that work here. On my way back I stopped to admire the view, mistaken for a tourist an Abulante greeted me in French, realising I spoke English, he switched to Portuguese, He tried to make a sale using my very-not-from-here-accent as a spring board, but of course I couldn't buy anything, I was here for the same reasons as him.

Pelorinho is a place for hustlers. The city of Salvador has the nation's largest black population, and many of the white population feel marginalised, even with their suffocating privilege. These are the same institutions that registered my master 's-earning-ass as a person who didn't finish high school when I tried to get my official worker's number. The best part? They refused to change it when I asked them to. Now an investigation is going on in the *INSS, and I am still unemployed. Yet, since blackness has shown to have commercial value, Salvador has run with the message of being the Afro-Capital of the world, attracting voyeuristic tourists and business owners profiting from Afro, Indigenous, and Black-Brazilian culture daily. Heck, I once did those basic-ass bohemian braids for a British white woman at a black-owned salon in this same mile radius for \$10.



Without making a single sale on my zines, I left before lunch time that day. There was no way I was gonna miss a weekend lunch at the shelter for a sunburn and \$0. So, using the same path I mapped out, I returned home and yeah, I took the bus for free.

unidentified



£

art

hoe