

A pain!

A pain that brings anguish in all presences

Unaccepted presences

Invisible presences

Presences that cost to be a presence.

What brought me here? The Accounting Sciences

Accounting: which were numbers, cash books, balance sheets, journals, consolidations. . .

Where I sustained myself financially and distressingly. . .

How to change?

By practicing teaching – a teaching presence, a teaching that meets Paulo Freire and bell hooks,

A teaching that struggles to make a difference! There is difference!

A struggle to present – a relationship with practice, a dialogical relationship. . .

The academic environment describes this as praxis – they gave it a name, for the struggle to perform.

I reinvent myself to stay alive.

To keep going,

To continue living in moments that I still don't understand:

- (1) what, in fact, they call welcoming. . .
- (2) about selectivity. . .
- (3) about absences. . .
- (4) about impacted lives. . .
- (5) about intact lives. . .
- (6) about lives that are crossed. . . and continue. . .

Struggle for me is a verb, here in the periphery, survival is chaotic.

I use the verb struggle in every moment that I am

- (1) in a classroom,
- (2) in a meeting,
- (3) in a collegiate,
- (4) in a conversation with my students,
- (5) in the moment I breathe and discover that I am alive in Accounting.



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