71 - INFANCIES, TRICKS, GAMES

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THAT LEGAL-SIZE GIVE IT... WE WILL GIVE THE CRAFT OF...

Today as educators we come back to these spaces that had long ago populated our infancies. Many had disappeared in a magician pass; others remain in daily with values similar those for lived deeply us. But what it moved? E we educators educators as interact with infancies? Those meanings we attribute to them? How they are in our daily pedagogical one? How re-we mean infancies to them in relation our infancy? How we sew the bedspread of remnants? Which our dreams?

We live in the age of the globalization, the immediate connection, the technologies of tip, the long-distance meeting for the nets of the InterNet, orkuts. The eyes already do not meet, the hand squeeze yielded place to the click in mouses, clicar of the digital cameras, the imediatism of the life. A generation that if communicates and interacts in other languages: the mark of the clothes that dress, of that it eats, the life of infancies that if close in the condominiums, that ramble for the streets of the cities, for the peripheries, that if reveals in different ways in the daily one of our country.

We continue with schools that if move in a time that if it forgot to follow the reality, that has difficulties to rethink itself ahead of the transformations to become an environment that if paute for the life. The possible school translated by Arroyo (1985) and permeada by the citizens that construct it every day, is the school that we have... With its mazelas and also with its joys. In the schools different conceptions and infantile experiences transit. For times if they confuse images of infancies lived and dreamed for the educators with infancies of the children.

What we learn with the old things forgotten in the trunks them infancies? We weave dialogues, listening, reflections with many colors, in nights and ends of week that announced other enchantments... We live movements, we find the body, and we enchant the pleasure to play, to construct toys, to discover the magic of the child things, of the hours passed between old pedlar's wares, the flavor of candies, the cottons, the smeared hands. We construct sketches of last maps that still live in our souvenirs, distant times and next that dance in the roads of the life.

The Pedagogy of the Formation of Educators of Infancy needs to articulate to make, to know and to learn. To weave these verbs in a history of women and men who do not subject to reproduction for the submerged readings in the reality. She will be necessary to go to the bibliography to extend it with the eyes of the practical ones and to rewrite it with the hands of who desires changes. The learning of being teacher educator of Infancies, also leaning to study, to read, to write and to perceive the possibilities of new reading of practical the pedagogical one lived if present.

A BEDSPREAD: OF MANY REMNANTS... THE MEETING

We continue with looking at of lynx, observing the relations and being observed. We were transforming the spaces of not permission into one stage, - in a wheel where to the center they went being placed the objects that circulated in infancies of the educators - toys, books, old clothes of children, photographs, objects of esteem...

Our intention was to perceive the manifestations of different infancies through these panned close objects in the trunks of the past. The time was passing even so had changed the formation of the chairs the educators was not disclosed ahead of the possibilities of new interventions, action and reflections in that space. To transgress with that state of indifference we ask: Why the toys, books, objects of esteem, the scenes of its infancies are indifferent to the looks of the educators? With passing of the time, the voices, the gestures, the silenced faces start to assume other colorings. You say them had disclosed that even so seduced the space and environment to interact with had implicit in its histories of life that to that were things of children. Therefore, not deserving of attention, they were not knowledge to be treat in formation courses.

Crossed for the reflections of Freire (2000:40) that it speaks is: The conscience of the world, that makes possible the conscience of me, makes impracticable the immutability of the world. Our intention was that the educators with the re-meeting with its infancies, with a historical time, the experiences as children were capable to observe, to register and to reflect its practical pedagogical. To rethink the knowledge gifts in its classrooms, in the formation courses articulating with infancies that circulate in the daily one constituting a reflection-experience-reflection process. Which have been the labyrinths of infancies? It is what we write in the next text.

ALL BOY IS A KING... I ALSO ALREADY WAS KING... BUT "QUÁ"... I WOKE UP LABYRINTHS OF OLD INFANCIES.

What re-to discover in infancies? Those histories infancies announce, they denounce in the classrooms? That magics rambles in the labyrinths of the schools and life? Discovering our infancies, conspiring a net of souvenirs and life, we enter to other times, time of the imagination where everything happens in a magician pass, in them becomes super-heroes, professors, artists, we interpret personages, adult being, without being adult, alone of make-of-counts.

Bachelard (2001:102) in seduces them saying that: Infancy - this ours! - it is pushed in the smasher so that the child follows right the way of the others. It affirms is in the souvenirs of this cosmic solitude that we must find the infancy nucleus that remains in the center of psique human being. When recollecting our tricks, we come back in the time and we discover the feelings, the knowledge gifts in those instants.

The joy when playing, the anger in the impotence to the autonomy lack when child ahead of the impositions established for the adult world. By means of the souvenirs and experiences we were weaveeing a bedspread of remnants, sewing it our memories, to understand and to understand our proper infancies and infancies of today. In the ways, trod we remember magical lived moments while children. We were until the trunk and there passing were asleep delight, pains and with sensitivity touchs we find the lost child. *Photos, clothes, objects, a thousand things, a meeting with the infancy that left marks in the body, the skin, the pores, in the life.*

Ahead of a multiplicity of disfigured faces we weave the return to a passed time, where with one it has touched of creation the old things if they transformed, the rhythms were on in a time without time.

MEMORIES... TO KNOW THE MANHAS AND THE MORNINGS.

Clippings of histories are pieces of the memories are found in the exercise to think the action. The authorship are dressed of characteristics of proper infancies, found and socialized for the authors. We choose this way to bring in the language the lost

signals in the horizon of the adult cultures. It is as if we were to search in the deep one of the drawers, hidden, become absorbed in thought histories loaded of knowledge.

Then, it comes here to histories... of many times, after. The Girl arrives who plays in the Street with Brothers - license asks for announcing: I lived very of my infancy playing in the street, with my brothers. It was what it happened with good part of the children of that time. We had a bigger time to play, to have infancy. Our greater and more serious commitments were the school and the time that we dedicated it was relatively small.

The Girl of the Imaginary friend - Clarisse enters in scene emphasizing: She started in 1974, the agricultural zone, a composed family for my father agriculturist, my mother agriculture and of the home, two brothers and a sister and I youngest it. In this scene I remember to play with potatoes and chuchus as if they were cows, with the feet to make small burrows in sand mounts. It congregated some personages of the family and neighbors and we went to take bath in the dam. House with all only made mine the rooms in top of the foot of bergamoteira, constructed in the imagination. It did not take nor an object concrete for there, went for the road - the rejection, talking with my imaginary friend Clarisse.

The Girl of the Ball enters in field singing its experiences of infancy between water, castles, beaches, musics, parties: Infancy lived in the city. I remember my cousins, my parents and my older brother going for the beach. During the passage I and my father we went singing musics chosen for it until arriving at the beach and playing of maize sand castle using sabugos that we found in the eaves of the water. I always liked water was the friend gift of my father to give diving. It taught to me to swim - in the truth he taught to me not to die drowned... Since very teeny already me they considered one fish.

To the sounds of the laughs it enters in the scene the Boy Poet bringing the intricate world of its infancy points the colors, pains, odors of these times of games in the field of the teams of the King: the boys played together, ones in the patios of the others, dividing tricks, toys, words, and fight, hatred that did not last one afternoon. This thing to arrive in the hour of the lunch in its house a colleague and soon to be invited for to lunch. O invited seated and ate while it heard the colloquies of the family who only had that moment to talk. Soon the mother, the brother's oldest leave to work and alone they came back to the night. The mother came to the house and the brothers for the nocturnal school. Time to stop to play, of living so closed, hour to come back toward the room of the interview, to play soccer of small goal - in the way of the street, game it parquet block with can in the street one or the way of the street, to play of leaks - enters, and to cross of the corner and of house in the tree, but, it only had the tree the house not, the trick of soldier and war in half of the sugar canes the greens, or of track in half of the old iron. The trick of war of water bladder that always finished in I cry.

Hearing the water bladders if breaching, the Artist of the Barbie Dolls arrives parading what she rolled in its infancy: I was created in a familiar environment, where it had much respect and friendship. Since small I learned what it is responsibility, word that my father made question to teach and charges until today. Until today I remember of the moments of joy and exchanges that we pass together to the sundays in family. Its infancy with many traces in glasses of the windows marked enters in scene the Artist of the Nights of Winter sculpturing for: Of the cold nights of winter I have very alive the souvenir of the windows, the to dim glasses, in them, drew landscapes fulls of mountains, clouds, houses, rivers, trees, flowers, suns, stars, people...

The preferred place was the kitchen, while it has supper it was being prepared in the stove the firewood that heated the ones that if congregated to wait the food and the hour to sleep.

The heat and to bring of that space stimulated the imagination, at the same time, that they congealed the fingers that entered in contact with the cold glass. The images were succeeded after to another one, in each glass to the measure that became to embaçar again making to disappearing the drawn forms.

Are forgotten scenes, lost in the labyrinths of the life that everything breaks up and excludes? In the brightness of the bodies and faces the tricks appear of wheel, of goat-blind person, catch-catch, hide-hide, pass-will pass, of mother can go, trick of the ribbon in the way of the street. Stage was the neighborhood, the streets of the neighborhoods, the trees that loaned its twigs for delicious rockings. The children in the tricks arrived at the night having the moon as the friend to illuminate the scenes of the cosmic house. The night to finish in the bed, one deserved rest, to leave to the dawn for the school that has marked infancies in many ways. We will see some of these signals at the next moments.

IT HAS A BOY... LIVEING IN THE HEART..... TIMES, MARKS OF THE SCHOOL

That souvenirs come of the schools? That marks had been in our body? It does not have adult that she does not remember its infancy, does not have adult that she does not remember its trajectory of school. *E of these souvenirs, of the risonhas, tristonhas homesicknesses that we announce in the coming scenes.*

The Girl arrives who Plays in the Street with Brothers - announcing, denouncing scenes lived in the school when child. Souvenirs of the first day of lesson, the joys, religious - the teachers, the songs the chapel, the prayers, the knowledge on God. At last, they express that: The first day of lesson, in the first series, my mother preparing the pertaining to school material, the uniform, the folder, the snack... How joy! It had an idea of that it would be the school, but at the same time; fear. It will be that I will know what to make? It disciplines it in the school was well rigid, controlled for nuns, who at the same time were loving and careful. A time per week had religious education in the chapel of the school; they had been the first pertaining to school instructions on God. We sang, we praid, and we learned on the life of God... It liked very and she was anxious so that the week passed fast to arrive the day where we would go for the chapel.

Hearing the clappers of bells the Artist of the Barbie Dolls enters in stage with the express souvenirs of the time of school in the pieces of writing: In the daily pay for the first time, I passed for other good experiences, but I had fear. I learned to have shame, I was criticized through laugh. I was isolating it self, but never I left to play. It had fear to go for the college and cried in the beginning of the year. I always had distrust to display me, perhaps for having been marked in infancy.

The face, the hands enters in scene the Artist of the Nights of Winter sculpturing with many traces, smells it of the perfume, the feminine vanity that sees for the openings of the windows of the last time images of the Eliete - ones of the many teachers writes that: Eliete was its name, was to the first person who awaking my will of being adult, by the way, to be an adult as it. I believe that it was my only inspiration of feminine vanity.

With the arrival of the Girl of the Imaginary Amiga - Clarisse with one I sing of its time of school souvenirs with many colors, of not wanting to give the hand, the discriminations, a school to behave - of as door to be... To act of one alone skill. I waited the day anxiously to go for the school. In the tricks always we wanted to give the hand for it. It very liked to go for school and when it rained and it did not have lesson was chateada. In house, with the cousins and friends we played to represent the school.

Invades the scene the Girl of the Ball counting its experiences of infancy in the school. Souvenirs of that it rolled, of the parties, to like the function of the school, them held drawings, them traces, them colors that followed a standard, a uniformity, where little thing remained to make. Thus, it announces: How homesickness...! Of the school time...! My mother counts that I cried when my brother older skirt to go the school, I very wanted to go together. She was then that my parents had decided to register me the daily pay-school where I tanned each day of lesson very. I always liked the college function, to go to the purchases, to choose the material bought plastic to bind books and notebooks... We were we forget our teachers, its images they are stonewashed, its faces, bodies, are fugitive risks in our memory. Some had been special in the affective relations, auto-esteem, and the affection. They were worried

about other signals that went beyond the contents, the methods, the readings and the evaluations. Others cold, hard had been worried about discipline, uniforms, and came with a ready and finished knowledge.

E today, as we are as educators and educators? We are not copies of the teachers and professors who we had? we create its skills to teach and to learn? We remember a ticket of Saint-Exupéry where it describes its adventures, dissabores ahead of the first drawing made in infancy - it ate snake that one fera. Its disillusionment always that it showed to the great people and asked to them if they put fears answered to it: Why it is that a hat would make fear? Gestures that mark the souvenirs of the school time.

The wanted educators, its names, its smell, the clothes, the touch of the hands, the abraços, the skill of speaking, walking. Teachers mirrors that the time does not erase of the memories. Worried that we were children. They asked that we liked. They left of our reality, in the search of the autonomy, of the cooperation, they had authority without being authoritarian, they read the signals of the bodies, faces, of the transformations of the society. We were scientists in action-transformation-action.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE TRUNKS: ... **WHO TO FLIGHTING IN THE THOUGHT WAS, WITH THE SOUVENIR THAT THE OTHER SANG...**

In this track, living and living deeply infancies that ramble in a thousand spaces, of many skills. We enter the new vestibules, constructing a thousand dialogues, with the educators and educators we establish reflections, action with other meanings for the said things of child and adults in permanent process to question itself:

How the school it sees to the things of child and adults? E in the formation courses as dances these times and spaces of the past with the times and spaces of today? The educators and educators had returned to the times and the spaces of its infancies and interrogating: Why we do not play more? We forget? We lose infancies. More we do not observe infancies that circulate in the daily one of the schools, its gostos, its cheiros, its loves, its pains, its desires, its times and spaces.

We return to different infancies, the pranks, to an only world of each child, time of brightness, deliriums, of witches, werewolf that they arrived with the blackout of the night, where the time if made for the intensity, of each lived moment, for the face of the day, rains, the winds. They had appeared in the experiences of to enchant infancies of if hiding, catching, to jump rope, the trees spaces of the scenes, the imaginary world, the quarrels, the agreements, at last the game.

The dam nature, banns, cottages in the trees, the imaginary friends, counted histories for the mother, the visits, the aunts, the uncles, cousins, relatives, the friends, to sleep after the lunch. The tricks in the street. Time to have infancy, space to play, readings, stories, songs, make-of-counts, the magic, the mother, the dolls pupils, the scenes for the parties of anniversaries, smells it of cleanness, candys, the pudding. Also families, friendships, ections mothers, I meeting us of week, had appeared the souvenirs joys us sundays with the full house of people. When remember people, tricks, events, light, colors, flowers, feelings, emotions, everything changedded themselves. Different memories, without indifferences and monotony we were we aveing the bedspread.

Our memories, singulars, we aveed for different looks in the collective one. But, it has infancies that early they assume commitments, that start in the subtilities of the life to be explored when taking care of of other infancies initiating them in the stranger. Children whom the full schools of fears, that if isolate front to the routine collections, of never making a mistake, of the evil jeering of the colleagues, of the fear arrive to be called to answer questions.

In the spaces of squares, of the fields of the bare ones of soccer that many already do not exist, therefore, the greed of the real estate exploration swept them of the maps of the cities. It had infancies of the squares, the tricks that children and grandfathers amused. Times not so distant forgotten, dear, distributed, with I smell of popcorn and cotton candy, lived for different infancies in many spaces and times. She will be that we do not forget that the children still play? What the toys already are not born of creative small hands e that transformed sucatas into magical enchantments in a permanent act of creation? What it is possible re-to discover in this I sing?

We did not have the pretension to understand the infantile soul as Bachelard speaks (2001), cosmic infancy. The time and the adults had overshadowed our perceptions for this. The certainty that we have is that through our inquiries we intend to understand infancies. We have the curiosity, the enthusiasm to know which the meaning of the life for our children. E today where will walk infancies of the adults, of the children? That marks have left?

Perhaps the moons, the nights are printed in the screens of the TVs, computers á those that access to the technology has. The old toys, stories, histories had been incorporated the cultural industria. The spaces of the streets had given place to the closed condominiums, the monotony, joy of the long imprisoned hours to the virtual machines, nailed in the banks of the schools, rambling for the streets of the cities, lost in the alleys of an indecent nation that kills the innocents. Those infancies are these? What they in teach them?

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INFANCIES, TRICKS, GAMES

SUMMARY:

This article is born of memorials, ways discovered to long of the reflections the proposals in the formation of educators of Infancies. When working with the memories, we were producing histories, experiences, experiences and other forms of action in the daily one of the School.

This movement of not linear formation allowed that generating subjects were unchaining new quarrels, following the routes of the reflection on infancies and the time of the school.

We use a methodology that contemplated speaks of the educators, comments registered in the daily one of field, souvenirs of infancies, the tricks, the toys, the marks of the school.

They are, therefore, stretches of written texts, comments carried through in the lessons and the readings of studious of these thematic ones. We were remembering to our things of child, opening the old trunks and joining multicolored remnants, with many forms, full of meanings in infancies.

Moments of magic, creation, the time without time of the dreams, of the solitude ahead of the stranger, the haste them to grow fast, to be adult to make things not allowed. In the meeting we were breaching with the time of the clock and incorporating the listening of the signals of the time in beating of the cosmic heart.

Walking for many spaces and times, we forget many things, we reviewed the marks in the bodies, remember the joys of the streets, the entrances and in the exits of the schools. We grow in we become, adults and we forget them pedlar's wares kept in the trunks them infancies.

Words keys: Infancy, to play, formation

INFANCIES, TOURS, JEUX

RÉSUME

Cet article est porté des mémoriaux, manières découvertes pour désirer ardemment des réflexions les propositions dans la formation des éducateurs d'Infancies.

En travaillant avec des mémoires, nous produisions des histoires, des expériences, des expériences et d'autres formes d'action dans la quotidienne de l'école. Ce mouvement de formation non linéaire a permis cela produisant des sujets désenchaînaient de nouvelles querelles, suivant les itinéraires de la réflexion sur des infancies et de la période de l'école. Nous employons une méthodologie qui a contemplé parle des éducateurs, les commentaires enregistrés dans les quotidiens du champ, souvenirs des infancies, les tours, les jouets, les marques de l'école.

Elles sont, donc, des bouts droits des textes écrits, des commentaires exécutés dans les leçons et les lectures de studieux de thématiques. Nous nous rappelions à nos choses d'enfant, ouvrions les vieux troncs et joignions les restes multicolores, avec beaucoup de formes, pleines des significations dans les infancies.

Moments de magie, création, le temps sans période des rêves, de la solitude en avant de l'étranger, la rapidité ils de se développer rapidement, pour être adulte pour faire des choses non permises. Lors de la réunion nous ouvrions une brèche avec de la période de l'horloge et incorporions l'écoute des signaux du temps dans le battement du coeur cosmique. Marchant pour les beaucoup d'espaces et fois, nous oublions beaucoup de choses, nous avons passé en revue les marques dans les corps, nous rappelons les joies des rues, les entrées et dans les sorties des écoles. Nous nous accroissons dedans devenons, des adultes et nous les oublions les articles du marchand ambulant maintenus dans les troncs ils des infancies.

Clefs de mot: petite enfance, au jeu, formation

INFANCIES, TOURS, JUEGOS

Resumen

Este artículo se lleva de los monumentos, maneras descubiertas para desear ardientemente de las reflexiones las propuestas en la formación de los profesores de Infancies. Al trabajar con memorias, producíamos historias, experiencias, de las experiencias y de otras formas de acción en el diario de la escuela.

Este movimiento de formación no lineal permitió eso que producía temas desencadenaban nuevas peleas, según los itinerarios de la reflexión sobre infancies y del período de la escuela.

Empleamos metodología que contemplo habla de los profesores, los comentarios registrados en los diarios del campo, recuerdos de los infancias, las vueltas, los juguetes, las marcas de la escuela. Son, por lo tanto, finales derechos de los textos escritos, de los comentarios realizados en las lecciones y las lecturas de estudiosas de temas.

Nos acordábamos a nuestras cosas de niño, abríamos los viejos troncos y adjuntábamos los restos multicolores, con muchas formas, llenas de los significados en los infancies. Momentos de magia, creación, el tiempo sin período de los sueños, de la soledad delante del extranjero, la rapidez ellos de desarrollarse rápidamente, para ser adulto para hacer cosas no permitidas.

En la reunión abríamos una infracción con el período del reloj e incorporábamos la escucha de las señales del tiempo en la pulsación del corazón cósmico. Yendo por los muchos espacios y vez, olvidamos muchas cosas, examinamos las marcas en los cuerpos, recordamos las alegrías de las calles, las entradas y en las salidas de las escuelas. Aumentamos dentro pasamos a ser, adultos y los olvidamos los artículos del negociante ambulante mantenidos en los troncos ellos de los infancias.

Llaves de las palabra: infancia, al juego, formación.

INFÃNCIA, BRINCADEIRAS, JOGOS.

RESUMO:

Este artigo nasce dos memoriais, caminhos descobertos ao longo das reflexões propostas na formação de educadoras das Infâncias. Ao trabalhar com as memórias, fomos produzindo histórias, vivências, experiências e outras formas de ação no cotidiano da Escola.

Esse movimento de formação não linear permitiu que temas geradores fossem desencadeando novas discussões, seguindo os rumos da reflexão sobre as infâncias e o tempo da escola.

Utilizamos uma metodologia que contemplou falas das educadoras, observações registradas no diário de campo, lembranças das infâncias, das brincadeiras, dos brinquedos, das marcas da escola. São, portanto, trechos de textos escritos, de observações realizadas nas aulas e das leituras de estudiosos dessas temáticas.

Fomos lembrando nossas coisas de criança, abrindo os velhos baús e juntando retalhos multicoloridos, com muitas formas, cheios de significados nas infâncias. Momentos de magia, de criação, do tempo sem tempo dos sonhos, da solidão diante do desconhecido, da pressa para crescer rápido, ser adulto para fazer coisas não permitidas.

Nos encontros fomos rompendo com o tempo do relógio e incorporando a escuta dos sinais do tempo no pulsar do coração cósmico. Caminhando por muitos espaços e tempos, esquecemos muitas coisas, revimos as marcas nos corpos, lembramos as alegrias das ruas, das entradas e nas saídas das escolas. Crescemos nos tornamos, adultos e esquecemos as quinquilharias guardadas nos baús das infâncias.

Palavras chave: infância, brincar, formação.