

Executive Summary: Professional relationship between Mariana Cabello Campuzano and Boaventura de Sousa Santos

This document examines the allegations made by Mariana Cabello Campuzano (MCC), signatory of the sixth letter from the group of victims, regarding alleged acts of sexual harassment by Boaventura de Sousa Santos (BSS), which allegedly took place during the Summer School of the ALICE project in June 2016, as well as other previous encounters. MCC's statement is presented as part of a broader narrative of allegations, which have had a significant media and academic impact.

Summary of the facts

Initial contact with BSS (2015): MCC, as a PhD student in architecture, contacted BSS by email to discuss her thesis. She was received at the CES in July, where she recorded and sent BSS a video of their meeting.

Summer School (June 2016): MCC attended the Summer School in Curia on a scholarship. She reported that BSS placed his hand on her crotch during the screening of a documentary. She added that after that she distanced herself as much as possible from the course and hardly left her room.

Contradictions and refutations:

BSS did not put his hand on her crotch during the screening of a documentary, but briefly touched her knee to draw her attention to a certain episode in the documentary. Cabello continued to participate actively and enthusiastically in the summer course, as the photos show.

There was no closing dinner, as MCC claims, but the course ended with the presentation of diplomas, in which MCC participated in a very good mood (evidence 1: photograph of the presentation of diplomas on 30 June 2016, in which she appears wearing a red cap).



MCC appears in **photographs actively participating in course activities after the alleged incident** (evidence 2: photographs of the visit to Cova da Moura and of a work session on the 28th).



MCC in Cova da Moura, wearing black trousers and a green blouse.



MCC at the working session on the 28th.

The testimony of a fellow MCC participant who shared a room with her indicates that the incident was discussed informally as a misunderstanding. At the Summer School, any complaints were discussed by the programme coordinator, María Paula Meneses. Thus,

when MCC told her roommate that BSS had touched her leg, she mentioned it to María Paula Meneses, who suggested that they talk about it at breakfast the next day. This was done, and in the presence of all present, everything was clarified. The situation was a minor misunderstanding, and MCC did not even mention that she thought the touching had sexual or intimate connotations.

MCC made a **post on Facebook on 21 August 2016** (just 20 days after allegedly being 'sexually abused' by BSS) to report abuse by a man, but did not mention anything about BSS or the Summer School (evidence 3: Facebook post from the 21st of that day).

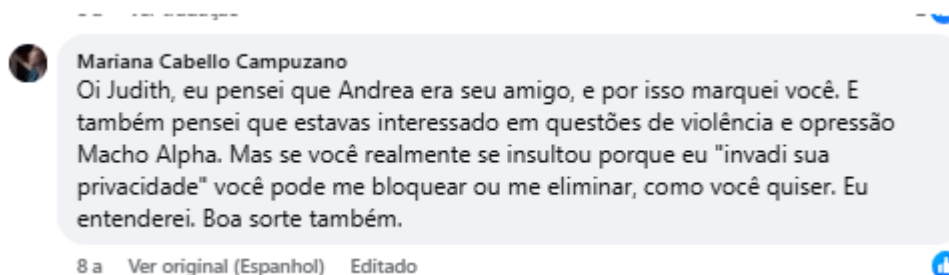
Hello Facebook friends, I assume that after this post many of you will delete me, and I thank you for that.

This post is called 'I WANT YOU OUT OF MY APARTMENT, NOW.' It is a phrase that sums up several of the ills of our society.

After an inevitable personal disagreement with someone in my old flat, and despite the fact that I was up to date with all my payments, another of my former flatmates, annoyed by the situation, said to me, 'I WANT YOU OUT NOW, YOU HAVE A WEEK BEFORE I TAKE YOUR THINGS OUT OF THE FLAT'. Although I am aware that it was inevitably a tense situation and, in a way, uncomfortable for everyone, I wonder what leads people to threaten others. And not just any threat: threatening to kick someone out of their home. The first thing that comes to mind is that the person making the threat is always in a position of superiority and, from that position, feels capable of instilling fear in others. But that's what we end up becoming in times of terror and speculation. There's more to it than just the words themselves. 'Don't make this any more unpleasant for me, grab your backpacks and leave.' A line that could easily be in a Hollywood film. Don't make me more violent is a way of saying: there's even more violence to come. I am a hidden source of violence, and that is exciting and thrilling in the twisted minds of many film buffs. My answer is simple. I do not participate in gratuitous violence. And here's why: it seems to me that those who live inside this Eurobubble not only know but feel that the world outside is falling apart. This information reaches them through unknown channels, through the air itself. They don't even need to turn on the television. And perhaps, in a twisted and unconscious way, they want to empathise with global suffering and create their own domestic dramas, their complaints, their discontent, their tantrums and defences. Is it a way of trying to empathise with the violence out there? Because those of us who live a little in both worlds want, without a doubt, to focus on real problems, not those created by leisure, anxiety or the disturbance I am explaining here. And when I try to explain this concept of gratuitous violence to my ex-partner's 37-year-old spoilt Euro-child, he tells me that my 'enlightened third world' position does not interest him. When I try to explain to him that behind every decision I make there are real situations of violence, oppression and exhaustion, he tells me that he's 'not interested in my shit'. And when I explain to him that I have no friends to hang out with and no money for hotels, he tells me that 'it's up to me to get on with my life, that he doesn't care if I have no friends'. This feeds my theory, which I suppose, as an 'enlightened third worlder', I have the right to spread. So much misunderstanding and so much violence, gratuitous violence, empty violence, senseless violence, must mean something. It may be the need for conflict as a way of giving meaning to this first world life of artificial peace, plastic like a PET bottle, peace at the expense of the war of others. It may also be a way of appeasing this anxiety by defending a supposed territory, a

supposed well-being. Above all, so much gratuitous violence makes me believe that in these times, inside or outside the bubble, people no longer see the WORLD, the big world, as their home. We have no home, perhaps we no longer even know what home is. So it's easy to play with this idea of banishing others. But when this simple precept of the world as home is broken, chaos ensues: an appalling detachment from everything and everyone, a deadly cynicism.

And in the comments to his post, he identifies the person to whom it was addressed and responds to a comment saying:



Testimony from a participant: Another student in the course rejects any permissive attitude towards harassment, highlighting the camaraderie within the group and the respect shown by BSS (evidence 4: testimony from the course participant after reading the MCC statements).

I have fond memories of the summer school in 2016. We were a diverse group, with different nationalities and a variety of languages and cultures, a group with a multitude of subjectivities united by the desire to collectively build knowledge. It was a cheerful, spontaneous, critical and academically well-structured group. On the first day, during our introductions, it became clear that we all had a history of war and the dream of building other possibilities in the world; the discussions and conversations in all spaces demonstrated this. The group quickly consolidated around ethical, political and epistemic perspectives, and we built fraternity and camaraderie. At night, people didn't want to go to sleep; we wanted to continue sharing and telling stories. Amidst much affection, there were long hugs, cuddles, and kisses between men and women, between women and between men. It was a space of love and affection for all of us. I never heard a bad comment about any of my classmates or the professor. Boaventura was not always with us. He gave his excellent classes, then came the workshops and independent work, but when he appeared, we all wanted to talk to him. Men and women fought for a place at the table where he sat down to have dinner. During the evening gatherings, he had to slip away because no one wanted him to go to sleep. Everyone wanted a little time or a chat with the teacher. That's why I don't understand how such delicate acts of sexual harassment against some of our colleagues could have taken place and been silenced in this space, when I always saw a professor who was very affectionate but respectful and amazed by the processes that each of us embodied. We were also a group of strong human beings and combative individuals, as I have already said. So how could this happen?

The physical contacts reported by Mariana Cabello Campuzano never took place. There was also no farewell dinner or screening of the documentary in the afternoon. The document concludes that Mariana Cabello Campuzano's statements are inconsistent and not supported by objective evidence or eyewitness testimony. In fact, there is no immediate evidence or proportional reaction to the alleged act.
