# 

**The Last Owl**

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This novel is dedicated to Rose and Narcissus.

Who are they?

You, reader, will soon meet them along their stories.

“The owl of Minerva spreads its wings only with the falling of the dusk”

Hegel, in ‘Elements of the Philosophy of Right’, 1820

According to Hegel, only when the civilizations reach their ultimate decay, their final throes, are philosophers able to utter a substantial something on what has been their history, because such deep truths may be caught only when they leave offstage during 'sunset', i. e., retrospectively. So, the glance that Philosophy addresses to mankind’s history seems analogous to that of the owl flying over her hunting fields, because she always raises her flight with nightfall.

Is there a last, melancholic 'Owl of Minerva' already flying over our time in search of the reasons of the human species failure?

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# **SLEEPLESS PERSONA**

*Be nothing, be a novel's character,  
Without life, without death, just an idea,  
Something that no one could make useful or ugly,  
A shadow on an unreal floor, a dream, a fancy.*

*---Álvaro de Campos (Fernando Pessoa)*

In one of my countless nights of sleeplessness, in which the passing hours seem to be shortened at each clang of city bells, I made up a new game in hopes of getting to sleep. I would no longer count sheep, because it acts as a stimulant if their number surpasses one hundred. Neither would I practice that once pleasing exercise of remembering the continents' outlines along with their nations, cities, rivers, deserts, mountains. The pretty contours of Asia and Africa, the only ones in which my memory would fail (and that's the point: the unsuccessful effort to recall them could make me sleepy), were no longer able to give some help because they would bring worrisome images of war, of starving multitudes, and of youth genocide to my mind. Obviously, such remembrances have nothing to do with the noble art of sleeping. On that night I would have to succeed. In order to achieve that I used the artifice of creating stories having no need nor intention to write them down a paper, in which I figured myself, sometimes as a character within the plot, other times only as the narrator. I became able to blend my whole self with them, thus creating plastically intermingled man-stories, or story men. I have been able, too, to represent two or even more characters simultaneously. To play this way, it was enough for me to feel an instinctive attraction for such unfolding. Finally and totally free from any possible intimidating bond that could attach me to readers, voyeurs, or even mirrors - the new-moon was overwhelming - I have plunged in this novel.

*"Não ser nada, ser uma figura de romance,*

*Sem vida, sem morte material, uma ideia,*

*Qualquer coisa que nada tornasse útil ou feia*

*Uma sombra num chão irreal, um sonho num transe."*

*(Álvaro de Campos, Heterônimo de Fernando Pessoa)*

# **PART I:  EXPELLING NOAH’S DESCENDANTS**

## **Buffaloes**

## Sudden and simultaneously all, absolutely all, the inhabitants of New York City turned into buffaloes. The same wild buffaloes whose huge herds crowded, the American prairies some centuries ago.

Twenty million wild buffaloes at least.

Exactly at rush time when men and women formed the biggest crowds, inside malls, shops and banks, or even within countless brothels and temples, or driving on large avenues, and also aboard ships. Everyone had become a buffalo, and as such was anxiously trying to free their large bodies from remains of suits, shirts, skirts now mere rags.

Things went all right for those individuals who had been just walking on the streets, because once newcomer bovines they simply had to keep on marching westward in a lengthy migration, surely nostalgic of the good old prairies. Buffaloes don't like the sea, so opposite to my own taste since if I only could I'd throw away this freaky torch and swim to the southeast, in search of the hotter waters of the Equatorial Atlantic.

The descent from the great buildings has not been that easy, for l think buffaloes don't know how to manage elevators, nor are they able to go downstairs, by any means, without great difficulties. Thousands of them arrived at street level, seriously excoriated and with several kinds of fractures. Worst of all, many threw themselves against glass windows, which caused their bodies to burst on streets, yielding huge blood pools.

When the survivors saw such bloody corpses, they started to run in the hundreds of thousands. This sped the emptying of the entire Big Apple.

Within brothels, however, some delay took place. It seems that the sudden change did not interfere with love making. On the contrary, couples possibly felt even stronger desires because, all of a sudden, money lost any kind of meaning... Sexual intercourses became once and for all very hot bovine lust, like that of bulls and cows.

In the first moments following the Great Mutation, while many of them were still grazing in Central Park, I saw dozens of planes from the U.S. Air Force on the horizon line. All of them fell and plunged deep into middle of New York Bay.

Despite it seems still now so improbable that anyone will ever get reliable, from a neutral source, information on what indeed went on inside those planes, I wonder whether their pilots, and anyone else therein, could ever escape from becoming buffaloes too. I'm right now seeing one of them dead, rotten, and floating only half a mile from my feet. It's been rather difficult for me to understand what's happening all around me. For a while I thought I would also be changed into a bronze buffalo remaining thereafter a symbol to their apotheosis liberation from mankind. Nevertheless, it didn't take place, and I don't believe anymore that it might still happen.

## **A Female**

An article published on 'The Day-Rio', a Rio de Janeiro newspaper. Its date however was unreadable probably eaten up by silverfish.

**The Whole City of Corumbá (MS) Bewitched by a Witty Gorgeous Woman**

**From the Bolivian border, Mato Grosso do Sul:**

Unbelievable events are going on here since the sunny day on which a gorgeous, strange and wild female arrived. But coming from where? This is just one, by no means the biggest, among the grave unanswered questions around her. She would claim not to know anything about her "human descent" (yes, her words!), nor through which paths she came here. Moreover, this pretty witch doesn’t bring a passport or any other kind of I.D.

When, on a last December afternoon, she suddenly made her first appearance at one of our peripheral neighborhoods -- named Couriço and close to our large swamps -- she was hosted by the humble people of the slums almost like a goddess, who dressed her naked body with light and simple clothes which made it even more lustful. Her rare beauty soon led to speculations she might be a tourist from a distant country, maybe Swede or Philippine, German or North-American. Other people would view her as a Chinese from the Muslim borders of that country, recalling that people from that Asian nation are showing up in the last decades all over the world. As you may have already deducted, hers are not typical traits belonging to any defined ethnic group.

Let me go quick to what matters most: every male in Corumbá is now crazy horny by her. And I am one more among them. Her femininity is so intense, as one may quickly catch up just looking into her eyes, the most sensual ever seen by me. Those sculptural breasts and hips are evocative of sudden burning desires.

Speaking our language and jargons perfectly without any accent, she must have lived here since birth. Being very absent, however, from all birth records from the states of Mato Grosso (MT) and Mato Grosso do Sul (MS) it seems almost impossible that this region actually might be her birthplace. Neither civil registry records from the bordering countries of Bolivia and Paraguay have any trace of such a newborn.

She tells us a dreadful story about her origin, which we take as a spark of her fine sense of humor. But as we laugh out loudly she pretends to be grievous and comes back to the modest hotel, where she has been welcomed as a goddess since that first day.

Her sharply sarcastic tale recounts she was not born human, but rather a female caiman. When caring for her second brood she suddenly met a hunter bringing a high tech gear to slaughter reptiles.

He would be one of those highly-equipped hunters who search for caiman leathers and are exterminating them from the South American Pantanal. Staring at the killer guy who was approaching her brood, she became certain of the worst kind of death.

But instead of dying, she unexpectedly changed into the woman she now is, then driving the bad guy to burn up in desire for her hot body. Paradoxically, she gave him all of her love.

And here comes the fantastic tale's best: both were in high ecstasy, when hundreds of tiny piranhas got out of her womb, all at once beginning to devour the hunter, who just seconds after losing penis and testes, had already been eaten up to his own brain.

I ponder that she might be an actress from some European film company, preparing things for a movie to be produced here, obviously concerning ecological, doomsday matters. Could it be a Lars von Trier’s movie?

I ponder that she might be an actress from some European film company, preparing things for a movie to be produced here, certainly on ecological or doomsday subjects. Could it be a new Lars von Trier’s movie?

Only a great actress could portray a character so well as she does, keeping on the weep for so long after telling "the whole story". And performing so realistically till the point to lead some humble folks to take it for factual!

I am not able now to realize any other possibility. She couldn't be just another disguised Greenpeace activist.

Special Envoy to the Brazilian Pantanal

Francisco G. Rosa

**Jasmine**

*La noche que me quieras,*

*desde el azul del cielo*

*las estrellas celosas*

*nos mirarán pasar*

*Carlos Gardel and Le Pera*

It happened during one of those first cold March nights, when we feel in our skin that the sun and the summer are gone from our little Stanley as well as from the whole Patagonia. Who could have imagined that such weird events would ever happen to us, yes to us, dwellers of a small and peaceful community from Earth's southernmost region? To such a quiet, hard working people like us, the Falklands' Kelpers? And that such events could hit even harder us, women, despite our rigorous Christian mores always keeping, when not a too longlasting chastity, at least our female honor. I, married to Carlos Ramón five years before, had not yet received the divine gift of conceiving a baby. Doctor Caballero, however, kept assuring us that everything was alright in our bodies and recommended us to ''give time to the natural course of biologic events". We ought not to worry about it anymore. "Because if you remain so anxious, the natural course of your love with a baby's conception will probably stay blocked".

As for me, I had already resigned myself and I no longer counted each passing day. Yet, my keeper Ramón suffered a lot; at each month he made notes on his calendar concerning the beginning of my menses, their ending, and my probable ovulation day. He kept himself distant from me for the first ten days of my cycle. We fucked exactly from the eleventh till the twentieth day, only at midnight, because a friend of his had told us once he had always made his own children at midnight. Ramón has ever been extremely suggestible. I was always expected to achieve ''the fullest orgasm", as he called it, since otherwise my womb would not suck his sperm (scientific readings he incessantly made).

So it was with great surprise that, on March 20th while deep sleeping during early dawn, I felt that so smooth and so intense, so hot and so maddening touch on the most sensitive point of my *puss-pussy*. The latter word is tenderly used by Carlos Ramón to name my genitals since the day of our wedding before that Catholic priest. At first I thought he was throwing away his calendar and his hateful watch, because we were at the seventh day of my cycle, that one in which, for the first and unusual time, I got pregnant.

I let things going, without opening my eyes, since it was in this way that I usually had "*los orgasmos más intensos*" (most intense orgasms) as he calls them. No, please, don't think that I always fancied being with another guy. Most times, I just preferred not to look at Ramon's face, so as to not to see his huge anxiety to have children. Then I relaxed and opened my legs entirely. At this moment I realized something was actually different, for he hadn't put his hands on *puss-pussy*, he was not making again those mechanical caresses he had learned in medical books but which had always their good results, despite being learned that way. No, I can't underrate Ramón and his abilities as a sexual partner, but this time things were suddenly sublime, from the first touch till those rhythmical movements and the hard softness of a so thick cock fucking me under those smooth and chilling feathers. Just then I lost completely, for the first time in my life, my self-consciousness. I mixed myself with the whole world and its surrounding things, and I began to howl like a wolf, to roar like a lion, and to cry as a baby, in a way nobody could have ever imagined that a woman would do while making love. To speak the truth, at that moment there wasn't for me any other possibility except taking as a wonderful dream such a queer sensation of feathers and plumage as rubbing on my legs. I didn't wish yet to open my eyes, even if I was strongly suspecting that I wasn't with my husband, but with some unknown man.

I screamed in pleasure for about twenty whole minutes. Ramón rectifies me, telling that I bawled for exactly forty-nine minutes. But I can't believe it, simply because that would be too much. Well, after all, what does it matter? When I opened my eyes, there wasn't any other man. Not even had come from Carlos Ramón all that abundant semen which finally would succeed in making of me a mother.

My husband had been awakened by my howls and had just stayed there watching our love while I was giving myself entirely (and not only puss-pussy), and my body was offering my whole being to that handsome, athletic, so hot and gorgeous penguin. Oh yes, it was one of those well-known penguins, whose habitat was Blanco Bay, who had caught me that night. The presence of Ramón in the same bed did not bother him, and when all was over, I, my penguin and my husband were looking at each other with some awkwardness. We were astonished by the volume of his white fluid. It must have been gallons and gallons of semen, because I felt an unusual feeling of fullness within my low belly, and the fluid seemed never stop to trickle down my thighs, soaking all those bed sheets that Ramón gave us. At those moments, a strong scent of jasmine was felt. A strong jasmine fragrance of the sweet semen of my penguin. Yes, it smelt so sweetly as jasmine. We, Kelper women, were not aware that a penguin's cum smells like jasmine. All Falkland's women smelt a strong fragrance for the first time at that dawn. Not only the married, widows, divorced or whores, but even the virgins could feel its perfume. All of us got pregnant.

Carlos Ramón suddenly seemed happy, since he thought that the coming baby could be the so longed son of his. But it was not, and soon we would see its so peculiar nature. My belly grew too fast, so that I was wondering why so quickly. Only two weeks after the intercourse, my belly looked one of a third month pregnancy! And on April 8th, at early dawn, a most peculiar event took place in our lives. I suddenly felt a single and strong colic and got sure that hundreds of hundreds of Kelper women were also feeling that pain at the same time. Each of us was laying her own egg.

Every woman was unable not to take care of the egg as if it was her most beloved human child. We knew they needed to be kept warm for a lot therefore we strove for such during all that autumn. I, Maria de la Concepción, laid it on my own bed, from where I wished never to take it away. I turned the central heating max, but even so I feared this could be not enough.

As for my husband, he politely kept on helping us. But don't think evil of him, since  at this point there wasn't for him except  a very small hope that within such eggshell could be living his "pretty Ramoncito.'' He brought me all our blankets and I asked him to fire up the hearth as it used to be done in my childhood's winters.

I didn't leave my egg-child alone not even for a minute during those terribly cold months. I put him in contact with my body and my warmth and, under several blankets, we slept together.

Falkland Islands' coldest nights have always their festive celebrations, but on that Saint John's eve, June 23, all women in Stanley were quietly inside their homes, waiting for the moment when that peculiar pregnancy would finish after ‘giving birth’ to whatever could come out from those eggs. So pretty eggs, perfect in shape, color, smell, and touch. My love for him was the most intense possible, or even the strongest among the impossible passions. I always slept embracing him. I felt a strong pleasure while rubbing puss-pussy against him, and to tell the truth, I did it every night, every morning, incessantly, recalling the magic dawn when his father visited me. Neither my husband nor I ever understood why my penguin lover no more returned. Neither could we understand how he was capable of swimming away to the sea, without saying a word to us. Sometimes, we even suppose we’ve hurt his feelings with our attempts to dry out his semen using those plain bed sheets! We will never forgive ourselves for this.

When the eggshell finally broke the following events happened the way I was already guessing. No monster was born --- half-man, half-penguin---as some people were predicting. On June 25, midnight, I gave birth through the shell of that huge egg, to my first and single son: a soft, lovely male penguin.

The dawn of June 24 was so sad for men and women in Stanley. I just can't realize how we survived to it. Whenever one of such eggshells broke, a mother began to scream and to cry, supplicating them not to go away to the sea.

In spite of that, our children didn't pay attention to our pleas, and they did not even glimpse the faces of their stepfathers. They swam away, by thousands, toward the middle of Blanco Bay. Thousands of penguin-children, who had no human trace, but whom we loved even more than if they had.

*The night you want me,*

*From the blue sky,*

*The jealous stars*

*Will watch us go by*

*-From an Argentine tango by Carlos Gardel and Le Pera*

## **Niñas**

*“And still dizzy for such events,*

*to his sweaty head,*

*he raises hand and finds ivy*

*then seeing that he himself was*

*the princess who slept”.*

*Fernando Pessoa, in Eros and Psyche (Free translation)*

Once upon a time, an enchanted little girl left her parent's home and her town, and on the edges of the Titicaca Lake, she met a very big frog. The latter became then a prince, who fell in love with her.  
Together they began to live in full happiness for all eternity, as another pretty couple of giant Titicaca frogs: Her Majesty Princess Frog and His Majesty Prince Frog.  
Following that, it rained incessantly during many months over the Andean Highlands, such as it hadn't for hundred thousands of years. The Titicaca tripled its water volume.  
All those little girls became bewitched and fell immediately in love.

Each one with her own Prince.

All of them as frogs.

## **Hummingbird**

[Fragments of an article published in The American Journal of Epidemiology (Atlanta, Ga.) signed by Professor Enrico P. Leite from the Preventive Medicine Department, University of São Paulo].

*Title: Concerning the Sudden Fall of the Birth Rate in the São Paulo Metropolitan Area.*

*[Certainly, when it was published, there was an exhaustively descriptive introduction, which unfortunately has been lost.]*

“( . . . ) Of course, the above described events can't be explained through our traditional medical models. Neither could the reifying classical methods of Epidemiology bring any light here. Thus, we shall try a sociological approach, which might possibly lead us to seeing this peculiar picture's totality.

"As it was said above, the hummingbirds do not differentiate between women from different social classes.

Attacking the owners of productive factors, so as the workers who sell their labor strength, including also petite-bourgeoisie layers and the peasantry, such birds feel strong attraction to all kinds of women. At times, they seem to make some queer choices, although we haven't yet been able to verify any statistically meaningful bind between 'the kiss' and any social condition or class, nor any sort of abstract bond to production means.

“At first we supposed to be facing an arbovirus outburst, with unusual traits, but this seemed verisimilar to us. The hummingbird would have been hit by a virus attacking their olfactory nuclei, which was leading them to confuse the smell of flowers with that of human vulvae.''

[Here there must have been another lost fragment.]

"( . . . ) All of our several hypotheses collapsed, as soon as we got a detailed report of the first kiss that hit our most prominent colleague from the Preventive Medicine Department. Dr. Alice Blumenthal. I'll now transcribe her entire message:

“Right in the middle of our school's hallway, under the invasive stares of passersby and of those idiot booksellers! I almost suggested to him that we go to a hidden place, but it was quite impossible to say only a single word to that tiny being, all of his body within my vagina. How hot and tender, how smooth his caresses . . .

Dear department's colleagues, I won't tell you anymore on the intimate details of our voluptuousness, neither shall I write about those endearments, which made that kiss the most intense pleasure I’ve ever had. I, myself a non-believer, have to thank God a million times for experiencing those delights! I'm longing to meet him again as soon as possible. ..(Stop with these confessions, Alice! Stop, please) While I was still rejoicing in great sexual ecstasy, I suddenly felt that my hummingbird was leaving. In spite of this, my orgasm continued for a long time, because I did remain extremely excited by the flying out and ruffling of dozens and dozens of little hummingbirds, to whom my own womb was giving birth.”

            Alice Blumenthal

Shocked, we advised her to go to see a psychiatrist. She angrily refused to do so, calling us blind and stupid since we were, in her own words, unable to see that the same 'attack' was happening to millions of women in  São Paulo and its surrounding areas.

Some days thereafter, Dr. Alice abandoned our University and nobody could anymore find her. Neighbors speculated then she could have run away, of her own free will, into the woods of Paranapiacaba, one of the last redoubts for certain rare surviving species of big hummingbirds. Before her departure, she could still suggest some paths of research. Here follows her last email:

"Dear Colleagues,

You must abandon your medical points of view once and for all, if you are still in search of any kind of comprehension of what is happening to us. We are happier now! What does it matter if we are threatening the Nation, if we are abandoning our husbands, our religions, our working places? I do repeat: we are happier now! I can give the following hypothetical explanation concerning the genesis of our fight's present stage: women and hummingbirds against men, family, and all Nations.

The hummingbird has ever been a universal symbol for peace, for beauty, for love. It was tragically put into danger of extinction by the male industrial society. Some species had already disappeared from Earth,   many decades ago.

On the other hand, men's inabilities to satisfy women have ever been tragically evident throughout centuries and millennia.

Nature has rebelled against the male society, giving to the hummingbirds the power to set us all free. 

Free for the everlasting orgasm!

Death to husbands!

God save the Hummingbird!

Farewell!"

          Alice Blumen

**The Extinction**

You woke up from a profound sleep and saw your hands were then a exquisite pair of fascinating orchids.  
You went out walking through your giant now deserted city, enthralled and very proud for being at least partly orchids.   
Yet, knowing how ephemeral they are, you feared their annihilation. To deal with such a dread, from your arms have stuck out fresh green leaves, ensuring you that, when the orchid flowers would perish away, the plant as a whole might remain. Someday new pretty orchids would certainly sprout again from your own body.  
Orchids, however, need tree branches as support to keep living. Both arms jumped out from your trunk, then changed into huge baobabs. Those so pretty flowers had from thence on survival assured. Astonished, after taking a look at the now freed living beings which just before had been your arms and hands, you resumed walking adrift.

Some blocks farther, all your hair fell at once to the ground, each one of your hairs becoming a mighty earthworm which began piercing, melting, and changing asphalt and concrete into pure earth.  
Your left leg's skin became thick like fish scales. This limb detached from the your hip as a huge anaconda. Overwhelmed by dread, you imagined it would devour your whole body up, but the reptile didn't even pay any attention to your being, creeping in the opposite direction of your hurried coward escape.  
Both your ears became exuberant butterflies, vividly colorful.  
Your right leg went away too, turned into a pretty iguana couple.  
You always thought you'd never lose your noble brain, "Creation's climax", but all of a sudden a hole was opened on your head's top, on place of infancy's fontanel, and soon all your skull's content was felt as slipping over your skin as lousy slugs, cockroaches and roundworms.  
Notwithstanding all this, you still kept on thinking and feeling every event with cruel, intense voluptuousness.  
From your opened navel, viscera were finally able to jump out. Your bowels have assumed a queer and grotesque shape of a weed which you always had loathed. They fell to the ground, took roots, and thrived on. From your spleen sprang up a bull that began to graze there on side of whatever was still remaining of your body.   
Your pancreas jumped up into the air, changed into a noisy hen; your kidneys into two bats. Also your liver flew away, now a big vulture, Prometheus's bird as it is recalled, who smiled ironically as seeing your still alive remains, told you good-bye, and headed fast to the Caucasus.  
Your bladder bloomed as a huge mushroom.  
You lost the face as a huge turtle occupied the whole of your skull. Before this, your eyes had already flied away as two firefly's clouds.  
Still wandering throughout your city's huge desert, you remained still overwhelmed by a ruthless ecstasy.  
Your spinal column hurried away to the sea, changing into countless octopuses, squids, jellyfish, lobsters, crabs, shrimp.  
Your breath stopped, since both lungs became a pair of copulating dolphins.  
Your heart was not able to change into any worthier being than a lonely single housefly  
Almost all of what still remained of your skin became then huge clumps of foliage, and of your muscles, dozens of small lizards.  
Nonetheless, you were stil staying alive, intensely and excruciatingly feeling time and things.  
Only when your male genitals lastly freed took flight from you, turned into a never seen and so splendid owl, were you able to see that there wasn't any more place for you on Earth.  
You were finally dead.  
Extinct.

# **Part II: Samsara (Time, Passion, Fear, World)**

### **Words, Time, Music**

I was born near the great river crossing the desert, under a huge baobab, not far from seashore. The pains of the one who gave me birth lasted but a few minutes. There was plenty of joy and brightness on the eyes of those who saw my birth. As a little boy, I used to play throughout the meadows close to that river; jumping and running across the woods. I grew a strong, muscular man, so that soon females who looked at me quickly got horny for my body, causing me to give myself naive, soft, hot, stalwart, and tender.

Quickly we formed a horde: I as an only male, surrounded by countless women and so many delights. At first, walking along those flowing river waters, till on a cold morning we arrived at an endless salted sea of high waves.

Scattering so many children, boys and girls, all along the seashore, I kept then wandering towards the distant land from which womb the rising suns are born.

As nomads, wanderers, our number was increasing constantly.  
At the end of one summer morning, I suddenly felt that some aging women no more aroused my desire. I abandoned them. They, however, went on following my footprints on sands By doing this, they were trying to see me, even if from a distance. Such female beings dreamed constantly of my eyes.  
Thirsty for life, eager for all kinds of marvels, I kept on searching for new lands, for new landscapes. Our vagrant horde kept on growing more numerous, so much for those who lived beside me, offering themselves to my endless appetites, as for rejected others, who as daydreamers continued to follow us.  
I soon exchanged, at an increasing speed, the aged women by the youngsters who they had begotten. Male and female teens were rapidly seduced by my horde to became hot, gentle and vigorous lovers.  
We made up two subgroups, always kept separate by a constant distance, the limit from where, in spite of being rejected by me, they were able to contemplate my eyes and their shine. I had no name, neither anyone of us. We didn't give names to any kind of beings. Our only language was that of shouting during love and orgies. Nothing else. Some day as the sun was setting; we reached a strange sea, extremely salted. Only stones and rocks didn't float above its waters. It seemed to have no fish. We walked along its shore, eating little animals that we hunted in its rocky surroundings.  
At last we arrived at a river's mouth, where some fish were found. There we remained for having to eat and to drink. There I could achieve the highest strength and beauty of a human male. I used to fall in love with young girls as soon as I saw in their eyes the hot and ripe desire, and I also gently embraced lads when their pretty shoulders got enlarged and their thighs brawny. These human beings, generated within my females, loved me enraptured. Several autumns before, the most beautiful of my women had given birth to a boy who soon looked more and more like myself: in his face, in his power, in his hair, in his eyes.  
As soon as he felt his first and strong male desire he fuck the enchanting female from whom he was born. He wished too and with that same impulsiveness, myself, the brawny male so similar to him.  
On the right edge of that river, close to the sea, on which everything floated, amid rocks, took place that meeting of us: He, She, and Myself. Naked as we lived. My erection was the most intense since my puberty. We, three together, loved one another, embracing and mixing our bodies, and howling throughout all that hot summer's night.  
We would have been able, as two identical males, to go on living side by side, loving together all those females. Who could distinguish between us? And for what? This would have been our destiny strong, stalwart men, lovers in perpetual orgies. I, a mature male, he, a hot and gorgeous teenager.  
We, in spite of being two, would be capable of performing as only one such a delightful life, forever wandering towards that mysterious land from which every morning the sun is born.  
Nevertheless, something quite unexpected took place. The possibility of such a strange event arose at one of those delightful nights during which we, both males, and she, our most assiduous partner, were making love as threesome. Perhaps because of having begotten the youngster within her own body, her desire for him suddenly became more intense. She was then able, for the first time, to differentiate between us. Thereafter, she threw against me all of her powerful witchery and gave me a name:"Father".  
By having a name, I, Father, wouldn't anymore be taken for him. Our intermingled identities, which had allowed us so many ecstatic moments, would no longer exist.  
We still tried, amid the rocks of our first meeting, to be so close together as before. There was fun and joy, but it was quite impossible to achieve that simultaneous rhythm that once had driven us three to cry and cry at the same time.  
Disappointed, we watched another spell of hers: she named the orgasmic pleasure she had once had with me, the "Past".  
Then she called the orgasm that she had just shared with him, the "Future". To that feeling of boredom and frustration in which three we were, a little before sunrise, she gave the name of "Present".  
Individualized beings as we were from then on, having names and notions concerning time’s flow, "Son" and "Father", we hated each other. Hence, I expelled him violently out to the group of the rejected ones. She followed him. "Son and Mother", two other names also created by her, repelled and unhappy, were still able to conceive another dimension of time: that of a life which would have been possible, if our bonds hadn't broken up, if our first orgy were still feasible. To this fancied age of time, absent and intangible, they gave the name of Eternity. The fullest and simultaneous orgasm of us three, impossible to be put in words, they called God.  
Among the rejected, which survived just because of living on dreaming and fancying my eyes, Son was soon effusively admired and strongly desired. Mother taught to all those people the witchcraft of names and of Time.

Since enjoyment with Father was Past, since their condition of being rejected was Present, since enjoyment with Son was Future, and such happiness that could have been -- but didn't -- was Eternity; they felt themselves enabled to get away from my eyes. Such they did decide one autumn afternoon after Son spoke to them about 'God', a joy, an indescribable enjoyment, impossible even to be put in words its richest details, its so sublime and harmonious threesome rhythm.

Thence, it should be useless trying to utter anything about God's intensity or existence. Nonetheless, as trying to do it for his folks, Son happened to create an exquisite magical set of sounds and rhythms, for everybody's wonder. He had invented music.

Their group, in which more and more names began to appear -- bound to all things and sensations -- took route towards the setting suns, carrying from me those luxurious days memories, as well but the pains of never again seeing me. Never, not even through countless generations thereafter, those threesomes have been forgotten, nor those words Mother once gave to each sensation felt beside me, while touching my whole body: Infinity, Beauty, Past, Eternity, God.

### **Daydreaming About Your Envy**

I keep on being quite misunderstood: I don't look at my reflected image on this pool just for loving my body --- disturbingly gorgeous, brawny, stalwart, macho --- so as my own face of soft outlines, so smoothly harmonious. No, definitely, it isn't only an endless carnal passion for myself! Nevertheless, human beings and gods always tell this boring tale whenever they talk about me. I'm even able to state that all of my fame and glory among humans is attached to the following plot they ascribe to me: ''Narcissus, the young man who fell in love with his own reflected image on a lake, and who will remain contemplating himself for all eternity.''

I do scoff at their poverty of spirit when I realize they imagine me this way. I take as absurdly ridiculous such a misconception they have of my picture, built up by themselves, quite opposed to my wonderful being.

There is something, however, that brings me pleasure, when I think about such beings. Humans and gods, for millennia, have never stopped talking about me. For this, there's just one evident explanation: their desperate envy of me.

Oh, how pleasant is this certainty: they are so envious of me. When this idea comes to my mind, as it happens now,      I smile discreetly and a shining point appears in my eyes. Nuances of expression on my face, tiny movements of a unique, perfect beauty. Oh yes, only tiny motions, since there are no variations of grade in my beautiful being, as it is so easy to realize. If there actually were such variations, I would be more beautiful at one moment and not so at the other. Both quite impossible events, because of this perfection and of this infinitude in my aesthetic being.

Their biggest mistake: my self-contemplation couldn't be exhausted on my beauty, only one among the sublime aspects of my whole being. If things were so, I would fatally decay into becoming human, mortal.

Surely, I do love so much even the smallest fragment of my body, and would never deny it. I love my eyes and the moves of beauty on my face. Besides I possess something that gives me entire perfection, from all conceivable points of view. It is not, as it happens to all other attributes of my own set of qualities, another plain positivity. For such an attribute, I count on other beings, who are not myself.

Humans and gods are those beings whose actions make me able to achieve the fullest perfection. All of that is possible because of a trivial fact and its immediate result, its apodictic consequence.

The trivial fact: humans and gods are extremely ugly, repulsive.

Its inevitable consequence: abject as they are, humans and gods may only feel hatred for me, being I quite incapable of looking at them. Because of this I sought refuge on the edge of this lake. From the hate and the refuge sprang up this infinite perfection.

It's quite easy to realize why you do envy me so intensely.

**The Shining Oedipus’s Eyes**

Jocasta did not hang herself. Oedipus did not hollow his own eyes out. They have just pretended to do so, as a tactics to free themselves from the gossip of the Thebans. For some reasons that we will never know, Sophocles decided to give reality to that dissimulation.

Mounted on white horses, they abandoned the Thebans to their own human destiny. They left in search of someone actually capable of judging them.

"Nobody on Earth but Ulysses' sirens"; unanimous were the oracles.

Together both dared to confront Poseidon's fury. Driven by dozens of oarsmen --- all of them having their ears closed with wax...--- Oedipus as commander, they took the same route once followed by Ulysses, while returning from Troy.

It didn't take much time to find them. The sirens were the same, so young and so beautiful, since time doesn't dare to exist for these gorgeous females.

Oedipus and Jocasta landed on a small beach between huge cliffs. They were still in love with each other. Soon the singing of those demi-goddesses had inebriated and fascinated them.

"But, Jocasta, we haven't come in search of our love. We are looking for a judgment." -- uttered Oedipus in an unexpected reproaching look.

"So, you will have it, Oedipus,'' said a siren, abruptly interrupting her own song.

"As for you, Jocasta, whether is it possible to know any reason for your coming here besides this uneasiness of your son and lover, you will soon have whatever you wish."

 "I just wish the shine of Oedipus eyes back again, because I love that glare so much'' said Jocasta.

"For that, lover and mother, only one detail lacks: Oedipus must know the whole truth, this same one which you have always hidden away from him".

"No, dear sirens, I'm saturated out of truths: I indeed do not want to hear any new truths, whatever reasons you have for demanding such to my mother-lover, you ought to keep it only for yourselves: females, Jocastas, and sirens.''

"If you do not wish anymore truths, Oedipus, only one fate remains for you both: give your oarsmen the order to go right now away, forgetting forever the route to this tiny island, where they leave Jocasta and her son."

So did obey Jocasta's lover. Moments thereafter, dozens of sirens were singing again that same song once heard by the great Ulysses in his way back from Troy. Eros inspired that melody, evocative of the so many imagined, or dreamed, carnal delights, and able to provoke so many other ones.

Oedipus and Jocasta became quite enraptured by that magical song. Under the lascivious look of countless sirens, Oedipus's eyes regained their eternal shine.

**Face to Face Planes**

***"In the house in front of me and my dreams,***

***What happiness is always there!" \****

***Álvaro de Campos Fernando Pessoa)***

Down there stays a deep, very deep valley. Despite this depth, I can easily see from the top of this mountain the clear outlines of the opposite cliff vividly blue. I begin to go down through rocks towards a supposed river, which I deduce must have large dimensions.  Although I can see crags and forests in front of me, in their rich details, I'm not able to see anything down there at the abyss's bottom.

Nothing is down there except an endless declivity. I can't be sure at all about the existence of what seems the geometrically necessary point of contact between both giant mountains: this, which I keep going down, and that opposite one on which my lucky, exulting eyes meet your gaze.

You, traveler so much as I am, keep going down for days, for months, for years, and longer. So you may now realize how huge these mountains truly are. Down under the cliffs, however, you can see only an unchangeable deepness, which never seems to shift. There isn't any haze at all, but on the contrary just this terrifying clearness which confronts you with two horizons: the one from where you are coming and the other to which you are going. They both seem infinite. We keep on walking down this monotonous declivity for decades, without meeting neither anyone nor anything that could tell us when, or even whether, will we reach ever the end of this lasting journey.

When we look upwards, we aren't anymore sure about the reality of our memories, which try to make us sure some time ago we actually lived on a land with flat plains, plateaus, and highlands.

We have no choice but to keep on walking downhill, despite our strong suspicion that there isn't any river or flat terrain to arrive at. Our arrival at that fancied plan horizon would be the only way for our skins to actually touch one another.

One more time, you and I look at the opposite hill. Our eyes meet.

Surely, neither you nor I will eventually be able to cross such depths.

\*Free translation from Portuguese

\*\* On the above picture: Ilha das Cabras [Goats Island], Itanhaém, Brazil

Some islands may be peninsulas during the low sea tide. Human beings recurrently are prone to think it is really possible a true communication with their equals. Suddenly, however, the tide around them rises back. Islands are islands; they are definitely never peninsulas.

**Rosa**

*"The lover becomes the beloved one,*

*By virtue of too much imagining"*

*Luis de Camões (free translation)*

When I arrived at Corumbá, everything about my origin was so clear on my mind, indeed. I tried to tell it to everyone. People, however, refused to believe me. Just after the publication of that article in a Rio newspaper, I, myself, became a national celebrity. My ''tale" about my origin was taken for a joke, my weeping for a display of an actress's genius.

Some weeks after that, I received from the Immigration Service, a ''permanent visa as tourist", especially granted me through presidential intercession. And so, it was given to me the right to travel all over the still wonderful landscapes of Brazil, only in the status of a tourist! Well, how could I remain a tourist for all of my supposed human existence?

Regarding the peculiar status of my visa, granted as a 'gift by merit' by that kindly old woman in Brasilia, some people were asking why not a true permanent visa --- without such a strange qualifying "as tourist". Government officers argued that "permanent tourist'' was a presidential irony aiming to be at the same level of my own finest jokes. For this same reason, namely, my ''ironic tale'' about my coming to be a human female, it was quite impossible for them to make any identity document for me. Some others told me the politicians saw my story as sexist, or even offensive to all women.

If that makes any or the littlest sense, forgive me, but even now I don't feel myself a woman. I was born a female caiman.

In spite of countless invitations to travel around the whole country, including the Amazonian Forest, I remained in Corumbá for a long, long time. I kept on living in that little hotel where people still took care of me so gently. Not even a little gentle, however, were those downtown men, all possessed by a queer look, resembling wolves, since the first moment they saw me.

At sunset I felt myself much happier breathing the strong smelling breeze of my river, to which the Tupi-Guarani nation in ancient times gave the name of Paraguay.

Despite being surrounded since my arrival by so many sexually eager men, it took a lot for me to fall in love with someone. The male who, at last, seduced me was that same journalist, namely, Francisco Rosa, whose article was recognized by the world as the first credible report about my existence.

My for a long time kept endurance not to falling in love with anyone wasn't due to any resentment due to the overwhelming discrediting given to my story. A much more deep-seated and grave feeling was obliging me to keep me apart from human males: I feared that the whole thing could happen again, as it had happened when that awful hunter was devoured by countless little caimans going out from my womb.

I must confess, also, that one afternoon I returned to that place where I became human. My own caiman children didn't recognize me. Sad, I came back to the city.

I only was able to fall in love with Rosa when I convinced him of the truth of my previous life. We were both walking along the riverside --- I crazy with lust by him, the same lust that l feel for every human male since that first one, that so cruel hunter. Francisco was talking about the intense passion that he felt for me, saying that I was the most magnificent woman he had ever met.

Rosa told me he hadn't slept one single night since the day he had witnessed my arrival in Corumbá. This didn't seem to be a seducer's exaggeration, since he had huge dark circles under his eyes. He said me something about the fame that he had achieved because of me, since his article on my history had been the best one he had ever written.

Then I reminded him of the grief that such an article had brought on me, by describing me as an ''ironic genius who created fascinating tales in order to hide their true intentions concerning our richest ecological region in the central part of South America”.

Disturbed, Rosa apologized. He recalled me, then, that those things had happened so much time ago, and that I should no longer pay attention to such first misunderstandings about me. He had been in those times "so naive and very impolite".

Beneath his thin trousers could be seen the hard thickness of his human penis, that kind of organ that I had so well enjoyed that tragic day on the swamp, but that I had no more touched for many months. We lay down together under a huge jackfruit's crown. I didn't lose my mind, however, before hearing from Rosa the true confession that, in his innermost, he believed more in me than in his ''own existence". If there remained any risk of being devoured by hundreds of little caimans, "that didn't matter at all.'' I inferred that he was talking sincerely. It wasn't just another lie of lovers, just a lie to fuck me at last, naked as we already were, anxiously desirous.

Undeniably, Rosa was thick.  His was a so thick dick that I had howls from the first moment of his penetration of my body. I supplicated him to delay his cum, by alleging that I wanted to have several ones, as some women had told me to be able to have.   I tried to restrain myself too, because the certainty remained on my mind that something not properly human would take place there. Some unusual thing, quite out of reach for Rosa’s mind, but not so for mine.

The hardness of Rosa's dick and the rubbing of his hair and fingers on my body were irresistible, so that multiple orgasms came soon. I opened me up entirely for him. He maintained a prolonged erection and brought me the most explosive orgasms.   At those moments of climax I couldn't have any trace of consciousness able to tell him not to ejaculate. Even if I could, Rosa wouldn't hear me. The climax of my most intense orgasm, under a jackfruit tree and under the rapt look of a group of youngsters who for half an hour were watching our fuck, was synchronous with Rosa's ejaculation. I looked at his eyes fixedly. He was pretty and strong like a rose.

His body wasn't devoured by hundreds of caimans. His fate wasn’t so bad. Francisco Rosa, he himself, became a male caiman.

As for the six youngsters, lads, men's buds who were envying our love, they quickly were taking turns in filling me with their semen --- perhaps human, perhaps reptile ---.and after that, they all experienced the same fate as Francisco's.

I woke up after a brief sleep. Seven male caimans were surrounding me. Impossible to distinguish among them which human individuals had been. Not even Rosa was I able to recognize among them. As soon as I began walking, they quickly plunged into our big river.

**Eschatologically**

*“According to an old legend King Midas once pursued the astute Silenus, Dionysus' escort, throughout the woods without being able to capture him. When, finally, he fell into the king's hands, this asked him what was for a human being the greatest of all goods, the biggest of all privileges. Inflexible, without a motion fell then silent the demon. . “*

*--Friedrich Nietzsche*

All of the world's money, in all its existing forms, suddenly was seen and smelt as human excrement, its new material essence, its absolute form. Individual reactions were too diverse, but all marked by an intense perplexity. The banker was counting his cash, when the dollar bills melted and made soft, pasty, slipped down from his hands. Astute, he didn't give an order to throw that repulsive thing into garbage, because he soon noticed that all of his patrimony had by then assumed this new way of being-in-the-world. Beggars, shantytown dwellers, favela people and wretches of all kinds began enthusiastically to eat vegetables, weeds, earth or whatever could cause them to defecate abundantly. All existing gold turned into a mild, sweetly ill-smelling kind of yellowish feces, resembling that of little babies.

Rumors arose that, intending to maintain public order, governments soon would print new paper money. By doing so, they would be then obliged to exchange old money---eschatologically transformed--- by the new one. To each citizen would be warranted the right to permute his fecal portion by a new money amount.

Nonetheless, every attempt to make new dollars, yuans, yens, pounds, euros as well as any other kind of money, resulted inexorably in the same shit.

Bank checks, even if correctly written, evaporated immediately after being signed, becoming fetid flatulencies.

As a result of these rumors about the exchange of excrements by new money, crowds began to drain out cities' sewers. Some people began trying to bottle their intestinal gases in large vaults, or even smaller ones, certain that they would become rich by alleging to have lost large amounts of money in printed checks.

The irrespirable milieu of banks was soon carefully sanitized. All pickings that remained as rests of excrement or farts were meticulously stored inside the most hermetic vaults. In papers, alleged experts were proclaiming their finest abilities as smart connoisseurs of the

“so subtle" differences in smell of U.S. dollars, euros, Japanese yen, and British pounds. Although at this time it was evident that no one could be able to state anything about the true value of these once-strong currencies, the economists seemed still to breathe amidst the same atmosphere previous to the unusual, peculiar cataclysm.

Meanwhile, bankers and billionaires were waiting anxiously for an official statement, a credible e-mail, or even for any kind of rumor, concerning whatever might have happened in Switzerland. In this country, differently from all others, news agencies were totally mute from the first moment of Eschatos or Skatos (scholars were still discussing on which could be the most appropriate name for this New Age). Nobody, not even frontier's guards nor spies, had been capable of getting any information about what exactly had happened by those days to the Swiss franc. Might it have changed into the same dejects? Nothing was known regarding the giant amounts of dollars and of gold stored inside the banking houses of Zürich, Genève, and Basel.

Another rumor in the media: an extraordinary meeting of the United Nations,

followed by another of the Security Council immediately, would have discussed the possibility of using carbon-14 dating in assigning value to the whole global stock of human feces. Only this way would it be possible to assign a fair value for the individual lots that actually were fecal gold or real money before that ominous day of July. All member nations would have signed such a declaration, with the exception of Switzerland, whose diplomatic staff alleged have not received any information about what might be happening inside their country. Nobody gave credence to this claim, and the once peaceful and reliable Swiss people soon became the subject of gravest suspicions. Submerged in an ocean of uncertainty, humans began to gather their own feces within market plastic bags, under blankets, inside refrigerators, or even outdoors. Nobody was using latrines more, nor throwing out diapers as before. Everyone was trying to gather the most of this strange stuff that people wished to believe to be the long-awaited wealth.

There were then indications that people were getting used to living with what, a short time before, was seen as the most repugnant of their products. Odors were more and more tolerated or even said to be milder, perfectly supportable ''Maybe we were excessively refined” many were repeating.

On the Andean Highlands, military strategists took power through a new coup d'etat. Nothing suggested that silver had been hit by the eschatos's plague, or (skatos an inter-ministerial panel was created to decide on the right spell). The new president decreed that thirteen thousand tons of silver coins would have to be immediately minted. Such were intended to be exported as money for worldwide circulation. On one side would be imprinted in high relief the bust of the general who had taken power immediately after having conceived himself the great idea. As for the other side, one could not forget to pay homage to skatos (eschatos), the catastrophic event that would create a once-unimaginable opulence and power for ''all the hearts and minds of our nation’s citizens''. On this side there would be imprinted the typical contour taken on by human feces when placed naturally on the ground, twisted on itself as a spiral shell. Heads and tails.

Right away the president became a first ranked in popularity among his country's citizens. In a speech through TV, President Luis Ignerto enthusiastically proclaimed:

"Tomorrow  our people will show to the whole world for what purpose God gave us this wealthiest country on Earth. After minting the silver money, we'll show to the other nations, unfortunately submerged under a tsunami of shit, that the latter has been for us nothing but a *marolinha* ( tiny sea wave )"

 The Andean failure gave rise to another coup d'état, since a quick decision was needed on so many matters, yet the disturbed president seemed unable even to make a single pronouncement to his people. Radical disinfection of O Palácio das Moedas (The Coin's Palace) could not be postponed anymore. Thousands of tons of those pretty and fragile, almost perfumed dejects ---into which had turned all the noble metal after being coined--- were requiring a fast and radical cleaning out. Maintaining the shape of coins and the intended printed images, all that huge amount of silver had also become excrement, similar in all its characteristics to the acholic lees of people suffering from hepatitis.

The new way to deal with the wealth of nations came, paradoxically and at last, from another Emergent Nation.   Its old and wise Minister of Economy, a fat and clumsy man, was respected all over the world as one of the most prominent brains in such science. He announced to have an infallible plan, to be revealed as soon as possible.

Any kind of solution could not take any longer, since the entire world was suffering serious damage from such an overwhelming monetary crisis.

The most notable socialites, so much constrained for having to keep under rigid guardianship the weird new shape taken on by their jewelry and goods, were pressing their husbands and rulers incessantly.

 As for poor people, they were perishing by the hundred millions, victims of an illness similar to cholera, as a consequence of eating, or trying to eat, all kinds of stuff from green trees' branches to pure earth. When they were fading away, the moribund ones kept on trying not to lose any drop of the "precious" liquid being excreted.

Finally in  the middle of July, the fore-mentioned minister declared in a press release that his global plan was ready, but he was still waiting for an answer to a  referral he had addressed to the Swiss government. Thereafter, only the UNO sanction would be needed to bring an end to that all exasperating crisis.

It should be clarified that the generalized mistrust concerning the Swiss people was then focused on speculation about a terribly powerful weapon, perhaps biological,  cultivated in the Alps and then scattered all over the world for hegemonic intentions. That would be the cause of Eschatos or Skatos (some were still debating it). That would explain the absolute silence in communications media from that country for so long. After the plague be finished, Switzerland would emerge as the most powerful nation on Earth. People were dreaming by this time of the gold, of the silver, and also of those huge amounts of dollars, euros and yens remaining still intact above those high mountains, amid glaciers pine trees and lakes.

Within socialist countries something a bit different occurred, which was soon interpreted as complementary to the "Fecal Revolution": all and every paper sealed with the signature of state officials also turned into shit. Rather hard and compact, like that of chronically constipated people, but the purest shit.

But regarding the minister, who after all has been able to save mankind, we ought to talk a little more. Perhaps after diving into the circumstances and fluids that surrounded him, could we reach a new insights about how the new legal order-- that saved us all -- has emerged from such a peculiar brain.

 He was, and still is, since long before eschatos the most fetid person on the planet Earth, even without carrying rests of the old and now transmuted money. Although he took prolonged baths and using only excellent French perfumes, the most expensive ones, such habits weren't enough to free his body from that awful ill-smell. This seemed to worse as the hours passed. His presence or departure was known by all people in a whole city block where he had recently been. His plane could be easily identified among so many others arriving at a given airport. Just through smell.

Here follows the text of his Lex Magna ( Great Law), that would thereafter be literally copied by so many other ministers and chiefs of state, and UNO officials.

It was quickly sanctioned, under a regimen of martial law, all over the world:

**Decree Number 001 (One) of Eschatos (Skatos) Era:**

Each and every citizen of this country, as well as foreigners who own temporary or permanent visa, tourists and diplomatic representatives, from now on are obliged to defecate exclusively in the sight of at least one member of the newly created Militia for Economic and Sanitary Inspection (M.E.S.I.). Their fecal excrements must be immediately confiscated to the Public Coffers. The so collected amount will be repaid in fibrous food, preferably vegetables. It is a function of the members of this Militia to qualify, to weigh and to quantify the mass of dejects of every human being inside our boundaries. Complementary laws will treat such matters as well the techniques and the thorough know-how needed for these delicate monetary transactions.  
The volume collected in this way will be deposited into the recently founded Good Pepsis Central Bank (G.P.C.B.).  
Public servants from the M.E.S.I., from the G.P.C.B., and from intermediary instances, have the right to defecate only in front of one of their immediate superiors, and will receive the same kind of payment as the common citizens.  
Each and every individual, foreigner or citizen of our nation, who traffics or trades human feces illegally, will be condemned to perpetual prison inside the Defecation Chamber, where he or she will be allowed just to eat and to defecate until his/her natural death.  
 Notice concerning the volume and mass of our wealth reserves will be given periodically to the Swiss ambassador.  
       **Professor Dr Eurico Furtado  
      Brazil's Minister of the Economy**

*"...till the moment when, forced by Midas, Silenus began to laugh at bursts and uttered these words: ''Miserable human genus, that lasts just one day, children born by chance and made for working hard. What do you oblige me to say? Words that would be best for you not to hear? The greatest of all goods is for you quite unattainable: not to be born, not to be, be nothing. The second of the greatest goods is however to die soon."*

*Friedrich Nietzsche, The Birth of Tragedy*

**The Paraguay River and The Human Condition**

It didn't take much to the day on which finally everybody takes me seriously. They know that I am the female caiman that, to protect her brood became a woman, driving a hurter to a sudden passion. They are also aware of what happened to Rosa and the group of lads. Those seven men have been just the first ones.

I began to sell my desire and my body to those men who were disturbing me so much. In so doing I had a way to give money to the poor people who were at my service in the little hotel. Thus, I went on turning men into caimans at high prices. Every one of them knew what would be their fate, but their lust by me was then stronger than any resistance to abandon the human condition.

I stayed in a bedroom on the ground floor. A profound ditch was dug, whose depths were entirely invisible, aimed to let them go directly into the Paraguay River. Plenty of men I kept receiving! The shapes of their bodies were the most diverse, as well as their ages, skin colors, races. I always wanted them with a same intense lust: a same ardor for human males since the killer hunter, thereafter Rosa, and those six bud men.

Sometimes they came in groups, searching for orgies. On such occasions, I charged a much higher fee from each one, alleging special services. On one night I was visited by eleven men recently arrived from Buenos Aires. They surrounded me, putting me into the center of a circle shaped by their bodies. They forced me to leap from one to the other, just before orgasm that they tried hard to restrain far beyond the supportable limit. They ran away hurried through the ditch that sends up the strong smell of our river.

The first woman that I received had male posture and artificially rude grimaces, wearing a jacket imitative of a man's coat. In spite of these misleading stereotypes, she reveals herself a tender and sweet lover. She didn't become a caiman but after our love making remained a woman. At that point came to my mind a strange fear of having lost my magic and its exclusive powers. Perhaps I was becoming then a plain woman like every other.

I was quite wrong in my worries! She stood up from my bed as soft and gentle as she didn't seem to be. The morning after she was living in the bedroom beside my own, also attracting countless lovers. She, too, was making caimans of them.

We were from then on identical.

Every woman who came thereafter in search of our love started immediately to live in our manner, exactly as that first one. Soon we were proliferating. A large throng of males from all over the world was visiting us every month. Soon the Pantanal would have as many caimans as it had before white people arrived.

The city was then quickly undergoing serious but unavoidable changes. Some people feared turmoil. At that time I was visited by a strange man, wearing a long gown. His eyes resembled those of an ill squirrel. He told me, in a voice similar to a frog's croak, he was there with me in the name of morals, in the name of God. He said, too, that I was possessed by the Devil or was myself such an entity. After taking off his black clothes, as well as those necklaces and their queer wooden ornaments,  he threw himself upon my bed. When later he was trying to swim along the river, he was a pale and puny caiman, whose gender was indiscernible, most probably neither one. I thought, then, it would be easy for him to survive even if some day the hunters were to come here by the hundreds of thousands. It would be enough to play dead and rotten, a very easy task for such squalid body.

Some weeks thereafter came, with analogous purposes, an armed man, wearing green clothes. Soon after came an eloquent orator, also displaying a dissuasive intention. The military man, who spoke only three rude words, before seeing me without clothes, became a caiman of thick scalp but not clever enough besides too angry, so as to be capable of jumping many yards in vain, trying to "take revenge" on a single housefly that had disturbed him. As for the politician, who spoke hundreds of words that didn't have any actual meaning, he turned into a fearful reptile, one of those that never close their mouth because of imagining that, by their   doing so,  their enemies will be frightened.

It seemed, therefore, that my fate was to keep on living there without any surprises. I’d live in Corumbá among several other demigoddesses, forever turning men into caimans.

Even at our hotel, only a few people were still able to distinguish between us, to say which of us ---so many we were---had been the famous woman of Corumbá, the first one.'' As time passed we were becoming more similar to each other. That didn't bother me at all. I don't crave fame or glory. I just madly crave ardent human males and hot females. Humans, of course, even if for the last moments in such a condition

It happened, however, that at a springtime sunrise, I got news about a recently arrived man from São Paulo, who was in search of me. He wouldn't pay anything for another woman, because his interest was exclusively on me.

"I want the Woman of Corumbá", the first one, who emerged at the middle of the Pantanal and was described by Francisco Rosa's article on a Rio newspaper"

When I heard the new guest mention to Rosa, I quickly went to see that man who was asking if we could talk at the hotel's kitchen, since his first need was no more than an innocent talk to me. I promptly accepted such a sweet and gentle invitation, then heard these words of his:

*"My truth, wonderful and bewitching demigoddess, is I’m unable to love anyone before a long, long talk, face-to-face, telling us stories, and dreams to one another, unable to give myself as a little boy without knowing something about your nightmares, about your fancies, those same fancies of a little girl who remains deep within your heart, I do feel unable to be entirely yours before you tell me what are your thoughts and feelings about Parents and Children, about Names, about Wisdom, Time, Infinity, Beauty, Eternity, God".*

After such a so lovely date, I left my bedroom and its ditch. We are now inside his apartment in São Paulo's downtown, side by side, on the same bed. He tries to sleep, but without any success. When arriving here, he told me sleeplessness began to hit him many years ago, what led him to search within his own stories for an easy way to sleep as before. He would not mind if, for such a goal, he had to turn into whatever animal, perhaps even into a reptile. Well, no matter the latter words, for the first time our orgasms had not the same magical effect. Francisco Rosa is remaining a same sleepless man even after the so many times we have been yelling in pleasure climax during the last weeks.

I'm now sleepy, and sure I'll get to sleep before him. He has told me just now t this night he has created a new ''game trick'', which certainly will work, making him fall asleep. He didn't tell me what kind of a game it is, but his body is stirring a lot on the bed, looking like someone who stages a play with closed eyes. Tomorrow we'll talk about that, I guess. I love him more than any other male who ever crossed my path, no matter whetther human or not.

### **El Condor**

*"Something goes on within my heart,*

*Only when it crosses those avenues:*

*Ipiranga and São João"*

*Free translation from*:

*"Alguma coisa acontece no meu coração,*

*Que só quando cruza a Ipiranga e a Avenida São João"*

*Sampa, by Caetano Veloso*

For a long time in my life, I hadn't this fear of them. I even think that there has been a time in which they were scarcely known by me, so distant they were. Most probably they have been even admired by me in those times. I search the causes for such a feeling of mine but never find them. Some people advised me to recall the first images, supposedly plentiful of a vague embryonic angst. They said such was always the beginning of all irrational fears, but seemingly not of mine. At the origin of my woes, I am not able to find any notable fact except a single ridicule event: an innocent talk regarding the correct pronunciation of his name. Paco, my Peruvian friend, living in São Paulo so distant from his country for long, was talking to me about the splendid flight of the condors. Speaking Portuguese almost without any accent, he pronounced the word côndores, so putting the tonic accent on the first syllable, as is the correct way in Spanish, but an evident mistake in Portuguese.  Me, a confessed know-it-all, right away corrected him: "The accent must be on the second syllable, Paco: *condôres* and not cô*ndores*.'' ''You are wrong. Their name is *côndores.*'' ''If you are speaking Spanish or even English, that's right. I’m aware of that. But in Portuguese, the right pronounce is another. We say *condôr*, and never the other way." Politely, or presuming to act so, I did speak only these few phrases and nothing else. Nevertheless, they were enough for Paco uttering his trite but mighty words. That same utterance that at once and forever disrupted everything, and which I have been repeating incessantly in my thoughts since then. He looked into my eyes, resembling an Inca prince with his *cabezita negra* and displaying a subtle and ironic disdain, he launched into my ears an apparently just sarcastic utterance. This latter however revealed fatally for me:

 ''There are no *côndores* in Portugal.''

His sarcasm evinced how intelligent he was, as well as creative and owner of a fine sense of humor. It evinced, too, my nude know-it-all fragility.

Right away I began to laugh loudly. From this same laughter sprang up my fright. This fright that, seconds after, possessed me with all its virulence, never more leaving myself.

My friend Paco didn't notice anything. Without saying a single word, I went out from his photography studio already unable to look upwards. It seemed as if they were there, in São Paulo's downtown, suddenly arriving from their Andean peaks.

I don't fear any assault such as those of hawks upon their prey. That would be very stupid, since l always knew that in spite of their good size, condors don't like to catch living animals.

Oh yes, I have some fear of turning my eyes upwards and so being able to see them face-to-face. A fear of facing their blackness and their eyes, right here in the middle of this piled up concrete into which has turned this huge megacity where I live.

I stop my walking for a moment just to guess their flying above the highest skyscrapers, building up their nests inside abandoned apartments. I am capable of seeing them, even without lifting my eyes from the ground, by the hundreds on that TV tower at Paulista Avenue.

If, by whatever reason, someone asks me what is makes me so crestfallen with my lowered head, even within hermetically closed places as the subway, I try to turn a deaf ear to him. When people keep on asking me questions, I say I am just a little sad, because this is supposedly a typical posture of a sad man. But that's obviously a lie. There is no sadness in my mind. My fear has never saddened me. By the contrary, sometimes it makes me happier. I feel happy too when, even terrified, I become aware of the fact that this condor, which incessantly follows me through the streets, concerns himself so much exclusively with me. Maybe all of them have crossed our whole continent just to frighten me and nobody else.  Oh yes, to think this way makes me happier, and I am supposed to have found countless daily and prosaic proofs concerning the undoubted reality of the subject of these thoughts. I'm the only one to remain incessantly with a lowered head even soon after waking up, since because I always sleep facing to my right side, I'm already looking to the ground when I open my eyes. From this I must infer that they don't cause anxiety, angst, scare or fright in nobody else but me. Oh, it's evident despite I can't certify in a conclusive manner that there isn't any other São Paulo inhabitant living in an identical situation as my own.

 It is even possible that there are countless others, perhaps crowds or even millions. I don't have even a single set of empirical data capable of refuting the appalling hypothesis that every inhabitant of this huge metropolis is now living in this same condition as I am, taking on an identical posture. Since it's indeed impossible for me to look at human faces again, I can't refute such a conjecture.

It stays on my mind however the innermost conviction that ‘*los condores*’ have come to São Paulo just because of me. In a massive, perhaps last migration. I feel so honored, glorified, and then I began to search for some event in my life that could make me deserve their choice of me.

In those nights during which I’m able to get to sleep, I always dream that I lose all of my fears and look at them face-to-face.

 Especially at the one that follows me through the streets---the most beautiful and most strong among them. El Condor speaks to me in Spanish, the only way we have found to talk, because I don't know a single word of his *Quechua*.

 ---''*'No deberias aterrorizarte por nuestra simples existencia y migración en masa a San Pablo. Ni amigo, por el solo hecho de caberme a mi seguirte constantemente.* (You should’nt terrify by our mere existence and mass migration to San Pablo. Nor, friend, because it is my personal duty to pursue you constantly)".

I argue that neither his existence, nor the fact of his following me with no break,  could frighten in no way, adding that my only fear is that of being constrained to look directly and all of a sudden at his face.

Truly, however, I also fear even seeing him at a distance or hearing the loud whirring of his portentous wings, whether some yards above my head or much higher. Yet, because these streets and avenues are extremely noisy, I've never heard any sound that could have come from him. Nonetheless, to keep me secure against any sudden silence of the cities' machines, I have purchased a pair of earphones to protect me from hearing any kind of noise. So equipped I began to wander through the streets with these black little balls on my ears.

Because I don't carry any visible sound device some people became startled to see my crestfallen posture with huge headphones. I had to tell them it was a medical prescription to avoid the stress of city noises, but nobody believed me. Therefore, I finally bought a small radio and mp3 player.   My appearance became less eccentric, and I could, finally, have some hope that even my eyes, fixedly looking straight to the ground, would be regarded as normal. I'd pass as just another fan of music.

During these years of the lowered head, I've been watching in the brief moments while I divert my attention from his black and bald figure, that there is within this city a filthy microcosm of   excrements, cockroaches, rats, and garbage of all kinds. In face of this, quickly I take refuge behind my vigorous scare, becoming unable to see anything of value on the ground of this ugly city upon which seeds don't sprout anymore.

I can't turn back my neck: I'd be in position to catch a glimpse of his shadow. I've never seen it. I've been never confronted with his huge contour casting over the gray city ground.

I ask myself about some key points. They are living among us for decades, only to scare me. In spite of this, they never let me catch just a single glimpse of them, neither of their shadow. Not even my condor, the biggest and most beautiful one, who awakes every morning attached to the outside window and whose role is to follow me incessantly. Not even he has permission to let me see his outline on the ground. He isn't able to appear for me even as a shadow. I have stopped turning my neck to the right and to the left when I realized that mi condor wastes huge amounts of energy, colossal as he is, only for the purpose of keeping me apart from his shadow. Because I don't look anymore at anything but this single point on the ground, keeping my head lowered, eyes fixed, I feel secure to be saving his energies at most.

I will keep on living here. I would never be able to leave São Paulo as long as they remain here just because of me. Nor will I make any trip outside the city. This would bring serious troubles to *mi condor,* whose family lives on the top of my building and eats the carrion that he catches during his flights above me.

Some friends, to whom I whispered my terrible fear, but not my certainties, have advised me to refer a doctor.

But no, I don't believe that *mi condor* needs medical care, neither for his physical fatigue, nor because of his psychological stress for not being able to understand, by any means, the explanations that I give him---during dreams---about my actual deepest scare.

No, mi condor, I don't fear your giant claws seizing me and lifting my body from the ground, so easy it is to catch me and to take me away from here. So meager is my whole being.

I do not fear at all when your mighty wings would take me forever away from here, carrying myself to your highest Andean peaks, soaring across the blue skies of our America. Even less do I fear when you would put me in your nest, giving me to eat from the carrion that you'd daily hunt, taking care of me like a *condorcito*, *tu hijo*, entrusting me with the role of becoming identical to you, a navigator of the sky above those mountain ridges where we would live together.

My fright isn't due to any of these events. It certainly would, oh yes, cause me a fatal horror, the plain sight of your palpable, concrete, crude, and exuberant flight over me. I'd be killed by your sharp eyes, launching into my pallid face some truths such as that I'm not capable of flying, that I am irrevocably bound to this huge steel labyrinth. A labyrinth of piled up concrete, mixed chaotically with plenty of glass, plastic and asphalt, certainly built up only to finish off my own life. This huge labyrinth built without any kind of order or planning on this almost flat land, easy for your powerful senses of hunter to find me.

*“Cause you are the reverse of the reverse of the reverse of the reverse”.*

Free version from:

*“Porque és o avesso do avesso do avesso do avesso*”

*Caetano Veloso,in Sampa*

## 

# **Part III: Love, Its Colors, Its Realities**

## **Once upon a Time a Boy**

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*“La vida, como un comentario de otra cosa que no alcanzamos, y que está ahí al alcance del salto que no damos.*

*La vida, un ballet sobre un tema histórico, una historia sobre un hecho vivido, un hecho vivido sobre un hecho real.*

*La vida fotografía del número, posesión en las tinieblas (mujer, monstruo?), la vida proxeneta de la muerte, espléndida baraja, tarot de claves olvidadas que unas manos gotosas rebajan a un triste solitario”..*

*--Julio Cortázar, in Rayuela (Hopscotch), chapter 104   
  
“Life as a comment on another thing that we never achieve, a thing that is over there within reach of the jump that we never carry out.*

*Life, a ballet about a historical theme, a story about a lived fact, a lived fact on a real fact.*

*Life, photograph of the number, possession within darkness (woman, monster?), life, pander of death, a splendid deck of cards, tarot whose rules have been forgotten thus driving gouty hands to demote the play to a sad solitaire”.  
                         (Free Translation)*

**As much as I recede in my memories,** I’m not able to fix a single moment at which this water level was even a single point above or under my patellae’s middle line. I can note it in my brief motionless pauses in walk, when the tiny waves cease around me. This unchangeable line poses me a very weird enigma because I’ve been much smaller before, having grown a lot until reaching my present height. So, I have to deduce there is only an explanation to such a fact; namely, water level has risen exactly at the same rate as my growth. At least it must have been so for a long, long time before my growing up stopped. Despite such, nothing seems to assure me I won’t ever start growing again. Here’s, my confession that I keep having hopes of another kind of existence as being still possible for me. If my growth once could stop — something that happened at the same time as my desire for other beings, other bodies, burst out — it’s proved that some kind of change is possible in this world. Perhaps the time will come when I’ll be able to free my legs from these icy waters and their perpetual level. I dare take the events in my above daydream as actually possible to become real.

**Once upon a time there was a child,** myself, and then, waters incessantly were at the middle line of both patellae. It has always bothered that boy a lot things were so, thus soon he began imagining — within that never ending journey — the possible existence of some place in which waters could be lower or a bit warmer. He could hardly endure the mild but endless pain brought on to his bones by such a gelid fluid. A never ceasing cold did hurt him from feet up to knees. As nothing changed in that world of his — he, himself, being the only possibility of tiny shifts within those horizon’s lines — it seemed to him vague and illusory some thoughts that frequently disrupted him, such as: ‘I will be free from this boring ocean, someday. Perhaps I will also reach some kind of hard ground, without any liquid coating’. He decided to encourage such daydreaming as soon hair sprang on his chest, on his face, upon his whole body. Taking into account those changes and the stop on water level rise, there stayed no more doubts on the possibility of unexpected facts within that endless blue. Nevertheless, years kept on passing and except for the waves of desire, which periodically hit him; nothing got different on that circular horizon. Not even the colors. His feet never touched anything different from that icy and very hard sand, compact enough to prevent him from trying to move it with his toes. He would just lacerate them, despite being just sand. His feet remained too fragile and sensitive, certainly because their being always frozen.

**I get excited when becoming aware**of the fact that transformations are indeed possible in my existence, not only on my body, but also on these waters and — -why not — in that horizon’s line too. My eyes are blue. Equally blue is also the sky above this very shallow blue ocean. I can barely see my body’s colors, being aware, however, that my tongue is reddish. For walking with long strides, the longest I’m able to, I can’t but hardly see pink tones on my body. This unchangeable, monotonic color makes me a prisoner of an overwhelming boredom.

**How has it been possible for him to realize** himself as a prisoner? How was his imagination able to conceive a notion of a prison, if he could hardly be certain even of the existence of his own body, or of that hard ground, neither of such so a well marked water level, or of that always blue sky on which there were no clouds, no heavenly body? Uninterruptedly he was living under daylight, notwithstanding there was no sun.

**Sure this is the right question here*:***from where has come such an idea of freedom to my mind? In spite of not having any guess about it at all, I’ve always craved for freedom. At no moment did I stop walking with long strides, and this remembrance comes back to times in which I wasn’t still aware of being so absolutely alone, neither of my growing. It is but now so evident more and more often these fancies are taking possession of my mind. I almost believe that going back far enough in my memories, an image of a being much similar to me will be found in them.

**Suddenly, a self-reproach came as a kind of voice**warning him not to keep on dreaming so often. Despite walking such long strides, the longest he was able to, daydreams always came back and back again… He was becoming sure of someday touching a warm and tight human body. By then hotter waters would surround him too, and he would be at last able to swim, or perhaps who knows an island would appear to arrive at! To each one of these exclamations corresponded nuances of his excitement as male, which culminated often not only with a hallucination with a female, but also with fancies about so many imaginary beings as Stars, Night, Sun, Sunset, Moon, Islands, Earth, Trees, Free Knees, Warm Feet.

**I’ve been living on my fantastic beings,**not fearing anymore whether they might delay my marching pace. Always stopping during ejaculation, staying immobile for some minutes, I become sleepy without ever sleeping.

**He didn’t know why consciousness never got actually off a**fter orgasm. Perhaps the sudden sight of such a white fluid coming out from his body was enough to push him immediately to those desperate long strides. Since white was a new, non-blue color, mutations must really be possible.

**My own outline, reflected on this water*,*** shows me as a pretty and brawny male. This, however, isn’t enough to calm down my fancies, serving only to strengthen them. I’d be happy if I could plunge into a concrete life with my fictitious beings, notwithstanding the truth being they come to me only in daydreams. Nothing changes on this sea neither on that sky. No doubt I must have been created at some point in time, having had a kind of contact with other beings so human as I, myself. Oh, look at this: I’ve already given them a name and a predicate! We are human beings! We, who belong to such a category of fictitious beings.

**Where were they? How long would it take for him to meet them?**Did they live with water up to their knees, too? Oh yes! There had to be men and women so much as Terra Firma, Islands, Continents, Sun, Moon, Stars, Night, Noon, Afternoon, Sunset, Sunrise! During each new flight into this universe of illusions, which was always getting bigger, he was becoming more and more overwhelmed by daydreams, thus forgetting anything else. Until the moment of his orgasm with its those mighty, white jets. Everything was then proving his great need of a fancied world to appease his desires. For being able to see the white color coming again and again, thereafter soon retaking his long strides.

**I am getting loose so often from own control*,***that much sooner my fantastic beings are coming back. But I’ve never really closed my eyes, just blinking. Something about my origin comes to my memories suddenly: I was born on Terra Firma and became lost while my parents were making love. It seems easy to understand how a little boy can get lost before arriving at a shallow ocean never reached by the sun or the moon.

**He kept on creating fancied beings, in growing number*,*** so filling his everyday life more and more with them, passionately! Possessed by such a passion, he did forget all self-reproaches, so multiplying situations, people, islands, encounters, dates, lovers, and children. Once he could even imagine all of those beings living on a great, enormous sphere, even many times bigger than this huge blue horizon. In such a world, there were oceans, but people could live far away from them. Men and Women did live on dry ground, with plenty of brown, and green among other colors. Because love was endless, they were constantly generating boys and girls.

**All of a sudden, the white jet deliciously comes out**from within my body once more, and thus I must again walk at long strides. Well, long strides, I’ll never arrive anywhere this way! Only when fancying may I reach some ‘places’ which deserve this name. Were it not for my muscles activity I couldn’t even be sure of my own motion.

**Yes, through his daydreams he became able to reach** not seen landscapes, at least for a while forgetting his patellae’s middle line, that nonsensical, torturing level that deeply hurt his whole existence. Diving in dreams again to achieve finally being one among many, he lived then among friends, falling in love with gorgeous women. He did try to make this kind of existence, his concrete, actual and only one. But failing as after so many brief pauses caused by his fantasies, he was forced again to walk with long strides. Yes, because even in that blue world he kept having hopes.

**At this moment, I live in a large community,**surrounded by lovers and children. I try to seek the ultimate senses of the wonderful human life, a search that explains my interest in philosophy, literature, psychology, (madness, delusions, dreams, realities), so much as in what people today insist on calling ‘the empirical sciences’ but in my opinion should remain being called ‘natural philosophy’. To my children I tell stories and stories every night, something that makes me very happy. They will never know anything about the shallow ocean without waves, whose waters eternally touch me only to the knees. No, they will never hear anything about it.

**In the midst of this last fancied ecstasy*,*** he was definitely submerged in the so-named “real” kind of world. Nonetheless in some moments he still found himself trying to hurry up on the frozen sea, looking around the limitless circle in search for someone or for a single islet.

**I love humans all, and in this world of ours —**with so many things needing to better, since here change is possible and everybody is transient. We may die, because the future will go on with our children, and the future generations. As for the level of water for such a long time **s**cratching my knees, I do not care whether someday I’ll be able to forget it.

**However, he remained constrained never to forget** his standing position, because a tiny fall would be enough to put him out of the human universe in which, at last, he has succeeded, this time even without interruption, in remaining.

**There are moments, by side of women and children,** in which I feel inclined to write. I’m not sure what inspires me, nor about the origin of this strong drive to tell people stories of several kinds. Would it be a way of trying to fix myself forever on this pleasant reality, so becoming absolutely sure that I will never leave human conviviality but through death? In other words, could it be just another consequence of the fatal dread of experiencing again nothing except that gelid water up to my knees?

**Could it be no more than a same huge fear** of losing the needed muscle strength to remain in balance, then after waking up, freed miraculously from a frozen drowning, meet again that endless blue about which he has just written? Since his definitive dive to living in the human world, he must but remain forever alert, upright, inflexible, and immobile, without even a moment of inattention, in this shallow boring ocean**.**

## **Your Eyes**

*"We may say that the sole one who performs a change here in this middle is Agilulfo, I do not say his horse, I do not say his armor, but that something solitaire, worried, looking forward, who is traveling on horseback within that armor. Around him the pine cones fall from the branches, the tiny canals scrolls through the pebbles, fish swim in the canals, the caterpillars gnaw the leaves, turtles walk over their hard belly on the ground, but all that is only a movement illusion in a perpetual turn back-and-forth such as that of water waves. And is in those wave turns that again and again Gurdulù, a prisoner of the carpet of things, is he, himself, also scattered in the same pasta with pine cones, fish, caterpillars, pebbles, leaves, mere outgrowth on the crust of the world".*

The Nonexistent Knight, (Il Cavaliere Inesistente) di Italo Calvino, in a free translation.

*[Agilulfo is the nonexistent knight's name, the main protagonist whose condition gives title to this novel, and about whom it might be said he actually is, i.e., has an essence. Despite the fact that he does not possess any material body, at all. In contrast to his squire Gurdulù who exists concretely as a human body, but about whom it must be actually stated no kind of essence can be attributed]*

When your eyes fled out from my reachable present time, when you have gone to your other way of being, then quite distant from me; I glanced around quickly, thereafter right away beginning to rebuild all the surrounding Universe, surely driven by those verses, written in German I once made for you:

*Wenn du nur ein Traum bist,*

*wie arm die Realität!*

*[If you are but a dream, how poor is reality!]*

It dawned immediately that gaze of yours toward me, as our paths crossed in our college inner garden on that spring afternoon, having become eternal within my innermost being, was powerful enough to make me an insurgent transformer of reality itself.

The world had suddenly ‘rebelled against my wishes’, as it was said by*‘Zé Bebelo’*, a character in the novel *“Grande Sertão Veredas”* *by João Guimarães Rosa*, when got aware that his gang was then exterminated on the battlefield and he, the only survivor, had become imprisoned by the enemies. Yes, I have begun to redo all that to which humans call ‘reality’, such a very naive and boring word! I started off rebuilding each small portion of the world we live in, right away putting an end to the perpetual flow towards a single, monotonous direction. How silly are these beings who self-impose such a heavy shackle, based on nothing but a stupid low belief according to which their lives inexorably go towards death and against birth! How heavy the fetters of such a self-scourging! That way, I became able to go through every moment of our past, in which your glance met my eyes. From then on, we were able to live all those emotions again, being enough for that, nothing more than a wish. But as you, Beatrice, have been fast able to intuit, I was avoiding to reach too soon that one, the very special, exquisite 23rd September glance, because of being certain my libertarian upheaval would then arrive at a paralyzing climax right there. How would it be possible for my deep self to recover control over me, under such a strongest spell? I had to to keep myself far from that moment like someone who is taking care of a most precious jewel. For that, I had to wander around you, around your eyes glancing at mine, like someone who is contemplating divine unreachable beings. Despite this, I was to remain very aware that such a jewel kept staying there always within reach of my insurgent hands. Playing like a naughty boy, I scoured the space-time continuum for each of those rare days in which you and I had been side by side. I touched your wonderful golden hair, getting enraptured again at each instant of the past on which I had seen you, and every tiny scene details could then be slowly repeated.

Playing like a naughty boy, I scoured the space-time continuum for each of those rare days in which you and I had been side by side. I touched your wonderful golden hair, getting enraptured again at each instant of the past on which I had seen you, and every tiny scene details could then be slowly repeated. Because of inverting the flow of events, I could multiply our silent tender glances. A weird and sinuous bad luck had many times kept us apart. Invading your dreams as so often your glances did with mine, I decided not to present myself as a character staging a defined role. Instead, very pretentiously I tried to imitate my preferred movie makers, directing the plots. You dreamed to be face to face with your own self right in the center of our college’s inner garden. Just there, on a flowering sunset, your gaze had so deeply pierced my innermost being, thence becoming the omnipotent driver of everything else in my life.  
While dreaming, Beatrice, you finally met the Beatrice of my dreams. You could not be sure from which phase of your life these images were coming. Facing each other, you both Beatrice immediately agreed with me when I praise your blue eyes’ magic powers. But by no means the dream’s screenwriter would let even a tiny drop of compassion to be shown on that scene, falling to me exclusively the role of eternally in love, who repudiates any kind of passion with prefixes! Because, paradoxical as it may seem, you started to be only mine just on that day when, within a certain and very poor, kind of reality — which soon was eradicated from any possible world  by me — you have abandoned me.

At the first date, face to face with yourself, it would’nt be possible for you to avoid an intense narcissistic ecstasy, not by any intrusion of my powers, nor do I think any kind of external power, worldly or from beyond, could be able to interfere with it. Your own beauty had to absorb all of your desires, just like very dry branches do with a wild fire. Naked, surrounded by golden roses, you got enchanted to see the gorgeous color of your maidenhair, then you kissed your horny nipples, your face, your red wet lips. You sniffed your hair and felt its sweet fragrance.

That unavoidable, horny, prolonged idyll of your both beings was to culminate in loud screams and groans in. Yes, notwithstanding you being two, your orgasm yells could be heard as a unison. While crying in ecstasy, you looked your own blue eyes.

The following night, you both were sitting face to face: the Beatrice who had remained within that banal, mediocre world, in front of mine, the girl who could have existed in the inexorable flow of time, but who searched refuge within my dreams where she arrived through a catwalk upon the world, where everything may be relived and rebuild whether is wished.

Starting to talk to my girl, soon you understand she had not married the guy who plays the role of your husband in the concrete life.

*“No, I refused him after reading some letters of a guy who was desperately in love with me."*  
Because of still remembering those letters, you then in very surprise have asked her what could have been the sequence of pre-marriage events.

*“Have you accepted Enrico, the guy who wrote those short German verses, possessed by a so impulsive passional love, which even led you to suspect he could perhaps break out into the synagogue during the wedding?”*

You had, however, no answer. We know how to keep our secrets, besides why so many truths in a single dream?

You woke up a bit confused, now aware my Beatrice would no longer be so identical to you. These were your thoughts:

*— How could I break out the engagement so steeply, just a few days before the wedding, carried by the verses and visionary fantasies of a guy who looked like an impulsive wolf? Verses, well verses!*

You suddenly decided to pick the car and drive to your parents’ home, trying to find those letters amidst old papers. Half-way, a small of those poems of mine was heard as a strong hallucination:

*Mein kleines, hübsches Mädchen,  
meine kleine, hübsche Frau;*

*die ich haben will,  
die ich haben werde!  
[My little, pretty girl, My little pretty woman; Which I want to have, Whom I will have]*

The letters were in a bedroom drawer which belonged to you since childhood. Keeping on my play, I made you read then some sentences never really written. In one of them, I would have warned:

*“If you leave me forever, mankind will forget what ‘forever’ might mean, and even time will cease to be perceived.”*

The next dream, my Beatrice made you see I possess enigmatic powers. Such extraordinary abilities were evidenced as time’s flow had been reversed according to our wishes, enabling I and she to revive together our best moments from those college years, whether had they taken place along campus’s hallways and gardens, or walking through São Paulo streets before dawn. This way my Beatrice showed you how have I made her truly understand how intense my passion has ever been. At this point, you asked her at a sudden to bring also myself back there into such a dreaming. You, too, had a wish to live the past again. Right away, of course, I entered in that same dream, inviting you to rebuild this, the most intense scene from my memories:

while reading a newspaper, or pretending to do so, I see you come walking in my direction. It is springtime’s first afternoon. You walk slowly along those garden flowers. When you pass just in front of me, I put aside the newspaper.

We look at each other, my glance meet yours, and your eyes meet mine.

I am struck by your deep lacerating gaze, exactly that one relived; the same glance, the same sparkle. Staging it all again, your eyes’ magic spell penetrates me as if concretely. I do feel its coming into my optic nerve, lodging within my innermost self, certainly even beyond my self awareness.

We could have foreseen what came next, Beatrice, if we take into account your eyes’ enchantment had revolutioned entirely my world perception in that first springtime in college times. I am struck by your deep lacerating gaze, exactly that one relived; the same glance, the same sparkle. Staging it all again, your eyes’ magic spell penetrates me as if concretely. I do feel its coming into my optic nerve, lodging within my innermost self, certainly even beyond my self awareness.

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We could have foreseen what came next, Beatrice, if we take into account your eyes’ enchantment had revolutioned entirely my world perception in that first springtime in college times. There is, since that Spring Equinox, as a brighten up to every image which arrives at my retina, the mighty shining of your eyes, which drove me able to make you only mine, this way never more letting you leave out towards the parking lot while I, bewitched and unable even to be sure about which eyes were mine or yours, followed your silhouette till it fade away among those countless cars.

I keep on visiting your dreams, in spite of, as expected, we are now unable to stage any other scenes but these:

Holding each other hands, we make up a new Giotto’s painting. Yes, I've found in paintings of that renaissance Tuscan great artist many glances so similar to yours! We repeat our mise-en-scène: your slow walk, our face to face, your eyes taking hold of me.

We are going to dream this for all nights in our lives, Beatrice, until the moment when, after all concrete hindering be gone away, we will meet again.

*Face to face.*

*Eyes in eyes.*

*Together as we have always been.*

*Just one I-Thou essence throughout Eternity.*

## **A Rainbow For Your Eyes**

## 

#### **Brainwashing**

I was an extremist militant. Despite I had never been quite accepted by our organization, I used to enjoy a lot that comradeship and to feed up that dream shared by all members of becoming someday mighty enough to slaughter all those supposed enemies. Every time we all were together in that underground group, our peculiar way of life seemed that of people ready to an imminent assault on the nation's central federal power, and of course, our final success was warranteed. Only among us the true sociopolitical theory was to be found, exactly that one from which we could get the certainty of victory.

Our political insignificance as measured by opinion polls, which pointed out the masses complete ignorance regarding our way of thinking society mattered little or nothing to us. As for practical political actions ours were limited to the search for new comrades, and after these were within our net, to subdue their minds according to our worldview. Enemies used to qualified our approach to newbies as 'brainwashing', but I am quite sure this word is improper to describe that. Some noobs were easier to tame than others, and that’s all.

Summary rejections happened at a first look or at a second word. My own initiation had taken place amid plenty of ambiguities. Maybe all those ideas were indeed hard for every one of us to assimilate, notwithstanding the harsh punishment applied to suspicions of dissimulation, which routinely led to a violent expelling, many times to death.

Sometimes I think even the most radical of killers there was also an extraordinary dissembler of his own heavy doubts between a complete surrender to our Blue ideals and an absolute disbelief concerning all that wordy nonsense.

However, what usually best made us feel alive, were those clandestine meetings in which plans were described, decisions were sketched, amid comments about those stupid fake news released by the internet and other media. There was also a lot of gossip.

All that social cheer indeed used to be followed by abrupt purges, eliminations, murder of traitors. A group member had to be killed whenever he or she had very probably put our goals in danger no matter such a person were a newbie or an old buddy. Yes, a fairly likely betrayal was enough for such a punishment, according to our Blue Code, and the only rule to that decision was it had to be uttered by a group meeting counting at least 7 people.

I have fed and propagated all that imbroglio of lies within which we lived, by means of that big, refined lie that was my dissimulation, my grand staging. On the other hand, it was quite patent---at least for me---that such a staging was shared by all. Others, not being capable of such a wordy lying as well as I did, dared only a little in rhetorical tools.

I have never come punctually to the group meetings, nor at any appointment throughout my whole life. Yet, all comrades were sympathic to me on this point, at least to a certain extent. Well, to be accurate I must say most of us never made any effort to arrive in time there. If a meeting was set to begin at 7:00 P.M. at a given pub, everybody could understand it to begin never before 9:00 P.M.. During those hundred-twenty minutes, members could wander alone through the downtown streets, in search of his or her authentic personal selves. But the latter was almost never found except perhaps by just a very few people, because as matter of fact all group members used to arrive, never minding if late.

I, myself, however used to arrive even more later than most others. Obviously it was to be concluded my egocentric search was the most lingering among our Blue peers. My arguments in my own defense sounded like this:

"Dear comrades, while I wandered for a such a long time through the sad streets of our dantesque megalopolis my thoughts struggled hard against limtations set by my strong narcissistic ego hinderings. Despite such too petty, coward impulses, my deep grounded roots within our group were enough to defeat my mediocre petitbourgeois weaknesses. Yes, we all are prone to the latter, which unfortunately touches every person from this slavish society, ideologically binding not only the bottom layer Lumpenproletarier workers but also those filthy rich bourgeois monsters”.

A powerful, perhaps even carismatic orator, I used to speak enthusiastically about our points of view and our way of life, so much as about the coming times in which our own eyes would watch the long awaited 'Revolution' we were then plotting.

My speeches often narrated many details on all those visionary dreams which I, later at home alone, would bring again to my mind just to violently throw up all of them.

Shrewd, but also faithful to the group, I kept staging that so vivid mask for several years, this way helping to propagate that lies' imbroglio which did give a meaning to our lives. My best defense weapon was sure a grave sin for a Blue: the ability to dissimulate perfectly, due to an inborn gift for staging as if a profissional actor.

Yet, it seemed quite patent---at least from my point of view---that some degree of staging had to be common to all other comrades. Those, who could not represent so well as actors, were destined not to play relevant roles in our underground plot, constrained not to dare much in rhetorical tools. My high-ranked position inside the Blue Brigades sure came from my being their best actor.

I used to drink a lot of coffee before Blue meetings, to get me more alert, but not only that. In my pockets I allways carried, besides my old and faulty watch, lots of potent anti-emetics pills. Well, coffee consumption had no restrictions among the Blue, quite the contrary what happened with any drugs able to inhibit vomits, against which use an absolute ban had been decreeded much before my arrival. A comrade caught taking such pills ought to be summarily expelled whether a newbie, or even assassinated whether any other kind of member. The necessity of this ban came as a complement to another one which strictly had forbidden members to throw up all those stupid ideals, as well as the wordy nonsenses from them derived.

A still graver sin would be surely to take anti-vomiting drugs. I ask now myself who could have remained alive during those years if the secret abuse of anti-emetics was not very widespread amog us? Ingesting them must have been a part of the very recognition ritual as group's members. We would never reveal to anybody that personal secret, but certainly every one of us took our own daily, massive dosis of metoclopramide just to stay alive.

Its pharmacologic name has to stay allways much clear on my memory, and so its trade lab brands. It is a very efficient medication to inhibit the gag reflex, acting on the Central Nervous System. Emergency room doctors have warned me that winter morning, never ever to forget its name. I have suffered a very dangerous allergic reaction to the usual seven metoclopramide capsules I took, still on my bed as I did every morning.

By heart its chemical name is on my mind, I don't want to die so stupidly, I must love a lot and change this so unfair world. Its effect results from a direct action on the brain vomit center. I was oriented to never ingesting a single drop forget its brands or the pharmacologic name. I should never more take even a single drop of such a drug, because another "serious anaphylactic reaction" would be triggered again, and be enough to kill me in no more than a few minutes. Despite their scaring warnings, I didn't panick but my Blue chumminess was evidently over once and for all.

I should never take even a single drop of such a drug anymore, because another "serious anaphylactic reaction" would be triggered again, and surely being enough to kill me in no more than a few minutes. Despite their scaring warnings, I didn't panick but my Blue chumminess was evidently over once and for all.

Immediately, Blue ideals were deleted from my mind together with their ideological grounds, both in just one stroke. If I ever tried to come back to meet those old friends, I'd be killed as a dangerous traitor.

At sunset, freed from Hospital that same day, I took this train as a stowaway. The departure from São Paulo has been at Light Station, but its destination was totally unknown by me.

In the next Blue meeting, which took place as usual at Riviera Italiana Pub, members have decided to scatter forever. As weird as it might sound, my anaphilactic crisis triggered a sudden discard of those rigid, sacred beliefs which had given meaning to our lives for years. Does it make sense to symbolically state the Blue Brigades were indeed vomited?

News about our dispersion came on a daily paper bought at an old railway station in a faraway hamlet.

"THE SCATTERING OF THE BLUE BRIGADE" was on the headline. Some confessions by Blue members were transcribed. An unidentified ex-Blue had declared that without me (yes, myself, this narrator), without my charismatic eloquence, nobody among them wouldn't any longer be able to carry out Bluish actions, or to take those huge doses of vomit inhibitors. The article ended doubting whether such a dangerous and violent group could so abruptly be taken for extinct . But I right away believed their end was true. None of the Blues would ever admit, not even to himself the addiction to anti-emetic drugs if the Blue Brigade was not definitely finished off.

### **Departure From Light Station**

Even before departure from Light Station (Estação da Luz) I approached the locomotive. Between Luz and Barra Funda I persuaded the engine driver to let me guide the train, expelled him from his power nearing Lapa, and I was the only headman on this engine even before crossing the Tietê River. No stop at Pirituba was made, since the former driver warned me some routine inspection by railroad guards usually happened there. By then we were already like old friends. São Paulo's inhabitants pay little attention to that huge mountain, but I always admired Jaraguá Peak's majesty and wild beauty.

Sometimes daydreaming I imagine my prefered mountain as having a soul, perhaps able to talk as a human being, or maybe as a Greek god. An extinct volcano, as it easy to deduce from his contour lines, someday Jaraguá will bury the whole São Paulo megalopolis, exploding as a tropical Vesuvius.

Moved by my own childhood memories of the Jaraguá Peak, I changed to a slower gear in that section where the railway passes close to its foot. Calling then all my travel companions' attention to the dreadful menace so near to São Paulo, I got aware its distant volcanic past was quite unknown by all people there. My speech was interrupted by histrionic fear cries, female weeping, and male outloud laughs, the latter plainly to dissimulate an evident fear, by no means smaller than their wives'.

I took that messy moment, to invite everybody for a visit to my alone place, a driver cubicle, which looked like a disguised jail cell.

There were six wagons. Emigrants, people in the first group comprised fifty couples with no children, leaving São Paulo forever. On some women's faces, I could see a sad look -- perhaps they were constrained to suddenly leaving their hometown, their families, their beloved ones -- something which contrast clearly to that odd joy on their husbands face expression.

With so much surprise I knew in each of the other wagons, there were also five dozen couples. Entirely by chance, unaware about what was expecting me I had taken command of a very peculiar convoy.

Couples were making bows to me, supposedly no more than a simple train driver, in a very strange attitude among our upper classes. They belonged to the richest São Paulo wealthy layers, who for decades had been underrating our railroads. The same trains on seemingly infinite railroads, whose images and sounds were so abundant in my distant and happy childhood.

Suddenly, the engine computer screen began to command me. with huge red letters, to seal hermetically all doors, windows and every kind of opening, as if we were on a plane at a high altitude.

As for the ex-driver, his true story is that getting to know couples were then respecting and admiring me a lot more than he expected, he jumped out from the train to death, throwing himself against his beloved rails. I have been the only one to watch his final moment. Despite an intense grief, as an ex-Blue I understood his despair.

Jovial, glad, polite and gentle my three hundred couples were, too, exquisitely beautiful, surely selected for the scope of perpetuating beauty at some last redoubt of life and pleasure on our endangered planet Earth.

Despite a huge curiosity, I could by no means ask them what was the purpose of all that, cause their glances suggestive I should be aware of everything concerning that strange voyage.

When all the chitchat about the Jaraguá Volcano was finished after my "provocative imagination" being well praised by those three hundred males, couples returned to their seats.

Taking a look at that screen again, I opened for the first time the driver instructions handbook whose first and major command was not yet being followed. All openings had to remain closed until THE BIG DANGER OF CLOUDS had ceased.

I didn't know what kind of clouds were those, but I put the speed to the maximum. It was not allowed us to stop anywhere, since the train were to go ahead uninterruptedly till reaching an unknown point on the map staying 4,9 hundred miles away from Light Station, the departure point.

#### **Death Nearing Jaraguá Peak**

##### Thinking back, I wonder whether since the beginnings all events have had some kind of a connection, perhaps an easily evidenced one, in spite of any recondite and esoteric meanings:

##### Light Station, six wagons and this iron horse, our Brigade that was allways radical fighter for the sake of purest beauty, were all these hidden conncted symbols?

##### As already mentioned, I have never fully incorporated Blue group's cause, and always felt myself a borderline, elusive and careless member there. This might explain why my delay was allways the greatest among them.

##### There were doctors as Green Brigades members, as well as several pharmacists. Maybe at some meeting at Riviera, to which I delayed more than usual (or have I been absent?), my massive use of anti-emetics became disclosed to everyone. People then had to decide to slaughter me. Green doctors got in contact with the drugstore where my pills were sold, then bribing clerks to sell me any lethal poison, under the false label of metoclopramide.

##### As on every morning, I took countless of those tablets just after waking up. Yes, still in bed I felt a physical need to do so.

##### My first conscious thoughts were quite enough to bring me quickly the group's Ideology. Violent nausea would hit me then right away. In past times, when I was just a Green newbie, I had severe vomits in public places. In those times I allowed them to get out of my mouth in spurts: all of such wordy and foolish nonsenses. Maybe the Green Brigade rules were then more dovish, less violent, hawkish, cantankerous.

##### Despite becoming thereafter so aggressive a member as other Green activists, I had never killed anyone.

##### A heavy burden on my conscience has begun here on this same so queer travel, when in order to get exclusively in my hands all power, I felt obliged to murder the former driver, simulating his suicide.

No witness could ever have seen his final moments, if not for another reason simply because nobody knew two men were within that driver's cubicle. Otherwise it was evident such a strong and stalwart man would never throw himself upon his beloved iron parallel rails.

I've had no choice but to thrust him out of the train, since the moment when it came to my mind a mistrust thinking he could call the police as soon as a major city neared the horizon's line.

During all armed revolutions plain words suggesting good faith are not enough to build a reliable friendship. Despite this, I managed to kill him in such a way even himself would believe it was an accidental fall. I've had to forget our being buddies, but as for him, unaware of my intentional collision to his muscular pretty, buttocks, he died loyal to me at least till his heartbeat ceased, perhaps even after it.

No I am not allowed to any regrets, since for keeping tightly on my mind our major Green Commandment:

*''If your enemy who does not love the Green puts at risk your might position, just kill him soon! Remember to kill him with a sharp blade; for the sake of Orchids and Hummingbirds kill him in a Green way!*

*For the sake of all Earth's living beings, you have to kill our enemies, but only with a shining Green dagger''.*

Undoubtedly, ''Green dagger'' here was no more than a symbolic way to get access to a deeper understanding of our sacred Manual of Green Prayers and Meditations. Nonetheless I am uncertain as whether that Esmerald rule has been strictly observed by myself while assassinating that guy.

Only for not being a member of our Brigade, would it be true he didn't love the Green, to the point of being considered our enemy? On the other hand, have I killed him with a "Green dagger"? When I think the right answer here is negative, his shattered skull amid those red jets coming out from his torn aorta comes to my mind. All sunset images around our train, which passed slowly so near the rainforest covering Jaraguá Volcano's hillside, come vividly shining before my eyes. I become then sure those wonderful trees have seen such a low and disgusting color, a bright, flashy red then gushing out of my friend's corpse.

If my thoughts go the other way, I see so clearly that killing him has been strictly loyal to the Sacred Green Scriptures. Accordingly, on these occasions, I am able to regard the same Jaraguá Peak's rainforest as symbolically equivalent to a "Green dagger". Being written many centuries ago, those sacred words actually need much more than a bold allegoric interpretation. Only random and quite free association searching for still not grasped meanings might be enough to disclosing their ancient times writers' deep intentions.

Speaking to passengers for that first time, I felt rather baffled. This train must have a previously stablished destination, but it was by then completely unknown to me. Besides this, I could not help but seeing me as ugly and awkward before those hundreds of gorgeous lustful couples.

Someone there paid attention to my awkward look, looking into my eyes as recognizing me. More than that, she stared me as if we were accomplices of something I could not guess what. In secret that pretty female has given me a little note, which turned me her glances clearer to understand. She was also a Green, and was ordering me to follow still more attentively all computer's Instructions. I was supposed to wait for another message from her, no matter how long it would take. Closed all its doors and windows, our locomotive was due to speed up maximally heading towards a point eight hundred seventeen miles away from Light neighborhood's departure station. At that distant place something quite new and unexpected was supposed to happen.

From then on I was supposed to follow not only panel's Instructions, but also the notes eventually coming from that fucking gorgeous, horny woman. Reading her message I became finally able to understand why our train had not yet been besieged by any clouds of hummingbirds. For me, it seemed then those convoy's riddles were on the right way to an elucidation.

**Downstream The Paraná River**

To kill the former driver was not necessary, absolutely! Rather it resulted enough all decisions were due only to me to induce that good man's suicide upon rails, certainly feeling there were no more reasons to keep on living then demoted to a mere menial position.Facts and reasons about his death were then logical and reliable enough in order to allow speeding up engine, saying a poignant farewell to that landscape as the sun set behind the huge extinct volcano Jaraguá, my beloved mountain.Very intrigued by that traveler's note, who, whether really a Yellow activist, I speculated how could she live among the wealthy, having agreed to such an old fashioned marriage? Moreover what could be the purpose of blindly obeying those computer instructions which required the closure of absolutely all possible entries of sunlight, thus leading to the immediate locking up of train's interior to all sun rays, thus plunging us in total darkness without any cue about for why or for how much time?

##### What might be the point behind preventing even the coming of the sacred Sun rays to our eyes? What could our Brigade's ideology have in common with such weird way of life of those sexist couples?

By the way, those so gorgeous patners were constantly looking into my eyes as if inviting me to an impossible orgy? Well, perhaps there was no random coincidence, everything being just a wild tactical game before the arrival at that far faraway place on the South American map thirteen hundred miles from São Paulo. Would it be within Brazil, or over there beyond the border at Corumbá? International limits were absent in that chart on screen, I could not understand why.

Those mandatory computer's commands had my prompt obeyance, but not without before being judged by me, regarding coherence with our Yellow ideals. Fortunately, there were countless boxes of metoclopramide amid first-aid equipment, so I would be able to take those pills during all this wonder travel.

How silly was I to believe in those physicians from the emergency room! Surely, seeing my heavy use of the drug, they chose to frighten up and said I could die from a smallest amount of metoclopramide entering my bloodstrem. Drinking a small droplet of it would be my suicide.

But I did take it and nothing has happened. A false labeled bottle of metoclopramide must have been sold to me, probably as part of a plan plotted by some envious Yellow comrade who rivaled my leadership.

I had a great relieve when I got aware he Yellows were still in action, at least here within this convoy. I could keep on vomiting in jets abundantly, notwithstanding I have never done it at all. My Yellow ideals are my life.

At daybreak the Paraná River was appearing on the horizon, while by phone I wished them a good morning, also adding some words about my supposition theirs had been a very 'hot', plenty of pleasures night, notwithstanding those uncomfortable beds. I finished that greeting with my sincere personal desire that all erotic impulses could have been fully satisfied.

No more than three men laughed at my joke, which was supposedly sexy. All speeches were coming ready on computer screen, except this latter, obviously written by myself.

Believing to have used appropriate intonation and nuances, enriched with horny lust brought upon for seeing all those gorgeous couples, I believed for a moment in a horny reply by some of those people, what promptly recalled me those times when I pretended to be the maximum boss among Yellows as if all final decisions were up to my hands.

Within all those wagons there were only artificial, weak lights because the train had indeed all its orifices hermetically closed. Nobody, except perhaps me, would then be able to see even the tiny first returning sunbeam.

I could not be sure as to that tiny light beam seeming to cross the blockage of those colossal clouds of birds (some looking like hummingbirds, others so huge, bulky and black as condors) along the whole horizon line. At a sudden, an unexpect call from a wife asking to visit me came from stateroom 6-A. At arrival her lustful, seductive blue eyes were inviting me to take a glance at her left pink, excited nipple she had freed from a thin bra. She had come to tell me, in revelation tone between accomplices, that all had taken place as expected adding it had been very easy to kill his husband. From that moment on she would be exclusively mine, assuring his corpse soon would have disappeared from sight without any cues.

Compelled to pretend being aware of all that plot details, I could'nt disguise feeling very perplexed after hearing from then on she would be only mine, plainly because I would never be able to leave even for a second this small cubicle, at least during this travel, whose duration it seemed quite impossible for me to divine.

If I asked her any kind of question on her husband murder, my words would inevitably disclose my condition as a mere hijacker, perhaps even as a killer.

That female of "mine" went back to her seat without saying anything more. Just before leaving she gave me an ardent kiss, and rubbed her nipples on my chest while mentioning the first phrases of our group's sacred prayer:

*"Yellow as Sunset and the Golden Trumpet Trees."*

To which I replied:

*"Yellow as Gold and Sunrise"*

At that moment, only clouds of tiny birds were preventing me from turning off artificial lights. Because I couldn't anymore see those huge black birds but only the smallest ones, some hopes grew that the sun would reappear after the crossing of the Paraná River. After that first one, three hundred wives took turns to visit me that same morning. Each of them secretly told to be a Yellow member. Mysteriously, they seemed never to have talked to one another.

To all of them I had no choice but pretending to be aware of the whole plot, never minding what could be at stake there. Every female let me see their pretty nipples rubbing them on my chest during deliciously prolonged kisses. All of them whispered to be only mine, before returning to their staterooms. In spite of a so intense desire for so hot a females, even to the point of feeling such well known scrotal pain, I couldn't help but being appalled when imagining what had just happened over that large bridge: three hundred corpses of young brawny males thrown onto the Paraná River, one by one, solely through the hands of each gorgeous killer wife.

Abruptly, an intense drowsiness got me, as it always happened after swallowing too many of those pills. Nothing could be more commendable, according to *"The Great Bloody Book of Red Revelations"*, than the mighty position I have conquered in this weird transcontinental train.

Notwithstanding such an acomplishment being so praiseworthy according to our ideals, during my whole life as a Red, I had never conceived anything similar to this deed of mine helped by those three hundred female comrades.

So sleepy by those pills, but still with nauseated, I decided to utter a new enthusiastical discourse to congratulate them. But I couldn't read it, because it came then to my mind a role could perhaps have been ascribed by group commanders to me as unwitting protagonist within a very complex Red plot.

**Crisscrossing the Andean Highlands**

Metoclopramide,

Almost death by an allergic shock,

Escape,

My friend's suicide through my own hands,

Three hundred of the most gorgeous, sensual and exciting couples,

The Jaraguá Volcano and the search for the unreachable destination of this train,

Giant clouds of birds,

Absolute darkness, artificial lights,

Ardent kisses,

Pretty nipples rubbing my chest,

Myself then burning in lustful flames,

Yet alone and too busy as the only driver here,

The three hundred husbands' slaughter,

Their corpses carried downstream the large river,

Absolute power so close to my hands,

Those so pretty females now only mine,

Despite being impossible to fuck them.

A renewed warning against any not necessary realease of seat belts, since that was an extremely dangerous railway tract. Train motors would not be allowed a stop before arriving at a hamlet twenty-eight hundred miles away from Light Station, pointed out by a blue dot on the Andean Highlands in an arid, cold landscape.

As on every morning comrades took turns to visit me.

*"Blue as the Titicaca waters.”*

*“Blue as the open sky of spring mornings"*

Hearing then my reply:

*"Blue as your eyes"*

All riddles would be solved if at any time I were able to overcome my impostor condition. How should I explain that to them? Or how to forget it all forever? Train was crisscrossing now a sinuous path leading to highland's top, contouring many deep abysses.

Low speed was again mandatory, board computer kept sending many commands programmed by unknown agents, whose purposes were quite unattainable to me. We would, yes, someday reach that mysterious, elusive point on map towards which our convoy was heading, where all enigmas surrounding this so variegated travel would be unraveled. My wives would finally reveal the esoteric meaning of all this, and I would have courage to tell them my true story.

Suddenly, there weren't any more birds in this so clear sky above us. In the middle of such a bonanza maximum intake of anti-emetic pills was ordered on panel screen, up to a level never reached before.

The meteorological radar was foreseeing a huge storm for soon, emitting an urgent, private warning to every passenger to follow instruction AZZ-71271- UE-BL-EM. EM, supposedly is an abbreviation for emesis, vomits. By then, while crisscrossing this typical Andean plateau landscape, a very singular and never seen kind of clouds came over the entire horizon. Soon it would fall over us. Fortunately, I had time enough to open all doors, windows, and any kind of holes for the eyes of my gorgeous comrades of color and terror to see.  It was a pouring rain, a Blue rain. That hateful screen hasn't any more data concerning any stops. We are no longer in need of an end of on this railway. It is enough this blue storm never ends, enabling us to keep watching this wonder spectacle forever.

It's pouring a Blue rain, infinite Blue gleaming drops.

*"Blue as aquamarines"*

*"Blue as the open sky of spring mornings.'*

*"Blue as Nothingness".*

# **PART IV:  THE LAST OWL**

## **Eros meets Thanatos**

When Rose woke up, I was no longerby her side. I had changed into a character in a novel. My transformation in afictitious being was her magic action that night, a result of the same powerthat had turned so many human males into caimans. She found, under the bedsheets, a book entitled *'The Last Owl'*, onwhich everything was made clear. Rose could then know that I had created hercharacter in one of my stories and, enchanted by her image, I had been driven tobring her to everyday reality.  
As for me, now plunged into my other way of being that so much attracted mewhile reading Pessoa's verses --epigraph to my book's prologue-- I'm dreamingand defeating worlds.  
Rose, a name chosen by her, began to read this same book where I had submergedand within which I remain. Soon she got news about what was going on all overthe world---from Patagonia to New York, from the Andean Highlands to Japan---being capable of recognizing an anti-human insurgency on course, triggered offby some unknown reason.  
My apartment was situated in São Paulo's downtown, and quickly Rose could meetwomen at the hummingbird's ecstasy---as it was written in Alice Blumen's story.Many men were committing suicide on streets after seeing huge clouds of thosetiny birds that could lead even young girls to intense ecstasy. Meanwhile, menwho would not have the courage for killing themselves, simply wereplunging---with a lowered head---into living inside their own inner worlds,saying nothing to nobody, never looking at anyone's face.  
On TV and on internet too, Rose saw several scenes I had narrated in"Expelling Noah's Descendants"tales: women laying penguin eggs allover southern Argentina, Chile and Falkland Islands; a huge abandoned metropolisunder a strange jinx that made all its inhabitants into wild bisons.

She got news on thedisappearance of so many whale-hunter ships, as if in all oceans there hadsuddenly emerged hundreds of new Bermuda Triangles. In addition to so manyweird facts, told or not by me, she became finally able understand her owntransfiguration from a caiman into a human being but also her magical power toturn so many men into reptiles, and to change her own creator into a shadow onan unreal floor, a dream, a fancy.

On a hot summer morning Rosewent to Alice's hut, whom she had been looking for many weeks in vain. Theformer professor was living in the Paranapiacaba's woods. She had beenacclaimed as a leader by so many gender activists, on the grounds that herrebellion was seen as a great victory over sexist prejudices. But a leader thatno one could ever guess where to find: By then the 'professor of thehummingbird' was living in the middle of some still dense woods of the AtlanticRainforest.

The 'Witch of Corumbá' couldtell her whole story, which however was not taken seriously by Alice, who asked"Why don't you have any lust for the fucking hummingbirds, so sweet andsensual as you are?"

The two females fell in loveand, as a result from a so sudden lust, Professor Blumen has begun to givebirth to huge blue lizards, Atlantic Rainforest former dwellers, now extinct.

"What will be Homosapiens fate, my sweet rebel Alice, in the nearing future? By the time all menwill be dead, by suicide or not, and only women like you remain on Earth?"

"So, you insist not tobe human"?

"Nothing in my memoriescan make me believe this human appearance of mine might be more than atransient mask. Perhaps another of Francisco Rosa's dream figures".

"I can't guess anything about the future, Rose, and indeed I don't have any more interest in it.Whether this book in your hands tells the truth, whether there is an anti-humanrebellion all over the world nowadays, it's quite possible that our species isindeed nearing its end, and I'm so sorry about. Thinking on History, since itsbeginnings, I feel actually proud of being human. There have always been wars,misery, and too much hatred, oh my gentle lover, but the human genus has alwaysbeen a wonderful spectacle for gods!

There has always been ahidden and peaceful place for a lovers plot, similar to this you tell to havelived, and seems still are living with your novel's author."

In that same afternoon, amidan extremely dense fog, Rose took a train to come back home at an old fashionedstation. Soon after departure the weird, horrible sound of skulls smashingunder rails could be heard (suicidal men) so as the ruffling of hummingbirdsspringing out from wombs of her many female wagon companions. By that time alaw was in force that rigidly prohibited males and females from travelingwithin one same wagon. Out of six cars, just one, the train's last, wasreserved for males. So, suicide was very easy through the terminal door, ifsomeone would want it. Between Paranapiacaba and Light stations, Rose heardmale cries and blasphemies against God, gods, existence, life, all women.

The day came when all men wholived in São Paulo City had already killed themselves. There remained but onlyone queer wanderer with fixed eyes and a lowered head, that guy who had aphobia of condores.

Some years thereafter, allwomen were dead too. Rose got news about Alice's death through the sad look ofa small blue lizard. So, the female from Corumbá had to lonely keep onwandering through that huge desert made up only on concrete, glass, steel,iron, dirty fog and asphalt.

No more than a tiny hope offinding me thereabout was keeping Rose in the ghost megalopolis, which in oldentimes had been São Paulo. There were no more hummingbird clouds, since thelast woman was already dead. Just two peculiar dwellers were living among thoseruins. They were Rose and the crestfallen walker, always with his blackearphones.

Till the morning on which,impetuously she woke up with the decision to break his kind of isolation, even if, for this, she should be forced to get a strong crack oreven to creep on the ground.

It was not so hard to findhim, because the once journalist was living in a building at the corner ofIpiranga and São João Avenues. Every morning he used to go out for a walkthrough the same invariable streets. After making a circle some ten miles longaround the downtown area, he always returned home. The building in which hekept on living for so much time had no windows more, except his own flat's one.The latter was kept hermetically sealed throughout day and night.  
After training muscle agility and flexibility for many weeks, she properlydressed stood on the corner of Paulista and Consolação avenues waiting for thatphobic man a few minutes before noon, the time at which he invariably used topass in front of those old outdoor posters that after so much time stillannounced movies, fossils from a so distant past.

Rose was imagining to faceperhaps a squalid, very old man, impossible even to think how much wrinkled andmeager. Despite that, she had to accept he remained surely an excellent walker.

Finally, there he was comingalong a sidewalk, because this was his inflexible routine, as if aware thatsuch old, corroded remains of cars would never move even if there were stillany driver.  
I passed in front of Belas ArtesCinema, where in older times I felt in ecstasy while watching those movies byFellini, Kurosawa, Lars von Trier, Jos Stelling, Wim Wenders, Ingmar Bergman,Pasolini, unforgettable masterpieces. If I at least were able to extractfrom this present scare of mine something lyrical and deeply poetic as Herzogwas able to inspire us through his frightful Nosferatu! But no, this is quiteimpossible for me. On the other hand, I can't believe that nowadays moviesretain not even a tiny leftover of the beauty achieved in those times.  
I always walk through these samestreets since they are open way, so sparing unneeded wastes of energy to mycondor, like when trying to avoid collisions with placards, outdoors andantennas. I have also to be very punctual, because 'mi condor' has to feed hischildren still at daylight.

I got really very startled atthat moment when Rose---looking directly into my eyes after athleticacrobatics--- pulled out those black balls from my ears and, weeping hard,threw herself onto my body, saying she wanted to be completely mine, as on thatday in which I had carried her away from Corumbá.  
I've always loved Rose since the nighton which I created her in that story about caimans' exterminators.  
Astonished for seeing me as young as onthe day we met for the first time, she led me by the hand towards DoutorArnaldo Avenue. We entered then the inner garden of our School of Medicine.  
lt was once again springtime, but thistime flowers weren't golden, as in Laura's dreams. Instead hundreds ofexuberant roses were scattered throughout the garden.

My lover knew he wouldn'tfind in me the same magic he saw in ''Laura's eyes". Besides my eyes Ihave a whole body to vigorously desire him.

His erection, when seeing menaked, has been so intense as in that summer night in Corumbá, when Itold him my most hidden lustful secrets. Then, in the middle of those so prettyrose garden we fucked so furiously.

After orgasm, he fell asleep.

When, after a profoundsleep, he woke up his hands were two of the most beautiful orchidsthat had always fascinated him.

Euphoric, he told me to havefinally achieved the culmination narrated by him in"The Extinction".After telling me to read that tale again --something absolutely unnecessary forme-- he went away towards the deserts of his huge city.  
I couldn't follow him, because itscared me. Everything would have to take place as it was narrated in"TheExtinction". My lover, the only man still on Earth, would decompose, organby organ, into bizarre animals and plants.  
Before sunset, when I still remained inthat garden, I was visited by the most splendid owl that ever existed.Tenderhearted and dazzled, knowing that such a creature resulted from my lover'sgenitals, I tried to talk with him. However, he didn't know any human language.  
Notwithstanding the fact I have neverbeen human, too, except in appearance. Thus we could find a way ofcommunicating each other's feelings and impressions.  
That exquisite owl suggested me to goin the same direction of his speedy flight. Soon I became aware we were headingto the Jaraguá Peak. Then, I recalled my lover had predicted a volcanicexplosion for that mountain, which someday would bury the whole São Paulo. Thiscould be an excellent scenic moment: the entire ghost megalopolis lyingabandoned and corroded. The last human being already extinct, crumbled topieces.  
Night came and I began to walkwestward, In search of those rails that Francisco loved so much and which passnear Jaraguá's foot. Under full moonlight I found them. In spite of slightlycorroded, the railway was still mysteriously well-preserved.  
Jaraguá Volcano's huge explosion tookplace at sunrise, soon after I had reached its foot. All that mountain at asudden decomposed into rocks destroying completely the colossal labyrinth ofdirty concrete, asphalt, and steel.  
I watched the whole explosion and thefinal burial of São Paulo's remains, sitting on old piled-up rails. After allthose bangs' noises had ceased, I saw a blood pool dropping from a rail thatseemed quite recent. I approached it supposing it was animal blood. The smell,however, was undeniably human.   
The Jaraguá Peak and São Paulo nolonger existed, the whole of mankind no longer existed either. The pool ofblood could only have come from the engine-driver who, many decades before, haddied for the sake of the colors, of the rainbow. My lover seemed to be stillguiding me through his stories, in spite of bodily extinct.  
So, I thought at once his book aboutthe ‘Last Owl’ could give me perhaps a precious cue to understand that queerblood pool. Maybe it contained even several tales in which we could meet again,as the one about the blue shallow ocean, for instance.  
I heard then a mighty voice---comingfrom an indeterminate point like a strong hallucination--- telling me:  
"Rose, go towards those watersover there, which forms now a lake where before stayed the volcano."  
I crossed a dense forest and soon Ifound a so placid lake, whose waters seemed to mirror every detail of allthings. On its edge was the naked and gorgeous Narcissus who uninterruptedlylooked at his reflected image. I walked in his direction, so daring to nearhim.  
"You too have a permission toadmire me, no matter who you are. Look at my infinite beauty, reflected onthese fortunate waters".   
"Undeniably you are, Narcissus, the most beautiful of all beings. Itbothers me, however, your arrogance".  
"A disdaining contempt, strange female, I nourished for human beings andfor gods. You know, however, they are all extinct now".  
"Human beings are extinct. That'sall I know."  
"What kind of existence do you thinkgods could have without humans? Gods were a part of the human world, thereforeexisting within time's flow and having previously programmed death andextinction."  
"Did you know, Narcissus, theywould someday disappear in this way?"  
"No, I didn't. I got news about it just a little before your arrival. Amost splendid owl caught my attention because of its exquisite beauty reflectedon these waters. Obviously, I would never be capable of seeing any kind ofbeauty but my own, whether there were still human beings and gods".  
"I feel sad for their end. Alicetold me once, after tender caresses, that mankind's history had always been awonderful spectacle for the gods".  
"Rose, you shouldn't be sad,perhaps without any reason. Humans and gods possibly keep some otherontological status, another way of being which is out of our grasp".  
"Yes, they perhaps have plungedinto existing as characters in a novel, as did my lover. But, Narcissus, youhave now a sad appearance, don't you? What is happening?"  
"My inevitable lot is alreadytaking place, Rose. While seeing your beauty --because you are neither humannor goddess—I became able to see imperfections on my body, on my face. However,I have not suffered any actual change since for me time doesn't dare to exist,so much as for you. However, as a matter of fact, I see now some imperfectdetails."  
"I'm unable to see them,Narcissus".  
"You're unable to see them becauseyou are another person who is not me. Without the existence of human beings andgods, I couldn't remain the same."  
At that moment, a bloody tear sprangfrom Narcissus's left eye. This fell into the lake, so clouding its waters.Narcissus became then able to look away from his own image.  
Both went on wandering through thewoods, nostalgic of human beings and gods.  
As they approached a hibiscus bush, acloud of vividly blue butterflies called their attention to thick clouds comingfrom a distant west. Soon thereafter it fell a gelid strong deluge. The cloudsseemed too high to be cumuli, and might well have formed above some verydistant highland, perhaps the Andean. They fell down at once and soon thereweren't any more forests, lake, rails, nor a buried megalopolis, but only thehuge flow of a giant deluge going eastward. Waters carrying both of us: Rose andNarcissus.  
Submerged deep within an endless ocean,having little chance of someday emerging anywhere, unable to go on talking,since voices don't propagate under water, we follow, yet side by side.  
*Eyes to eyes, blue were Rose's,identically blue were Narcissus's ones.*

*Because time does not dare to exist for us, we continueto love one another so intensely, looking each other face to face.*

*Only one as we have since ever been, throughout allEternity.*