

# Jornal O Cola

FROM HUMANITIES TO HUMANITIES



«I learned that I have the right to a voice – to have a voice and to use it. I learned that it is very important that we have safe places, and with that I mean places where we feel comfortable being ourselves»  
(p. 10)

THE OTHER SIDE  
ELGA FONTES

## TWO WEEKS IN LISBON

«My first weekend was as a tourist, wandering around the city from place to place, photographing beyond what my eyes could capture»  
p. 14

## GROUND AND LAP

«I suffocate, trying to fly away as I hope my lungs will be okay  
I feel eternally fallen  
From a simulated Eden,  
Never been in the garden»  
p. 17

## DOODLE MEMORIES

«Thoughtful, even. He wanted to say something but didn't know exactly what. Although silence is pleasant, he didn't want to extend it any longer.»  
p. 3

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**Dear readers,**

It is with great pleasure that we present to you the 9th edition of the newspaper O Cola. Even though we have both been part of the team for over a year, this is our first editorial note as the directors of this project. We are therefore delighted to be directly addressing our readers for the first time.

We believe that a project like O Cola, which defends democratic and progressive values, is of great value to FLUL's academic community. Therefore, we seek to ensure its continuity. Since the beginning of our mandate in September, we have had the opportunity to welcome several new members to the team, which has been immensely dedicated. We are pleased to see that more and more students are interested in joining O Cola. We hope to be able to give them increasingly more opportunities to participate in our publications, either through external submissions, which we are always open to receiving, or by vacancies opening in our team.

As a project against oppression and hate speech, O Cola supports the LGBTQ+ community, amongst other causes that we consider important for the maintenance of a democratic, plural, and inclusive academic environment. The current Board is committed to making the newspaper a platform that is effectively representative of the Arts and Humanities community, where all students can feel welcome. With this in mind, we defend the use of gender-neutral language in all our official communications, although we give the authors we publish the freedom to choose whether or not they want to use it.

In this edition, you will find our column The Other Side with Elga Fontes, who is an example of the future that studying in Arts and Humanities makes possible. You will also find texts about ghosts, laps, roots, the blue line and cancel culture, amongst others!

We hope you enjoy this edition as much as we enjoyed preparing it for you.

**Happy readings!**

**The Director and Sub-Director,  
Matilde Mala and Mafalda Vale**

# Top 5 Areas we should all learn about

## 1. Conscious Shopping

Combined with the previous point, excessive consumption of material assets and unconscious consumption of essential assets are two topics present in society that deserve highlight and prevention. For this we suggest a blog, which is written and directed by Catarina Barreiro, named *Do Zero*. The blog helps us improve on some less healthy habits and also contains a store where you can find reusable products and national biological products. Other options are small grocery stores, mirroring those found in the past, which are increasingly beginning to spread throughout the country. A good example of this type of grocery store is *Maria Granel*.

Blog: <https://catarinabarreiros.podia.com/>

## 2. New technologies

Targeted at marketing, but broad enough to welcome all stakeholders, this is the theme of the XXI century: technology. In this matter, it is essential to make time and be available, because, although we are 'born' in the digital era, there is still much to discover. *The New Technologies for Business Leaders* course, powered by Coursera, an online course platform, only requires online registration to make its 5 modules available. *The Digital Marketing Podcast*, produced by Target Internet, and *Marketing School - Digital Marketing and Online Marketing Tips*, presented by Eric Siu Neil Patel, are two podcasts that we also recommend in this area. Both are available on Spotify.

## 3. Sustainable and responsible practices

'Current', 'important' and 'necessary' would be the three key words to describe this point. It is not new to anyone that we have suffered climate change for the worse over the years and we have to adapt and prevent serious consequences that may arise in the future on our planet, which is ultimately our home. As a cause of extreme importance, the need for information, awareness and progression increase from day to day.

We recommend the course *Responsible Management* offered by the University of Manchester and accessible online through the Coursera platform. Although it began in September, all modules become available for free upon enrollment. We also suggest the podcast *Do Zero*, presented by Catarina Barreiro. The podcast shares practical tips on sustainability and addresses important themes not just globally, but essentially nationally.

## 4. Finance

Regardless of the choice made in college, this is an important theme for each of our futures and, even if it seems like a seven-headed bug, it is not. To help us un-complicate this topic and better understand what financial education is, we suggest the podcast *Contas-Poupança*, by Pedro Andersson.

## 5. Mental Health

This is, or it should be, the most concerning topic and probably what requires the most attention. There is a lot to learn about this point and today we have listed some help that, despite seeming minimal, can even make a difference.

Sport is known to help both the body and the mind, so our suggestion today is to reconcile therapy with yoga. In her podcast, Raissa Zoccal speaks openly to the community that hears her about acceptance, meditation, and more, without taboos. On the other hand, the podcast *Terapia em Minutos* reconciles psychological content with everyday life, ensuring it is a therapeutic experience that will help achieve an emotionally healthy life.

# Doodle Memories

Author: Filipe Chéu  
Translator: Catarina Pereira  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

The lights of dawn, as it penetrated lightly through the bedroom window, partially illuminated the room and the first thing the boy saw when he woke up was a drawing on one of the walls. A drawing made by him. Every time he looked at it, his chest filled with good memories. Behind that drawing was a story to be told. From the moment he started drawing it to the moment he finished it. Ever since he had been with her by the river to the day he returned home with the most beautiful memory of her touch.

It was night. The two were seated at the foot of the pier, side by side under the streetlamp, breathing the waters of the Tejo and eyeing the boats that crossed to the other shore of the river. Far in the distance, the lights of the 25 de Abril Bridge contrasted with the dark mantle that covered the entire sky and the people around them hung out in the most diverse terraces with cocktails and outdoor music. The girl felt at peace when she was next to him. It was like he was her only shelter. From time to time she started talking, telling him things, and the boy just listened to that angelical voice. It was a soft, refined voice. The voice that wined up his heart. Made of an authenticity that only she had. Every once in a while, he caught himself contemplating the lines of her face. I looked at her in the eyes and that's when I seduced her. She loved those eyes. They reminded her of hazelnuts. Made of purity. Sweet.

When he got home that night, the boy took a sheet of paper and drew her. First, he made a pencil sketch. Outlined the shape of her face, cheekbones, eyebrows, eyes, hair, nose. All of them quite rigorously. He remembered her face well. He improved some details and then moved on to the next phase: giving color to the drawing. He didn't have any art materials, so he used a simple black ink ballpoint pen. He ran it over the coal lines. He colored all the details. All but one – the lips. He didn't even draw them. And he didn't draw them because he didn't know how to do it correctly. He remembered all the details of her countenance, except that one. The boy had a gift and it made him remember her so well – the touch. He'd run his hands through her hair.

He'd caressed her face. He kissed her forehead as a gesture of affection and respect. He remembered all of this thanks to his touch. As if his skin still felt all of that.

“Then, he was able to convey that feeling to the paper sheet without major difficulties. However, for the lips, he only had a very unclear image. He just contemplated them. He never felt them. But maybe he didn't necessarily need to feel them. After all, only a closer and more careful look would be enough. Over time, he would be able to create a perfect image to move on to paper.

Every day when he saw her, the boy spent most of his time with his eyes stuck on her lips. Trying to make a sketch of what would become the most beautiful detail of his drawing. But even so, it wasn't enough. As much as he tried to memorize them, as much as he tried to remember them later, he could never have a clear image. Each time he grabbed the pencil to try to draw them, the image lost its shape. It became ambiguous. Uncertain. In the end, there was nothing to add to the paper. The frustration was undeniable and, however, he convinced himself that one day he would finish that drawing.

Once again they met by the river in the late afternoon. They were both sitting on a garden bench. The girl seemed to nap over his shoulder. The boy, in turn, contemplated the daily life around him. People taking transports back to their homes after a long day of work, bars and restaurants filling with crowds and various street artists displaying their art in the middle of the avenue. He remained silent. Thoughtful, even. He wanted to say something but didn't know exactly what. Although silence is pleasant, he didn't want to extend it any longer. And it was just as she was about to pronounce something that she raised her head, wrapped his face in her hands and kissed him. Their lips touched. As one and the other surrendered to that kiss. It was sudden but pleasant. After detaching from his lips, the girl fell into his chest, confused and lost from what she had done. A long and brief silence passed once again. A lot could have been said in that

moment, but the real truth is that nothing needed to be said going forth. He was craving it. They both craved it. But he felt an undeniable desire within him, demanding more. This time, it was he who kissed her. A firmer, pleasurable kiss. The previous one, despite being tempered with a dose of delicacy and tenderness, was short and simple, but the rhythm of this one was much slower, immersive and seductive, causing her to be carried away by that passionate intensity. He was drawing her at that time. His lips were drawing hers. Savoring every corner of her mouth. After that intimate touch, they got entangled in a hug. When the girl hugged him, she whispered, 'Keep me'. Those words echoed inside of his ear and he pressed her harder against his chest as the sun approached the horizon line, about to disappear and carrying that memory of them embraced by the river with him.

When the boy returned home, he sat at his desk, removed the drawing from the drawer and put it out before him. He took the pencil and this time didn't hesitate. Now he did remember her lips. It was as if he still felt them drawn over his. He started by making small, light lines without applying great pressure on the sheet. Doing it slowly and delicately, as if the pencil was his own mouth drawing hers. Then he started to do more detailed doodles and it didn't take long for the movements with the pencil to gain greater dexterity in each contour he drew. When he finished the drawing, he took the black ink pen to pass over the lines he traced but held back for a moment. That detail required something different. Something stronger. More alive. Instead, he used a red ink pen.

When he finished, he dropped the pen on the side and began to contemplate the final result. His eyes were shining. The drawing, her face. They were genuine. Unique. And the detail of the red-painted lips was simply superb. That was what brought that drawing to life. The boy exposed it on one of the walls of his room and never took it out of there. Each time he woke up, while looking at that illustrated piece of paper, he began to navigate a nostalgia that only he knew how harmonious it was. That drawing, that face. Those lips, those lines. Everything he ever wanted to be the result of his own mouth.

## Winter Concert

'Winter Blessings', the Winter Concert, by the Choir of the University of Lisbon, takes place on January 13, 2024, at 9:00 p.m., at Igreja da Nossa Senhora de Fátima (Avenida de Berna). This concert is part of the Music program at the University of Lisbon.

Admission is free, limited to space crowding.



More information at  
<https://www.ulisboa.pt/evento/concerto-de-inverno>

## About Perfumes that were once Home

Author: Bruna Ribeiro  
Translator: Catarina Pereira  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

Today I felt your scent on the subway. A scent I haven't felt in a long time.

A scent that was lost in my memory, but I never forgot.

It lasted a few seconds, but I recognized it as soon as I breathed it. It was immediate.

Because it was once Home. It was a safe haven.

Because it's your scent. Your everyday perfume - the one you refused to replace. It's the scent of the one who taught me how to love. Of the one who showed me what love is and what it can bring us. On what it can transform us into.

Of who taught me that, without love, life doesn't have the same meaning.

Above it all, who made me see love as a (un)conditional commotion.

During the time we had each other, we wrote a beautiful story. With ups and downs. With blank pages. With poorly marked paragraphs. With (and without) fullstops. With mixtures of Pessoa and Saramago. Without the sentimentalism of Minh'Alma

A beautiful story that ended when I stopped smelling your perfume, that once was my favorite. This was the perfume you used when you said goodbye to me.

Knowing that I lost you is the worst feeling that I've ever felt.

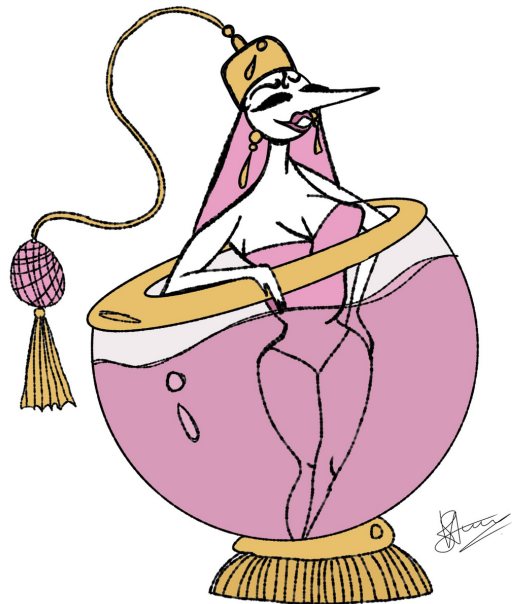
It took me longer to forget you than I would like to admit. Erasing you from memories, from photos, from trips. From my heart, mainly.

Today I'm just me.

I don't have your lips, or your scent.

Feeling your perfume so close to me again made me remember you once more. It reminded me of everything we once were.

Before my eyes came the love that united us and the passion that once devoured our bodies. It was feeling the heart come out of your chest. It was going back to that late afternoon of May. It was asking myself over and over again whether you loved me like I loved you. If I was to you what you told me I was. Because your departure was as unexpected as your arrival. It was going back to the instant my heart broke. It was to relive the anguish of having you hold my hand and having you ask me not to cry. Telling me you would never forget me, and reminding me how important I was to you.



Even if I tried to do what you asked me to do, I collapsed.

You, on the other hand, stayed strong until the last goodbye.

Without looking back. Even if it was just one last time.

Your mouth said you no longer wanted me, mine just wanted to kiss you.

Something in your eyes made me believe you weren't sure, but the way you left told me it was the end.

*I lost you forever, didn't I?*

## The Night

Author: Diogo Alinho  
Translator: Mariana Faisca  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

The alchemic night arrives and you, a woman whose Christianity was given to you by your family, pray by the window for the souls that face the darkness fearlessly. The prayers extend until you overhear your favourite soap opera's opening song and decide to sit in the armchair, in front of the television. The expression in your eyes is filled with such joyfulness that only you feel for a number of fake characters. I observe you more carefully and notice, innocently, that you're growing old... The wrinkles sculpted by the hands of Time are accentuated. The hair, which was once strong and voluminous, is now fragile and dim and, as you like to say, the spiders took away your memories to form their webs in your mind. You notice that I'm watching you and ask me, 'Can you fetch a chocolate for grandma?'



I walk towards the kitchen, engulfed by admiration, organising the fragments of your life that were once offered to me in my childhood and that helped me build your image: your strength comes from the buckets of olives you carried every day, at the market, to help your father with his business; your patience comes from the way you took care of your mother that, in her final state of life, was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease – to me, great grandma is still a dark forest, where the trees and other plants have forgotten the

melodies that they had to play in order to turn into the mystic temple they were destined to be – and your talent that, unfortunately, wasn't enough for you to become the dressmaker you wanted to be... You were the first person to warn me about the world's cruelty. However, you were the first one to show me its appeal...

In the kitchen, the place where you practise your ancestral magic, you light up my day each time you interrupt lunch to dance with me. When the aches in your body don't allow it, which has been more frequent, you accompany me in my nonsense by singing Amália Rodrigues' most varied songs. We don't always get along because we were born in two different worlds, but you know there's no desire to fight when the love is so big. You carry a poem with you – which I like to believe was passed down to you in your dreams by God – and you go on living. You have gone through the worst humanity has to offer – hunger, wars, ... - and, still, you have hope that a better tomorrow will come.

I bring your favourite chocolate and ask if I can give you a hug because I believe, earnestly, that every hug I give you whispers the honour I feel for you being the seed of the flower that grew in me.



Author: Mariana Raminhos  
Translator: Catarina Almeida  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

## Roots

In a country as tiny as ours, where culture is given a voice in the most varied ways, music tends to get a bit lost in the vastness of it all. The complexity of the Portuguese language, that says so much with so few words, tends not to be regarded in this context. I would like to show you the reasons that justify this phenomenon, even though I often feel just as lost as you do. Between the protest songs resonating in the Carnation Revolution, and the rising of the hip-hop tuga, something distanced Portuguese people from one of their most important identity traits, which are far more than just discussing politics and football.

It seems contradictory, as it is the tongue that distinguishes the integral moments of our existence. Only when we miss our friends so dearly, do we feel the need to use the word “saudade”. Only when we love someone so much, do we start to understand the real meaning of the verb “amar”. Or when an “adeus” is not enough for a proper goodbye. Being Portuguese brings a certain emotion to every moment we live, and nothing replicates that more than our music.

There is a clear degrading tone towards national productions, which has led to government intervention. The Minister of Culture himself was forced to declare a minimum quota that favored artists on radio, covering at least 30% of the shows. The legislation is not restricted to the 5 musicians that we probably all know by heart, but covers all genres, many of which may be completely underground for most people. It's based on facts that Portuguese music never stagnated, quite the contrary; it ended up adapting to the new generations, those that listen to this new art form almost sacredly.

They are the poetry of today, considering this same view that songs are way more than just connected sentences playing in a unilateral tone. All of us have the ability to debate about this subject, and we discuss it almost like a piece of art. More than that, we appreciate music in distinct ways, and find different purposes in it. I believe that many of the lyrics I've heard, and memorized, like prayers,

helped me find comfort in times when I was unsure of what to feel at all. On some nights, anyone who happened to walk past my window could hear a young adult screaming Slow J's Teu Eternamente as though she were preaching a sermon. That's the magic of national productions, the complete understanding of not only the emotions they carry, but also of the message itself, almost a decoding delivered in full.

Portuguese music isn't limited to *pimba* – a Portuguese musical genre with corny lyrics – although we all enjoy it at the small jubilees in Portugal; it goes far beyond that. I see it as a door to the memories I've created with it. So that I am constantly opening it, remembering the “adeus” I said when I didn't want to, but especially the connection to my own roots.

### References:

1. <https://www.publico.pt/2023/07/31/culturaipilon/noticia/ministerio-cultura-repoe-quota-musica-portuguesa-radio-30-durante-ano-2058800>



*Nobre Bastos*

# ELGA FONTES

Elga Fontes graduated from the School of Arts and Humanities from the University of Lisbon with a BA in Languages, Literatures and Cultures and is now working freelance as a translator. She has worked with publishing houses such as Desrotina, Cultura Editora and Bertrand Editora. Elga is also known for her social media account Quem Me Lera, on Instagram and Tiktok, where she creates literary content. We talked with the bookstagrammer and translator and had the opportunity to get to know her journey in Humanities and online.

**How was your experience at the School of Arts and Humanities? Is there a particular professor or memory that has stayed with you?**

I think I had a very diverse experience. I had moments and experiences that were very good and others that were very bad. A positive moment was one of my favourite classes of the whole degree, in which literature was studied with a lot of freedom. This was the class that taught me to like Shakespeare. [The professor] never imposed a vision on us about the books we read. Some parts were read at home, others in class and then she'd ask about our thoughts on them. She explained her own vision as well as the academic ones, but she never shut the door on ours, legitimising our opinions, even if they were the complete opposite to what she had said. I feel like that was very important to me as a reader and even as a person. Today, I still read Shakespeare because of her. As for negative experiences, I had a lot of prejudiced professors. I had a moment with a professor that seems out of a Netflix show – it's one

of those moments when you realise that things like that can happen in real life -, in which he asked me to really think about whether I wanted to take his class because he thought it would be too difficult for me. Later, he was my professor in another class and, while we were taking a test, someone sneezed when the whole room was in silence, and he didn't like when silence was disturbed. He started asking who had sneezed and no one spoke, so he said, jokingly, 'Maybe I need to go get a weapon'. When no one said anything, he continued the joke and said, 'Does anyone here have one, or do I need to ask the black students?'. We were two, me and a guy. We looked at him and then to each other like 'What is happening?'. It really was awful.

**Why did you choose Languages, Literatures and Cultures? Was it your first choice?**

I was at a time in my life where I was very lost, and LLC came up not as a bachelor that I wanted but as a bachelor that would be good



**“For me, reading was always a very lonely activity. I didn't have anyone to talk to about it and I missed that a little bit. And it was on bookstagram that I found a whole community with whom I could talk about books and live those reading experiences.”**

for me. I picked LLC due to the affinity: it's a very open course, with a lot of options and it has a lot to do with what I've liked since secondary school. This was my thought process. After quitting Sociology, FLUL as well as LLC were my first option. LLC is good for those that already know that path they want to pursue, but it is also great for those who don't know and are in the stage of figuring it out.

**Do you have any advice for students that are now taking their BA in LLC?**

Don't pick classes that start at 8 in the morning. It's the advice I wish someone had given me. In my first year, first semester, I had a class at 8 a.m. and it was horrible to have to wake up so early in my first year of university. The first year already comes with so many challenges, don't add one more, save yourself.

**At what age did you realise that books were your passion?**

I don't remember that moment, but I know it happened when I was taking my BA, already in my twenties. I've always liked to read, my parents always cultivated the taste for reading, but it was more occasional. I had moments when I read more than others. It wasn't like it is now, or since I created Quem Me Lera, that is much more consistent and bigger in terms of what I read.

**How did you start the transition into being a translator?**

It was very natural. I did a Minor in Translation during my BA, but never imagined myself doing literary translation. What I wanted was subtitling. I had classes for both and never saw myself in that field. My favourite classes were subtitling, so I was leaning towards that, it was what I wanted to do. That and proofreading, which I have since discovered that I really enjoy. When I finished my degree, it didn't end up happening. Through the bookstagram's influence, I decided that I wanted to work with a publishing house. I began my master's, letting go of subtitling a little, and started to work as a proofreader. One day, the opportunity to do a translation came up, which I decided to do, and that was when I realised that I really loved it. I haven't stopped since.

**Did you ever think you could get here while you were at FLUL?**

It never crossed my mind. This was the result of various factors that were very natural and unexpected. Since the creation of Quem Me Lera and the page's growth, I decided to work with publishing houses, to the people I've met, to the opportunities that were given me. It was all a cocktail of unexpected things.



**What kind of teachings have you learned while at university that help you, and that you put in practice in your day to day?**

I learned that, regardless of who is speaking, if I don't agree or if I find it wrong, I have the right to speak up. I learned that I have the right to a voice – to have a voice and to use it. I learned that it is very important that we have safe places, and with that I mean places where we feel comfortable being ourselves, or, when we don't know how to be ourselves, where we can try out different versions of ourselves. That is something that FLUL taught me as well.

**When did you have your first contact with BookTok/Bookstagram and what were your first impressions?**

My first contact with bookstagram was before I created my profile and I don't remember how it happened, it was by chance. I think I found a post of someone talking about books and I thought, 'Wow, how interesting!' I clicked that person's page and I saw that they were dedicated to that content. I stalked them a little bit and in each post I saw people commenting that they also had that kind of profile and

about books. So, I dove into that universe in that way, dumbfounded for not knowing that it existed, that it was a thing that was done and even more dumbfounded that I wasn't a part of it, because I had a tremendous desire to do so. All of this because I feel that I was that person in my friend group that was always reading, but there wasn't anyone else like that. For me, reading was always a very lonely activity. I didn't have anyone to talk to about it and I missed that a little bit. And it was on bookstagram that I found a whole community with whom I could talk about books and live those reading experiences. But it still took me a little to create my own page after discovering that world. I created it, left it to marinate for a couple of days and only later did I make my first post and started following people. I was welcomed right away. I remember that my first impression of bookstagram was, 'These people are really welcoming!', because I had so many people commenting on my post, welcoming me to the community. I even received a message from a girl who was also at FLUL at the time, Mariana, whose page is @banal.girl, saying, 'I'm also studying at FLUL! If you need something, let me know.' That year, we even had a subject together, and became really good friends, we still are nowadays. So, about bookstagram, that was my impression: very friendly, made me feel welcomed in a way that made me feel comfortable there and made me feel like I could have a space for myself. When it comes to booktok, I also have it, but I don't feel booktok like I feel bookstagram. Maybe because I haven't been there for so long and it's a different format. Even though I also like it, I identify more with the bookstagram format. About the booktok community, I find it more dispersed: there are a lot of people who are also on bookstagram and others who are just on booktok. But, in my experience, in booktok there isn't the community aspect that there is on Instagram. But I think booktok has a lot of power, yes, because it reaches a lot of people.

### **What is your favourite part of each of those communities?**

My favourite part about bookstagram is definitely the people. Of booktok it is the creativity. I really like the way that people explore creativity in that platform, from the way they use the trends and adapt them to the books, to the more intimate way in which they speak of them - booktok really is the

space for that. Sometimes, a person will just make a video talking about books and that is incredible. It seems like it's a friend of ours that's right in front of us talking.

### **What are your future plans? What can we expect from the Elga of 2024?**

As for future plans, right now, finishing my masters. You can expect the Elga of 2024 to be a master in Editorial Studies. I want to keep working in translation and proofreading and this that I love doing. Continuing to invest in my education and continuing to do Quem Me Lera. Ultimately, I want it to be a year where I can continue what already exists, improve what can be improved and also explore new paths within what I want to do.

### **What does a day in Elga's life (look) like?**

In the morning, I wake up early and go to the gym; I come back and go to work. Usually, when I'm working remotely, I work on a translation or proofreading. Then I take a break to have lunch and watch a TV show or read a little, depending on what I'm feeling. After that I go back to work. Normally, I always have goals for the day. For example, I try to outline what I want to do for each project that I'm working on really well, so that I organise my work according to my goals. Then, it depends on the day. I like going for walks in the afternoon, hanging out with friends or just staying at home existing, it really depends on my mood. Identical days are very rare. But what I can say that is a constant in my days is going to the gym, working, and reading.

### **Thank you for the availability for this interview!**

## **Elga Fontes suggests:**

**A book-** *Born A Crime*, by Trevor Noah

**A film-** *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*

**A song-** «Óleo de nardo» by Marta Carvalho

**An artist-** Slow J

**A place-** Cascais

## Mirrors

Author: Carolina Franco  
Editor: Inês Gandum  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

I've always been a light sleeper. Even as a child, I would wake up when my mother got up for work at 7 a.m. and I would only go back to sleep when the door closed. In my teens, the downstairs neighbor's alarm clock woke me up every day, always an hour earlier than I needed to. Used to the routine, I wasn't surprised when I turned over and, after rubbing my eyes, realized it was 3 a.m.. The digital clock, a Christmas present from an aunt who probably doesn't remember my name, was the only source of light in the room, with the red numbers glowing eerily in the darkness.

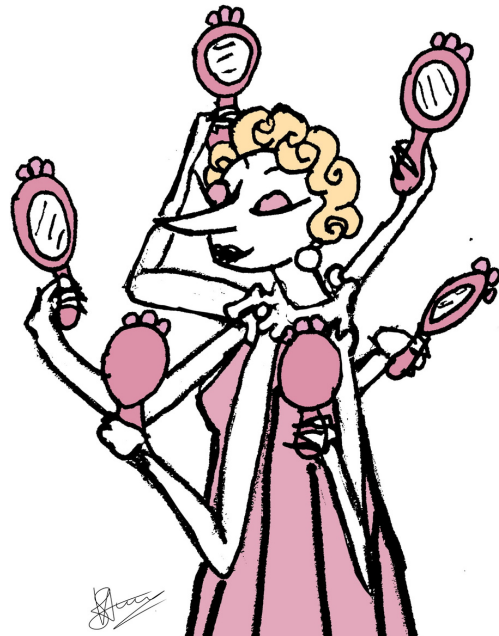
I get up. My bare feet touch the floor and it doesn't even cross my mind to put on slippers, being too sleepy for that. The idea of trying to fall asleep again is frustrating, I've never been fond of dealing with boredom. I have no intention of spending the next few hours dwelling on all the embarrassing mistakes of the past. Honestly, that sounds about as appealing as replying to a spam message informing me that the package I never ordered is being held up at customs. I wash my face in hopes that the water will wash away the exhaustion that seems to have taken over my body, but it's futile. I sigh, anticipating another bad night's sleep, which aggravates my already discouraging reality: waking up at 6 a.m. to catch a packed train and spend eight hours in a firm that respects me as much as I respect the doormat outside my house.

When I look back at myself, with icy droplets of water smearing the remains of the previous day's mascara, I feel a shiver run down my spine. My heart races, something that hasn't happened since I was 17 and took the National Mathematics exam. I don't know what's happening, what's so disturbing about this to cause me such affliction. After all, the only thing I can see is my own reflection. He faces me, unblinkingly, as if questioning my existence, as if perplexed at finding me there.

It's as unsettling as it is disappointing. I ponder a series of creative insults that I could hurl here and now and possibly vent my existential angst, but I'll keep quiet. My reflected image is like the siren of a Purge alarm, shrill and loud.

In some way, the house remains silent, a cruel and painful reminder of my own loneliness.

The mirror starts by whispering in my ear as if we shared a secret he would take to the grave, but his voice quickly rises and echoes through the whole house. His tone is piercing, just like a poisoned blade, exuding bitterness as if I were guilty of the mediocrity that my life has become. He judges all my choices, reminding me of all the opportunities I've wasted, the aspirations that have failed and the dreams abandoned in the desperate search for stability.



I could have retorted, I've never lacked vocabulary when it comes to imaginary arguments with non-existent enemies, but I didn't. Maybe it's the chilly night, maybe the overwhelming weight that oppresses me, maybe the feeling of impotence in front of a destiny that already seems set or a superior entity that enjoys itself at my expense. The silence prevails.

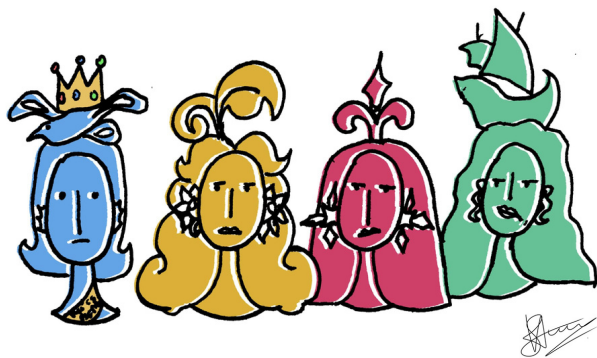
I dry my face with a towel in urgent need of a wash and leave the bathroom, switching off the light. I walk slowly to my bedroom. It's been a while since I stopped rushing to bed as if something was chasing me. I lie down, roll over on my side and watch the clock until it goes off. I've never liked mirrors.

# I hate you, blue line! But I know it's not your fault...

Author: Ricardo Cerdeira  
Editor: Inês Jordão  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

It was 7h53 in the morning and there I was sitting on the 764 Cidade Universitária bus (packed, of course), in one of the seats at the back, heading towards the terminal stop, which is in front of Aula Magna, but on the other side of the road. I was also stuck in traffic in Carnide, so the professor of my 8h00 class could wait for me to show up (assuming I'd arrive before 9h00, or even 9h30). There was only one thing on my mind: damning the metro line and whoever is responsible for its disruptions. Thus, a daily act. I hate the blue line!

In reality, I should be damning everything from the drivers to the traffic lights that were delaying my journey. But honestly, it's my fault. Usually, I go to the Benfica train station, but since the bus happened to pass by, I had the brilliant idea of catching it to the metro; which, in theory, sounds nice. However, that's not at all what happened. I don't know what I was thinking of catching a bus in Lisbon, in a residential area, near a train station, and during rush hour!



And that's exactly how this circus of a journey begins. As I got off the bus, I immediately went down the stairs, passed by the SLBenfica posters, walked to the end of the corridor, and reached the turnstiles. Oops! Hold up! The line is closed! There is no turnstile to swipe my card. The only alternative is the one bus that passes here, and goes where I need to go. So, there I go walking all the way through the corridor, passing by the SLBenfica posters, going up the stairs, and, this time, crossing the road. If this isn't the definition of "the faster you go, the slower you get", I don't know what is!

I hate it! I'm furious! I'm having a psychotic breakdown! What a ridiculous line! It has the longest waiting times because it has countless stations, it's where fake beggars always hang around - I don't know how people believe them, but homeless people don't wear those white Adidas sneakers that everyone has - and it's where there are more disruptions. I don't have time for these shenanigans! I have where to be and where to go during the day! Who jumped onto the tracks?! Tell me! Just saying "there are disruptions on the blue line" makes the Metro team seem ridiculously incompetent. Passengers will think it's some kind of malfunction. A malfunction every day, on the same line, in the same direction, and at the same time.

I don't remember much of the second bus journey - I was more concerned with listening to shuffled songs and dissociating myself from this reality and dimension in which I'm forced to live - but I remember that "the faster you go, the slower you get" also applies here. While the bus plays "green light, red light" in the middle of traffic, I realize that I'm in Carnide. In other words, the bus is going all the way around the parish just to eventually turn back and head to Sete Rios and Praça de Espanha! Is this some sightseeing bus? At least I discovered parts of the city that I didn't know existed. For example, I found out that the name "Colégio Militar/Luz" is a complete fraud. The Military College is neither there nor anywhere near!

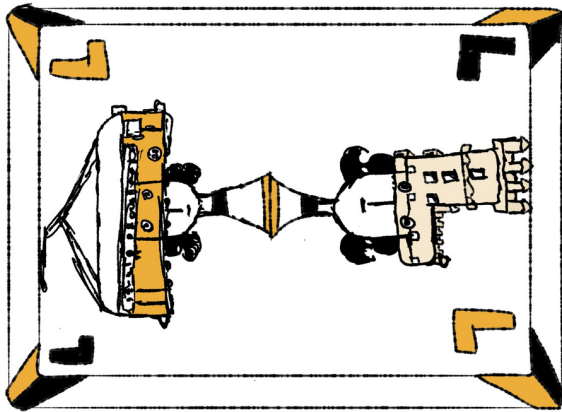
My class was at 8h00. I arrived at the faculty at 9h15 (I skipped), but I don't feel bad or upset. It wasn't me who missed the metro. It was the metro that missed me! And it wasn't my fault either because I can't predict the future. It was impossible for me to know that the line was closed before reaching the metro. This would have never happened, had I ignored the bus... Now, I'll wait for one of those souls to be charitable enough to send me the class notes.

## Two Weeks in Lisbon

On the passport, the stamp shows the date: September 9th of 2023; I wrote this text on September 25th of 2023, 16 days later. I've had foreign ground beneath my feet for two weeks now. Every once in a while I still get the directions wrong, the paths are not engraved in my mind yet. It's not easy to get out of my comfort zone. Without euphemisms, it sucks. But here I am, challenging myself.

My first impression of the city was: it really reminds me of Rio de Janeiro, but cleaner and, apparently, way safer. I notice the remarkable capacity of preserving the patrimony - I'm still not used to the different accent - and the way that everything seems to tell a story and I, as a good bookworm, am quite aware of the subtext.

My first weekend was as a tourist, wandering around the city from place to place, photographing beyond what my eyes could capture, feeling like I was on vacation and with a fulfilled dream. However, reality never awaits too long to strike us.



On Monday morning, I arrived at the university. The first message I read is from Sócrates, on the walls of the subway station: "*Não sou nem ateniense, nem grego, mas sim um cidadão do mundo.*" ["I am neither Athenian nor Greek, but rather a citizen of the world."]. And I felt embraced. In Brazil, I was rarely seen as a Brazilian, but as a Japanese or something alike. Just like I know in Japan, I wouldn't be seen as a citizen there. It comforts me to be a citizen of the world,

away from the in-between place that I've always been. I am not Brazilian, nor Japanese, nor Portuguese, but something beyond.

Going up the tunnel and seeing the university's dimensions, a wave of excitement hits me first, but also the first shock: What are the essential documents? Where will I live? How will I support myself? How many texts will I need to read for the next class?

As I learned later, these are also the questions of those who are already here. Real Estate speculation is not an exclusive plague in Portugal, but it especially afflicts the Iberian country. Low salaries and increasingly expensive leases and, as the Portuguese man in the hostel where I'm staying in says, "it will only get worse". I don't doubt these words, but I prefer to look at the brighter side of things, after all, I'm away from home, and if I let the negativity take hold of me, what will be left of me?

In two weeks, I already know the core of Lisbon, and Cidade Universitária is familiar to me. I have dreams that I want to conquer in short and long terms. There are tons of fears that weigh heavy on my back, but I take a deep breath and whisper, in a silent way, the most beautiful first verses written in any other language: "*Não sou nada. Nunca serei nada. Não posso querer ser nada. À parte isso, tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo.*" ["I am nothing. I will never be anything. I can't want to be anything. But aside from that, I have in me all the dreams of the world".]

When Álvaro de Campos wrote the verses of Tabacaria, he took an unnecessary weight of greatness from us. If we are nothing and cannot be, all that's left are our dreams and the desire to conquer them. That's what matters.

It's the first two weeks of, at least, two years. I'm very afraid of the future. But at the same time I feel motivated to take big swings, I feel that I'm in the right place and I daydream without forgetting to live life how it needs to be lived.

Life is made of many doubts, and only we can end them.

# Academic Agenda

Want to get involved in the academic spirit?  
In this Academic Agenda we introduce you to some events that will take place at the University of Lisbon, where you can participate for free.



## 'Chopin's prodigious poetic imagination'

The Concert 'Chopin's poetic imagination' with Jorge Moyano takes place on January 26, 2024, at 9:00 p.m. This concert is part of the Music program at the University of Lisbon.

Admission is free, limited to space crowding.

\*The Music at University concert agenda can be viewed online, subject to updates.

## International Congress I The Romance Languages in Medieval Latin Documentation

On January 18 and 19, 2024, the International Congress I The Romance languages in medieval Latin documentation, organized by the Center for Classical Studies will take place at the School of Arts and Humanities of the University of Lisbon, in the rooms B112.B, B112.E, B112.F.

\*More information is available on the FLUL website in the Agenda section.



## XXXI AFIRSE Portugal Colloquium | Learning, Diversity and Equity: Research in Education

From February 7 to 9, 2024, the XXXI AFIRSE Portugal Colloquium | Learning, Diversity and Equity: Research in Education will take place at the ULisboa Education Institute. A Investigação em Educação. Organized by AFIRSE Portugal, it aims to promote the debate and dissemination of scientific knowledge, produced in research in Education, about learning in its relationship with diversity and equity.



Here you can find events such as concerts, congresses and colloquiums on languages, diversity, literature, philosophy, among others. You can find more information about them in the “Schedule” section of the University of Lisbon and the School of Arts and Humanities websites.



### LOCUS Seminar: 'Hispanic Attraction and Betrayal of Mario Cesariny and Alberto de Lacerda'

The 37th LOCUS Group Research Seminar will take place on December 15th between 11:00 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. in room BI12.E. Entry is free.

\*More information is available on the FLUL website in the Agenda section.

### João Gonzalez: Short-Movie Display | NUCIVO FLUL

On January 22, 2024, a short film screening session by João Gonzalez, the first Portuguese director named to Academy Academy Award will take place in Amphitheater III. The event, organized by NUCIVO, will also have an open conversation with the director.

Please refer to the NUCIVO Facebook or Instagram profile (@nucivo\_flul) for more information about the program.



### Museums in the Transition to Democracy, 1974-1990

Framed in the 50-Year Celebrations of April 25th, 1974, the meeting aims to reflect on the experiences, memories, and stories of the first years of democracy in Portuguese museums. There will be lectures, testimonials, roundtables and oral communications (per submission).

The meeting will take place on March 14 and 15, 2024, at the National Museum of Natural History and Science.

\*Further information is available on ULisboa's website in the 'Congresses and Conferences' section.



## Ground and Lap

Author: Filipa Ribeiro  
Translator: Isis Perestelo  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

I lived an entire life  
Going from lap to lap  
I was offered to the world  
For display  
When I realized my freedom of movement  
I decided to jump from lap to lap  
As I wished  
From those I chose  
I was always threatened  
To be left abandoned,  
on the ground  
So, infuriated  
More and more I suspected  
Feeling restricted  
And aim targeted  
for a taller lap  
More carefully chosen  
With a better view  
more dazzling  
As I get queasy from the sway rhythm  
of that lap that does not belong to me  
I suffocate, trying to fly away  
as I hope my lungs will be okay  
I feel eternally fallen  
From a simulated Eden,  
Never been in the garden  
Heartbroken,  
beating silently  
Oh, what a prison!  
It's the lap or the ground  
All I wanted was legs  
Legs to walk.



### Exhibition "Moita Macedo Poeta Pintor"

The exhibit "Moita Macedo Poeta Pintor" is one of many initiatives that integrate ULisboa's 10-year celebration program. The opening of the exhibition took place on December 11, 2023 at 6:30 p.m. at the Dean's Office of the University of Lisbon.

The exhibition will run until February 16, 2024 and admission is free.

\*More information is available on the ULisboa website in the Agenda section.

## Instruction Manual

Author: Madalena Silva  
Translator: Mafalda Vale  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

Wash your ghosts on the delicate cycle,  
They've had more than enough struggle.  
If it is too blunt and it causes a tumble,  
They will burst just like a soap bubble.  
Please, wash your ghosts on the delicate cycle.

Make sure the cycle is on cold,  
They're not like you, they're not used to the heat.  
Like an old blanket,  
They shrink in defeat.  
Please, make sure the cycle is on cold.

Don't put your ghosts in the tumble dryer,  
They prefer to be hanged, like a bird in the wind.  
If they're folded properly,  
They look like they're glistening.  
Please, don't put your ghosts in the tumble dryer.

Wash them at least once a month,  
Because all ghosts want gentleness.  
They're incapable to haunt,  
If there's dust while they're trying to flaunt.  
Please, wash them at least once a month.

Not all your ghosts are evil,  
They need love and care, they're your equal.  
If they're treated fairly  
You'll never be cowed,  
For at any time  
You have your ghosts to rely on  
But if they're worn down  
They'd end up with a frown.  
And wouldn't you think  
That they'd be terribly wronged?  
Then just be aware that you have to  
Wash your ghosts on the delicate cycle.



# What the tale of the Gorilla Princess tells us

Author: Filipe Marçal  
Translator: Mariana Faísca

The tale "Os Pretendentes da Princesa Gorila" is a traditional African folklore story, which originated in West Africa and it is first told by Robert Hamil Nassau, a North American missionary. It's part of *Contos folclóricos Africanos Vol. 1*. The story takes place in the Njambi nation where the King, who is a gorilla, has a beautiful and delightful daughter that everyone wants to marry. Maybe this desire to wed the King's daughter is not only related to the Princess' beauty, but also to the status of being the daughter of King Njina. During the narrative, we are introduced to multiple characters of different species, which demonstrates the diversity of the African continent. Besides biodiversity, each character represents different people in our society. Even though we're all the same, in terms of being human beings, we're also very different and that's where our beauty relies: in the difference.

The tale introduces us to King Gorilla. He set a challenge to the tribes of his kingdom and whoever won could marry the Princess. The challenge was to drink an entire barrel of "new water." The Elephant Njâgu, the first candidate, was quite confident that he would win; however, it didn't happen. The defeat of the Elephant brought encouragement to the other competitors. Considering his characteristics, he would, supposedly, have an easier time winning. The Hippopotamus Nguwu, who was also full of confidence in his victory, was next. However, he was easily defeated too... Soon after, the wild boar Ngowa joined. He appeared more cautious, but also failed. Then followed the Leopard Njêgâ, quite smug and exhibitionist, mainly because of his physical beauty. However, it was of no use to him, as he too ended up defeated. Finally, we have Telinga, a small monkey who appeared shy but daring, causing shock to everyone. With all the losers who had much more favourable characteristics, no one would believe in the possible victory of a small monkey.

What no one counted on was the cleverness of this small animal that, with the help of his tribe, created a strategy: with each sip taken from the "water", Telinga would go out into the

woods. The trick was, given the similarities between the monkeys of the Tamarin Tribe, to switch between themselves so that it was always a different monkey drinking and no one would notice; so it was... The monkeys drank the whole barrel, and the Gorilla King announced the winner, Telinga. As Telinga was about to approach the Princess, he was attacked by the Leopard, along with the other defeated animals.

Terrified, Telinga fled into the woods and since then he and his tribe have lived in the treetops, afraid to return to the ground. Telinga's idea, which at first seemed good and effective, turned out to be costly. Despite coming out as the winner of this challenge, this whole event had its consequences, influencing the whole dynamic of life and the organisation of his tribe from then on. Even though he didn't do it out of malice, the "cheating" cost him, penalising what we call a "smart-ass" these days.

This tale is inspired by the arrival of rum to Africa and would thus be the so-called "new water." In local tradition, this "trickery" of Telinga and his tribe was the reason why the monkeys started living in the trees and not on the ground.

I'd say that this text can be related to our society, showing the different people and personalities personified by animals. We saw: an elephant and a hippopotamus, both cocky; a cautious wild boar; and an exhibitionist leopard. They all showed themselves to be selfish and envious, losing without accepting defeat and attacking the winner because they could not bear the happiness felt by others. I believe that if you asked Telinga, he would say that cheating wasn't worth it.

What can be taken from this story is that humbleness is the most important thing, even if our goal is not always achieved!

## On Cancel Culture

Author: Mafalda vale  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

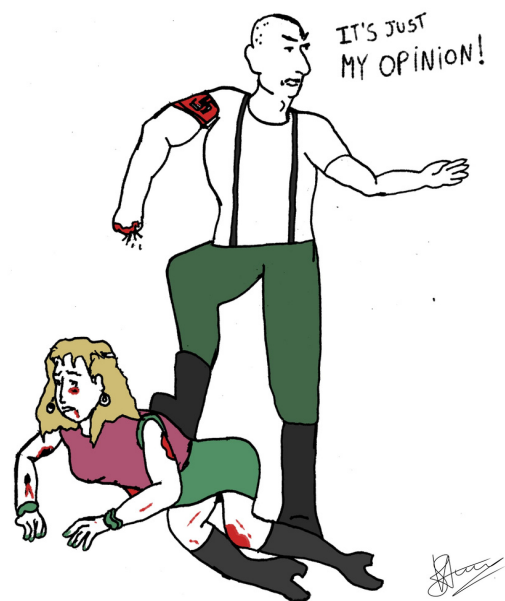
The debate about cancel culture has been a long and controversial one. Several arguments have been presented, both against and in favor of it. One of the main arguments is that it is ineffective, because, despite having emerged as an attempt to protect the “weakest,” it will always inevitably end up being used in favor of the “strongest”, due to the fact that we live in a liberal democracy. There is also the perspective that cancel culture is the “return of the spirit of religious wars” (1), because it consists of an attempt to make a certain way of thinking prevail over another; therefore, it must be countered and replaced by tolerance.

In my view, the first argument makes sense. Cancel culture arose as an attempt to remove the platform or notoriety to those who expressed a condemnable opinion, or one with which their audience simply did not agree. It could be applied to musicians, actors, comedians, celebrities, or, essentially, any personality with some kind of mediatic spotlight. Initially, it was thought to be an effective way to punish those who used their notoriety to spread oppressive ideas about marginalized groups. Those who were against these ideas “boycotted” them, refusing to consume their content, which (supposedly) led to a decrease in their social prominence and, consequently, to fewer people interacting with their ideas, which was the main goal. In theory, it was a mechanism with the potential to be used by anyone against anyone else, as long as they were present on the same platform.

However, this cancellation usually occurred in the context of social media, where there is an artificial feeling of equality. Since anyone can go viral, if they post something that generates a lot of interaction from other network users, and anyone can stop following others, there is a false idea that each individual has a concrete impact on another’s notoriety. But, in real life, things don’t work quite the same way. A person’s economic and political power offers them a kind of social shield, which makes it difficult for those who do not have it to cancel them and, in turn, makes it easier for them to cancel others. Their ideas will continue to have a platform and social prominence, as long as

the person continues to have economic and political power, and it is almost impossible for the average citizen to cancel them, or even have any impact on their notoriety. On the other hand, by withdrawing financial or political support from someone or something, that person can produce a much more effective and impactful cancellation. Therefore, in a liberal democracy, the culture of cancellation is, in fact, ineffective in its original purpose, since it can be - and it is - used by those who have more power against those who have less.

However, this acknowledgement does not lead me to the conclusion that we simply ought to be tolerant, “so that a variety of truths can peacefully coexist” (2).



In fact, religious wars started from the presupposition that God provided us with a set of true and unquestionable principles, to which we could have access through the church. Thus, there was a way to argue that those who disagreed with these principles were objectively wrong, because they were, supposedly, disagreeing with God, the bearer of absolute truth. At that time, this was a sufficient reason for the destruction of an entire community and their culture – it was believed that their cultures were objectively wrong, and therefore not acting on them would be immoral. However, with the decline

in the popularity of the Church and the increase of atheism, this argument no longer resulted, and there was no justification that transcended man to affirm that a certain belief was right or wrong. Increased skepticism, in turn, led to widespread relativism: with the absence of an aggregating entity through which we could access truth, people stopped believing it existed at all. The era of "I have my own truth, which is what works for me, and you have yours, and they are equally valid simply because they both exist" began. However, there is an important distinction that this form of relativism seems to evade: a variety of opinions can, indeed, exist - everyone has the freedom to believe what they want, regardless of whether or not they have a justification for doing so -; but the truth is, by definition, solely one, and this status is not dependent on the existence of a God. There is truth when there is a correspondence between what we believe and what is the case, in the real world. Between the two statements «The sky is blue» and «The sky is not blue», only one of them can be true, because the sky is either blue or not; which does not mean that there cannot be people believing both. But the sky cannot, itself, simultaneously be and not be blue. It is important to keep in mind that the world, although plural, is not contradictory, which means that truth cannot be either.

Thus, in the presence of intolerant perspectives towards minorities, or perspectives which are simply incorrect, I defend that the means to use to combat them is education. Most of these perspectives are the result of ignorance. If we actually want to get to the truth, we just need to consult the scientific evidence, adopt a rational stance, and use sound argumentation. For example, the idea that homosexuality is a mental disorder is easily refutable, if we look at what science has to say about it. The idea that a person should not exist just because we do not understand their existence ceases to make any sense from the moment we apply a little logic to it. Even without a God, it is not inevitable to fall into relativism. There is, indeed, a truth, and, actually, the means we have at our disposal to access it these days are much more robust than those used a few centuries ago. Therefore, in the face of oppressive speech, I do not think it makes sense to appeal to tolerance exclusively, especially because tolerating intolerance is a way to condone it, thus falling into contradiction. It is important to educate towards the truth.

Besides, "cancellation" does not provide an opportunity for people to grow with their mistakes. Of course, someone who is informed and continues, systematically and purposefully, to offend and oppress groups of people does not deserve infinite tolerance and forgiveness. However, there are people who incur in this type of speech without properly evil intentions, but only as a result of their ignorance. In these cases, their immediate cancellation does not bring anything positive, because it leaves them in their ignorance and takes away the possibility for them to redeem themselves. The very cause we want to defend does not benefit from the exclusion of a potential future ally, just because they have made mistakes in the past.

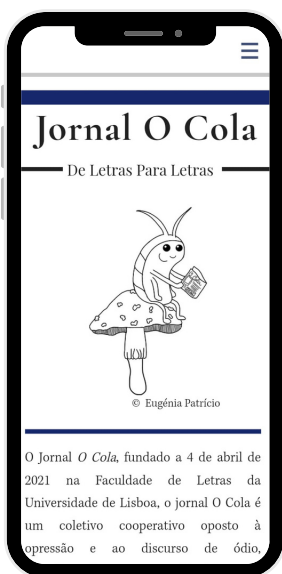
Thus, I defend that cancellation is not an effective way to combat oppressive and ignorant speech, although I also do not consider that the solution to it is passive tolerance. When hatred is a product of ignorance, we must try to make people see reason, through logical arguments and education.

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