

# Jornal O Cola

*From Humanities To Humanities*



## DESIGNER-BRAND COUTURE: AN ESSAY ON SCIENCE AND ART p. 09

“A shelter can be interpreted in Chalayan’s work as both the human body – a biological shelter – and the human psyche – a psychological shelter, where our memories reside. Those memories are intimately connected with the house we live in and our physical belongings. Therefore, if we are forced to leave such material structures, it is not only the body that feels endangered, the mind also feels displaced.”

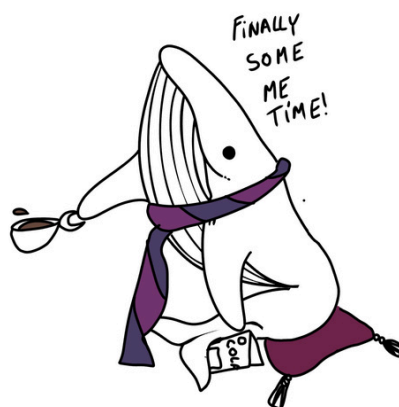
## ACADEMIC AGENDA



“The *Colores de México* exhibit (...) celebrates the rich Mexican popular art, characterised by indigenous, colonial and mestizo influences, and by the use of vibrant colors and cultural themes.”

## The Shift in Time Perception: A Critical Review p. 22

“In this article, the author focuses on the different forms of perception and understanding of time over the centuries, thus tracing the history of chronology. Through a text in which the content and form are in sync, seeing as the text itself is a chronological line, the author builds his argument so that the reader has a clear view of the temporal and chronological perception that different people have adopted throughout time and space.”



## The Whale p. 25

“Impulsively, I decided to delve deep into the water. Something in me, or some biological frenzy, forced me to dive, to approach that marine god on a sensory level, to listen to its vocalisations, to hear it call for someone, warn someone, maybe even call for me!”

# Top 5 Queer Spaces in Lisbon

## 1. FabuLez

FabuLez is a community created by queer women that aims to host fun, welcoming, and safe events for LGBTQI+ folks, including movie nights, open mic parties, drag shows — you name it! Whether you're coming with friends or looking to meet new like-minded people, this is the place for you.

## 2. Drama Bar Lisboa

This queer bar and cultural space located near Martim Moniz is the ideal spot for a fun night out with your friends! They organise all kinds of events, from queer cinema clubs and drag nights to musical parties to celebrate iconic queer musicians. It's guaranteed that you'll have a good time. And if that doesn't sound appealing enough, you can always simply grab a drink and a snack with your friends!

## 3. ILGA

It is impossible to make a list of queer spaces in Lisbon without mentioning ILGA. Established in the 90s, it is an association that supports LGBTQI+ people and hosts a variety of fun events, including poetry nights, dance parties, and more. Although its place (near Terreiro do Paço) is small, it's a great place to hang out and meet queer people of all ages and backgrounds.

## 4. Fable Lisboa

Established in April 2023, this café-bookstore in Príncipe Real is the perfect fusion of comfort and fun. Stop by to have a drink and a delicious meal with your friends, and don't forget to browse the amazing literary selection displayed downstairs. Plus, this vibrant spot hosts all types of events — from book clubs, pop-up parties, and writing hours to queer-only get-togethers. So, if you're searching for a welcoming place or simply find yourself close to it, make sure to stop by — you won't regret it!

## 5. Alma Veg

Are you looking for a new restaurant to share a meal with someone special? Well, look no further! Located right next to the Carcavelos Train Station, this small (yet memorable) spot is owned by a gay couple who create the most delicious vegan dishes, always served with a smile and a bit of lively chat. Not only is this the perfect place for a warm and hearty meal — thanks to the food, service, and comfort —, but it also welcomes your pets and sells merchandise, with profits going toward good causes.

## Dad

Author: Eva Torres  
Translation: Lourenço Ramos  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

I have yet to hear your voice again...  
That oh-so comforting sound  
which, although distant,  
always took me home  
in just an instant.

Take me to a summer afternoon,  
at grandma and grandpa's house,  
I am with you, but never alone.  
A kiss on the forehead,  
what a celebration,  
because you noticed I was there.  
even though I always am.

Today, on a grey day,  
driving down a cold road,  
I wish to stay out in the open  
to call you  
and, with you always complaining,  
you would pick me up  
and still I would not say what I felt.

I have you, but it is a lie.  
You pick up, but I didn't want you to  
Because all I wanted was  
that kiss on the forehead  
which, when I was younger,  
filled me with such joy,  
even if it was out of pity.



## Good Journey Memorial

Author: Gabriel Yukio Goto  
Translation: Joana Ferreira  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

In the maze of memory, I close my eyes to find what I mean to say, the journeys I have made alone, my pilgrimage in search of a God who can guide me. In the Chapel of Bones I found the fate of my personal purgatory, may our Lord of the Steps give me strength – the legs, the eyes, the heart – because my journey through the valley of the shadows will be eternal. When I was in Seville, on the banks of the Guadalquivir River, in an eternal dusk in which, disconnected from the world, I had only a notebook and a pen left. I wrote poems, haikus, and stared at the city lights' reflection in the water. If I had walked to the shore and entered the icy water from an always warm night in Andalusia, no one would have noticed it. The dozens of couples courting on the bank wouldn't have noticed me, like they didn't when I walked past them. Since I don't know how to swim, I would have ended my cycle with inexplicable peace. There are many dilemmas in life that we don't make the best use of, and that early morning, faced with this mortal dilemma, I chose to live. I can't say it was the best choice because, if I had made another one, it wouldn't really make a difference in my life or in the lives of others, nor would I care when nothing else was bothering me. When I go past the Tagus, sometimes I feel it is larger than the ocean that separates me from where I grew up, and the eternal trips through the pitch-black night swallow me like a sea monster. Everyday life is a beast that stalks us. The river, in its immensity, becomes the sea and challenges me to

become the man who, in my smallness, I am afraid to become. Every journey makes me stronger. As amazing as it may seem, the thought of dying relieves one's own will, as if it were a small dose designed to stop me. After all, no suffering is everlasting. On the streets of London, in the cold late winter night, walking seemed much easier because it was the only choice I had, and the city seemed much smaller compared to what it's like by day. I didn't feel alone, even though I was. There was a certain companionship in the cold wind that struck my face, whipped against the caresses of the crows that slept in the trees and against the foxes that sneaked between the parked cars. I don't know when or where the next trip will be. All I know is that the world is too big, and that's enough motivation to keep living. Writing is a consequence of being alive.



## Icarus

Author: Catarina Pereira  
Translator: Lourenço Ramos  
Illustrator: Nobre Bastos

Am I greater than Icarus?

Bold, strong, arrogant? I know I did not fly too close to the Sun when I looked at you and when I gazed upon your roasted chestnut-coloured eyes. Those eyes that looked back at me deep within. Those eyes that looked at me like a painting on display, holding on to every detail of my soul and my being, and tenderly hugged it.

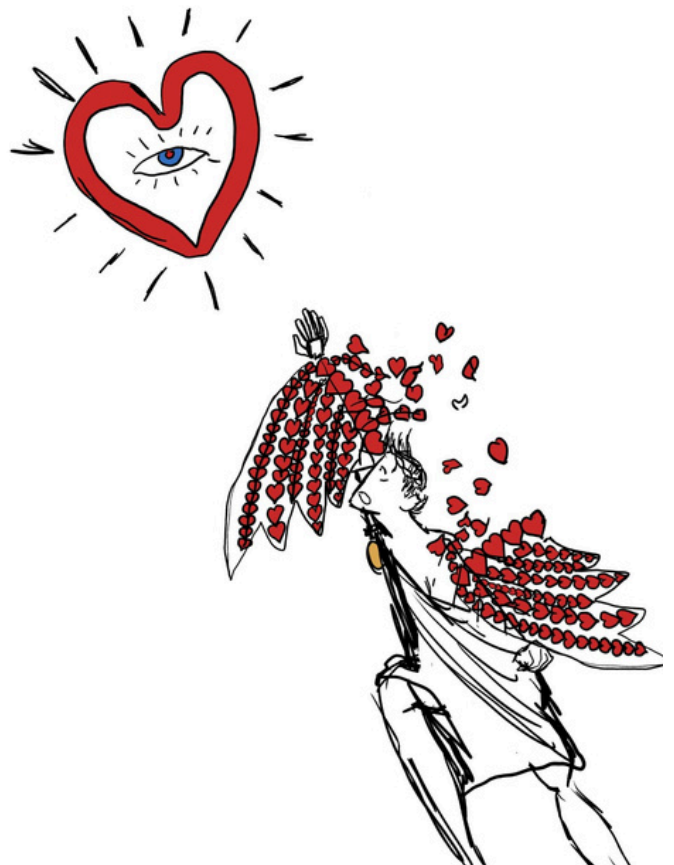
My wings burn at your scorching touch. Letting warm beeswax melt across my spine, burning it and turning it into raw flesh. I flail around, allowing my outstretched arms to struggle over the dissolving wings. The sharp pain covers my body, yet I still feel pleasure, as even with the burns and discomfort on my delicate skin, it is your touch I feel. Your intense and comforting touch.

You left me completely disarmed with your gentle words and sweet glances, seizing my verbal weapons and breaking them purely with your care and love, leaving me stunned by such sincerity. And I accepted it.

I accepted it so much that I embraced it. I embraced a never-before-felt devotion, along with a tenderness too sweet for me, yet I tasted and savoured it as if it were a pome.

You are too sweet for me. Too intense with your affection that frightens me, yet I cannot fight it, even if I wanted to.

Perhaps I am not greater than Icarus.  
Even with my arrogance, I flew to the Sun.  
And I fell into your arms.



## Girl in The Window

Author: Joana N. Rijo  
Translator: Maria Pires

The girl looked and smiled, didn't say nothing. The Moon touched her hair and she accepted the night's chilly breath without much effort. She was, like she always was, by the window looking at those who passed by. People absorbed the girl's sweet sensuality and responded with a smile full of eagerness. The night never feels cold to her. No matter how much frost falls, the girl's bed is always warm. In the end, she cries by the window, watches, and smiles at the next passerby. She has no strength to speak, but that doesn't bother her.

It's better this way.

Guests always stay longer when there's conversation.



### ULISSES Project - 5th Edition

Sign-ups for the 5th edition of the ULISSES project (University of Lisbon Interdisciplinary Studies on Sustainable Environment and Seas) are open until December 15th. This project offers students a unique opportunity to deepen their knowledge of ocean-related challenges, promoting innovative solutions for maritime and environmental sustainability. The programme is free, grants 6 ECTS and includes mobility within the scope of Erasmus+. Students from the EU and Erasmus+ partner countries can apply for scholarships at their home universities to cover mobility expenses. ULISSES offers the opportunity to collaborate with experts from different areas, explore innovative solutions and reinforce essential skills for global sustainability. Visit the project's official page or participate in information sessions on December 9th and 11th.

## Apego

Author: Márcia Banora  
Not translated at the author's request

Editor: Ricardo Cerdeira

Houve uma lágrima  
no adeus que hesitaste,  
no meio de alegrias  
que d'um abraço prezava.

Houve, e haverá,  
enquanto o tempo for,  
a eternidade da tua mágoa.

Ninguém perdoará  
a tua verdade,  
mas terei  
esperanças d'uma rotina  
onde a tua ausência  
será desprezada.

E, que de mudanças,  
regresses ao meu conforto inocente  
e me abrace com saudade...

### University of Lisbon Award 2023

Vítor Cardoso, world-renowned theoretical physicist and astrophysicist, has received the 2023 University of Lisbon Prize in recognition of his outstanding contribution to global science. Professor at Instituto Superior Técnico and Niels Bohr Institute at the University of Copenhagen, has founded, in 2022, the Center of Gravity in Denmark. It's received 8 million Euros in funding to explore theoretical and experimental questions relating to gravitation, focusing on black holes and the quantum aspects of gravity. Highlighted for his scientific leadership, Cardoso has obtained three grants from the European Research Council, including 2 million Euros for the study of black holes, in addition to 5.3 million from the Villum Fonden foundation in Denmark to advance research into quantum physics and gravitation.



## Thoughts Feelings

Author: Natacha Vieira  
Translation: Catarina Pereira  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

Being free and feeling free – I am the stem of the scale wanting to weigh on the right side... I feel free will; my puberty ended yesterday and today I reached freedom. I'm free, but the scale is broken. I am free, but I don't care about just being it: I need to feel it; be air, but weigh and swell '*thoughts feelings*'!

I seek to know myself and feel everything I am – self-understanding easily camouflaged with self-confidence for those who dare to look at lightning; common eye and bare of depths. We want to know about ourselves, to feel all we are. We seek intensity, and intense are our feelings. They will change the definition of the word because of us, eternal depth... Our eyes are trained and don't let it escape; we want to understand everything around us: Why every dream, every thought, every breath, and every pulse? We are everything and everything in between, and the chest beats strongly.

They changed the definition in the dictionary. Our blood pulses, our '*feelings thoughts*' will never know the goodbye. We feel it all! We understand and are like a grain of sand because the sea is still unknown; so different from us, fixed composition of infinite sand... Now yes, we are air and sand: light and even the lightning and bare eye captured our being turned inside out! We turn and tangle all the '*feelings thoughts*' in search of any explanation – why aren't we loved? We hit the same rock until all of ourselves get stuck on the hope-green moss of the sea... pierced.

Green-other-chances, someone gets out of the water! Is it someone to love me? It is us; inside out no longer exists, stuck in a net. It is us; infinite like a grain of sand, wet. And the chest beats hard when faced with the truth: after all, we are sea – vast, unknown, and constantly moving... Let's go to another beach! No one really loves us? Let's look for someone who wants to be loved, who accepts us heavy and swollen! I am unaware of infinite lightness and sand. Let's fix the scale!



# Designer-brand couture: an Essay on Science and Art

Author: Lúcia Ferreira Pereira  
Translation: Lúcia Ferreira  
Pereira

In contemporary times, many professionals in the fashion industry move from common fabrics and materials to technology and experimentation. This essay will explore the work of fashion brands *Chalayan* and *Anrealage*. Specifically, it analyses how their works expand the limits of clothes and fabrics, by incorporating architectural aspects, LED lights, technological elements and other techniques. The first collection to be analysed is titled “Afterwords” by Hussein Chalayan. Born in Cyprus, during times of conflict between the Turkish and Greek communities, and in an unstable environment, both socially and politically, the Chalayan family left their country when Hussein Chalayan was very young. His memories and experiences as a dual citizenship refugee (English and Cypriot) influence his work. The pieces chosen for analysis are furniture – a table and four chairs – which can be transformed into pieces of clothing and accessories. Pictures 1, 2 and 3 are photographs of the collection’s fashion show: the models take the chair’s coating off and wear it as dresses.

After that, the chairs themselves are transformed into old-school travel bags. But the piece which stands out the most is a central wooden table that can be transformed into a skirt via a system of circles that fit within each other. Chalayan seeks creating a practical way of taking one’s belongings, in a context where people are forced to evacuate their houses during times of war and conflict by wearing their belongings on their own body. A shelter can be interpreted in Chalayan’s work as both the human body – a biological shelter, – and the human psyche – a psychological shelter, where our memories reside. Those memories are intimately connected with the house we live in and our physical belongings. Therefore, if we are forced to leave such material structures, it is not only the body that feels endangered, but the mind that feels displaced.



[1] Chalayan. Ready-To-Wear Fall 2000. Vogue Runway.



[2] “Otherworldly Afterwords: Chalayan Fall 2000”. Ayerhs Magazine.



[3] Quinn, Bradley. “A Note: Hussein Chalayan, Fashion and Technology”, *Fashion Theory*, 6:4, 359-368, 27 de abril, 2015.

The designer transforms the stereotype of a refugee in his narrative, from a passive observer – a collateral victim of a political war – to someone who is given the opportunity to intervene and rescue their identity through their physical belongings. “Before Minus Now”, is the name of another collection by Chalayan, made in the year 2000, which also explores the future of clothing by making dresses that move by themselves through technology.

This project “evolved through a collaboration with a group of architectural engineers based in London” (Quinn, 2015). Picture 4 portrays the exact moment when the designer went up on stage during the fashion show and put a tube into one of the dresses. It then starts gaining volume, giving the impression that it’s lifting itself, creating a new silhouette. Following the collection’s theme: the forces of Nature, over which we have no control, Chalayan simulates autonomous movement through shifts in volume of air.



[4] Chalayan. Ready-To-Wear Spring 2000. Vogue Runway. [5] “Hussein Chalayan Timeline”. Wordpress. 24 de junho, 2015.

Moreover, pictures 6 and 7 show another one of the collection’s dresses. It is robotic, made of plastic and moves by itself through a remote system. During the fashion show, this dress opens and reveals a voluminous tulle dress underneath. Visually, this change creates a contrast between traditional dress textiles and the futuristic robotic textiles.



[6 & 7] “Interview Hussein Chalayan”. DesignBoom.

Later, in 2007, the same designer incorporated LED lights into clothing as well.

This different collection was made in collaboration with Swarovski, who accepted this challenge despite being mainly known for their jewelry. Picture 8, shows different dresses that represent distinct seasons. Once again, Chalayan innovates technologically, connecting tech with Nature’s themes, bridging fashion and science. The production process for these dresses requires long hours of handwork, connecting the small LED lights to the fabrics.

The second brand to be analysed is Anrealage, and it was founded by Kunihiro Morinaga. The name of the brand mixes the words “a real unreal age”. Morinaga expands the potential of textile production in Japan, with his focus being the usage of fabrics made in his country of origin. In 2015, the collection “Anrealage” showcased white dresses, which were layered with black fabrics of thick material with different patterns, and then exposed to a strong light. After a few minutes, the models took off the black fabrics and revealed “new” dresses, now with the negative of those patterns.



[8] “LED Dress by Hussein Chalayan in collaboration with Swarovski, wear spring 2015”. Vogue. Autumn/Winter 2007”. Youtube. 2012. [9] “ANREALAGE ready-to-wear spring 2015”. Vogue. Autumn/Winter 2007”. Youtube. 2012.

Textiles that changed to black when in contact with a specific type of light were utilised. However by choosing a pattern that simulates plants (Picture 9), an illusion where the pattern resembles a shadow occurs. Furthermore, the fabrics themselves can be used as accessories or even dresses.

In 2016, the collection “Reflect” was showcased. It contains several dresses, shoes and accessories of various colours that, when photographed with a flash, revealed coloured patterns not only on the photos, but also on the clothing itself. Picture 10 shows this effect displayed during the collection’s fashion show, held in complete darkness, as models are constantly illuminated by flashes – inviting the audience to take photos with flash of the new collection. New perspectives on the potential of fabrics and their engagement with their surroundings are created. For example, making clothes with specific fabrics for events with specific lighting.



[10] “ANREALAGE 2016 S/S COLLECTION -sound direction Ichiro Yamaguchi (サカナクション)” Youtube. FashionApp.com. 2010.

The concept of virtual reality is addressed in Anrealage’s collection “Silence”, in 2017. Black pieces of clothing with a geometric structure are put in front of tablets, where the clothes shift into videos of the sea with audio, but only on the tablet (Picture 11). The vision of one’s clothes through a screen reflects contemporary society and attracts an audience who uses social media, where they can share the experience of the fashion show, and, consequently, of these clothes.



[11] “ANREALAGE 2017 S/S COLLECTION “SILENCE””. Youtube. FashionApp.com. 2011

What will the future of fashion look like? Both Hussein Chalayan and Kunihiro Morinaga choose current themes about Nature, textile, and contemporary society in their work, reflecting upon them. They utilise innovative materials for their industry, expand the limits of what is seen as clothing, and collaborate with scientists and other specialists, creating interdisciplinary projects.

#### References:

1. Chalayan. Ready-To-Wear Fall 2000. Vogue Runway [.https://www.vogue.com/fashion-shows/fall-2000-ready-to-wear/chalayan](https://www.vogue.com/fashion-shows/fall-2000-ready-to-wear/chalayan)
2. Otherworldly Afterwords: Chalayan Fall 2000”. Ayerhs Magazine. <https://ayerhsmagazine.com/2021/08/22/otherworldly-after-words-chalayan-fall-2000/>
3. Quinn, Bradley. “A Note: Hussein Chalayan, Fashion and Technology”, Fashion Theory, 6:4, 359-368, 27 de abril, 2015.
4. Chalayan. Ready-To-Wear Spring 2000. Vogue Runway. <https://www.vogue.com/fashion-shows/spring-2000-ready-to-wear/chalayan/slideshow/collection#4>
5. “Hussein Chalayan Timeline”. Wordpress. 24 de junho, 2015. <https://husseinchalayantimeline.wordpress.com/2015/06/24/before-minus-now-2000-ss/>
6. “Interview Hussein Chalayan”. DesignBoom. <https://www.designboom.com/design/designboom-interview-hussein-chalayan/>
7. “LED Dress by Hussein Chalayan in collaboration with Swarovski, Autumn/Winter 2007”. Youtube. 2012. [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c0IyDWm\\_bSo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c0IyDWm_bSo)
8. “ANREALAGE ready-to-wear spring 2015”. Vogue. <https://www.vogue.com/fashion-shows/spring-2015-ready-to-wear/anrealage>
9. “ANREALAGE 2016 S/S COLLECTION -sound direction Ichiro Yamaguchi (サカナクション)” Youtube. FashionApp.com. 2010. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=461AeBosgdQ>
10. “ANREALAGE 2017 S/S COLLECTION “SILENCE””. Youtube. FashionApp.com. 2011. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7eaaN5ACQUM&t=436s>

It is not that my heart does not wish to forgive — it does. It is my mind that cannot let it. I guess the heart can easily be mended but not the mind, as it cannot forget.

Oblivion would have helped me forgive you. Your regret would have saved me from the coldness that was brought back inside. Now I ask why care to warm my body, my soul, just to let them freeze to death? This heart that was once cold, then knew fire, it knew flame. In it, it used to spring; now it only rains. October has arrived, at last, I write us farewell. I do not wish to say goodbye to a friend but I believe my heart won't melt.

For half a year I tried to rest myself, maybe I thought it'd help. Inside this dwelling place, out of yours completely, I see your face and all the things you've been. I realize winter will soon begin. Oh, and how I'd love to lay out in the snow and become one with it! Melt away once a new spring comes to warm me. Well, let me melt until I am nothing! Until you cannot see me or know me! Until I am reborn into a flower so poisonous it burns your sight, itches your skin, bleeds your nose so feverously you choke on its scent — addictive — and you swallow its bittersweetness.

But no, you should not worry. I will just be me, and you need not show me sympathy. For that should only be remorse, guilt, pity. I will lay here, you there, so far as the stars have written it so. I will not think of you, but you will think of me. I will not see you anywhere, but you shall see me in your tiles, hear me in your tunes, smell me in your linens, taste me in your kisses. I will have forgotten you while you'll still remember me.

I am now uncertain about the truth of something I believed in before. Oblivion might not have helped at all. I shall not be able to forgive you, but remember my heart ought to, the poor thing; it's my mind, my unkind, evil-natured mind, that won't ever let you win. Believe these words as you read them one by one and you shall never forget what we once were. As for me, with a new love, I shall burn, while you remain hostage of your own.

All these sound like the words of a song you could play; oh, but how they'd make your puny fingers break! No, you could never make a sound, for I know you only know pride.

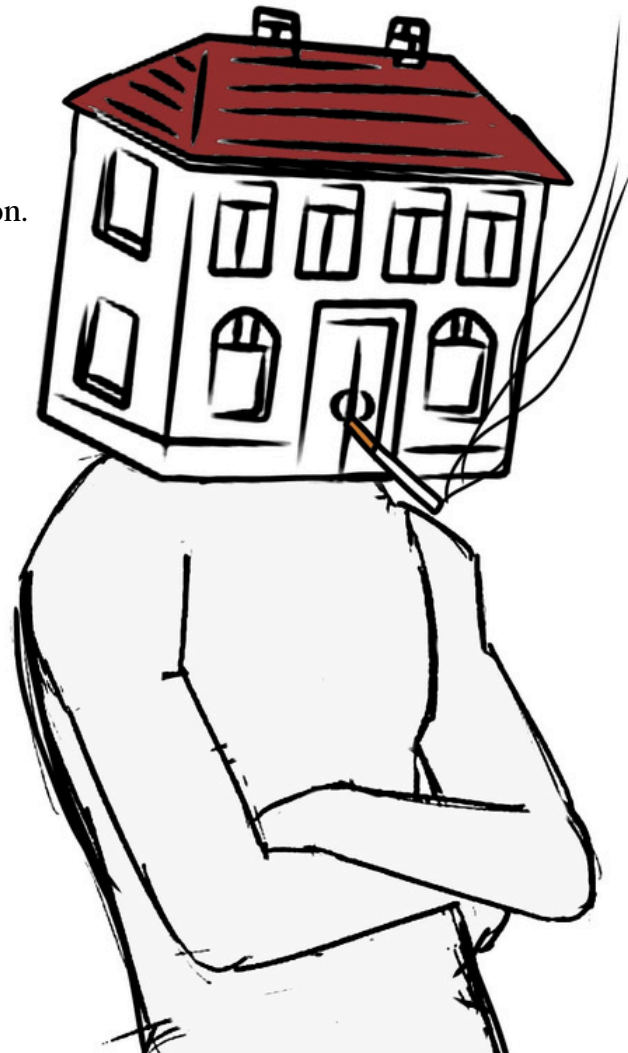
This is a song I wrote to you. Hear it carefully, then throw it in a pit! I beg you, make nothing else of it!

In the end, the very end, that is how Me and you shall live.

# I Have a Home and I Have No Place

Author: Diana Colaço  
Translation: Joana Ferreira  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

I have a home and I have no place.  
I belong to everything and to no one.  
I fly in my head and my feet are grounded.  
I release words and welcome them too.  
I'm from the earth and the sea,  
From fire and air.  
I ruminate when thinking and follow intuition.  
I hear in silence and listen in song.



## UNITE! Seed Fund

Unite! Seed Fund for Student Activities 2024 aims to finance projects in any extracurricular area or theme that brings added value to students and promotes collaboration. Joint activities such as exhibits, events, excursions, competitions, etc., at Metacampus can be proposed, in areas such as innovation, sport, career, languages, education, communication, dissemination or any other promising idea. With registrations open until December 15, 2024, this initiative offers up to 20,000 Euros per project, with a maximum duration of 18 months (from April 2025 to September 2026).



## Our Last Goodbye

Author: Ricardo Cerdeira  
Translation: Catarina Almeida

While I am here, heart heavy with the burden of our imminent parting, a complex mix of emotions engulfs me. A bittersweet pain runs through my veins, each heartbeat remembering me of what I am about to lose. You, my darling sweetheart, are more than a partner. In you, I see my indestructible anchor in these turbulent seas, my confidant in my moments of joy and sadness. And, without a doubt, the biggest and deepest of all my loves throughout these formative years. But now, while we are near our new beginnings, facing the rise of an uncertain future, I am face to face with the dreadful realization that I shall leave you behind. The ruthless reality of letting you go haunts my core and makes me fight with a pain I never felt before. However, even though every fibre of my being cries out in protest, I know I must leave you...

Every shared laugh echoes in my memory, a symphony of joy that I worry will fade away with time. Every glance from the other side of the room, full of unspoken words and unfulfilled promises, repeats in my mind like a treasured film. Every tender moment we lived, from the softest of touches to the most passionate embraces, seems forever engraved in the essence of my own being. The corridors we once walked hand in hand, our fingers intertwined and hearts beating as one, will soon echo with the haunting absence of our footsteps. The hideout where our first kiss once took place will remain frozen in time. It will stay a bittersweet monument of what was once the silent witness of the love that blossomed and now frees itself.

I don't want anything more than to cling to you with all my might, freeze this moment in time, and never let you go. My arms hurt in need to pull you close, to feel the familiar contour of your body against mine one last time. However, deep down, in a faraway place I am not even ready to recognize, I know our paths must diverge so we can truly grow. We shall separate to explore the vast world beyond our little existence and to become the people we are destined to be. I feel as if my heart is being torn vivaciously in two, a half desperately yearning to be by your side, clinging to the comfort and love we know. The other half, driven by ambition and the promise of the future, harshly pushing me to an uncertain path, a journey I must walk alone.

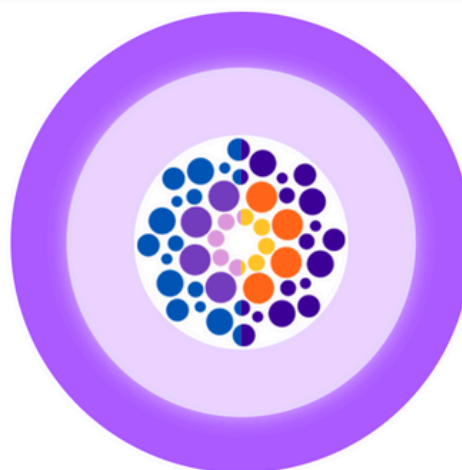
While we prepare to say our last goodbye, I try to learn by heart every detail of your face. I want to record in my memory the exact shade of your eyes. The curve of your smile. The way your forehead wrinkles when you are deep in thought. I try hard to grasp the melodious sound of your giggles, determined to keep it alive in my head for the lonely days that will come. I lean into your embrace, savouring the warmth of your body against mine. Trying to stamp the sensation of your arms around my very soul. These memories, these precious fragments of our time together, I will take with me as priceless treasures. They will be a constant reminder of the deep love we share and the remarkable person who played such a fundamental role in moulding who I am today.

Although the vast price of distance may soon separate us physically, I want you to know with absolute certainty that a significant part of my heart will belong to you, forever and ever. Our love story may be closing its current chapter, closing the book on our shared adolescence, but the impact you had on my life, the way you influenced my growth and my understanding of love, will resonate for eternity. The lessons we learnt together, the experiences we shared and the love we nurtured will continue to shape our futures, even if we walk separate roads. Goodbye, my darling sweetheart, my confidant, my best friend. May our futures be full of brightness, even if they take us in distant directions. Yet, in the deepest recesses of my heart, I can only hope that it will not be like that. I can't help but dream that someday, somehow, we'll meet again, back to each other, older, wiser, but still in love.

## Gulbenkian Institute for Molecular Medicine (GIMM)

On October 1st, it was announced the creation of the Gulbenkian Institute for Molecular Medicine (GIMM), the merge of the Gulbenkian Institute of Science (IGC) and the Institute of Molecular Medicine (iMM). With the support of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Lisbon (FMUL) and the ULS Santa Maria, it guarantees financial means and international collaborations. The integration GIMM-FMUL-ULS is essential as, at FMUL, are hosted postgraduate programmes, strengthened by investigation and medical practice at ULS.

Source: FMUL



## Not Worth Re-reading

Author: Ricardo Boura  
Translation: Catarina Pereira  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

A new book bought me,  
it exhibited a beautiful cover.  
It had such an interesting synopsis,  
I just wanted to get home and read it.

I open the book and come across with love,  
nothing more!  
Just love and a desire to achieve.  
Pages filled with words and illustrations  
so beautiful they made me fall in love with them.

By diving deeper into the plot, problems arise,  
indecision hidden by glances!  
Vague feelings passed for truths!

But it didn't matter!  
I loved that book and  
I just wanted to read it forever,

but he didn't want to be read...

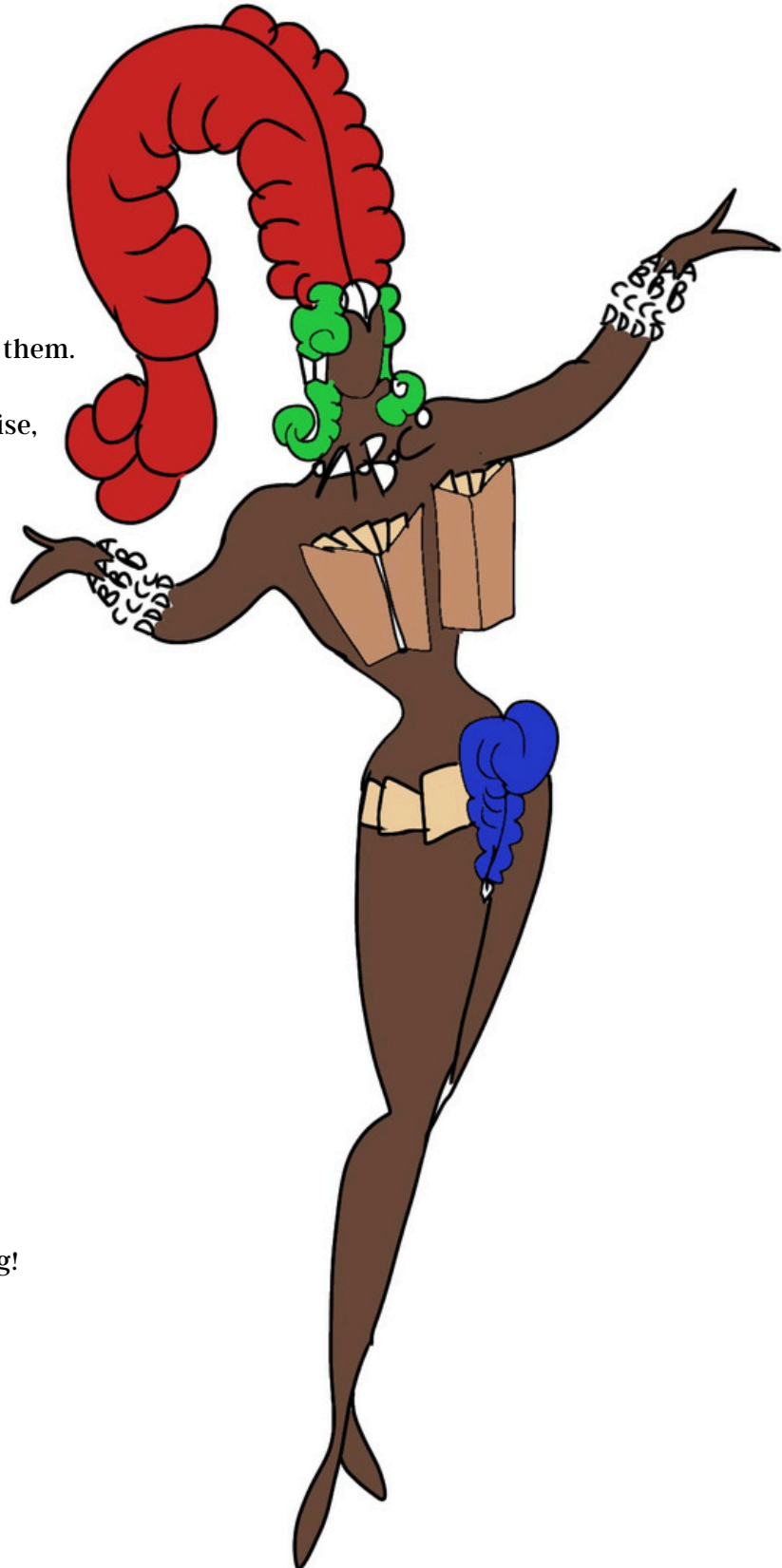
I reach the end.  
It was shorter than I thought.

The last chapter was marked by heartache.  
The words no longer meant the same and  
were said with disdain and  
no feeling or intent.

Such a striking book left me heartless.

And by finishing it, I realise that  
it's no longer worth reading.  
This book will always have the same ending!

It's you saying that you love me,  
even though I know you don't.



# Academic Agenda

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



## Music at ULisboa – 2024-2025 Season

The University of Lisbon has released the concert programme for the 2024-2025 season of the Music at University of Lisbon initiative, which will take place from November 2024 to March 2025. With free entry (subject to venue capacity), the cultural program aims to bring the ULisboa community and the general public to feel the music, presenting a set of diverse concerts. The show schedule can be checked online, such as on the Faculty of Humanities website.

## XXXII AFIRSE Portugal Colloquium

The XXXII AFIRSE Portugal Colloquium, with the theme Education, Participation and Democracy – Research Contributions, proposes to reflect on the fundamental role of education in sustaining democratic societies. By strengthening values such as freedom, equal opportunities, social participation and respect for diversity, education is an essential pillar for promoting citizenship and integral development. The event addresses issues such as the role of school in building democracy, the development of critical thinking and the appreciation of diversity and human rights. It also proposes a broad debate on the challenges of education in democratic societies. This event seeks to explore how education can contribute to equality, solidarity and peace, encouraging aligning practices.



## Colores de México

The Colores de México exhibit, from December 4th to January 8th in Lagoa Henriques Auditorium (FBAUL), celebrates the rich Mexican popular art, marked by indigenous, colonial and mestizo influences, and by the use of vibrant colors and cultural themes. The exhibit presents photos and physical examples of four emblematic pieces of Mexican popular art - alebrijes, creatures that symbolize creativity; the talavera poblana, traditional pottery from Puebla; the tree of life, a representation of the connection between man and the essence of existence; and La Catrina, the death figure created by José Guadalupe Posada, who reflects Mexican view of death.

Here you can find events such as concerts, congresses and colloquia of academic interest, as well as events of an intellectual nature and with a social impact. You can find more information about them in the 'Agenda' section of the University of Lisbon and the School of Arts and Humanities websites.



## Archaeology Stinks?

On December 11th, at 5pm, in Classroom B112.C (Library building) of the Faculty of Humanities of the University of Lisbon, Rose Malik, PhD candidate in Archeology at the University of Durham, will present the lecture "Archaeology Stinks? Finding ancient molecular olfactory evidence in archaeological material remains using Headspace analysis". The event explores an innovative approach to archaeology, centered on the recovery and study of ancient smells, broadening the focus to the sensory dimensions of human experience in the past. Entry is free.

## InShadow - Lisbon Screendance Festival

Sam Asaert's photographic exhibition Discernible Beauty explores the relationship between the female body, the performing arts and capitalist visual communication, through references to religious iconography, classical painting and advertising. Using commercial photography techniques, the series questions imposed aesthetic standards. In the video-dance installation InShadow, several artists bring together dance, performance and cinema, proposing a cine-choreographic reflection focusing on innovation, technology and intercultural dialogue.

Venue: School of Fine Arts, ULisboa



## Lights, People, Then...Shadows!

José Amado Martins' exhibition delves into the relationship between light and shadow, portraying figures crossing streets and urban spaces. Light, more than a visual element, becomes a symbol and a narrative, revealing shapes and contours. The shadows, silent and enigmatic, challenge perception and reflect the transience of life, symbolising the weight of the unknown that we carry, even when we are illuminated.



## Indecision

Author: Ricardo Boura  
Translation: Maria Pires  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

Perhaps with you I lived genuine love,  
perhaps with you I experienced true pain,  
and I dread your return,  
for you drained the canvas of my life of colour

To risk it all for love is a beautiful thing to behold,  
that is, for those who don't know what they're saying,  
for love is a terrible feeling to live with.  
In the end, it always decays away,  
and the romantics can only suffer.

With an open hand, I gave you my passion.  
The story we created was well-lived,  
but, as it seems, it was only an illusion.  
Merely delaying your departure...

And after all, I ask myself: what is love?  
Is it a connection? A feeling so strong it makes the heart beat?

Perhaps not...

Is it a desire? A constant longing sparked by a kiss?  
I don't know.  
Of love I spoke, of us I spoke.

Naive was I to have loved  
such a figure who never loved anyone.



## Remembrances of Her

Author: Carson  
Editor: Catarina Casal

I sit on the bench - it's where I've been coming every day since the news of her passing reached me. Its surface, once as smooth and white as the salt from the Aegean Sea, is now worn, rough and dirty in places. I switch between studying her side of the seat and the olive trees, noticing their bark, now frayed by the centuries, to the couples that sit behind it, each on their benches. Finally, I get up and pick some flowers and then, sitting down, begin my work. I had gotten into the habit of weaving garlands of plants as a child, and, as time went on, could even do so without paying it any mind. She loved to watch me work, to see my fingers quickly interlacing the season's blossoms — her favourites being the violets and roses that arrived in spring — having even written about it in her poetry. Sometimes, she would even compare me to Arachne — the woman transformed into a spider by Athena for nothing other than her pure talent — and, out of fear of the gods, I would quickly hush her in between giggles. The same gods I used to fear are now the ones I curse for taking her from me so soon. But I never actually stopped her from saying such things, feeling that the simple sound of her laughter would be worth any divine punishment that could be sent my way. How foolish I was, having not considered that the worst punishment of all would be me being robbed of her presence, of the sound of her voice.

Eventually, Alekos arrives, breaking me out of my trance by sitting next to me, on her old spot. I asked him to come because I knew I could trust him, perhaps because I have a lingering feeling that he is the same as me. I wonder if it is because I want to confess, or simply because I need to talk about it — about her — with someone. I like to think it's my last act of love to her: to not hide anymore. She would have been happy, she would have been proud. Still, I'm not sure what to say or how to say it, but I decide to start speaking anyway.

"This is where we met, me and her I mean. She used to come here every day to write,

and I to weave. Somehow, we only actually came across each other months after we both started coming to this courtyard, when we sat on the same bench — the very bench we're on now."

I pause to see his reaction, but he is only looking at me, listening intently. I take it as a sign for me to continue:

"She asked me what I was weaving, and I couldn't answer her directly. I think it was because she was the first to pay any attention to what I did and to be interested in my work. That's one of the reasons I fell in love with her: she always paid attention to others, always made them feel seen and important. I asked her what she was writing, and she showed me, telling me she was a poetess. I must have made an amusing face while reading it, because, when I finally looked up, she was laughing." I look down at the garland of flowers resting on my lap, now finished, smiling at the memory. "After that, we met in this very spot every day, and then started visiting other places on the island — the markets, the libraries, the sea. She showed me her poems, many of them about me. She made me feel loved."

I stop for a moment to collect my thoughts. Then, not daring to speak louder, I utter:

"But then her work got burned, leaving only fragments behind. I think we both knew it was coming, it was too daring for them, for this age. I don't think I had ever seen someone so devastated in my life, but, nevertheless, she continued working." I sigh, regretting not having been more like her — brave enough to show it, to be fully in the moment, to not hide. That was one of the things I admired about her: her perseverance, her fearlessness. How could someone be so brave and cutting, yet so gentle? I wish I could ask her. Perhaps she would have taught me. Perhaps she would have laughed. Then, I continue: "Sometimes it feels like, now that she's gone, people understand it less. They understand us less... They keep telling me that I need to continue on with my life, like she never even existed, berating me for my reaction to it all. But how

could I tell them that, even in death, every cell, every molecule of my very own being calls out to her still?”

“They say she died willingly, but I should know to think otherwise”, I pause, gathering my thoughts. The sun is setting, giving the pavement a yellowish colour. I look beyond the couples (most of them having left already) and to the fresco at the other side of the courtyard, admiring its beauty, even now in its decay — chapped, colourless and fading slowly, slowly... Then, breaking out of my trance, I continue: “Or perhaps she did, but at least that would not be the whole truth”.

“So what do you think happened?”

“What always happens”, I utter, looking at him. Surprisingly, he understands what I mean. I’m thankful he does. I don’t think I would be capable of saying it out loud, even after all this time. I think I always knew something like this would happen, that her work could lead to this, but I could not, would not, stop her from doing what she loved. I just didn’t think it would happen so soon.

He doesn’t speak for some time, and neither do I, basking in the silence. It’s comfortable, it’s safe. I wonder what he’s thinking, but decide to wait for him to be the one to speak first. Then, suddenly, he clears his throat and, softly, but still not looking at me, starts:

“I think I’ve always known... or at least suspected”, he says. Weirdly, this doesn’t affect me, not anymore. After a while, he looks up from his feet to my face, only now noticing its pale colour and sunken features — whether a proof of time or something deeper — my inconceivable loss perhaps, he cannot say. Then, breaking the silence, he asks:

“You know, you never told me her real name.”

I pause. Finally, looking at him with a smile and a newfound softness, similar to the one I felt when with her, I whisper:

“Σαπφώ Sapphṓ, her name was Sappho”.

## First Mental Health and Wellbeing Meeting at UL

The University of Lisbon held the 1st Mental Health and Wellbeing Meeting on November 14th 2024, launching the Mental Health Promotion Program in Higher Education. At the event, at the Rectory of ULisboa, and opened by Rector Luís Ferreira, experts and academic leaders participated in lectures and round table talks, with the presence of Ana Lóio (President of the Pedagogical Council of the Faculty of Humanities). At the final round table talk, moderated by Filipa Santos (President of ANEP), student leaders shared perspectives on university well-being. The event launched a mental health resource platform available at [saudebemestar.ulisboa.pt](http://saudebemestar.ulisboa.pt).



# The Shift in Time Perception: A Critical Review

Author: Mariana Monteiro  
Translation: Lourenço  
Ramos

This text was written within the scope of the Renaissance Culture course, and I thought that sharing it with the readers of O Cola would be of interest. The following text is a critical review of the article *Dating History: The Renaissance & the Reformation of Chronology*, by Anthony Grafton, published in the magazine *Daedalus*, in their Spring edition, volume 132, No. 2, spanning from page 74 to page 85, published by MIT Press on behalf of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In this article, the author focuses on the different forms of perception and understanding of time over the centuries, thus tracing the history of chronology. Through a text in which the content and form are in sync, seeing as the text itself is a chronological line, the author builds his argument so that the reader has a clear view of the temporal and chronological perception that different people have adopted throughout time and space.

In the text, the author compares the “two eyes of history,” such as Jean Bodin and many other Renaissance thinkers who considered geography and chronology. By consistently establishing a comparison between space, via the study of geography, and time, via the study of chronology, the author lays a consensus premise for his proposal – during the Renaissance there were geographical discoveries that European culture had never witnessed before. It was not only the perception of space that radically shifted, but also the understanding of time.

In fact, by starting the text referring to the maritime discoveries of the Renaissance era, the author develops his arguments based on one of the greatest pillars of this period: there was an immense progress in

geographic knowledge and how the unknown was perceived. The author completes this geographical reference by mentioning the discoveries of Diogo Cão, adding a chronological reference and mentioning the way he and his men decided to date the monument erected in celebration of his achievement. He then establishes that the way in which Renaissance Men measured time, and the way in which they dated events, was quite traditional (although it followed the classical form, as was the rule at the time), old-fashioned and contrasted with scientific innovations and geographical discoveries. Anthony Grafton uses geographic discoveries to justify the need to evolve chronology as a discipline, thus evoking the grand chronological reference at the time – the Bible. When it came to European knowledge that there were more lands and people than those described within the Bible, its credibility as an unquestionable geographical and chronological entity was challenged. Finding further references that clarified the geographic and chronological order of the world that the Bible failed to clarify was necessary. Therefore, in the case of chronology, and as it had already been done during Classical Antiquity, scholars resorted to a multidisciplinary intersection (using disciplines such as astronomy) in order to chronologically organise the world's events in a more complete manner. This is where Grafton starts to trace the history of chronology, and where one of the most curious aspects of the text becomes visible: the organisation and structure he sets is itself a chronological line, demonstrating the importance of chronology and of the vision of time throughout the centuries.

The author's analysis spans from the Renaissance, with the invention of watches, and how this gave the passage of time a more real, present and paradoxically palpable sensation (rather than time passing in centuries or decades, it would pass in minutes), to Ancient Rome and Greece. And so the text ends, in a circle of sorts, referring to how Joseph Justus Scaliger, one of the most important thinkers of the Renaissance (responsible for revolutionising chronology as a discipline, by systematising it), based his study on Eusebius of Caesarea's interpretation, who was considered the father of Church History (although many consider that, by trying to understand his work, Scaliger ended up ruining it), and lived during a late period of Ancient Rome.

It is also important to understand what the ancients understood as chronology and why they considered its study pertinent. The author contextualises that the importance that ancients attributed to chronology is significantly different compared to the one attributed nowadays, mentioning that most modern scholars do not understand why a scholar as bright as Scaliger would dedicate his time to a discipline considered so irrelevant today, perhaps due to how accessible it is. Anthony Grafton comments on this, stating that, nowadays, when we look for the date of an event, we do not dwell on knowing how this information was obtained. However, our predecessors considered chronology a serious matter: due to religious reasons, people such as the Romans, since the time of Julius Caesar and Augustus, believed that, by correctly tracing a chronological line of events, they would be able to predict when the Empire would fall, looking back to the past as a way to chart the future.

However, several questions may be raised concerning the authenticity of the past in question, seeing as chronology was used as a political weapon and historical revisionism: naturally, and as the text states, chronology was not seen as something watertight or straightforward, allowing for various interpretations depending on religion, nationality, and for more or less personal reasons. Throughout the text, there are several reports of this kind of tampering, such as when, during Renaissance Age, attempts to forge evidence that Pope Alexander VI or Emperor Maximiliano I could trace their family tree to the emperors of ancient Egypt were made. Similarly, Roman authors organised events in a way which showed that Roman dominance was on the divine plane, often reiterating statements while events were taking place, waiting for the success of their rulers in certain battles before being able to acclaim them for their victories in the divine plan.

In short, the author used a basilar pillar of the Renaissance to propose that this age not only served to radically change the way our predecessors thought about space, but also time, taking it for something much more present, and made use of several other sources, such as Astronomy, to bridge failures that the Bible, which until then was the chronological authority, failed to bridge. In a text built so that the content and form would come together, the author devised a chronological line, showing how, in the Renaissance, the entire organisation of the world, whether geographical or chronological, saw a radical shift that is still visible to this day.

## 5 Days Apart

Author: Margarida Henriques Martins  
Translation: Maria Pires  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos



Everything I feel, I feel overwhelmingly, and it couldn't be any other way, only then is it truly true.

With you, I, natural of ambiguity, find exactness, consensus, and plenitude in the chaos of our turbulence.

To accept that the only exactitude is the abstractness of love.

I only believe in us for our compatible incompatibility and the incompatible compatibility.  
Your cigarette, my lighter.

It enrages me to know that our path was severed by the cold, the mind, and not by the warmth of the heart. I avidly search and know that we could have been everything or could still be?

Your fear that makes you recoil and my diving without seeing the rocks of the Cape of Good Hope, that we could never cross. You are the seven-year curse of which I dream of getting rid of, but that I don't want to let go of. However, at times, the ache I feel after that so-called end reminds me that this ache is stronger than what we ever had. You slipped through my fingers when neither of us wanted it.

Can we be mended? Were we torn or unstitched from the artery that connects our hearts?

## The Whale

Author: Alexandra Guțu  
Translation: Lourenço Ramos  
Illustration: Nobre Bastos

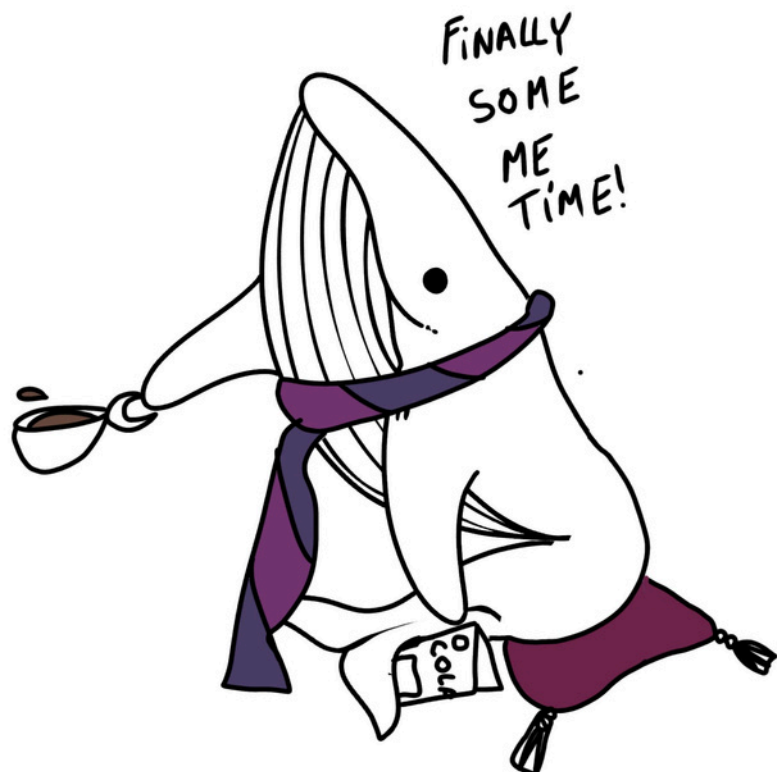
Yesterday I dreamt of a whale. I was out at sea, not too far from a white-sand beach. Sitting on a surfboard, unable to see the sand at my feet, I was surrounded by the ocean. Not that far from me I spotted a whale, neither too big nor too small. It appeared to come my way. I was not completely alone. That majestic being was slowly approaching me. I wondered if I ever had any reason to fear the great whale. The colossal being of this world. I recall seeing it in movies. Perhaps what I feared the most were its thin, sharp teeth. A being understood and evaluated by its size.

Even so, I felt serene. I understood the animal as an obstacle of sorts who, nevertheless, would not attack me. A sublime animal whose splendour I was unable to underestimate. Although it was not fear, panic took over me. After all, how could I know what would happen?

Impulsively, I decided to delve deep into the water. Something in me, or some biological frenzy, forced me to dive, to approach that marine god on a sensory level, to listen to its vocalisations, to hear it call for someone, warn someone, maybe even call for me! Although I was there alone, surrounded by the animal, its voice embraced me with complete tranquillity. I let myself be taken by the ocean's current in a fetal position, as if it were where I came from, and where I remained and lingered until my last breath. At that moment, that place was mine, and it was where I belonged. A lifetime searching for a place of my own, a place where I would find myself, and it was there, next to that whale, that I found myself, that I found

the world. With its low-pitched, warm screams, in that cold sea, the whale seemed to tell me it would protect me. I let the whale embrace me as if it were a gentle hug; it would surround me, spin me around, and I would breathe the same particles as it did. The whale and I were one. At that moment, it was as if everything in life was possible, and all my primal instincts were correct, and all obstacles could be overcome.

The whale was everything I needed: heat in the coldest place, direction on a road with countless exits, air completely covering my lungs. At that moment, I was finally able to breathe. In that place, I finally found myself. Since then, I let the whale guide me, I trust it and it trusts me. At that moment, I finally found my direction.



## Writinghurting

Author: Gabriel Vukio Goto  
Translation: Bárbara Emidio

Do you write?

Yeah — I answer — a little lost.

I have been less of a poet than a man for a long time

And more and more a man whose dreams get confused.

I no longer think about writing as I breathed before

As much as it's the only thing I know how to do. It's so frustrating

Like when you breathe and your chest hurts...

Today, writing, for me, is breathing with my chest hurting.

This pain that atrophies my fingers and mists my mind,

There is nothing else I think about or need to say...

Even so, I still write some rubbish here and there. An old dogtrained for the same tricks!

A suicidal moth that flies towards the light!

I write, but at what cost? For what purpose?

In the hopes that this pain in my chest will go away someday.

In a dark room, the open window allows light to raid it.

I awake, urging to write, to finish poems,

To keep record of nightmares, create stories and then abandon them!

Writing is like my chest hurting, with such pain mutilating

Verse by verse my punished soul, I must believe

That what poisons me also heals me.

Only those who seek their own madness are mad.



### Faculty of Sciences discovers new way to transform CO<sub>2</sub> into CO

The Chemistry and Biochemistry department, in partnership with national and international institutions, such as FCT NOVA, discovered a never-seen molecule capable of transforming carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>) into carbon monoxide (CO) and water, using sunlight as an energy source. The research, published in *Inorganic Chemistry*, demonstrates the potential of the triethanolamine-activated rhenium (Re(I)) compound for sustainable conversions, reducing the industrial carbon footprint and enabling the clean production of fuels and chemicals. The next step is to adapt the process industries, aiming to greatly contribute to the reduction of carbon emissions and the transition to a greener economy.

Source: FCUL

## FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA

Follow your newspaper on social media, so you can keep up with our activities! We're on *Instagram*, *X* and *Facebook*.



## VISIT OUR WEBSITE

Would you like to access our weekly publications and digital issues? Access our website via the linktree on our *Instagram*, or at [www.jornalocola.com](http://www.jornalocola.com)

## JOIN US FOR OUR NEXT ISSUES

The newspaper *O Cola* is a project from Humanities to Humanities, and we would be delighted if you were part of it. If you want your articles to be published or illustrated in our next issue, read our Terms of Submission (available on our website) and e-mail us at [jornalocola@gmail.com](mailto:jornalocola@gmail.com)



*Associação de Estudantes / FLUL*  
*@aeflul*  
*www.aeflul.pt*

*Want to know more about O Cola? Check our socials!*

 *@jornalocola*

 *@jornalocola*

 *jornalocola@gmail.com*

***WWW.JORNALOCOLA.COM***