

COLA

FROM HUMANITIES TO HUMANITIES



ACADEMIC *Agenda*



March 24 | 1:30 PM
Meeting at the FLUL entrance to go together to the National Student Day Protest

The Rock Is Alive — “Getting Killed”, Geese

Hailing from Brooklyn, New York, Geese are the fiftieth band of the 21st century to be accompanied by the now-archaic prophecy that they represent some kind of rock revival. Now Rock never died — but that isn't the point, and it's a statement to be examined another time. If every five years we must proclaim that “rock is alive after all!” for the public to redirect its attention toward the genre, so be it.

It's not weakness, it's health: the urgency of caring for young people's mental health

Nowadays, there is a sense that everything must be done in a rush and that a perfect life is achievable only through constant effort — an idea strongly fed by social media. The truth is that this is just one of the many factors contributing to young people's psychological exhaustion.

Opening Note

Hello, good morning, good afternoon, and good evening, flulers and community!

With the arrival of spring, we present the 18th, and second-to-last edition of this 2025/2026 academic year. This is a very special edition for the entire team, as we proudly celebrate the 5th anniversary of this incredible project that means so much to the FLUL community. With care and dedication, we continue to bring to life our “baratinha” journalist Cola, a symbol of the creative and critical spirit that unites us.

In this edition, we bring a particularly important feature for the students of our faculty. Its main goal is to help readers better understand the praxe traditions of FLUL and the reality surrounding them, contributing to a more informed and conscious perspective that is less shaped by prejudice.

Just as the academic attire symbolizes, where everyone is equal, we also believe in a university space where everyone is respected, regardless of origin, economic background, nationality, life path, gender, sexual orientation, or political beliefs. The university thus becomes a meeting place for different stories, cultures, and experiences, where bonds are built and people grow together.

From our position as the Board, this was a topic we had long wished to see covered in the newspaper. We felt it was important to highlight it, encourage dialogue, and, above all, give a voice to those who live this reality, allowing the FLUL community to understand it in a closer and more authentic way.

Throughout the preparation of this edition, we experienced a process of great learning and sharing, marked by moments of reflection and emotion. We hold deep appreciation for everyone who contributed to this project and extend our sincere thanks for the trust and availability they showed.

We hope this edition contributes to a more informed, aware, and dialogue-oriented student community.

Student participation continues to be essential in the defense of a fairer and more accessible Higher Education system. This week, on March 24, we mark National Student Day, a date where students from north to south of the country will take to the streets for a public, free, democratic, and high-quality education. In Lisboa, the National Protest begins at 2:30 PM at Rossio, and FLUL students will gather at 1:30 PM at the faculty entrance, together with the Associação de Estudantes da Faculdade de Letras da Universidade de Lisboa, before heading to the protest. Because being a student also means making our voice heard: our tradition is to fight.

In this edition, you will also find poetry, reviews, essays, and important information for students, including academic events and the traditional Queima das Fitas celebrations, as well as a university sports feature with the match schedules of the teams representing FLUL, reflecting the diversity of interests and initiatives present throughout the edition.

We hope you feel, on every page, the dedication and care we put into creating this edition. And don't forget: with the arrival of daylight saving time, set your clocks forward and make the most of the longer days.

The Directors of O Cola,
Laura Prezzi e Margarida Henriques



WEBSITES AND APPS FOR STUDENTS

Author: Carson
Edited by: Rita Costa

1 STUDYSTREAM

This app is ideal for people who work better when in the company of others (“study buddies”). By creating an account, you can join a group call with people from all over the world, and talk to each other via chat.

2 STUDY STACK

This website allows you to create your own flashcards for free. Although it is not a recent platform, it remains one of the best online tools for practising active recall, which helps improve study results.

3 TODEWY

This mobile phone app is perfect for completing tasks: you simply create a prompt or a “to do”, define its deadline and, when finished, take a photo of it. Plus, you can see what other people from around the world have accomplished and chat with them!

4 MY STUDY LIFE

Despite its similarity to Notion, this app focuses solely on helping students organise their studies by offering a calendar, different pages for each class, a study timer, a task manager, and many other helpful tools. Even though some additional features require a subscription, the free version is sufficient to deliver amazing results.

5 GRAMMARLY

This app, available for both mobile and computers, is one of the most effective tools available when writing essays. Not only does it correct your grammar mistakes, but it also suggests better ways of phrasing certain parts of your text.

Sports CALENDAR



AEUE X **AEFLUL**



24/03 Estádio de Honra **21:00**



AEFLUL X **AFA**



25/03 Pavilhão 1 **21:45**



AEISPA X **AEFLUL**



26/03 Pav 2 - Campo 1 **20:00**



AEFLUL X **ENAVAl**



14/04 Pav 2 - Campo 1 **20:00**



AADUCP X **AEFLUL**



16/04 Estádio de Honra **21:00**



AEIST B X **AEFLUL**



23/04 Pavilhão 1 **21:45**

“DURA PRAXIS, SED PRAXIS”: AN INSIDE LOOK AT FLUL’S PRAXE

Journalism Team:

Barbara Emídio, Beatriz Brito, Joana Coelho, Laura Prezzi e Margarida Henriques

Translated by: Laura Prezzi



*Inês Soares, Gabriel Alves, Inês Dâmaso, Sarah Poli,
Renata Saraiva, Alexandre Ramos, Lara Santos e Maria Costa*
General Praxe Committee

Every year, with the start of the academic year, Portuguese universities welcome new students ready to begin their academic journey. For many, this moment also marks their first contact with one of the most well-known and debated traditions in university life: praxe.

Praxe can be described in different ways, bringing together both positive and negative perspectives. For many students, it represents a set of activities that promote the integration of freshmen, helping them adapt to the university environment and fostering a sense of community. For others, however, this view does not fully reflect reality.

Strongly present in students' daily lives, praxe plays a significant role at the Faculdade de Letras da Universidade de Lisboa (FLUL). Even among those who choose not to participate, this tradition remains close, whether through friends, classmates, or acquaintances who are involved in it. Directly or indirectly, it ends up becoming part of the university experience for a large portion of the academic community.

Despite its importance, praxe has been a subject of criticism over the years. Some criticisms stem from past controversial episodes; others arise from general perceptions that are not always well-informed. Questions surrounding the limits of activities and the safety of freshmen continue to fuel debate and differing opinions about this tradition.

As a topic that is both relevant and surrounded by stereotypes, it becomes essential to understand it

beyond preconceived ideas. Often, the image circulating outside the academic context does not fully reflect the reality experienced by those who actively participate in praxe.

With this in mind, this feature seeks to give voice to those who experience it from within. To that end, the newspaper *O Cola* interviewed the four praxe committees at FLUL: **Novos Cursos**, represented by *Inês Eusébio* and *Inês Soares*; **Línguas**, by *Lara Santos* and *Inês Dâmaso*; **História**, by *Maria Costa* and *Sarah Poli*; and **Estudos Europeus**, by *Alexandre Ramos* and *Gabriel Alves*. The goal was to understand how the members themselves perceive this experience and what it represents within the academic community.

How has participating in praxe influenced your academic and personal experience at FLUL?

When asked about the impact of praxe on their university experience, the responses from the different committees converge on one essential idea: integration.

At FLUL, where most courses do not have fixed class groups, praxe emerges as one of the main ways to meet people. As members of the **Novos Cursos** committee explain: *“At our faculty, you don’t have a class that stays with you for three years. You move from course to course and meet people throughout the year,”* with praxe providing a space that allows students to *“meet a lot of people very quickly.”*

This idea is reinforced by the **Línguas** committee, which highlights the difficulty of forming relationships outside this context, describing praxe as *“the easiest way to find people we identify with.”*

The **História** committee also emphasizes the role of praxe in initial adaptation, especially for students living away from home or international freshmen, describing the transition to university as being *“thrown in at the deep end.”* According to one of the senior students, the difference after joining praxe *“was very significant,”* pointing to a more open and welcoming environment.

In the case of **Estudos Europeus**, one senior student recalls that, at the beginning, *“I didn’t know anyone... I felt a bit lost,”* a situation that changed after joining praxe. The bonds created go beyond the academic context and endure over time: *“they are people I still talk to today.”* The shared space of praxe even became something of a refuge: *“I prefer being here (...) than being alone,”* becoming, in a way, a new sense of belonging.

Beyond the social dimension, praxe also functions as a support network. As one member of the **História** committee noted, *“it was praxe that reached out a hand,”* opening doors and providing a greater sense of security, highlighting its impact not only academically but also personally.

Beyond the positive aspects, what challenges or difficulties did you encounter throughout praxe and how did they affect your academic path?

Although the overall evaluation is positive, the committees acknowledge that praxe also presents challenges, particularly when it comes to balancing it with academic responsibilities and dealing with the social stigma still associated with it.

The **Novos Cursos** and **Línguas** committees point out that *“there is always the question of how to balance praxe with classes,”* linking this to individual responsibility and student maturity. It is important to note, however, that this challenge is not exclusive to praxe, being similar to that faced by students involved in student clubs, tunas, associations, and other academic activities.

At the same time, they highlight the positive role of the community, emphasizing the existence of mutual support among colleagues: *“we also have folders and more folders of notes”* and *“if someone has doubts (...), we always try to help.”* This collective spirit encourages studying and completing the degree.

The **Estudos Europeus** committee identifies two main challenges: the time commitment, *“it takes up a lot of your time”*, seen in an ambivalent way, since *“90% is well spent and 10% poorly spent,”* and the prejudice still associated with

praxe and the academic attire.

Praxe is often the target of external criticism and prejudice. Do you feel that this affects the community? How do you deal with these negative perceptions?

It is important to note that these experiences are not limited to praxe participants wearing academic attire, but also affect members of academic tunas and, more broadly, all students who choose to wear it.

Students dressed in the academic attire often face looks, negative comments, and judgments outside the faculty, particularly on public transport, frequently being associated with the idea that they *“only go to university to drink alcohol.”*

Even within the institution, some students choose to change clothes before certain classes to avoid comments or disapproving looks.

The Novos Cursos and Línguas committees highlight that many freshmen arrive already apprehensive, influenced by the negative external image, which can affect their experience from the very beginning.

The Línguas committee reports episodes of direct confrontation during activities, caused by interventions from outsiders that created discomfort.

The Estudos Europeus committee points to social discomfort linked to preconceived ideas about praxe, particularly regarding assumptions about personality, intelligence, and academic future.

The História committee also refers to the symbolic impact of the academic attire, which continues to generate negative reactions, including insults in public spaces.

As one senior student summarizes: *“praxe isn’t all roses, just like anywhere else,”* emphasizing that the experience involves dealing with different people and dynamics, which also constitutes an important learning process relevant to one’s career and the world after university.

Do you feel that there are limitations imposed by the institution on carrying out praxe activities?

At the institutional level, the committees point to difficulties in organizing activities within the faculty. Many initiatives end up taking place outside FLUL, in locations such as the University Stadium or other spaces in Lisbon.

Alongside external criticism, they also mention what they perceive as an institutional stance that is not particularly favorable to praxe. Restrictions on the use of spaces limit their activities, often forcing them into less visible or less suitable locations.

In this context, they note a sense of inequality compared to other academic groups. *“We are using the space like any other group, but we are ostracized for being from praxe,”* states the História committee, highlighting that other academic groups can use the same spaces without facing the same restrictions.

The committees advocate for closer dialogue with the faculty administration, which would allow for fairer access to spaces, similar to other academic groups. *“We would like to have more opportunities to carry out activities within the faculty. It doesn’t mean occupying or closing spaces, but it would be something beneficial,”* they explain.

Praxe has historical associations with fascism. How do you reflect on this past and what changes have you implemented to distance praxe from any negative influence?

In response to these associations, the committees highlight the evolution of praxe over time.

Members of the História committee argue that *“things evolve,”* stressing that current praxe should not be confused with its past. *“Praxe is in constant mutation (...), we are always evolving and changing.”*

They add that this evolution is reflected in the regular revision of the praxe regulations, particularly regarding equality and inclusion. *“Rules that separated genders (...) no longer made sense,”* they emphasize.

Core values include respect, diversity, and the prohibition of any form of discrimination or harassment. *“Within praxe, discriminatory comments or attitudes of any kind, such as racism, sexism, homophobia or other forms of exclusion, are not tolerated. That is completely prohibited,”* they state, reinforcing the idea of praxe as a safe space for coexistence and social learning.

Finally, they highlight diversity as a fundamental pillar: *“Praxe is made up of all faces,”* emphasizing its inclusive and plural nature.

The Meco Tragedy, in 2013, deeply marked public perception of praxe. How do you comment on this episode and what lessons resulted from it?

This tragic event reinforced critical public opinion about praxe and continues to generate stigma, especially among those who have never experienced it. The committees emphasize that *“there are praxes and praxes,”* noting that each faculty develops its own practices. They point out that the current praxe at FLUL cannot be compared to that episode, while also expressing deep regret over the tragedy, and acknowledging the lessons it has taught, which continue to guide how praxe is organized today.

They stress that the safety and well-being of freshmen are central priorities. All activities are carried out with care, and participation is voluntary, allowing students to withdraw at any time. The Meco tragedy served as a warning, leading to increased attention to trips and events. Even so, praxe today continues to aim for a balance between social integration, responsibility, and care.

There are many concerns about the safety of freshmen in praxe. What measures are adopted to ensure a safe and comfortable experience?

As mentioned, safety is at the core of all activities. Before any activity, the praxe committees conduct a survey at the start of the academic year regarding health issues, mental health concerns, allergies, and physical limitations, adapting the activities to individual needs. *“Our responsibility is to ensure the well-being and safety of everyone involved.”*

Freshmen are not required to participate in activities they do not wish to take part in or are unable to complete, and physical activities are adjusted to each individual’s pace. *“We respect everyone’s limits,”* and praxe should be *“a positive experience, not something that causes discomfort.”*

Senior students accompany and support freshmen in all situations, including dealing with offensive comments. *“If someone says something very offensive, we handle it for them,”* ensuring an environment of trust and inclusion.

In addition to these precautions, the Estudos Europeus committee describes post-activity support and measures in situations involving alcohol: *“Freshmen never go home alone; there is always someone accompanying them to ensure they get home safely.”* Special attention is also given to social inclusion and emotional comfort: *“We encourage freshmen to organize themselves to stay at each other’s houses, so that no one is left alone or in an uncomfortable situation,”* ensuring the safety and well-being of their group.

What motivates you to continue participating in praxe, even after years of experience? What personal and academic significance do you find in this tradition?

For the senior students, continuing in praxe goes beyond tradition. It involves creating bonds, fostering a sense of belonging, and giving back the experience they once received. They describe praxe as a “family” within the faculty, marked by closeness and mutual support. As members of Novos Cursos explain: *“You spend the entire year participating in activities (...) and when it’s over, it feels like a privilege. I can offer the next year what I experienced.”*

A member of the Línguas committee highlights the emotional depth of these relationships: *“All the people who did their freshman year with me are there for me and know me in ways that many people in my life do not.”*

For the História and Estudos Europeus committee, motivation also comes from personal development, the satisfaction of accompanying freshmen and the pleasure of transmitting values such as solidarity and camaraderie. *“It’s special to pass on these values. They are values that go beyond praxe. They’re real values, not the kind we make up on the spot. No, they’re serious values, values we can carry with us throughout life.”*

Beyond academic attire, what drives them is the transmission of lasting principles and the guidance of new generations. Continuity in praxe represents integrating the academic experience with responsibility and a sense of belonging: supporting freshmen, strengthening social bonds, and keeping alive a tradition that combines learning, collective growth, and community.

Between different perspectives, personal experiences, and ongoing debates, praxe continues to occupy a complex place in the university environment. Far from being a single, uniform reality, it is shaped by those who experience it, by each faculty’s dynamics, and by broader social changes.

In the case of FLUL, the testimonies collected point above all to an experience marked by integration, mutual support, and the creation of lasting bonds. Still, challenges remain, from time management to social stigma and institutional limitations.

Throughout this feature, the Newspaper *O Cola* team sought out to follow this reality closely. Over several months, we have been in contact with students, watched activities, and listened to different perspectives in an effort to understand praxe from within, rather than through external assumptions. This journey also reflected on a personal level, allowing us to form new connections and gain a greater appreciation for the people we came into contact with throughout the experience.

This process allowed us to gather diverse perspectives and get closer to a reality that is often simplified or misunderstood. More than providing a definitive answer, the aim was to give voice to those who are part of praxe, allowing them to explain, in their own words, what it represents within the context of the faculty.

In a topic marked by strong opinions and diverse experiences, understanding begins with listening. By sharing these perspectives, we hope to contribute to a more informed and nuanced view within the FLUL academic community, one that acknowledges the complexity of praxe and allows each student to form their own opinion in a more conscious and informed way.



ACADEMIC *Agenda*

Would you like to engage in the academic spirit?

In this **Academic Agenda**, you will find conferences, concerts, reading sessions, lectures, and student initiatives taking place at the University of Lisbon and Faculdade de Letras,



Queima das Fitas 2026

AEFLUL reminds all finalists that registration for the 2026 Queima das Fitas is now open.

Do not forget to fill in the online form, where you can order your Finalist Kit and register for the event.

For the kit order to be processed, payment must be made at AEFLUL by March 31.

Registration for the Queima is open until May 1.

The event will take place on Saturday, May 23, at 3:30 PM.

Do not miss the opportunity to celebrate this unique moment!
Stay tuned to @aeflul social media and, if you have any questions, contact: aeflulfitas26@gmail.com

National Student Day Protest | March 24

Together with AEFLUL, we call on all FLUL students to take part in the National Student Day Protest, which will take place on March 24.

The meeting point will be in front of the Faculty at 1:30 PM, from where we will depart toward Rossio.

With the consent of the Faculty Administration, all absences will be excused.

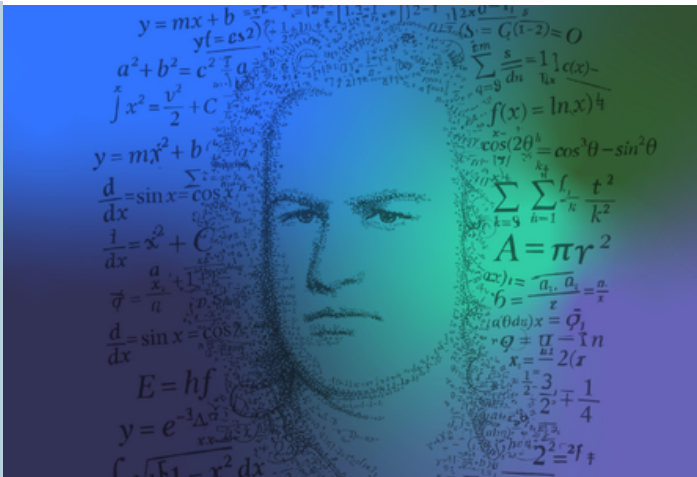
DIA NACIONAL DO ESTUDANTE
24 MARÇO
GRATUITIDADE ALOJAMENTO DEMOCRACIA
MANIFESTAÇÃO NACIONAL
14H30 ROSSIO, LISBOA
CONVOCADA PELO MOVIMENTO ASSOCIATIVO ESTUDANTIL
ENCONTRO NA ENTRADA DA FLUL ÀS 13:30 PARA SEGUIRMOS JUNTOS
A NOSSA TRADIÇÃO É A LUTA!



Jornal O Cola celebrates 5 years!
Join us at the Bar Novo on April 8,
from 11 AM to 6 PM, for a small fair with
journalistic food and drinks.



Here you can find a diverse selection of academic and cultural initiatives, such as conferences, concerts, lectures, reading sessions, and student events, which encourage critical thinking, creativity, and civic participation within the academic community. For more information, you can visit the **Agenda** section on the websites of the University of Lisbon and Faculdade de Letras,



BACH³

BACH³, performed by the University of Lisbon Chamber Choir, will take place at Graça Church on March 25, 2026, at 9:00 PM, as part of the “Music at the University of Lisbon” initiative.

This is an unmissable celebration offering three ways to experience Bach, featuring performances of Jesu, meine Freude, Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, and Magnificat in D, combining rigor, joy, and musical spirituality.

Narratives Reimagined | "The Chosen and the Beautiful by Nghi Vo"

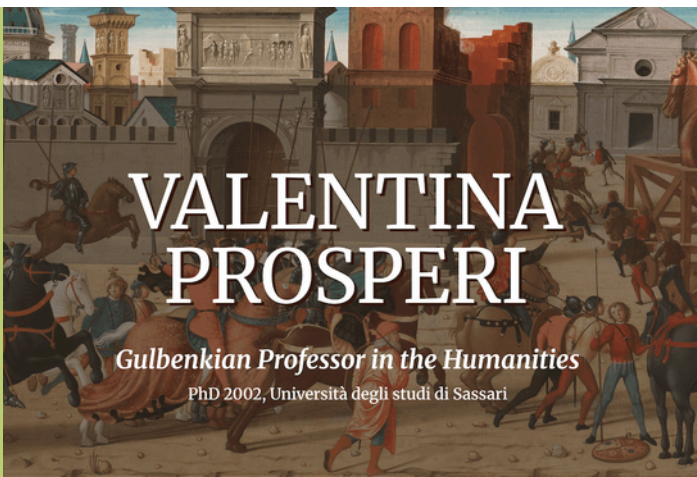
The Narratives Reimagined reading club invites the academic community to the sixth session of this academic year, dedicated to *The Chosen and the Beautiful*, a retelling of *The Great Gatsby* from Jordan Baker's perspective. The session will take place on March 25 at 5 PM, in room B112.B, with an open discussion on similarities, differences, and new perspectives the work offers in relation to the American classic.

NaRRativeS ReiMaGiNed

The Chosen and the Beautiful de Nghi Vo

*Um reconto de O Grande Gatsby
da perspectiva de Jordan Baker!*

25 DE MARÇO
ÀS 17H SALA B112.B



Gulbenkian Lectures in the Humanities: Professor Valentina Prosperì

On April 20, a Gulbenkian Lecture in the Humanities will be held by Valentina Prosperì, Visiting Professor of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, who will address: *Forging the Trojan Past: Antiquity and Identity in the Renaissance*. The session, organized by the Centre for Classical Studies, will take place from 11:00 AM to 12:30 PM at FLUL, Room CO10.B, and is open to the entire academic community.

Arritmia de um Sonho

Author: Lara Pinto
 Edited by: Mariana Lameiro

Inspira. Expira. Inspira. Expira.
 Respirações calmas e controladas.
 Silenciosas.
 Peitos que sobem e descem ritmicamente.
 Corpos paralisados à escuta num silêncio
 ensurdecedor,
 de vigia num breu ofuscador.

Inspira. Expira. Inspira. Expira.
 A hora não tem pressa.
 Vagarosa, mas certa,
 viaja a seu próprio passo,
 apreciando o sabor da expectativa contida
 em cada arfar de um país inteiro,
 encardido e enxovalhado.

Inspira. Expira. Inspira. Expira.
 O plano, delineado e calculado, morreu.
 É agora um calafrio que atravessa a espinha
 e uma arritmia quase divina.
 É a chama da audácia que ilumina uma cidade
 que antes reluzia.

O sonho, ali, está mais perto do que nunca.
 Mas será aquele o fim do sofrimento?
 Ou o início de um novo tormento?
 Será o sangue derramado uma premonição
 do ciclo infinito de chacina e ressentimento?

E agora? O que fazer?
 Agora? O melhor é respirar calma e
 tranquilamente.
 Inspira. Expira. Inspira. Expira.
 A melodia há de soar.

Illustration: Yuna Le Quéré

What is a Poem?

Author: Joana Correia
 Translated by: Beatriz Santos

Defining “Poem” has been and will always be
 the curse of many writers.

I believe that poems carry our most intimate
 thoughts.

Poems don’t always need to rhyme or have
 rhythm.

Poems don’t always need to make sense or be
 about one specific theme.

Some tell stories; some are declarations to
 someone.

Sometimes, I can’t distinguish a poem from a
 feeling.

A complex feeling that we only begin to
 understand as the pencil helps us write on
 paper.

A feeling so complex that we have to revisit it
 to add commas and replace words, in order to
 fully extrapolate its meaning and value.

I would like to be able to add rhymes in order
 to get closer to the “Greats”.

The ones who felt so deeply that they had to
 do the only thing they knew would help them
 live: write.

But no definition will be linear.

Order doesn’t always appear in the mind.

That’s why poetry is so much more than a
 simple definition.



A foice

Author: Rita Coelho
Edited by: Zahra Sacoor

Li uma vez sobre a foice —
aquela que nos colhe a vida
e traz a noite.

Assisti à morte
no dia do solstício,
naquele calor forte,
Vi-a vir sem aviso.

Escrevi
de coração num aperto.
Ali, ao pé de ti,
na comoção,
morria de medo.

The stained blood

Author: Diana Colaço
Translated by: Sara Coelho

The stained blood
The boots and the blouse
(With) knife in hand
Blood trickled drop by drop
A rumble on the ground
One hand trembling
Glossy eyes swaying
Maddened with sorrow

The reddened fingers
Snow-white, colourless
Death laced around the neck
And the nostrils by fear and guilt drowned



Illustration: Simona Blosenco

Lisbon Samba

Author: Natacha Vieira
Translated by: Laura Prezzi

That all-too-familiar urgency to shout to the world “I love you, I love you, I love you” using your chest as a megaphone never comes to weigh you down. Twist yourself in a sudden movement, in a rhythm, in a tearing of the chest, and reach freedom! But remember that freedom depends greatly on your voice and your body as well. This explosion, this desire so present in your living. Live the intensity of my chest and yours, just don’t let the most intense of us die. Don’t go writing last words at the top of a mountain; don’t go hunting for farewells after climbing so much! Newly polished wonders are about to pass by, with orders to find you.

You want so badly to love, to surrender completely to Ipanema, to the coffee beans, to the sugar of the world! But today you are nothing more than a prisoner of your own tremors. Do you tremble to find yourself? I fear not finding myself! Our truth is only one. Let’s travel, kiss the sea, and be reborn from the sands of Copacabana and die of passion; in Brazil, that’s possible. I crossed twenty-five bridges in April and only found myself here. Only I know how perfectly the dust from these secondhand bookshops fits beneath my nails. I want to feel the peace you bring. And where is this love, this peace? This love I speak to you of so often will not be found on already-kissed beaches. I, who have never doubted my ability to love, I, who will travel to embrace you.

This love I fight for so fiercely, a love that goes beyond mourning. If it’s not to tremble with love, I’ll spend my last coins and leave forever. You who love me, Brazil, call me! If it’s not to fight over the loose sand around the house, be silent, for I have already found myself. If it’s only to smell love and never touch passion, count your coins and come bury me. Who can bear to keep Bahia locked inside their chest?

It’s meant to exaggerate, to provoke, to transform.

Think: if it’s not to confuse the water of a starry gaze with honest sweat, then why visit other states at all?

Metastasis

Author: Beatriz Palma
Translated by: Beatriz Vitória

Earthly pleasures sprout endlessly, branch out fruitfully, blossom in abundance, gushing out in a marvelous torrent of smells and flavours. The world rises in all its stimuli, enveloping its eager, amorphous passers-by in a veil of escapist illusion and mortal fascination; in a rapture of dizzying impulses, in an inebriating juggle of living fruit, whose aroma seduces in a delirious explosion — intimate and abstract — converging at the vanishing point of all human passions.

Red fruitage decks the primary garden, leavens in a celebration of libidinous urges, of powerful and ephemeral beauty; meaty berries intoxicate, in a mental swirl, in innocent and drunken confusion; citrus fruit squeeze themselves in vital promises of ecstasy, of delightful energy; and tropical fruit rise and overflow, unbridled, propelled by the shallow pulp of eternal liberty.

The gatherer's life all came down to this existence in all of its splendor. To be, alone, was not enough and to live as no one, driven simply by the collection of fruits and their impetus, was their sole, ideal, founding, pivotal purpose. Days and nights of unmeasured frenzy lost the measure of time and would only retrieve it as rampage became routine. And that which is routine replenishes itself sound and mundane, permeating their (un)reality with an absolute and uncompromising need.

But the lush whole is extinguished at the peak of its breath: the corrupted fruit ferments rampantly, it festers, mouldy, it corrodes in bare, disturbing putrefaction, it rots and sours in the condition of its conception through its own decadent roots. The colorful world is decimated, blackened by poison which lived inside the seed already, and that which enchants the senses devours them, annihilating desire. Black reality emerges, drowning all with it, sucking up any glimmer of life. The remaining debris attempts to rise in despair, but these are nothing but corrupted corpses, deteriorated and abandoned to the death of the spirit.

The gatherer crawls, languid, numb, o

hibernating animal, in constant search of a sliver of what had been their golden life: they prostrate themselves over the soil, coil up and swallow it until they choke, in a frustrated attempt to feel a remnant, little as it were, of that sweet and distant flavor. A floating, inert, soiled body. But nonexistent. What was once a mind now finds itself shut, smothered; unbridled in the act of dying, failing in the act of living. It ceased in agonizing silence, yet it never truly perished, deprived of its very human condition. Sharp teeth grind up muscle, tear it apart, mince it with urgency; black nails stabbed onto skin, lacerated in pieces; hair torn off in madness, unruly tufts, a pitted and perforated surface, in a feverish effort to fill up a visceral emptiness.

And, enslaved to this treacherous paradise, for a few seconds of delirium, they think themselves able to escape, to break the cyclic process to which they are condemned: the uncontrolled fermentation of their existence and the unrelenting attempt to retrieve it intact.

Reveries

Chapter 2

Author: Khrystyna Tsupryk
 Edited by: Dinis Alves Matias

“Pirate! Pirate! Come here, boy!”

A short-legged *sardelka* (type of sausage) mutt separated himself from a pack of three clearly homeless dogs. None had collars. He came strutting at a leisurely pace towards us and, without any hesitation, plopped onto his back at my friend’s feet. Belly rubbing began.

“Come on, he’s our friend, you can pet him too!”

I squatted beside the excited dog, letting him sniff my hand before I fully pet him. I always do this to let the dog get acquainted with me first. Pirate confirmed I’m trustworthy by licking my hand. “See, I told you he’s a good boy! He usually waits for us at the end of the school day and walks us back home. I guess it’s because I always give him my ham sandwich. I’m never that hungry and lunch is waiting at home. He is a good dog.” I joined in on the belly rubbing.

My sweet friend always had a heart of gold. He himself has two cats, so he got us early on a “stealing dry food from home” sting operation for the homeless animals. There are so many here and everyone already has pets at home, more than one. I have a cat too; my ponytail friend has a new hamster, a small dog and three cats!

Mutts in all shapes and sizes are a common thing. Short or long-haired, big and small. Cats and dogs. Unlike in Portugal, here they don’t fear humans. We live in harmony. There’s always a bowl for needy animals at the entrance of the building where everyone contributes, and, when the weather is bad, many a stairwell hall in the apartment blocks has given them shelter. Except for no collars or special grooming, the homeless aren’t even that dishevelled or skinny. All in all, life is not that bad for these animals. Of course, us kids used to take care of them and, somehow, none of us ever caught anything, let alone rabies (but that is a story for later).

“Hey, boy! Bring Earing in, I have some leftover chicken for him.” The dog awoke from his relaxation at the mention of chicken. His abnormally large ears shot up, eyes wide open. A somewhat big circular

hole adorned his left ear. “Got bit in a scuffle. Tough lad,” I think.

The summons were coming from the porky lady behind the counter of the tent bar. We came in. Pirate got on his small hind legs and started begging her for the treat. “Oh shush! Do not worry today, Earing, you’ve never left this place hungry before, now have you?”

“So, is it Pirate or Earing?” — I asked my friend.

“Oh sweetie, it’s whatever he responds to, which is mostly food!” — replied the lady, causing us all to giggle. Her gloved hand started to throw bits of chicken at Pirate, which he caught without any trouble. Getting his affection and meal needs met, Earing gave us a last sniff and strutted on his merry way. I followed him to the tent entrance. A leader indeed this Pirate/Earing: his pack (all of them bigger dogs than him) didn’t continue the path they were headed. Whilst Pirate was elsewhere occupied, the lot busied themselves by laying down in the shade of some trees. Getting up as they saw Pirate approaching, they let him take the lead and on they went again.

“I’m guessing three *kvases*, but what syrup?” — asked the lady.

They picked lemon and cherry whilst I decided on strawberry. My friends let me take sips from their cups so I could taste theirs. Delicious and so refreshing in that hot weather. The 0,5l cups lined up like it’s a beer contest, I ventured “Is anyone else joining us to play today?”

“Well, I guess after lunch we can try knocking on some doors and ask them to come join us! Oh, it will be such fun! We knock and you hide, no one knows you’re here yet, so then you come out and SURPRISE! Oh, so cool, we will get many people today!” — the girl was positively giddy with the idea. I was somewhat uneasy. You never know if my other friends are still willing to be friends with me. After all, I “wasn’t here” and that’s all it takes for people to change their minds from one summer to the other.

“I need to get out of these shoes, no way I’ll survive another reaction like yours.

Grandma promised to go to the market with me after lunch.”

“We didn’t say anything about your weird shoes.”

We all laughed again.

“I got mine in front of *Komora* (a minimarket), they were very cheap but look how the diamond sparkles in the sun!” — ponytail stretched her legs, letting the sun bounce off the purple gem on her lilac rubber slippers. “I can show you which lady is selling them, just ask your grandma for the money.” I make a mental note.

“Or, you can get ones just like mine and then you’ll be teased for having boy slippers! Brand new, these were bought yesterday!” I had noticed.

“Never mind your silliness and your ugly dark blue slippers, I’m getting pink ones. What I do want you to tell me more about is that fort thing you mentioned earlier.”

“Oh, yes. Remember Anya, Zhenya’s older sister?”

“Yes, she goes around with those kids who are older than your cousin, that one?”

“Yes, but my cousin calls them *teenagers*...” I rolled my eyes. Boy friend acts like his older cousin is the biggest authority and source of information in town. That aside, he was the one who taught us truthfully about *the birds and the bees* last summer, go figure. “Anyway, this year her and Svitlana, you know the one, decided they were making a summer camp for kids. They have teenage boys involved too. Sasha says it’s bound to happen any day now.”

“What do summer activities have to do with a fort?”

“Well, the guys are making a tree house on that big old oak right in front of Nastya’s window. They covered the long communal clothing line (which was just a very long and sturdy string where whoever needed to hang their clothes to dry) with old blankets and stretched them out to make way for tents. They are calling it *Fort something*...”

“They are still sorting the name.” — ponytail interrupted. “Each of us will have to make a daily donation for food and such, but they are going to our mentors.”

I must have looked perplexed because she quickly added “I’m telling you, they are serious about it. I saw them covering the

blanket tents with clean plastic sheets, you know, in case of rain.”

“What do the grown-up kids want with us? Remember how we were afraid of them last year? And wasn’t one of the guys you mentioned caught with cigarettes?”

“Nah, all good now. Anya has been letting us spend time with her in her room even! She has an amazing *Barbie* doll collection she lets us play with. She says she has no interest in them anymore. Can you believe it? I could never give up my Barbies, even when I turned fourteen.”

Great, now I also must be liked and accepted by the cool older kids or I’ll die alone, since everybody who is anybody is going to spend the summer at that stupid camp. Why can’t we just play amongst ourselves?

“When we finish our drinks, we are taking you there. It’s a sight to be seen. My favourite part? Remember the cross-eyed lady with the small dog who yelled at us last summer for sitting on her porch swing? Well, the teenagers are giving her hell. She has been yelling at them nonstop for all that hammering they are doing on the tree house. Oh, and don’t get her started on the clothing line. You should see how brave the teenagers are! They either ignore her or yell right back *it’s a communal line, woman, we can use it too!*” — the boy mimicked one of the older guys.

“You are hogging it! I’ll call the police on you lot! Your parents will have to pay fines, and you will go into child detention! And you Dima, does your mother and grandma know how you speak to your elders? I’ll tell them all about you in church this Sunday! You kids will be the death of me! No shame... no remorse... no guilt...” — ponytail shrieked. I was doubled down laughing *kvas* off my nasal cavities, trying to catch a breath. Cross-eyes is one of those older ladies who never married, has a crazy haircut and peculiar style, yet thinks she owns the town. She lives alone with her small dog, Princess, a feisty little thing which likes to be carried around. Princess probably thinks she is one of those Beverly Hills chihuahuas, whilst our knock off Paris Hilton carries her everywhere. Everyone, and I truly mean it, likes to piss them both off.

None of us were able to finish our drinks,

so we took the cups and made our way to Nastya's courtyard. It is not hers, nor is it a courtyard. It is merely a clearing in the green field in front of my home with that big oak tree in the middle. What was before me was, for sure, a sight to be seen.

About eight guys were gathered in the clearing, all busy. Some were climbing the tree and assembling the wooden panels, others were putting the plastic protection on the makeshift tents and about three were digging. Digging?

We inched nearer, drinks in hand.

"Do you have to be an idiot, Vital? For real, where have you seen such a deep fire pit? Do you want to dig to China? You know what? Be my guest! Dig away! The soil is so moist that no fire is going to even flicker in here!"

"And I am the stupid one? Andriy, you put sand in before starting the fire, so the soil isn't moist!"

"I thought we were making it square so we could line the hole up with that leftover tile they discarded at the new restaurant construction site. It's garbage to them, so it's technically not stealing."

"No, Gosha, there's cross-eyes, remember? We decided on sand, because if she does call the cops on us, she has no proof of where we got the sand, whilst the tiles..."

"Oh yeah. Hi kids!" — I guessed the one called Gosha waved at us. "Is that dark beer for us?"

"No. It's ours and it's just kvas." — dark blue slippers retorted. My friend clearly knew this bunch already.

"Shame. Anyways, we will open tomorrow. Two *bryvnia* admission fee. Bring some snacks too." — said Vital, the biggest of the lot.

"You promised to feed us. Besides, the tree house doesn't even have walls yet, let alone a roof. All you have is the floor."

"What do you think the money you kids will pay is for? We need more wood planks."

"Get them at the construction site. The owner is so rich he won't notice."

"Oh he has. But since we didn't want trouble, we explained what we were doing with the wood. Ha ha, we weren't even cross, he offered to sell us a pallet at a discount," said one of the guys from the tree.

"A shame he didn't let us have a discount on the beer at his tent." So the mayor was responsible for the new restaurant. Not shocking, he owns all of the nicest places.

"Can I get up there?" — I have no idea what possessed me. I WAS TALKING TO TEENAGERS. So embarrassing, I needed to run. Oh god! And they've seen my shoes!

"Cool crocs you've got there. Real ones?" — asked the guy at the base of the tree.

"Yes, she lives in Europe." — my friend answered for me. Europe is code for authentic, expensive, unattainable...

"Come on up, Portugal!" — a face emerged from the tallest of branches.

"Taras!" — it was my neighbour. Our grandmas are friends, so we were sort of forced to play together. Taras is the one who taught me tree climbing, and since I am scrawny, I took to it like a fish to water. He is only like two years older, which in children land is a lot. He goes to middle school now, and that's a whole other building and status for Taras.

I didn't wait twice and shoved my *kvas* into my friend's hand. I started climbing the wooden steps that the guys nailed to the tree bark. I stepped on that new floor they've been working on. Not quite my level, though. I needed more. I started climbing the branches up to where Taras is.

"Wow, I was expecting an asphalt kid. Where in hell do they teach tree climbing in shiny Europe?" — I wasn't listening to the attempts at jabbing me from the teens. I knew I had earned some respect and shown some of my worth. After all, I can climb and apparently my shoes are cool. I was grinning at Taras from ear to ear.

"Honestly, I expected you to be here earlier. I mean, I know grandma does not allow you to climb trees, just look at your missing teeth, but to not even come and admire our handiwork? Shame on you." — he attempted to mock me.

"I was with my best friends, and you know it. I didn't even notice anything in the clearing before they told me about it. So... I came to check it out for myself."

"What do you think, then?"

"So far, not bad. We'll see what you do with the place and how you are planning to entertain us."

I looked down, winking mischievously at

my bestest friend in the world. He beamed at me, gulping down my drink. His revenge for not being able to climb. I love him more for it, and he knows it too. "Come down before your grandma catches you!" — oh he knows her too well.

We made plans to meet after lunch. What I mean is, my friends would wait for me while I went to my lunch. Grandma insisted on sitting with me to make sure I eat every last bit and that I get at least three meals a day. "So skinny... so, so skinny..."

I got money for new pink slippers and was off again in a jiffy. I had doors to knock on and people to surprise.

Shapes

Author: Carson

Edited by: Giovana Oliver

It wasn't always like this.

No, let me rephrase that. What I mean is, I wasn't always like this: all broken limbs, ghostly skin, and mangled shapes. I used to be beautiful, or at least that's what I was told. I lived what you could call a "normal existence": had a steady job, people I would casually hang out with and an overall sense of belonging.

But then it started; and although I can't exactly pinpoint how it first manifested itself, I can only say that when I woke up, I could sense something was different. I tried to brush it off. I went on with my daily routine, met my colleagues for dinner, folded the laundry, and kept up appearances. Despite all my efforts, it just kept getting stranger: suddenly, clothes didn't fit me the way they used to, no matter how hard I tried to rearrange them; things started to go downhill at work; I kept getting things wrong — at first trivial facts like dates and locations, but eventually even names and faces of loved ones, and, soon enough, even my own. Yet, I refused to believe that something with a great deal of importance was happening to me. However, after months of these bizarre occurrences, something shifted: my face started distorting, making me unrecognizable to anyone who knew me before; my joints and muscles turned and twisted themselves into the oddest shapes; and my skin, which had always been pale, became almost translucent.

After all this, there was no turning back. Afraid of what others would think, I kept myself hidden away, not even letting minuscule rays of sun reach my skin, only going out after it was already dark, since I knew for certain that I would not be noticed or, at least, be judged. That is not to say I didn't attempt once or twice to go back to my old ways: I went outside while there was still daylight, at first only to regain a sense of normalcy, walking through the crowded streets where I knew I wouldn't be noticed, and later to meet new people in the hopes that someone would accept me even with all my peculiar body, unusual lines, and cracked voice. It was, however, all in vain, since all I ever

got in return were disgusted, or even, at times, horrified looks.

My last attempt in the outside world must have been a few years ago, although I can't be certain, since nowadays I spend most of my days in the dark, not even going to the window to catch a glimpse of what life is like for other people, their mannerisms, expressions, and routines. Things I found joy in don't have any effect on me whatsoever anymore. I no longer feel the need to eat, although I still feel somewhat hungry, not for food, but for any form of human contact. I used to look back to my earlier life with a certain envy, thinking about the little value I gave to the things that mattered the most, but now, no longer seeing the point in dwelling on what is gone, I just try to keep myself busy with either sleeping or staring into nothingness, trying to plan an escape from my situation.

It was, however, while doing precisely that, that I overheard some people talk about their encounters with "figures", as they put it. Although it wasn't the first time I heard about these individuals, it was like something struck a nerve in my brain and opened a door which would lead to the end of my exile. But after all, how can I know if it's true? I try not to cling to the possibility of not being alone, but after all this time, it seems very improbable that there will be any sort of change.

They say there are others like me out there, but I don't know who or what to trust anymore. So maybe, I'll try for a little while longer, and, hopefully, someone along the way will see me for what I am and not for what I appear to be.

A double life

Author: Maria Afonso
Translated by: Maria Pires

Waking up sore because I didn't have time to stretch at night. Hurrying in the morning to get to class on time. Leaving the house with three backpacks. Trying to keep myself awake in class. Taking the crowded metro to the gym. Practice. Taking the metro to practice. Practice. Getting home. Waking up my parents who are already asleep. Heating up a cold dinner. Eating alone. Showering quickly. Going to bed too late. Doing it all over again.

Choosing to be an athlete in college is giving up hours of rest and especially any free time to a greater cause, a struggle misunderstood by everyone. It looks crazy to explain the weekly schedules, the continuous effort, the increasingly reduced hours of sleep, the strength to keep going after a defeat. And despite the constant dedication, the almost utopian balance, recognition is still far from adequate.

Giving up sports before starting the path in higher education is a common occurrence. "I won't have time to study", they say. "I want to be able to do other things," they assert. Wanting to persist in sports implies an exhausting commitment, an incomparable passion and studies as a mere second priority. But what happens to those who want to do both?

It is important to take into account that to be able to benefit from being an athlete, only the best — or those who are considered as such —, who represent our country, have the chance of extra support in order to complete their degree. It is also important to consider that those who reach these higher positions are not the only ones who work in a competitive environment and live according to their competitions. Merely offering a status of superiority to the few talents who achieve excellence, deprives all other aspirants of an incentive to continue.

On the other hand, the practice of competitive sports should be encouraged. There is an ongoing discussion that focuses on its detriment to studies, without

recognizing its benefits for the well-being of any student. A practice after a day of intense studying can reduce high stress levels; complex plays can improve cognitive function and academic performance. In my opinion, the idea that young athletes are not particularly intellectually gifted is almost comical. Only recognizing higher education as proof of intelligence and value contributes to the bizarre discourse that sports are merely "hobbies" and not opportunities.

Unfortunately, the lack of interest from our government in promoting and investing more in sports keeps this narrative as the main one in our country.

The effort is not lacking. Exhausting practices that cannot be avoided, absences marked disregarding the reasons, countless appeals because they scheduled my internship on the wrong week... The respect, the pride, once given to those who managed to make the best of both worlds has been lost. There is no kind of prize, no merit awarded to the crazy ones who choose a double life.

However, we cannot stop. The feeling of a hard-won victory at the end of a difficult week. The practice with people who force me to be more. Studies exchanged for a fun trip to the north, the rest lost for the taste of victory. Choosing to be an athlete is choosing a misunderstood passion, choosing discipline and training for an inexplicable feeling: the insatiable hunger for competition.

Commonplacing

What is it? The history of commonplacing and how to do it.

Author: Beatriz Brito
 Edited by: Zahra Sacoor

Knowledge is a sacred practice, especially nowadays when its sources are so unlimited. Our brains are not capable of reserving such knowledge with exact efficiency when we are exposed to so much of it — in fact, we are consuming more media than we can comprehend and learn. We ourselves live surrounded by media. Everywhere we go and look, there's an advertisement on the wall or on the television or on our cellphones.

Commonplacing is, to put it simply, developing a second brain. It is how you keep track of what actually goes and gets digested by your brain in order that you don't forget it. Though our familiarity with diaries and journals can cause us to mistake them for commonplacing, it relates more with the concept of a database or a reference journal. The contents of such a database can be organised around one special area of focus or can have a more broad collection of various knowledge.

The tracking of information in one place is not new at all. Commonplacing was a famous practice kept in the Renaissance and the early modern period, but it goes as far as the ancient days. Many Greek and Roman philosophers kept a journal like this and it was highly recommended between the Stoics. In Greece, it was called *tópos koinós* (literary topos) and it was used as a method of constructing an argument. Later, this concept was expanded by Ernst Robert Curtius, in his book *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (1948), where he studied this *topoi* as a form of commonplacing and made the concept famous for scholars who studied and discussed literary commonplaces.

The practice declined in the early 20th century, but that is not to mean that the exercise died or that we possess less information. On the contrary, like I have mentioned, we have the need for a commonplace book now more than ever.

That is why we do it today. We may not see it as commonplacing, but each printscreen we save (of a quote or a picture), every post we keep in a folder... That is a compilation of information that touched us. That is a form of commonplacing. It is the return of one of our most human impulses — to keep the things that make us ourselves as a way of tracking a map of our own unique existence, just for ourselves, as a reminder.

There are many examples of famous thinkers and artists that have used a commonplace book, like Leonardo da Vinci, whose books contain drawings, personal notes and observations — most of da Vinci's notebooks are in The National Art Gallery, and all three Forster Codices can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Codex Forster I has the earliest and the latest manuscript, dating between 1487–1490 and 1505, containing euclidean geometry and chemical formulations.



The Three Volumes of Codex Forster, Leonardo da Vinci, late 15th – early 16th century, Italy. Museum no. MSL/1876/Forster/141. © Victoria and Albert Museum, London

Erasmus of Rotterdam recommended to his students the practice of commonplacing because he made his students read widely and across an enormous range of content; it would be impossible to remember those key thoughts without some “lifeboat” to hang on. Erasmus himself kept various commonplace books throughout his life, which were published under the name *Adagia*, and contained a collection of Greek and Latin proverbs. Some have made it to the English Language, such as “*Rome wasn't built in a day*” — but there is more, because his collection contained 4151 entries.



Portrait of Erasmus de Hans Holbein o Jovem, 1523.



Portrait of Desiderius Erasmus de Albrecht Dürer, 1526.

In the 17th century, the commonplace book was a very well-known practice, and it was formally taught in Oxford. Now, at that time, Oxford was the canon — and it kept being the canon for a long time —, so what they published or taught was highly influential. John Locke, one of the first to formalise a method, started keeping commonplace books in his first year at Oxford, in 1652. His unique system consisted of making two columns with the Latin alphabet, and then adding next to each letter a list of vowels. Now, if we were to use Locke's method, we would start by choosing a topic related to the quote or subject of interest we settled on writing about, like “boats” for example. Then, we would move to our index and look for the first letter of that word (in this example, “B”), and afterwards the first vowel (which would be “O”).

If a page number had already been assigned to another topic with “B” (first letter) + “O” (first vowel) — if we made an entry for “boats” prior, for example —, then we would go to that page and make our entry there. Should there be no space left, we would write the next blank page number on the index and make the entry there instead.

With this method, Locke gave a solution to one of the biggest problems of common placing at the time, which was how much space to leave in one's blank notebook for a particular subject. Given that Locke's method did not require any pre-assigned pages, the mistake of wrongly guessing how much space a topic needed was finally avoided. That by no means meant that everyone liked the Lockean method, but it is true that it was used for at least one hundred years.

Whether you decide to use this method or to keep the old “gambling pages method” alive, it is important to just do it. This is a routine we can build for ourselves. It preserves our mind by furnishing it with things that matter to us, which in turn helps us to find out who we truly are and what we are passionate about. To have a curated set of ideas in a single place is to bring together everything we seek in humanity and in daily life. You will find it quite refreshing to return to these thoughts you once heard or learned about, for there is a lot of value in learning and seeing new things, but even more value in returning to those said things after time has passed — it is what builds memories.

The INDEX.		The INDEX.	
A	A	M	M
B	B	N	N
C	C	O	O
D	D	P	P
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I	I	V	V
K	K	X	X
L	L	Y	Y
M	M	Z	Z
N	N		
O	O		
P	P		
Q	Q		
R	R		
S	S		
T	T		
V	V		
X	X		
Y	Y		
Z	Z		

John Locke's double-page index, as printed in the English translation of *New Method for Common-Place Books* (1706).

Girlhood, Womanhood and The Double-Edged Sword

Author: Lara Carrinho
Edited by: Margarida Ferreira

The transition from girlhood to womanhood is inherently violent. We know this, we are bombarded by themes of this nature in all types of media. Being a woman is brutal and oftentimes scary. If you don't kill the child inside of yourself in order to survive, then you better believe the world will do that job for you. Damned if you are too nice and trusting, because then you are naive and you have no one to blame but yourself for being hurt and betrayed. Damned if you are too confident and happy, because then you are basically asking to be taken down a peg. You live in a system that places you at the bottom of the hierarchy for being sentimental, but tries to castrate you when you finally find your strength.

So, the question becomes: How do you win? You don't. I believe the trick inside the loophole of this dichotomy is to find a balance, an equal exchange between the whimsical child you once were and the fortress you will, hopefully, eventually become. The lamb and the wolf walking together on the tightrope of your own moral compass.

When we are children, we spend most of our time playing make-believe, we dress up our barbies, we make them doctors, princesses, lawyers, queens and models, etc. because that's what we hope to be one day in the future. Then we grow up and society asks us to leave that wonderful power of creativity, hope and possibility at the door to adulthood. We are asked to abandon all childish afflictions and live exclusively in the dictatorship of mind and reason. I believe the transition into womanhood would be a lot less bloody if we saw it as a set of ideals and models we can choose for ourselves, like an ever-growing mosaic or an intricate puzzle that

only the individual has the pieces to, instead of this open wound that is forced upon us since birth. It would be a lot less painful if we remembered to honor the little girl who got us here and honor those dreams. Of course, this doesn't mean you will conquer them all, oftentimes you probably won't, but it means you give yourself permission to dream and fail and then dream again, far away from outside perceptions and unfair inner criticism.

In a world built to destroy us and a society that thrives on girls playing it small, we must find the tools available to us that allow us to build that inner world, and what better way to do that than with a little magic? And who knows more about magic than children?

Sometimes becoming a woman means you might just have to accept that you may never get your girlhood back, but that doesn't mean you can abandon the woman you have not yet met. It just means you must take the pieces of the puzzle that will serve you best (hope, imagination) and abandon the ones that don't fit you anymore (fear, doubt). Clarice Lispector said it better than I ever could: "Our horrible duty is to keep going until the end." And that's my prayer for the modern woman: to find the tools and the dreams that give her the power to keep going until the bitter end.

It's not weakness, it's health: the urgency of caring for young people's mental health

Author: Nicole Barros
Translated by: Maria Alves

According to a definition by the National Health Service, mental health “is the foundation of overall well-being and refers to a level of cognitive and emotional quality of life, as well as the absence of mental illness.”

Data shows that in 2025, **more than 50% of young people in Portugal face mental health issues**, whether depression, anxiety or burnout. This alarming number reflects a reality that is increasingly present amongst the younger population.

Nowadays, there is a sense that everything must be done in a rush and that a perfect life is achievable only through constant effort — an idea strongly fed by social media. The truth is that this is just one of the many factors contributing to young people's psychological exhaustion. This situation is compounded by the fact that many are raised by previous generations who, due to their own traumas, end up perpetuating cycles of emotional and psychological violence. Additionally, the excessive use of drugs, which has led to increasing early hospitalizations of teenagers and young adults in psychiatric units.

It is true that, compared to the past, it is now easier to diagnose mental health problems due to greater awareness — something that was previously widely neglected. However, the stigma associated with seeking psychological help still persists. It is essential to break it down so that more young people will feel comfortable asking for support.

Furthermore, there is an urgent need for greater investment in mental health treatment services. Although there are therapists and psychiatrists in universities and public hospitals, high demand results

in long waiting lists. In the private sector, high costs continue to be a significant barrier for a large portion of the young population.

It is increasingly important to pay attention to what surrounds us, as these problems are not always visible and affect people close to us without us realizing it. It is essential to unite against what is often referred to as the “disease of the millennium”. We must support one another so that extreme situations such as suicide — currently **the second leading cause of death amongst young people from fifteen to thirty-four years old**— do not continue to occur.

The suicide rate amongst young people in Portugal from fifteen to twenty-four years old reached its highest value in the last twenty years in 2022, with **fifty-three recorded deaths**. This record reinforces the urgency to speak out, take action and intervene.

Therefore, below are some helplines / support lines that may be crucial in emergencies or situations of emotional distress:

- **National Suicide Prevention Hotline:** 1411 (24 hours per day)
- **SOS Voz Amiga:** +351 213 544 545
- **Conversa Amiga:** +351 808 237 327

To everyone who reads these words, here is a clear message: **you are not alone**. This is never a battle to be faced in isolation. In an increasingly agitated and fast-paced world, it is together — with empathy, awareness, and support — that we are able to move forward.

The Rock Is Alive — “Getting Killed”, Geese

Author: João Amaral
Translated by: Carolina Achando

Hailing from Brooklyn, New York, Geese are the fiftieth band of the 21st century to be accompanied by the now-archaic prophecy that they represent some kind of rock revival. Now Rock never died — but that isn't the point, and it's a statement to be examined another time. If every five years we must proclaim that “rock is alive after all!” for the public to redirect its attention toward the genre, so be it.

Dead or not, rock rarely produces bands so deserving of such prestige. And whether or not Cameron Winter (frontman and vocalist) is its messiah, Geese are one of those bands. The New Yorkers began their journey in 2016 through an extracurricular music program while attending high school. However, the project only became public in 2021 with the release of their first LP, *Projector*.

They gained great recognition later, in 2023, with *3D Country* — an alternative dad-rock album that fused country and hard rock into a modern interpretation. Widely acclaimed for its dynamic musical nature and lyrical sense of humor, it was praised by critics and audiences alike.

Near the end of last year, in December 2024, Cameron Winter offered us a genuine gift from the gods of singing-songwriting with his wonderful album *Heavy Metal*. Not meant to be taken literally, the record is a sequence of intimate songs that help us understand the psyche of a man and appreciate the performance of an artist. As with all great songs, its brilliance lies not only in the lyrics but also in the music — the instrumental core. Accompanied only by piano, light percussion, and acoustic guitars (with the exception of the beautiful orchestral maximalism on “Nina + Field Cops”), *Heavy Metal* is filled with eclecticism and originality. “Love Takes Miles” is the album's triumphant track. A

true instant classic. A statement of individual strength of hope and emotional maturity.

It's personal. Isolated form, removed from the band context, the album is a complete triumph. A truly personal work, filled with lyrics that could easily be suspected of being transcribed directly from the author's diary. With *Heavy Metal*, Winter elevated Geese's reputation to an unexpected level, generating even greater anticipation for the band's next album.

Having traced this recent path, we arrive at September 26, 2025. This date marked not only the release of Geese's third record, but also their most ambitious musical effort. On *Getting Killed*, the group reaches a new level of artistic confidence, driven by an ambitious desire to expand their sound.

The record opens with “Trinidad”. A composition with an unorthodox structure and a strangely fragmented rhythm. It reminded me of the kind of melody played by Miles Davis's group on *On the Corner* or on the phenomenal, track “Honky Tonk” from the bizarre *Get Up With*: the aggressive, constantly throbbing bass; the drums; and the squeals reminiscent of Jimi Hendrix's electric guitar. We are barely conscious that a crescendo is underway until, from the depths of his lungs and with the full force of his vocal cords (usually reserved and used for sober purposes), Cameron Winter unleashes, in a fully apocalyptic tone: “There's a bomb in my car!!!!”. It is undeniably Geese at their most avant-garde.

“Cobra,” which features a pleasant George Harrison-esque guitar melody, is the album's most light-hearted song. The most sentimental track is “Husbands,” in which it seems Cameron Winter has been listening to Big Thief. From its soft, rustic instrumentation to its lyrics about love and aging, the song wraps us in a tenderness that only Adrienne Lenker seems able to create. A ballad whose gentle sound and emotional reflections echo in our minds, promising to replay themselves endlessly in our heads.

In the next track, the album's title song (“Getting Killed”), Winter's personal laments continue, though now cloaked in a vigor reminiscent of the record's opening

moments. “Islands of Men” is a slow-burner about the emotional isolation of men. In “100 Horses,” the album’s second most intense track, the band is in full control of itself, delivering a true post-punk spectacle that recalls Television, playing with contrast by incorporating a choir and highly harmonic — and decidedly un-punk — melodies. Lyrically, the apocalyptic motif returns: “All people/ In times of war/ Must go down to the circus.”

“Half Real” begins with an indirect (but practically obligatory) nod to the Velvet Underground — present in all indie music — through an opening riff reminiscent of “Venus in Furs” or “All Tomorrow’s Parties,” but which quickly transforms into something entirely different. “Au Pays du Cocaine” is the most melancholic track of the collection. Cameron Winter pleads for the return of his now-absent loved one. All, set against the most beautiful instrumental backdrop of the year, sure to stay in the minds of all who hear it. One of those magical moments that makes it impossible not to whistle the main melody for the rest of the week.

On “Bow Down,” it’s time to incorporate — and well the style and vocal aura of Nick Cave. Meanwhile, while “Taxes,” the first single released before the album, remains one of their most exciting and colorful songs to date, boasting a great sense of humor: “If you want me to pay my taxes/ You better come over with a crucifix/ You’re gonna have to nail me down.” For me, it’s already consecrated as a contemporary rock anthem.

The closing track, “Long Island City Here I Come,” is the culmination of everything built over the album’s ten preceding songs. Chaos in full bloom. Beautiful, poetic, and organized chaos. One could ever say that, in its basic essence, the song seems written solely for Cameron Winter’s voice, with the piano part functioning intrinsically as a personal ballad (see the version “Cameron Winter at Hamilton College 16/04/2025,” available on YouTube). Herein lies the beauty of hearing Winter both solo and within a group. In a frantic catharsis comes a meditation on art, existentialism, and the pursuit of the new and uncertain: “I have no idea where I’m

going/ Here I come.”

At one point, Winter declares that “a masterpiece belongs to the dead.” It sounds like someone dissatisfied (or at least concerned) not only with the state of rock but with his own body of work. Is the creation of a masterpiece reserved exclusively for our predecessors? The epitome of the artist in self-reflection appears as real-time psychoanalysis, countering this artistic nihilism with one of the most powerful songs of recent times — surely proof that the living are capable of adding their own masterpieces to the canon of their ancestors.

In its most explosive moments, the band combines the instrumental irreverence of Television’s post-punk with the eccentricity of Talking Heads or even contemporary acts like Squid. Yet the record is equally filled with moments of musical restraint and vulnerability in the words voiced by Winter, revealing him as a listener and student of folk-rock. All of these references are made merely to clarify the band’s musical lineage and inspirations. They are never obvious nor lazily “copied”. Instead, they stand alongside their influences while maintaining their own singular identity.

With unwavering willpower and unmistakable natural talent, the members now show more chemistry than ever. Artistic freedom is a remarkable thing, and on *Getting Killed*, Geese make full use of it — creating, along the way, a promising new pathway for the future of Gen-Z rock.

About the man behind the adulterate woman of the classics

Minor spoilers for Madame Bovary, by Gustave Flaubert

Spoilers for Farsa de Inês Pereira, by Gil Vicente

Author: Aster

Translated by: Catarina Pereira

A considerable amount of literary works, which we categorize as Classics today, suggest that a relatively common characteristic of the pre-emancipated woman is her bias (if not damnation) for boredom. In works like *Madame Bovary* (1856) by Gustave Flaubert, and *Inês Pereira Farsa* (1523), by Gil Vicente, a reflection is developed on the castrating condition to which the woman was subjected in the times prior to her emancipation. Although these realities are approached in different ways, namely by portraying different everyday situations from different times and social classes, these authors seem to conclude that the reduction of the female universe to the domestic environment and family nucleus drives a woman to a routine filled with unbearable boredom. Enclosed in this state of deep dullness, the female characters of both these works ran away from the ideation of a dazzling life among the elites, finding comfort in imagination and fantasy.

Interestingly, and despite presenting distinct journeys and motivations, both *Emma Bovary* and *Inês Pereira* fulfill their thirst for novelty and pleasure through adultery. The criticism of the female condition and the way women seek to free themselves from it through the consummation of extramarital affairs is a topic widely explored by Western literature, which goes back to it numerous times throughout its history. It would be said that the bored woman, dreamer, and thus, an adulteress is a relatively common archetype (note the case of Maria Monforte, of *Os Maias*, and that of Luísa, *Primo Basílio*, both works of Eça de Queirós). However, what can we say about

the man who is behind these protagonists? How is the narrative portrayed? And what conclusions can we reach about the time period of these works?

The existence of similarities between *Emma* and *Inês Pereira* is clear, as is the set of affinities between *Charles Bovary* and *Pêro Marques*. Both are men associated with the rural environment and, therefore, with the ideas of naivety, simplicity, and insipience, to which the rural people normally are portrayed as.

Madame Bovary begins with an account of Charles' childhood and youth, which aims to show us, above all else, his mediocrity. *Bovary* was a shy child and struggling to integrate among his peers. He was hardworking, but he was not able to stand out academically. With this, it is also possible to infer some instability and emotional immaturity from the character, who neglects his studies to the detriment of a bohemian life and who runs into the mother's arms when he fails the exam that would assign him the title of health official. *Charles Bovary* is therefore drafted as a mediocre, uninteresting and not very intelligent man.

Gil Vicente's piece introduces *Pêro Marques* in a comical way. The character's traits, naivety, ignorance and simplicity are taken to absurdity, in order to fulfill the motto from which the action is structured ("More worth the mule that takes me, than the horse that knocks me down"). Thus, *Pêro Marques'* first appearance reveals his ridiculous and caricature character, when, for example, he demonstrates not knowing how to use a chair or loses the pears he had brought as a gift to *Inês*.

The way in which both are portrayed, more specifically the way in which their ignorance is underlined, may result in interpretations that place part of the adulterian responsibility onto these characters. It appears that *Charles Bovary* and *Pêro Marques* were too obtuse to understand the true reason behind their women's departures; too "weak" to take a more dominant role in their marriage. Interestingly, in addition to this common trait, another central feature in the portraits of these characters is the

unconditional love that both nourish for their wives. The passion that the two men have for their partners leads them to trust their word and not question their actions. This is an aspect that nowadays seems essential to us in any relationship, but that is treated by the text as a “weakness” or even as more evidence of the ridiculous character of these individuals. The narrative addresses the love and trust that Pêro Marques and Charles Bovary place in their women as a defect associated with the simple, naive way they look at the world.

Thus, the interpretation that blames, in part, male characters (and that criticizes their behavior) becomes common; may translate, even indirectly, an attitude opposite to that described. We can feel that the narrative suggests to his male interlocutor the adoption of a rigid and suspicious posture towards the female sex, this being so deceptive and susceptible to fantasies. However, what failure exists in the genuine and credible love of Pêro Marques and Charles Bovary? We are faced with two characters who—at a time when the woman served as an accessory or as a “filling vessel” (as Saramago called it) to her husband—trust their wives and love who they believe is the basis of their marriage, to the point of granting them the freedom that would be used against themselves.

I believe that we should look at these figures as men who challenge the marital conventions of society of their time and who, because they contradict the model of virility and dominance imposed on the male universe by the patriarchy, are presented through a less favorable light. The conception of the male ideal as a rigorous, reason-driven, and therefore capable of taking responsibility for the female life is not only dangerous and limiting to the woman, but also dehumanizes the man. It puts him in a position of hypervigilance, where emotional, trust and love are taken as failures to suppress.

We know that this view about the social roles of men and women has been widely revisited by some contemporary figures, especially within the digital environment. We know that young boys are easily

influenced by these ideas. We know that the narrative of man who is virile, powerful, and undisturbed by aspects of emotional instability continues to be praised by a large part of society. So, are we going to continue to blame Marques and Bovary for trusting their wives and the love they feel for them?

Read, Read, Read

Author: Ana Marta Cabrita
Translated by: Barbara Ferreira

Does our generation still read? I'm not referring to the "reading" we are forced into daily, with small text messages and short contents or even the texts we study in Portuguese class, but literature itself. Is Portuguese literature consumed in our country?

We live in the 21st century, an era surrounded by innovative technologies that have changed the way we spend our daily lives and the type of content we consume. These have brought good things, but also downsides which, perhaps, have influenced the act of reading.

According to data from the *OECD, in the PISA 2022 — Volume I* report, Portugal ranks above Spain, Germany and even OECD's average regarding Level 2 proficiency. This is described as the baseline level of proficiency needed to live without difficulty, as students with consistent reading habits perform tasks more easily than those who only read small texts. These short texts do not help develop the concentration that is required to maintain focus on more extensive texts.

Even so, recent news and studies made by APEL (Portuguese Association of Publishers and Booksellers) have shown an increase in book purchases and reading habits, although it still isn't a regular practice among Portuguese families.

In a study conducted between July and August 2025, reported by CNN Portugal ("Book market grows in Portugal, but reading continues to lose its rhythm"), APEL reveals a 9% growth in the publishing market, correspondent to over 17 million euros more than in 2024, and a subtle growth in the percentage of Portuguese people who claim to have read at least one book in 2024 — compared to 2023 (rising from 73% to 76%).

However, despite these somewhat positive results, the average number of books read by Portuguese residents decreased to 5,3, below the 5,6 registered in 2024. Furthermore, even when focusing specifically on active readers — three out of every four Portuguese people — the

average number dropped, going from 7,9 (2023) to 7,2 (2024), according to the Gfk study for APEL.

All of this can be traced to the aftermath of 2020. The last two generations — Generation Z and Alpha — have grown up in a partially or even entirely digital era, consuming short-form content through social media and daily text messaging. The more these technologies were developed, the more these generations were emerging in this habit of reading consumption. However, everything changed in 2020, when the TikTok explosion occurred. Since many people were at home with nothing to do, they would look for the platform in order to receive some type of comfort and entertainment. This has led to the increase of short form content which does not develop critical thinking and concentration, along with creating an addiction in this type of content and a diminish of longer content, such as the reading of long texts, mainly books.

We cannot take away all of this platform's credit, along with other social media, which have brought a greater proximity between book lovers. Apparently, however, these have also led to an addiction and difficulty in concentration which has reflected in the low percentages presented by OECD in 2022. Even so, and as previously mentioned, it is possible to observe a certain advance in literature in Portugal. APEL indicates that people between the ages of 35 and 54 are the most "loyal" to books. As for the ages between 29 and 34, these present a greater level of reading, with 91% of people claiming to have read in the last year. Portuguese people between the ages of 15 and 24 represent the biggest growth in adhesion to reading, from 58% to 76%. Finally, people above 75 have the most reduced level of reading, due to the low level of instruction and the major number of illiterates in this age range, with a percentage of 15,20% according to Statistics Portugal (INE, 2012).

These numbers demonstrate that, through the next few years, we are probably going to observe an even more accentuated increase in the number of people following the reading path. However, this

growth can be facilitated. As the representative of publishers and booksellers has stated in the article *Bookmarket grows in Portugal, but reading continues to lose its rhythm* (CNN Portugal, September 3, 2025): “The role of school, family and society in general is crucial for the book to be definitely seen as an essential tool of citizenship and development of the human potential as well as for reading to transform itself in a sustainable habit throughout life”. That is, the more the habit of reading is incentivised, the more Portuguese people will gain appreciation for it and will end up including that habit in their daily lives.

However, there is something important to notice: even if the reading level is increasing, Portuguese literature, mainly poetry, is in deficit. Currently, there can be observed a diversity in books imported from various countries, such as the USA, Japan and the United Kingdom. Yet, when it comes to Portuguese originals, mainly the poetry genre, Portugal consumes it in much lower numbers. This is aggravating, since, throughout history, we have had multiple authors who have influenced the world with their texts, such as Camões, Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen, Fernando Pessoa and Mário de Sá-Carneiro. Therefore, by not consuming them, excluding the authors included in the mandatory programme for Portuguese classes, we are not only discouraging national authors as well as losing our own culture, which should not die in any way.

All in all, our generation is still not the one that reads the most, but Portuguese people are constantly more connected to reading and the appreciation for this habit. Still, even with that increase, there is still a reading deficit when it comes to national pieces, mainly poetry ones, when these are not present in the Portuguese classes’ programme. Even so, it is necessary to revert this, so that no literary genre or piece that reflects our culture is forgotten.

Silent Gestures

Author: Ana Júlia Reis
Translated by: Beatriz Santos

The bell rang, booming as ever, and I ran to the cafeteria. Halfway there, I hear:

“Hey! Girl, your bag is open!”

“Oh, thank you!”

I took one of the straps off to move it more or less to the front, when the voice continues:

“No, leave it. I will close it.

I was stunned by the boy’s attitude. Usually, what happens in this sort of situation is that we zip up the zipper ourselves, button up the button, or whatever else.

“Thank you.”

I continued my path.

Years later (I have no idea how many), I remember this moment fondly, despite one detail: I do not remember what the boy looked like. I did not have enough time to pay attention to that.

I told this story to give an example of generosity. An act that touched me so deeply that I do not remember the face who helped me, but I will never forget his gesture. And shouldn’t generosity always be like this?

In the famous Sermon on the Mount, Jesus Christ said: “So when you give to the needy, do not announce it with trumpets, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and on the streets, to be honoured by others [...]”. Even amongst non-religious people, this opinion is probably consensual. I believe that good deeds don’t need to be done with fanfare, otherwise they lose their meaning.

So I started reflecting on each opportunity we have throughout the day to have this impact on someone’s life. Small things like a polite “good morning” or a sincere compliment may seem insignificant to the person making the gesture, but they can transform the day of the receiver of said gesture. And we have various opportunities to do this and so much more if we pay attention to our surroundings.

Generosity goes beyond “doing good without expecting anything in return”, it’s a decision to give a part of ourselves for the benefit of others, without any guarantee of receiving anything in return.

¹ Gospel according to Matthew 6:2 (New Internacional Version)

I like old things

Author: Ricardo Cerdeira
Translated by: Ricardo Cerdeira

I like old things.

I like old books. For some reason, it's as if I was greater than I am for owning one. Perhaps because all those I currently have are second-hand (and thus, cheaper). Perhaps it's because of the fact that they're all literally older than me! These modern stuff, I hate them. They make my head hurt and remove a book's whole purpose... I like real books, those with marks and imperfections from old age — old spellings, stains at the top of pages, signs of survival through the times. I feel like a grandson listening to the stories of a grandmother.

I like old films. For some reason, they all have an incomparable style, a charm you can no longer find. Although I don't hate what I nowadays see, I feel the calling of the old, the dated, of the nostalgia of all that I wasn't on time to live. Have you ever watched a silent film, those in which the lines appear after instead of simultaneously to the action? Or a film so old the audio seems to be coming from a speaker that's fallen underwater? I like to watch them as they accurately show the time in which they were filmed. Even if it's a romcom, they're an artifact of a now dead life.

I like old technology. For some reason, it's so cool! Recently, I found my very first phone hibernating in a drawer. I charged and turned it on and it works perfectly (within reason). It's so cute and small and round! It's from the time where everything was sort of transparent with glossy designs, palettes of vibrant colours and with... fish that fly in a sky with bubbles over a patch of grass? Why did things stop being fun?

In many many years, someone is going to romanticise the current times, the same way I'm romanticising the old. It could be me, even. The truth is that no one ever appreciates things when they have them...

The Centenaries of 2026

Author: Rodrigo Gil
Translated by: Krystyna Tsupryk

2026 marks the hundredth anniversary of many events, places and historical figures that left their mark on the world, each in its own way. Although the year is already approaching its fourth month, it is still worth highlighting some of these events.

Queen Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom — The longest-reigning monarch in British history, she occupied the throne of the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth. In 2022, the Queen celebrated her Platinum Jubilee - a series of public events and royal ceremonies marking the 70th anniversary of her reign. The Queen passed away later that year, at the age of 96, and would have turned 100 on April 21.

Marilyn Monroe — One of the most iconic figures of the twentieth century, she transcended her role as an actress to become a global cultural icon and a symbol of beauty and vulnerability. Even after her death in 1962, her image continues to influence art, fashion and popular culture. She would have celebrated her centenary in June.

Fidel Castro — The leader of the Cuban Revolution who governed the country for nearly five decades. In 2008, due to ill health, he stepped down and was succeeded by his brother. He died on November 25, 2016 and would have celebrated his 100th birthday on August 13.

Harper Lee — The acclaimed American novelist is best known for her 1960 novel *To Kill a Mockingbird*, which earned her the Pulitzer Prize. She passed away peacefully in 2016 and would have celebrated her centenary on April 28.

The 28 May Coup — A military coup led by General Gomes da Costa that brought an end to the First Portuguese Republic. As

a result, a dictatorship was established that would last for forty-eight years. The movement was largely a response to the political instability, economic crisis and frequent strikes that characterised the First Republic.

Teatro Variedades — Inaugurated on July 8, 1926, it was heralded by the magazine *Pó de Arroz* as the second theatre built within the complex, which stood over a former lake in the gardens of the Lima Mayer Palace. After a period of great activity that lasted until the 1960s, the venue entered a gradual decline and eventually closed in the 1990s. In October 2024, thirty years later, the theatre reopened following extensive restoration works.

Route 66 — Known as The Mother Road or Main Street of America, it is one of the most famous highways in the world. Opened on November 11, 1926, it stretches for approximately 3,939 kilometres across eight U.S. states, linking Chicago to Santa Monica. It was officially decommissioned in 1985, however, roughly 85% of the original road can still be travelled today.

These are just some of the notable centenaries of the year. Other anniversaries in 2026 worth mentioning include those of Portuguese artist Júlio Pomar, the founding of Black History Month, and the first-ever television broadcast - among many other events, places and figures that have shaped human history.

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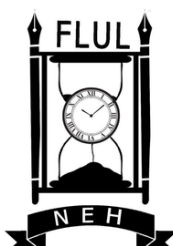
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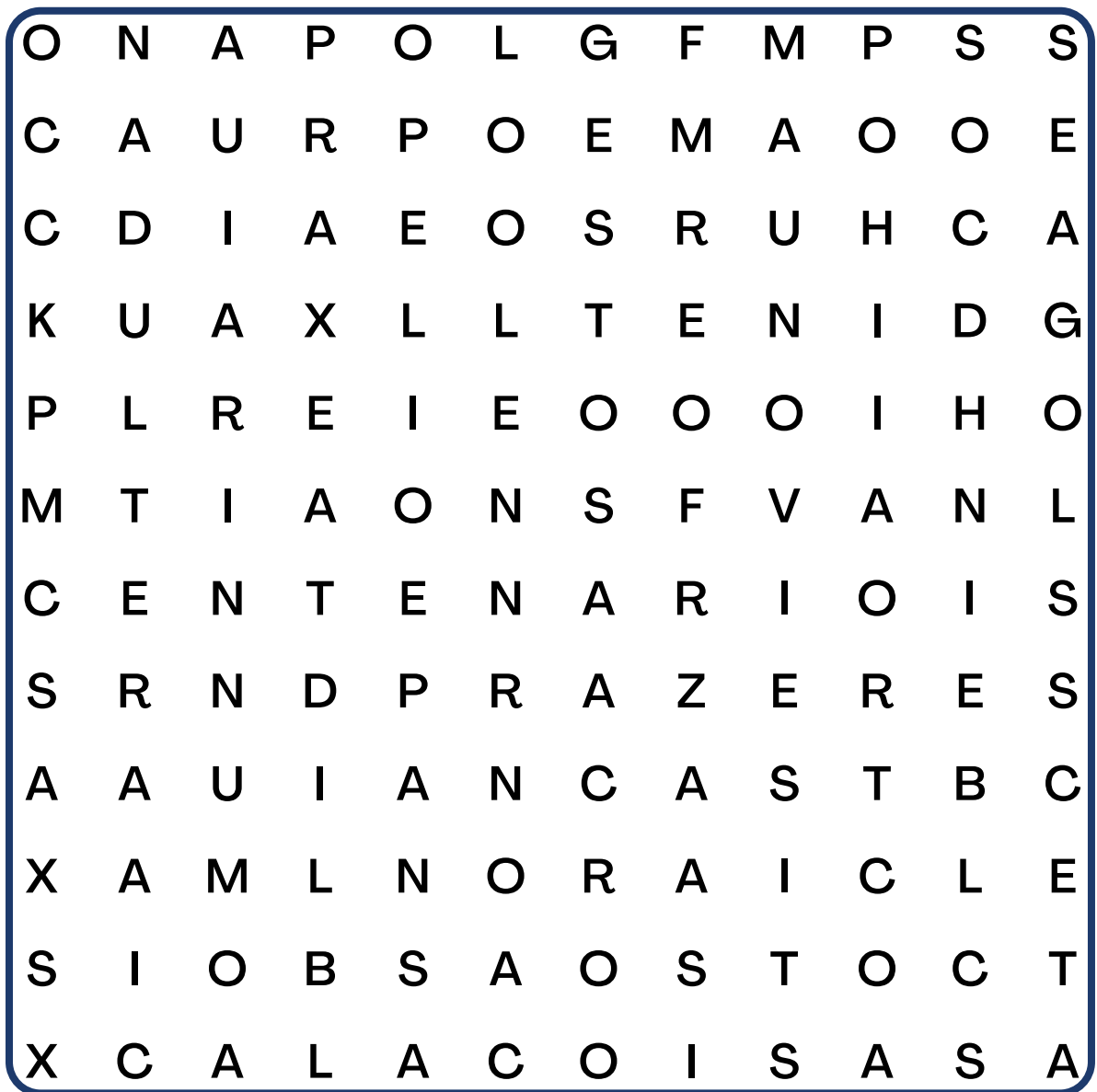


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