THE HOUR OF THE STAR

IT'S MY FAULT

OR

THE HOUR OF THE STAR

OR

SHE'LL FIGURE IT OUT

OR

THE RIGHT TO SCREAM

AS FOR THE FUTURE

OR

LAMENT OF A BLUE

OR

SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SCREAM

OR

WHISTLING IN THE DARK WIND

OR

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING

OR

RECORD OF ANTECEDENT FACTS

OR

TEARJERKER CORDEL STORY

OR

DISCREET EXIT THROUGH THE BACK DOOR

PRESENTATION

Writing stars (now, you will say)

Clarice Lispector left several testimonies about her literary production. In some, she seemed to defend herself against the strangeness that caused in readers and critics.

She was aware of her difference. Since childhood, upon seeing the stories she sent to a newspaper in Recife rejected, she sensed that it was because none of them "told the necessary facts for a story," none narrated an event. She also knew, as an adult, that she could make her text more "attractive" if she used, "for example, some of the things that frame a life or a thing or a novel or a character."

However, even risking the label of a difficult writer, admitting to having a smaller audience, she could not give up her style: "There are people who sew on the outside, I sew on the inside." She distanced herself from "writers who by choice and commitment defend moral, political, and social values, others whose literature is directed or planned to exalt values, usually imposed by political, religious powers, etc., often alien to the writer," in the name of another way of questioning reality and intervening in it through literature.

Perhaps unknowingly, Clarice was opting for a type of writing characteristic of the modern writer, for whom, in the words of the French critic Roland Barthes, writing is "making oneself the center of the word process, is performing writing by affecting oneself, is making action and affection coincide." Through this path, another quality of experience involved in writing is formulated, a new perspective through which language is conceived: more important than narrating a fact is practicing self-awareness and expanding knowledge of the world through the exercise of language.

The Hour of the Star takes this proposition to its ultimate consequences, and that's why its reading becomes so compelling. It is true that here we find the sharpness in the investigation of human nature and psychology, as well as the taste for detail, evident in the treatment given to the word, so peculiar to Clarice Lispector. But if we read the book in the context of its time and place, placing it within the scope of her body of work, we will realize that there is something new beyond the unusual preface, in the form of dedication, the looseness of the plot, the blend of subtle language with a raw and naked tone, or even the intimacy with which social shock is presented. The author here confronts head-on the clash between the modern writer, or rather, the modern

Brazilian writer, and the indigent condition of the Brazilian population. This, without neglecting—after all, bearing Clarice Lispector's signature—is the reflection on women.

The discussion unfolds through intertwined stories, much like musical chords: the life of Macabéa, a Northeastern immigrant who lives disoriented in Rio de Janeiro; the story of the Author of the book, who, although without a defined face, reveals himself in the comments he makes; and the story of the act of writing itself. In truth, this last story creates a great link between them all. Writing the book, writing Macabéa, and, above all, writing oneself – that is the great challenge. This proposition creates the drama of the narrative, as writing involves multiple and complex relationships: between the writer and their text, between the writer and their audience, and between the writer and this character so distant from their universe. Language, the currency of communication among humans, takes on the role of a character and the character is in crisis. Questions arise: does the word one uses truly express who they are? Is language the foundation of reality? Does the word distance bring people closer? Is having control over words a gift or a curse? What word is fitting for the contemporary artist? What word suits the third-world writer to speak of a miserable Brazil? What role is expected of the artist?

With this in mind, the plot, fleeting in appearance, reveals some of its supporting lines. The focus is on language—its power of knowledge, communication, and persuasion—and with it, human existence and social ties are grappled. The evident isolation of individuals seems to lead to a reflection on the human condition, exacerbated by a type of social organization that segregates individuals from one another. The artist acknowledges this exile of humanity in its land but lacks ready answers that justify it. This restlessness moves them, prompting them to write and attempt to discover in writing their own identity and humanity, face to face with those of any other person. In The Hour of the Star, this undertaking takes on an unusual boldness and depth. The writer releases the constraints and delves into the abyss: the origins of being and the contradictions of the society in which they live. To achieve this, based on language, the writer engages in three types of approaches: philosophical, social, and aesthetic.

From a philosophical perspective, they explore the limits and reaches of knowledge, the world in front of the world, and the consciousness, through which human beings distinguish themselves from other beings. From a social perspective, they investigate the impasses created by the separation of

individuals into different groups, emphasizing the writer's and the Northeasterner's integration into Brazilian society. From an aesthetic perspective, they delve into the creative gesture and the work in the search for expression that inaugurates an original apprehension of the real. The three aspects, of course, are intricately intertwined in the book. From a philosophical perspective, the evidence that the origins of being are lost in time and that it is impossible to return to the time when "things happen before happening" leads the individual to a state of perplexity. By stating that "Everything in the world began with a yes," the narrator reveals an understanding that things are created through an act of will and affirmation therefore, it understands how something comes into existence. However, the comprehension of this something encounters what preceded it and enables the expression of will, enabling the existence of the yes and the no, so that the choice can then be made. More important than how something that did not exist gains existence is the fundamental problem of origin, the beginning of everything, which is situated in a temporal order incomprehensible to humans: "There has always been. I don't know what, but I know that the universe never began."

Thus, individuals pose endless questions and experience a series of lacks. The only undisputed "truth" is individual existence. There is an intuition, certainly, of the identification of all in unity ("We are all one"), but unification is primarily shown through deprivation ("and those who lack poverty of money have poverty of spirit or longing for something more precious than gold—there are those lacking the delicate essential"). The only conclusion is that each being is a fragment or part of something. Therefore, the ultimate meaning of reality is projected as the reality that is always missing. Even more painfully, there is the awareness of each one, warning about this emptiness, and the effort to overcome it. Consciousness emerges as a paradoxical human attribute: it provides tools to attempt to answer these questions, allows the search for the meaning of life, and also arises as a source of doubts, indicating the rupture of each individual being with an original mode of existence, where everything was a harmonious whole. Consciousness is a condition of freedom and simultaneously imprisonment.

This nostalgia for total integration with the Cosmos imparts a certain tragic quality to the narrator's project. Because, at the same time they know they are independent beings and enjoy being so, they yearn for complete identification with the other, for direct communication without obstacles, which would ultimately nullify their individuality and autonomy.

The experience of guilt, as if there were a fundamental error to be rectified, emerges from the very first subtitle of the book — "It's My Fault" — and consistently resurfaces. Guilt is one of the symptoms of this detachment of humans in the world. Seeing the doors to the original unity closed, the narrator investigates, in solitude, the dynamics of their existence.

The choice of Macabéa, anonymous, "incompetent for life," is part of this determination, which includes the search for regression to the inhuman ("It's not just a narrative, it's primarily primitive life that breathes, breathes, breathes") and the expiation of possible guilt. The narrator, plagued by all sorts of questions about being and existence, tormented by the incompleteness and duality of human nature for which answers are precarious, turns the search into their only certainty. From this, at least two central movements in the narrative arise. Firstly, as every search and every question is a search for something and a question for someone, the narrator, to know, has to unfold, has to engage in a dialogue. What goes unnoticed in a mundane communicative situation is projected onto the narrator as an essential condition of being: understanding oneself includes a confrontation with the other.

At the same time, this projection implicitly brings a return to oneself when attempting to unify in a single individual subject the elements present in other beings of the Universe. Between these two movements, there is a permanent tension within the work. The narrator maintains an ambivalent attitude of identification and distancing with their interlocutor (whether it be God, the reader, or Macabéa). As an artist, the narrator draws closer to God, both creators and in doing so, humanizes Him while divinizing themselves. At the same time, however, God remains an abstract, dominating figure that embodies the idea of totality and constitutes a demonic entity before which humanity, condemned to express itself in words and destined to die, diminishes ("This God of yours who commanded us to invent"). The reader is sometimes someone with whom the narrator sympathizes, even if in pain or helplessness, and sometimes someone from whom they want distance. Macabéa, even if she is from the Northeast like the narrator, distances herself due to the social abyss that separates them.

Amidst the tension between man and the world, the debate around the word arises. Since the narrator is a writer, the dialogue will be mediated by words. However, like consciousness, the word is a double-edged sword because, while it is an instrument of connection, there is a risk that the artist's words

may "abuse their power" and annihilate Macabéa's words. This would fail in this fictional experience, which, in this case, would mean the failure of their project to write as an existential project.

For all these reasons, "The Hour of the Star" is immersed in the restlessness of the absence of meaning in everything and everyone. It is a book of pursuit. The narrator-writer confronts the death of God as the horizon of meaning for humanity, and at the same time, suffers from the powerful figure of the Creator. He then delves into his interiority, which, however, always eludes him. He questions the meaning of Macabéa's existence and her crude manifestation of life. In this true journey, he exposes his image as a writer and denounces the lie of a transparent, "true" word used as a form of communication between people and with oneself. This trajectory aligns Clarice Lispector with other modern writers, such as Fernando Pessoa, who cast doubt on direct communication.

The social perspective is thus defined. The reflection on the fictional project in "The Hour of the Star" serves as a means to denounce the social masks that conceal the fundamental crisis of the individual, alienated from oneself in rigid social roles. Writing the book is a form of self-awareness ("As if I am writing at the very moment I am being read"), taken to its ultimate consequences when choosing someone as inexpressive as Macabéa as the heroine. Writing implies baring oneself and accepting the pain involved in this process; writing Macabéa means facing the helplessness in the word that tries to adjust to the essence of the nature of the being constructed in the form of a character.

The narrator-writer presents his drama from the beginning by stating: "I am my unknown." To respond to this lack of meaning, he exposes his condition as an artist. He demystifies his position as a chosen person, "My writing background? I am a man who has more money than those who go hungry, which somehow makes me dishonest." He mocks the difficulty of the writer's integration into society, "Yes, I have no social class, being marginalized. The upper class sees me as a strange monster, the middle class with suspicion that I might unsettle it, and the lower class never comes to me." He unmasks the prejudice against the female writer, "In fact — I now discover — I am also unnecessary, and even what I write someone else would write."

Another writer, yes, but it would have to be a man because a female writer might weep sentimentally: and he even questions the importance of his work

in the face of the manifestation of life: "(As for writing, a living dog is worth more)."

However, the irony employed by the narrator leads us to another aspect, which the very existence of the book confirms: the credit attributed to fiction as a way to understand the world. Other passages in the book also show that there is another way of narrating, certainly more challenging, but one that allows for a new perspective on life to be provoked.

His working method takes the form of a true initiation ritual ("I am warming up my body to begin, rubbing my hands together to gain courage"), which involves eliminating the superfluous because only then can he capture "the weak adventures of a girl in a city entirely against her." His attitude towards Macabéa continues in his attitude towards language. To speak about the girl, he will have to "not shave for days and acquire dark circles from lack of sleep," dress "in old torn clothes," all to be on the same level as the Northeastern girl. By disguising himself, he does not intend to conceal himself in disguise but to make himself a conducive ground for Macabéa's voice and presence to exist without betrayal, even knowing that he runs the risk of a loss of communication in the canonized molds.

Thus, it is evident that the narrator-writer draws a parallel between a certain physical, spiritual, and ethical posture and the posture toward his working tool, the word, which "cannot be adorned and artistically vain, it must be only itself." To achieve this, he contrasts the senseless, alienated, or illusory word, which he discards, with the word expression, the name: "But when writing — let the real name be given to things. Each thing is a word." "The Hour of the Star" consists of a true pilgrimage of listening and speaking, during which the writer attempts to construct, from the slime of an ant-like person (Macabéa) and his giant consciousness person, a star-person, and a star-word. Thus, a thin and mute person is gathered by the sharp gaze of a disoriented writer who, guided by the word and suspicious of it, gives shape and destiny to himself and the Northeastern girl. This quest results in fixing two seemingly contradictory goals: simplicity in a story that desires to be "external and explicit, yes, but that contains secrets" and the approximation between word and silence.

The narrator-writer, much like the French poet Baudelaire wandering the streets of Paris, wanders through the desert of the city of Rio de Janeiro, witnessing the decay of human beings through Macabéa, a representative of the "thousands of girls scattered in slums" who "don't even notice that they are easily replaceable." Like Baudelaire, he is drawn to this sordid and

precarious world. The artist is the one who sees behind the masks, who is part of this cruel and annihilating society, and takes pleasure in denouncing it. The favorite targets will be the readers, God, and the entire aggressive environment in which one lives and from which the gaze is usually averted. In this wandering, he realizes that something could have flourished but didn't, as stated in the book, twice, in a way that reminds us of the well-known verse by Manuel Bandeira in his "Pneumothorax": "I tried almost everything, including passion and its despair, and now I just wanted to have been what I wasn't." (p. 36), "The laughter was terrifying because it happened in the past and only the malevolent imagination brought it to the present, longing for what could have been and wasn't." (p. 48).

The first time, it refers to the writer; the second time, to Macabéa. From this, it can be inferred that this experience is not restricted to a particular reality but rather collective. It has a broader perspective, as it involves the encounter of the world and its God. The boldness of unmasking is also reflected in the meticulous way in which the grotesque and ugliness of Macabéa are treated. The writer describes her as having "shoulders curved like those of a mender," with a "decayed body." She was "a chance, a fetus thrown into the trash wrapped in a newspaper." The interest in the ugly and the grotesque is another connection of this work with the tradition of modernity, which does not treat the ugly only as a comical element or a sign of moral inferiority but elevates it to the realm of metaphysical values. As something incomplete and discordant, the ugly affirms the fragmentary nature of life. Macabéa, "organic matter," is a concrete example of existence for Nothing, especially because she exposes, with greater clarity, a lack of meaning that affects everyone. The writer tries to penetrate this extreme ugliness in an attempt to recover what it still holds of starlight, of ideality. The grotesque expresses the violent encounter of the divine with the diabolical. The author tries "damn hard to find in this existence at least one topaz of splendor" (emphasis added), some brightness that will accentuate the contrast and insufficiency of reality.

Macabéa, in every aspect, is the opposite of the epic hero—her trajectory and life point to the unfeasibility of great deeds in modern society. Drawing on a concept from the German critic Walter Benjamin, it can be stated that she did not even have an experiential life that memory could one day recover or recognize. At most, a crowing rooster makes her remember the land of her childhood, but this too is a spurious territory. Coming from a rough background, orphaned by both father and mother and raised with beatings by her aunt, Macabéa did not have a proper personal history. Happiness for her

is an empty concept. Of a passive nature, she becomes easy prey to myths and products of the cultural industry. She admires the big movie stars and is fascinated by advertising. The disjointed news from the Radio Clock integrates this alienating context, within which daily life unfolds in a merely physical time, devoid of a subjective action that interacts with it in a proposal for transformation. There is no past; there is no future project.

In every detail, Macabéa's daily life confirms her inability and lack of preparation for the most basic challenges inherent in life. Little skilled for work, she also falls in love. Her only love conquest, the awkward Olimpo, slips through her fingers like water. When the denunciation of her fragility seems exhausted, another detail emerges as if, like an animated doll, Macabéa stimulated the negative forces of the world, accentuating her role as a victim, leading to the tragic conclusion of being run over. Macabéa's story boils down to almost inhuman survival because, for everything she feels and desires, she lacks the words to express it.

Thus, the most vehement testimony of her lack of possession over herself and the world is the way she deals with words. Either she deprives herself of words and remains in a silence that is not a choice but a precarious way of being (in contrast to silence as a moment of language, as Sartre discusses), or she speaks in dissonance. She always expresses herself inadequately or shows interest in words and concepts that reveal her existential and social condition but, when taken out of context, does not lead to self-awareness. Does she value terms like "designate," "mimicry," "ephemeral," "per capita income," and "count" only because they evoke in her a childlike curiosity? Her name itself warns of a contradiction, as she bears no resemblance to the heroic nature of the Maccabees, a warrior people in the history of the Hebrews.

The aesthetic perspective comes in to avoid falsifying reality. The narrator-writer chooses a new way of looking and a new attitude toward narration, indicated in the book as a distraction and photographic flash. In both, the idea of a glance, a sudden vision that disarms, allowing one to grasp something that resists discovery, stands out. The analogies between words and dreams, stone and silence all point in the same direction.

Dreams let the "tormented gloom" flow—tormented because it touches on the truth, which "is always an interior and inexplicable contact." The paradoxical adventure of this fiction consists of bringing to light something characterized by obscurity. To achieve integration between words and meaning, the narrator treats the former as a body to be worked on and places

his own body at the forefront to capture the hidden signs of being: "I am not an intellectual—I write with the body."

By this last confrontation, the Northeasterner who changed spaces, uprooted himself, lost the support of his group, and a stigmatized and silent block in the life of the great metropolis is chosen. Moved, the narrator disengages from the "realistic" interpretation pattern, letting his tenderness and despair for his Northeastern characters, Macabéa and Olimpo, seep through. Thus, he rewrites the famous phrase by Euclides da Cunha — "The sertanejo is, above all, a strong one" — to "The sertanejo is above all a patient one. I forgive him." While the interest in the figure of the Northeasterner persists, it demands, however, a new diction: that of the word stone, in the lineage of the Pernambuco poet João Cabral de Mello Neto. The "word has to resemble the word," for the writer fell in love "with facts without literature — facts are hard stones(...)." Just as for Cabral, there is a learning from the stone, an adherence to the hardness of objects that serves to restore the true nature of things and draw attention to the naming process.

The reader is led to apprehend things from within, and the narrator, attempting to translate them in this way, reaches the paradox of turning silence into its ultimate goal. This is because it would be the most direct and concrete way to achieve the full meaning of things: silence would neutralize the noises that hinder a more authentic view of facts. Silence scares Macabéa because, in it, there is the "imminence of the fatal word," capable of triggering contact with mystery and awakening to a different mode of existence. Just like murmuring and prayer, silence displaces man from forgetting himself and makes him live in the "hollow of the soul." Silence induces the anguish of discovering oneself as a simple being in the world, left to oneself, devoid of the certainty that common sense offers.

Silence constitutes the extreme manifestation of emptied language, yet it emits new meanings. As a consequence of the relationship between word and silence, another relationship is articulated, that between word and music. The reference to music permeates the entire text, punctuating it from end to end. Indeed, underscoring its thread, its fabric; marking its target, limit, and point of explosion.

It is present from the preface, to which, after finishing the reading, we are compelled to return to better understand the relationship it maintains with the narrative as a whole, the significance of music, and other issues related to the fictional proposal of the book. "The intriguing Author's Dedication

(Actually Clarice Lispector) presents us with a double being. One face, external, neutrally masculine, suggests a category or function; the other face, barely hidden in parentheses, is that of Clarice Lispector, an individualized person. By placing the expression 'actually' between them, we are tempted to confront the two images. But this being cannot be seen as one side or the other. It is the result of the articulation of both. This multiple being draws attention to the situation of fiction as a game of masks, where the radiating focus of truth is put under suspicion, and the very idea of truth emerges as a point of reflection. Soon, it becomes apparent that there is a playful proposal, and we must accept the game of inherent deception in fiction. In it, the truth is not in one place or another, starting with the authorship of the book. There will be a wide range of options for everything. If truth exists, it is found in the diversity of versions that a fact, story, or person can evoke. Fiction is this game. In literature, a game played with language."

This observation becomes enriched when contextualized. It concerns the dedication of the book, a space reserved for the expression of affection, the antechamber of the text where a dialogue is established between the one offering and the one receiving the book. The author begins by calling the work "this thing here," which seems to indicate an attempt to distance himself from the accomplished work, creating a somewhat acerbic detachment. However, this interpretation clashes with the gesture of dedication, and above all, with the recipients, "the late Schumann and his sweet Clara who today are bones, woe to us." There is a noticeable lament in the face of the physical death of that musician and his wife, only redeemed by the continuity of the work they left behind, but which still exists as a fact.

Then, the verb "dedicar" transforms into "dedicar-se," causing a shift in meaning by giving the action an uninterrupted temporal dimension, reviving the religious sense inherent in dedicating oneself—the commitment to continuity, a profound connection for which music plays a fundamental role. A transition occurs from the self to oneself, whose path involves contact with interiority and anteriority. The way of expressing both physical interiority (blood, bones) and imaginary aspects (gnomes, dwarfs, etc.) covers a rich symbolic field. The imaginary dimension takes shape through mythological beings: gnomes, small genies who, according to the Talmud and the Kabbalah, preside over the Land of Treasures; dwarfs, who, in a version of Germanic folklore, emerged from the blood and bones of a giant and, skilled in blacksmithing, know the future; sylphs, genies of the air; and nymphs, who know and master nature. It is evident, then, that the writer dedicates

himself to the worship of legendary figures identified with each other by the force of life.

The physical interiority is represented by parts of the body that highlight the confrontation between life (blood) and death (bones), translating the vital reserve to be sought by the individual. The writer is communicating that he dedicates himself to border states, capable of providing an encounter with the primordial experience. Gaining access to these states triggers a true cosmic shock, as it reaches a remote region of the being with such force that only paradoxical images can translate it into words: "vibration of neutral colors," "eerily unexpected zones." This harmony concentrates all times: "all these prophets of the present and who prophesied to me myself."

This connection is expressed, as we have seen, through the verbs "dedicar" and "dedicar-se," which etymologically mean, the first of them, "to say to," and the second, "to say through oneself to." There is a meeting in saying, in the word touching the senses and shaking the intellect. Musical art, with its abstract language, combined with the symbolic language of colors, translates the revolution of this individual who, inhabiting the core of his being, explodes: "To the point where I, at this moment, explode into me." To explode: to erupt, to vociferate. Yes, because what he discovers leads to humanly unbearable sensations. At this moment, the call to the other emerges as a result of a painful feeling of incompleteness and loneliness. That "we" from the beginning, summoned to share the pain of Schumann's death, is called again to, in abysmal solidarity, fill a gap. All people are wandering beings. At this stage, the writer no longer dedicates or dedicates himself but meditates—exercises, plays a role, and reflects: "Meditation does not need results: meditation can have only itself as an end. I meditate without words and on nothing."

This is why music is present, a form of communication that dispenses with words because feelings overpower them. More specifically, romantic music and all classical music (in the sense of classical or erudite) aim for the artistic effect championed by romantic musicians, as can be seen in the testimonies left by Jean-Paul regarding Schumann.

The writer of "A hora da Estrela" asserts: "My truest life is unrecognizable, extremely interior, and there is no word that signifies it." The story of the book unfolds "in a state of emergency." His life (of the writer and the work) is from a movement — "it is an unfinished book," which demands the participation of others to continue it.

Thus, "A hora da Estrela" revisits and redefines issues that mark modern literature, confronted with the crisis of the disoriented hero and the naming word.

In the three forms — dedicar, dedicar-se, and meditate — there is a common denominator: the act of saying. Indeed, it is in saying that the great challenge lies for those who wish to have an authentic relationship with life, and it is also the challenge for the writer, as it constitutes their basic raw material. If the initial statement of the book is true, that "everything in the world began with a yes," we are faced with an enigma to decipher and a challenge to undertake. The enigma refers to the first yes (the origin of the world); the challenge is to say yes with Clarice Lispector, so we can continue inventing the world. That's why the text ends with a single word occupying an entire paragraph: "Yes." It is up to us to continue this stellar movement. This is the great art of Clarice Lispector.

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AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

(Actually Clarice Lispector)

So, I dedicate this thing here to the late Schumann and his sweet Clara, who are now bones, woe to us. I dedicate myself to the red and scarlet color like my blood in full manhood, and therefore I dedicate myself to my blood. I dedicate myself especially to the gnomes, dwarfs, sylphs, and nymphs that inhabit my life. I dedicated myself to the longing for my old poverty when everything was more sober and dignified, and I had never eaten lobster. I dedicate myself to Beethoven's Storm. To the vibration of Bach's neutral colors. To Chopin, who softens my bones. To Stravinsky, who astonished me and with whom I flew in fire. In "Death and Transfiguration," in which Richard Strauss reveals a destiny to me. Above all, I dedicate myself to the eve of today and today, to Debussy's transparent veil, to Marlos Nobre, to Prokofiev, to Carl Orff, to Schoenberg, to the dodecaphonic, to the harsh cries of electronics – to all those who have reached terrifyingly unexpected zones within me, all these prophets of the present who prophesied to me myself to the point where I now explode into me. This I that is you because not just me, I need others to stand, as dizzy as I am, crooked, after all, what can be done but meditate to fall into that full emptiness that is only reached through meditation? Meditation doesn't need results: meditation can have only itself as an end. I meditate without words and about nothing. What hinders my life is writing: E – and don't forget that the structure of the atom is not seen but is known. I know a lot of things I haven't seen. And you too. One cannot give proof of the existence of what is truer, the way is to believe: believe and cry.

This story happens in a state of emergency and public calamity. It is an unfinished book because it lacks an answer. An answer that someone in the world may give me. You? It's a technicolor story to have some luxury, by God, because I also need it. Amen to all of us.

In progress... 😊