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EITA!

MAGAZINE

FANTASTICAL
BRAZILIAN
TALES COMPENDIUM

ALVARENGA / MELO
PERES / SANTOS
& LIMA BARRETO
AUTHORS



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Eita! is a magazine created to promote Brazilian science fiction and fantasy to a foreign audience, revealing the tendencies of our national SFF works and to insert Brazilian production in the worldwide cultural discussion.

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editor's note

June, 2021

In September 2020, Eita! Magazine opened for submissions for the very first time. As a brand new online zine, we never expected to receive 230 submissions, but alas, we did. However, we only had four slots for Issue #0, which would be released later that year. To say that hard decisions were made is an understatement: there's just so much diversity in narratives coming from Brazil—maybe because we are a population of 192 million people living in the fifth largest country in the world—and we couldn't possibly fit everything our writers have to tell in one inaugural issue.

So we made a second one.

Don't get me wrong—it's still not enough to showcase everything we want to present to you, but it's double what we initially intended to have from that first submission window. We still had to make a ton of hard choices, but we believe we have a strong selection of stories for your enjoyment. On this issue we also selected a special something, a piece of Brazilian proto-science fiction by renowned author Lima Barreto (1881-1922), a black writer with enormous influence in Brazil and whose works were always filled with social criticism. *The Panplanetary Congress*—his story on this issue—isn't any different, and we hope to bring you a special something about this story through our bi-weekly newsletter, *Newsletra*, so if

you're still not subscribed, go ahead and do it. I promise, it's worth it, there's some amazing content being created especially for you over there.

If diversity in SFF writing is something that resonates with you and that you think is important, consider supporting us on Patreon. Our initial tier is \$1 and you'll only be charged per issue. At this point in time, 100% of the money raised there is being used to pay our authors. Our amazing team of editors, PR and social media managers, translators, copy editors, artists, webmasters, and collaborators is still working voluntarily to make all of this happen. It's a bunch of Brazilian professionals scattered all over the country—and the world!— who deeply believe in this project to propel our voices out to the world.

I'd like to thank our core team, composed of André Colabelli, Larissa Picchioni, Lucas Ferraz, Natalie Moura, Raphael Andrade, and Vanessa Guedes for all their hard work and willingness to go through with this project, even when it felt like too much. I'd also like to thank our team of highly skilled professionals who volunteered to work with us knowing we can't (yet) afford to pay for their incredible job: Amanda Pavani, Diogo Ramos, Felipe Melo, Francine Emilia Costa, Júlia Serrano, Luiza Anselmi Cantoni, Lígia Colares, Maria Anna Leal Martins, and Renata Torres. Thank you all!

Now is the time that all of the hard work pays off: when you dive into the stories. So go ahead, turn these virtual pages, and journey down these tales told by Brazilian voices.

Iana A.
Editor-in-Chief

foreword for Eita! Magazine

WRITTEN BY
Jana Bianchi

June, 2021

I translate books, comics, and board games for a living. It's my dream job, so I may be a little biased when I say it's the best job in the world. It's undeniable, however, that translating is an extremely important job.

On a wider scale, since ancient times, it plays a major role in connecting (and, ultimately, changing) civilizations and finding middle grounds—it's no wonder it's said that "translations builds bridges". From an individual perspective, though, it's just as important: being able to access content originally produced in several languages wildly expands one's horizon, especially when we talk about culture and entertainment. I personally get emotional when I think how different a person I would be if—as a Brazilian girl who couldn't speak any other language other than Portuguese until I was a young adult—I hadn't had access to any translated books, comics, movies, series, games, and more. I probably wouldn't be writing this foreword, as I probably wouldn't write the fiction I write: as much as we have tons of wonderful cultural content in Brazil, a good part of my fantasy and science fiction references is somehow imported.

Now, it's foolish to believe this is a one-way road. I do believe that, say, Brazilian literature could enrich the repertoire of non-Portuguese speakers—just to mention one art and one nationality. I do believe we have interesting

stories to tell, important themes to highlight, lots of talent to show. And that's why I was delighted with Eita!'s initiative since I first heard about it. As Rachel Cordasco said in her foreword for Eita!'s issue 000, for too long there was too little SF in translation from Brazil in the anglophone market—and it was about time to change it.

Assuming you're a non-Portuguese speaker, I daresay you wouldn't be reading the stories in which you're about to dive in if it wasn't for Eita!. You wouldn't weep with Amanda Nunes's "Please Open This Letter While I'm At Work". You wouldn't laugh at the witty plot twist in "How to Deal with Inconvenient Guests", by Marina Melo (translated by Natalle Moura). You wouldn't ask *WTF is that?* (in a good way, of course) while reading Michel Peres's "Nilsinho Pause", translated by Vanessa Guedes. You wouldn't marvel at how it's possible to fit so much worldbuilding in so few words while reading "No salary justifies certain tribulations", by Santiago Santos (translated by André Colabelli). And I assume you would never hear about "The Pan-planetary Congress", by Lima Barreto, translated by Iana A.—well, *I* didn't know Lima Barreto used to write science fiction, even though I'm from Brazil and he's one of the most important and talented writers of ours.

That said, I can affirm Eita! is one hell of a bridge—or a collection of bridges, one for each issue at least. I'm very glad to be here, cutting the ribbon of this one. Come! Don't hesitate to cross it and know a little bit of what Brazil SFF has to offer. If this is your first contact with the magazine, go cross the previous bridges too—you won't regret it. Maybe you'll even grab a brick and build a new bridge somewhere.

Jana Bianchi

**please
open this
letter while
i'm at work**

WRITTEN BY

Amanda Nunes Alvarenga

EDITED BY

Iana A.

COPYEDITED BY

André Colabelli



Hey, mom

I don't think I'll ever have the courage to say this out loud, but maybe if I write it down I can actually give you this letter. Deep down, I suspect you already know half of what I'm about to tell you, and by now I'm pretty sure you guessed where this is going, but then there's the other half... Well, we'll burn that bridge when we get to it.

Today, you did it again. We were cleaning the house, listening to the old songs Grandpa loved. Out of nowhere, you said "Can I ask you a question?" and I froze in place. In the irony to end all ironies, I kept a *straight* face and

said yes. This time, though, you didn't ask if I liked girls (such a momentary relief, since I hate lying to you). You asked me why I was so sad, which is almost worse. If only you weren't able to read me so well, perhaps we could both keep pretending everything is fine.

You see, mom, I never lie to you. I'm proud to say you've always been my best friend and we keep nothing from each other, not even the things that maybe we should. I tell you everything about me, except for one little detail that I'm not sure you can handle. It shouldn't be so scary, but that's nobody's fault. You were raised like this, and I know you're trying to change how you see these matters, but it's still a work in progress. Maybe this letter will speed things up, or maybe it will break us to pieces. We'll see.

First things first, I have to clear something out: I didn't technically lie the last time I said I like boys, but *technically* is not good enough. I like boys and girls, Mom. Non-binary people too. In one word, I'm bisexual. This doesn't make me wrong or sad or evil. It doesn't make me any different from who I've always been. I'm also not any less of a woman. My sexuality is not a defect or a disease, and I'm very proud of it. I hope someday you can be proud too.

And no, I will not be with multiple people at the same time. You know me, mom. I've kissed three people in 20 years. I'm still the same hopeless romantic. And that brings us to the trickiest part of this letter... You mentioned I've been sad since I came back from that trip to Brazil. It was the first time I went there without you, and that was quite weird on its own. It's a relief to be able to smell the sun, as you say, but it's not the same without the scent of your coconut shampoo.

You say I was born homesick. Isn't it weird that I missed our home country before I ever knew it? No, missing is not the right word. How bitterly appropriate that *saudade* has no easy translation... Anyway, you were right, as

always. About my sadness, I mean. I said it would be a work trip, which is technically true, but again, not the whole truth. Something did happen in Brazil. Long story short, a girl broke my heart.

Now, before you consider grabbing a knife and getting on a plane to chase this girl who hurt your baby, you should know that she never meant any harm. Sara is the best person you could ever meet and she loved me almost as much as I love her. We met here in Boston almost a year ago, and the last time I saw her was on my trip to Brazil last week. She wasn't happy to leave me, but she did that to protect me.

Even as I begged her to stay, I knew she was right. Our relationship wouldn't have worked in the long run. We were getting too used to each other's presence, too serious when we fantasized about our wedding and our home together, but there was never going to be a future for us. We knew we were doomed from the very beginning, mom, and that doesn't make it hurt any less.

Also, your knife would be kind of useless against Sara, considering that she was dead long before we met. That's the other part, Mom. When I was a little girl, you made me promise I'd never befriend a ghost, never become close to a ghost, and, most importantly, never fall in love with one. In our line of work, we find ghosts and we guide them to the next stage before they can become vengeful or angry, or simply lost. We don't get attached to them and we never, ever, *ever* try to keep them around.

I remember the day we let Dad go. That was the only time you went against Grandpa's lessons and your own beliefs. You asked Dad to stay just a little while, just until my birthday, just so he could help you a bit, just so we could figure things out... For once, he was the one to follow the code, and he did it to keep us safe. Dad hugged you one last time and kissed my forehead. I was already in bed, eyes closed, trying not to make a noise. Neither of you

knew I was listening, but I was. I saw the light when he moved on. You cried the whole night and I couldn't sleep, but I didn't want you to find out I was awake. Some secrets should stay quiet, but I guess that one is out now – just like me.

I get it now, mom. Rationally, I knew that Sara had to go. In fact, that's how I found her. I was supposed to get to know her motivations so I could help her let go of this realm, but then we started to understand each other, seeing through each other in such deep, beautiful ways... Falling in love is not a choice but even if it was, I think I'd choose to love her anyway.

The only issue we ever fought about was the right time for her to leave. I wanted to delay it as much as possible. Sara wanted to speed things up so I could move on but, at the same time, she couldn't help but join me in the day-dreams about our family together. We wanted to get a house in Brazil... She's from there, too! You'd love to meet her, I swear.

That's what we were talking about when she figured it out. I had thought of it first, but I said nothing because I wanted more time. Selfish, I know, but I think you're the one person who can understand why I kept quiet, Mom. That night, Sara realized that she needed to see her home one last time so she could say goodbye. We talked about it for hours and we cried ourselves to sleep in each other's arms.

The next morning, I got on a plane to São Paulo. Her root here was her necklace – the one with the little 'S' I've been wearing around my neck – so I had to be the one to take her home. After the flight, we took three buses to get to Sara's hometown. She guided me to the little house where she grew up. If we had any doubts about this plan, they faded away when Sara knelt to the ground. Her hands touched the earth but her eyes drank up the sky.

When she got up, she started walking around slowly and showing me stories in every corner. The old mango tree where her initials were carved,

the wooden box that once stored her books, the brick walls that she described as the realest part of the world... Everything was as solid as it was ethereal. That was it, mom. We watched the sunset together in a perfect cliché. Sara was hugging me as she went.

I should have looked for a hotel room or something, but I just broke down. I stayed there and I cried in front of that abandoned house for so long, mom... I wish I had gotten up and hugged you the night Dad moved on because nobody should ever have to feel that alone. I'm so sorry, mom. For all of us, I'm so sorry. You'd think that people who work with death are prepared to handle it, but we keep hiding our grief, even if we know the pain is much heavier when it's not shared.

It's so difficult to put this into words, but I'm hoping you can read beyond my lines because I know you've felt this too. I'm happy, but it hurts. It's such a blessing that she's free. Sara deserves more peace and beauty than this world could ever handle, but I miss her so much, and, being very selfish again, I kind of hope she misses me too. Does that make me a bad person, mom? I know I'll remember her as long as I live and, probably, after that too. It seems fair that she doesn't forget me as she begins her eternity.

Well, this got deeper than I intended, but that's okay. I can never measure my words when I'm talking to you, and it's such a relief that I no longer have to. Next time we need to cry, promise me we'll hug each other through it?

With all my love (and way more sincerity than recommended),

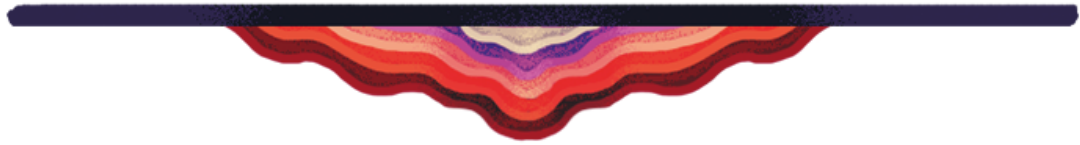
Your daughter.



AMANDA N. ALVARENGA

Amanda Nunes Alvarenga is Brazilian, from Minas Gerais, born in 1997. She lives to read literature, with a particular fondness for speculative fiction. Brazilian stories warm her heart. She has a flash fiction published by Faísca.

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no salary justifies certain tribulations

WRITTEN BY

Santiago Santos

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Natalle Moura



Doizirmo straightens his cap, checks the buttons on his vest, the shine on the toes of his shoes, the fingers of his gloves, the crease of his pants. The couple enters, the husband barely carrying three suitcases, the children chasing behind. Doizirmo grabs one of the carts, places the suitcases on top of it, and has an employee accompany the family to the reception at the end of the lobby, and then to their room.

The group of men in business suits, chatting in one of the environments with leather couches, is served by a waitress from the restaurant. Doizirmo

notices drops of soda on the floor. He presses a button on his wrist communicator and requests a cleanup on the spot. Seconds later a janitor crosses the hall, mops it up, and vanishes.

Three girls, very thin and very tall, stagger out of the elevator and ask the tour guide where they can get something to drink and find the best-looking chicks in the city. When their laughter becomes too loud, Doizirmo goes to the reception's wall, pulls the intercom, calls the front desk, and asks the kid to take them outside and put them in a taxi immediately. The kid obeys, still answering their questions with the enthusiasm demanded by protocol.

As the action lulls, Doizirmo scans the quadrant in its slightest details and tasks thirteen janitors with small cleanup jobs; the electrical team with fixing a faulty lamp socket; the maintenance team with painting over a section of the baseboard, fouled by some child; and the hotel management with reviewing the speakers' playlist, after listening from two old ladies, in two different occasions that morning, that they felt like they were on a funeral, having such melancholy tones in their ears.

After the intricate asepsis of the lobby, his responsibility, Doizirmo feels a satisfaction that would undoubtedly result in a smile, were it not against his professional policy of conduct to smile or show emotions while an employee at the city's most prestigious hotel. Something that quite obviously does not hold when the entryway windows shatter with a thunderous rumble, the great chandelier falls on top of a young couple, and the place is overtaken by smoke and splintered furniture.

The kavlani entourage enters, riding small, plump animals. They dismount, holding bows and arrows and deformed dark swords. The tallest kavlani walks in behind them, asks the receptionist to identify which room Fou is staying in. She does not understand. He raises her by the neck, passes his finger from her chest to her groin, and her body opens, blood and guts

spewing over the counter. The other receptionists scream and run to the small room behind the reception desk. A kaviani throws something there that explodes and the shouting ends.

The leader walks around the desk and starts meddling with the keyboard. His green face in layers of exposed flesh takes some time to recognize something. He speaks to the entourage in grunts. Three of them enter the elevator and climb to the eleventh floor. Seconds later they walk out with an old man, his hands tied to his back. Doizirmo, fallen under a pillar since the first explosion, unable to feel his left leg, watches. Survivors that scream or complain are pierced with arrows.

The captured man clearly doesn't know what's happening. The kaviani interrogates him, repeatedly presses the nape of his neck, punches his face and his body. Unable to obtain an answer that makes sense, he commands one of the guards to draw his dark blade across the man's neck. The head falls. Some screams are suppressed. The kaviani looks around, gives an order, and leaves the hotel with the entourage.

The unharmed employees gather to assist Doizirmo. He screams as he is pushed out from under the raised pillar. He's asked to stay still and wait for the ambulance. Doizirmo says he's fine. When they step away to help the other wounded, he limps on his good leg to the exit. At the parking lot in the back of the hotel, he goes to his car, sits on the driver's seat, pushes the nape of his neck, and feels his beige skin return to wet green layers.

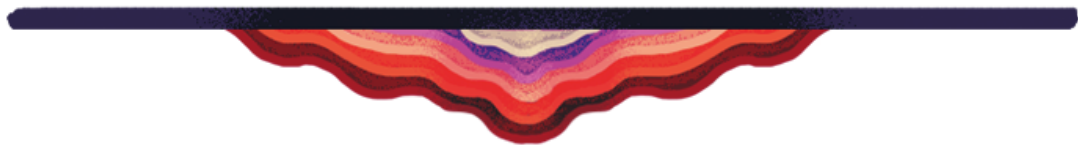
He finds it strange that no sound comes from the trunk as the car moves. He stops in a residential street, a few blocks from the hotel, takes off the uniform, and throws it out of the window. He presses the button on the panel to open the trunk. Doizirmo steps out of the trunk slowly, in an undershirt and underpants, and looks around. Fou speeds up, watching through the rearview mirror as the manager starts to put on the clothes thrown on the sidewalk.

Now Fou knows without a doubt that the diplomatic meeting with the humans at the hotel was an ambush. He must disappear, turn to contacts made along a lifetime of espionage to find safe haven in the human world and keep himself alive. It won't be easy. Even less so with a shattered leg. Blessed be human beings and their automatic transmissions.



SANTIAGO SANTOS

Santiago Santos writes from Cuiabá, drinking a tereré. He is also a translator and a copy editor, among other things. A while ago, he started publishing mini stories on flashfiction.com.br — and in a bunch of other places — until he got close to five hundred publications. Currently, FlashFiction.com.br is on hiatus, prolonged in part by the pandemic sluggishness. Part of this compendium of short fictions ended up in the collection *Algazarra* (2018, Patuá) and, a little earlier, they shaped the Incan road trip story “Na eternidade sempre é domingo” (2016). Outside of this ecosystem of stories, the novelette “Hei, hou, Borunga chegou” (2020) deserves a highlight, published in the 3rd season of *Mafagafo Magazine*.



how to deal with inconvenient guests

WRITTEN BY

Marina Melo

EDITED BY

Lucas Rafael Ferraz

TRANSLATED BY

Natalle Moura

COPYEDITED BY

Vanessa Guedes



In three hundred years haunting homes, nothing too extraordinary had happened to her. It was a job without great excitement, like any other: some living being moved into a private property and disturbed the peace of a respectable spirit, so she was called to deal with the problem. As she was a specialist, only two nights used to be enough to do the job, although on some occasions the person resisted for about a month. There was even a case, an infestation particularly tough, in which she had to push a troublemaker out of the second-floor window. The downside was that she had to put up with the guy's haunt.

Then the current case arose. She was hired to haunt a fine colonial-style townhouse located in the downtown area, the residency of a lady that was walled alive by her father centuries ago. The poor woman just wanted a peaceful rest, which she achieved for a few years, when her legend made people afraid to buy the house. Everything changed when, years later, the history was forgotten and they decided to transform the building into a pension. That was when the invasion started.

The poor lady could no longer scare away the people, since nowadays little is as scary as the living themselves. However, when she, *the specialist*, came into play armed with her expertise and presentation, aligned with the best contemporary horror movies, every guest was promptly expelled. Well, except one.

He was kinda skinny, tall, and lanky, like a skeleton, with deep dark circles under his eyes. Initially, she thought that it could be some kind of make-up, like those used by people who like to feign being dead either by fashion or lifestyle. But, as it turned out, it was just a chronic insomnia problem. It was after three in the morning and he was still awake, watching a series in bed. She entered the wall, her ghostly figure appearing surrounded by a thick mist, as she always did. He saw her, but he did not seem impressed by her usually triumphal entry.

“I wondered if any of you would come today,” he said.

She moved toward him, in the best floating style — with bulging eyes and tousled hair in front of her face. She stopped and raised her squalid hands to his neck. The white nightgown slid from her arms, showing her swollen, transparent skin with protuberant and sickly-looking veins.

“In fact, behind this whole theater, you are not that ugly.”

Her eyes widened more, now with shock all over them.

“What?” she unintentionally asked.

“Probably because of the hair over your face,” he said, raising his hand and pushing aside the curtain of her thick black strands.

The ghost recoiled. She was out of character and now it was going to be difficult to regain the scary posture. She knew the situation was complicated, but she didn’t imagine she would deal with that kind of prankster.

"I realized that you all expect me to leave," he said, not giving her time to compose herself. “But, you see, the problem is that I have no plans to leave”.

She crossed her arms.

“You will leave, willingly or not.”

“I’m not afraid of you, honey.”

She smiled, showing some pieces of rotten teeth.

“And do you think all I do is scare?”

For the first time, she saw a flash of fear in his expression. She took the opportunity, moving slowly.

“I steal souls. I throw them into the vacuum of existence and leave the bodies adrift, lost, and empty”, she said, evoking an ominous breeze that penetrated through the window's cracks, howling, and making the room lamp, attached only by a wire, wobble, and flicker. “I kill, but it is not a peaceful death. Your soul will be trapped forever in a world of cold and darkness.”

She left the words to hang in the air to provoke the desired impact. His eyes were fixed on her as if imagining the terrors he would experience.

"Fine by me," he said at last.

The wind stopped.

“What was it?”

“I’m in a bit of a complicated situation out there, you know?”, he justified himself as if to apologize. “There are some guys after me. You can't even imagine what they'll do if they catch me. So, I think I prefer this dark world of yours.”

"But ... But you're going to die," she argued, indignant.

"Die. We're all going to die, right? Well, *you* are not dying anymore... Look, I know you must be frustrated and such. But, between us, I think you take yourself too seriously.

"How so?"

"You know, this thing about frightening, about killing."

She didn't know if he was brave or just too stupid.

"I am a ghost!"

"Exactly. Why don't you leave the world of the living and go have some fun?"

"Because I have a job to do," she said, trying to maintain her dignity. "An important job."

"Important to whom?"

"To the souls who need me."

"And what do you get out of it? A paycheck? Do you pay any bills? Do you owe rent?"

The ghost hesitated for a moment, but insisted:

"I like to scare. And I am the best at what I do. I conquered this position with a lot of effort and my horrifying appearance. It was not easy."

"I don't doubt it. But the truth, dear, is that you work for free."

She fell silent. In all these years, she had never thought of that. She received nothing, in fact; not even a thank you. She didn't know what her payment would be like if she had one. She was just called, did her job, and fixed the problem. She had gained some fame for her natural talent and, with that, she had only gotten even more work. And that was what her eternity was all about. In a way, she was just a servant.

She collapsed on the bed, her musty robes rustling.

"But I... I don't know how to do anything else."

He sat down next to her.

“*Eita*, that was quite an overstatement! There must be something you can do.”

“No, I have been doing only this since my first day. I killed and took the soul of the man who drowned me. That's how I got my own legend.”

“Well... You can travel. See the world. Have you ever been to Paris?”

“No... I never left town.”

“It's your opportunity. Have you ever wondered? The whole world is yours; you don't even have to pay for a ticket, accommodations, or food. Just go floating over the sea. Or disappear here and reappear there, whatever you do. But it should be simple. You have all the time in the world after all.”

She got up from the bed. He was right. For whom she spent all this time haunting houses? More than three hundred years and never had a day off. Much less a vacation. It was time to change her life. Or rather, life path.

“Where are you going?” he asked, eyebrows raised.

“Paris,” she said. “Or Rome. I always wanted to visit the Colosseum; it is said that many people died there.”

“Good choice.”

“Well, goodbye. And thanks for the tip.”

And the ghost was gone, crossing the same wall through which she entered, but with much less fuss.

He watched her go and smiled, pleased with his impeccable work. Some missions were more complicated than others. Sometimes, he had to improvise. But, at last, one more case of infestation was solved. Maybe now he could get some sleep. Because, unlike the dead, he had bills to pay and would not go to Paris anytime soon.



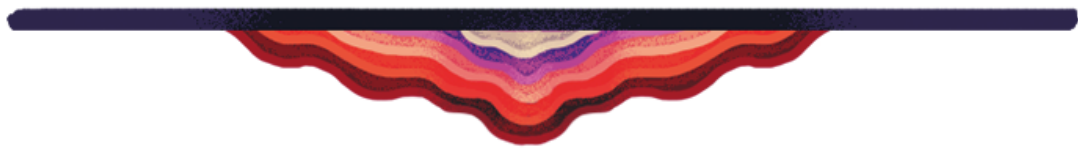
MARINA MELO

Marina Melo is a writer from Recife and a feminist. She writes on the blog Do Fundo do Mar, has published the independent novel “Um Encontro”, available in Portuguese on Amazon, and the flash fiction "A Dama de Branco" (The Lady in White) through Faísca. She is part of the Recife writer's group, Writing Coven, a collective of women from the state of Pernambuco.

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nilsinho pause

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Nilsinho Pause, the most extravagant and hated Bahian artist of all times, watches with a pinky on his lip as the guests eat cornbread and fubá cake served at the vernissage. 'This is my body' is the title of the trick, and it has its own ritualistics for the exhibition, from the waiters' clothing (wearing mankinis) to the Marajoara pottery used to serve the food. Yes, it was a long way from the little markets of Itaparica to *Le Maison du Schwarzkogler*, and Nilsinho knew it; he wasn't just any slack-lipped amateur who got his turn at the fanciest museum in Paris, one of the last respected art strongholds in the

Old World. One eye on the cat and another on the door. That was Nilsinho's motto.

Guests gather around. Sophia Antipolis' executive approaches the artist, followed by an übermodel. The über wears a skydiving jumpsuit and uses crutches that splash Mon Guerlain every five minutes.

“What is it made of?” asks the executive, pointing to the plate.

“Of mommy's placenta,” Nilsinho replies, in a French from Feira de Santana. The model laughs, throwing her crutches up high.

Typical Nilsinho. In his performances and tricks, he always mixes elements extracted from his own body, or from family or friends. He's used blood, semen, shit, dandruff, phlegm... When he schedules a visit, people wear helmets and put cameras in the toilets, watching his movements. Nilsinho never gets carried away. “Fifth world art, djow,” he says, “fucking marginal art.”

798's Biennial. Nilsinho flies to Beijing, eager to show off a fresh trick to the Latin American Pavilion. He invades *Desvio para o Vermelho*, by Meireles, tying clothesline ropes from a corner to another in the room; on the clotheslines, dozens of hanging aie-aies face visitors and journalists. They are fed by assemblers that run through the clotheslines, carrying a worm shake that is squirted directly into the little creatures' mouths. After a week of the exhibit, the stench of lemur urine and feces is so pungent that it softens the curiosity of anyone interested in the works from the Brazilian wing. There are rumors that Argentina and Venezuela are upset. An Angolan diplomat asks, “Is that part of the artwork?”, he looks at the sole of his shoe, disgusted.

At the time of the Morning Show, unemployed people, old ladies and students don't take their eyes off the holotv. The host dances for the guests, who are seated on a wide sofa made of lizard leather. Among them, Nilsinho, king

of the tricks. He wears an astrakahn hat and a fluorescent rubber mackintosh, even though the temperature in the studio is about 30°C.

“Nilsinho,” says a journalist, “the artwork that caused a commotion in São Paulo is yours, right?”

Nilsinho shakes his head saying no. “Yes,” he replies, “Let Bosch Know About It’. I made it for the city’s anniversary. It was a lot of work installing the palm trees, but I was satisfied by the result,” he says, giving a wink to Goro, the four-armed singer, who rolls his eyes.

“Controversial work... Do you know why?”

“Look, sweetie, those Sampa people are kind of posh, you know? I could be wrong, but I think it was the pneumatic servants’ fault that I installed on each one of the three hundred palms at the construction site. They made every tree shake whenever someone called one-nine-one reporting death or rape. The workaholics were uncomfortable seeing the trees shaking like a horde of schizophrenics in the middle of Paulista Avenue. When they brought the backhoes, I chained myself and *mes amis* to the trees. After threatening to sue, everything came backwards, showing their asses like some baboons. Yes, I did it. Bunch of losers.”

São Paulo behind, Nilsinho decides to attack Minas Gerais (land full of skeletons in the closet, as he usually says) during the International Gastronomy Festival of Ouro Preto. As a guest artist, he exhibits in one of the local bodegas. Chooses Vertigem, the only Escherian restaurant in the state (comedy shows, homemade geribirita and balut ice cream with beak and everything). People drink at tables that resemble staircases, making the waiters go up and down in post-Newtonian steps. Nilsinho appears at Vertigo’s kitchen and shouts, “Fetch me the sponge you guys most used today.”

With DNA from clients’ saliva extracted from the sponge, strands of hair accumulated on engineering students’ bedposts, and a *To-Pleasure* king-size

Incubus model doll, with help from the Bioinformatics Department Nilsinho designs an organreceptor capable of serving Vertigem's clients, calculating tension in beams, displaying temperature, and working as a local guide. Things are going well until a dean thinks it would be ok to let the test-tube abortion snort a line. The guy likes the taste and, when in a fissure, goes into a frenzy, beating up people on the street and destroying 18th-century churches (Art History teachers have strokes one after another, falling like domino pieces at Direita Street). Terror runs down the community, until the Castle of Nobles frat house takes the golem as a pet, feeding it with controlled doses of powder heated on a mirror and Sega Saturn. He becomes the carnival king and a cultural heritage of Ouro Preto, even becoming a character in one of the block parties. Dark side of the story? Reports of tourists disappearing are kept under wraps with the spreadsheets of the Secretary of Tourism, delighted with the increase in the city's revenue. Part of the funds thickens one of Nilsinho's bank accounts, who doesn't stop receiving invitations from other tourist cities.

Even so, post-wealth depression strikes our hero. Tokyo, London, Sydney, Abuja, Rio... all those are already blessed by the touch of Nilsinho, who accumulated prize after prize, honor after honor. The last one is an honorary doctorate from the Günter Brus Institute (in his acceptance speech, Nilsinho defended the services provided in the name of art by David Paker Ray and spent an hour praising the benefits of rangpur for eliminating armpit odor). But all that doesn't amount to anything...

At the peak of his career, thirty years on his shoulders, Nilsinho begins to rethink his life. Deep down, his true dream never came true: having a street named after him in Itaparica, his hometown. Despite his rough childhood (street kid, full of green heroin, body marked by violence and vices), he loved his hometown. Thus, he decides to act on his own. He spends months

locked in his four-story bungalow in Rocinha, planning his biggest project. It would involve turning one of his arms into a baobab. “The island will now have some of my love”, he sings in falsetto, the whole community listening.

To start off the trick, Nilsinho goes after an old friend, Adelaide Bedu, a biochemist for a Sino-Nigerian pharmaceutical group, drummer of MegaCutie band and a garagekeeper in her spare time. They sip bottles of tarubá in her apartment, while smoking fat joints of Uruguayan hashish.

“What's in it for me, djow?”, Bedu asks, wearing a kepi with *Totenkopf* and whirling a drumstick à la Neil Peart.

“Fame”, replies Nilsinho, after letting out smoke from his lungs. He coughs and wipes a tear away, watching for dandruff husks on the floor. “And a few bucks too, of course.”

“Well... that's gonna take a few sessions of xenotransplantation, some gene shots and some dips into your epigenetics.”

“Dips... for what?”

“Entropy, puppy. Turn to where your mommy and daddy ooze out of your skin.”

“I know, I know...,” Nilsinho speaks. Like shit he knows.

“And I'm gonna need a whole bunch of golden plasmids.”

“Gol...den?”

“Gold, djow,” she says rubbing her thumb against her forefinger. “Lead *green goo*?”

“*Green-huh..?*”

“*Green goo*. Like a slime. Ghostbusters style, but Chernobyl-like.”

“No clue.”

“Entropy it!” Bedu says. She drinks the tarubá and throws the bottle away, soon absorbed by the innate dissemblers of the cement and the wall paint. “Let's go. It's on you...”

Many scalpels, gene gun cartridges, and Jesus guaraná later, Nilsinho leaves Bedu's garage with his new project: the mutant baobab-arm, able to grow and shrink at his will. Like a mental erection.

“*Achtung* what you’re gonna drink at those crappy mixolabs, djow,” Bedu advertises.

“*Ja, ja, Fräulein,*” Nilsinho agrees, feeling his body weigh heavy on one side. Otherwise, he feels as radiant as a student on the last day of school. The whole afternoon just for Doritos and telekinetic jerk-off. The baobab-arm stretches, baring wooden veins. People from the island are going to be sick, Nilsinho thinks, jumping in excitement.

Back to Itaparica. Nilsinho strolls along the shore, carrying the baoba in a shoulder strap. Between insults and spits, he feels like a drag queen, parading to the island's envious plebeian crowd. They shout: queer, faggot, Satan's darling, freak, jambo asshole, Southeastern knickknacks, Ipanema knees, douchelain, cheese bread buttocks, agreste nazi, and many others adorable nicknames. Nilsinho blows a kiss away and smiles, rolling out onto the hot and flying sand.

Until the day he forgets Bedu's advice and walks into a mixolab at Marcelino's street. There, he drinks an avocado smoothie processed on an Applera DNA synthesizer. Unfortunately for Nilsinho, the Applera was infested with teliospores, a *Ustilago maydis* variety from Tierra del Fuego. Nilsinho doesn't have time to step out of the place when the unexpected hits him. His thigh stretches back, developing a stark tone of baobab.

“I bet it's one of those pranks,” comments a Yankee tourist in a broken Portuguese, taking a bite of a textured guará meat sandwich. “Where are the cameras?”

Fussing over his situation and shaking in impossible moves, Nilsinho drags himself outside. The sun makes him dizzy, his forehead sweaty, his gut

hot as a punctured radiator. His Spice Girls tank top rips off, the girls' faces opening space for his now hairy wooden chest.

He falls to his knees on the sidewalk, passers-by curiously watching. No one helps the trickster who cries out for help. Tumor sprouts burst out of his body, falling to the asphalt like rotten meat pieces made from wood. The expensive Mainbocher jeans rips from side to side, showing his thighs. The boy's back, now the size of a jeep Surrey, has thick slivers of baobab growing non-stop; Nilsinho looks around, opens his mouth, but his teeth and tongue melt, making room for the small roots that begin to infiltrate the paving stones in the street. The pleb screams out insane.

A banana seller slowly rides by on his bicycle and notes, "If this one isn't the kid who used to steal cigarettes at the market... does it hurt, little son of a bitch, does it...?"

A helicopter loaded with tourists flies over the old port of Itaparica, which is now completely taken over by Nilsinho boy. Tugboats get around the shore, squirting chemicals day and night to stop the baobab logs from growing beyond the island. It's like watching a huge plate of noodles from the top. Buildings, houses, bridges... everything turned into spaghetti. The helicopter buzzes in.

"*Ach so,*" the MoMa's curator, a middle-aged German, says into the microphone, "vee are now flyingen over zee last vork of Nizinho, artist ant misunderstood genius of land art. *Itapahica*, eh... Vee don't know zee name yet. It is believed zat a new soschiety lives under sis heap of leaves and branches, ant zat people there praise the myzical ant, vhy not, mistisch figure of Nizinho Pause. It zeems to be a cargo cult, if you can call it zat. But there are critics voo believe zat Nizinho took refuzee in Africa, disappearing there as Don Sebastiom."

“Is it true that all this came out of his back?” asks a Japanese designer looking for some tropical influences.

“From the back and from *Arsch*, pardon the exprezion,” answers the curator, “The body turned into a zigantic baobab. Vere it not for the squirts, the vork, or trickery, vould have already taken over Brazil, from Oiapoque to Chuí. Vich vould not be a zurprise, given zee abzurd and *fantastisch* of Nizinho’s ouvre.”

A log, thick as a cement mill, comes out from the island, grabbing the helicopter like a frog's tongue, which is then pulled back into Nilsinho. Sounds of metal twisting. A huge burps echoes, forming bubbles in the ocean. Close up at the sunset in Itaparica, when then...

Não liga não, baby / Don't mind me, baby

Dá pra mim... o seu amor / Give me... your love

Dá pra mim... / Give me

Não se preocupe que eu serei um bom rapaz / Don't worry , I'll be be a good boy

Quero seus lábios / I want your lips

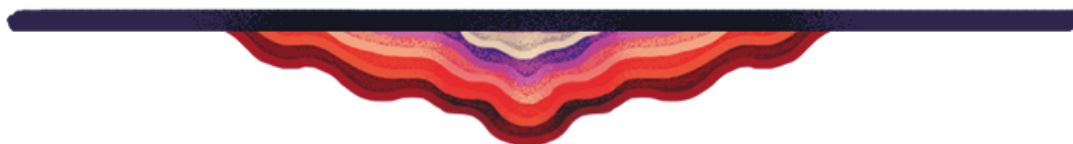
Dá pra mim... o seu carinho / Give me... your affection

Dá pra mim... / Give me...



MICHEL PEREZ

Michel Peres was born in Matozinhos, Minas Gerais, in 1982. He has an undergraduate degree in History and Engineering, and a specialization in the Arts. He wrote articles for the website Obvious , had poems published on the website Ruído Manifesto, participated in anthologies such as Mitos Modernos (Penumbra Livros), Realidades Cabulosas (Leitor Cabuloso website), Cyberpunk – Registros recuperados de futuros proibidos (Draco) and short stories in the magazines Aversa, Mafagafo, Nove Amanhãs, Trasgo and Somnium. He is the author of “HIPERHELIX” (Patuá, 2020).



the pan- planetary congress

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“Featherless vultures don’t mingle with crowned ones”

Popular saying

Congresses had multiplied in such a way that originality was needed. Within each of the eight planets—from the most obtuse, which seems to me to be Venus, to the smartest, which must be, of course, Neptune—it wasn’t possible to gather a single one that wasn’t the thousandth repartition of the previ-

ous congresses. They were never something essential, but the necessity of such spectacle holds within us so very strong demands as it does convenient deviances.

Furthermore, Jupiter was in such a state of advancement that it needed to flaunt it to the whole system. Each year, Jupiter produced 200.000\$000^[1] tons of perfected bamboo barbs (specific against toothache), and its philosophers and writers, thanks to the modern electric typewriters, crammed the warehouses along the railways with billions of tons of printed paper. There was one who, by narrating his every single conversation and act of the year, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second, wrote a piece of work of 68,922 volumes, composed of 20,677,711 pages, of which 3,000,000 blank and clean ones—the best ones!—meant the hours of his dreamless sleep.

The author did not even omit his orders to his servants, nor did he omit vulgarities which we exchange when greeting one another. According to him, he recorded everything because the more monumental the work, the more value it has.

It was only Jupiter that was found in such a state: the rest of the satellites around the Sun lived middling... However, as if they had discovered that all of them were connected by an invisible force that, despite mutually influencing all of them, weighted indifferently over the particular destinies of each of them; and, as if it was necessary to be original when it came to congresses, Jupiter proposed, and all remaining planets agreed, the meeting of a Panplanetary Congress. It was necessary, said the Jupiter ambassadors, to create a planetary spirit, against the stellar spirit. With this excuse, they hid their secret desire to sell to the other planets perfected barbs, medicine for calluses, tons of literary wrapping paper and other similar products from its

limitless activities, and not forgetting their premeditated goal of conquering some of the latter or parts of them.

All the other planets did not quite see this purpose of Jupiter, but the big planet worn out their resistance by convincing everyone that they should be original and get some attention of the Universe... Doesn't the stellar world mock us? Isn't Altair always laughing sarcastically at us? Doesn't Aldebaran threaten us with its flare? Doesn't Sirius disdain us? Let us show them all.

The meeting—it had been decided—would take place on Earth. Not because Earth was very powerful but because, in the past years, it had mounted in its poles a gigantic horn which screamed to the stars—"I am the first planet of the orb, I have millions of meters in roads: I am the Universe's paradise", etc., etc.

The horn was indispensable, since the paths, palaces, gardens, theatres, etc., were destined to the extraterrestrials and were intended to attract them, following the logic that the aliens would bring the steadfast prosperity of it—Earth.

Everyone knows its people: they are full of a misty poetry, theme, loquacious, a tad indolent, but liberal because they are relaxed and generous because they are liberal.

These are flaws and qualities, especially since for the nations there aren't flaws nor qualities; there are only characteristics and nothing else.

Those from Jupiter are not like that; they are rigid, rough and cold, and possess two dominant emotions: that of the gigantic, which is their criteria for beauty, and that of the golden.

Once on Earth, an inhabitant of the big planet, having seen the sky bathed in liquified gold through the twilight, had such a fit that they walked up to the mountains to collect it in a way that they caused an earthquake in the antipodes.

Upon seeing the color of gold, they leave fuming with bloodshot eyes, in a state of fury; they go out killing and disemboweling strangers, friends, family and even their parents, and—curiously enough—they just want gold to build coffins that are six-leagues high with a base of six square inches. That is how they feel beauty... To that they add a horror of cats, a stupid and hysterical hatred. However, the “cats” are good; if old, they have the candor of a child; if young, they have a charming and graceful spontaneity. Even if they are not better than their fellow planetmen, they are perfectly equal to them. However, they are scarred and auditory, which gives them the ability to create their own poetry and music, which those of Jupiter exploit, themselves unable to create these artistic manifestations because their insensibilities won’t allow them.

But the Jupiterians don’t tolerate them because the “cats” can vote, even though it was their own tormentors who had given them this right.

Without rhyme or reason, the stupid Jupiterians gather in public squares and spank, set fire or gut the “cats” without any form of due process, under the pretext that the “cat” wanted to marry or date one of their daughters. There they call it banditism and it is something similar to the Yankee lynchings.

However, a traveler who had been there, found these “cats” exceptionally timid and sweet, marveling at the fact that there were not more crimes provoked by the sufferings and humiliations that they suffer.

They are persecuted in the most barbaric and cowardly ways. They call the “cats” chicken-hearted but, when the Jupiterians want to wage war, they employ them and the “cats” are compliant. Peace comes and they oppress and corner them but, despite all of that, they grow and multiply... Weak race!

Jupiter, as I was saying, heard the call of the horn and gathered the congress on Earth.

In the first session held, soon the Jupiterians spoke about the fraternity of all animals in the Universe: men and cats, mules and Jupiterians, Martians and foxes. A delegate of Jupiter even made a nice speech on this topic.

The way Jupiter always speaks of freedom, fraternity, etc. is well known. Once, it declared war on Saturn to free its peoples. However, as soon as it had won, Jupiter reestablished slavery, which had already been banned, much in the way North America did to Texas, a province of Mexico, in 1837.

Just like everyone expected, the congress tasks continued in great liveliness.

Besides dealing with the creation of suspension bridges that would connect all the planets together, the congress voted the following conclusions about the perfect animal fraternity, establishing the following points:

- a) No animal should ever be eaten again (cattle, lamb, pig);
- b) Bird cages should be doubled in size, at the very least;
- c) In hunting, a shotgun should not be loaded with more than six pellets of lead.
- d) Generalize 5 ball games in the goatling society.

The program was vast and merciful; and even a delegate of Jupiter prayed about it, largely quoting the Bible, both the Old and New Testaments, it was an unfortunate thing to not have true believers who could cry with such a man, so worthy of replacing Saint Vincent de Paul, as it isn't appropriate to mention Buddha Shakyamuni.

The people of Earth—such good people!—exulted and were filled with pride for being able to send to the stars such claim: “We no longer eat cattle!! We have nothing to do with the stars!”

There were feasts: banquets and balls for some; lights for those who wished to see the surprising phatasmagorias of the publicity agencies.

In the Sky, however, Sirius smiled, and Altair made itself even more yellow. From the Pleiades, two stars paled in surprise, and Aldebaran wanted to warn the fools, but couldn't.

Jupiter sold to its brothers tons of perfected barbs, callus medicine, literary paper; all that with some ruthlessness, which I excuse myself of reporting. In passing, I will tell you that it occupied a stretch of Mercury...

If such products weren't completely poisoned, they were, however, deleterious. Earth trivialized itself; Mars lost its intellect; Venus, its selfless love; Neptune, its generous bravery. The "cats" of all the planets, however, came to enjoy all the benefits of the Jupiterian institutions, which means they were all expelled from the communion with the Patricians.

Under the good auspices of Jupiter, so the animal fraternity was formed throughout the planetary system.

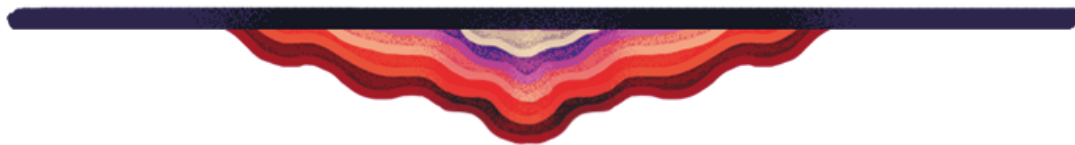
Sirius has since never stopped smiling.



LIMA BARRETO

Lima Barreto was a Brazilian journalist and writer, born in 13 May 1881. He published novels, satires, short stories, chronicles, and a vast work in periodicals, mainly in popular illustrated magazines and anarchist periodicals from the beginning of the 20th century.

Among his works are great classics of Brazilian literature, such as “Recordações do Escrivão Isaías Caminha” and “Triste Fim de Policarpo Quaresma”. Most of his work was rediscovered after his death and published posthumously. “Congresso Pan-Planetário”, the proto-science fiction tale that we present here, was published for the first time in the book “Histórias e Sonhos”, from 1920, his last publication in his lifetime.



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Beloved!

Illimani Ferreira and Milena Araujo

Consagrated!

Caesar Ralf Franz Hoppen



[\[1\]](#) "Two-hundred contos de réis." This figure refers to Brazil's old monetary system, used in the country until 1942, when it was replaced by the Cruzeiro.