

A *Paixão*

SEGUNDO GLS
(The Passion according to GLS)

Gerson L. Schwab

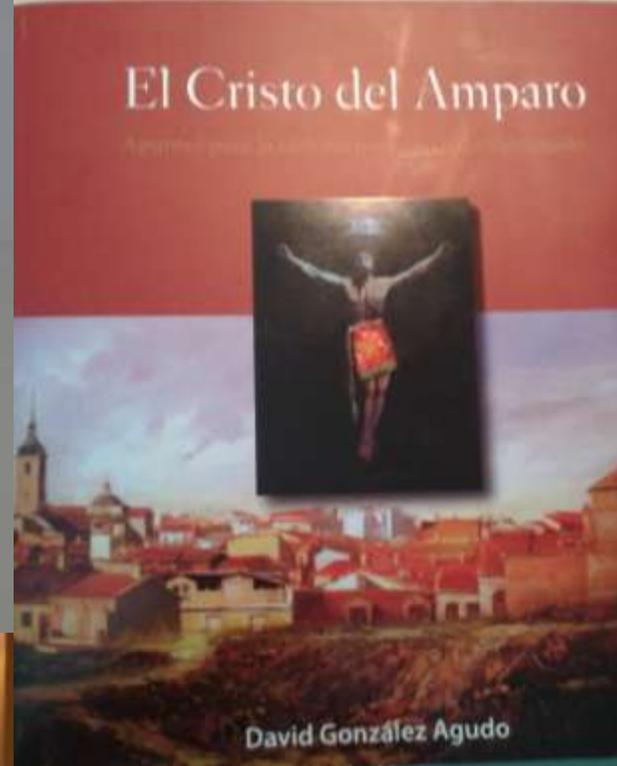
*Presentation and night of autographs
July 13, 2017 - 8:00 PM*

*St. John's College - Social Lounge
2111, Lower Mall
V6T 1Z4, Vancouver - BC*



CHIADO
EDITORA

El Cristo del Amparo (Christ of the Refuge) is the patron saint of Valmojado, a small town in Spain. Local History is a tiny but meaningful part of General History. Since Valmojado's story involves cultural and social aspects, the book intended to be a contribution in this regard, and was the outcome of three years of work. It was drawn up during his PhD program.



In 2010, Juan Sánchez, Dean of the Toledo Cathedral, presented the book in the town. The work is divided into three parts:

- 1) Valmojado's civil history;
- 2) parochial history of the town;
- 3) the Cristo brotherhood's history.

At the end of the book there are interesting historical pictures provided by Valmojado's dwellers.



PASSION

Passion is a powerful feeling of love, hate, anger or any other emotion. It can be for a person, object or theme, and surpasses rationality. It does not last long, but can evolve into a rational way through a slow process of taming.

In Christian tradition, **Passion** also is a period of suffering and probations that, at the end, leads to a relief.

PASSION

Too many the dangers of this life are
For those who have **passion** ... (*Vinícius de Moraes*)

The human being is a useless **passion**. (*Jean-Paul Sartre*)

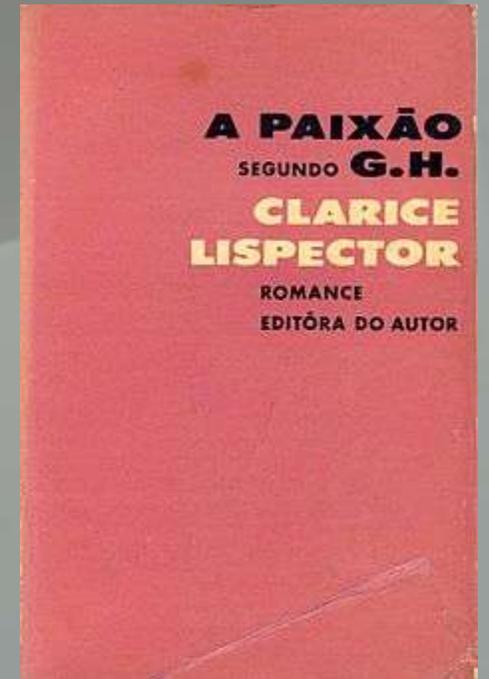
Without **passion** is impossible even to taste a popsicle. (*Nelson Rodrigues*)

The only difference between a caprice and a lifelong **passion** is that the caprice lasts a little longer. (*Oscar Wilde*)

Let me tell you, you prankish fox,
That when **passion** strikes, it is for real. (*GLS*)

TITLE

The **passion** according to G.H. – Clarice Lispector (1964)



THE PLOT

The dialogue between the little prince and the fox, from Saint-Exupéry, inspires and grounds *The Passion* according to GLS, where the narrator describes, through a stream of consciousness, how he was tamed by the fox.

Schwab, 2017



GENDER CURIOSITY

In the French original the little prince meets a male fox (*le renard*), in the same way as in Spanish (*el zorro*) and English (*he/him*); however, in Portuguese he meets a female fox (*a raposa*), as well as in Italian (*la volpe*).

In times of discussion about gender equality, and even proposals of total eradication of gender, here the fox gender was deliberately abolished.

The **Passion** according to GLS

This gender imbroglio in nothing affects the parable, because here the fox is a blend of the “murky people”, both men and women, who pass through the life of the narrator.

This is a fiction story, with some autobiography, but also with lots of imagination, many dreams and a huge amount of delirium.

Then, the little prince meets the fox

"Come and play with me," proposed the little prince.

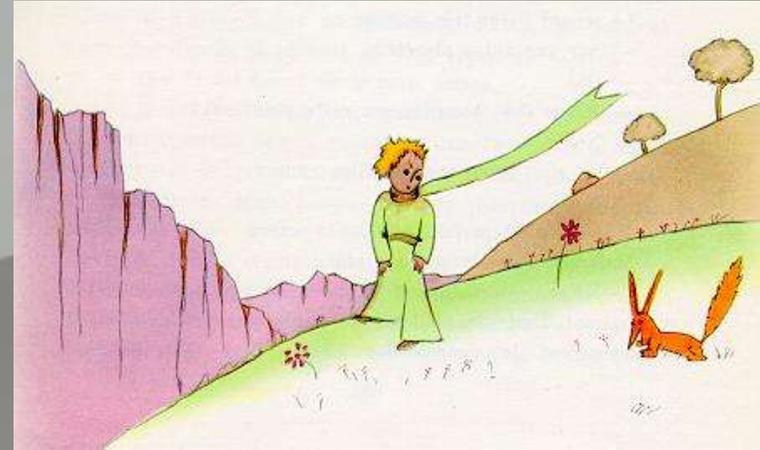
"I cannot play with you," the fox said. "I am not tamed."

"What does that mean - 'tame'?" []

"It is an act too often neglected," said the fox. It means to establish ties." []

"Words are the source of misunderstandings." []

"One only understands the things that one tames," said the fox. "Men have no more time to understand anything. They buy things all ready made at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy friendship, and so men have no friends any more. If you want a friend, tame me . . ."



After taming, the little prince resumes his way

"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.

Men have forgotten this truth. But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. . ."

Saint-Exupéry, 1943



Liquid Modernity

How we changed from a 'heavy' and 'solid', hardware-focused modernity to a 'light' and 'liquid', software-based modernity.

The new remoteness and unreachability of global systemic structure coupled with the unstructured fluid state of the immediate setting of life, call for the rethinking of the concepts used to narrate human individual experience and their joint history.

Bauman, 2000

Liquid Love: On the Frailty of Human Bonds

People with tiny bonds, and particularly with none of the fixed or durable bonds that would allow the effort of self-definition and self-assertion to come to a rest.

The uncanny frailty of human bonds, the feeling of insecurity that frailty inspires, and the conflicting desires to tighten the bonds, only keep them looser.

SPEED LIMIT FOR LIFE

In a world governed by the imposition of haste, human relations have been built through post-truth and in prosceniums of virtual networks.

Schwab, 2017



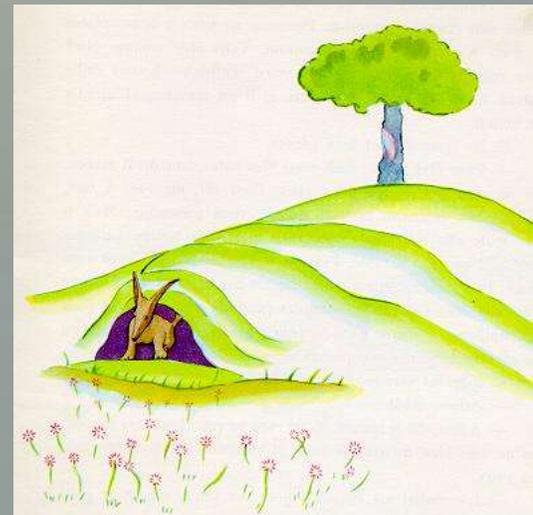
The **Passion** according to GLS

Relationships and persons are thought and planned as readily disposable, which does not match the idea of taming (apprivoiser, domesticar, cativar, addomesticare) or "establishing ties", because "people buy things all ready made". In addition, the deadline of **passion** becomes ever shorter, with no possibility to develop into a mature relationship.

The **Passion** according to GLS

Although “words are the source of misunderstandings”, the fox "establishes ties" reasoned in long conversations. Gradually, the narrator corresponds to its admiration, and plunges into a sea of passionate enchantment.

Schwab, 2017



The **Passion** according to GLS

However, the opposite happens to the fox, who discredits that “you become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed”. With this, the narrator starts to infer the causes of the premature end.

The **Passion** according to GLS

And there is no happy end!



REFERENCES

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5.

cansado dos desencontros da vida
em dia de nutrida desesperança
jurei, criança perdida, fechar o coração,
de antemão a qualquer nova possibilidade.
no mais recôndito que se requer dele, de mim,
plantei um jardim, onde me permito,
sem qualquer conflito, em meio a flores e frutas,
sustar minhas lutas, desde que para lá mudei-me.

i, once tired of life's mismatches,
in a day of feeded hopelessness,
as a lost child, i swore to close my heart
in advance of any new possibility.
in the innermost depths of it, of myself,
i planted a garden, where i permit to me,
without any conflict, amidst flowers and fruits,
to stop my struggles, since i moved to there.

5.

lá havia verdura, verduras e tomatinhos
vermelhos e amarelos, pura doçura,
evangelhos miudinhos que me davam alegria
e me adoçavam o dia em suculentas saladas.
mais do que tudo me davam felicidade.

amante da liberdade preferi não cercar o
jardim.

e por mim, por não cercá-lo,
era completamente livre.

there were greenness, vegetables and small
red and yellow tomatoes,
pure sweetness,
small gospels which gave me joy
and sweetened my day in juicy salads.

most of all they gave me happiness.
i, lover of freedom, chose to not surround the
garden.

and by myself, for not fencing it,
i was completely free.

5.

assente em minhas plantas, perfeito calibre,
ia e vinha pelas tantas, sem compromissos,
como a vinha que se negava, omissa,
a produzir uvas para meu vinho.

como as pessoas turvas que por mim passavam
e me causavam tantos desencontros.
sujeito a monstros, por não cercá-lo,
não me calo, era ele sujeito a invasões.

fixed on my plants, perfect measure,
i went and came frequently, without compromises,
like the vine that refused, omit,
to produce grapes for my wine.
like the murky people passing by me
and causing so many mismatches.
exposed to monsters, for not fencing it,
i do not shut up, it was vulnerable to invasions.

5.

um dia, suspeito, por detrás de uma árvore
(incrível como as tentações espreitam,
como sempre se aproveitam atrás das árvores)
percebi um assaz enorme e claro sorriso,
que em seu preparo deixou o dia mais brilhante.
um sorriso onde havia dezenas, centenas
dos mais brancos e grandes dentes.
à frente, o dia brilhava de forma distinta,
e faminta não era a luz do sol que fazia
com sua humildade brilhar mais o dia;

one day, suspicious, from behind of a tree
(it is incredible how temptations lurk,
how they always take advantage from behind of
the trees)
i noticed a real large and clear smile,
which in its preparation turned brighter the day.
a smile where there were dozens, hundreds
of the whiter and larger teeth.
in the front, the day shone differently,
and, hungry, was not the light of the sun that
made,
with its humbleness, to shine more the day;

5.

em verdade, a luz do sorriso brilhava mais
e como o mar, em frente ao cais, refletia no sol,
que, generoso em luz e calor, o devolvia ao dia
aumentando a magia em todo o seu esplendor.
por detrás do sorriso sedutor percebi uma
raposa,
e só pelos dentes, que ao sorriso encantam,
reconheci, crente, que eras tu, criatura valiosa.
me espreitavas com o imenso e caloroso sorriso
que só os que chegam, penso, podem ofertar.
aí, sim, cativaste-me instantaneamente!

actually, the light of the smile shone brighter
and as the sea, in front of the pier, reflected in
the sun,
that generous in light and heat, returned it to
the day
increasing the magic in all its radiance.
behind the seductive smile i realized a fox,
and just because of the teeth, which the smile
enchant,
i recognized, faithful, that it was you, worthy
creature.
you stalked me with the huge and warm smile
which only those who arrive, i think, can offer.
then, yes, you captivated me instantly!

5.

impaciente, ficaste apenas alguns instantes e não mais que isso foi preciso me dar. com teu sorriso e promessas desconcertantes de que regressarias nas manhãs de sextas-feiras deixaste a vida, paciente artesã, fagueira e colorida.

parecia que o onisciente criador, em sua lida, em ato soberbo de amor, de exibicionismo em exacerbo de artístico batismo, quisesse, e mais do que isso, pudesse mostrar, místico, todos os matizes, seu viço, da paleta que só ele tem.

restless, you stayed just for few moments and no more than this you needed to give me. with your smile and bewildering promises that you would come back on friday mornings you left the life, patient artisan, gracious and colorful.

it seemed that the omniscient creator, in his labor, in a monumental act of love, of exhibitionism in exacerbation of artistic baptism, wanted, and more than that, could show, mystic, all the hues, its vigor, from the palette that only he has.

5.

eu, submisso, me embriagava na alegria da espera.

descuidei dos tomates, das verdes saladas,

abandonei o combate ao me fenderes o flanco,

descuidei da vida, e em branco passava os dias

à espera das manhãs de sextas-feiras.

e tamanha era a incontida alegria

que nem mesmo eu me reconhecia.

i, yielding, inebriated myself with the joy of
waiting.

i neglected the tomatoes, the green salads,
i left the battle when you hurted my flank,
i neglected life, and in vain i spent the days
waiting for friday mornings.

and such was the unrestrained joy
that neither i did not recognize myself.

LUZES DA RIBALTA

Vidas que se acabam a sorrir
Luzes que se apagam, nada mais
É sonhar em vão tentar aos outros iludir
Se o que se foi, pra nós
Não voltará jamais.
Para que chorar o que passou
Lamentar perdidas ilusões
Se o ideal que sempre nos acalentou
Renascerá em outros corações

LIMELIGHT

Lives which end up in a smile
Lights which turn off, nothing more
It is like to dream in vain, trying to deceive
others
If what is gone, to us
Will not come back anymore.
Why crying for what passed
Lamenting lost illusions
If the ideal that has always cherished us
It will reborn in other hearts

THANKS TO ALL WHO CAME FOR THIS BOOK LAUNCH!



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