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European Languages

زبانهای اروپایی

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## *What happens to a man when he walks to death?*



**Sources:** Vermelho / Rebelión [Image: Monument 'Torture Nunca Mais', work of the Piauiense architect Demetrio Albuquerque, inaugurated on August 27, 1993 in Recife. Credits: Vermelho]

*The massacred militants were true heroes, but heroism was not among their plans.*

In The people I saw there were no martyrs. In them there was never pain, the death as a stage for the future life, one's own, the individual, never. The future was for everyone, it was for humanity. I have the opinion that the militants massacred were heroic, but the Heroism was not in his plans. Although they proclaimed, in pamphlets and heated discussions, that repression would not pass, that they, the Warriors, they would go all the way to defend their convictions, even Thus, one thing is what is said and another the very moment of the Real definition. And for this last reality we are never Prepared. Either you act or you die. Worse, we act and die.

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Vargas I was terrified. "Astonishment, amazement, Vargas' eyes were just astonishment," attorney Gardenia recorded in her diary. And for her, for her word of truth, a record never Denied the pages of his diary, we may well see. When Vargas got into the elevator of the Ouro building in Recife, he was a man hopeless. You are not sure what steps you will take starting from then. It had become clear to him that Daniel, the kind, helpful and Brave Daniel, he was nothing more than an undercover agent. The information it had been confirmed by someone he trusted, his cousin Marcinho. And his clue and confirmation was that the brave Daniel was using the Car of an army colonel, an anti-communist soldier. So Vargas knew he would be the next to fall. But I didn't know where, nor the exact extent of the height of the precipice to which it would be Pushed. He was the "terrorist" who was to be arrested at continuation. "Arrested" was his fragile and uncertain hope. It was found in the elevator like the flame of a candle blown by the wind on a dark night. His life was a flame that He bent, which dimmed, and he with his hands tried to Protect. Actually, not so much himself, because he could already see himself. thrown into disorder like a piece of crushed cane, but the flame that he did not want to extinguish was that of his companion, the tender and helpless Nelinha, the small and unique Nelinha. That the damned, the Fascists would come to him, it was predictable. "I am a man," He says to himself inside, more as a desire than as a desire. certainty. "If I am not a man, I will be," he says later, before pressing the doorbell on attorney Gardenia's floor.



¿What It happens to a man when he walks to his death? He entered the building almost in one leap, like someone who enters the consulate in a Civil War Free Zone. He got on the elevator like the ones who don't have Exit, and now press the lawyer's bell with his flame

trembling. The windswept life in his hands. "I'm a man", and from so much hatred for the uncontrollable tremor, he squeezes fists, creak mouth, clench jaws. "I'm a Damn man. I don't betray. I will not betray who I am. Fuck." And the door opens. In front of her emerges herself, the beautiful and fiery lawyer Gardênia Vieira. It is not tall, nor soft nor feminine, it is To say, in that sense of delicate porcelain dancer. By the On the contrary, more than kind, because his fine crockery could break, From Gardênia comes a moral force that shelters, as it has sheltered more than one person, physicist and soul tortured in Recife. But more Beyond moral fortitude, where do its beauty and its beauty come from? femininity? You had to see it to notice what is not revealed in the Portrait. Gardenia has a firm and direct appearance, like few others Women use and dare to look deeply at a man in That moment, and not for that reason awakens the most carnal desire for sex. No At the same time, no. The desire to love her would be spiritualized, if we can to speak thus, when to his small stature, with his burning gaze, We associate the courage and corpses he saw and denounced, and the world abject against whom he is indignant. I know, I'm still not sure. That is, the love for the woman Gardênia Vieira comes not only mixed with respect for the person, but in essence with his visit to the corpses of tortured socialists. So, if I you allow a cooler Portuguese, she awakens an erection that It is outside the genitals. An erection of the spirit.

Then Gardenia opens the door and sees a young man with frizzy hair, the Sweaty forehead and small eyes, but more open than normal.

*– Doctor, I need to talk to you urgently.*

Vargas Go in, looking back. Gardenia closed the door and extended A safety chain by the railing.

*–Have a seat. You can talk.*

Varga He collapses in a chair and stutters, a symptom in him of tension And nervousness, he thinks not, he thinks it's a torment of words that they escape him. His tongue is heavy, inflexible, as if he were Numbed. He does not obey him:

*– Doc-to-to-raaa!*

*–Calm down. Speak slowly.*

The who was pale on Vargas' face blushes. Stops your speech, inhale the air forcefully and start again, the most slowly you can:

*– Doc-tora... I'm going to be arrested. Of course.*

*–For what? Has someone you know fallen?*

*– No, it's not that. – And Vargas gets a straight line, stumbling. –Only... Only someone has fallen, friend. And everyone thinks it's my fault. But no. It's Daniel's fault, the delivery. I told Daniel the contact and he fell. I know, doctor! I have a cousin who explained it to me. Daniel uses a torturer's car. And Daniel has already realized that I know he's a policeman, doctor. I couldn't pretend, I looked at his face and knew he was lying. Doctor, I had to check myself. He deserved to be shot in the face. But I controlled myself, I don't know how. I guess I controlled myself because I didn't want to believe Daniel was undercover. But now I have no doubts. I saw Daniel on Aurora Street, with whom, doctor? He was walking, talking to a fat guy, wearing sunglasses, Fleury! I have seen a picture of this murderer. Fleury is in Recife. This is a mission, doctor. Fleury doesn't leave São Paulo to do anything. Doctor, I'm next!*



Then Vargas' eyes open wide to the point that almost They slip out of the sockets. It wasn't just fear, that word that He avoided uttering as an expression of a shameful state.

Impossible To repress, it was not only the fear of being arrested. Now, when speaking of the presence of cruel repression in Recife, Vargas senses what more serious than awaits him. He won't just be arrested. They will kill him. Executed, after endless torture. Then Vargas se He sees himself days later, and the face he foresees is not his own, but that of someone swollen, so wide that it will not fit in the coffin commissioned for its height and weight. He sees it and recoils in horror, he Put your hand on your arm and drive away a fly.

## Note

This text is an excerpt from the novel "*The Longest Duration of Youth*".

**Urariano Mota is a writer, author of the novel "*A mais longa duração da juventude*", published in the United States under the title "*Never-Ending Youth*", but still without translation into Spanish.**

**Translation: the author, for *Rebellion*.**

Source: <https://vermelho.org.br/coluna/o-que-se-passa-com-um-homem-quando-caminha-para-a-morte/>

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