

Talking with the Reader

There is nothing more profound, exciting, interesting than the life of a human being, in my multicolored naturalism I wanted to translate to the reader beyond the text, the colors, the smell, the sound, the taste and the touch of the life of each one I wrote about, in fact I wanted to offer the reader a special, wonderful, complete person, but I don't like fiction, I like reality, and really, no matter how great my imagination is, it is surpassed by the lives I come across.

John 6: 53-54 "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you..."

Dear reader, I don't even remotely pretend to be a religious being, mystical, yes, but someone with the purity of thought of the Father's beloved children, never, I have a mirror, and certainly anyone who knows me would criticize and rightly so. Certain

passages in my life made me understand this maxim of Christ: If you care for someone, for example, so close to the point of mixing with his blood, of eating with him, of giving food to the mouth of a dying person, for example, you will understand, I am sure that most of us have already experienced these situations and consequently we have already discovered that it is impossible not to understand their meaning. In these periods of our lives when we care for others, it seems that a good aura surrounds us and on the contrary, when we are with people irrefutably full of evil, it seems that we start to coexist with evil spirits, all it takes is the proximity of these people and to a degree even greater according to our intimacy. This is also true, in a less impactful way, in reading, I feel empty, something is missing, reading doesn't hold me back. My favorite writer, Fyodor Mikhailovitch Dostoevsky, says that during his ten years in prison, the only book he had was a Bible. The time Dostoevsky

spent in prison changes, of course, the Russians won't want to say that the greatest writer of all times was locked up by their people for so long, but I read so much about him and was able to conclude that his imprisonment was ten years or more, just talking about curiosity for the reader. Perhaps there is a parallel world around us, full of spirits, attracted to us according to our propensities, or a collective unconscious from which we either select something or in fact it swallows us forever.

I don't consider myself an example, a person with high moral values, but I believe in those who do good, I approve of them and support them whenever I can. In my books I wrote a lot about communists because they were so persecuted to the point of being mischaracterized, and once I have observed this, I will pass it on to the reader. Honestly, I don't know if this happened just in my country

or around the world, but I leave the comparison to the reader.

I also know the unsurpassed Hatha Yoga, for the last ten years my sister Martha was a teacher of this modality, after retiring and having some time for herself. My Aunt Zalina was also one of the first practitioners of Hatha Yoga, here in Brazil, during the time of the black swimsuit, many, many years ago. The union of body, mind and spirit that has so many benefits, physical and mental, can only be compared with a deep self-analysis compared to the pleasurable peace of mind.

Speaking of colors, of Netflix, for example, I stick with Nigerian cinema, for example, "Glamor Girls", a fatal clash until the last moment, intelligent, beautiful women, big and colorful down to the ends of their hair. I have never seen so much sensuality, and the final clash of intelligence in the eyes of each of those artists, for me a living portrait of a

people who had to prostitute themselves to survive. Pure intelligency, in a second solving the game of life. See the last fifteen minutes of the film "Glamor Girls" to understand what I am saying, I doubt you won't watch the entire movie. I also like Swedish cinema, for example, "A Faithful Husband", just like the Chinese movies, the Swedes casually speak ancient truths, within its peculiar themes, that same daily bread that I told you about, to the root of deep themes. I don't understand one thing about the Nordics, they congratulate and promote people from abroad, but they don't talk about the situation they experienced to reach this high point of sociability, we know nothing about the lives of these people. I draw a parallel with China, it developed so much within its own walls and to this day China still doesn't tell us about its facts. I, throughout my adolescence, admired oriental philosophy, read many books about the different Chinese dynasties of the remote past, was very fond of

ancient art. It wasn't just "Kung Fu", the martial art I was addicted for a few years, I had a complete book of the Tao te Ching: the Book of the Way and Virtue, I was doing deep meditations. My dream during its time as a student at college was to finish evening course soon, to spend sometime of the night meditating on the book. My Kung Fu master was originally from China, it seems that from the Yellow River region, as I was a recommended student of a Korean teacher, the Chinese master himself gave me classes because the custom was for new students to be trained by old students. At the time, there were few girls in the Kung Fu academy. I did everything in my life with passion, as my dad Oldrich used to say: Either eight or Eighty! My father, Oldrich Votava, loved his children but he knew how to analyze us, he knew our qualities and defects.

My mother, the lyrical singer Ignês, in her

youth was in love with a Dane, in reality the Danish consul in Brazil, I was born in 1957 and twelve years later my mother took me to the Consulate. I think to introduced her daughter in Nordic affairs, she gave me the book: "The saga of Gösta Berling" by Selma Lagerlöf.

When Ignês' daughters were little, still babies, we already listened to classical music, mom taught us everything about opera, culturally, not as a singer, she told us that the only activity that doesn't require beginning in childhood or adolescence is singing because the voice must first mature. At the age of fifteen, Oldrich, my beloved father from Czechoslovakia, gave me a music box: Beethoven, Fur Elize and my mother took me to watch the film Romeo and Juliet, where at the end we heard Mario del Monaco.

I like real people and feelings expressed in lyrical form, opera and opera.

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Dear Reader:

I included the statements made to the "Comissão Nacional da Verdade" by Cláudio Guerra as he provided, without a shadow of a doubt, 99 percent of the information collected by the same commission. I do not mention the names he gave because my objective is international, for all countries in the world to analyze and compare their own situation and Brasil through 1964 and 1985 years, official time of the military dictatorship.

I particularly thought that Cláudio Guerra was strong and if he wasn't the lost sheep brought back to the Lord's flock, he was the prodigal son returning to his father. The reader will see that he was an inquisitor and not a victim and yet, according to him, now a Pastor, he discovered that the truth sets people free.

I would like to recommend "202 Filmes" for its gigantic work with Danilo Carneiro, a work called "Memórias de Um Guerrilheiro" found in

YouTube where Danilo tells in details about his life as a guerrilla fighter in the Amazon Jungle, the suffering he endured for years, imprisoned and tortured. This work was developed on YouTube by 202 Filmes in the year 2016. Later, in the year 2022, Danilo Carneiro dies of cancer at the age of 80.

I also wrote about Danilo's testimony at the "National Truth Commission". The aim is that readers of different nationalities analyze the events, often no different in the past, present or future of their own lands and people.

Of course, as I have said in other books of mine, not to be persecuted by the "civic-military" dictatorship, as Danilo Carneiro well classifies this system experienced by Brazilians from 1964 to 1985, we were later called the "silent majority".

I say this because I watched a film about a popular artist who was called a collaborator of the dictatorship and once this was discovered,

of course after the reestablishment of democratic life in Brasil, he was forever ignored by fans, but then I ask: who didn't collaborate with the dictatorship in the my country Brasil? There is even a popular saying: "He who is silent, consents." If you wanted to stay in a job, whether public or not, at university, at school, you couldn't issue a political opinion against the dictatorship, even if briefly and lightly. I lived in fear, because my father fled from a communist dictatorship, my surname was different and my mother advised everyone in the house not to express political opinions.

Every single person in Brasil knew about human rights violations, so widespread that we coexist with these crimes, silent, scared, thinking only about ourselves and our families, but yes, conniving, the communists were arrested and tortured, most of the time they were not even communists or belonged to any