Natália Correia – Natália de Oliveira Correia – was born in the parish of Fajã de Baixo in Ponta Delgada on the 13th of September, 1923. The first eleven years of her life were lived in São Miguel, a time of which she kept precious memories that would later spark an endogenous and daughterly relationship, with her native island, and that would permit her to create a sub-textual universe of indispensable analysis in her works; the mysteries and secrets of the volcanic island surrounded by an immense ocean, an education focused on her mother, the teacher and writer Maria José de Oliveira – given that her father emigrated to Brazil in 1939 –, the fraternal and symbolic universe of the festivities of the Holy Spirit, the bench of Antero de Quental, at 5 de Outubro Square, where she would sit and dream with poetry or words beyond thought, and where she would come to write.

Her departure for Lisbon in 1934, where she lived out the rest of her life, brought her closer to the Azores, especially after her mother’s death, in 1956, which brought back her homesickness that would crystalize in her literary texts, necessarily laden with poetry: (…) Because losing a mother is having an island at your disposal, a bouquet of fiery hydrangeas, on every side facing the unspeakable, and to have an island is to possess an object turned immaculate by distance, the cream of a child infinitely called by the waves emptying itself through the singing mouth with which we haunt the adult commas of the places in which we dwell (…). In 1946, a year after the publication of the children’s novel Grandes Aventuras de um Pequeno Herói (The Great Adventures of A Small Hero), Natália Correia would start 52 years of literary life which bore undeniable marks of the island−bonding maternal center, which would carry her to her Native Land.

Most of the literary works by Natália Correia, be they poetry, dramatic texts, novels, short stories, diaries, chronicles and essays, were written during the dictatorship of the New State and during the leadership of Marcelo Caetano. Although many of her books were seized by the censorship, and she was judged in court, she resisted fascism, practicing freedom in the otherness of literary texts and in her public defense of democracy. Literature came to her as a free and liberating ground, imposing the necessities of a reconciliatory synthesis, which was often found to be unattainable in the context of historical antinomies. And it was there, in the act of creation, that she freed the human being from all forms of oppression and repression, indicating the armistice of love as a fundamental route towards the fall of all antitheses. A devourer of knowledge, with a thirst for wisdom, she read and reread her time, which was one dominated by hate, war, greed and corruption; and to which the natural boundaries of the historical process were joined. Natália wrote that the act of creation permitted the unravelling of human totality, and that by questioning the world, one could discover the interventional and transformational function of literature.

Absolutely free of dogmas and canons, she studied diverse literary genres and philosophies to create a personal voice that was inevitably romantic, with all that Romanticism gathers, before and after her time. And in that personal voice she inscribed her manifesto or the apology of the human being as the beginning and end of the act of creation. For this, she read and studied cultures and civilizations, religions and other beliefs, linguistic systems, always showing a universal and eclectic worldview that would lead her to defend a Euro-Ibero-Afro-Asian civilization where the homeland, the language, religion, ethnicity, and political ideals would all be called human being:

(…) I’m not suited for revolutions. These surely have the power to collapse structures in order to remake them with the same cement as the gluttony of power. Because in what remains to be done, the opening of the human psyche to the plenitude of being human, here am I, with all my soul, accusing history of hiding from us that all revolutions to this day were inhumane acts of the True One (…)1.
At the end of her life, completely disenchanted, as proven in her texts, her native island brought back to her the isolation, the sacredness, an interior peregrination, peace, a source of divine love, Avalon. And she wrote about it in this polysemic universe. In Sonetos Românticos (Romantic Sonnets), masterfully facing, in the creative act, Mother Earth:

(…)
Jealous homeland, let’s take things into account:
cold silver in my hair you claim
And in damage, with purulent and shadows you affront,
On the body, the image that the remains owe you
(…)


Flying over the milky orography of clouds, the Boeing 727 thrusts me perfectly into a world of ghosts whose proximity makes my stomach clamp in agony. In their impeccable assistance, the stewardesses of TAP seem to guess through their care the expectant anxiety that I suffer from vertigo and descending on the return trip. Descend? No? I will defy the ghosts of my childhood. Defy them and grow. A drop of honey spilled in an ocean of lead. It's Santa Maria. When we glimpsed it from afar, from the landfill, it was a sign of rain. They say the landfill no longer exists. Who stole from my childhood this observatory of the impossible? Who else may they have stolen? Take everything from me except Antero's bench. It was on the bench that I timidly thought I was different from the other children. Now I have decided to demand the fantastic possessions of my childhood. The house from Rua dos Mercadores with aunts that had names of flowers thrashed by the wind that blew the poetic dementia of my grandmother. And at the center, my mother, making the lustrous black piano laugh and cry. Make haste, captain of this airborne ship! Make your vessel fly at the speed that blood flows to the origin (...).

Natália Correia, “A insularidade do poeta” (“The insularity of the poet”), in Diário de Notícias, October, the 16th, 1969.
Flying over the milky orography of clouds, the Boeing 727 thrusts me perfectly into a world of ghosts whose proximity makes my stomach clamp in agony. In their impeccable assistance, the stewardesses of TAP seem to guess through their care the expectant anxiety that I suffer from vertigo and descend on the return trip. Descend? No? I will defy the ghosts of my childhood. Defy them and grow.

A drop of honey spilled in an ocean of lead. It's Santa Maria. When we glimpsed it from afar, from the landfill, it was a sign of rain. They say the landfill no longer exists. Who stole from my childhood this observatory of the impossible? Who else may they have stolen? Take everything from me except Antero's bench. It was on the bench that I timidly thought I was different from the other children. Now I have decided to demand the fantastic possessions of my childhood. The house from Rua dos Mercadores with aunts that had names of flowers thrashed by the wind that blew the poetic dementia of my grandmother. And at the center, my mother, making the lustrous black piano laugh and cry.

Make haste, captain of this airborne ship! Make your vessel fly at the speed that blood flows to the origin.

Natália Correia, “A insularidade do poeta” ("The insularity of the poet"), in Diário de Notícias, October, the 16th, 1969.

Mother Island

III
This happened once in the island of fairies Enveloped in hydrangeas. I didn’t dream it. Above the lagoons of enchanted waters Slept the ferns and there were no laws. The cows on the misty hills Chewed the eternal. There I rested At the feast of the crowned children Love ruled and there was no King. Inside the music rested the house. My mother gently combed My hair and pearls fell. Faraway rumors from an occluded childhood Which still leans on a garret of the soul A balcony atop an ocean of halos.


Poem Placed in Homesickness

In the green and bluish island For plenty of woad, Creation gave a dwelling place, To the Archangel São Miguel.

What a languishing marvel Of land lying in the sea When the light embraces the island By its delicate waist!

Silent and lucid woods Of the primordial grove. Peace of pastures and sunsets Tones of carmen that tinge the ocean purple.

Polished Ponta Delgada, Starched white streets. Hardened on the basalt, Friendly in the sincere waters.

And, finally, through ramps of vineyards In Vila Franca of Heaven Mystical marine rocks In front, a friar: The Islet


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I am from the Azores
(relative to what I have of basalt and flowers

(...)

 Islands there will be many, letters of a dubious hummingbird sprinkling the map like reality split in hours. A geographical fascination of abandoned pistols on public benches, in the violent imposition of the magnetic hands of those who are suicidal. But that is not an island, it is inhabiting an island, subtracting it from its pulse of a jewel worked on by unsailable days of return. Thus, with the complicity of the humid weight of the dead, I say that strictly speaking there is only one island, the only, mine my mystery sealed by the proud bushes of the disappeared one.

Ah! Don’t tell me what is the island that the mother is in the prime of her age of dead tied in the distance with a thick hair of steaming birds. All the thorns in my throat and all the torches in my head, burning on the threshold of the impossible know it

(...)

Sibila, who was my Mother, woman of ancient flesh and future eyes that in afternoons of light slept in the indigo of hydrangeas used to tell me crazy stories from the times when I was yet to grow and the world was going to become a place of crime where no one else was able to live. Her words lengthened in pale prophecies designated to me the name of he who hammered with wise warnings the tingling that would erode the earth:
Malthus

(...)

The environment in which I was raised in counts a lot towards the dimension that is being affirmed in my poetic journey. There, as you know, rules the cult of the Holy Spirit

(...)

CORREIA, Natália, Minha Biografia (My Biography), unpublished manuscript, edited by Ângela Almeida. Natália Correia Collection: Restricted Section of the Public Library and Regional Archive of Ponta Delgada.

Use the same route on the way back to Tower of Matriz.
1923  **September 13th**: Natália de Oliveira Correia is born in the parish of Fajã de Baixo, in the Azorean town of Ponta Delgada.

1929  Her father emigrates to Brazil. She and her sister, Cármen, who is 2 years older, study under their mother, the teacher Maria José de Oliveira.

1934  While attending school at Liceu Antero de Quental, Natália’s mother successfully requests a transfer to Lisbon, where she and her daughters relocate to.

1935  She starts the first year of secondary school at the Liceu Filipa de Lencastre.

1936  She finishes the 2nd year of secondary school.

1938  Maria José de Oliveira starts a private school, which Natália transfers to as she continues her studies.

1942  She marries Álvaro dos Santos Dias Pereira.

1944  She starts work as a journalist at Radio Clube Português.

1945  Her first book Grandes Aventuras de Um Pequeno Herói (The Great Adventures of a Small Hero) is published. Natália also begins writing for the newspaper Portugal, Madeira e Açores and joins the Democratic Union Movement party.

1946  **April 7th**: her first poem, a sonnet entitled “Manhã Cinzenta” (“Grey Morning”) is published in Portugal, Madeira e Açores. Her novel Anoiteceu no Bairro (Sunset in the Neighbourhood), is also published.

1947  Rio de Nuvens (River of Clouds), a poetic ensemble, is published, and she begins to write for the weekly newspaper Sol.

1948  By the side of António Sérgio she participates in the cooperative Portuguese movement and keeps writing for the weekly newspaper Sol.

1949  She supports Norton de Matos’ candidacy for president of the Republic. She marries William Creighton Hylen. Her sister Cármen emigrates to Brazil and she makes her first trip to the United States of America.

1950  She marries Alfredo Machado.

1951  Her travel book Descobri que era Europeia (I Found Out I’m European) is published.

1952  Together with Manuel de Lima, she writes the drama Sucubina ou a Teoria do Chapéu (Sucubina or The Theory of The Hat). Her mother emigrates to Brazil.

1953  She rents the fifth floor of nr.52 Rodrigues Sampaio Street, where she moves and resides for the rest of her life.

1955  She publishes Poemas (Poems). Huis-Clos, by Jean-Paul Sartre, and translated by Natália Correia, is clandestinely premiered at the poet’s house.

1956  Natália Correia’s mother dies in Brazil.

1957  O Progresso de Édipo (The Progress of Oedipus) a dramatic poem, and the book of poetry, Dimensão Encontrada (Found Dimension) are published, dedicated to the memory of her mother. She pens the drama D. João e Julieta (D. João and Julieta).

1958  The work of poetry Passaporte (Passport) and the critical essay Poesia de Arte e Realismo Poético (The Poetry of Art and Poetic Realism) are published. Together with Manuel de Lima, Natália writes Dois Reis e um Sono (Two Kings and A Slumber). She supports Humberto Delgado’s candidacy for president of the Republic and visits Northern Africa.

1959  The poem Comunicação (Communication) is published and then seized by the censorship. She translates the work Wozzeck by Buchner.
1961  The poetry book Cântico do País Emerso (Song of The Emersed Country) is published and also seized by the censorship.

1962  The essay A Questão Académica de 1907 (The Academic Issue of 1907) is published.

1965  The drama O Homúnculo (Homunculus) is published, then seized by the censorship. She finishes the drama A Pécora (The Prostitute) but is informed by her editor that due to the state of censorship it cannot be published. She visits Italy.

1966  The poetry book O Vinho e A Lira (The Wine and The Lyre) is published, as is Antologia da Poesia Portuguesa Erótica e Satírica: dos Cancioneiros Medievais à Actualidade (Anthology of Erotic and Satirical Portuguese Poetry: from Medieval Songs to Our Time). These works are again banned and seized by the censorship.

1967  The publication of A Pécora (The Prostitute) is forbidden by the censorship. Natália translates Peribáñez e o Comendador de Ocanã, (Peribáñez and the Ocanã Commander), O Cachorro do Hortelão (The Gardener’s Puppy) and Fuenteovejuna by Lope de Vega. She visits Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

1968  The poetic work Mâtria (Motherland) and the novel A Madona (Madonna) are published. The series “O Poeta e o Mundo” (“The Poet and the World”) appear in the newspaper Diário de Notícias. She visits Seville, Cordoba and Granada.

1969  The drama O Encoberto (The Concealed King) is published but circulation is forbidden by the censorship. She collaborates with the newspaper Notícia and the newspaper Diário de Notícias. She visits the island of São Miguel.

1970  The poetry book As Maçãs de Orestes (The Apples of Orestes) and the anthologies Cantares dos Trovadores Galego-Portugueses (The Songs of the Galician-Portuguese Troubadours) and Trovas de D. Dinis (The Ballads of D. Dinis) are published. She writes the libretto Em Nome da Paz (In The Name of Peace) and collaborates with the magazine Notícia. She faces trial for the publication of Antologia da Poesia Portuguesa Erótica e Satírica: dos Cancioneiros Medievais à Actualidade (Anthology of Erotic and Satirical Portuguese Poetry: from Medieval Songs to Our Time) and is sentenced to 3 years of suspended sentence with 90 days of correctional prison, both substituted for fines.

1971  Together with Isabel Meirelles she opens the bar Botequim, at nr. 79, Largo da Graça, in Lisbon. She becomes the literary director for the publishing house Estúdios Cor.

1972  The poetry book A Mosca Iluminada (The Illuminated Fly) is published. She writes the libretto of the cantata Dom Garcia (unpublished), which premieres in Viana de Castelo. Natália continues as the literary director of Estúdios Cor. Cármen, Natália’s sister, visits her in Lisbon. Natália visits the United States of America.

1973  The essay Uma Estátua para Herodes (A Statue for Herod) is published. She pens the drama Romance de Dona Mariana e D. Carlos de Além-Mar (The Romance of Dona Mariana and D. Carlos from Overseas) which remains unpublished. Besides others, she collaborates with the newspaper A Capital. In October, she is expelled, for political reasons, as editor of Arcádia in October, by the owner, the fascist Licínio Ribeiro.

1974  The essay Uma Estátua para Herodes (A Statue for Herod) is published. She pens the drama Romance de Dona Mariana e D. Carlos de Além-Mar (The Romance of Dona Mariana and D. Carlos from Overseas) which remains unpublished. Besides others, she collaborates with the newspaper A Capital. In October, she is expelled, for political reasons, as editor of Arcádia in October, by the owner, the fascist Licínio Ribeiro.

1975  Her poetry book Poemas a Rebate (Poems to Alarm) is published. She collaborates with the newspaper A Capital, and she visits Germany, as well as her home island of São Miguel.

1976  The poetic work Epístola aos Iamitas (Epistle to the lamitas) is published. Natália is appointed editor of the newspaper Século Hoje and the magazine Vida Mundial. Cármen visits Natália.

1977  Receives the prize La Fleur de Laure. With Natália’s presence, the staging of Carlos Avilez’s O Encoberto (The Concealed King) is premiered in the city of Ponta Delgada, at Teatro Micaelense, on the 11th of February, 1977. On the 31st of July, Natália becomes a consultant for the Internal Cultural Affairs bureau of the Culture State Department while David Mourão-Ferreira is secretary of state. Natália Correia, Raúl Leal and Lima de Freitas all pen texts in a work by Mário Cesariny.

1978  The diary Não Percas a Rosa/ Diário e algo mais (25 de Abril de 1975 – 20 de Dezembro de 1975) / (Don’t Lose the Rose/ Diary and something more/ April, the 25th, 1975 – December, the 20th, 1975) is published. Natália translates Platonov by Tchekhov. She continues working as a consultant for the Internal Cultural Affairs bureau. She visits the USA and Italy.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
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<td>1967</td>
<td>The novel A Ilha de Circe (The Island of Circe), and the dramatic text A Pécora (The Prostitute) are published. On the 4th of March she is present at the premier of Santo Antero in Ponta Delgada. She visits the USA.</td>
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<td>1972</td>
<td>She takes part in the President of the Republic’s (General Ramalho Eanes) official visit to Austria, and is decorated with the Austrian Order of Merit.</td>
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<td>1973</td>
<td>The dramatic text Erros Meus, Má Fortuna, Amor Ardente (My Mistakes, Bad Fortune, Burning Passion) is published. She is decorated with the Military Order of Santiago de Espada, Grand Official, and is reelected deputy for the Parliament of the Republic. She visits São Miguel.</td>
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<td>1977</td>
<td>On the 31st of July, Natália becomes a consultant for the Internal Cultural Affairs bureau of the Culture State Department while the Censorship Commission of the Internal Cultural Affairs is liquidated. She visits England.</td>
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<td>1978</td>
<td>The diary Na Memória da Sombra (In The Memory of Shadow) is released. Natália signs the antifascist petition in the Parliament of the Republic. From the 3rd of September she is a member of the Committee for the Defense of Democracy and Freedom of Thought.</td>
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<td>1982</td>
<td>The essay Notas para uma Introdução às Cantigas de Escâmião e Mal-Dizer Galego-Portuguesas (Notes For An Introduction to The Galician-Portuguese Songs of Spite and Cursing), the anthologies Anthologia da Poesia do Período Barroco (Anthology of Poetry from The Baroque Period), and A Ilha de San Nunca: Atlantismo e Insularidade na Poesia de António de Sousa (The Island of San Nunca: Atlanticism and Insularity in the Poetry of António de Sousa) are all published. She visits Mexico and Federal Germany.</td>
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<td>1983</td>
<td>The novel A Ilha de Circe (The Island of Circe), and the dramatic text A Pécora (The Prostitute) are published. On the 4th of March she is present at the premier of Santo Antero in Ponta Delgada. She visits the USA.</td>
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<td>1984</td>
<td>As deputy for the Parliament of the Republic, from the 4th of July, she becomes a member of the Council for the Media.</td>
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<td>1985</td>
<td>The poetry book O Armistício (The Armistice) is published. Her TV series Mãtria (Motherland) is recorded.</td>
</tr>
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<td>1986</td>
<td>She shoots Mãtria (Motherland), writes the Hino dos Açores (Azorean Hymn), and visits the Soviet Union and East Germany.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1987</td>
<td>Until the 13th of August she continues to serve as a member of the Council for the Media.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1988</td>
<td>She writes the dramatic text Auto do Solstício de Inverno (Drama of the Solstice of Winter) and continues as deputy for the Parliament of the Republic.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1989</td>
<td>17th of March: Marries Dórdio Leal Guimarães.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1990</td>
<td>She receives the award “Grande Prémio de Poesia (APE)” for the publication of Sonetos Românticos (Romantic Sonnets) in 1990. She is decorated with the Order of Liberty, Grand Official. Until the 30th of July she continues as deputy for the Parliament of the Republic.</td>
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<td>1991</td>
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<td>1993</td>
<td>16th of March: At dawn, Natália Correia bids goodbye to life. A posthumous edition of Na Memória da Sombra (In The Memory of Shadow), with photos by António Matos, and O Sol nas Noites e o Luar nos Dias (The Sun in the Nights and The Moonlight in the Days) are published.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1995</td>
<td>A posthumous publication of the essay Ibericidade na Dramaturgia Portuguesa (Iberian Influence in Portuguese Dramaturgy) is released.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1996</td>
<td>The anthology, complete with press cuttings, Breve História da Mulher e Outros Escritos (A Brief History of Women and Other Writings) is published.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1997</td>
<td>Publication of the anthology, including press cuttings, A Estrela de Cada Um (Each Person’s Star) is released.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1998</td>
<td>A critical edition of Sucubina ou a Teoria do Chapéu (Sucubina or the Theory of the Hat) is released.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Enter Infante D. Henrique Avenue and take a left. Continue in the direction of Vila da Lagoa, using the Regional Road no.1, 1st. Enter Vila da Lagoa and continue on the Regional Road, passing through the parish of Santa Cruz. Continue on until the Regional Road no. 1, 1st ends and climb the Regional Road no. 5, 2nd until you reach Lagoa do Fogo as detailed on the information panel. On the way down to the north coast, stop on the right side at the viewpoint (Miradouro) above the lagoon.

2 Lagoa do Fogo

Go down to the north coast until you reach Ribeira Grande, continue on the Regional Road no.5, 2nd. Enter the parish of Conceição and take a right on the Regional Road no.1, 1st. Keep moving forward and take a right to reach the highway. Keep going until you reach the exit for Furnas where you can take the Regional Road no.1, 1st. Keep going forward and turn left onto Victor Rodrigues Avenue. At the end of this avenue, take a right onto Pereira Atayde Avenue and keep going forward until you encounter Manuel de Arriaga Avenue. Follow this avenue and enter Caldeiras Street.

(...)

In Furnas, there were boilers gills which the volcano opened. But if the shadows had sulfur in lead and bubbling they boiled. (...)

Start of the route: Portas da Cidade

Enter Infante D. Henrique Avenue and turn right. Continue in the direction of Relva, passing the airport. Turn right in the direction of Correia, climbing Pico do Corvo Road. Stop at the viewpoint of Vista do Rei and contemplate the lagoon and parish of Sete Cidades.

4. Lagoa das Sete Cidades

(…)
Through sycamores, araucarias and giant ferns, arrive at the top of another marvel, Sete Cidades. By chance, those are the last steps before the top of the volcano mounted to apocalyptic heights, terminating at the bottom the amazing blue and green of the two lakes, host the immaculate palace of the Seven Sages of Andon which was the Seven Sages of the Monarch of the new heavens and the new lands to which justice inhabits

(…).

Exhausted bird, I wish I could return

(…).

Descend to the parish and the lagoon. Return to Ponta Delgada by the same route.
Aprilis

From my childhood came the fable in which men spoke. Now their voices were buried in a silence which had the whispered name of fascism.

My mother used to say: “when you grow up there will be a country…” And the country was where my age was. And my age was for me to find myself with all the strength in my bones at the center of my freedom.

By saying this to me, my mother placed in my voice luminous objects to frighten off bats. I sang as though my lungs could hold windstorms to rock the beds of the tyrants. And where the hours biten by handcuffs were acrid growth for freedom, the lands were illuminated from the sepulcher and it was April and the fable came to be. In a ruby-red fraternity of carnations men welcomed the Revolution. In gushes of gold I sang of Liberty.

CORREIA, Natália (1976). Epístola aos lamitas (Epistle to the lamites), Lisboa, Publicaçãos Dom Quixote, 1.ª ed., 63 pp., p. 11.