

Dear ladies and gentlemen,

In earlier times, the initial speech of a book was a frank conversation, paused, at times with the roundabout ways of young lady at a courtly bowl. One would seek for the protection of the Muses, but the benevolence of the critics was the grand target. The polemics of the 19th century are famous, for allowing us to minimally glimpse a cultural system, where the educational structure was small (as a matter of fact, infancy had only recently been regulated) and the young ladies (again the young ladies) would read novels in books or in serial installments in the feuilletons' footnotes for the lack of other forms of entertainment (a large example is the drawing that appears in the first edition of Macedo's "A Moreninha").

I am left to ponder if our modernish life has so much difference from the time of our great-great-grandfathers. I have changed in time and above to the politically correct masculine and feminine addressee, even though there are those who would say that it would be better for the feminine to be first; the little melodic greetings "to every man and woman" are not few. It means, our time has a stain, I would rather say bitterness, of worrying with our other - and here someone would say that the possessive is not lucid. Finally, we are seeing that the limit of this admirable new world is smaller and not larger, because the world has become smaller. Our communities, like old villages, organize themselves in up to a few million Orkut contacts, but generally stay small at the limit of 300 friends in MSN Messenger. We incessantly seek to connect ourselves to others, and certainly forget to look at our next-door neighbor with a good-day smile, as we descend in the same elevator through the two infinite floors that separate us from the surface.

And here lies the explaining point of the text en français, each plate in its own time, separated, measured, circumstanced, ceremoniously. Texto Digital's proposal to warn the reader has especially ended, some would say, on this side of the 23rd parallel. The grand change in this contemporary line is the liberty to say and do, subverting the mediums of metropolitan production. This magazine is not on paper, it can be read "em linha"[on line, or more directly, on the thread], in the reeling appropriation (I

don't know why I am reminded of the Machadian apologue about the thread and the needle) of the English term "on line". Perhaps it would best to say "on the tracks", for we will arrive on the text, if we follow the train tracks, even if not all paths lead to Rome. As a point of departure, we want to do something different, without blocks or socks (which do not match the sands of the beaches of the island of Santa Catarina where resides the electronic magazine). Thus, barefooted from prejudice the magazine has no limits of readers and authors, a true space odyssey to be explored. And here I return to the context of the past, for we are navigating in seas never before navigated - and through a navigator!

The idea of an electronic magazine is to save up on interaction mediums - we leave behind the distribution (which is done from e-mail to e-mail, with the help of the googlian mechanisms - our modern pantagruel) and the disappearance (it is always possible to recover the text, as long as a backup copy has been made in some hard disk). On the other hand, advantages would be/is the number of readers, something that largely grows in Brazil despite all the negative predictions of the salvation schools of redemptive nature (once again the past reappears in the caravels that seek to expand the Catholic faith). Thus, I become a bit anguished having to be here as the illuminating voice of that which is much more lustrous. But let us go.

Texto Digital has its "what" of new, but translucent, for it has changed the medium but innumerable are the intelligences testing the texture of the text. It goes to find here and there the style, the way, the will, manners of seeing the digital world and the place of this world as the word used, this thing that enchants us and involves us, printed, said, yelled. The finger passes virtually through each piece, in the tack of the Portuguese rat and Brazilian mouse, inventive prosody of the diphthong.

The routes are many, begin by one, end by another, after all if it is a hypertext there is no correct entrance, so much as accurate, arrangement of who looks and who wants. And the trip of the screen begins.

Wilton Azevedo elaborates arguments regarding the hypermediatic utterance, a true or fantastic form of walking as past is made present, a knowledge revived and recovered, ceasing its finite ephemerality of form expansion and expression.

The tireless Luiz Felipe Ribeiro, toiler of old times, discourses at odds with his own experience regarding the small visibility available for a digital academic magazine, especially if compared to the sites that nurture the wish to see and to be seen. Interestingly, alerts to what can be in face of that which has not been - the electronic medium, audacious in theory, is timid in practice.

Maria Clara Paixão de Sousa, modernish philologist, unites the difficult with the impossible, testing the recovery of an infinitely distant corpus on the printed voice through the mechanisms of linguistic-computational analyses, even though the result may be almost cabalistic, in the sense of the multiple readings and caresses of a voice that was lost in the history of the 16th to 19th century.

Discussing the game maniacs' view of pointing/shooting, Gilberto Prado innovates the perspective of game theory found in the commercial environments, proposing another story, a narration without points to be reached, with a sustained fictionality, engendered in its interactivity with the presumption of the player's interest in discovering something that he does not know.

Simone Souza de Assumpção, there in Dois Irmãos, tests the will of youngsters in reading poems if encapsulated by the multimediatic form of the computer as a reading instrument. The dynamism of this other way of taking student to have contact with the literary world is still crawling, but points to moments of success.

Already the avid Saulo Cunha de Serpa involves himself in the experience of a forensic stylistic, electronically mimicking the old studies of style done by Lapa and Spitzer, searching in the Cartas Chilenas for marks of another author (or authors) besides the almost accepted Tomás Antonio Gonzaga.

Marcos Silva Palácios' article shows the paths of electronic journalism and the reasons for its great success, up to the point of modifying newspaper formats and signature systems. On the other hand, he will discuss the hyperfiction, badly developed literary mode, perhaps because of the authors' inefficiency or of the instrumentalization which we dispose of.

Finally the guru Alckmar Luiz do Santos, with the pose of a mineiro fan of amateur soccer, acutely discusses Grammatron, elaborating the modus operandi of building the literary creating. Fable, reading, interaction, action, reader, writer and the friendly waltzes are lost, stumbling

in the steel space (in the ways of Guilherme de Almeida)
becoming the warmth of a sempiternal and powerful writing.

So remains the invitation for the craziness of the
incessant reading, somewhat clumsy somewhat plain, of a
text that wishes itself somewhat for the pure and arid
reverie, without the smell of paper yellowed by time, with
the warmth of lights.

Thank you,
Alamir Aquino Corrêa

[Translated, or rather betrayed and fumbled, by Otávio with
the help of Jessé]