

An abstract black and white artwork featuring layered, wavy, and torn textures. The composition includes dark, horizontal, wavy bands that resemble liquid or smoke, set against a lighter, more textured background. A vertical, dark, textured strip runs down the left side. The overall effect is one of depth and movement, with various shades of gray and black creating a complex, layered visual.

Roberto Piva

PARANOIA



Roberto Piva

Paranoia

Photographed and drawn by
Wesley Duke Lee

First edition

Publisher Massao Ohno - 1963

Second edition

Moreira Salles Institute - 2000



Paranoia

Copyright © 2000

by Roberto Piva and Wesley Duke Lee

Made by

Jacaranda Edition and Design

Publisher

Toninho Mendes

Revision

Luiz Guasco

photoliths

DPI

Print

EGM Gráfica e Editora Ltda

Photographic reproductions

Patricia de Filippi

This edition

is copyrighted

to Instituto Moreira Salles

Av. Eusébio Matoso, 891, 22nd floor.

Zip code: 05423-180. São Paulo-SP.

Tel.: (0x11) 867-1172; fax: (0 XX 11) 814-0773

Internet-<http://www.ims.com.br>

E-mail: ims@nuteccnet.com.br

International Cataloging Data at Publicale (CIP)

(Camara Brasileira do Livro, SP, Brazil)

Piva, Robert, 1937

Paranoia/Roberto Piva, photographed
and drawn by Wesley Duke Lee-2-São Paulo
Instituto Moreira Salles and Jacaranda, 2000.

ISBN

85-86707-03-1

1. Brazilian poetry 1. Lee, Wesley Duke. II. Title.

00.0855

CDD-869.915

Indexes for a systematic catalog 1.

Poetry: 20th Century: Brazilian Literature 869,915

2. 20th Century: Poetry: Brazilian Literature 869,915

summary

Vision 1961..	7
Submerged Poem....	22
Paranoia in Astrakan..	27
Vision of São Paulo at night Poem Anthropophage under Narcotic..	33
The Pity..	47
Republic Square of my Dreams..	55
Lullaby poem for me and Bruegel..	61
Bulletin of the Wizarding World...	71
The Volume of the Scream...	77
Jorge de Lima, pamphleteer of Chaos..	83
Stenamina boat.	86
Sealed poem..	90
L'ovalle delle apparizioni..	97
Rua das Palmeiras	101
The angels of Sodom...	105
Landscape at 78 RPM...	109
At Ibirapuera Park..	115
Damn Poem..	127
Poem of Eternity without Visceras...	135
Meteor....	141

69177

Thanks to Massao Ohno

Piva defines the moment. A boy-faced poet crosses the city, breaking a gigantic hymen all by himself. Poetry of blood, which generates a flower in the sex of adolescence. Vision of Piva, cannibal, São Paulo in the mouth, dawn in the tooth, poetry in the stomach. A boy-faced poet walks through town. Pulling the youth.

Thomaz Souto Corrêa

SP 1963

Vision 1961

minds were dreaming hanging from phosphorus skeletons
invoking first love's thighs shining like a
saliva flower

the chill of the green lips left a light blue mark under the pale
jaw still desperately clenched over its magical emptiness
nomadic marches through the nightlife making the scent disappear
from the candles and violins that springs from the tombs under the rain
clouds

A spark from a broken moon fell into the frantic alleys where
thin pimps knelt on the carpet playing the glass trombone of
Madness and shared out slivers of invisible hosts.

nausea circulated in the galleries among adipose butterflies and
Feverish girl's lips glued to the window where colored souls
had a 10% discount while dressmakers ripped the ovaries out of
the mannequins

my hallucinations hung outside my soul protected by boxes of plastic
material bristling through the lighted streets and on the
outskirts of rotten lins
in the solitude of a marijuana convoy Mário de Andrade appears like a
lotus pressing his mouth to my ear looking at the stars and the sky
that are reborn in walks

deep night of illuminated cinemas and the blue lamp of the soul
stumbling around the corners where I met the strangers
beauty visionaries

it's already Thursday on Avenida Rio Branco where a swarm of Harpies
wavered with their hair caught in the lights and my imagination
screamed in the perpetual impulse of bodies enclosed by
Night

the bankers send the commissioners beautiful blue boxes of dried
excrement while a million angels in rage scream in the assemblies
of gray O city of sad and trembling lips where to find
asylum in your face?

in the space of an afternoon the molluscs swallowed your
hands in their Chamomile life in the alleys where boys give
their asses and play mesh and parrots die of boredom in
greasy kitchens
the Stock Exchange and the Phonographs painted their lips with nettles
under the narrow-minded dictator's silver hat and iron and rubber
cast inconceivable monsters
southwest of your dream a dozen angels in pajamas urinate with
transport and in silence on the phones on the doors on the doormats
of the Cathedrals without God

immense dying telegrams exchanging hugs and condolences hanging
on the wind hangers of maternity wards a battalion
of new idiots

the teachers are faeces machines conquered by Time invoking the fiery
trumpets of the Apocalypse in the absence of Life, the
derisive distance of bones swollen by rain and H-bomb white tree
covered with angels and madmen postponing their fruits
until the future century

my ecstasies no longer admitting the warmth of the hands and the platonic
glow of the streetlights on Aurora Street itching my shoulder blades
unreal of my delirium

culinary art taught in the apoplectic carriages of Seriedade by
fifteen thousand lost faceless souls tearing apart bellies
teenagers in an apotheosis of intestines
drunks slowly ending in the alleys of lost beggars waiting for the day's
bloodletting of sunken eyes and mist wrapped around the voice
exhausted in the distance

granite asses destroyed with noise in the demonic suburbs by the
faithless comet meditating blissfully in the dying pulpits
my sorrows kilometered by the sensitive half-opened shutter of
Stagnant Purity and exciting almond gargle in the crossword
in the gaze
the deceiving mists of consumed wonders over the shrouded
rainbow of Orpheus poured a million children behind the
doors suffering

in the mirrors girls disjointed by the newborn myths wandered
accompanied by the doves to be shot by the poison
of the night in the dry heart of solar love
my little Dostoyevsky on the last rail of the hurricane of perforated
cushions spills his head and his beard like a night trousseau
extends to the Sea
in exile where I suffer anguish the walls invade my memory
thrown into the abyss and my eyes my manuscripts my loves
jump in chaos

submerged poem

I was a bit of your violent voice, Maldoror, when
the green angel's eyelashes creased her eyes.
chimneys of the street where I walked

And I saw your girls destroyed like
ras by a hundred birds heavily passing by

No one wept in your kingdom, Maldoror, where the
infinity landed in the palm of my empty hand

And prodigious children were abused by the Soul
absent from the Creator

There was a very impartial revolver guarded by the
Amoebas on the roof gnawed by the urine of your butterflies
One ever large blue garden threw stains on the
my bloodshot eyes
I walked along the alleys looking with hallucinatory tenderness at
the girls in the great revelry of the flowerbeds.
cheap insects
Your dissatisfied song sowed the ancient clamor
of slain pirates
While the world of enigmatic shapes lay bare
for me, in light mazurkas

Paradise in Astrakan

I saw a beautiful city whose name I forgot
where deaf angels roam the dawns coloring their eyes with
invulnerable tears
where Catholic children offer lemons to little pachyderms that
sneak out of their burrows
where wonderful teenagers close their brains to the rooftops
sterile and set fire to boarding schools
where nihilistic manifestos doling out angry thoughts pull
the discharge over the world

where an angel of fire illuminates the cemeteries in celebration and the night walks

in its breath

where summer's sleep took me for a madman and I beheaded autumn from

its last window

where our contempt caused an unexpected moon to rise on the horizon

white

where a space of red hands illuminates that fish photograph
darkening the page

where zinc butterflies devour the gothic hemorrhoids of the
beatas

where the letters claim emergency drinks for pretty scratched
ankles

where the dead stand in the night and howl for a handful of weaklings
feathers

where the head is a ball digesting the disordered aquariums of
imagination

Vision of São Paulo at night

Poem Anthropophagy under Narcotic

On the corner of Rua São Luís, a procession of a thousand people
lights candles on my skull.

there are mystics talking nonsense to the hearts of widows
and a silence like a departing star in a luxury carriage
blue fire of gin and carpet coloring the night, lovers
sucking up like roots

Maldoror in high tide bowls

on São Luís street my heart chews a piece of my life the
city with chimneys growing, angels shine with their slang

fierce in the full joy of the squares, ragged
girls definitely fantastic

there's a forest of green snakes in my friend's eyes

the moon does not lean on anything

i do not lean on anything

I am a granite bridge on wheels of subaltern garages
simple theories boil my crazed mind there are
green benches applied to the body of the squares
there's a bell that doesn't
ring there's Rilke's angels giving ass in the urinals
glorified vertigo-realm
specters vibrating spasms

kisses echoing in a vault of reflections.
faucets coughing, locomotives howling, hoarse teenagers driven
mad in infancy the rascals throw
yoyo at the door of the Abyss I see Brahma
sitting on a lotus flower Christ
stealing the box of miracles Chet Baker
whining on the record player

i feel the shock of all the wires coming out of the
broken doors of my brain

I see putas whores patacos towers lead plates of beers
showcases men women pederasts and children cross and
they open in me like the moon gas street trees moon fearful jets
collision on the bridge blind sleeping in the window of horror
shoot me like a tombola.

my head sinking into my throat

It rains down on me my whole life, I suffocate, I burn, I
float in my guts, my love, I carry your cry like a sunken treasure
I would like to pour out on you my whole epicycle of centipedes
freed anxiety fury of windows eyes open mouths, turmoils of shame,
marijuana rushes on floating picnics wasps
walking around my cravings boys abandoned
naked on street corners angelic
vagabonds screaming between stores and temples between
loneliness and blood, between collisions, childbirth
and the Bang

the piety

I howled in the polyhedrons of Justice my downcast moment in the extreme
palisade

the teachers spoke of the will to dominate and the struggle for life

Catholic ladies are pious

communists are pious

merchants are godly

only I am not pious if

I were pious my sex would be docile and would only rise to the

saturday night

i would be a good son my peers would call me iron ass and

ask me questions why ship buoys? Why does nail sink?

I would let an ulcer fester and admire the statues of
strong dentures

I would go to dances where I couldn't take my pederast or bearded
friends

I would universalize myself in common sense and they would say I have
all virtues

i am not pious

I can never be merciful

my eyes tint and tinge green

Carrion skyscrapers decompose to pavement

Teenagers in schools huff like asphyxiated bitches

Sulfur archangels bombard the skyline through my dreams

Republic Square of my Dreams

The statue of Álvares de Azevedo is patiently devoured by the morphine
landscape

the square has bridges applied in the center of its body and children playing
in the dung afternoon

Republic Square of my dreams

where everything became a fever and crucified doves

where the beatified come to stir up the
masses where Garcia Lorca awaits his dentist

where we conquer the immense desolation of the sweetest days

the boys had their testicles skewered by the crowd

lips clot without a fuss

urinals take a place in the light

and the coconut trees settle where the wind ruffles the hair

Delirium Tremens in front of Paradise hairless asses paper sex
angels lying in beds covered with lime steaming water in the
private brains riddled with nods
the veterinarians go by slowly reading Dom Casmurro
there are young pederasts soaked in lilac
and whores with the night walking around their nails
there is a drop of rain on the abandoned
hair while the blood sinks the corollas
Oh my visions memories of Rimbaud square of the Republic of
my Dreams last wisdom leaning on a holy door

Lullaby Poem for Me and Bruegel

"No one supports the knight of
the delirious world"

Murilo Mendes

I hear you roar to documents and crowds
denouncing your agony to disjointed nurses
The night vibrated the unearthly face on the stained roofs
Your mouth swallowed the
blue Your balance came off in the voices of the hallucinating
late nights
In the clubs where you ate pickles and read Saint Anselm
on the deserted railroads
in the inaccessible photographs
on the damp tops of buildings
on sherry binges over the tombs

Leguminous plants moaned against the wind

drugs gave too much eye movement

Picasso's Saltimbanco's meeting in a cursed alley

and the noises crouched in my turbulent eyes

a word remains to be said about the robberies

while the cardinals saturate us with blissful advice and the

Virgin washes her immaculate ass at the baptismal font

Grind the teeth of memory
public secrets pulverize somewhere in America
clogged fish sit against the night Shanghai
park is conquered by the moon
teenagers kiss on the ghost train
sergeants round up in the palace of mirrors

I go through all the stalls

running over angels of death sucking ice cream
telegraph wires simplify floods and droughts
telephones herald the dissolution of all things
the landscape cracks against souls
the south wind blows against the solitude of the windows
and the cages of raw meat

I open my arms to the gray boulevards of São Paulo and like
a slave I go measuring the faltering music of the streamers

Bulletin of the Wizarding World

My feet dream suspended in the abyss

my scars tear in the crystalline paunch i have
but two glazed eyes and i am an orphan there was
a stream of diseased flowers in the suburbs

i wanted to plant a snooker cue on a fixed star in
the pub door i am as confused as ever but the galleries of the
my skull no longer hates the drumming of bones

schools and hearses are deserted on
the sidewalks, long deliriums grow
handfuls of skeletons are thrown in the trash
I think of the golden scorpions and I'm glad the
luminous ones sing on the roofs
i can open my eyes to the moon harness the fear of clouds
but the purple sky is a supreme sight
my face pales with alcohol
I am a naked solitude tied to a pole
telephone wires crisscross in my esophagus
on the isolated floors my friends build a runaway dummy
my eyes blind my mind cracks against a hubcap
my disjointed soul rolls by

The Volume of the Scream

I dreamed that I was a Serafim and the whores from São Paulo were advancing in the

exasperating density

statues with conjunctivitis look at me

fraternally lit dead men chatter meekly at the foot of a business

card bachelors practice sex with blenders like pederasts whose

sanctity confuses the mockers

terraces decorated with ferns and suicides where even magical

confessions can cause passions of this kind

rotten clocks invisible turbines bureaucracies of gray

armored brains blind stills demonic viaducts

capitals out of time and space and a corporation

ruling the illusion of perfect Goodness

the gramophones dance on the pier

the Pure Spirit spews an anti-aircraft

applause The Arithmetic Man counts the remaining minutes aloud

contemplating the atomic bomb as if it were his mirror

meeting with Lorca in a hospital in Lapa

the Virgin murdered in a brothel

yards with whooping cough sticking banderillas in my Tabu

I drank tea with pervitin so everyone would shake my electric

hand

the clouds scratched your mustaches while you masturbated furiously over the

still warm corpse of your youngest daughter

the moon has violent hemoptysis in the nitrate sky

God committed suicide with a Spanish razor

the arms fall

the eyes fall

the sexes fall

death jubilee

6 roses oh archangels oh madness seizing the blue mourning suspended in my

voz

Jorge de Lima, pamphleteer of Chaos

It was on December 31, 1961 that I understood you Jorge de Lima
as I walked through the squares agitated by the present melancholy
in my memory devoured by the blue
I knew how to decipher your unison nocturnal
undisguised among the flowers
games in your silver head and enlarged plants how
your eyes grow in the landscape Jorge de Lima and how your mouth
throbs in the boulevards rusted by fog
a constellation of gray crumbles in the seamless contemplation
of your tunic
and a million fireflies bearing strange tattoos on their
bellies crash against the nests of Eternity
In this moment of ferment and agony I invoke a great hallucinated
dear and strange teacher of Chaos knowing that your name
must be like a talisman on the lips of all children

stenamina boat

"Prepare your skeleton for the air"

Garcia Lorca

I Want to Be an Angel by Piero della Francesca

Beatriz stabbed in a dark alley

Dante playing the piano at twilight

I think about life I am claimed by contemplation

disconsolate eye the outline of things copulating in

chaos I claim an instant legend for my Dead Sea

Time and Space lie on my forearm like an idol

hd an esse carrying a denture

I see Lautréamont in a dream on the stairs of Santa Cecilia he

waits for me in the square of Arouche on the shoulder of a sanctuary

today in the morning the trees were in Coma

meu amor spit embers on the dishes' asses

there were inkwells medals skeletons glassware flakes dahlias

exploding in the orphans' bloodied assholes

visionary boys suburban archangels entrails in ecstasy pinned but

mictirios atomices

my madness reaches the length of a lane

the trees release flyers against the gray sky

sealed poem

my plurisexual embrace in your
nickel-plated image

where the scream

glides smoothly on fixed breasts

a

tiny theatrical play debuting for the hallucinated

and the

children installed ocean liners in the basins
of warm water

Afternoon of wormy tow

and peach with marshmallow at Lanches Pancho

my little studio invaded by my friends

Miles

Davis drunks 90 miles an hour

chasing my visions like a demon

an unnamed avenue and a Parker ballpoint pen

in my manuscripts and

the angels picking up psychomantic microbes

inside the Taxis

my hallucinations making Whitman's sex hair stand on end

6 sleepless window that rain

open desperate!

6 delirium of black women at the exit of

arrests!

drinks parade in front of drunken

friends on the carpet

Saratoga Springs

Kummel Cocktail

my souls are being strung up

with squirrel intestines

my books float horribly

on the ledge my best friend

play prophet

in my brain eight thousand fireflies

babble and die

L'ovale delle apparizioni

"...and quindi il vivere is of
its own nature a violent state".

Leopard

I wanted to see the faces of the strange ambassadors of Goodness when
they saw me pass among the fermenting mud roses in the alleys where
Death is like a punch
bells tinkle on the wings of angels who are going to
pass both the cities they travel through and the cities they abandon are
empty sound death time green bones will energy and the usual old ones
crazy women distributing bonbons to poor children

• dysenteric whistle from factories expelling dancing
slaves bringing the disgusting sea air from the fjords going crazy behind
from the impervious fences

thick slices of penumbra in the eyes overcome by alcohol
titanic axisus mounted in the mind where heterosexuality wants us
eat live

unbridled parts extracting angular larvae
and the children making baraquiri to the sound of
Lohengrin over desolate spaces the firmament is farther away as never
before we taste the desperate hope that accompanies every ritual
taste while our guts agonize in the defenseless stems of the hydrangeas

Rua das Palmeiras

My vision with hair caught in the noise of a street the sun making
the shutters bloom behind the future
my impulse to conquer Earth violently down a street

spend

my vertigo twisting the soul violently down a strange street
the insects the clouds sew the reddish space of a toothless sky
the maids settle on the balconies to scream the
blood ferments under the boards
girls leave hand in hand without the Afternoon leaving a mark on their
nails where your soul is whenever the old Angel conquers the trees

with your semen?

the planes unleash a metallic longing on the other side of the world
columns of vomit waver through the eyes of the
crazy bodies of dead babies point towards an empty square
the fence the figures my delirium about to be obliterated by the
twilight
stainless souls floating over the season of sweaty anguish words
cover with black caresses the telephone wires in the
air in the wind in the puddles the mouths rot as the night
hiccups on top of a bridge

The Angels of Sodom

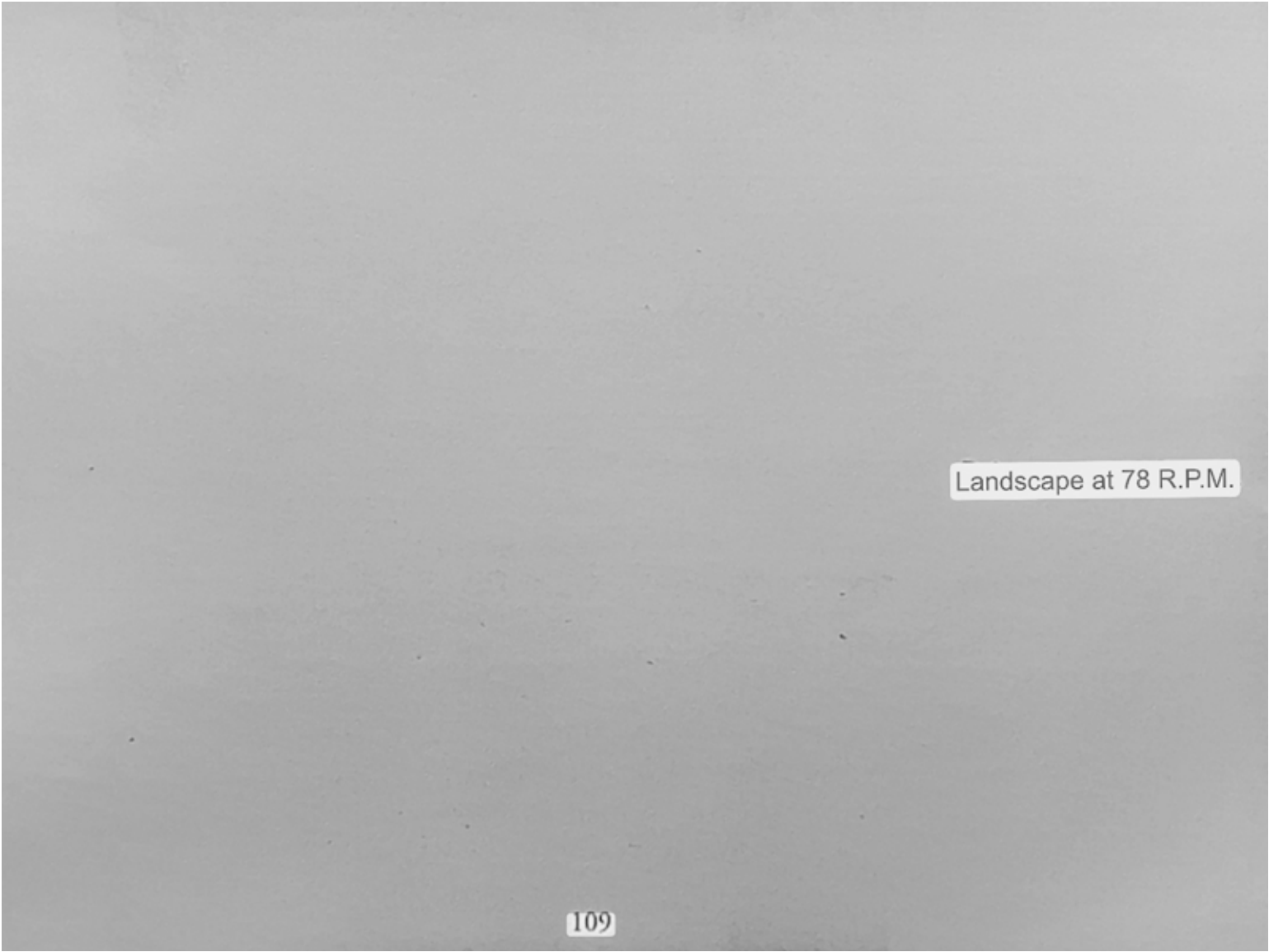
I saw the angels of Sodom climbing
a hill to the sky

And its wings destroyed by fire
fanned the afternoon air

I saw the angels of Sodom sowing
prodigies for creation not to
lose its harp rhythm I

saw the angels of Sodom licking the
wounds of those who died without
fanfare, of suppliants, of suicides
and the young dead

I saw the angels of Sodom rising
with fire and from their mouths leaped
blind jellyfish
I saw the angels of Sodom disheveled and
violent annihilating merchants,
robbing virgins of their sleep,
creating turbulent words
I saw the angels of Sodom inventing the
madness and the repentance of God



Landscape at 78 R.P.M.

The child lowers his eyebrows
and the ice cream
on the tin head of Camões
carefully forgotten in the normal upholstery of a Packard
I am that afternoon a rhythm
knowing beforehand a wounded heart
Without necessarily being praised by plane trees
or jumping from borders
from São Paulo to embrace
the roundabouts of pastoral life
Philanthropists got off to a good start
at Casa da Aventura Lansquené
and the sparrows roared in their nests
made with Trotsky's hair

the jam cans laughed with their tongues

out

the sun went down in my plans

e

a

Wow

redhead lover puts on the neck one

Tolstoy's green scarf

On top

from the Viaduct and crazy put little pieces of chu

in the straitjacket

destroying the horizon with hammer blows

the death

e

um

CHORUS IN THE WINDOWLESS SKULL

At Ibirapuera Park

On the regular lawns of Ibirapuera Park An
angel of Solitude rests undecided on my shoulders The
night brings the full moon and your poems, Mário de Andrade, water my
imagination
Beyond the park your portrait in my room smiles at
the banality of the furniture
Your verses burst into the night like a potent drumming
fermented on Lopes Chaves Street

Behind every stone

Behind every man

Behind every shadow

The wind brings me your face

What new thought, what dream comes out of your nocturnal forehead?

It's night. And everything is night.

It's night on car fenders

It's night in the

rocks It's night in your poems, Mário!

Where is your voice now?

Where do you exercise the muscles of your soul now?

Illuminated planes divide the night into two pieces

I touch your book where the stars are reflected

like in a pond

It's impossible that there aren't any of your
poems hidden and sleeping at the bottom of this
park I look at the teenagers who fill the lawn
of bicycles and laughter

I imagine you asking them: where
is the Bahia pavilion? what
is the price of peanuts?
are you my sunflower?

The night is endless and the rented boats melt
into the peaceful gaze of the fish
Now, Mario, while the angels fall asleep I must
to follow you hand in hand into the
night Not only does despair strangle our
impatience Our steps also soak the nights with
shivers Never stop my dear captain-madness
I want Paulichia to sound above the trees
suspended in your rhythm

Beat Poem

I'm fed up with a lot
I will not turn into a suburb I will
not be a sound valve I will
not be peace
I want the destruction of all that is fragile:
 christians factories palaces
 judges bosses and workers
a shattered night covers both sexes
my soul tap dances like crazy a
shot from a mauser pierces the eardrum of
 two centipedes
the universe is spat out by the bloody ass
 of a God-Bitch
the viscera are moved
I need to dispel the charm of my old man
 skeleton
I need to forget that I exist

moths pierce the cement sky I
entrench myself in the rainbow

Ab return to the window again

lose sight of the rooftops as if
they were the Universe

Oscar Wilde's sunflower sets over the ceilings

I need to go far away one day the outside
world is in too much of a hurry for
me São Paulo and Russia can't stop

when I went to school did God cover his ears for me?

Death looks at me from the wall through Modigliani's

rotten eyes

I'd like to set Modigliani's pubes on fire my crazy

soul points to the moon I saw the

professors and their discreet calculations occupying the

world of the spirit

I saw little children vomiting on radiators

I saw demented pens vegetable gardens toilet

lids I open my eyes the clouds get harder

I bring the world in my ear like a huge earring

madness is a mirror in the morning of breathless birds

Poem of Eternity without Visceras

Last moon I hated the mountains

my broken memory cannot receive

love

i ate soup waiting for my rowdy friends on
the other side of

the night this is my strange job

this month another time when old gide was off to africa

my heart was solid i danced

i watched a war of hats and the white

lacerations of boys in Ibirapuera angelic

empty land where I chewed white

chocolate tablets

in the next instant I saw trees and airplanes with mustaches
and tears of Gold

in Ibirapuera tonight I lost my solitude

ROBERTO PIVA TRANSFERRED TO VISCERA REPAIR

all my dreams are real oh miracles epiphanies
of the skull and the hopeless love that I knew trapped
at the top of my soul

my skeleton glowed in the dark
full of drugs

I'm never satisfied and I'm an incorrigible lunatic
demon with ten gnawed fingers drumming in a field
magnetic

memory of arsenic I gave a dove the
gray eyes of the sky my hidden spiritual totem

Meteor

En I will say the most terrible words

tonight as the hands dissolve
against my power

against my love

in the rush of my mind at the

my eyes dance

top of Lapa the mosquitoes suffocate me what
does it matter to me to know if women are

fertile if God fell into the sea if

Kierkegaard calls for help on a mountain
in Denmark?

the phones scream isolated

creatures fall into nothingness

the organs of flesh speak death

sweet death street carnival

end of the world

I don't want elegies but the iron lilies

of the enclosures

there's an epic in the clothes hanging against

the gray sky

and the lights stare at me from hallucinated space,

how many beautiful boys have I not seen in this light?

and roared half mad half shattered half cracked

holy narcotics 6 blue cat of my mind!

I can never stop my delusions

Oh Antonin Artaud

Oh Garcia Lorca

with your squib eyes reduced

to portraits

souls

souls

like icebergs

like candles

like mechanical dummies

-the lunch sandwich scam

climax ice cream controls anxiety

I need to cut the hairs of my soul I

need to take spoonfuls of

absolute death

I can't see anything

anymore my skull says I'm drunk

torments genuflections neuroses

psychoanalysts skewering my poor

skeleton on vacation

I held a tree to my chest

like an angel

my loves start to grow

Cadillacs pass without blood the helicopters

bellow

my soul my song open pockets

from my mind

I am a hallucination at the tip of your eyes

<https://killyour.guru/paranoia>

[ISBN 85-06707-03-1]



4-788388-787832



MOREIRA SALLES INSTITUTE

City Hall of the
Municipality of
Sao Paulo

Law No. 10.923/90