

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

We begin 2006 with a new publishing schedule: from now on the journal will come out every three months. One thing that prompted us to shorten the interval between issues was the growing number of pages printed each time, in turn a sign of the growing number of papers submitted to *História, Ciências, Saúde – Manguinhos*. I'm still not sure how much we'll manage to slim the journal down, because the articles just keep coming in and, as you'll discover, this year we have several dossiers scheduled to supplement the gamut of papers that find their way to our desktop on their own. Our decision to put out an additional issue every year also led us to evaluate the entire road traveled since the journal's inception on July 26, 1994. It is indeed a leonine magazine, in more than one way, something you, our readers, will better understand when you see the data we're busy compiling – yet another promise we must now make good on this year.

Speaking of travels, the articles in this issue revolve around the question of journeys, both literal and figurative: The very real journeys of the untiring refugees who flee drought and hunger in Brazil's *sertão* and migrate to the coast, where they learn what human life is really worth in the arms of urban hunger and poverty. The metaphorical journeys involved in treatment choices made by the sick in their own homes – decisions that are at once individual and yet part of complex sociocultural interactions. The psychological journeys of AIDS activists who resolve their dramatic dilemmas of identity by rather ingeniously combining contradictory concepts that in fact reflect an unresolved tension between the traditional and the modern. The almost ageless journeys of people seeking refuge from pestilence, as well as homeopathy's journey, starting with the ancient times of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenne. Lastly, Latin America's journey towards cultural and scientific integration in the field of the health sciences, a process that gave birth to our current library system, including *Scielo*, where you'll find information bits emulating the pages you're turning.

If the virtual pathways that convey today's multitudinous correspondence had existed back in the early nineteenth century, José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva wouldn't have needed to rack his brains trying to figure out how to cleanse the "miasmas" from the correspondence of his era, as you'll learn in our Sources department. Come to think of it, our e-mails carry a veritable zoo full of viruses, and following the strange and endless spiral of history, today's computer 'nerds' on their

mission to devise antidotes for these evil creatures are in some strange way the descendents of the illustrious Brazilian naturalist.

Before closing this note, I have an important announcement to make. We intend to increase the international exposure of our journal's online version by investing in the translation into English of some articles from the Analysis department. From now on, any author whose article has been approved for publication may also submit an English version; we will edit the text and put it "on the air" on the Scielo site. This applies both to new texts as well as to papers published in earlier issues of *Manguinhos*. In addition, this year we will select some of the articles published in the last three volumes of the journal for translation into English, and will cover half of the translation costs. The articles will be chosen by our associate editors, Department editors, and members of the Editorial Board, who will do so relying on the invaluable bibliometric and statistical tools available at Scielo (<http://www.scielo.br/hcsm>, "Statistics"). This initiative has been made possible thanks to the support of CNPq, Brazil's main science funding agency, which in 2005 called a tender aimed at strengthening the country's online, open-access scientific periodicals.

Dear readers, this issue will no doubt reach your hands while memories of this year's Carnival are still fresh. But for the author penning these modest lines, it is just beginning. So please forgive me if I leave you here, and go join the throngs of revelers parading by to the sound of an old Carnival favorite: "*Se a canoa não virar, olê olê olá, eu chego lá...*" [If the canoe doesn't tip over, olê olê olá, I'll get there...]

*Jaime Larry Benchimol*  
Editor