

**MODERN  
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Mário de Andrade	Carlos Drummond de Andrade	João Cabral de Melo Neto
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Canto do Vento e da Minha Vida; Estrêla da Manhã Última Canção do Beco	Henriqueta Lisboa	Soneto
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

MODERN BRAZILIAN POETRY/PROFESSOR CASSIANO NUNES



# MODERN BRAZILIAN POETRY

Read by Professor Cassiano Nunes

Selected and Edited by Professor Raymond Sayers and Professor Nunes

The most dramatic event in the history of Brazilian literature in the twentieth century was the Semana de Arte Moderna (Modern Art Week), which took place in São Paulo in February, 1922. Included in the program were a series of speeches about contemporary art, literature and music, poetry readings, recitals of music and an art exhibit. The Semana marked the beginning of the literary movement called modernismo, and it represented a declaration of independence from European domination by creators in the fields of all the arts. It was a necessary manifestation, for during more than forty years the influence of the French Parnassians and, to a certain extent, of the symbolistes had gone unchallenged in Brazilian poetry, with the result that by the end of the period the art of the poet had become an exercise in imitative form according to standards set in Paris, and it was almost completely alienated from Brazilian reality. It is the poetry of this period that is most closely comparable with that of Spanish-American modernismo.

Brazilian modernismo, on the other hand, was an avant-garde movement, the aim of which was to present a true picture of a vital, living Brazil in appropriate language and poetic forms. It meant the discovery of the Brazilian city, a new attitude toward Brazilian racial types, and the restudy of Brazilian folklore and other aspects of Brazilian life, and it was responsible for the creation of a literary language based on Brazilian speech patterns. The freedom given the poets by this movement stimulated them to write on an infinity of subjects in a variety of verse forms and especially in free verse. Because of the diversity of their techniques and subject matter, it is impossible to describe the modernista poets according to any particular formula. They are similar only in that they are all dissimilar. Most representative of the movement were Mário de Andrade, Manuel Bandeira, Cassiano Ricardo and Carlos Drummond de Andrade. It also owes much to Oswald de Andrade, Menotti Del Picchia and Guilherme de Almeida.

Until the early 1930's the modernistas were under severe criticism from the traditionalist poets and critics and, of course, the public. As a matter of fact, however, by 1930 they had swept everything before them, and they remained in an apparently unassailable position until 1945. In that year there appeared a new group who were called the geração de 45 (generation of 1945) and who felt the need for a return to formal discipline in their art and a renewed interest in the music of verse. Among them there were several fine poets, the most famous of whom is João Cabral de Melo Neto. More recent movements have been those of concretismo and praxismo. The concretistas stress the visual aspect of the poem to the point that other symbols, such as geometrical constructions, may be substituted for words; the praxistas are obsessed with the importance of the word itself and say that they wish to construct their "texts from within the language and not outside it as in the case of the concretista experiment." It must be remembered, too, that there are certain excellent poets, like Cecília Meireles and Henriqueta Lisboa, who have followed an independent course and cannot be linked with any movement. Nevertheless, modernismo has been the most powerful force in Brazilian poetry in this century, and there are few contemporary poets in whom traces of its influence cannot be detected.

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NOTES ON THE POETS

MÁRIO DE ANDRADE (São Paulo, 1893-1945). As famous for his prose as for his poetry, he wrote stories that are considered masterpieces, and he was one of the great essayists of the first part of the twentieth century. A teacher of music by profession, he was the outstanding exponent of the modernista movement from its beginning in 1922. In his poetry and especially in his romance *Macunaima* he attempted to create a literary language which would reflect the speech of the different regions of the country. In general in his verse he avoided fixed forms and conventional metrics and he obtained his effects through the subtlety of his rhythms and the precision of his language. Paulicéia desvairada (poems); Os contos de Belazarte (short stories); Poesias completas, 1955.

MANUEL BANDEIRA (Recife, 1886--). He has lived in Rio since his boyhood except for a year he spent in a tuberculosis sanatorium in Switzerland just before the 1914 war. There he met Paul Eluard. A precursor of modernismo, he was called by Mário de Andrade the John the Baptist of the movement, for with the publication of his second volume of verse, *Carnaval* (1919), his work began to embody many modernista characteristics, including an irreverent attitude toward established values, a Portuguese that has strong Brazilian roots, and a tendency to experiment in verse forms. His later poetry shows an increasing mastery of the most disparate technical devices. Throughout the poetry there are two predominant tones: a delicate nostalgia for the Brazil of his boyhood and a humorous attitude toward the world around him.

Itinerário de Passárgada (memoirs); Estrêla da manhã (poetry); Poesia e prosa, 2 vols., (1958).

AUGUSTO FREDERICO SCHIMDT (Rio, 1906--1965). In addition to being a poet he was also an extremely successful businessman and he was an ambassador for several years. As a young man he became interested in modernismo, and in his first volume, *Canto do brasileiro*, he was typically modernista in his rejection of cosmopolitan values and his emphasis on what he considered really Brazilian. However, throughout his life he was essentially a romantic preoccupied with the classical themes of death, love and man's relation to God. His musical, rhetorical verse seems far removed from the *vers libre* and colloquial style of his contemporaries. Canto da noite, Fonte invisível (poems); O galo branco (memoirs); Poesias completas (1956); Antologia poética (1962).

JORGE DE LIMA (Alagoas, 1893--Rio, 1953). A physician by profession, he was also a politician, an artist and a professor of Brazilian literature at the University of Brazil as well as a poet and novelist. A Parnassian in his early poems, in the 1920's he came under the influence of the regionalists of the Northeast, headed by Gilberto Freyre, and the modernistas. In his poems of this period, many of which were strongly tinged with local color, we see the beginnings of Afro-Brazilian poetry. In the 1930's he and Murilo Mendes began to write strongly mystical poetry, which was given the name of "poesia em Cristo," and which is surrealistic in character. The surrealist influence continues in his later books, which draw upon the subconscious for subject matter and inspiration. His last and most ambitious undertaking was *Invenção de Orfeu*, a poem of epic scope which, though obscure, contains passages of great beauty. Poesias negros, A túnica inconsútil (poems); Calunga (novel); Obra completa, Vol. I, (1958).

CECILIA MEIRELES (Rio, 1901--1964). One of the finest contemporary poets, she is perhaps the greatest woman poet in the Portuguese language. Although she was a contemporary and friend of the poets of modernismo, she cannot be called a modernista, for her highly original, personal work lacks the quality of Brazilianism that those poets considered essential. From her second volume, *Nunca mais a poesia dos poemas* (1923), to her last, *Solombra* (1963), her poetry is suffused with the suggestiveness and music of symbolism. Her personality, which she described as "serena desesperada," is reflected in the remarkable self-discipline of her poetry. The line of her verse is musical and fine, her images are subdued and diaphanous, and the general effect is one of great musicality. Antologia poética (1963).

ASCENSO FERREIRA (Pernambuco, 1895--1965). His poetry was influenced by modernismo to the extent that it expresses the interest of the Brazil of the 1920's in folklore and local color; his themes are inspired by aspects of the life of the Brazilian Northeast, his language is colloquial to an extreme, and his rhythms are suggestive of regional folk songs. His work in general is redolent of the old rural Brazil of the small sugar plantation and the days of slavery. Castimbo e outros poemas (1963).

RIBEIRO COUFO (Santos, 1898--Paris, 1964). A career diplomat, he spent the last years of his life in Belgrade, where he was dean of the diplomatic corps and a personal friend of President Tito. Although according to Manuel Bandeira he was "introvertido, abundante, generoso" his poetry tends to be nostalgic and tinged with melancholy, perhaps because he never overcame the influence of the French symbolists or perhaps because he spent many years in Europe, far from the colorful tropical city of his birth. His love for his native land is expressed in many of his finest poems, which contain references to typically Brazilian scenes and objects and suggest the music of folk songs. He was a fine short story writer. Jardim das confidências, Dia longo (poems); Baianinha e outras mulheres (short stories); Poesias reunidas (1960).

RAUL BOPP (Rio Grande do Sul, 1898--). A diplomat retired after more than thirty years of service, he is now living in Rio. Though he has written very little verse in recent years, his *Cobra Norato* (1931) is considered one of the masterpieces of modernismo. It is an Amazon rhapsody in which free use is made of Indian legends and words. As one of the antropofagistas, Raul Bopp attempted in this poem to stress the importance of native elements of Brazilian culture, and therefore it is in the Indianist tradition that stems from Gonçalves Dias and José de Alencar. *Urucungo*, from which "Favela" is taken, is a collection of poems on Afro-Brazilian themes which should be considered in relation to the whole Afro-American movement in poetry, represented in the United States by Vachel Lindsay, in Puerto Rico by Luis Palés Matos, and in Cuba by Nicolás Guillén, Emilio Ballagas and others. Cobra Norato e outros poemas, 1956.

CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE (Minas Gerais, 1902--). Though now retired, he spent many years in the civil service. He is considered by John Mist, the American poet and critic, and by many Brazilian critics to be the greatest living Brazilian poet. His work, like that of such other major poets as Jorge de Lima and

Cassiano Ricardo, shows continual evolution in the direction of richer thematic values and variety of style. At the beginning of his career his verse was humorous and mildly satirical, but his *Sentimento do mundo* (1940) revealed greater inspiration and unexpected power. In *A rosa do povo* (1945), which contains poems written during the war, he cast himself in the role of the poet engaged, but in later volumes the political and social note was softened, and in *Lição de coisas* (1962) his principal concern is with the more intimate aspects of life. Fasceios na ilha (essays); Poesias, 1956.

CASSIANO RICARDO (São Paulo, 1895--). His long career in literature began 50 years ago with the publication of *Dentro da noite* (1915), a collection of poems that were Parnassian in style. During the modernista period he wrote *Martim Cerere*, a paean to the Brazilian race that is like *Macunaima* and *Cobra Norato* in its use of Brazilian myths, and then, in 1947, when no new advances were expected of him, he surprised the Brazilian literary world with the very personal message of *Um dia depois do outro*. His continued interest in experimentation is apparent in his most recent collection, *Jeremias sem chorar* (1964), which reflects his study of concretismo and Parnassianism. These recent poems, acutely personal and sensitive, also show Cassiano Ricardo's awareness of current social and political problems. O arranha-céu de vidro (poems); Marcha para oeste (essay); Poesias completas (1957).

HENRIQUETA LISBOA (Minas Gerais,--). Her early poetry, as represented in *Fogo fátuo* (1925), was very much in the symbolist tradition, but as she developed as a poet, her work became highly individual. Though it continued to be musical, it was also more precise and more sharply disciplined. At present it is marked by a careful choice of words and strict control of form. Além da palavra (poems); Lírica (collected poems), 1958.

AUGUSTO MEYER (Rio Grande do Sul, 1902--). He is most famous as an essayist and a literary critic, especially of Machado de Assis, but he has also written beautiful poems, the most interesting of which are concerned with his native Rio Grande do Sul, its folklore and its customs. His most interesting book is *Poesias de Billu* (1929), which exhibits some of the aspects of modernismo: its irreverence, its humor and its new verse forms. Machado de Assis (essays).

MURILLO MENDES (Minas Gerais, 1902--). When *Poesias*, his first volume of poetry, appeared in 1930, the polemical, aggressive phase of modernismo was drawing to a close. The poems written during this period seem to have been affected by the euphoria that is so typical of Rio de Janeiro; after his conversion to Christianity in 1934, however, he began to write the religious poetry that constitutes the most violent and at the same time the most impressive part of his work. He is one of the Brazilian poets who have been most influenced by French surrealism. Poesia em pânico (poems).

VINÍCIUS DE MORAIS (Rio, 1913--). A career diplomat who lived many years in the United States, he has won popularity as a lyric writer for bossa nova songs and fame for his play *Orfeu da Conceição*, which furnished the suggestion for the film *Black Orpheus*. It is as a poet, however, that he has made his most lasting contribution. At first a writer of difficult, almost hermetic verse, he now writes simpler poetry with greater humanity of content. Some of his best poems deal with incidents of daily life, and the style of his most characteristic work is close to speech patterns and rhythms. Antologia poética (1955).

LEDO IVO (Alagoas, 1924--). He is well known as a novelist, literary critic and poet. Like João Cabral de Melo Neto and other members of the *geração de 45*, he is acutely sensitive to word values, and his style in both prose and poetry is finely wrought and frequently brilliant. At times in poetry and more frequently in prose he is caustically humorous and satirical. Magias (poems); O sobrinho do general (novel); Use a passagem subterrânea (short stories).

OSWALDINO MARQUES (São Luís do Maranhão, 1916--). Another member of the *geração de 45*, he is perhaps less a virtuoso in style than some of his colleagues but he is often more musical, and in that respect and in his use of symbols his poetry represents a return to the European tradition. The tone of his poems is optimistic and strong although the language and rhythms are subtle and delicate. He is a felicitous translator of American poetry. Ciméria (verse drama); Cravo bem temperado (poem); Poesias famosas da língua inglesa (translations); O laboratório poético de Cassiano Ricardo (criticism).

JORO CABRAL DE MELO NETO (Pernambuco, 1920--). He is another member of the diplomatic service whose career has not prevented his writing many volumes of poems, one of which, *O rio* (1954), received the grand prize for poetry given in connection with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of São Paulo. This long poem, which owes much to the popular ballads of northeastern Brazil, describes the Capibaribe River in its meanderings through Pernambuco. Like some of his other poetry it is an accessible, almost popular style. However, his most characteristic style is difficult, carefully worked and rather dry. An early tendency to surrealism, which is evident in *Pedra do sonho* and *O engenheiro*, has been disappearing in more recent books, such as *Terceira feira* (1961). In them there is a strong note of protest against the poverty and exploitation that are the dominant social features of the Northeast, one of the most depressed regions of the world. Poesias reunidos (1956); Poesias escolhidos (1963).

MÁRIO QUINTANA (Rio Grande do Sul, 1906--). Since his first volume, *Rua dos Cataventos* (1940), Mário Quintana's work has been characterized by an intermingling of humor and melancholy. In his later poems one is conscious, too, of a feeling of anxiety and frustration. His is the poetry of symbolism. It is notable for its beautiful melodic line and for a subtlety of color and a vagueness of outline that recall the impressionist painters. O aprendiz de feiteiro (poem).

CASSIANO NUNES (Santos, 1921--). He is better known as a literary critic than as a poet for although he has published several volumes of criticism and other non-fiction, his first collection of poetry did not appear until 1962. In the United States during the last three years he has continued to write both verse and prose; many of his poems have been inspired by his life in New York. His lyrics, which are simple, direct and musical, are written in brief word groups which recall Emily Dickinson and other American poets. Frisoneiro do arco-íris (poem); A experiência brasileira (essays).

## MÁRIO DE ANDRADE

Côco do Major  
(Rio Grande do Norte)

O major Venâncio da Silva  
Guarda as filhas com olho e ferrôlho,  
Que vidinha mais caningada  
--seu mano--  
Elas levam no engenho do velho.

Nem bem a arraiada sonora  
Vem tangendo as juremas da estrada  
Já as três se botam na renda  
--seu mano--  
Trequetreque de bilros, mais nada.

Vai, um mocetão parocara  
Destorcido porém sem cabeça  
Apostou num côco da praia  
--seu mano--  
Que daria uma espiada nas moças.

Pois a fala do lambanceiro  
Foi parar direitinho no ouvido  
Do major Venâncio da Silva  
--seu mano--  
Que afinal nem se deu por achado.

Bate alguém na sede do engenho  
--Seu major, ando morto de sede,  
Por favor me dê um copo de água...  
--seu mano--  
--Pois não, moço! Se apele da água.

Dois negrões agarram o afoito,  
O major assobia pra dentro.  
Vem três moças lindas chorando  
--seu mano--  
Com quartinhas de barro cinzento.

--Esta é minha filha mais velha,  
Beba, moço, que essa água é de sangue  
E os negrões obrigam o pobre  
--seu mano--  
A engulir a primeira moringa.

--Esta é minha filha mais nova,  
Beba, moço, que essa água é de corgo.  
E os negrões obrigam o pobre  
--seu mano--  
A engulir a moringa, já vesga.

--Esta é minha filha mais nova,  
Beba, moço, que essa água é de fonte.  
E os negrões afogam o pobre  
--seu mano--  
Que adubou os faxeiros do monte.

O major Venâncio da Silva  
Tem as filhas mais lindas do norte,  
Mas ninguém não viu as meninas  
--seu mano--  
Que êle as guarda com água de pote.

Testamento

Quando eu morrer quero ficar,  
NÃO contem aos meus inimigos,  
Sepultado em minha cidade,  
Saudade.

Meus pés enterrem na rua Aurora,  
No Paissandu deixem meu sexo,  
Na Lopes Chaves a cabeça.  
Esqueçam.

No Pátio do Colégio afundem  
O meu coração paulistano:  
Um coração vivo e um defunto  
Bem juntos.

Escondam no Correio o ouvido  
Direito, o esquerdo nos Telégrafos,  
Quero saber da vida alheia,  
Sereia.

## MÁRIO DE ANDRADE

The Major's Dance

Major Venâncio da Silva  
Keeps his daughters under lock and key,  
And is their life dull  
--buddy--  
On the old man's sugar plantation!

As soon as the noisy sunrise  
Starts driving the acacias along the road  
The three girls get to work on their lace  
--buddy--  
The bobbins click--and that's all.

At any rate a young wise guy--  
He was tough but not too smart--  
Made a bet at a dance on the beach  
--buddy--  
That he'd get a look at the girls.

Well, the loudmouth's remarks  
Didn't take long to reach  
Major Venâncio's ears  
--buddy--  
Though he seemed not to take any heed.

Somone's knocking at the plantation house door:  
"Major, I'm dying of thirst.  
"Can you give me a glass of water?"  
--buddy--  
"Of course, my boy. Just get down off your horse."

Two big Negroes grab the brave fellow.  
The Major whistles into the house.  
Three pretty girls come out crying  
--buddy--  
Carrying gray clay pitchers.

"Here's my oldest daughter.  
"Drink up, my boy; this is brook water."  
And the big Negroes force the poor guy  
--buddy--  
To swallow the first jugful.

"Here's my middle daughter.  
"Drink up, my boy; this is crick water."  
And the big Negroes force the poor guy  
--buddy--  
To drain the pitcher till he's cross-eyed.

"Here's my youngest daughter.  
"Drink up, my boy; this is spring water."  
And the big Negroes drown the poor guy  
--buddy--  
He's fertilizing the cactuses on the mountainside.

Major Venâncio's daughters  
Are the most beautiful girls in the North.  
But no one's ever seen them  
--buddy--  
He guards them with pitchers of water.

Last Will

When I die I want to be--  
Don't tell my enemies--  
Buried in my own city,  
Nostalgically.

Bury my feet in Aurora Street,  
My genitals, on Paissandú Place,  
And on Lopes Chaves, my head.  
Then forget.

Inter in the College Yard  
The heart of this São Paulo man:  
A living heart near one that's dead,--  
Side by side.

In the Post Office hide my right  
Ear; in the Telegraph Office, the left one.  
I want to know about others' lives--  
Siren-like.

O nariz guardem nos rosais,  
A língua no alto do Ipiranga  
Para cantar a Liberdade.  
Saudade...

Os olhos lá no Jaraguá  
Assistirão ao que há de vir,  
O Joelho na Universidade,  
Saudade...

As mãos atirem por aí,  
Que desvivam como viveram,  
As tripas atirem pro Diabo  
Que o espírito será de Deus.  
Adeus.

Side I, Band 2

## MANUEL BANDEIRA

Canção do Vento e da Minha Vida

O vento varria as fôlhas,  
O vento varria os frutos,  
O vento varria as flores...  
E a minha vida ficava  
Cada vez mais cheia  
De frutos, de flores, de fôlhas.

O vento varria as luzes,  
O vento varria as músicas,  
O vento varria os aromas...  
E a minha vida ficava  
Cada vez mais cheia  
De aromas, de estrêlas, de cânticos.

O vento varria os sonhos  
E varria as amizades...  
O vento varria as mulheres...  
E a minha vida ficava  
Cada vez mais cheia  
De afetos e de mulheres.

O vento varria os meses  
E varria os teus sorrisos...  
O vento varria tudo!  
E a minha vida ficava  
Cada vez mais cheia  
De tudo.

Estrêla da Manhã

Eu quero a estrêla da manhã  
Onde está a estrêla da manhã?  
Meus amigos meus inimigos  
Procurem a estrêla da manhã

Ela desapareceu ia nua  
Desapareceu com quem?  
Procurem por toda parte

Digam que sou um homem sem orgulho  
Um homem que aceita tudo  
Que me importa?  
Eu quero a estrêla da manhã

Três dias e três noites  
Fui assassino e suicida  
Ladrão, pulha, falsário

Virgem mal-sexuada  
Atribuladora dos aflitos  
Girafa de duas cabeças  
Pecai por todos pecai com todos

Pecai com os malandros  
Pecai com os sargentos  
Pecai com os fuzileiros navais  
Pecai de todas as maneiras  
Com os gregos e com os troianos  
Com o padre e com o sacristão  
Com o leproso de Pouso Alto

Depois comigo

Te esperarei com mafuás novenas cavalhadas  
comerei terra e direi coisas de uma ternura  
tão simples  
Que tu desfalecerás

Let my nose be kept among the roses;  
On Ipiranga Hill, my tongue,  
To sing of liberty,  
Nostalgically.

Up on Jaraguá Peak my eyes  
Will observe the shape of things to come--  
With my knee in the University--  
Nostalgically.

Throw my hands away, anywhere--  
As they lived, so let them die--  
And to the Devil with my innards.  
For my spirit will be God's.  
Good-by.

## MANUEL BANDEIRA

Song of the Wind and My Life

The wind swept away the leaves,  
The wind swept away the fruits,  
The wind swept away the flowers...  
And my life became  
More and more filled  
With fruits, flowers and leaves.

The wind swept away the lights,  
The wind swept away the music,  
The wind swept away the perfumes...  
And my life became  
More and more filled  
With perfumes, stars and songs.

The wind swept away the dreams,  
And it swept away the friendships...  
The wind swept away the women...  
And my life became  
More and more filled  
With love and women.

The wind swept away the months,  
And it swept away your smiles...  
The wind swept everything away!  
And my life became  
More and more filled  
With everything.

The Morning Star

I want the morning star.  
Where is the morning star?  
My friends my enemies  
Look for the morning star

She disappeared she was nude  
Whom did she disappear with?  
Look everywhere

Say that I am a man without pride  
A man who accepts everything  
What do I care?  
I want the morning star

Three days and three nights  
I was a murderer and a suicide  
A thief, a punk, a perjurer

Oh undersexed virgin  
Scourge of the afflicted  
Two-headed giraffe  
Sin for all sin with all

Sin with the bums  
Sin with the sergeants  
Sin with the marines  
Sin in every way  
With Greeks and Trojans  
With priest and sexton  
With the leper from Pouso Alto

Then with me

I will wait for you with carnivals, novenas,  
rodeos I will eat dirt and I will say things  
with such simplotenderness  
That you will faint



Procurem por toda parte  
Pura ou degradada até a última baixeira  
Eu quero a estrela da manhã.

ÚLTIMA CANÇÃO DO BECO

Beco que cantei num dístico  
Cheio de elipses mentais,  
Beco das minhas tristezas,  
Das minhas perplexidades  
(Mas também dos meus amores,  
Dos meus beijos, dos meus sonhos),  
Adeus para nunca mais!

Vão demolir esta casa.  
Mas meu quarto vai ficar,  
Não como forma imperfeita  
Neste mundo de aparências:  
Vai ficar na eternidade,  
Com seus livros, com seus quadros,  
Intacto, suspenso no ar!

Beco de sarças de fogo,  
De paixões sem amanhã,  
Quanta luz mediterrânea  
No esplendor da adolescência  
Não recolheu nestas pedras  
O orvalho das madrugada,  
A pureza das manhãs!

Beco das minhas tristezas,  
Não me envergonhei de ti!  
Foste rua de mulheres?  
Todas são filhas de Deus!  
Dantes foram carmelitas...  
E eras só de pobres quando,  
Pobre, vim morar aqui.

Lapa--Lapa do Desterro--  
Lapa que tanto pecais!  
(Mas quando bate seis horas,  
Na primeira voz dos sinos,  
Como na voz que anunciava  
A concepção de Maria,  
Que graças angelicais!)

Nossa Senhora do Carmo,  
De lá de cima do altar,  
Pede esmolas para os pobres,  
--Para mulheres tão tristes,  
Para mulheres tão negras,  
Que vem nas portas do templo  
De noite se agasalhar.

Beco que nascentes à sombra  
De paredes conventuais,  
És como a vida, que é santa  
Pesar de todas as quedas.  
Por isso te amei constante,  
E canto para dizer-te  
Adeus para nunca mais!

Look everywhere  
Whether she is pure or in the depths of degradation  
I want the morning star

The Last Song of the Alley

Alley that I sang in a couplet  
Full of mental ellipses,  
Alley of my sorrows,  
Of my perplexities  
(But also of my loves,  
My kisses and my dreams),--  
Farewell forever.

This house will be torn down  
But my room will remain,  
Not as imperfect form  
In this world of appearances:  
It will remain in eternity,  
With its books and pictures,  
Intact, hanging in the air.

Alley of burning bushes,  
Of passions without tomorrows,  
In the splendor of adolescence  
How much Mediterranean light  
Was gathered on these stones  
By the dew of sunrise,  
By the purity of morning!

Alley of my sorrows,  
I've never been ashamed of you!  
Were you full of street walkers?  
They too are the children of God!  
Once there were Carmelites here...  
But you belonged to the poor when I,  
Who was also poor, came here to live.

Lapa<sup>1</sup>--Lapa do Desterro--  
Much sinning Lapa!  
(But when six o'clock strikes,  
In the first clang of the bells,  
As in the voice that announced  
The Conception to Mary,  
What angelic grace there is!)

Up there on top of the altar  
Our Lady of Carmel  
Is begging for the poor,  
For those sad women,  
Those somber women  
Who come to the temple doors  
At night for shelter.

Alley--you who were born in the shadow  
Of convent walls--  
You are like life, which is holy  
Despite all its degradation.  
I have been your constant lover  
And now I sing to you, to bid you farewell,  
Forever and ever.

<sup>1</sup>Lapa: Red-light district

Side I, Band 3

AUGUSTO FREDERICO SCHMIDT

Soneto de Luciano

Seu olhar se fechou para este mundo,  
Para a Branca de Neve e os Sete Anões,  
Para as estrelas, para os pássaros cativos,  
Para o mar tão azul e as montanhas e os céus.

Seu olhar se fechou para as florestas  
Onde há tigres e leões na noite escura,  
Para os campos em flor e para as mansas  
Orelhas do Senhor, quietas e humildes.

Seu olhar se fechou, e a noite veio  
E envolveu o seu corpo pequenino,  
Tão mal coberto para tanto frio.

E ele se foi, com o seu olhar inquieto  
Cheio de assombrações e de segredos,  
À procura, talvez, de outros brinquedos.

AUGUSTO FREDERICO SCHMIDT

Sonnet for Luciano

His eyes have been closed to the world,  
To Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,  
To caged birds and to the stars,  
To the blue sea, the mountains and the sky.

His eyes have been closed to the forests,  
Where there are tigers and lions in the dark night,  
To the flowering fields and to the gentle,  
Quiet and humble ears of the Lord.

His eyes have been closed, and night has come  
And enveloped his tiny body,  
So poorly covered against so much cold,

And he is gone with his restless glance  
Full of terror and secrets  
In search, perhaps, of other playthings.

Side I, Band 4

JORGE DE LIMA

Soneto

Vinte séculos de revolução  
e inda há fome do pão que é a poesia.  
Quando tento saciá-lo, tento em vão:  
é meu ritmo perene, noite e dia.

Cristo, quero escutar Teu coração:  
pendo a cabeça e escuto-o. Essa agonia  
de fazer o poema, essa paixão,  
na Última Ceia começou. Seria

um de nós...um de nós era suspeito,  
um de nós entre os doze Te trairia.  
E sob o peso dessa suspeição,

repousei a cabeça no Teu peito.  
E esse ritmo de vida que eu ouvia  
era o ritmo de fome deste pão.

Vago Espaço de Natal  
(de Invenção de Orfeu)

Vago espaço de Natal,  
geometria anoteçada.  
As dimensões projetadas  
são como sombras vividas.

Dentro dessa geometria  
há um menino embricado.  
Esse menino me espia.  
Vivo nele desenhado.

Apagaram aquele álbum,  
faces amadas baniram.  
Sempre um Natal, sempre uma árvore  
de folhas amarelidas.

Amigos de infância, onde?  
Quem pintou de cinza a ogiva?  
Quem tisonou no cosmorama  
o presépio colorido?

Dentro desse cosmorama  
há um menino acordado.  
O resto projeta sombras:  
Geometria. Geometria.

Side I, Band 5

CECÍLIA MEIRELES

Motivo

Eu canto porque o instante existe  
e a minha vida está completa.  
Não sou alegre nem sou triste.  
Sou poeta.

Irmão das coisas fugidias,  
não sinto gozo nem tormento.  
Atravesso noites e dias  
no vento.

Se desmoromo ou se edifico,  
se permaneço ou me desfaço,  
--não sei, não sei. Não sei se fico  
ou passo.

Sei que canto. E a canção é tudo.  
Tem sangue eterno e asa ritmada.  
E um dia sei que estarei mudo:  
--mais nada.

Explicação

O pensamento é triste; o amor, insuficiente;  
e eu quero sempre mais do que vem nos milagres.  
Deixo que a terra me sustente:  
guardo o resto para mais tarde.

JORGE DE LIMA

Sonnet

Twenty centuries of revolution  
and there is still hunger for the bread of Poetry.  
When I try to appease it, I try in vain:  
it is my perennial rhythm, night and day.

Christ, I want to listen to Your heart.  
I hang down my head and I listen to it. This agony  
in making a poem, this passion  
began at the Last Supper. It had to be

one of us...One of us was suspect,  
one of us among the twelve would betray You.  
And under the weight of this suspicion

I rested my head on Your breast.  
And the life rhythm that I heard  
was the rhythm of hunger for this bread.

Vague Space of Christmas  
(From The Invention of Orpheus)

Vague space of Christmas,  
darkened geometry.  
The projected dimensions  
are like lived-through shadows.

Within this geometry  
a child is imbricated.  
This child peers at me,  
I am designed in him.

They have done away with that album,  
the beloved faces have been banished.  
There was always a Christmas, there was always a tree  
with yellowed leaves.

Where are the friends of childhood?  
Who painted the window arch gray?  
Who darkened the colored manger  
in the cosmorama?

Within this cosmorama  
there is an awakened child.  
The rest projects shadows:  
Geometry. Geometry.

CECÍLIA MEIRELES

Motive

I sing because the instant exists  
and my life is complete.  
I am neither cheerful nor sad,  
I am a poet.

I am the brother of fleeting things,  
I feel no enjoyment or pain.  
I spend nights and days  
in the wind.

Whether I tear down or build,  
whether I stay or dissolve,  
I do not know. I do not know. I do not know whether  
I stay or go.

I know that I sing. And the song is all.  
It has eternal blood and rhythmic wing.  
And I shall be silent one day I know  
--nothing more.

Explanation

Thought is sad; love--not enough;  
and I always want more than miracles can give.  
I let the earth nourish me;  
The rest I keep for later.

Deus não fala comigo--e eu sei que me conhece. God does not speak to me--and I know that he knows me.  
A antigos ventos dei as lágrimas que tinha. To old winds I gave the tears I had.  
A estrela sobe, a estrela desce... The star rises, the star falls...  
--espero a minha própria vinda. I await my own coming.

(Navego pela memória  
sem margens.

Alguém conta a minha história  
e alguém mata os personagens.)

(I sail through shoreless  
memory.

Someone tells my story  
and someone kills the characters.)

#### Estrêla

Quem viu aquele que se inclinou sobre palavras trêmulas,  
de relevo partido e de contorno perturbado,  
querendo achar lá dentro o rosto que dirige os sonhos  
para ver se era o seu que lhe tivessem arrancado?

Quem foi que o viu passar com seus ímãs insones  
buscando o polo que girava sempre no vento?  
--Seus olhos iam nos pés, destruindo todas as raízes líricas,  
e em suas mãos sangrava o pensamento.

E era o seu rosto, sim, que estava entre versos andróginos,  
prêso em círculos de ar, sobre um instante de festa!  
Boca fechada sob flores venenosas  
e uma estrela de cinza na testa.

Bem que ele quis chamar pelo seu nome em voz muito alta,  
--mas o desejo não foi além do seu pescoço.  
E ficou diante de sua cabeça, estruturando-se  
como o frio dentro de um poço.

E não pôde contar a ninguém seu fim químérico.  
A ninguém. Pois a língua que fora sua estava morta,  
e ele era um prisioneiro entre paredes transparentes,  
entre paredes transparentes, mas sem porta.

Disto ele soube. O que nunca entendeu, porém, e o que lhe amarra  
o coração com ardentes cordas de desgosto  
é aquela estrela de cinza--aquela estrela grande e plácida--  
derramando sombra em seu rosto.

#### The Star

Who has seen the one that leaned over words  
trembling with broken reliefs and disturbed outlines,  
trying to find in them the face that guides our dreams,  
to see whether it was his own that had been snatched away from him?

Who has seen him pass by with unsleeping magnets  
as he sought the pole ever-whirling in the wind?  
--His eyes, walking in his feet, destroyed all the lyric roots,  
and thought bled in his hands.

And there among the androgynous verses, was that his face,  
caught in circles of air above a festive instant,  
the mouth closed beneath poisoned flowers  
and a star of ashes on the forehead?

He wanted to call out his name,  
but the wish stuck in his throat.  
And he continued to confront his face, and of himself he made  
a structure like the cold in a well.

And he could tell no one about his illusory end.  
No one. For the tongue that had been his was dead.  
He was a prisoner between transparent walls,  
transparent, doorless walls.

He has become aware of this. What he has never understood,  
however,  
and what binds his heart with burning cords of sorrow  
is that gray star--that large, placid star--  
pouring shade on his face.

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

Mergulham mocambos  
nos mangues molhados,  
moleques mulatos,  
vêm vê-lo passar.

--Adeus!  
--Adeus!

Mangueiras, coqueiros,  
cajueiros em flor,  
cajueiros com frutos  
já bons de chupar...

--Adeus, morena do cabelo cacheado!

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

Mangabas maduras,  
mamões amarelos,  
mamões amarelos  
que amostram, molengos,  
as mamas macias  
pra a gente mamar...

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

Na boca da mata  
há furnas incríveis  
que em coisas terríveis  
nos fazem pensar:

--Ali dorme o Pai-da-Mata!  
--Ali é a casa das caiporas!

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

Meu Deus! Já deixamos  
a praia tão longe...  
No entanto, avistamos  
bem perto outro mar...

Danou-se! Se move,  
se arqueia, faz onda...  
Que nada! É um partido  
já bom de cortar...

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

Cana-caiana,  
cana-roxa,  
cana-fita,  
cada qual a mais bonita,  
todas boas de chupar...

--Adeus, morena do cabelo cacheado!

--Ali dorme o Pai-da-Mata!  
--Ali é a casa das caiporas!

--Vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende,  
vou danado pra Catende  
com vontade de chegar...

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

Huts dive  
into watery swamps...  
Colored folk and kids  
watch it go by...

Hi! Hi!

Mango trees, coconut trees  
and cashew trees in flower,  
cashew trees with fruit  
just right for sucking...

Hi, dark-skinned girl with the curly hair!

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

Ripe mangabas, ripe papayas,  
yellow, flabby papayas  
lazily showing  
their soft breasts  
for us to suck.

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

At the edge of the wood  
there are amazing caves  
that make us think  
of terrible things.

There's where the Forest Father sleeps!  
There's where the goblins live!

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

Oh, Lord! We've already left  
the shore so far behind...  
Yet now we find  
another sea close by.

Dammit! It's moving,  
it's moving, there are waves on it...  
Not at all! It's a patch of sugar cane  
just right for cutting...

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

Guiana cane,  
purple cane,  
ribbon cane,  
each looks prettier than the other,  
and all are right for sucking.

Hi, dark-skinned girl with the curly hair!

There's where the Forest Father sleeps!  
There's where the goblins live!

I'm rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
rushing to Catende,  
and anxious to be there.

Side I, Band 6

ASCENSO FERREIRA

trem de alagoas

O sino bate,  
o condutor apita o apito,  
solta o trem de ferro um grito,  
põe-se logo a caminhar...

ASCENSO FERREIRA

The Alagoas Train

The bell's ringing,  
the whistle's blowing,  
the train's shrieking  
and starting to move...

Side I, Band 7

RIBEIRO COUTO

Cais do Paquetá

Lusitana melodia  
Voz de inocência e de infância,  
Sempre um vapor que partia  
E olhos presos na distância.

RIBEIRO COUTO

The Docks of Paquetá

(Santos)

A Portuguese melody,  
The voice of innocence and childhood,  
An always departing steamer  
And eyes gazing out to sea.



Sempre um vapor que partia  
E um menino que ficava  
Sonhando o que se escondia  
Muito além da praia brava.

Sonhando o que se escondia  
--Ilhas dos antepassados--  
Na fumaça fugidia  
Dos vapores carregados,

Menino do cais do porto,  
A tua mercadoria  
Eram vozes do avô morto  
Que de volta lá se ia.

#### Elegia

Que quer o vento?  
A cada instante  
Este lamento  
Passa na porta  
Dizendo: abre...

Vento que assusta  
Nas horas frias  
Da noite feia,  
Vindo de longe,  
Das ertas praias.

Andam de ronda  
Nesse violento,  
Longo queixume,  
As invisíveis  
Bocas dos mortos.

Também um dia,  
Estando eu morto,  
Virei queixar-me  
Na tua porta.  
Virei no vento  
Mas não de inverno,  
Nas horas frias  
Das noites feias.

Virei no vento  
Da primavera.  
Em tua boca  
Serei carícia,  
Cheiro de flores  
Que esto lá fora  
Na noite quente.

Virei no vento...  
Direi: acorda...

A steamer always departing  
And a child remaining,  
Dreaming of what lay hidden  
Far beyond the wild beach.

Dreaming of what lay hidden  
--Oh, islands of his forebears!--  
In the drifting smoke  
Of the loaded freighters.

Child of the docks,  
All your wares  
Were the words of your dead grandfather  
On his way home.

#### Elegy

What does the wind want?  
Constantly  
Its lament  
Comes to the door  
And says: Open...

The wind that startles  
In the cold hours  
Of bitter nights,  
Coming from afar,  
Coming from lonely beaches.

And in its violent  
Prolonged wailing  
Roam the invisible  
Mouths of the dead.

I, too, one day,  
When I am dead,  
Shall come to mourn  
At your door.

I shall come in the wind,  
But not the winter wind  
Of the cold hours  
Of bitter nights.

I shall come  
In the wind of spring.  
On your mouth  
I shall be a caress,  
The scent of flowers  
That are outside  
In the warm night.

I shall come in the wind...  
I shall say: Awake...

Side I, Band 8

RAUL BOPP

#### Favela

Meio dia.

O mórro coxo cochila.  
O sol resvala devagarzinho pela rua  
torcida como uma costela.  
Aquele casa de janelas com dor de dente  
amarrrou um coqueiro ao lado.

Um pé de meia faz exercício no arame.  
Vizinha da frente grita no quintal:  
--João! O João!

A bananeira botou as tétas do lado de fora  
Mamoeiros estão de papo inchado.

Negra acocorou-se a um canto do terreiro.  
Pôs as galinhas em escândalo.

Lá em baixo  
passa um trem de subúrbio riscando fumaça.

A porta da venda  
negro bocejou como um túnel.

RAUL BOPP

#### Shantytown

Noon.  
The crippled hill is dozing.  
The sun slips slowly down the street  
that is crooked as a rib.

That house with the windows has a toothache.  
It has tied a coconut tree to its side.

A stocking is exercising on the clothes-line.

The neighbor across the way is shouting in her backyard:  
--Oh, John! Oh, John!

The banana tree is showing its breasts.

The papaya trees' throats are swollen.

The colored girl is squatting in the corner of the yard,  
Scandalizing the chickens.

Down below,  
a train to the suburbs is going by, puffing smoke.

At the door of the little store  
a Negro has just yawned as wide as a tunnel.

Side II, Band 1

CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE

#### Castidade

O perdido caminho, a perdida estrela  
que ficou lá longe, que ficou no alto,  
surgiu novamente, brilhou novamente,  
como o caminho único, a solitária estrela.

Não me arrependo do pecado triste  
que sujou minha carne, como toda carne.  
O caminho é tão claro, a estrela é tão larga,  
os dois brilham tanto que me apago nêles.

Mas certamente pecarei de novo  
(a estrela se caia, o caminho se perde),  
pecarei com humildade, serei vil e pobre,  
terei pena de mim e me perdoarei.

De novo a estrela brilhará, mostrando  
o perdido caminho da perda inocência.  
E eu irei pequenino, irei luminoso  
conversando anjos que ninguém conversa.

#### O Elefante

Fabrico um elefante  
de meus poucos recursos.  
Um tanto de madeira  
tirado a velhos móveis  
talvez lhe dê apoio.  
E o encho de algodão,  
de paina, de dogura.  
A cola vai fixar  
suas orelhas pensas.  
A tromba se enovela,  
é a parte mais feliz  
de sua arquitetura.  
Mas há também as presas,  
dessa matéria pura  
que não se figurar.  
Tão alva essa riqueza  
a espojar-se nos circos  
sem perda ou corrupção.  
E há por fim os olhos,  
onde se deposita  
a parte do elefante  
mais fluida e permanente,  
alheia a toda fraude.

Eis meu pobre elefante  
pronto para sair  
à procura de amigos  
num mundo enfatiado  
que já não cre nos bichos  
e duvida das coisas.  
Ei-lo, massa imponente  
e frágil, que se abana  
e move lentamente  
a pele costurada  
onde há flores de pano  
e nuvens, alustes  
a um mundo mais poético  
onde o amor reagrupa  
as formas naturais.

Vai o meu elefante  
pela rua povoada,  
mas não o querem ver  
nem mesmo para rir  
da cauda que ameaça  
deixá-lo ir sozinho.  
É todo graça, embora  
as pernas não ajudem  
e seu ventre balofo  
se arrisque a desabar  
ao mais leve empurrão.  
Mostra com elegância  
sua mínima vida,  
e não há na cidade  
alma que se disponha  
a recolher em si  
dêsse corpo sensível  
a fugitiva imagem,  
o passo desastrado  
mas faminto e tocante.

CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE

#### Chastity

The lost path, the lost star  
that was so far away and so high above,  
has appeared again and shone again  
like the only path and the lonely star.

I do not regret the sad sin  
that soiled my flesh, like all flesh.  
The path is so bright, the star is so large,  
both shine so much that I am effaced in them.

But surely I will sin again,  
(The star becomes silent, the path is lost),  
I will sin humbly, I will be vile and poor,  
I will pity myself and pardon myself.

Again the star will shine, showing  
the lost path of lost innocence.  
And I will walk, a tiny shining thing,  
talking with angels with whom no one talks.

#### The Elephant

I am building an elephant  
from my scanty resources.  
A bit of wood  
taken from some old furniture  
will perhaps hold him up.  
And I am stuffing him with cotton,  
kapok and tenderness.  
Glue will stick  
his flapping ears.  
The trunk curls up,  
it's the most successful part  
of his architecture,  
but there are also the tusks,  
made from that pure substance  
that I can't describe.  
How white is this abundance  
that rolls, intact and incorrupt,  
on the circus lot.  
And finally come the eyes  
in which is kept  
the part of the elephant  
that is most fluid and permanent  
and most free from fraud.

Behold my poor elephant  
ready to set out  
in search of friends  
in a blasé world  
that no longer believes in animals  
and has doubts about things.  
Behold him, a shape at once imposing  
and fragile, shaking itself  
and slowly moving  
the seamed skin  
on which there are cloth flowers  
and clouds--allusions  
to a more poetic world  
where Love rearranges  
natural forms.

My elephant is walking  
along the busy street,  
but no one wants to see him,  
not even to laugh at  
the tail that threatens  
to let him go off alone.  
He is grace itself, although  
his legs don't help  
and his flabby stomach  
is in danger of falling apart  
at the slightest push.  
Elegantly he exhibits  
his brief life  
and there is no one in the city  
who is willing to take to himself  
the fleeting image  
of this sensitive body  
or its step that though awkward  
is hungry and poignant.  
It is hungry for humans



Mas faminto de sêres  
e situaçoes patéticas,  
de encontros ao luar  
no mais profundo oceano,  
sob a raiz das árvores  
ou no seio das conchas,  
de luzes que não cegam  
e brilham através  
dos troncos mais espessos.  
Esse passo que vai  
sem esmagar as plantas  
no campo de batalha,  
à procura de sítios,  
segredos, episódios  
não contados em livro,  
de que apenas o vento,  
as fôlhas, a formiga  
reconhecem o talhe,  
mas que os homens ignoram,  
pois só ousam mostrar-se  
sob a paz das cortinas  
à pálpebra cerrada.

E já tarde da noite  
volta meu elefante,  
mas volta fatigado,  
as patas vacilantes  
se desmancham no pó.  
Ele não encontrou  
o de que carecia,  
o de que carecemos,  
eu e meu elefante,  
em que amo disfarçar-me.  
Exausto de pesquisa,  
caiu-lhe o vasto engenho  
como simples papel.  
A cola se dissolve  
e todo seu conteúdo  
de perdo, de carícia,  
de pluma, de algodão,  
jorra sobre o tapete,  
qual mito desmontado.  
Amanhã recomeço.

#### Lembrança do Mundo Antigo

Clara passeava no jardim com as crianças.  
O céu era verde sobre o gramado,  
a água era dourada sob as pontes,  
outros elementos eram azuis, róseos, alaranjados,  
o guarda civil sorria, passavam bicicletas,  
a menina pisou a relva para pegar um pássaro,  
o mundo inteiro, a Alemanha, a China, tudo era  
tranquilo em redor de Clara.

As crianças olhavam para o céu... Não era proibido!  
A boca, o nariz, os olhos estavam abertos... Não  
havia perigo!  
Os perigos que Clara temia eram a gripe, o calor,  
os insetos.  
Clara tinha medo de perder o bonde das 11 horas,  
esperava cartas que custavam a chegar,  
nem sempre podia usar vestido novo. Mas passeava no  
jardim, pela manhã!!!  
Havia jardins, havia manhãs, naquele tempo!!!

#### Recollections of a Former World

Clara strolled in the park with the children.  
The sky was green above the lawn,  
the water was golden beneath the bridges,  
other elements were blue, pink and orange-colored,  
the policeman smiled, bicycles passed by,  
the little girl walked on the grass to catch a bird,  
the whole world, Germany, China, everything around Clara  
was calm.

The children looked at the sky: it wasn't against the law.  
Their mouths, noses and eyes were wide open. There was no danger.  
The dangers Clara feared were gripe, heat and insects.  
Clara was afraid of missing the eleven o'clock trolley,  
she waited for letters that were slow to arrive,  
she couldn't always wear a new dress. But she strolled in  
the park, in the morning!!!  
There were parks, there were mornings in those days!!!

and pathetic situations,  
moonlight encounters  
in the deepest ocean,  
under the roots of trees  
or in the breasts of shells;  
for lights that do not blind  
and shine through the trunks  
of the thickest trees.  
His step that does not crush the plants  
in the battlefield  
as it goes in search of places,  
secrets and episodes  
not told in books,  
whose form only the wind,  
the leaves and the ants  
can recognize,  
but which are unknown to men,  
for they only dare to appear  
to the closed eyelid  
in curtained peace.

And then late at night  
my elephant comes back,  
but he is tired,  
and his hesitant feet  
come to pieces in the dust.  
He has not found  
what he needed,  
what we need,  
I and my elephant  
in whom I love to disguise myself.  
Worn out with searching  
his huge structure  
has fallen away  
like paper.  
The glue dissolves,  
and all his contents  
of pardon, of caresses,  
of feathers and of cotton  
stream over the carpet  
like a dismantled myth.  
Tomorrow I'll begin again.

#### Side II, Band 2

CASSIANO RICARDO

#### O Anjo Rebelde

Senhor, a estrela que me destinaste  
não era a que eu sonhava por destino.  
Fiz-me poeta para obter uma outra  
e a obtive, em menino.

Senhor, os olhos que me concedeste  
para eu olhar o mundo que criaste  
não eram bem os que eu queria, suponho.  
Fiz-me poeta e os conquistei no sonho.

Senhor, as coisas com que me instruíste  
eram paradisíacas, combem disseste.  
Fiz-me poeta para saber de outras coisas  
que só se dizem em linguagem agreste.

O abismo que me deste, finalmente,  
não tinha o prestígio de assombro; era, apenas,  
o azul bifronte que se chama horizonte.  
Fiz-me poeta e coleí uma asa ao ombro.

E fiz um novo abismo, aos meus pés--cismo--  
o obrigatório abismo de quem voa.  
Foi o abismo que criou a asa ao pássaro; agora  
foi a minha asa que criou o abismo.

#### O Banquete

Em meu quarto, o silêncio  
e a lâmpada que me divide em dois.  
O meu quarto é mais pobre que o de Jó;  
duas vezes eu e uma lâmpada só.

No salão do vizinho,  
que não me convidou, a mesa alva;  
e os convivas bebendo um vinho triste.  
Será sangue de Orfeu? Lágrima-cristal?

Porém, se o vinho é triste,  
há estrelas líquidas em copos altos  
que cintilam, qual geométricos lírios,  
erguidos no ar à hora dos delírios.

Sinto-me bem, assim,  
não convidado, pois não bebo estrela  
nem sangue; sou entado da alegria.  
A tristeza é o meu pão de cada dia.

Seria eu, na festa,  
um insulto aos demais, algo de cômico.  
Uma pedra aos que têm, no ombro, uma asa.  
Um carvão quando tudo, ali, é brasa.

Sinto-me bem, porque  
sou um cacto com fôlhas de silêncio.  
Não troco por nenhum gole de vinho  
este meu ser noturno e submarinho.

Que só me cheguem, pois,  
o terrincar das taças, o confuso  
gorjeio das bacantes. Só me agrada  
beber--rosa num copo--a madrugada.

Ah, se soubessem, todos,  
o bem que me fizeram, excluindo-me  
do banquete--o mais lógico dos olvidos--  
ergueriam um brinde aos excluídos.

#### Side II, Band 3

HENRIQUETA LISBOA

#### Restauradora

A morte é limpa.  
Cruel mas limpa.

Com seus aventais de linho  
--fêmula--esfrega as vidraças.

Tem punhos ágeis e esponjas.  
Abre as janelas, o ar precipita-se  
inaugural para dentro das salas.  
Havia impressões digitais nos móveis,  
grãos de poeira no interstício das fechaduras.  
Porém tudo voltou a ser como antes da carne  
e sua desordem.

CASSIANO RICARDO

#### The Rebellious Angel

Lord, the star You offered me  
was not the one I dreamt I'd have.  
I became a poet to obtain a different one;  
I obtained it as a child.

Lord, the eyes You granted me  
to see the world You had created  
were not just those I wanted, I believe;  
I became a poet and received them in dreams.

Lord, the things You taught me  
belonged to Paradise, You said.  
I became a poet to learn other things,  
only told of in rustic speech.

The abyss You finally gave me  
lacked the prestige of astonishment; it was only  
the two-faced blue they call the horizon.  
I became a poet and pasted a wing on my shoulder.

And I made a new abyss at my feet; the compulsory abyss,  
I imagine, of those who fly.  
The abyss it was that created a wing for the bird;  
now it is my wing that has created the abyss.

#### The Banquet

In my room, silence  
and the lamp that divides me.  
My room is poorer than Job's:  
twice me and a lamp, alone.

In my neighbor's room,  
who did not invite me, the table is snowy white,  
and the guests are drinking a sad wine.  
Is it Orpheus' blood? Is it Lacrima-Christi?

Yet, if the wine is sad,  
there are tall goblets with liquid stars  
that sparkle, like geometrical lilies,  
upright in the air at the hour of madness.

I feel just right this way,  
uninvited, for I drink neither star  
nor blood; I am joy's stepchild.  
My daily bread is sorrow.

At the feast I would be  
an affront to the others, a clown as it were,  
a burden to those with winged shoulders,  
a dead coal where all else is burning embers.

I feel just right, for  
I am a cactus whose leaves are silence.  
Nor will I exchange for a taste of any wine  
this, my nocturnal, submarine being.

Let me but hear then  
the clinking of champagne glasses, the confused  
music of the bacchantes. I am happy only when,  
with a rose in my glass, I drink the dawn.

Ah, if they only knew  
what good they have done me by excluding me  
from the banquet--how logical this neglect--  
they would offer a toast to all the rejected.

HENRIQUETA LISBOA

#### Restorative

Death is clean.  
Cruel but clean.

In her linen aprons  
--She is a housemaid--she wipes the windowpanes.

She has sponges and agile wrists.  
She opens the windows, the air rushes in  
To inaugurate the rooms.  
There were fingerprints on the furniture  
And specks of dust in the chinks of the locks.  
However, once again all has become as it was  
Before the flesh and its disorder.



AUGUSTO MEYER

Oração ao Negrinho do Pastoreio

Negrinho do Pastoreio,  
venho acender a velinha  
que palpita em teu louvor.

A luz da vela me mostre  
o caminho do meu amor.

A luz da vela me mostre  
onde está Nosso Senhor.

Eu quero ver outra luz  
na luz da velinha, negrinho,  
clarão santo, clarão grande  
como a verdade e o caminho  
na falação de Jesus.

Negrinho do Pastoreio,  
diz que Você acha tudo  
se a gente acender um lume  
de velinha em seu louvor.

Vou levando esta luzinha  
treme treme, protegida  
contra o vento, contra a noite...  
É uma esperança queimando  
na palma da minha mão.

Que não se apague este lume!  
Há sempre um novo clarão.  
Quem espera acha o caminho  
pela voz do coração.

Eu quero achar-me, Negrinho!  
(Diz que Você acha tudo.)  
Ando tão longe, perdido...  
Eu quero achar-me, Negrinho!

a luz da vela me mostre  
o caminho do meu amor.

Negrinho, Você que achou  
pela mão da sua Madrinha  
os trinta tordilhos negros  
e varou a noite toda  
de vela acesa na mão,  
(pava a coruja rouca  
no arripio da escuridão,  
manhãzinha, a estrela dá-lva  
na voz do galo cantava,  
mas quando a vela pingava,  
cada pingo era um clarão)  
Negrinho, Você que achou,  
me leve à estrada batida  
que vai dar no coração.  
(Ah os caminhos da vida  
ninguém sabe onde é que estão!)  
Negrinho, Você que foi  
amarrado num palanque,  
rebenqueado a sangue pelo  
rebenque do seu patrão,  
e depois foi enterrado  
na cova de um formigueiro  
pra ser comido inteirinho  
sem a luz da extrema-unção,  
se levantou saradinho,  
se levantou inteirinho.  
Seu riso ficou mais branco  
de enxergar Nossa Senhora  
com seu Filho pela mão.

Negrinho santo, Negrinho,  
Negrinho do Pastoreio,  
Você me ensine o caminho  
pra chegar à devoção,  
pra sangrar na Cruz bendita  
pelos cravos da Paixão.

Negrinho santo, Negrinho,  
quero aprender a não ser!  
Quero ser como a semente  
na falação de Jesus,  
semente que só vivia  
e dava fruto enterrada,  
apodrecendo no chão.

AUGUSTO MEYER

Prayer to the Little Negro of the Pastures

Little Negro lad of the Pastures  
I have come to light the candle  
that throbs in your praise.

May its light show me  
the way to my love.

May its light show me  
the way to our Lord.

I want to see another light  
in the candle light, little lad,  
gleaming holy, gleaming strong,  
like the truth and the way  
in Jesus' words.

Little Negro lad of the Pastures,  
they say there is nothing you cannot find  
if we light a candle  
in your praise.

I carry this light.  
It flickers but is protected  
against the wind, against the night,  
a burning hope  
in the palm of my hand.

Let not this flame be extinguished!  
It always gleams anew,  
and whoever waits finds the way  
through the voice of his heart.

I would find myself, little lad!  
(They say there is nothing you cannot find.)  
I am so lost and far away...  
I would find myself, little lad.

May the light show me  
the way to my love.

Little lad, you who found  
with your Godmother's help  
the thirty dappled horses  
and spent the whole night  
with a lighted candle in your hand  
(The hoarse owl hooted  
in the chill of the darkness,  
at dawn the morning star  
sang in the cock's crowing,  
but when the candle dripped  
every drop gleamed).  
Oh little lad who found it,  
lead me to the road  
that goes straight to the heart.

(Oh, the ways of life--  
we know not where they lead!)  
You who were tied to a stake,  
whipped with your owner's whip  
till your blood ran,  
and then were buried  
in the hollow of an ant hill  
to be eaten to the bones  
without the light of extreme unction,  
you rose up cured,  
you rose intact,  
your smile whiter  
from seeing Our Lady  
with her Child by the hand.

Holy little Negro, little Negro lad,  
little Negro of the Pastures,  
show me the way  
that leads to devotion,  
to bleeding on the blessed Cross  
with the Nails of the Passion.

Holy little Negro, little Negro lad,  
I would learn not to be!  
I would be like the seed  
in Jesus' words,  
the seed that only lived  
and bore fruit when it was buried  
and rotting in the ground.

MURILO MENDES

Amor- Vida

Vivi entre os homens  
Que não me viram, não me ouviram  
Nem me consolaram.  
Eu fui o poeta que distribuí seus dons  
E que não recebe coisa alguma.  
Fui envolvido na tempestade do amor,  
Tive que amar até antes do meu nascimento.  
Amor, palavra que funde e que consome os seres.  
Fogo, fogo do inferno: melhor que o céu.

MURILO MENDES

Love--Life

I lived among men  
who did not see me, who did not hear me,  
who did not even console me.  
I was the poet who lavished his gifts  
and received nothing.  
I was swept up in the storm of love,  
even before birth I had to love.  
Love--the word that fuses and consumes men.  
Fire, fire of hell! better than heaven.

Poema do Fanático

Não bebo álcool, não tomo ópio nem éter,  
Sou o embrigado de ti e por ti.  
Mil dedos me apontam na rua:  
Eis o homem que é fanático por uma mulher.

Tua ternura e tua crueldade são iguais diante de mim  
Porque eu amo tudo o que vem de ti.  
Amo-te na tua miséria e na tua glória  
E te amaria mais ainda se sofresses muito mais.

Caíste em fogo na minha vida de rebelado.  
Sou insensível ao tempo--porque tu existes.  
Eu sou fanático da tua pessoa,  
Da tua graça, do teu espírito, do aparelhamento da tua vida,

De ti se desdobrando em todas as idades.  
Eu quisera formar uma unidade contigo  
E me extinguir violentamente contigo na febre da minha, da  
tua, da nossa poesia.

Poem of the Fanatic

I don't drink alcohol, I don't take opium or ether.  
I am intoxicated with you and because of you.  
A thousand fingers point me out on the street:  
There's the man who's obsessed by a woman.

Your tenderness and your cruelty are the same to me  
because I love everything that comes from you.  
I love you in your wretchedness and in your glory  
and I would love you more if you suffered more.

You fell in flame into my rebellious life.  
You exist and I am insensitive to time.  
I am obsessed by your person,  
your grace, your spirit, the structuring of your life  
that has developed through all time.  
I would like to form a unity with you and be violently  
extinguished  
with you in the fever of my, of your, of our poetry.

VINÍCIUS DE MORAIS

O Falso Mendigo

Minha mãe, manda comprar um quilo de papel almaço na venda  
Quero fazer poesia.  
Diz a Amélia para preparar um refresco bem gelado  
E me trazer muito devagarinho.  
Não corram, não falem, fechem todas as portas a chave  
Quero fazer uma poesia.  
Se me telefonarem, só estou para Maria  
Se for o Ministro, só recebo amanhã  
Se for um trote, me chama depressa  
Tenho um tédio enorme da vida.  
Diz a Amélia para procurar a Patética no rádio  
Se houver um grande desastre vem logo contar  
Se o aneurisma de dona Angela arrebentar, me avisa  
Tenho um tédio enorme da vida.  
Liga para vovó Nenem, pede a ela uma idéia bem inocente  
Quero fazer uma grande poesia.  
Quando meu pai chegar tragam-me logo os jornais da tarde  
Se eu dormir, pelo amor de Deus me acordem  
Não quero perder nada na vida.  
Fizeram bicos de rouxinol para o meu jantar?  
Puseram no lugar meu cachimbo e meus poetas?  
Tenho um tédio enorme da vida.



Minha mãe estou com vontade de chorar  
Estou com taquicardia, me dá um remédio  
NÃO, antes me deixa morrer, quero morrer, a vida  
Já não me diz mais nada  
Tenho horror da vida, quero fazer a maior poesia do mundo  
Quero morrer imediatamente.  
Ah, pensa uma coisa, minha mãe, para distrair teu filho  
Teu falso, teu miserável, teu sórdido filho  
Que está em força, sacrifício, violência, devotamento  
Que podia britar pedra alegremente  
Ser negociante cantando  
Fazer advocacia com o sorriso exato  
Se com isso não perdesse o que por fatalidade de amor  
Sabe ser o melhor, o mais doce e o mais eterno da tua  
puríssima carícia.

VINÍCIUS DE MORAIS

The False Beggar

Mother, order a pound of wrapping paper from the store  
I want to make poetry.  
Tell Amelia to prepare a nice cold drink  
And bring it to me very slowly.  
Don't rush around, don't speak, lock all the doors,  
I want to make a poem.  
If the phone rings, I'll only speak to Maria.  
If it's the Minister, tell him to call again tomorrow  
If it's a prank, call me right away  
I feel terribly bored with life.  
Tell Amelia to try to get the Pathétique on the radio  
If there's an accident, tell me at once  
If Dona Angela's aneurysm bursts, let me know  
I feel terribly bored with life.  
Call up Grandma Nenem and ask her for a very innocent idea  
I want to make a great poem.  
When Father arrives bring me the evening papers  
If I fall asleep, for God's sake wake me up  
I don't want to miss anything in life.  
Have nightingales' beaks been cooked for my dinner?  
Have my pipe and my poets been put in the right place?  
I feel terribly bored with life.  
Mother, I feel like crying  
I've got tachycardia, give me some medicine  
No, better let me die, I want to die, life  
Means nothing to me any more  
I hate life, I want to make the best poem in the world.  
I want to die immediately.  
Oh, think of something, Mother, to amuse your son  
Your false, your wretched, your despicable son  
Who is bursting with strength, sacrifice, violence and devotion  
Who could break stones cheerfully  
Who could break stones cheerfully  
Be a businessman and sing  
Practice law with the right smile  
If by so doing he did not lose that which through the  
inevitability of love  
He knows is the best, the sweetest and the most eternal  
part of your pure caress.

Side II, Band 8

OSWALDINO MARQUES

OSWALDINO MARQUES

Cantiga  
(Para sólo de violoncelo)

Air for Solo Cello

Nas Hébridas não nasci eu,  
Nasci numa ilha de cinzas,  
Cingida por águas frias,  
Envolta em silêncio e bruma.

I was not born in the Hebrides  
But in an isle of ashes  
Girded by icy seas  
Wrapt in silence and mist.

Pelas desoladas planuras,  
Arrasto meu manto de mitos;  
Chamo nomes de entes perdidos,  
Canto canções sem sentido.

Over empty plains  
I drag my cloak of myths  
I shout the vanished names  
Senseless songs I sing.

Por meus muros de amianto  
Não passa nem a lua esguia;  
Tateio entre névoas e máguas,  
Cambaleante de poesia.

Through the amianthus walls  
No slender moon can go  
Among fogs and griefs  
Myself, a poem, grope.

No porto as velas derreadas  
Esperam em vão pelo ar côncavo;  
Jamais se abre a pálpebra ociosa  
Do dia, nesse país do olvido.

In port the worn-out sails  
Wait vainly in the concave air  
Day's lazy eyelid never  
Opens in this land of dreams.

Estudo N.º 2

Study N.º 2

Me deleito na espuma dos salcos temporais,  
Os ventos da noite me envolvem em imaterial prestígio.  
Porfio com os golfinhos sob quilhas audazes  
E venho à tona exultante coroado de algas.  
Vago pela praia num ritmo de ginete eufórico,  
Centaurio pensativo, criando mitologias.

I delight in the spume  
of salty storms.

Night winds encompass me  
in immaterial prestige.

Beneath daring ships I contend with the dolphins  
I surface exultant and crowned with seaweeds.

I roam the beach like a euphoric steed,  
a pensive centaur creating mythologies.

Side II, Band 9

JORO CABRAL DE MELO NETO  
Vale do Capibaribe

JORO CABRAL DE MELO NETO  
Capibaribe River Valley

Vale do Capibaribe  
por Santa Cruz, Toritama:  
cenas para crônicas,  
para épicas castelhanas.

The valley of the Capibaribe  
at Santa Cruz, at Toritama:  
scenes for old chronicles  
or Castilian epics.

Mas é paisagem em que nada  
ocorreu em nenhum século  
(nem mesmo águas ocorrem  
na língua dos rios secos).

Yet it is a landscape in which nothing  
has ever occurred  
(not even waters occur  
in the language of dry rivers).

Nada aconteceu embora  
a pedra pareça extinta  
e os ombros de monumento  
finjam história e ruína.

Nothing has occurred  
though the stone appears extinct  
and the monumental shoulders  
simulate history and ruin.

(De que seriam ruína,  
de que já foram paredes?  
Do forno em que o deus da seca  
acendia a sua sêde?)

(Of what are they ruins?  
Of what were they walls?  
Of the ovens in which the God of Drought  
kindled his thirst?)

E também nada acontece:  
raro o pobre romancista  
da cruz da estrada, mais raro  
o crime não rotineiro

Nothing ever happens:  
scant are the ballads  
about the roadside cross, scantier still  
unusual crimes

com acentos de gesta (ou  
as façanhas cangaceiras)  
que o vale possa ecoar  
e seja cantado em feira.

with an epic tone (or  
the deeds of bandits)  
that the valley can echo,  
that can be sung in fairs.

No mentido alicerce de  
morta civilização  
a luta que sempre ocorre  
não é tema de canção.

In the much talked-of foundations  
of a dead civilization,  
the always occurring struggle  
is no theme for a song.

É a luta contra o deserto,  
luta em que o sangue não corre,  
em que o vencedor não mata  
mas aos vencidos absorve.

It is the struggle against the desert,  
a struggle in which no blood runs,  
in which the victor does not kill  
but absorbs the vanquished.

É uma luta contra a terra  
e sua boca sem saliva,  
seus intestinos de pedra,  
sua vocação de calíça,

It is a struggle against the earth,  
its salivaless mouth,  
its intestines of stone,  
its aspiration to be dust,

Side II, Band 7

LEDO IVO

LEDO IVO

A Lagartixa

The Lizard

Da meninice lembro apenas  
uma nervosa lagartixa.  
De tanto sol sobre seu dorso,  
parecia feita de vidro.

From my childhood I remember only  
a nervous lizard.  
Its back was so bright with sun  
it seemed made of glass.

Entre as pedras e os tinhorões  
do jardim, ela aparecia.  
Talvez quisesse ver o mundo  
ou desejar-me então bom-dia.

It would appear in the garden  
among the plants and stones.  
Perhaps it wanted to see the world  
or bid me good morning.

Este sáurio destre e paciente  
que o sol transforma em diamante  
faz-me louvar a maravilha  
oculta na infância distante.

This skilful, patient saurian  
transformed by the sun into a diamond  
makes me praise the wonder  
hidden in my distant childhood.

Pois grande coisa, para um homem,  
é sentir que na alva da vida,  
toda a beleza do universo  
estava numa lagartixa.

It is a great thing for a man to feel  
that at life's beginning  
all the beauty of the universe  
was contained in a lizard.



que se dá de dia em dia,  
que se dá de homem a homem,  
que se dá de seca em seca,  
que se dá de morte em morte.

#### Fregão Turístico do Recife

Aqui o mar é uma montanha  
regular, redonda e azul,  
mais alta que os arrecifes  
e os mangues rasos ao sul.

Do mar extrair podeis,  
do mar dêste litoral,  
um fio de luz precisa,  
matemática ou metal.

Na cidade propriamente  
velhos sobrados esguios  
apertam ombros calcários  
de cada lado de um rio.

Com os sobrados podeis  
aprender lição madura:  
um certo equilíbrio leve,  
na escrita, da arquitetura.

E neste rio indigente,  
sangue-lama que circula  
entre cimento e esclerose  
com sua marcha quase nula,

e na gente que se estagna  
nas mucosas dêste rio,  
morrendo de apodrecer  
vidas inteiras a fio,

podeis aprender que o homem  
é sempre a melhor medida.  
Mais: que a medida do homem  
não é a morte mas a vida.

which takes place every day,  
which takes place between men,  
which takes place between droughts,  
which takes place between deaths.

#### Tourist Streetery in Recife

Here the sea is a mountain,  
regular, blue and round,  
higher than the reefs  
and the shallow mango swamps to the south.

From the sea one can obtain,  
from the sea along this coast,  
a thread of light that is precise,  
mathematical or metallic.

In the city itself  
old narrow buildings  
hunch calcareous shoulders  
on each side of a river.

From the buildings you can  
learn a ripe lesson:  
a certain light balance  
in the penmanship of the architecture.

And in this river, indigent  
mudsucker circulating  
between sclerosis and cement  
with almost imperceptible movement,

and in the people stagnating  
in the river mucus,  
dying in the continuous rotting  
of their living,

you can learn that man is always  
the best measure.  
And what is more: that man's measure  
is life not death.

dele bebo sequer  
copo d'água gelada.  
Meu whisky é a noite escura,  
meu gin, a madrugada.

No entanto me embriago  
tê às raías da loucura.  
É então que me atraíçoa  
a canhestra ternura

(o gôche sentimento  
que me expõe e envergonha,  
tão inadequado  
ao mundo e sua ronha).

A atração do bar  
é o proprietário.  
O seu rosto descerra  
o auge do Calvário.

Prestidigitador  
cria noites de prata,  
oceano irreal  
e barroca fragata...

Induz-nos à catarse  
dos apetites tortos,  
ao invocar a mística  
de Mil Meninos Mortos.

Enquanto as horas fluem  
na insólita vigília,  
vai-se criando entre nós  
certo ar de família.

E em esferas rolando  
pela noite e seus véus,  
com fé aguardamos  
a alvorada de Deus!

#### Harlem Blues

Oh! noites do Harlem,  
com as brisas de abril!  
O que procuro em ti?  
O sabor do Brasil?

O carinho mais quente  
na promessa da cor,  
e que Camões chamava  
a "pretidão do amor"?

O saxofone fala  
de uma alma ferida  
e lançada à sarjeta,  
tal como minha vida.

Sonho rubro da infância  
que em cinzas se desfaz!  
Na avenida do Harlem,  
meus olhos choram jazz!

#### Ensinando um Pássaro a Cantar

O que tu cantas, pássaro,  
é prata e cristal:  
sonora matemática  
retinindo em metal.

Rumorejo de arroio  
em demanda de tom:  
desprovidos de senso  
os arabescos de som...

Capricho bachiano  
em pequeno instrumento  
de penas e de nácar,  
a responder ao vento...

Mas embora aprecie  
essa música fria,  
acho que o canto humano  
possui maior valia.

Os êxtases gratuitos  
num vórtice se somem...  
Só é nobre o papel  
alvo que se sujou  
com as digitais do Homem.

There I only drink  
a glass of ice water.  
My whisky is the dark night,  
and my gin, the dawn.

Yet, I drink  
to the verge of madness,  
and I betray myself  
by my awkward tenderness,

by my clumsy feelings  
which expose and shame me  
--they are so inadequate  
for this world and its malice.

The proprietor  
is the bar's attraction.  
In his face is revealed  
Calvary's culmination.

He is a magician  
who creates silver nights,  
an unreal ocean  
and a baroque frigate...

He induces catharsis  
of our warped appetites  
as he invokes the remembrance  
of the Thousand Dead Children...

And while the night flows  
in this rare vigilance,  
among us there grows  
a family resemblance.

And rolling in spheres  
through the veils of the night  
we await in our faith  
God's morning light.

#### Harlem Blues

Ah, nights of Harlem  
with your April breezes!  
What do I seek from you?  
The flavor of Brazil?

A warmer affection  
in the promise of color,  
which Camões called  
"the darkness of love"?

The saxophone sings  
of a soul wounded  
like my life and thrown  
into the gutter.

Ah, rosy dream of childhood  
turned into ashes!  
In the Harlem street  
my eyes weep jazz.

#### Teaching a Bird to Sing

Bird, your song  
is silver and crystal,  
sonorous mathematics  
tinkling on metal.

The murmuring of a brook  
in search of tone:  
arabesques of sound  
devoid of meaning.

a Bach caprice  
on a tiny instrument  
of feathers and mother-of-pearl,  
replying to the wind...

And though I enjoy  
this cold music,  
I find greater value  
in human song.

Aimless ecstasy  
sinks into an abyss...  
The only thing noble  
is the white paper soiled  
with Man's fingerprints.

Side II, Band 10

MÁRIO QUINTANA

#### Soneto

Este silêncio é feito de agonias  
e de luas enormes, irreais,  
dessas que espiam pelas gradarias  
nos longos dormitórios de hospitais.

De encontro à lua, as hirtas galharias  
estão paradas como nos vitrais,  
e o luar decalca nas paredes frias  
misteriosas janelas fantasmais.

Oh! silêncio de quando em alto mar,  
pálida, vaga, aparição lunar,  
como um sonho vem vindo essa fragata...

Estranha nau que não demanda os portos  
com mastros de marfim, velas de prata,  
tôda apinhada de meninos mortos.

MÁRIO QUINTANA

#### Sonnet

This silence is made of anguish  
and of enormous, unreal moons,  
of the kind that peer through gratings  
in long hospital rooms.

Against the moonlight the rigid branches  
are still as in stained glass,  
and on the cold walls the moon traces  
weird, ghostly windows.

Oh, it is as the silence on the high seas  
when, like a pale, vague, moonlit apparition,  
a frigate in a dream sails by.

It seeks no port, this strange ship  
with ivory masts and silver sails  
and a cargo of dead children.

Side II, Band 11

CASSIANO NUNES

#### No Quintana's Bar

"Num bar fechado há muitos, muitos  
anos, e cujas portas de aço brusca-  
mente se descerram, encontro, que  
eu nunca vira, o poeta Mário Quintana."  
Carlos Drummond de Andrade,  
Quintana's Bar

No Quintana's Bar,  
sou assíduo cliente.  
É um bar que não é bar,  
é um bar diferente.

CASSIANO NUNES

#### At Quintana's Bar

"In a bar that has been closed for  
many, many years and whose steel  
doors are suddenly opened, I meet  
someone I had never seen before,  
Mário Quintana, the poet."  
Carlos Drummond de Andrade:  
Quintana's Bar

I'm a steady customer  
at Quintana's bar.  
It's a bar that's not a bar,  
It's a different sort of bar.



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Note on Cassiano Nunes

Professor Nunes was a visiting professor of Brazilian literature at New York University from 1962 to 1965. Previous to that, in 1947-8, he studied American literature at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He has also studied and taught in Germany, and he has been a professor of American literature at the University of Assis, in the state of São Paulo. He is well known for his articles of literary criticism and for Sedução da Europa, a volume of essays based on his experiences in Europe. He has contributed to many important Brazilian newspapers, including O Estado de São Paulo and O Correio da Manhã, and he has published essays on American and Brazilian literature in scholarly magazines in this country and Brazil.

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Note on Raymond Sayers

Professor Sayers has lived in Brazil and other Latin American countries, and he has taught Brazilian and Portuguese literature at Columbia University, where he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He has also given courses in Brazilian and Spanish American literature at Harvard, New York University and the University of Wisconsin. He is now a member of the Department of Romance Languages of the College of the City of New York and a lecturer in Portuguese in the graduate faculties of Columbia University. He is the author of The Negro in Brazilian Literature, and he has contributed articles on Portuguese and Brazilian literature to the New Catholic Encyclopedia and to American, Portuguese and Brazilian periodicals. In 1961 he collaborated with Dr. José Rodrigues Miguéis in the preparation of another Folkways record, Modern Portuguese Poetry.

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