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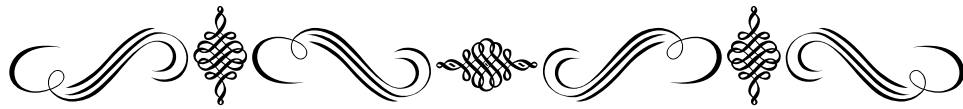
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It gives me great pleasure to introduce *Yawp* 6.

I made a stylistic check of the articles, and was very impressed by their quality. *Yawp* opens with poems by Charles Marlon, Adriane da Silva Ribeiro and Grazzi.

In the Education section Renan Bernardes Viani and Marita Caleiro Abbud use Discourse Analysis to examine a speech by David Cameron on immigration, and Guilherme Adami and Daniela Quirino Medalla make interesting critiques of English language teaching textbooks.

Translation is represented by class projects of the groups of Prof. Lenita Esteves, one on a Saki short story, and another by Muriel Spark. Lucas de Lacerda Zapparolli de Agustini presents his translation of 18 stanzas from Byron's *Don Juan*. And we also have the translation of Cláudia Dias, Daniela Piva Reyes, Ísis Sanchez, João Ricardo Pereira Turini, Mariana Reis da Silva, Mariane Pimenta da Silva, Rodrigo Popotic Garcia of Oscar Wilde's "The Sphinx without a Secret".

The final section on Literature and Film is the largest. Three articles have modernist themes: Sofia Netrovski examines Eliot's "Prufrock"; Victor Coutinho Rabelo analyses the stream of

consciousness in Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, and Rodrigo Moreira Pinto writes on different forms of realism in James Joyce.

The nineteenth century is represented by Ana Cristina Gambarotto, on innovation in Emily Dickinson's poetry, and Roberto Candido Francisco, on realism in *Great Expectations*.

In the area of film we have Erica Coutinho, writing on the estrangement effect in Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*, and Roberto Candido Francisco on Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*.

Last but not least, Charles Marlon Porfirio de Sousa, Gisele Ariane Piola, and Kelly Cristina Santos de Brito examine the concept of Americanism in *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Great Gatsby*, *The Bluest Eye*, and *Portnoy's Complaint*.

May these articles and original works inspire you to sound your "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world".

John Milton



Creative



Works



East Wrong

Charles Marlon*

A world
in a word.

Is that a sign,
or some sort of sin?

What does the same dream seem to mean?

- A leaf that looked so strong

In a vessel so full of s

a

l

t.

In: *Poesia Ltda.* 2012.

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Changing

Adriane da Silva Ribeiro¹

Changing your world
One yard at a time...
Never mind if yours
Is the one of storms!

Cleaning, dusting
Sweeping the floors...
Creating a new view
Changing the old crew

Children won't live
Humans won't breathe...
Only the Sun shining
But the world still dying

One yard at a time...
Never mind if yours
Is the one of storms!

¹ Undergraduate student at Universidade de São Paulo (USP).

Retrometamorphose

*Grazzi*¹

Just too weak, too fearful and above all the things, too imaginative. There's no such a monster. It's just the usual and disguised ones that live among us. These ordinary bugs, we want them so dead indeed, and we want it because we are them too- we have all been metamorphosed into human-monsters. Samsa may say. The point is, I am keeping the dead cockroaches around so as to make me remember such a monster like the one that is in my insides as much as in others face, talk and soul. I'm keeping it around to remember and mainly to remember its death.

The point is: this nothing-more than a mutant-inside-insect, turns the things around the world so deadly!

And it coldly survives - even without its head, never stops moving the ridiculous little leg- in order to dig a hole inside and outside itself, going down so dismally that it could bury anything and everything alive. There are no more feelings which become real with this terrible starving animal. The thing is, it doesn't matter how the thing died, what matters is that its death means my rebirth.

(For now, I pretend not to know there are a million of them waiting to come to me. For now, I can manage it growing with its death; death and growth of the monster that is everywhere and more than anything, inside of me).



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Now I'm really looking at them and they aren't such huge things. Actually, they aren't big at all. Doesn't even fly. But it runs and moves that disgusting and scary antenna as if it was some kind of power. Monsters must not make me cry again. And I won't allow anybody to cry for them. The way I am just trying to be truly efficient to take the cockroach-body/Samsa-karma is to retrometamorphose, not to see the monster anymore, but through it. It's kissing the monster in the face.



Language

and



Education



“We Want Things To Be Different” An Analysis Of David Cameron’s Immigration Speech.

Renan Bernardes Viani

Marita Caleiro Abbud¹

Abstract: This paper proposes an analysis of a well-known speech held by the Prime Minister of the UK, David Cameron (2011), in which he supports the changes in the immigration policies recently implemented by the UK government, as a result of the rise in unemployment rates originated by the economic crisis that has hit European countries in the last few years. The analysis was conducted under the theoretical approach of Critical Discourse Analysis (Fairclough 1992; 1995) and, counting on the transitivity model developed in Halliday’s (2004) Functional Grammar, it brought the main rhetorical strategies of political discourse into focus, as described in the scheme of political discourse proposed by Chilton (2004), based on the functions political discourse perform, such as coercion, (de)legitimation and (mis)representation. The analysis led to the conclusion that the linguistic strategies found in Cameron’s speech have already been reasonably described, revealing the homogeneity of this type of discourse, and that the topic ‘immigration’ shaped the selection of those structures, by delegitimising his political enemies, exercising emotional and cognitive coercion, and playing with the approached social identity(ies).

Keywords: Critical Discourse Analysis, Political Discourse, David Cameron, Rhetorical Strategies.

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1.0 Introduction

The current European scenario has been hit by a serious economic crisis, so that a solution for this problem has become the centre of political attention. In a context of fragile economy, any change proposed by the government will always bring about a great deal of debate, as a result of the contentious and hence uncomfortable nature of economic recession. The future becomes a nightmare and the past is constantly revisited in order to find the origin of the problem.

In the last decades, the high number of elderly people has made European countries open their borders to immigrants, who flocked to the Old World with the hope of an improvement in their quality of life. However, the current scenario is not as optimistic as some decades ago, especially regarding the employment rates. Like many other states in the European Union, the United Kingdom has been confronted with the problem of unemployment, which was the cause for many Europeans to complain about the presence of immigrants in their home country. The debate on immigration and its connection to the economic crisis has played a significant part in the political debate, which led the British government to implement some changes in the British immigration policy.

The aim of this paper is to analyse the way in which the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, David Cameron, made his speech (2011) supporting the changes the British government had decided to make in response to the current economic crisis. In a context in which any political action can be crucial to the future of a nation, political speech must be truly effective by expressing absolute confidence to the audience. Taking this into account, we ask the following question which will orientate our analysis: How can the use of language “produce the effects of authority, legitimacy, consensus, and so forth that are recognised as being intrinsic to politics”? (Miller 1991: 390 *apud* Chilton 2004:4) The extract selected for the analysis consists of lines 1-60 from Cameron’s speech. (See Appendix.)

2.0 Theoretical approaches

The main theoretical approaches employed, in this paper, belong to the branch of linguistic studies known as Critical Discourse Analysis. CDA deals with ‘deconstructing’ texts ideologically, by considering the complex relations

among text, social cognition, power, society and culture. (Van Dijk 1993; Fairclough 1995). Fairclough (1992) focuses his point on how language contributes to the construction of social identities (social subjects) and social relationships, systems of knowledge and belief and texts themselves.

Another important concept for CDA is the concept of *interpretation*. Because a text always deals with ideological assumptions, the modes of interpretation available to each reader will determine the 'audience' imagined by the producer (Cf. Fairclough 1992).

Analysing the presence of other texts in a text is also relevant for Discourse Analysis. *Intertextuality*, in Fairclough's (1992) terms, is the 'conscious' reference to another text, whereas *interdiscursivity* is a broader concept regarding the fact that it is not possible to create a text without considering something that has 'already been said'.

Furthermore, it is impossible to analyse discourse separating form from content. The way words are selected and combined is always related to ideology and power. (Cf. Fairclough 1992). A productive model for analysis of the form-content relation is the Transitivity Model, proposed by Halliday (2004), which consists of a type of analysis that reveals the consistency of the ideological points of view of the producers of a text.

3.0 On the level of discursive practice

The first step of our analysis will rest on the level of discursive practice, above all the stage known as the *production* of the text. The speech given by the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, on 14th April 2011, can be considered either individualistic or collective. *Individualistic*, because it certainly represents the point of view of one person; *collective*, for it can be considered to represent the social groups to which Cameron is linked, such as his political party, or, from a more general perspective, the people of the United Kingdom. Therefore, Cameron's discourse may be constructed based on the relation between his personal and collective political projects.

The producer explicitly addresses his speech to the people he represents, the British, as well as he expects his audience to accept his ideas as many as possible. That leads the producer to use the use of *rhetorical strategies*, i.e. ways of using language "to persuade their audience of the validity of their claims" (Simpson and Mayr 2010: 43).

4.0 Rhetorical Strategies and Functions

According to Simpson and Mayr (2010: 42), “politicians themselves have adopted a more personalized rhetoric of choice and lifestyle values to communicate their political messages to citizens”. Presuppositions, implicatures, metaphors, pronouns, and parallelism are examples of linguistic elements typical of political discourse.

The use of rhetorical strategies is related to a number of strategic functions pointed out by Chilton (2004: 45-6): *coercion, (de)legitimation and (mis)representation*. To our analysis, the most relevant ones are: (a) the coercive attitude of “making assumptions about realities that hearers are obliged to at least temporarily accept in order to process the text” (Chilton, 2004:45); and (b) the legitimisation function, i.e., “the right to be obeyed”.

5.0 Analysing the speech

This section is reserved for the analysis of the speech based on its most relevant linguistic features, which will guide the application of the theoretical approaches outlined above.

5.1 The first construction of meaning: unclearly delineated subjects

From the very beginning of the speech, the reference to the actors who say that “we want things to be different” (2)¹ is not clear. Such a sentence is introduced as a phenomenon of the *mental process* of hearing: “I heard” (2), which also conceals the actor behind the voice of complaint. Vague references may lead the reader/hearer to interpret the message in the way he or she feels the most comfortable, which configures the persuasive potential of the text.

The next step adopted by the speaker is to evoke the reader/hearer’s feelings. The expression “on the doorstep” (2) combined with the use of “we” (2) reinforces the feeling of belonging to a same ‘home’. This is a message that the speaker really invests in, which can be easily identified especially on line 13, where this structure is repeated: “But there was something else we heard on the doorstep”.

The speaker keeps evoking the reader/hearer’s feeling through his language, assuring his commitment to *people*. Parallel syntactic structures —

¹ The citations from Cameron’s speech are followed by a number in parentheses which indicates the line from which they were extracted.

three occurrences of the phrase “People said” (3, 6, 9) — are used to highlight his proposal. He also makes use of emotional expressions involving either approval — “wanted to” (3, 6) “trusted” (6) —, or disapproval — “drove us mad” (8), “were sick of” (9), “are fed up with” (14).

The presence of *verbal processes*, in Halliday’s (2004) terms, combined with emotional expressions is efficient in terms of grabbing the hearer/reader’s attention, as well as creating an atmosphere in which he or she tends to believe he or she belongs to. The structure of the text lies on the conflict between the *legitimation* of what the author believes that should be done and the *delegitimation* of the attitude of the previous government.

The selection of words like “good” (3), “right” (5, 9), “wrong” (9), “better” (12) and “sense” (5, 6) is responsible for outlining the speaker’s values, which are suggested to be either ‘humanly universal’ or at least ‘shared among the people from his country’. By making use of those somewhat evaluative words, he insists on the assumption that the wrong decisions taken by the previous government are being replaced by his new ‘right’ decisions. That led to the frequent use of words like “different” (2), “differences” (12), and “changing” (12). The speaker also uses parallel syntactic structures to make it clear that his government is committed to those changes: **“That’s what we’re engaged in”** (4); **“That’s the kind of government we want to be”** (7); “Again, **that’s what we’re acting on**” (10); **“These are the differences we are trying to make”** (13).

5.2 The convenience of “we”: the constant (de)construction of group(s), rights and responsibilities

The topic approached in this section has to do with the complexity of the use of the pronoun “we” (including “us” and “our”).

Political Discourse usually consists of a constant [re]construction of the actors involved. The complexity of the meaning of “we” is an example that reflects the use of a word whose meaning will depend on the speaker’s intentions. “We” can have a reference either inclusive or exclusive, i.e., the inclusion of the reader/hearer in the group designated by the speaker as “we” will vary according to how convenient that is for the speaker.

When it turns to actions that can be considered contentious, the speaker tends to use the inclusive “we” in order to share responsibility for his actions. In Cameron’s speech, this can be easily identified. The whole speech

contains 102 occurrences of “we”, 44 of the possessive “our” and 6 of the pronoun “us”, against 26 occurrences of the pronoun “I”.

In some sentences, “we” includes the audience of the speech, the British people — “**we** want things to be different” (2), “**we**’ve all heard them” (19) —, establishing a strong connection representing the commitment between the British people and the then elected Prime Minister. In other cases, if the topic is easily debatable, “we” (in this case in its possessive form) is used to create a sense of sharing responsibility: “Clearly, cutting public spending isn't popular, but it's right to bring sense to **our** public finances” (5). “We” can also refer to the political party to which the speaker belongs: “That's what **we**'re engaged in”. (4); “That's the kind of government **we** want to be.”(7).

5.3 Representation charged with unclear actors and references

The next salient characteristic of Cameron’s speech is the large use of abstract nouns and nominalizations, a large number of which being semantically charged with an evaluation of what has been stated previously: “immigration” (14, 20 etc.), “subject” (17), “debate” (18), “assertion” (18, 20), “view” (21).

These nouns are usually organized in *relational* and *verbal processes*. The preponderance of this type of noun leads to a somewhat inaccurate reference to the actors and effects directly involved in the process. This encourages the hearer/reader to ‘fill the gaps’ freely: Who is immigrating? Who has conducted the debate? Who is responsible for the assertions? Who has that type of view?

Taking into account the concepts of *intertextuality* and *interdiscursivity*, it is possible to say that the speaker considers himself aware of ‘what has been said’ before his speech, on which he is basing his arguments. The legitimation for his words is necessary for their acceptance and the audience tend to accept the words from the one who has “better knowledge of the ‘real’ facts’ and, therefore being ‘more ‘rational’ and ‘objective’ than his political opponents” (Simpson and Mayr 2010: 104). The intertextuality/interdiscursivity ‘game’ the speaker plays involves delegitimizing the ‘other’s discourse’ and attempting to convince the audience that he is using their own words, again implying a shared background. The

direct speech used in lines 13-15 also suggests he is aware of the previous discourse of his audience.

Insisting on the contrast between the current and the previous government, he uses a relational process to connect: “the role of politicians, to cut through the extremes, and to approach the subject sensibly and reasonably” (22). One more time, he insists on vague evaluative words: “extremes”, “sensibly” and “reasonably”.

The pronoun “I” is frequently used in this passage, as the focus on the speaker as a separate, active actor has to do with the topic he is discussing: that focus on a separate “I” — “I believe” (22), “I remember” (30, 33) “I want” (31, 32, 5), “I think” (36) — has to do with his proposal of a new approach “which opens up debate, not closes it down; where politicians don't just talk, but actually act” (33)

5.4 The convenient “I” and the construction of social identities

Right after highlighting the importance of “opening up the debate” and “actually acting”, Cameron will approach each of those topics in great detail, starting with the former. What is really intriguing is his starting with the assumption that “the British people are fair-minded - and I want them to feel they can be honest about what they think about this subject” (35). There is a clear cut division between “the British people” and an “I” (35, 36), which can be considered, again, the building of a comfortable atmosphere for the British people to think freely, without any pressures, on the subjects.

This strategy seems to be adopted whenever the speaker presupposes the reader/hearer will disagree with him. The use of “our” to refer to the country (37) takes up the intended proximity between the speaker and the reader/hearer, which can be understood as ‘I think in a different way than you do, but because we have the same interest for belonging to the same country, you should open your mind to what I’m saying’.

It is important to consider the contribution of language to the construction of *social identities* in Cameron’s referring to his audience as “British people”. Studies on British identity can shed light on this issue, as a way of attempting to get to know better the interdiscursive relations behind Cameron’s speech. Those studies have pointed out the existence between two

main British national identities, the traditional one and the modern one (Parekh 2000: 20), which dialogue with each other in the analysed text.

It is possible to say that the “fair-minded” feature of the British people is a reference to the traditional British identity, whereas its modern counterpart is suggested to be more multicultural. Parallel structures — “go (in)to” (38, 39, 40) and positive emotional sentences — “caring for **our** sick and vulnerable” (38), “inspiring **our** young people”. (39), and so forth —, shape the positive aspects of this plural Britishness.

5.5 Building the unwelcome circumstances of immigration and showing action

After explaining he is not against immigration *per se*, Cameron starts developing his argumentation against immigration concerning the particular historical moment of his speech. He evokes the hearer/reader’s feelings by using a number of strategies:

(a) considering the state of **exaggeration** by using “too” (44); figures — “2.2 million” (45) and the anaphora “significant numbers” (56) —; and the superlative the “largest”;

(b) using **relational processes**, discussing what a real community is, delineating the lines between ‘bad’ and ‘good’ immigration;

(c) being emotionally coercive by using **journey metaphors** (see lines 51-55), which are based on the concept that “a nation is a person” and “life is a journey”: “the conceptualisation of the country as a person travelling in time is what underlies a desire to resolve historical conflict between social groupings” (Chateris-Black 2004:65-85). The ability of to show solutions to conflicts is powerful in a politician’s discourse, which makes Cameron’s speech even more persuasive.

6.0 Conclusion

The main linguistic strategies concerning the persuasive aspect of political discourse were outlined, above all as an attempt to establish the relation between the selection of language structures and its potential effects on the audience. In general, it is possible to say that the linguistic strategies found in Cameron’s speech have already been described by analysts of Political

Discourse, which leads to assume certain homogeneity in this type of discourse.

In addition, it is possible to say that the topic of the text analysed was responsible for shaping the selection of linguistic structures employed in the speech. The topic "immigration", for assuming at least two groups of individuals, led the speaker to come up with the idea of resolving conflicts by sounding 'fair' and 'reasonable' with the contemporary situation of the people in his country. Delegitimizing his political enemies, exercising emotional and cognitive coercion, and playing with the social identit(y)(ies) were the most important of Cameron's guidelines for such a productive selection of linguistic structures. In other words, Cameron's grammar proved to be his persuasiveness.

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Appendix

In full: David Cameron immigration speech. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-13083781.

14 April 2011 Last updated at 13:40.

(The extract below was the corpus analysed in this paper, consisting of lines 1-60)

1. A year ago, we were in the middle of a General Election campaign.
2. And there was one message I heard loud and clear on the doorstep: we want things to be different.
3. People said they wanted a government that didn't just do what was good for the headline or good for their Party but good for the long-term and good for our country.
4. That's what we're engaged in.
5. Clearly, cutting public spending isn't popular, but it's right to bring sense to our public finances.
6. People said they wanted a government that actually trusted them to use their own common sense.
7. That's the kind of government we want to be - giving neighbourhoods and individuals a whole range of new powers...
8. ...scrapping so much of the bureaucracy that drove us mad.
9. People said they were sick of seeing those who did the right thing get punished and the wrong thing rewarded.
10. Again, that's what we're acting on.
11. In welfare we're ending the system that took money from hard-working taxpayers and gave it to people who refused to work.
12. These are the differences we are trying to make - listening to people, doing the hard and necessary work of changing our country for the better.
13. But there was something else we heard on the door-step - and it was this:
14. 'We are concerned about the levels of immigration in our country...
15. ...but we are fed up of hearing politicians talk tough but do nothing.'
16. Here, again, we are determined to be different.
17. Now, immigration is a hugely emotive subject...
18. ...and it's a debate too often in the past shaped by assertions rather than substantive arguments.
19. We've all heard them.
20. The assertion that mass immigration is an unalloyed good and that controlling it is economic madness...

21. ...the view that Britain is a soft touch and immigrants are out to take whatever they can get.
22. I believe the role of politicians is to cut through the extremes of this debate and approach the subject sensibly and reasonably.
23. The last government, in contrast, actually helped to inflame the debate.
24. On the one hand, there were Labour Ministers who closed down discussion, giving the impression that concerns about immigration were somehow racist.
25. On the other, there were Ministers hell-bent on burnishing their hard-line credentials by talking tough ...
26. ...but doing nothing to bring the numbers down.
27. This approach had damaging consequences in terms of controlling immigration...
28. ...but also in terms of public debate.
29. It created the space for extremist parties to flourish, as they could tell people that mainstream politicians weren't listening to their concerns or doing anything about them.
30. I remember when immigration wasn't a central political issue in our country - and I want that to be the case again.
31. I want us to starve extremist parties of the oxygen of public anxiety they thrive on and extinguish them once and for all.
32. Above all, I want to get the policy right: good immigration, not mass immigration.
33. That's why I believe it's time for a new approach - one which opens up debate, not closes it down; where politicians don't just talk, but actually act.
34. Let's start with being open.
35. The British people are fair-minded - and I want them to feel they can be honest about what they think about this subject.
36. Here's what I think.
37. Our country has benefited immeasurably from immigration.
38. Go into any hospital and you'll find people from Uganda, India and Pakistan who are caring for our sick and vulnerable.
39. Go into schools and universities and you'll find teachers from all over the world, inspiring our young people.

40. Go to almost any high street in the country and you'll find entrepreneurs from overseas who are not just adding to the local economy but playing a part in local life.
41. Charities, financial services, fashion, food, music - all these sectors are what they are because of immigration.
42. So yes, immigrants make a huge contribution to Britain.
43. We recognise that - and we welcome it.
44. But I'm also clear about something else: for too long, immigration has been too high.
45. Between 1997 and 2009, 2.2 million more people came to live in this country than left to live abroad.
46. That's the largest influx of people Britain as ever had...
47. ...and it has placed real pressures on communities up and down the country.
48. Not just pressures on schools, housing and healthcare - though those have been serious...
49. ...but social pressures too.
50. Because real communities aren't just collections of public service users living in the same space.
51. Real communities are bound by common experiences...
52. ...forged by friendship and conversation...
53. ...knitted together by all the rituals of the neighbourhood, from the school run to the chat down the pub.
54. And these bonds can take time.
55. So real integration takes time.
56. That's why, when there have been significant numbers of new people arriving in neighbourhoods...
57. ...perhaps not able to speak the same language as those living there...
58. ...on occasions not really wanting or even willing to integrate...
59. ...that has created a kind of discomfort and disjointedness in some neighbourhoods.
60. This has been the experience for many people in our country - and I believe it is untruthful and unfair not to speak about it and address it.

Why An Educational Perspective May Contribute For Better Outcomes In Language Teaching.

Guilherme Adami¹

Abstract: Public opinion on foreign language teaching has changed considerably after the consolidation of the Common European Framework for languages. Actions have been taken in this field that are transforming the language class into training sessions, where students receive instruction on how to carry out certain practical tasks. For some decades now, language has been seen in a compartmentalized manner, so that each and every context of communication comprises certain predictable syntagms (word collocations, phrases, sentences, etc.), which are expected to be used to communicate effectively. In this article, I bring together a collection of facts about Brazilian education that involve language teaching and aid in understanding why students are graduating without having the desired competence to interact at work the way employees are expected to today. Thus, the need to change the model language teachers currently use, to a more educational approach, will hopefully be assimilated.

Key words: educational policies, foreign language, active work, language proficiency, pluralism.

1. Introduction

The teaching of English in Brazilian regular schools has long been discredited by the students, their parents and, even worse, the teachers. Research shows² in the discourses of Brazilian public school teachers such assertions as that under no circumstances can a language be taught to large

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² Adami, G. "Visões que os professores de Inglês do Ensino Médio da rede pública têm a respeito do conteúdo curricular que lecionam" (forthcoming).

groups, often as big as forty students, in the case of an average Brazilian high school class.

As a consequence, efforts have been made mainly by private institutions in order to change this scenario and enable some “real” teaching. They split whole classes into smaller groups and more than one teacher is hired to do the job. Schools believe that, by doing so, they are fulfilling their duty towards their pupils, making them proficient in English (at least according to certain linguistic standards set by developed countries) and, thereby, skilled enough to enter the market.

Naturally, preparing people for their professional life is a primary objective of schooling, but it is by no means the only one. In this article, we shall see that the teaching of a second language in schools ought to be more engaged with educational purposes, because Brazilian law prescribes it and also because a critical approach to teaching would provide students with skills that could render them more reliable potential employees.

2. English in Brazil today

At present, serious practical limitations are inflicted on teachers of English in Brazil by centralizing bureaucratic moves. Programs such as *Programa Nacional do Livro Didático* (National Schoolbook Program – PNLD)³ create mechanisms that render teaching a foreign language actually a more difficult, rather than easier, task. In the case of PNLD, for instance, very little freedom of choice is allowed for, which may jeopardize diversity and, thereby, compromise the whole educational purpose of learning another language as described in the law⁴—although the *Ministério da Educação e Cultura* (the Ministry of Education and Culture – MEC) claims it should, on the contrary, subsidize the teachers’ job⁵ by providing them with a few “approved” collections to choose from⁶.

³ PNLD evaluates a number of schoolbooks and then selects the most adequate ones according to criteria specific to each discipline. Reviews of the chosen collections are published and sent to public schools so teachers can opt to use such-and-such available books. For further information, visit www.mec.gov.br.

⁴ A complementary piece of educational legislation, *Orientações Curriculares para o Ensino Médio* (Curricular Orientations for Secondary School – OCEM), reads: “[...] the contribution of learning Foreign Languages, rather than merely providing instrumental linguistic knowledge, resides in [...] making students recognise heterogeneity in the use of any language, being the former inserted in a social, cultural and historical context.” (p. 92. Author’s translation.)

⁵ Cf. “Programa Nacional do Livro Didático”, MEC.

⁶ Cf. *Guia do Livro Didático*, FNDE.

There are also enormous issues regarding infrastructure and syllabus design; however, these seem the smallest of problems when compared to unskilled staff. The Lemann Foundation, an organization that aims to identify problems and build strategies “to contribute to the design and implementation of public policies that can really lead Brazil to new levels [of economic development]”⁷, asserts that

Development is a reality for the first time, but it is also true that a lot remains to be done. [...] [T]oday it is clear that the absence of a high quality educational system is the main factor to hold us back from reaching our full potential. [...] We lack [...] highly qualified teachers.⁸

In practice, poor results at examinations show that the situation is in fact critical, as the 2010 selection process for teaching positions in São Paulo’s public education system proved only 43.6% of candidates scored above the minimum⁹. At private schools, as much as this might be slightly less frequent, other setbacks prevent students from receiving quality instruction in English.

The extremely low number of classes a week not only shows the startling reality of a *lingua franca* holding such a not prestigious status before other school subjects, but also has implications in practicing when combined with the fact that exams impact on actual curriculum, i.e., they induce changes according to the values of the institutions that produce them, although legal devices may prescribe otherwise¹⁰. In other words, since the *Vestibular* requires superficial reading in a foreign language in order for a candidate to pass, this is believed to be all students “need”, and, consequently, this is all they will actually be taught. Written production, as well as oral production and comprehension, is left aside.

⁷ The Lemann Foundation’s *Activities Report: 2010*.

⁸ *Idem*.

⁹ Cf. Sindicato dos Profissionais em Educação no Ensino Municipal-SP (SINPEEM).

¹⁰ The Brazilian educational system comprises a federal, a state and a municipal dimension, all of which must cooperate with one another, although they work independently. This means that local initiatives can be taken as long as they respect the law. However, the Union seeks cohesion through a common set of values, and thus exams such as *Sistema Nacional de Avaliação da Educação Básica* (National System for Basic Education Evaluation – SAEB) have been created with standards that ought to be met—although in practice low ranking rarely stimulates any change. In fact, these exams solely assess students’ skills, but do not grant them access to higher education, which causes *Vestibular* to gain prominence as an admission exam to some of the most prestigious universities in the country.

The “*vestibular*” is a broad term that refers to various forms of examination, which differ from one another depending on each institution’s values, that is, the skills they require candidates to have. As a result, schools tend to adapt their syllabuses to *Vestibular*, rather than to national standards, so their students stand a higher chance of entering university.

As a consequence, common sense has it that regular schools are no place to learn English, so that those who wish to must pay for courses at specialized language institutes, which are seen as “learning havens” where students can be in contact with their target foreign language(s) in a useful/meaningful way. A quick survey on the Internet shows slogans of famous businesses in this niche such as “*O inglês mais forte do Brasil*” (The strongest English in Brazil), “*Inglês é mais que só inglês*” (English is more than just English), “*Você cidadão do mundo*” (You, a world citizen)¹¹—all of which somehow allude to an almost ethereal construct called “real” language learning.

Now, if such a scenario is offensive to the public as it promotes financial elitism (since private English courses are generally expensive), then its developments are offensive to the English language itself: the market logic has become so imbricated with the educational system that private schools have lately sought to offer a more competitive product by adding extra elements (e.g., sports, dance and language lessons), thus students can do more activities and/or courses for less money. English is a particularly difficult case, because sometimes schools might even offer both lessons taught by a school teacher (who “teach nothing”, according to what we have discussed) and lessons given by language centers set up within the schools themselves, or taught by a third-party provider.

3. Language proficiency

As from the decline of feudalism, the presence of a *lingua franca* has been a major necessity in an ever growing global market. Today, as trade thrives through more and more efficient means of exchange by the minute, communication is a synonym for velocity and precision. Thus, information capitalism influences how languages are popularly seen, and now they are subject to instrumentalization.

In other words, the ultimate goal of knowing a foreign language in business nowadays is putting ideas across, so procedures can be undertaken quickly - thereby generating more profit, according to the inversely proportional relation between time spent on a single task and gross income – and that’s the reason why new learners tend to construe language proficiency

¹¹ Cf. <http://www.google.com>.

as the sheer ability master the use of a communicative tool made up of unconnected components, as though there were an array of formulaic pieces (word collocations, sentence structures, text structure) that have meaning in themselves, each of which perfectly and immutably referring to a certain part of the real world.

This is aggravated by the fact that European universities, which have great influence even on linguistic matters, offer proficiency exams that measure the ability to do practical tasks (such as attending a lecture or doing shopping), according to a shared set of skills that determine proficiency levels: the Common European Framework (CEFR).

4. The Common European Framework (CEFR)

In 1963, European “[...] programs of international co-operation [...] focused on the democratization of language learning for the mobility of persons and ideas, and on the promotion of the European heritage of cultural and linguistic diversity.”¹² As a result, the Common European Framework was created in order to provide “[...] a common basis for the elaboration of language syllabuses, curriculum guidelines, examinations, textbooks, etc. across Europe.”¹³ However, we shall see in this section that the plan for Europe has spread throughout the globe, attaining nearly full worldwide acceptance.

CEFR’s documents claim for a shift “from linguistic diversity to plurilingual education”¹⁴ through principles such as the overcoming of “prejudice and discrimination”¹⁵, which would allow for “understanding and co-operation”¹⁶.

“Plurilingualism differs from multilingualism [...]. Multilingualism may be attained by simply diversifying the languages on offer in a particular school or educational system, or by encouraging pupils to learn more than one foreign language, or reducing the dominant position of English in international communication. Beyond this, the plurilingual approach emphasizes the fact that as an individual person’s experience of language in its cultural contexts expands, from the language of the home to that of society at large and then to the languages of other peoples (whether learnt at school or college, or by direct experience), he or she does not keep these

¹² “Language Policy Division: a brief history”, The Council of Europe.

¹³ *Idem.* Emphasis mine.

¹⁴ Cf. *Guide for the development of language education policies in Europe.*

¹⁵ Cf. *Common European Framework for Languages*, The Council of Europe.

¹⁶ *Idem.*

languages and cultures in strictly separated mental compartments, but rather builds up a communicative competence to which all knowledge and experience of language contributes and in which languages interrelate and interact.”¹⁷

Dialogue is obviously needed, especially in Europe. However, the well-known efforts of *La Real Academia Española* (the Royal Spanish Academy – RAE) to homogenize language exemplify the persistently intolerant positioning of European leaders in public opinion formation towards minorities. In this sense, the validity of CEFR’s claims are unquestionable, nonetheless, the execution of the project seems to have put very few of its initial objectives into practice by centralizing evaluation design, for instance, which is the case of Cambridge ESOL examinations¹⁸.

On this side of the Atlantic, Brazilian language institutes thoroughly accept this paradigm by promoting changes in course design so as to develop nothing but CEFR’s desired skills, and by adopting new materials from big publishing companies aligned with European standards. It is worth noting that one of the most popular language schools in Brazil, a joint venture supported by the British Council, advertises on its website¹⁹ its partnership with three big publishing companies, which enables students to buy imported books at slightly lower prices. Besides, the fact that the titles included in this deal follow the CEFR, a quick search at one of the distributor’s website revealed that the best-selling textbook in Brazil, although not used by the language institute we have mentioned, is called *Interchange Intro*²⁰, another title that is synchronized with CEFR’s problematic statute.

On top of this, due to other maneuvers such as the hiring of third-party providers by private regular schools, a new style of teaching that instrumentalizes language is increasingly pervading the educational system and becoming more popular. In public schools, even though contracts with language institutes are unlikely to be signed, a new view on language

¹⁷ *Ibidem.*

¹⁸ These exams—which in theory are designed by Cambridge University in accordance with CEFR’s parameters for speakers whose first language is not English—require candidates to know typically British idioms and expressions, lexicon, syntactic structures etc, which gives very little room for linguistic variation—even though communication might as well be established. This seems to go against CEFR’s aim at a plurilingual education in that it disqualifies other peoples’ uses of the English language while trying to preserve it from (a natural kind of) change.

¹⁹ Cf. “Livrarias”, *Cultura Inglesa*.

²⁰ Cf. “Mais vendidos”, *Disal*.

proficiency is being progressively created, since private schools are seen as models to be followed.

5. Educational language teaching

As we have seen in the previous sections of this article, Brazilian private schools have tried (mainly due to economic reasons) to fight the widespread notion that “real” English learning is to be found solely at language institutes. However, they reinforce such a belief by turning to other institutions and incorporating them: in other words, they acknowledge that if help is to be sought, then it should be found at the so-called “specialized centers”. The latter, in their turn, tend to establish a division between language learning and education, so that the skills described by the CEFR serve as basis for course design, while the initiative towards plurilingualism is left aside (possibly because the same appears to happen in Europe itself too, as mentioned before).

The worst-case scenarios take place within the public education system, for the extremely limited (human and financial) resources discourage all the people involved (especially teachers, students and coordinators) to seek change. As a consequence, private schools continue to be given a more privileged position in relation to public ones, and thus the ideology on foreign language learning we have discussed is maintained.

This ideology instrumentalizes language, for it is entangled with market logic, i.e., practical skills are considered the only valuable kind of knowledge; according to which students ought to be apt to carry out tasks, rather than rationalize. However, I argue that in face of changes in working lives (Cope & Kalantzis, 2000) combined with the objectives of schooling as prescribed in the Law, critical thinking would contribute much more to the preparation of subjects for citizenship and employment than a skill-oriented approach does.

Companies have been reorganizing internally in order to have decisions made horizontally, i.e., all the employees are expected to participate in order to think problems through and come up with viable solutions. Thus, people in general must see themselves, and also behave, as active participants in corporate processes.

Unfortunately, Brazilian regular education is not yet able to teach students how valuable their ideas are. But an educational approach to language teaching could do so by refraining from focusing too much on formal aspects of

language in order to show students that what they think, although always debatable, can most certainly create advantageous results to entire groups. As teachers, we are supposed to help students understand that

[...] literacies, like Discourses, are social practices that once acquired or learned make it possible for individuals to speak, think, and behave in the world in ways that allow them to recognize, and to be recognized by, others like themselves.²¹

In this sense, the language classroom would be a place to discuss the different—and often diverging—perspectives on specific subjects (and, consequently, on reality). This would make students feel competent and literate, and would ultimately teach them to negotiate and respect differences, which, I believe, is a most desirable competence for a person currently seeking employment.

6. Conclusion

The current model for language teaching in Brazil only leads students to reaching the market (by giving them the skills to pass the *Vestibular* and/or a job interview), but rarely enables them to maintain their positions easily, since they lack the knowledge that constitutes a good professional, according to new hierarchic paradigms at work.

As we have seen, the limitations are indeed numerous, since federal programs can become a hindrance to the improvement of teaching standards when combined with the increasing market pressure that is transplanted from the private sector onto the public one. Moreover, the problem of human resources leaves us with teachers who find it difficult to change their practices because they had a poor educational background themselves.

Naturally, this constitutes such a bad image that teaching actually appeals very little to students graduating from teacher education courses at quality universities, which means they will probably end up leaving the public educational system and seeking employment in the private sector, since it gives them more chance of recognition for their work and knowledge, as well as better payment. Nevertheless, the choice of working for the private or public, or both, is another matter for discussion in a future article and makes

²¹ Alvermann, Hagood & Williams, 2001

no difference when we see that the situation of language teaching at private schools hardly differs from that at public schools. In fact, students lack proper education in foreign languages everywhere.

Thus, as teachers we ought to use our knowledge to help children grow more able to deal with the latest demands at work, so they become dignified professionals who can negotiate, and tolerate, differences within the corporative environment—and consequently be better professionals by promoting active work.

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The Perpetuation of Prejudice and Stereotypes against Indigenous Peoples: An Analysis of an EFL Textbook

Daniela Quirino Medalla¹

Abstract: The aim of this article is the analysis of an EFL textbook written for Brazilian children. My goal is to problematize the role of one of the characters that appear in the book, an “indian” boy, who seems to carry stereotypical characteristics which, in the context of the stories presented, work in favor of the perpetuation of prejudice against indigenous peoples.

Key words: EFL textbooks; stereotypes in textbooks; indians.

1. Introduction

The fact that more and more people in Brazil have been considering the learning of English language essential for their professional and personal lives is well known. Parents have been enrolling their children in language courses when they are still very young, in an attempt to make them learn the target language more easily and fast. The teaching of English for young children might be considered positive if we take into account the fact that children are extremely open to learning, and will, most likely, enjoy the contact with the foreign language, and will be stimulated by the contact with a different culture which is an integral part of this new language. This might be beneficial in their future, since it might facilitate their further learning of the language structures, and it might make the children aware that there are other peoples in the world, and that getting to know and respect them is both necessary and agreeable.

What interests me, for the purposes of this paper, is how the teaching and learning of English as a second language can be connected with the

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teaching and learning of cultures, values, citizenship and respect for the differences between peoples. Languages are inseparable from the values and characteristics of the peoples which speak them, so it is necessary that the teaching of languages be connected to the teaching of such values. My point is that a class designed to teach a language cannot be detached from the world that surrounds the use of this language, and that no linguistic skill can be learnt in a “neutral” context. Together with language skills and grammar structures, the teacher and the books are teaching social and cultural values that can be more or less explicit, but that are always extremely important to the process of learning.

In order to try to approach the teaching of cultural and social values through (or together with) the teaching of a foreign language, I propose the examination of a textbook which is destined for children about 8 years old who are learning English as a second language. I believe that this book, as any other textbook, is teaching more than linguistic structures and vocabulary. I find it necessary, therefore, to understand what else is being taught, and how explicit the presentation of cultural and social values is.

My hypothesis of work is that the specific textbook I aim to analyze helps to create discourses of social and cultural identity, and to intensify prejudice and stereotypes against the Brazilian indigenous groups. In this text, I will present evidence that sustains this hypothesis and I will analyze aspects of the book that apparently show an “indian” character as inferior in comparison to the western kids that interact with him.

In order to better present this analysis, I will divide this paper into sections: the first will be dedicated to present the structure of the corpus (the textbook) and the short fictional story which is included in its lessons. This story will be the main focus of my interest. The second will problematize the choice of the word “indian” to refer to one of the characters in the book. The third will focus on the lack of context of the main story presented to the readers. The fourth will be dedicated to the visual representation of the “indian” and possible meanings that can be extracted from this. Then, I will show how the “indian” is progressively civilized in the story, and I will try to demonstrate, by means of the analysis of examples extracted from passages of the book, that stereotypes concerning indigenous peoples are manipulated in the situations which are lived by the characters. One specific section will deal

with one of the most complex of these stereotypes, the one concerning the claim of “indian” passiveness. Finally, I will focus on the idea of ideology which can be a useful concept for this analysis.

At the end of this paper, I hope it will be clear that textbooks may be teaching much more than they seem to teach, and that it is necessary that we do understand that values and concepts which appear in these texts are as eloquent as the linguistic skills they present.

2. The book and the characters

My corpus of analysis is composed by a textbook named *Big Changes 2* (2001), which is used in the franchised PBF (Pink and Blue Freedom) language institutes. This textbook is destined for 7-to-9-year-old children who have already studied English for at least one year. Ideally, these children should have used the textbook *Big Changes 1* in this previous step in their process of acquiring the English language.

Both *Big Changes 1* and *2* are made up of 18 lessons/chapters, which aim to present specific structures and vocabulary of the target language to the students. Each lesson has four pages, and its main structure is:

1) first and second pages: presentation of the target structure of the language in context. There is a dialog, or a short story, where some characters use the target language and/or present any new vocabulary to the reader.

2) third page: the target structure is presented in oral drills and the new vocabulary is presented in the form of a pictorial – the students match pictures and words, or copy the words under the corresponding pictures, etc.

3) fourth page: a space destined for any further oral practice and listening exercises aiming at the structures which were learnt.

In *Big Changes 1*, in the very first lesson, three characters, Mary, Larry and Matt, are walking in the woods when they come across a magic lamp. Mary and Larry are brother and sister; they are both white, blond and have blue eyes. Matt is a black child. They are about 7-9 years old, the same age of the children who are using the textbook. When they find the lamp, they rub it and a genie appears. This genie is called “Abece” and he will teach the children the vowels as they progress through the lessons of the book. In the first lessons, the children will learn words with the letter “A”, then the letter “E”, and so on. In

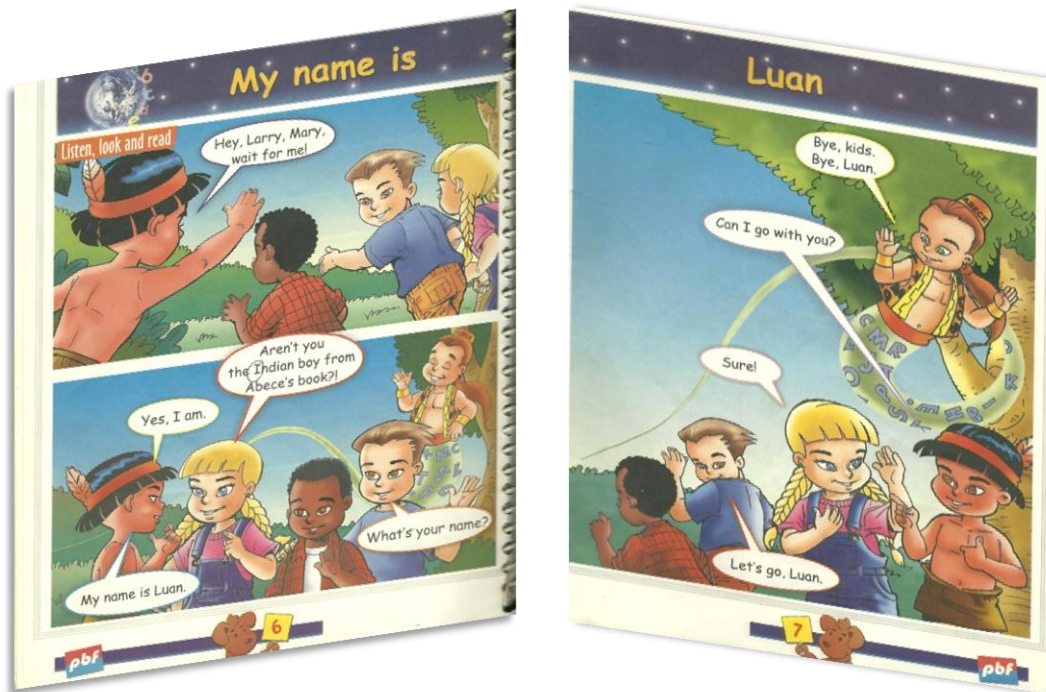
the letter “I” lessons, the children learn the word “Indian²”, which refers to a little child shown half-naked in a picture. At the very end of this book, the children are saying good-bye to the genie and, out of the woods, the same little “indian” appears and asks the genie if he can go with the other children.

Big Changes 2 opens with the same scene (p. 6). Marry, Larry and Matt are in the woods and the little “indian” asks to go with them. The children agree, and the four leave together. We learn that the name of the little “indian” is Luan, and he will become one of the main characters of this book, together with Mary and Larry (Matt will not appear again in this second book). After this presentation, we will see Larry, Mary and Luan interacting in different situations on the first 2 pages of every lesson in the textbook.

3. The choice of the word “indian”

It cannot be taken for granted that an “indian” boy is just a regular character among the others who are presented in the book. First, because he comes associated with this capitalized noun, “Indian”, since the first moment he appears in the story. Luan immediately wants to join the party of the other children, as we can see in the picture. “*Can I go with you?*”, is what he says, to what the other children reply “*Sure*” and “*Let’s go, Luan*” (p. 7). There are some problems that derive from the way this “indian” is built as character. We must try to understand what it means to be considered an “indian”. Luan calls the children, in the first scene of the story: “*Hey, Larry, Mary, wait for me!*”. Mary, then, asks him: “*Aren’t you the Indian boy from Abece’s book?*”. “*Yes, I am*”, says Luan. We do know Luan is an “indian”, but we are not informed about the other characters’ nationalities, cultural or ethnical backgrounds, religions, values.

² This word always appears capitalized in the books. In this paper, the word “indian” will be found between inverted commas, since it is borrowed from a specific speech and is, as I plan to demonstrate, biased.



Big Changes 2, pages 6 and 7 a

“Indian” is a generic word used in the book to identify a member of one of the many indigenous peoples in our world (there is no evidence that the story takes place in Brazil, since there is no specification of setting). The boy is wearing a type of brown skirt and a feather on his head, which are both symbols that are easily related to generic “indians”, since this is the way they are traditionally represented in pictures and stories. Since Luan does not seem to belong to a specific people or culture (or, at least, the reader is not informed about it whatsoever), his “indianess” basically lies in the fact that he lives in a forest, wears feathers and a skirt, and has dark brown skin.

The fact that this little “indian” does not carry an explicit cultural background which could be different from Mary and Larry’s makes it difficult for me to understand why this character is used in this book. Luan does not represent a different world. He is just presented as a shallow stereotype of a general “indian” who, in fact, does not seem to have anything of interest to offer to the white western world. He even speaks English – the same language of the other children. Nevertheless, he is presented as “different” – he belongs to a different category, since he is not simply “a child”, he is an “indian” –, but we can only guess why this difference is important, and how it is configured.

The choice of the word “indian” clearly reinforces the different status

that Luan has in contrast with the other children. According to Fairclough³, the choice of a word in a text has political and ideological significance, which becomes obvious when one considers that some categories can be “reworded” as a result of a social and political struggle. The example that the author gives for this is the change of ‘terrorists’ for ‘freedom fighters’ in some contexts, but I would add as another example a gradual preference for ‘native American’ instead of ‘indian’⁴.

This continuous abandonment of the generic term “indian” is not neutral or apolitical; on the contrary, it is highly motivated by political struggles which have as main objective to change the position that the indigenous peoples occupy in our society. The fight is over prejudice, misconceptions about their lifestyles and beliefs and the inferior place that they have in society in comparison to other cultures. Obviously, this struggle is only necessary because “indians” have been seen as inferior since the first years of colonization of Brazil. The discourse of the colonizer’s superiority over traditional cultures has been built and reaffirmed over centuries to justify the marginal position “indians” had – and have – in our country. Every Brazilian is aware of the most common of them: “indians” are lazy, dirty, immoral. Others have been added to these: the so-called “indians” of today are not real traditional “indians”, since they wear jeans pants, own televisions and go to the National Congress to present demands. These statements, which are commonly found in online commentaries of readers of newspapers, for example, carry the dangerous ideas that 1) it is the westerner (in opposition to “indian”) who has the power to decide who is and who is not to be considered “indian” and 2) “indians” must be “primitive” in order to deserve the privilege of using such identity (which excludes the wearing of urban clothing, the use of modern technology, and the involvement with politics).

My point is that these traditional peoples today, as well as in the past, have a very underprivileged position in our society and, therefore, the use of

³ Cf. Fairclough, 1992, p.77.

⁴ In Portuguese, the general word ‘índios’ is not used anymore in scientific contexts, at least. Anthropologists prefer ‘autóctones’, ‘populações tradicionais’, ‘povos indígenas’. The uses of ‘índio’ are restricted to very specific political situations and in common speech.

this word may unconsciously awake conceptions and values that everybody learnt by direct or indirect means. If Luan is an “indian”, and the text does not clarify what it means to be an “indian”, the reader is forced to make this choice of word make sense. Luan is not described as a normal boy and there must be a reason for that – he is different, and we could suppose that he is not as good as the white blue-eyed children who interact with him, since “indians” are often seen as inferior in our society. Unfortunately, we will see that this hypothesis is proven right as the stories are developed in the book.

4. The lack of context

When Luan decides he wants to go with the children, we know neither where they are going nor why he would want to join them. It is not absurd to suppose that the children who are reading this book will ask themselves why the little “indian” decided to follow the other children so quickly. Is it because he is not happy at his home? Does he actually have a home? If so, where is it? We cannot tell, since he is in the middle of the woods by himself. We do not know if he has a family, and we do not know if he had to ask for his parents’ permission to go “somewhere” with total strangers. If he did discuss this with his family, the book does not mention a word about it.

These questions that are neither asked nor answered in the book could, ideally, lead both students and teachers to a critical approach of the text. In *“A Tale of Differences: Comparing the Traditions, Perspectives and Educational Goals of Critical Reading and Critical Literacy”*, Cervetti, Pardales & Damico present a definition of critical reading that was built by Spache (1964). They say that critical reading is a set of abilities concerning different levels of comprehension and analysis of texts, and that these abilities consist of the investigation of sources, the recognition of the author’s purposes, the distinction between opinions and facts, the detection of propaganda device, etc. (Cervetti, Pardales & Damico, p. 2). The students should, then, in order to read a text critically, be concerned with questions such as “why was this text written?”, “to whom is it addressed?”, “does it present facts or opinions?”, “what are the meanings implied in the text?” and so on.

However, the book *Big Changes 2* does not create a proper space to stimulate the formulation of such questions. First, because the texts that show the characters are very short and concise. After all, they seem to be a mere

pretext for the presentation of vocabulary and new language structures. The actions of the characters and the development of the story are not entirely explained, and we are not told essential things, such as why the little “indian” decided to follow his recently met friends. Second, because there are no follow-up activities that deal with the text and any possible interpretations of it. The activities that come after the stories are grammar and vocabulary exercises, and do not have any relation to what was presented in the story.

It thus seems that this book does not have as a main goal the development of critical reading abilities in the target audience. The stories are there presenting new vocabulary and presenting facts that the children cannot, by themselves, elaborate on: after all, why does Luan not visit his family, or even talk to them while he is staying with Mary and Larry’s family? Why does he want to go with the two white children? Was he not happy in his original environment? Why does he not go to school? The children might ask these questions, for sure, but the questioning will not be motivated by the structure of the book.

According to Fairclough (1992), *“a text only makes sense to someone who makes sense of it, someone who is able to infer those meaningful relations in the absence of explicit markers”* (p. 84). This way, the reader must make a connection between the fact that Luan met the western children and the fact that he automatically wanted to go with them. One possible way to connect these two facts is the assumption that the life of the “indians” is not as good as the life of the “normal” children. In a society in which “indians” are not regarded with the most sympathetic attitude, this is not at all impossible.

5. The visual representation of the “indian”

Luan is graphically represented as an “indian” boy. His skin is tanned, his hair is black – the way our imaginary says an “indian” should look like (for a general Brazilian audience, at least). He wears a roughly made brown skirt and has a feather on his head, as we would expect, and it would not be surprising if he had a bow and an arrow in his hands. He is clearly different from the other children, who wear ordinary urban clothes, as we can see in the pictures.

It is necessary to consider the importance that images may have in books designed for children. Kress & Leeuwen (1996) affirm that the role that illustrations play in the years of schooling becomes less and less important as

the children reach higher levels in their education, but that pictures are highly important in the first years of their school attendance. The children to whom *Big Changes 2* is addressed are at a very early stage in the development of their literacy, both in Portuguese and in English, and therefore the visual images of their school books contain great deal of non-verbal information. The information given in the illustrations, therefore, must be considered as important as (or, maybe, more important than) the information stated in the sentences.

As we can see in the following image, the illustration takes considerably more space than the dialogs themselves. Also, they are more colorful and more attractive to children than the text, especially because they cannot read these sentences (which are in a foreign language) without the help of the teacher. It is reasonable to imagine that the pupils will read the illustrations, completely ignoring the text, to understand the story.



Big Changes 2, pages 8 and 9 a

If they do so, in the previous images, they will see that Luan is not as comfortable as the other children in the city – he looks quite suspicious, or maybe afraid, in the first scene. The next scene shows Mary pointing at a window shop and Luan imitating her gesture. What might be the connection

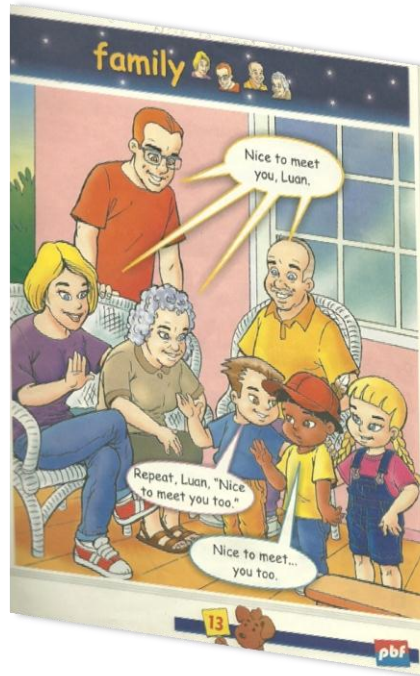
between the first and the second scenes? Luan is obviously not happy in the first, and then Mary shows him clothes. One possible way to make sense of this is interpreting the strange face Luan makes in the first scene as embarrassment for not being appropriately dressed. In fact, we confirm in the third scene that Luan was taken to the mall to buy clothes – he is trying some of them on (with some difficulty, maybe because it is the first time in his life he has to wear a T-shirt). The image of the “indian” in this reading of images is not at all positive. He does not belong to the city – or, at least, he is not comfortable there –, and he has never worn clothes before – which explains his difficulty in putting them on.

6. Teaching civilization

It is interesting to notice that Luan speaks the same language as the other children. He eloquently enough asks the children if he can go with them – in English. Language is not a barrier between the characters. Since language and culture are intrinsically related, it could be expected that Luan and the children share, beyond the language, other cultural traits. This, nevertheless, is not confirmed in the episodes of the story.

In the scene we have just analyzed, when Luan is taken to the mall to buy clothes, he is taught (together with the children at whom the book is aimed) the names of several items of clothing. In spite of the fact that Luan does not share with the children any knowledge on how people usually dress in cities, he easily accepts the new garments the children buy him. He is, at the end of this story, wearing a T-shirt, jeans, sneakers and a cap - although the feather on his head is still visible.

Luan does not have much knowledge about social interaction either. He does not know how to behave when he is introduced to Mary and Larry’s family. Nonetheless, he has to be taught, by Larry, that when we meet someone for the first time we should use a certain formula: “*Repeat, Luan, Nice – to – meet – you – too*”, as we can see in this picture:



Big Changes 2, page 13 a

Another situation in which it becomes clear that Luan is a different child is presented in Lesson 5. Larry and Mary are going to school, and Luan asks if he, too, could go with them. Larry replies, *“No, you can’t, Luan. You are not a student!”*



Big Changes 2, page 25 a

It is not that Luan belongs to another school so he cannot attend Larry and Mary's classes. He is not, according to Larry's line, a student. We can deduce that he does not go to *any* school, which makes him very different from any other child from the book and from any other child who could be reading the book, since in Brazil it is mandatory that children attend school for several years. Actually, if he attended a school, he would know the rules and understand that students who go to a specific school cannot freely attend classes elsewhere, and would not have asked to join the children on this journey.

We cannot minimize the importance of this scene. The role that schools play in our culture is almost sacred, since they are seen as the temple of knowledge where people go to be prepared for life. Schools are responsible for socialization, education, preparation of all children. When the access to this place is denied to some, this fact can be associated to a possible superiority of those who have the privilege of going to school over those who do not have the same opportunity.

Luan is an alien in Larry and Mary's environment and is learning how to behave in this new world. While he learns different things from the children, we do not learn anything positive about him. He did not know what to say when first introduced to new people in his present context – but we do not learn what he used to say to new people in his own world. He did not know how to dress properly in Mary and Larry's environment, but what we learn about his own way of dressing is merely graphically shown as a stereotyped "indian" skirt. It is interesting to think about why it is necessary to include an "indian" character in a book, if this "indian" character will not teach the reader anything about his own "indianness". My guess is that he is in the book in a position to reinforce or create stereotypes concerning the general "indian" category.

7. Stereotypes and prejudice

There are certain stereotypes that work in the imaginary of the Brazilian people concerning native peoples and their descendants. It is known that, for many years, the "indians" were seen – and represented in cultural manifestations – as lazy, passive, melancholic and less smart than white peoples. This view on the "indians" helps to create a general identity of the native Americans, an identity which is built by the whites and placed on them.

Obviously, this identity of the “indian” as lazy, passive and savage works in favor of ideologies that see marginal cultures and peoples as inferior and primitive. Since the age of the great navigations, these ideological discourses have been important to justify and corroborate the systematic oppression that has been exercised on non-European peoples.

In Lesson 7, called “Where’s Luan”, the story is the following: Mary and Larry are trying to find Luan in their house, and look for him in the most extraordinary places, such as behind the television. In this story, two points could be emphasized to demonstrate that old stereotypes towards “indians” are manipulated in this book.



Big Changes 2, pages 34 and 35 1

First, when Mary considers that perhaps Luan could be in the bathroom, we see in the drawing that the girl is imagining the “indian” friend in front of a mirror, making funny faces. One of the most common representations of Brazilian natives that we can see in illustrated storybooks or even history books is that of an “indian” being amazed by the colonizers’ artifacts, such as mirrors, beads, garments, forks. The tale goes that the “indians” happily engaged in trade with the colonizers, exchanging their precious metals and raw materials for silly and worthless items. Luan looks terribly stupid in the picture in the

story while playing with his own image reflected in the mirror, which reminds us of these old representations of natives – “indians” who could not understand how they could be inside of the mirror, and were afraid, or amused, or intrigued by their reflections.

Second, Luan does not seem very smart in this story. He climbs a tree, and tries to see the Abece genie from one of the top branches. Mary and Larry are trying to make him climb down the tree and say “*Of course you can’t see Abece. He’s far from here, Luan*”. We, the readers, could imagine Abece far from Mary and Larry’s house – he stayed in the woods, where the children found the magic lamp and the little “indian”. But Luan is not as smart as Larry, Mary and the readers, and does not realize he will not be able to see the forest by climbing up a tree in the city. Luan’s hope of seeing his home is obviously silly, as the “Of course” in Mary’s line attests. The stupidity of the native American is stated in his effort in trying to see his home, and contrasted with the cleverness of both the readers of the book and the other characters. Luan is as old as the other children, but he cannot understand the concept of distance. The naivety of the native sitting in a tree, again, makes reference to the image of the “indian” lost in a city, trying to fight cars with his arrows, trying to see his home from the top of a building, trying to kill animals that are shown on the television.

In Lesson 8, “Making new friends”, Luan is depressed and melancholic. Mary and Larry decide his depression is due to his need to meet new people. The homesickness, which is also frequently connected to native people who, for some reason, are far from their homes, is thus evoked in this story. Obviously, not only “indians” suffer from melancholy, but the image of the sad indian who is alone in an environment where he does not belong is too frequent to be ignored.



Big Changes 2, page 38 a

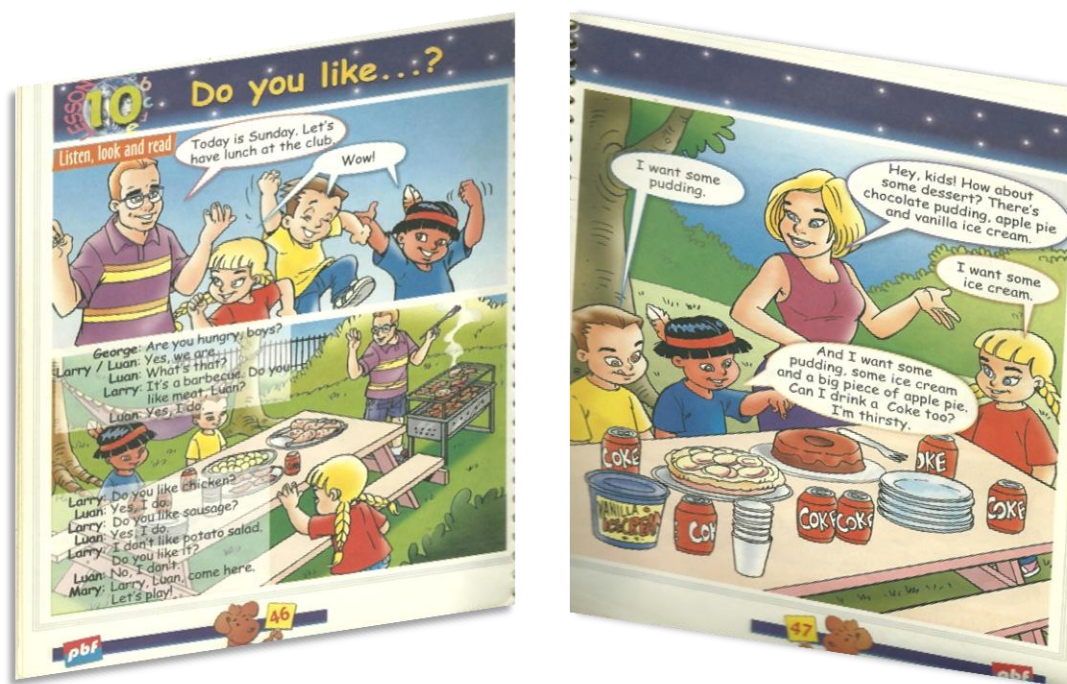
8. Passiveness

As I have already stated, Luan does not have a culture of his own. He is a generic “indian” who is accidentally exposed to an urban reality which is alien to him. In this book, Luan is not shown as a representative of a different culture; he seems not to have a culture at all. He does not go to school, apparently. We know nothing about his family relations, his home, his values. We do not know why he wanted to go to the city with the other children. He speaks English, so not even his language gives us a clue about his cultural background.

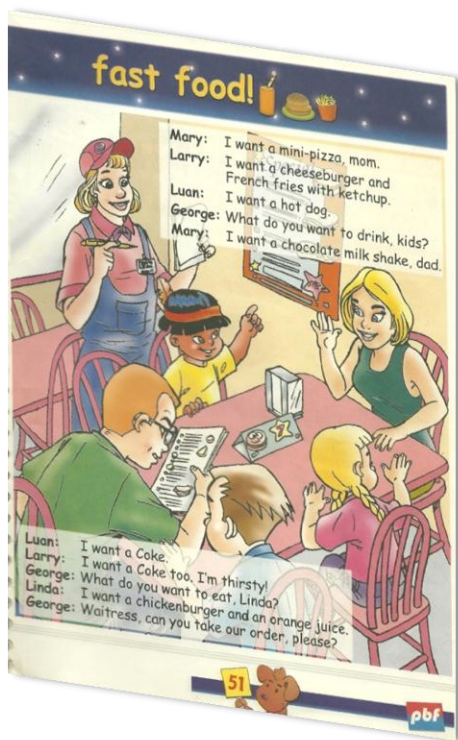
Nevertheless, Luan is very receptive to the culture that Mary and Larry present him, in a passive way. When he is taken to the shopping mall, because the white children decide “*he needs some clothes*”, he passively joins his friends in this activity and does not complain, ask questions or give any opinion about this alleged necessity of being dressed in a specific way. When Luan is taken to fast food restaurants (p. 51), or when he takes part in a barbecue (p. 46), the child simply eats the food he is given, without telling the reader and the other characters if those foods were already familiar to him, or if he used to eat different items in his own home. He learns fast what the other characters teach him, in a civilizatory process. The process of making the “indian” progressively more adapted to the dominant culture is a reproduction, on a very minute

scale, of the civilizatory process that the European colonizers imposed on the native inhabitants of this continent a few hundred years ago.

Little Luan, in the book which is the object of this paper's analysis, takes part in situations which show these old stereotypes still operating. One might believe that the fact that Luan does not know simple things, such as the months of the year (p. 61), or the fact that he seems to be hungrier (p. 47), less smart and more melancholic than the other children in these stories is mere coincidence, and this character could have been built the same way if he were a white, Asian or African-American child.



Big Changes 2, pages 46 and 47 a



Big Changes 2, page 51 a



Big Changes 2, page 61 a

The problem is that we do know these characteristics have been glued to our idea of “*what an ‘indian’ is*” for a long time, and we cannot simply ignore this fact and pretend that showing a little “indian” as an ignorant is as serious as showing a white child in the same position. It is not. It is our obligation to identify the stereotypes that our society has constructed and imposed on the “indians” since the colonization of America, and fight against them in an attempt to eliminate any possibly offensive words from our speeches. It is possible that a child – who is characterized only as a simple child, and not as an “indian” child – be shown in front of a mirror making faces. Every child has fun by performing these activities. But an “indian” cannot be in such a position, since this simple activity is closely related to long-lasting stereotypes. This book, in this sense, serves this purpose when it embraces very well-known stereotypes concerning “indians” and reinforces them; or, what would be equally severe, when it simply fails to identify and take a position against them.

9. Ideology

ESL textbooks do not teach only language. They teach values, ideas and promote ideologies while they present grammar structures. A textbook which

is designed for Brazilian students cannot ignore the Brazilian tradition of stereotyping and being prejudiced against indigenous peoples. The decision of choosing an “indian” boy as one of the protagonists of the book is not neutral, and must be responsibly pushed to its limits. If an “indian” character is to be included in the set of characters of the book, the authors must be aware of previous representations of “indians” that have been made in fiction and other textbooks .

The role Luan plays in this textbook is ideological, according to Fairclough’s definition of ideology:

I shall understand ideologies to be significations/constructions of reality (the physical world, social relations, social identities), which are built into various dimensions of the forms/meanings of discursive practices, and which contribute to the production, reproduction or transformation of relations of domination. (1992, p. 87)

Ideologies are present in texts, but they cannot be simply “read off” (cf. Fairclough, 1992, p. 89). This is because meanings are not given in the texts; they must be produced by the reader, who interprets what they read based on what they already know about the subject. I consider that the ideological dimensions of the *Big Changes 2* book can be easily apprehended by a Brazilian reader, since stereotyped views on indigenous cultures are intrinsically widespread in our minds.

Big Changes 2, when it creates Luan as one of its characters, and depicts the boy in situations that demonstrate his passiveness, ignorance, naïvety, melancholy and lack of cultural traits, is working in favor of old-fashioned and dangerous stereotypes concerning indigenous peoples. The children who read this book and learn English from it might have the impression that “indians” have neither a home nor a family, since Luan easily joined the white childrens’ party and left the woods on the first page of the book. They might have the impression that Luan does not know anything about the world, since only the “white” children teach him about clothes, family, food, activities, seasons of the year and any other subject that appears in the textbook. The readers of *Big Changes 2* might have the impression that the white children are more intelligent, more interesting and happier than “indian” children.

This ideological dimension of the book should not be seen as a conscious effort of the authors in the direction of reinforcing prejudices against traditional cultures. On the contrary, I find it highly plausible to consider that the authors had the intention of being progressive and even “politically correct” when they decided to include an “indian” as a character of their book. Showing differences and emphasizing that there are different peoples and cultures are positively evaluated by modern pedagogy, history, social sciences, and it is important to teach children to respect and understand the different; therefore, the inclusion of an “indian” could help in the teaching of alterity. This possible intention, however, finds itself checked by the ideology that the texts and images unconsciously reproduce.

The students who use *Big Changes 2* are not stimulated by the book to ask questions about the situations presented in the stories that were analyzed in this paper. They might, of course, create hypotheses and explanations that bridge the gaps in the argument of the story and explain what Luan is doing in the city together with his new “white” friends. Since the clues that the reader get by reading the text and the images reinforce prejudiced common sense against “indians” in an ideological way, we can expect that the book itself reinforces these outrageous views.

10. Final remarks

Unfortunately, the truth is that, willingly or not, consciously or not, the authors of *Big Changes 2* are engaged in teaching much more than vocabulary and English structures in their book. Discourse, as Fairclough affirms, is “*a mode of action, one form in which people may act upon the world and especially upon each other, as well as a mode of representation*” (1992, p. 63). He goes on and states that “*Discourse is a practice not just of representing the world, but of signifying the world, constituting and constructing the world in meaning*” (1992, p.64). Discourse is not neutral; at the same time it creates a way of representing the world, it gives meaning and value to this world. This giving of meaning and value is a way of acting politically upon the world. When the word “indian” is used, it is not simply describing Luan (as if it was equivalent of saying “short”, or “tall”, or “thin”). This word, in fact, does not say anything objective about the child. It only connects Luan (or, better, makes it possible for the reader to connect him) to various ideas about “indians” that we

have already learnt in different situations. This way, and based on what I have described in this paper, I affirm that *Big Changes 2* teaches and reinforces prejudices against a whole category of peoples and individuals who can be identified under the very generic, insufficient and biased term “indian”.

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Translation



Tradução: “The Boar Pig” De Saki

*Turma de Introdução à Prática da
Tradução do Inglês (matutino - 2012)**

Saki é o pseudônimo literário de Hector Hugh Munro, escritor britânico que viveu entre 1870 e 1916. Ele é conhecido por seus contos irônicos que descrevem as mazelas de uma sociedade preocupada com aparências e posição social. No conto que escolhemos para traduzir, as Stossen (mãe e filha) pretendem entrar pelos fundos numa festa para a qual não foram convidadas. Contudo, ambas acabam ficando reféns de Matilda Cuvering, sobrinha da dona da casa, e precisam lhe pagar algum dinheiro para que a adolescente espante um porco que, embora aparentemente feroz, acaba se revelando um animal muito tranquilo. A Sra. Stossen, desejando entrar na festa à revelia de uma anfitriã que escolheu não convidá-la, acaba impedida de fazê-lo. Matilda Cuvering é mais matreira e rápida que as Stossen.

A tradução do conto apresentou alguns desafios, dos quais o maior deles foi encontrar em português uma formulação que transmitisse o tom ligeiro e ao mesmo tempo irônico do narrador. A ironia de Saki sobressai principalmente em suas descrições, que demonstram agudeza de observação e mestria na escolha das palavras. No trecho em que descreve o movimento das Stossen, “invadindo” a propriedade onde ocorrerá a festa, parecendo “transatlânticos que fazem um avanço clandestino por um riachinho de trutas”, a escolha das palavras para a tradução foi difícil e gerou bastante discussão. O ambiente do conto também não é muito familiar para um leitor como nós: o termo *garden party*, por exemplo, está associado a uma ambientação que não é típica brasileira. A dificuldade aqui foi escolher um termo que minimamente descrevesse o tipo de festa que ocorre na narrativa, sem transportá-la para um ambiente brasileiro nem substituí-la por uma festa típica de nosso país. “Festa ao ar livre” com certeza não causa o mesmo efeito no leitor brasileiro que “garden party” supostamente causaria no leitor inglês. Por outro lado, não colocamos as Stossen tentando entrar clandestinamente num churrasco, por exemplo.

O trabalho também foi importante no sentido de proporcionar a experiência da tradução em equipe, na qual os participantes de cada grupo precisam negociar e argumentar a favor ou contra uma determinada palavra ou locução. Essa experiência é positiva, pois num ambiente de trabalho, o tradutor precisa aprender a conviver com essa situação de negociação, já que editores, revisores e outros profissionais certamente darão opiniões e poderão alterar seu texto.

A turma de *Introdução à prática da tradução do inglês* (matutino) oferece, então, a tradução de "The Boar Pig", esperando que cumpra seu objetivo de divertir o leitor e oferecer, aos que se interessam especificamente por tradução, uma oportunidade de examinar o nosso texto em cotejo com o texto em inglês e refletir sobre a adequação de nossas escolhas.

The Boar Pig By Saki	O Porco Selvagem De Saki
<p>"There is a back way on to the lawn," said Mrs. Philidore Stossen to her daughter, "through a small grass paddock and then through a walled fruit garden full of gooseberry bushes. I went all over the place last year when the family were away. There is a door that opens from the fruit garden into a shrubbery, and once we emerge from there we can mingle with the guests as if we had come in by the ordinary way. It's much safer than going in by the front entrance and running the risk of coming bang up against the hostess; that would be so awkward when she doesn't happen to have invited us."</p>	<p>— Há uma passagem nos fundos para o jardim – disse a Sra. Philidore Stossen para sua filha – através de um gramado e depois passando por um pomar fechado cheio de pés de groselha. Eu fiz todo esse caminho no ano passado quando a família estava fora. Há um portão no pomar que dá para uns arbustos, e saindo de lá nós podemos nos misturar aos convidados como se tivéssemos chegado pela entrada principal. É bem mais seguro do que entrar pela frente e dar de cara com a anfitriã, o que seria muito desagradável já que ela não nos convidou.</p>
<p>"Isn't it a lot of trouble to take for</p>	<p>— Não é muita dor de cabeça só</p>

getting admittance to a garden party?"

"To a garden party, yes; to *the* garden party of the season, certainly not. Every one of any consequence in the county, with the exception of ourselves, has been asked to meet the Princess, and it would be far more troublesome to invent explanations as to why we weren't there than to get in by a roundabout way. I stopped Mrs. Cuvering in the road yesterday and talked very pointedly about the Princess. If she didn't choose to take the hint and send me an invitation it's not my fault, is it? Here we are: we just cut across the grass and through that little gate into the garden."

Mrs. Stossen and her daughter, suitably arrayed for a county garden party function with an infusion of Almanack de Gotha, sailed through the narrow grass paddock and the ensuing gooseberry garden with the air of state barges making an unofficial progress along a rural trout stream. There was a certain amount of furtive haste mingled with the stateliness of their advance, as though hostile

por causa de uma festa ao ar livre?

— Por causa de uma festa, sim, por causa *da* festa do ano, claro que não. Todas as pessoas importantes do condado, com exceção de nós, foram chamadas para ver a Princesa, e seria muito mais problemático inventar desculpas para justificar por que não estávamos lá do que entrar por um caminho alternativo. Eu parei a senhora Cuvering na rua ontem e falei enfaticamente sobre a Princesa. Se ela preferiu ignorar a deixa e não me convidar, a culpa não é minha, é? Chegamos: é só atravessarmos o gramado e o portãozinho para o jardim.

A senhora Stossen e sua filha, devidamente paramentadas para uma festa ao ar livre com pretensões aristocráticas, deslizaram pelo gramado estreito e através dos pés de groselha, como transatlânticos que fazem um avanço clandestino por um riachinho de trutas. Havia certa afobação sussurrada em meio à majestosidade de seu avanço, como se a qualquer momento holofotes hostis pudessem ser

search-lights might be turned on them at any moment; and, as a matter of fact, they were not unobserved. Matilda Cuvering, with the alert eyes of thirteen years old and the added advantage of an exalted position in the branches of a medlar tree, had enjoyed a good view of the Stossen flanking movement and had foreseen exactly where it would break down in execution.

"They'll find the door locked, and they'll jolly well have to go back the way they came," she remarked to herself. "Serves them right for not coming in by the proper entrance. What a pity Tarquin Superbus isn't loose in the paddock. After all, as every one else is enjoying themselves, I don't see why Tarquin shouldn't have an afternoon out."

Matilda was of an age when thought is action; she slid down from the branches of the medlar tree, and when she clambered back again Tarquin, the huge white Yorkshire boar-pig, had exchanged the narrow limits of his sty for the wider range of the grass paddock. The discomfited Stossen expedition, returning in recriminatory but otherwise

dirigidos a elas; e, na verdade, elas não passavam despercebidas. Matilda Cuvering, com os olhos atentos de uma adolescente e com a vantagem de sua posição de uma nespereira, havia observado o movimento flanqueado das Stossen e antecipado o ponto exato onde a *performance* iria falhar.

"Elas vão encontrar o portão trancado e fatalmente terão de voltar pelo caminho de onde vieram", pensou ela consigo. "Bem feito para elas, por não entrarem pelo lugar certo. Uma pena Tarquínio, o Soberbo não estar solto no gramado. Afinal, já que todos estão se divertindo, eu não vejo por que o Tarquínio não deveria passar uma tarde solto."

Matilda estava naquela idade em que pensar é agir; ela desceu do galho da árvore e, quando subiu de volta, Tarquínio, o enorme porco branco de Yorkshire, tinha trocado os estreitos limites do seu chiqueiro pela amplitude do gramado. A desconcertada expedição Stossen, que vinha na recriminável embora pacífica retirada imposta pelo

orderly retreat from the unyielding obstacle of the locked door, came to a sudden halt at the gate dividing the paddock from the gooseberry garden.

"What a villainous-looking animal," exclaimed Mrs. Stossen; "it wasn't there when we came in."

"It's there now, anyhow," said her daughter. "What on earth are we to do? I wish we had never come."

The boar-pig had drawn nearer to the gate for a closer inspection of the human intruders, and stood champing his jaws and blinking his small red eyes in a manner that was doubtless intended to be disconcerting, and, as far as the Stossens were concerned, thoroughly achieved that result.

"Shoo! Hish! Hish! Shoo!" cried the ladies in chorus.

"If they think they're going to drive him away by reciting lists of the kings of Israel and Judah they're laying themselves out for disappointment," observed Matilda from her seat in the medlar tree. As she made the observation aloud Mrs. Stossen became for the first time aware of

intransponível obstáculo do portão trancado, parou repentinamente na passagem que separava o gramado dos pés de groselhas.

— Que cara horrível tem esse animal! – exclamou a senhora Stossen – Não estava aqui quando nós entramos.

— É, mas agora está – disse sua filha. – Que diabos vamos fazer? Queria que a gente não tivesse vindo.

O enorme porco se aproximou do portão para examinar mais de perto os seres humanos intrusos, e ficou rangendo a mandíbula e piscando seus olhinhos vermelhos de um jeito que, sem dúvida, tinha a intenção de ser desconcertante, e no que diz respeito às Stossen, certamente ele conseguiu o que queria.

— Xô! Xô! Rá! Rá! – gritaram as damas em coro.

— Se elas pensam que vão espantá-lo pronunciando os nomes dos reis do Egito, podem esperar sentadas – observou Matilda de seu lugar na nespereira. Quando ela fez a observação em voz alta, a Sra. Stossen notou sua presença pela primeira vez. Alguns momentos

her presence. A moment or two earlier she would have been anything but pleased at the discovery that the garden was not as deserted as it looked, but now she hailed the fact of the child's presence on the scene with absolute relief.

"Little girl, can you find some one to drive away" - she began hopefully.

"*Comment? Comprends pas,*" was the response.

"Oh, are you French? *Êtes vous française?*"

"*Pas de tous. Suis anglaise.*"

"Then why not talk English? I want to know if"

"*Permettez-moi expliquer.* You see, I'm rather under a cloud," said Matilda. "I'm staying with my aunt, and I was told I must behave particularly well to-day, as lots of people were coming for a garden party, and I was told to imitate Claude, that's my young cousin, who never does anything wrong except by accident, and then is always apologetic about it. It seems they thought I ate too much raspberry trifle at lunch, and they said Claude never eats too much raspberry trifle. Well, Claude always goes to sleep for

antes ela não teria ficado nada contente ao descobrir que o pomar não estava tão deserto quanto parecia, mas agora ela saudava a presença da criança ali com grande alívio.

— Garotinha, você pode encontrar alguém para espantar...
— começou ela esperançosa.

— *Comment? Comprends pas* - foi a resposta.

— Ah, você é francesa? *Êtes vous française?*

— *Pas de tous. Suis anglaise.*

— Então por que você não fala nossa língua? Eu queria saber se...

— *Permettez moi expliquer.* Veja bem, estou na berlinda. - disse Matilda - Eu estou na casa da minha tia e mandaram eu me comportar da melhor maneira possível hoje, uma vez que muitas pessoas viriam para uma festa ao ar livre, e me mandaram imitar o Claude, meu priminho, que nunca faz nada errado. Só se for sem querer e aí sempre se desculpa. Parece que acharam que eu comi pavê de framboesa demais no almoço. Bom, sempre mandam o Claude dormir por

half an hour after lunch, because he's told to, and I waited till he was asleep, and tied his hands and started forcible feeding with a whole bucketful of raspberry trifle that they were keeping for the garden-party. Lots of it went on to his sailor-suit and some of it on to the bed, but a good deal went down Claude's throat, and they can't say again that he has never been known to eat too much raspberry trifle. That is why I am not allowed to go to the party, and as an additional punishment I must speak French all the afternoon. I've had to tell you all this in English, as there were words like 'forcible feeding' that I didn't know the French for; of course I could have invented them, but if I had said *nourriture obligatoire* you wouldn't have had the least idea what I was talking about. *Mais maintenant, nous parlons français.*"

"Oh, very well, *trés bien*," said Mrs. Stossen reluctantly; in moments of flurry such French as she knew was not under very good control. "*Là, à l'autre côté de la porte, est un cochon—*"

"*Un cochon? Ah, le petit charmant!*" exclaimed Matilda

meia hora depois do almoço e ele obedece; esperei até que ele adormecesse e amarrei as mãos dele e comecei a fazer ele comer à força uma tigela cheia de pavê de framboesa que estavam guardando para a festa. Boa parte do pavê caiu na roupinha de marinheiro dele e outra caiu na cama, mas um bocado desceu goela abaixo e eles já não podem mais dizer que nunca se soube que ele comeu pavê de framboesa demais. É por isso que não me deixam ir à festa, e como um castigo adicional eu fui obrigada a falar francês a tarde toda. Eu tive que contar tudo isso na nossa língua já que não sabia palavras como "comer à força", em francês. Claro que eu poderia ter inventado, mas se eu tivesse falado *nourriture obligatoire* vocês não teriam a menor ideia do que eu estava falando. *Mais maintenant, nous parlons français.*

— Ah, muito bem, *trés bien* — disse a Sra. Stossen com relutância; em momentos de agitação o francês dela não dava conta do recado. — *Lá, à l'autre côté de la porte, est un cochon...*

— *Un cochon? Ah, le petit*

with enthusiasm.

“Mais non, pas du tout petit, et pas du tout charmant; un bête féroce—”

“Une bête,” corrected Matilda; “a pig is masculine as long as you call it a pig, but if you lose your temper with it and call it a ferocious beast it becomes one of us at once. French is a dreadfully unsexing language.”

“For goodness’ sake let us talk English then,” said Mrs. Stossen. “Is there any way out of this garden except through the paddock where the pig is?”

“I always go over the wall, by way of the plum tree,” said Matilda.

“Dressed as we are we could hardly do that,” said Mrs. Stossen; it was difficult to imagine her doing it in any costume.

“Do you think you could go and get some one who would drive the pig away?” asked Miss Stossen.

“I promised my aunt I would stay here till five o’clock; it’s not four yet.”

“I am sure, under the circumstances, your aunt would permit—”

“My conscience would not

charmant! – exclamou Matilda com entusiasmo.

— *Main non, pas du tout petit, et pa du tout charmant, un bête féroce...*

— *Une bête* – corrigiu Matilda – um porco é masculino enquanto a senhora chamá-lo de porco, mas se a senhora perder a paciência e chamá-lo de fera terrível, ele se torna uma de nós. Francês é uma língua terrivelmente castradora.

— Pelo amor de Deus, vamos falar nossa língua então — disse a Sra. Stossen. — Este pomar tem alguma saída que não passe pelo gramado onde está o porco?

– Eu sempre pulo o muro, subindo pelo pé de ameixa – disse Matilda.

— Do jeito que estamos vestidas será difícil conseguirmos — disse a Sra. Stossen. Era difícil imaginá-la pulando o muro com qualquer outra roupa.

— Você acha que poderia chamar alguém para espantar o porco? — perguntou a Srta. Stossen.

— Eu prometi a minha tia ficar aqui até as cinco, e não são nem quatro horas.

— Eu tenho certeza que numa situação dessas, sua tia permitiria...

permit," said Matilda with cold dignity.

"We can't stay here till five o'clock," exclaimed Mrs. Stossen with growing exasperation.

"Shall I recite to you to make the time pass quicker?" asked Matilda obligingly. "'Belinda, the little Breadwinner,' is considered my best piece, or, perhaps, it ought to be something in French. Henri Quatre's address to his soldiers is the only thing I really know in that language."

"If you will go and fetch some one to drive that animal away I will give you something to buy yourself a nice present," said Mrs. Stossen.

Matilda came several inches lower down the medlar tree.

"That is the most practical suggestion you have made yet for getting out of the garden," she remarked cheerfully; "Claude and I are collecting money for the Children's Fresh Air Fund, and we are seeing which of us can collect the biggest sum."

— Minha consciência não permitiria – disse Matilda, com ar de superioridade.

— Não podemos ficar aqui até as cinco! – exclamou a Sra. Stossen, cada vez mais irritada.

— Quer que eu recite pra fazer o tempo passar mais rápido? — perguntou Matilda, prestativamente. — "Belinda, a bailarina" é considerado meu melhor poema, ou talvez deva ser algo em francês. O discurso de Henri Quatre a seus soldados é a única coisa que realmente sei nessa língua.

— Se você mandar buscar alguém pra levar aquele animal daqui, te darei alguma coisa pra que compre algo bonito — disse a Sra. Stossen.

Matilda foi para um galho mais baixo da nespereira.

— Essa é a proposta mais prática que a senhora já fez para sair do jardim – observou ela com alegria.

— Claude e eu estamos arrecadando dinheiro para o Fundo de Caridade Infantil e estamos vendo quem de nós consegue arrecadar a maior

"I shall be very glad to contribute half a crown, very glad indeed," said Mrs. Stossen, digging that coin out of the depths of a receptacle which formed a detached outwork of her toilet.

"Claude is a long way ahead of me at present," continued Matilda, taking no notice of the suggested offering; "you see, he's only eleven, and has golden hair, and those are enormous advantages when you're on the collecting job. Only the other day a Russian lady gave him ten shillings. Russians understand the art of giving far better than we do. I expect Claude will net quite twenty-five shillings this afternoon; he'll have the field to himself, and he'll be able to do the pale, fragile, not-long-for-this-world business to perfection after his raspberry trifle experience. Yes, he'll be *quite* two pounds ahead of me by now." With much probing and plucking and many regretful murmurs the beleaguered ladies managed to produce seven-and-sixpence between them.

"I am afraid this is all we've got,"

quantia.

— Ficarei muito feliz em contribuir com meia coroa¹, muito feliz de fato! — disse a Sra. Stossen, desencavando a moeda das profundezas de um receptáculo que formava uma pequena extensão de suas vestes.

— No momento, Claude está muito na minha frente — continuou Matilda, ignorando a oferta. — Veja bem, ele só tem onze anos, e é loiro, e essas são vantagens enormes quando se está no ramo de arrecadações. Outro dia uma senhora russa lhe deu dez xelins. Os russos entendem a arte de doar bem melhor do que nós. Acredito que Claude vai juntar uns vinte e cinco xelins esta tarde; ele terá o monopólio da área e poderá fazer o papel de menininho pálido, frágil e franzino à perfeição depois do incidente do pavê de framboesa. Sim, ele estará umas duas libras na minha frente.

Revirando e vasculhando, e entre muitos murmúrios de lamentação, as damas assediadas conseguiram dar-lhe sete xelins e seis *pence*.

¹ Na época em que se passa o conto, meia coroa correspondia a 30 *pennies* (ou *pence*). Um xelim correspondia a 12 *pence*, uma libra correspondia a 20 xelins e a 240 *pence*.

said Mrs. Stossen.

Matilda showed no sign of coming down either to the earth or to their figure.

“I could not do violence to my conscience for anything less than ten shillings,” she announced stiffly.

Mother and daughter muttered certain remarks under their breath, in which the word “beast” was prominent, and probably had no reference to Tarquin.

“I find I *have* got another half-crown,” said Mrs. Stossen in a shaking voice; “here you are. Now please fetch some one quickly.”

Matilda slipped down from the tree, took possession of the donation, and proceeded to pick up a handful of over-ripe medlars from the grass at her feet. Then she climbed over the gate and addressed herself affectionately to the boar-pig.

“Come, Tarquin, dear old boy; you know you can’t resist medlars when they’re rotten and squashy.”

Tarquin couldn’t. By dint of throwing the fruit in front of him at judicious intervals Matilda

— Receio que isso seja tudo que temos — disse a Sra. Stossen.

Matilda não mostrava sinais de querer descer ou aceitar a doação. — Não conseguiria agredir minha consciência por nada menos de dez xelins — anunciou ela inflexível.

Mãe e filha resmungavam certos comentários abafados, nos quais se repetia a palavra “fera” e provavelmente não em referência a Tarquínio.

— Na verdade, *acho* que devo ter mais meia coroa — disse a Sra. Stossen com voz trêmula — aqui está. Agora, por favor, busque alguém, rápido.

Matilda escorregou da árvore, tomou posse da doação e tratou de pegar um punhado de nêspas passadas da grama a seus pés. Então, ela pulou o portão e dirigiu-se afetuosamente ao porco selvagem.

— Venha, Tarquínio, meu meninão; você sabe que não consegue resistir a nêspas passadas e murchas.

Tarquínio não pôde. Jogando as frutas na frente dele a intervalos

decoyed him back to his sty, while the delivered captives hurried across the paddock.

“Well, I never! The little minx!” exclaimed Mrs. Stossen when she was safely on the high road. “The animal wasn’t savage at all, and as for the ten shillings, I don’t believe the Fresh Air Fund will see a penny of it!”

There she was unwarrantably harsh in her judgment. If you examine the books of the fund you will find the acknowledgment: “Collected by Miss Matilda Cuvering, 2s. 6d.”

regulares, Matilda o atraiu de volta para o chiqueiro, enquanto as prisioneiras, agora livres, corriam através do gramado.

— Francamente! Aquela trapaceira! — exclamou a Sra. Stossen, quando se viu a salvo na estrada. — O animal não era nem um pouco selvagem, e quanto aos dez xelins, eu não acredito que o Fundo de Caridade Infantil verá um *penny* sequer!

Nesse ponto, ela estava sendo dura demais em seu julgamento, e sem justificativa. Se você examinar os livros do Fundo, vai encontrar o registro “Coletado pela Srta. Matilda Cuvering, 2 xelins e 6 *pence*.”

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Tradução de Dezesseis Oitavas do Canto I do *Don Juan* de Lord Byron

*Lucas de Lacerda Zaparolli de Agustini**

O presente trabalho visa mostrar uma parcela ínfima da tradução em português do épico-satírico originalmente composto em língua inglesa, que conta com mais de 18000 versos, o dobro de oitavas d'Os *Lusíadas*. Dado seu extenso volume, pouco da obra logrou aparecer em vernáculo. O poeta Augusto de Campos foi quem traduziu maior número de oitavas, 100, de 2000, em *Entre Versos*, lançado recentemente.

Na verdade, pouco da obra-prima do poeta ícone do romantismo mundial obteve sua transformação em português. É tempo de haver uma mudança na perspectiva com que se optou enxergar esse autor paradigmático, e os seguintes textos são uma prévia do ambicioso projeto de tradução integral desse épico de ampla importância à literatura nacional e de proporções tamanhas.

De todo arquitetada nos pentâmetros jâmbicos da oitava-rima, a manutenção da métrica, da estrutura estrófica e às vezes do andamento rítmico nesse tipo de tradução poética é a dificuldade predominante. Como observa Ungaretti na tradução dos pentâmetros de Shakespeare, o verso inglês comporta muito mais palavras que o italiano - ou no caso, o português - evidentemente pela constituição monossilábica daquela língua.

Pretendendo conservar a forma do texto-fonte, forma dos homens e barões assinalados da ocidental plaga lusitana, sem ver medida nos esforços de nada mudar neste ponto, o gênero satírico-menipeico da obra mostrou-se um agravante das dificuldades de tradução. Isso se deve ao fato de a métrica, o ritmo e, principalmente, a rima funcionarem nesse épico de valores invertidos, como provedores de humor, de crítica e de subversão.

Tais dificuldades foram superadas. Assim, a oitava-rima foi mantida, isto é, estrutura complexa de sons de palavras e ideias, bem como o esquema rítmico equivalente de pentâmetro-jâmbico em português, ou seja, cinco vezes

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a repetição cadenciada da dupla átona e tônica (como, por exemplo, no primeiro, terceiro e sétimo versos da primeira oitava apresentada aqui), tanto na aliteração de *f* do sétimo verso da primeira oitava, quanto a inventividade audível das rimas, aspecto significante na composição de uma obra de tom elevado que se contenta em ser jocosa.

Tamanha preocupação com a superação das dificuldades que permearam os quesitos formais só poderia ver seu reflexo também no concernente ao conteúdo: cabeças devem ser estraçalhadas com um leque (a imagem é de Shakespeare) se não se tentou seguir o que é dito ao cúmulo do semelhante, aos extremos do traduzível!

A mudança mais mágica no mundo mutável da poesia acontece lá onde o pensamento se mescla à música.

Diz-se, finalmente, que o trecho começa após uma longa descrição de Dona Inez (espelhada na ex-mulher de Byron), mãe de Juan, quando o narrador trata de seu marido, Don José. Segue o fim do relacionamento de ambos, a intromissão do grandiloquente narrador do épico na vida pessoal dos cônjuges, e daí seu primeiro contato com o herói, Juan menino, que lhe joga em cima o conteúdo do penico. Algumas palavras mais a respeito da “peste”, o narrador retorna aos detalhes da separação do casal, perdendo-se nesse ínterim dentro de algumas digressões, e retornando com o caso de José que preferiu a morte a ter que ir ao Foro Cível. Muitos dos acontecimentos fazem alusão à vida conturbada do próprio autor, o que também é pertinente lembrar.

XXI

This was an easy matter with a man

Isto era fácil sendo ele um humano

Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard;

Sempre no erro, e em alerta raramente;

And even the wisest, do the best they can,

Mas mesmo o mais astuto cai no engano,

Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,

E pode-se em um dia ou hora, imprudente,

That you might 'brain them with their lady's fan;

“Estraçalhar seu crânio com o abano

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,

Da esposa”; e algumas batem fortemente,

And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,

E em mão formosa o abano faz-se alfanje,

And why and wherefore no one understands.

E como e por que não há alguém que manje.

XXII

'T is pity learned virgins ever wed

É pena que uma virgem estudada

With persons of no sort of education,

Una-se a um néscio, ou com um cavalheiro

Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,

Que, letrado e de origem ilustrada,

Grow tired of scientific conversation:

Cansou-lhe a erudição o tempo inteiro:

I don't choose to say much upon this head,

Porém sobre isto opto eu em dizer nada,

I'm a plain man, and in a single station,

Sou simples moço, e além do mais solteiro:

But--Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,

Homens de intelectuais esposas, Oh!

Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?

Se elas – dizei – na amolação têm dó.

XXIII

Don Jose and his lady quarrell'd--why,

José e Inez tiveram pois sua pugna,

Not any of the many could divine,

O porquê ninguém soube adivinhar,

Though several thousand people chose to try,

Conquanto muitos mil metessem a unha,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine;
Nem a um só deveria interessar;
I loathe that low vice--curiosity;
Curiosidade – é um vício que repugna;
But if there 's anything in which I shine,
Mas se há algo no qual pego-me a brilhar,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
É arranjando o namoro a todo amigo,
Not having of my own domestic cares.
Não tendo aí cuidado algum comigo.

XXIV

And so I interfered, and with the best
E não obstante o trato complicado,
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind;
Co' a melhor intenção interferi;
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
Vendo o casal jamais fazer-se achado,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Que estivessem possessos, doidos, cri,
Although their porter afterwards confess'd—
Ainda que haja o porteiro confessado –
But that 's no matter, and the worst 's behind,
Porém o pior é haver chegado aqui
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
Pro jovem Juan jogar-me em cima a tina,
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.
E sem querer, com água da latrina.

XXV

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
Criança zero à esquerda desde quando
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
Nasceu, crespinha, inda intriguista e inquieta;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
E em mais nada, os seus pais só concordando
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Em mimar a mor peste do planeta;
Instead of quarrelling, had they been but both in
Se de brigar deixassem, em si estando,
Their senses, they 'd have sent young master forth
Teriam enviado à escola este capeta
To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at home,
Cedo, ou mostrado-lhe o cintão zunir,

To teach him manners for the time to come.
Pra ensinar-lhe bons modos ao porvir.

XXVI

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
Don José e sua esposa Inez levavam
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Tempos em que uma vida triste é bruta,
Wishing each other, not divorced, but dead;
Morto, não divorciado, o outro almejavam;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Do casal a aparência era impoluta,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
Correta a conduta, e ambos jamais davam
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Exteriores sinais de interna luta,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
Até que o fogo arrebentou seus nós,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.
E pôs-se o caso aberto a todos nós.

XXVII

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
Porque Inez chamou médico e droguista
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad;
Para provar que o amado estava louco,
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
Mas como a lucidez era imprevista,
She next decided he was only bad;
Se está bem – adiu – *bom* está tampouco;
Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
Convidada a depor numa entrevista
No sort of explanation could be had,
E expor a alegação, explicou pouco:
Save that her duty both to man and God
Que ante o homem e Deus era agir assim
Required this conduct--which seem'd very odd.
Seu dever – o que souu ímpar enfim.

XXVIII

She kept a journal, where his faults were noted,
Trazia tudo quanto é falha anotada
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters,
Num diário; e abriu livro e carta e mala,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;

Coisas que, se mister, seriam citadas;

And then she had all Seville for abettors,

Via que Sevilha inteira iria apoiá-la,

Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);

Até sua boa avó (velha, coitada);

The hearers of her case became repeaters,

E quem a ouvia passava a recontá-la,

Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,

E era advogado, juiz, inquiridor,

Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

Uns por distração, outros por rancor.

XXIX

And then this best and weakest woman bore

E a mais mansa e melhor mulher sofreu

With such serenity her husband's woes,

As dores conjugais serenamente,

Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,

Como a Espartana de antes que viu seu

Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly chose

Esposo morto e com nobreza ingente

Never to say a word about them more—

Não mais palavra acerca dele deu –

Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,

Cada calúnia ouvia tão calmamente,

And saw his agonies with such sublimity

Via as agonias com tal sublimidade,

That all the world exclaim'd, 'What magnanimity!'

Que o mundo exclamou: "Magnanimidade!".

XXX

No doubt this patience, when the world is damning us,

Paciência assim, se o mundo nos acusa,

Is philosophic in our former friends;

Nos ex-amigos é filosofal;

'T is also pleasant to be deem'd magnanimous,

Bom ser dito magnânimo, se induz a

The more so in obtaining our own ends;

Obter nosso fim é fenomenal;

And what the lawyers call a 'malus animus'

Juristas chamam "malus animus" a

Conduct like this by no means comprehends;

Conduta que a esta nada tem de igual:

Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,

Virtude alguma é vingança em pessoa,

But then 't is not my fault, if others hurt you.
Mas não fui eu, se um outro te atordoa.

XXXI

And if your quarrels should rip up old stories,
Se nosso impasse erguer questões de outrora,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
E ajudar co' uma ou duas petas a mais,
I'm not to blame, as you well know--no more is
Eu não fui, sabes bem – e não mais fora
Any one else--they were become traditional;
Um outro – agora são tradicionais;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
Ressurreição que à glória colabora
By contrast, which is what we just were wishing all:
Por contraste, o que almeja-se no mais:
And science profits by this resurrection--
E à Ciência é útil tal ressurreição –
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.
Balbúrdias dão boa gente à dissecação.

XXXII

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Todo amigo tentou a conciliação,
Then their relations, who made matters worse.
Até os parentes, que deixaram pior. (Se o
(T were hard to tell upon a like occasion
Assunto é entre parente e amigo eu não
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
Falo nada – e em salvar este consórcio,
I can't say much for friend or yet relation):
Quem era o melhor, menos digo então)
The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
Advogados porfiaram por divórcio,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Mas tão pouco da ação se recebeu
Before, unluckily, Don Jose died.
Que, infelizmente, antes José morreu.

XXXIII

He died: and most unluckily, because,
Ele morreu: e mais infelizmente,
According to all hints I could collect
Pois o levantamento que foi feito

From counsel learned in those kinds of laws
No Conselho em tais tipos de leis ciente
(Although their talk 's obscure and circumspect),
(Fora o falar obscuro e circunspecto)
His death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
Mostrou que a morte arruinou uma atraente
A thousand pities also with respect
Causa; e ainda mil pesares com respeito
To public feeling, which on this occasion
Ao sentir popular, que na ocasião
Was manifested in a great sensation.
Manifestou-se em grande comoção.

XXXIV

But, ah! he died; and buried with him lay
Mas ah! ele morreu; junto enterrou
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:
O sentir popular – pagas não fê-las:
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
Servos se foram, casa se alienou,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
Um Judeu levou uma das donzelas,
A priest the other--at least so they say:
Um padre a outra – assim foi que se falou:
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—
E as mortais causas ao doutor fui tê-las –
He died of the slow fever call'd the tertian,
Febre lenta, terçã, foi a razão,
And left his widow to her own aversion.
E a viúva deixou a sua própria aversão.

XXXV

Yet Jose was an honourable man,
Demais, José era um homem honorável,
That I must say who knew him very well;
E isto afirmo, pois bem o conhecia;
Therefore his frailties I 'll no further scan
Mais nada direi nele condenável,
Indeed there were not many more to tell;
Na real, pouco a ser dito haveria:
And if his passions now and then outran
Se em discricção não se fazia notável,
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
E se pacífico não se fazia
As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius),

Como Numa (chamado Pompilius),
He had been ill brought up, and was born bilious.
Deveu-se à criação má, e a ser bilioso.

XXXVI

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Foi vão ter sido com valor ou sem,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him.
Pobre diabo! Quis tudo machucá-lo.
Let 's own--since it can do no good on earth—
Conquanto no orbe ele não fosse um bem –
It was a trying moment that which found him
Admita-se ser dura hora ir achá-lo
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
No desolado lar, e sem ninguém,
Where all his household gods lay shiver'd round him:
E seus Lares rachados a rodeá-lo:
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Nenhuma escolha teve o orgulho seu,
Save death or Doctors' Commons--so he died.
Só a Morte ou Cível Foro – então morreu.

Tradução Do Conto ‘You should have seen the mess’, de Muriel Spark.

*Turma de Introdução à prática de tradução do inglês - (noturno - 2012)**

1. Introdução

“You Should Have Seen The Mess” é de autoria de Muriel Spark, escritora escocesa que viveu entre 1918 e 2006. Na história, uma jovem narra em primeira pessoa suas experiências e opiniões desde quando se formou na escola secundária até quando começa a trabalhar e se envolve com um artista. O rapaz parece apaixonado, mas ela fica em dúvida, porque ele é muito desleixado e não muito limpo. Aliás, essa é grande preocupação de Lorna: a limpeza. De origem humilde, Lorna é obcecada por higiene e por objetos e ambientes “novos em folha”. Ela fica perplexa quando começa a conviver com a família de um médico e passa a frequentar a casa deles. Lorna não entende como pessoas que têm instrução e posição social podem ser tão descuidadas com sua aparência e com suas casas. Na tradução, tentamos manter algumas frases de Lorna que se repetem ao longo do conto, constituindo verdadeiros “bordões”, como “*I will say that*”, “*It was far from...*” e o próprio “*You should have seen the mess*”. A turma do noturno de Introdução à Prática da Tradução do Inglês apresenta a tradução do conto, feita em conjunto, durante várias aulas. As discussões foram muito produtivas e com certeza proporcionaram um ajuste mais afinado das escolhas lexicais e sintáticas. Desejamos a todos uma boa leitura e convidamos os interessados em tradução para uma análise em cotejo dos dois textos.

* Faculdade de Filosofia, Letras e Ciências Humanas.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE MESS

By Muriel Spark

I am now more than glad that I did not pass into the grammar school five years ago, although it was a disappointment at the time. I was always good at English, but not so good at the other subjects!!

I am glad that I went to the secondary modern school, because it was only constructed the year before. Therefore, it was much more hygienic than the grammar school. The secondary modern was light and airy, and the walls were painted with a bright, washable gloss. One day, I was sent over to the grammar school, with a note for one of the teachers, and you should have seen the mess! The corridors were dusty, and I saw dust on the window ledges, which were chipped. I saw into one of the classrooms. It was very untidy in there.

I am also glad that I did not go to the grammar school, because of what it does to one's habits. This may appear to be a strange remark, at first sight. It is a good thing to have an education behind you, and I do not believe in ignorance, but I have had certain

VOCÊ DEVERIA TER VISTO O DESLEIXO

De Muriel Spark

Agora, eu me sinto contentíssima de não ter passado no Liceu cinco anos atrás, embora tenha sido uma decepção na época. Eu sempre fui boa em gramática, mas não tão boa nas outras matérias.

Estou feliz por ter estudado na Escola Técnica, porque ela tinha sido construída no ano anterior, portanto, era muito mais higiênica do que o Liceu. A Escola Técnica era bem iluminada e arejada e as paredes eram cobertas com uma tinta brilhante e lavável. Um dia, me mandaram levar um bilhete para um dos professores do Liceu e você devia ter visto o desleixo: os corredores estavam empoeirados e dava para ver o pó nos batentes das janelas, que estavam descascadas. Eu olhei em uma das salas de aula. Tudo muito desarrumado lá dentro.

Eu também fiquei muito feliz de não ter ido para o Liceu por causa dos modos que as pessoas adquirem lá. Pode parecer um comentário estranho à primeira vista. É bom ter instrução como alicerce, e eu não sou a favor da ignorância, mas tive certas

experiences, with educated people, since going out into the world.

I am seventeen years of age, and left school two years ago last month. I had my A certificate for typing, so got my first job, as a junior, in a solicitor's office. Mum was pleased at this, and Dad said it was a first-class start, as it was an old-established firm. I must say that when I went for the interview, I was surprised at the windows, and the stairs up to the offices were also far from clean. There was a little waiting-room, where some of the elements were missing from the gas fire, and the carpet on the floor was worn. However, Mr Heygate's office, into which I was shown for the interview, was better. The furniture was old, but it was polished, and there was a good carpet, I will say that. The glass of the bookcase was very clean.

I was to start on the Monday, so along I went. They took me to the general office, where there were two senior shorthand-typists, and a clerk, Mr Gresham, who was far from smart in appearance. You should have seen the mess!! There

experiências, com pessoas instruídas, desde que comecei a trabalhar.

Eu tenho 17 anos e no mês passado fez dois anos que eu saí da escola. Me formei com louvor em datilografia e, assim, consegui meu primeiro emprego como estagiária em um escritório de advocacia. Mamãe ficou contente com isso e Papai disse que foi um grande começo, já que era uma firma muito tradicional. Devo dizer que quando fui para a entrevista, me surpreendi com as janelas, e as escadas que davam para os escritórios também não estavam nada limpas. Havia uma pequena recepção onde algumas peças do aquecedor a gás estavam faltando e o tapete estava gasto. Entretanto, o escritório do Dr. Heygate, onde eu fiz a entrevista, estava melhor: a mobília era velha, mas lustrosa, e tinha um bom tapete, não vou negar. O vidro da estante de livros estava bem limpo.

Era para eu começar na segunda, e foi o que eu fiz. Eles me levaram ao escritório geral, onde havia dois estenógrafos *senior*, e um escrivão, o Sr. Gresham, que não se vestia nada bem. Você devia ter visto o desleixo: não havia um

was no floor covering whatsoever, and so dusty everywhere. There were shelves all round the room, with old box files on them. The box files were falling to pieces, and all the old papers inside them were crumpled. The worst shock of all was the tea-cups. It was my duty to make tea, mornings and afternoons. Miss Bewlay showed me where everything was kept. It was kept in an old orange box, and the cups were all cracked. There were not enough saucers to go round, etc. I will not go into the facilities, but they were also far from hygienic. After three days, I told Mum, and she was upset, most of all about the cracked cups. We never keep a cracked cup, but throw it out, because those cracks can harbour germs. So Mum gave me my own cup to take to the office.

Then at the end of the week, when I got my salary, Mr Heygate said, 'Well, Lorna, what are you going to do with your first pay?' I did not like him saying this, and I nearly passed a comment, but I said, 'I don't know.' He said, 'What do you do in the evenings, Lorna? Do you

carpete sequer, e era tudo tão empoeirado. Havia prateleiras por todo lado, com caixas-arquivo velhas. As caixas estavam caindo aos pedaços e todos aqueles papéis velhos entulhados dentro delas. O mais chocante foram as xícaras de chá. Era minha função fazer o chá, de manhã e de tarde. A Srta. Bewlay me mostrou onde tudo ficava guardado. Ficava tudo num caixote velho de laranja, e as xícaras estavam todas rachadas. Não havia pires o suficiente etc... Não vou nem comentar sobre os banheiros, mas não eram nada higiênicos. Depois de três dias, eu contei para mamãe, e ela ficou chateada, principalmente com as xícaras rachadas. Nós nunca guardamos uma xícara rachada: jogamos fora, porque as rachaduras podem abrigar germes. Então mamãe me deu minha própria xícara para levar para o escritório.

Então, no fim de semana, quando recebi meu salário, o Sr. Heygate perguntou:

— E então, Lorna, o que vai fazer com seu primeiro pagamento?

Eu não gostei da pergunta, e quase respondi atravessado, mas disse apenas:

watch telly? 'I did take this as an insult, because we call it T. V. and his remark made me out to be uneducated. I just stood, and did not answer, and he looked surprised. Next day, Saturday, I told Mum and Dad about the facilities, and we decided I should not go back to that job. Also, the desks in the general office were rickety. Dad was indignant, because Mr Heygate's concern was flourishing, and he had letters after his name.

Everyone admires our flat, because Mum keeps it spotless, and Dad keeps doing things to it. He has done it up all over, and got permission from the Council to remodernize the kitchen. I well recall the Health Visitor, remarking to Mum, 'You could eat off your floor, Mrs Merrifield.' It is true that you could eat your lunch off Mum's floors, and any hour of the day or night you will find every comer spick and span.

— Não sei.

— O que você faz no fim de semana, Lorna? Fica grudada na telinha?

Levei isso como um insulto. Eu não falo desse jeito, porque nós falamos TV e o comentário me fez parecer ignorante. Fiquei lá parada e não respondi. Ele me olhou surpreso. No dia seguinte, sábado, contei para Papai e Mamãe sobre os banheiros, e decidimos que eu não voltaria para aquele emprego. Além disso, as mesas do escritório estavam caindo aos pedaços. Papai ficou indignado, já que o escritório do Sr. Heygate estava indo de vento em popa, e ele tinha um diploma pendurado na parede.

Todo mundo admira nosso apartamento pois Mamãe o mantém impecável e Papai sempre tenta incrementá-lo. Ele já o reformou todinho e conseguiu permissão da Prefeitura para modernizar a cozinha. Eu me lembro bem do Agente de Saúde elogiando a Mamãe:

— Dá pra comer do chão da sua casa, Sra. Merrifield.

É verdade que se pode comer direto do chão da casa de Mamãe, e a qualquer hora do dia ou da noite você encontra cada canto da

Next, I was sent by the agency to a publisher's for an interview, because of being good at English. One look was enough!! My next interview was a success, and I am still at Low's Chemical Co. It is a modern block, with a quarter of an hour rest period, morning and afternoon. Mr Marwood is very smart in appearance. He is well spoken, although he has not got a university education behind him. There is special lighting over the desks, and the typewriters are the latest models.

So I am happy at Low's. But I have met other people, of an educated type, in the past year, and it has opened my eyes. It so happened that I had to go to the doctor's house, to fetch a prescription for my young brother, Trevor, when the epidemic was on. I rang the bell, and Mrs Darby came to the door. She was small, with fair hair, but too long, and a green maternity dress. But she was very nice to me. I had to wait in their living-room, and you should have seen the state it was in! There were broken toys on the carpet, and the ash trays were full up. There were contemporary

casa imaculadamente limpo.

Em seguida, a agência me enviou para uma entrevista em uma editora, por ser boa em gramática. Um olhar bastou!! A entrevista seguinte foi um sucesso, e eu ainda estou na Low's Chemical Co. É um prédio moderno, com quinze minutos de descanso de manhã e de tarde. O Sr. Marwood tem ótima aparência. Ele fala bem, apesar de não ter um diploma universitário. Há luminárias individuais para as mesas e as máquinas de escrever são de última geração.

Então, eu estou feliz na Low's. Mas, no ano passado, eu conheci outras pessoas, gente instruída, e isso abriu meus olhos. Aconteceu que eu tive que ir à casa do médico pegar uma receita para meu irmão mais novo, Trevor, na época da epidemia. Toquei a campainha e a Sra. Darby apareceu à porta. Ela era pequena, tinha cabelos claros, mas compridos demais, e usava um vestido verde de gestante. Mas ela foi muito gentil comigo. Tive que esperar na sala de estar, e você devia ter visto a situação! Havia brinquedos quebrados no carpete e os cinzeiros estavam abarrotados. Havia quadros

pictures on the walls, but the furniture was not contemporary, but old-fashioned, with covers which were past standing up to another wash, I should say. To cut a long story short, Dr Darby and Mrs Darby have always been very kind to me, and they meant everything for the best. Dr Darby is also short and fair, and they have three children, a girl and a boy, and now a baby boy.

When I went that day for the prescription, Dr Darby said to me, 'You look pale, Lorna. It's the London atmosphere. Come on a picnic with us, in the car, on Saturday.'

After that I went with the Darbys more and more. I liked them, but I did not like the mess, and it was a surprise. But I also kept in with them for the opportunity of meeting people, and Mum and Dad were pleased that I had made nice friends. So I did not say anything about the cracked lino, and the paintwork all chipped. The children's clothes were very shabby for a doctor, and she changed them out of their school clothes when they came home from school, into those worn-out garments. Mum always kept us

contemporâneos na parede, mas a mobília não era contemporânea, e sim antiquada, com capas que não aguentariam mais uma lavada, eu devo dizer. Para encurtar a história, o Dr. e a Sra. Darby sempre foram muito gentis e sempre quiseram o melhor para mim. O Dr. Darby também é baixo e de cabelos claros, e eles têm três filhos: uma menina, um menino e agora um bebezinho.

Naquele dia, quando fui buscar a receita, o Dr. Darby me disse:

— Você está pálida, Lorna. São os ares de Londres. Venha conosco para um piquenique, de carro, no sábado.

Depois disso, comecei a passar cada vez mais tempo com os Darby. Gostava deles. Mas eu não gostava do desleixo, que muito me surpreendia. Mas eu mantive contato com eles pela oportunidade de conhecer pessoas, e Mamãe e Papai ficaram contentes que eu tinha feito bons amigos. Por isso não falei nada sobre o assoalho estragado e a pintura lascada. As roupas das crianças, para um médico, estavam muito surradas. E depois da escola ela trocava os uniformes deles por aquelas roupas gastas.

spotless to go out to play, and I do not like to say it, but those Darby children frequently looked like the Leary family, which the Council evicted from our block, as they were far from houseproud. One day, when I was there, Mavis (as I called Mrs Darby by then) put her head out of the window, and shouted to the boy, 'John, stop peeing over the cabbages at once. Pee on the lawn.' I did not know which way to look. Mum would never say a word like that from the window, and I know for a fact that Trevor would never pass water outside, not even bathing in the sea.

I went there usually at the weekends, but sometimes on weekdays, after supper. They had an idea to make a match for me with a chemist's assistant, whom they had taken up too. He was an orphan, and I do not say there was anything wrong with that. But he was not accustomed to those little extras that I was. He was a good-looking boy, I will say that. So I went once to a dance, and twice to films with him. To look at, he was quite clean in appearance. But there was only hot water at the

Mamãe sempre nos mantinha impecáveis quando saíamos para brincar, e apesar de eu não gostar de dizer isso, os filhos dos Darby frequentemente pareciam à família Leary, que foi despejada do nosso prédio pela Prefeitura, uma vez que sua residência não era nada exemplar. Um dia, quando eu estava lá, Mavis (como agora eu chamava a Sra. Darby) saiu na janela e berrou para o garoto:

- John, pare já de mijar nos repolhos! Mije na grama!

Eu não sabia onde enfiar a cara. Mamãe jamais diria algo assim, e tenho certeza que Trevor nunca urinaria ao ar livre, nem mesmo se estivesse tomando banho de mar.

Normalmente eu ia lá aos finais de semana, mas algumas vezes durante a semana depois do jantar. Eles tiveram a ideia de me apresentar para um assistente de químico com quem eles também tinham feito amizade. Ele era órfão, e eu não estou dizendo que tinha algo de errado com isso. Mas ele não estava acostumado com pequenos caprichos como eu estava. Ele era um garoto bonito, não vou negar. Então eu saí com ele uma vez para dançar e duas para ir ao cinema. De olhar, até que

week-end at his place, and he said that a bath once a week was sufficient. Jim (as I called Dr Darby by then) said it was sufficient also, and surprised me. He did not have much money, and I do not hold that against him. But there was no hurry for me, and I could wait for a man in a better position, so that I would not miss those little extras. So he started going out with a girl from the coffee bar, and did not come to the Darbys very much then.

There were plenty of boys at the office, but I will say this for the Darbys, they had lots of friends coming and going, and they had interesting conversation, although sometimes it gave me a surprise, and I did not know where to look. And sometimes they had people who were very down and out, although there is no need to be. But most of the guests were different, so it made a comparison with the boys at the office, who were not so educated in their conversation.

Now it was near the time for Mavis to have her baby, and I was to

ele tinha uma aparência limpa. Mas só havia água quente na casa dele nos finais de semana, e ele dizia que um banho por semana era suficiente. Jim (como eu agora chamava o Dr. Darby) também disse que era suficiente, o que me surpreendeu. Ele não tinha muito dinheiro, e eu não o critico por isso. Mas eu não tinha pressa, podia esperar por um homem com uma posição melhor, assim eu não perderia aqueles pequenos caprichos. Então ele começou a sair com uma moça que trabalhava no café e deixou de frequentar tanto a casa dos Darby.

Havia muitos garotos no escritório, mas isto devo dizer em defesa dos Darby: eles recebiam muitas visitas e a conversa era sempre interessante, embora às vezes fosse embaraçosa e eu não soubesse onde enfiar a cara. E às vezes eles recebiam pessoas muito mal arrumadas, embora não precisassem ser. Mas a maioria dos convidados era diferente e isso contrastava com os garotos do escritório, que não tinham conversas tão ilustradas.

Estava chegando a hora de Mavis ter o bebê e eu tive que ficar de

come in at the week-end, to keep an eye on the children, while the help had her day off. Mavis did not go away to have her baby, but would have it at home, in their double bed, as they did not have twin beds, although he was a doctor. A girl I knew, in our block, was engaged, but was let down, and even she had her baby in the labour ward. I was sure the bedroom was not hygienic for having a baby, but I did not mention it.

One day, after the baby boy came along, they took me in the car to the country, to see Jim's mother. The baby was put in a carry-cot at the back of the car. He began to cry, and without a word of a lie, Jim said to him over his shoulder, "Oh shut your gob, you little bastard." I did not know what to do, and Mavis was smoking a cigarette. Dad would not dream of saying such a thing to Trevor or I. When we arrived at Jim's mother's place, Jim said, 'It's a fourteenth-century cottage, Lorna.' I could well believe it. It was very cracked and old, and it made one wonder how Jim could let his old mother live in this tumble-down cottage, as he was so good to everyone else. So

olho nas crianças no fim de semana, enquanto a babá estava de folga. Mavis não foi para o hospital; ela ia ter o bebê em casa, na cama de casal, já que eles não tinham camas separadas, apesar de ele ser médico. Uma garota que eu conhecia, do nosso prédio, estava comprometida, mas o noivo a abandonou, e mesmo ela teve o bebê na maternidade. Eu tinha certeza de que o quarto não era higiênico para ter um bebê, mas não mencionei isso.

Um dia, depois da chegada do bebê, eles me levaram de carro para o interior, para ver a mãe do Jim. Colocaram o bebê num berço portátil no banco de trás. Ele começou a chorar e, sem mentira nenhuma, Jim virou-se e disse:

— Fecha essa matraca, infeliz!

Eu não sabia o que fazer, e a Mavis estava fumando um cigarro. Papai nem sonharia em dizer uma coisa dessas a mim ou ao Trevor. Quando chegamos à casa da mãe do Jim, ele disse:

— É uma casa de campo do século XIV, Lorna.

Não era difícil acreditar. Era toda rachada e velha, e fazia a gente pensar como Jim podia deixar sua mãe morar naquela casa caindo

Mavis knocked at the door, and the old lady came. There was not much anyone could do to the inside. Mavis said, 'Isn't it charming, Lorna?' If that was a joke, it was going too far. I said to the old Mrs Darby, 'Are you going to be re-housed?' but she did not understand this, and I explained how you have to apply to the Council, and keep at them. But it was funny that the Council had not done something already, when they go round condemning. Then old Mrs Darby said, 'My dear, I shall be re-housed in the Grave.' I did not know where to look.

There was a carpet hanging on the wall, which I think was there to hide a damp spot. She had a good TV set, I will say that. But some of the walls were bare brick, and the facilities were outside, through the garden. The furniture was far from new.

One Saturday afternoon, as I happened to go to the Darbys, they were just going off to a film and they took me too. It was the

aos pedaços, já que ele era tão bom com todos os outros. Aí Mavis bateu na porta e a velha senhora veio. Não havia muito que se pudesse fazer quanto à parte de dentro. Mavis comentou:

— Não é um charme, Lorna?

Se aquilo era piada, estava indo longe demais. Eu perguntei à velha Sra. Darby:

— Vão mudar a senhora de casa?

Mas ela não entendeu, e eu expliquei como você tem de fazer um requerimento à Prefeitura e ficar no pé deles. Mas era estranho que a Prefeitura ainda não tivesse feito alguma coisa, já que eles vivem condenando casas por aí. Então, a velha Sra. Darby disse:

— Meu anjo, eu só me mudo daqui para o cemitério! - Eu não sabia onde enfiar a cara.

Havia um tapete pendurado na parede, imagino eu para esconder uma mancha de umidade. Ela tinha um bom aparelho de TV, não vou negar. Algumas paredes não eram rebocadas e o banheiro era do lado de fora, atravessando o jardim. Os móveis não eram nada novos.

Um sábado à tarde, quando eu fui na casa dos Darby, eles estavam indo ver um filme e me levaram também. Era no *Curzon*, e depois

Curzon, and afterwards we went to a flat in Curzon Street. It was a very clean block, I will say that, and there were good carpets at the entrance. The couple there had contemporary furniture, and they also spoke about music. It was a nice place, but there was no Welfare Centre to the flats, where people could go for social intercourse, advice, and guidance. But they were well-spoken, and I met Willy Morley, who was an artist. Willy sat beside me, and we had a drink. He was young, dark, with a dark shirt, so one could not see right away if he was clean. Soon after this, Jim said to me, 'Willy wants to paint you, Lorna. But you'd better ask your Mum.'

Mum said it was all right if he was a friend of the Darbys.

I can honestly say that Willy's place was the most unhygienic place I have seen in my life. He said I had an unusual type of beauty, which he must capture. This was when we came back to his place from the restaurant. The light was very dim, but I could see the bed had not been made, and

disso fomos a um apartamento na rua Curzon. Era um prédio bem limpinho, não vou negar, e havia bons tapetes na entrada. O casal de moradores tinha móveis contemporâneos, e eles também conversavam sobre música. Era um lugar legal, mas não tinha centro comunitário para os moradores, onde as pessoas pudessem ter um convívio social, aconselhamento e orientação. Mas eles falavam bem, e eu conheci Willy Morley, que era artista. Ele se sentou ao meu lado, e bebemos alguma coisa. Ele era jovem, moreno e estava usando uma camisa escura, então não dava para ver direito se ele era limpinho. Pouco depois, Jim me disse:

— Willy quer pintar você, Lorna. Mas é melhor você pedir para sua mãe.

Mamãe disse que tudo bem se ele era amigo dos Darby.

Posso dizer com sinceridade que a casa de Willy foi o lugar mais anti-higiênico que eu já vi na vida. Ele disse que eu tenho uma beleza incomum, que devia ser registrada. Isso foi quando voltamos do restaurante para a casa dele. A luz estava bem fraca, mas dava para ver que a cama não

the sheets were far from clean. He said he must paint me, but I told Mavis I did not like to go back there. 'Don't you like Willy?' she asked. I could not deny that I liked Willy, in a way. There was something about him, I will say that. Mavis said, 'I hope he hasn't been making a pass at you, Lorna.' I said he had not done so, which was almost true, because he did not attempt to go to the full extent. It was always unhygienic when I went to Willy's place, and I told him so once, but he said, 'Lorna, you are a joy.' He had a nice way, and he took me out in his car, which was a good one, but dirty inside, like his place. Jim said one day, 'He has pots of money, Lorna,' and Mavis said, 'You might make a man of him, as he is keen on you.' They always said Willy came from a good family.

But I saw that one could not do anything with him. He would not change his shirt very often, or get clothes, but he went round like a tramp, lending people money, as I have seen with my own eyes. His

estava feita e o lençol não estava nada limpo. Ele disse que queria muito me pintar, mas eu falei para Mavis que não voltaria lá.

— Você não gosta do Willy? - ela perguntou. Eu não podia negar que gostava dele de alguma forma. Havia algo nele, eu diria. Mavis disse:

— Eu espero que ele não tenha dado em cima de você, Lorna.

Eu disse que não, o que era quase verdade, porque ele não tinha tentado chegar até o fim. Era sempre anti-higiênico quando eu ia à casa de Willy. E eu falei isso para ele uma vez, mas ele disse:

— Lorna, você é uma graça.

Ele tinha um jeito legal, e me levou para dar uma volta no carro dele, que era bom, mas sujo por dentro, que nem a casa. Jim disse, um dia:

— Ele tem rios de dinheiro, Lorna.

E Mavis disse:

— Você pode fazer ele tomar jeito, já que está vidrado em você.

Eles sempre diziam que Willy vinha de uma boa família.

Mas eu vi que ele não tinha jeito. Ele não trocava de camisa com muita frequência, nem comprava roupas, mas andava por aí feito um maltrapilho, emprestando dinheiro para os outros, como vi

place was in a terrible mess, with the empty bottles, and laundry in the corner. He gave me several gifts over the period, which I took as he would have only given them away, but he never tried to go to the full extent. He never painted my portrait, as he was painting fruit on a table all that time, and they said his pictures were marvellous, and thought Willy and I were getting married.

One night, when I went home, I was upset as usual, after Willy's place. Mum and Dad had gone to bed, and I looked round our kitchen which is done in primrose and white. Then I went into the living room, where Dad has done one wall in a patterned paper, deep rose and white, and the other walls pale rose, with white woodwork. The suite is new, and Mum keeps everything beautiful. So it came to me, all of a sudden, what a fool I was, going with Willy. I agree to equality, but as to me marrying Willy, as I said to Mavis, when I recall his place, and the good carpet gone greasy, not to mention the paint oozing out of

com meus próprios olhos. A casa dele era um tremendo desleixo, com garrafas vazias e roupas sujas jogadas pelos cantos. Ele me deu vários presentes durante esse tempo, que eu aceitei, já que ele simplesmente os teria dado a qualquer um. Mas ele nunca tentou chegar até o fim. Ele nunca pintou o meu retrato, já que passava o tempo pintando frutas sobre uma mesa, e ainda diziam que os quadros dele eram maravilhosos e achavam que íamos nos casar.

Certa noite, quando eu cheguei em casa, estava nervosa como sempre ficava depois de ir à casa de Willy. Mamãe e Papai tinham ido dormir, e eu observei a nossa cozinha, que é toda em branco e amarelinho. Então eu fui para a sala, onde Papai tinha estampado uma parede com papel rosa escuro e branco, e as outras paredes em rosa claro com madeiramento branco. A suíte é nova e Mamãe mantém tudo impecável. Então, de repente, me ocorreu como eu era boba, saindo com Willy. Eu concordo com a igualdade, mas quanto a me casar com Willy, é como eu disse para a Mavis: quando me lembro da casa dele e daquele belo tapete todo

the tubes, I think it would break
my heart to sink so low.

seboso, sem falar das tintas
vazando dos tubos, eu acho que
partiria meu coração descer tão
baixo.

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Apresentação e Tradução Comentada do Conto “The Sphinx Without A Secret”, de Oscar Wilde

*Cláudia Dias, Daniela Piva Reyes, Ísis Sanchez, João Ricardo Pereira Turini, Mariana Reis da Silva, Mariane Pimenta da Silva, Rodrigo Popotic Garcia**

1. Introdução

O trabalho em questão consiste na tradução do conto “The Sphinx Without a Secret”, de Oscar Wilde, realizado como parte final para o cumprimento das exigências da disciplina *Introdução à Prática de Tradução do Inglês*, realizada durante o primeiro semestre de 2009.

Esta tradução é fruto de um trabalho gradualmente desenvolvido por meio de discussões em grupo dentro da sala de aula, apresentação de seminário e, sobretudo, por meio de um trabalho de pesquisa minucioso sobre elementos de época, culturais e geográficos que permeiam o conto.

Este trabalho divide-se basicamente em três partes:

1. Introdução do conto, trazendo um resumo sobre a obra e o autor, sua carreira e produção literária, incluindo a obra em que “The Sphinx Without a Secret” foi originalmente publicado, e uma síntese do conto;
2. Comentários sobre as dificuldades tradutológicas com que o grupo se deparou;
3. Apresentação da tradução, incluindo notas de rodapé e
4. Apresentação do conto original em inglês, em anexo.

É importante mencionar que este trabalho tentou adequar-se ao Novo Acordo Ortográfico da Língua Portuguesa.

2. Apresentação: Oscar Wilde e o conto “A Esfinge Sem Segredo”

Autor de inúmeras peças, contos, poemas e um romance, Oscar Wilde

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O'Flarhertie Wills Wilde (Dublin, 16 de outubro de 1854 – 30 de novembro de 1900) foi um engenhoso escritor irlandês cuja produção literária destacou-se, sobretudo, no âmbito do teatro, alcançando grande sucesso já no final do período vitoriano. Desde então, suas peças passaram a ser encenadas no mundo inteiro, tornando-se clássicos da dramaturgia britânica.

Originário de família protestante, Wilde estudou na Portora Royal School de Enniskillen e no Trinity College de Dublin, onde se sobressaiu como latinista e helenista. Em 1874, ganhou a medalha de ouro de Berkeley por seu trabalho em grego sobre os poetas helenos no Trinity College. Ganhou depois uma bolsa de estudos para o Magdalene College de Oxford, onde publicou, em 1876, sua primeira poesia, versão de uma passagem de *As Nuvens* de Aristófanes, intitulada *O coro das Virgens das Nuvens*, ganhando o prêmio de literatura grega e latina.

Em Oxford, recebeu a influência de Walter Pater e da doutrina da “arte pela arte”. Em 1879, foi para Londres, para estabelecer-se como líder do esteticismo, ou movimento estético, tornando-se uma das mais proeminentes personalidades de sua época, apesar do fato de que era, às vezes, ridicularizado por sua personalidade extravagante e afeminada por autores tais como Thomas Higginson em *Unmanly Manhood* (“Virilidade Efeminada”). A vida intelectual de Wilde foi também fortemente marcada por movimentos decadentistas e pelo socialismo, embora ele se considerasse mais propriamente um anarquista.

O sucesso de sua carreira como escritor inicia-se em 1892, quando estreia a peça *O Leque de Lady Windemere*, no St. James Theater de Londres. No mesmo ano, *Salomé*, peça de um ato escrita em francês sobre a morte de João Batista, tem sua encenação proibida por apresentar personagens bíblicos. Contudo, esta é bem recebida quando encenada em Paris e em Berlim no ano seguinte. Em 1893, a peça *Uma Mulher Sem Importância* é apresentada em Londres, obtendo grande sucesso. Em 1895, encenam-se *Um Marido Ideal* e *A Importância de Ser Prudente* em Londres, alcançando igual êxito.

Oscar Wilde é autor de outros ensaios, peças e contos, tais como *Vera*, ou *Os Niilistas* (1880), drama em cinco atos sobre o niilismo na Rússia; *A Duquesa de Pádua* (1883), tragédia escrita em Paris; *O Príncipe Feliz e Outras Histórias* (1888), livro de contos infantis; *O Retrato de Dorian Gray* (1890), único romance do autor sobre a arte, a vaidade e as manipulações humanas; *A Alma do Homem Sob o Socialismo* (1891), obra política publicada em revista

especializada (*Fortnightly Review*); *A Balada do Cárcere de Reading* (1898), poema cuja inspiração se baseia na execução do ex-sargento Charles T. Whoolridge na Prisão de Reading, entre outros.

Vale destacar aqui a publicação de *O crime de Lord Artur Saville e Outras Histórias*, livro de contos que misturam elementos de humor e mistério publicado em 1891, no qual está incluso, juntamente com mais quatro outros contos, "The Sphinx Without a Secret" (doravante, "A Esfinge Sem Segredo").

Em "A Esfinge Sem Segredo", Lord Murchison, nobre cavalheiro da aristocracia britânica, reencontra, em Paris, seu grande companheiro de longa data, o narrador-personagem cujo nome não é mencionado no conto. Ambos não se viam desde os tempos em que estudavam em Oxford. O narrador percebe que Murchison traz um aspecto mudado ("parecia em dúvida a respeito de algo") e pergunta se seu amigo já não havia se casado. Murchison responde da seguinte forma: "Não posso amar se não posso confiar". Ambos dirigem-se a um restaurante em Paris, onde Murchison relata sua estranha história de paixão por Lady Alroy, mulher com quem ele pretendia se casar e que representa, no conto, a figura feminina do enigma.

Constantemente envolta por uma aura de mistério, Lady Alroy demonstra-se inacessível às seduções de Murchison. Em um jantar, ela implora para que Murchison fale baixo, temendo ser ouvida. Na primeira vez em que ela consente uma visita ao rapaz, Lady Alroy encontra-se ausente. Em outra ocasião, ela aconselha Murchison a não lhe mandar cartas para o seu endereço comum, sem, todavia, explicar-lhe o porquê.

A aura de mistério é quebrada quando Lord Murchison encontra, ao acaso, Lady Alroy caminhando apressadamente e coberta por um espesso véu na Rua Cumnor. Sem ser notado, segue-a até a última casa da rua, na qual ela entra, deixando cair acidentalmente o lenço na soleira da porta. Murchison apanha-o, mas decide ir embora. A partir daí, ele começa a conjeturar o motivo que a levou àquela casa ("'Cá está o mistério', pensei comigo mesmo"). Formula, então, sua teoria sobre o mistério de Lady Alroy: "Às vezes, pensava que ela estava em poder de algum homem".

Em sua próxima visita a Lady Alroy, Murchison mostra-lhe o lenço, desmentindo-a ("'Alegra-me muito vê-lo' – ela disse. – 'Permaneci em casa o dia todo'"). Ela, porém, recusa o fato de que costumava encontrar-se com um homem à casa da Rua Cumnor, mesmo perante a insistência de Murchison para

que contasse a verdade. Furioso, ele retira-se de sua casa às pressas sem saber que nunca mais a veria novamente.

O conto termina com o narrador-personagem prestando sua contribuição à interpretação do mistério, o que acaba por abalar a “teoria da traição” que, até então, era vista como a única explicação plausível por Lord Murchison.

Diferentemente da concepção racional de mulher que imperava na literatura e na sociedade durante o período vitoriano do século XIX, a ideia do feminino retratada no conto já apresenta uma grande ruptura com os valores da época por meio da alusão à figura da esfinge, cujo corpo é composto por uma mistura de elementos humanos e animais.

3. Dificuldades Tradutológicas

Os aspectos que se destacam dentre as dificuldades com que o grupo se deparou foram as seguintes:

➤ **Termos franceses**

- i. “One afternoon I was sitting outside the *Cafe de la Paix* (...)”
- ii. “She looked like a *clairvoyante*, and was wrapped in rich furs.”
- iii. “I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find *ma belle inconnue*, (...)”

Comentários: Procuramos adotar um procedimento coerente em relação à tradução de tais termos. No caso de *clairvoyante*, seria preferível mantê-lo em francês, pois sua tradução diminuiria o significado pretendido no contexto do conto, com a função de transmitir certa noção de status da época – juntamente com a ideia de ar de mistério e elegância. Atualmente, na cultura popular, o termo em questão parece estar mais associado ao sentido de “clarividente”. Outra opção seria a escolha de termos mais elevados ou rebuscados no português, tais como “sacerdotisa” ou “pitonisa”. Por fim, escolhemos “pitonisa”. Mantivemos os nomes de lugares, como “*Café de la Paix*”, que neste caso está bem explícito e não requer nota de rodapé. Quanto o termo “*ma belle inconnue*”, procuramos manter, através do termo em outra língua, o ar de mistério pretendido, porém com uma nota de rodapé.

➤ **Títulos nobiliárquicos e pronomes de tratamento estrangeiros**

"I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison."

- i. "About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail."
- ii. "Finally the servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy."

Comentários: Decidimos manter todos no inglês, pois desta forma mantém-se a caracterização da nobreza da época.

➤ **Nomes próprios**

"'My dear Gerald,' I said, 'women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.'"

Comentários: Mantivemos *Gerald*, pois todo nome tem seu significado, especialmente em obras literárias, em que a escolha é, na maioria das vezes, proposital. Assim, adotamos um procedimento padronizado para todo o restante do texto. Esta é geralmente a opção preferível em traduções, exceto em Portugal, em que se opta sempre pela domesticação dos termos.

➤ **Nomes de logradouros e topônimos**

- i. "I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham;(...)"

Comentários: A escolha da tradução "*Rua Row*" para o termo em inglês "*Row*" ficaria um tanto redundante, devido ao significado de "*row*" (rua), embora esteja em letra maiúscula. Assim, uma opção foi colocar "*Savile Row*" e acrescentar uma nota de rodapé, explicando que "*Row*" se trata de uma requintada rua de alfaiates.

➤ **Peculiaridades históricas**

- i. "Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers;"

Comentários: O Parlamento do Reino Unido está localizado no Palácio de Westminster em Londres e caracteriza-se por ser o primeiro sistema parlamentar bicameral da Idade Moderna, criado em 1343. Lord Murchison, como seu próprio status indica, é membro da aristocracia britânica que compõe a *House of Lords*, uma das partes do Parlamento Inglês, também conhecida como "câmara alta". Desde o século XIX, a Casa dos Lordes começou a declinar e, em contrapartida, a perder seu poder para a *House of Commons*, também chamada de "câmara inferior". Daí o fato de Murchison ser naturalmente avesso à sua rival eleita. Assim, após várias discussões, optamos por *Câmara dos Comuns*. O narrador refere-se a Murchison como um inabalável "*tory*". Neste caso, optamos por simplesmente manter "conservador", porque assim evitamos que a tradução fique enfadonha demais por excesso de explicações.

➤ **Peculiaridades culturais e econômicas**

- i. "She was lying on a sofa, in a tea-gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore."
- ii. "She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then.' "
- iii. "I did not know what to say, so I gave her a sovereign and went away."

Comentários: Decidimos traduzir o termo "*tea-gown*" como "traje de chá", já que é interessante por trazer um dado da cultura inglesa, por se tratar de traje típico inglês utilizado durante os cerimoniosos chás vespertinos. Quanto a "guinéus" e "soberano", as moedas citadas, optamos pela tradução literal e sem nota explicativa para fins de conhecimento cultural da época retratada.

➤ **Palavras e frases de difícil tradução**

Os exemplos a seguir foram casos em que encontramos maiores dificuldades de escolha vocabular, estrutura linguística e adequação cultural. A escolha do grupo encontra-se na tradução final. Destacamos essas dificuldades apenas para fins pedagógicos:

- i. "One afternoon I was sitting outside the *Cafe de la Paix*, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard some one call my name."
- ii. "'She is the Gioconda in sables,' I answered. 'Let me know all about her.'"
- iii. "(...) and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet."
- iv. "He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair."
- v. "'I cannot love where I cannot trust,' he replied."
- vi. "Lady Alroy was simply a woman with a mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down, and imagining she was a heroine."
- vii. "He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story:"
- viii. "Why did chance put me in its track?"

ix. "Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon."

THE SPHINX WITHOUT A SECRET

by Oscar Wilde

One afternoon I was sitting outside the Cafe de la Paix, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard some one call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely, he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows, if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness. I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled, and seemed to be in

A ESFINGE SEM SEGREDO

De Oscar Wilde

Numa tarde, estava eu sentado na área externa do *Café de la Paix*, a contemplar o garbo e a penúria da vida parisiense ao sabor de um vermute, ponderando sobre o estranho panorama de ostentação e pobreza que desfilava diante de mim, quando ouvi alguém chamar o meu nome. Voltei-me e avistei Lord Murchison. Não nos víamos desde que estivéramos juntos na universidade, fazia quase dez anos, de modo que reencontrá-lo encheu-me de contentamento. Apertamos as mãos calorosamente. Em Oxford, fôramos grandes amigos. Eu gostava dele imensamente, pois era muito bonito, muito espirituoso e muito honesto. Costumávamos dizer dele que seria o melhor dos sujeitos, se não falasse sempre a verdade, mas penso que, na realidade, admirávamos mais justamente pela sua franqueza. Encontrei-o deveras mudado. Parecia ansioso, intrigado e em dúvida a respeito de algo. Senti que

doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern scepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet.

'I don't understand women well enough,' he answered.

'My dear Gerald,' I said, 'women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.'

'I cannot love where I cannot trust,' he replied.

'I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,' I exclaimed; 'tell me about it.'

'Let us go for a drive,' he answered, 'it is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other colour - there, that dark-green one will do;' and in a few moments we were trotting down the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine.

'Where shall we go to?' I said.

'Oh, anywhere you like!' he answered - 'to the restaurant in the Bois; we will dine there, and you shall tell me all about yourself.'

'I want to hear about you first,' I

não poderia ser o ceticismo moderno, pois Murchison era o mais ferrenho dos conservadores e acreditava no Pentateuco com a mesma firmeza que acreditava na Câmara dos Comuns. Por isso, concluí que havia aí uma mulher e perguntei-lhe se já se casara.

— Não compreendo bem as mulheres – respondeu.

— Meu caro Gerald – eu disse –, as mulheres foram feitas para serem amadas, não compreendidas.

— Não posso amar se não posso confiar – replicou.

— Creio que tens um mistério em tua vida, Gerald – exclamei. – Conta-me.

— Vamos a um passeio – respondeu.

— Há gente demais aqui. A carruagem amarela, não! Uma de qualquer outra cor... Aquela ali, a verde-escura serve.

Em poucos instantes, estávamos descendo a trote o bulevar em direção à Igreja de Madeleine.

— Para onde iremos? – perguntei.

— Oh, para onde quiseres! – respondeu. – Ao restaurante no *Bois*. Jantaremos lá e contar-me-ás tudo a teu respeito.

— Primeiro, quero saber de ti – eu

said. 'Tell me your mystery.'

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She looked like a clairvoyante, and was wrapped in rich furs.

'What do you think of that face?' he said; 'is it truthful?' I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of some one who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. Its beauty was a beauty moulded out of many mysteries - the beauty, in face, which is psychological, not plastic - and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

'Well,' he cried impatiently, 'what do you say?'

'She is the Gioconda in sables,' I answered. 'Let me know all about her.'

'Not now,' he said; 'after dinner;' and began to talk of other things.

When the waiter brought us

disse. - Conta-me o teu mistério.

Tirou do bolso uma pequena carteira de marroquim com fecho de prata e entregou-me. Abri-a. Dentro havia a fotografia de uma mulher. Era alta e esbelta e tinha um ar estranhamente pitoresco com seus grandes olhos enigmáticos e cabelos desafivelados. Parecia uma pitonisa envolta em ricas peles.

— O que achas desse semblante? - perguntou. - Demonstra confiança? Examinei a fotografia cuidadosamente. Aparentava-me o semblante de alguém que guardava um segredo, embora eu não soubesse dizer se este era bom ou ruim. Aquela beleza era moldada por muitos mistérios - uma beleza, de fato, mais psicológica do que plástica -, e aquele ténue sorriso que esboçava nos lábios era sutil demais para ser verdadeiramente doce.

— Bem - exclamou, impaciente -, o que me dizes?

— Ela é a Gioconda em vestes de luto - respondi. - Deixe-me saber tudo a respeito dela.

— Agora não; depois do jantar - ele disse, indo falar de outras coisas.

Quando o garçom trouxe-nos o café

our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald of his promise. He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story: -

'One evening,' he said, 'I was walking down Bond Street about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. I fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find *ma belle inconnue*, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream. About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. Dinner was for eight o'clock; but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room.

e o cigarro, lembrei a Gerald a sua promessa. Ele levantou-se da cadeira, caminhou duas ou três vezes ida e volta pelo salão e, afundando-se em uma poltrona, contou-me a seguinte história:

— Uma tarde – disse ele –, descia eu pela Rua Bond acerca das cinco horas. Houvera uma terrível colisão, e o tráfego estava quase imóvel. Próxima ao passeio, encontrava-se parada uma pequena berlinda amarela que, por uma ou outra razão, atraiu a minha atenção. Ao passar ao seu lado, vi surgir dela, colocando-se para fora, o semblante que lhe mostrei agora à tarde. Fascinou-me de imediato. Passei aquela noite inteira, e também o dia seguinte todo, a pensar nele. Desnortado, perambulei cá e acolá pela maldita Rua Saville², espreitando dentro de cada carruagem, à espera da berlinda amarela. Mas não consegui encontrar *ma belle inconnue*³, e afinal comecei a pensar que ela era um mero devaneio. Cerca de uma semana depois, estava a jantar com Madame de Rastail. O jantar estava marcado para as oito horas. Porém,

² Saville Row é uma famosa rua londrina conhecida desde o século XVII por suas finas alfaiatarias. No conto em inglês, ela é mencionada apenas como *Row* ("rua"), em maiúscula. [N. dos Ts.]

³ "Minha bela desconhecida".

Finally the servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moon-beam in grey lace, and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down I remarked quite innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy."

She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard."

I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was afraid of some one listening. I fell passionately, stupidly in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment,

já eram oito e meia e ainda estávamos aguardando na sala de visitas. Por fim, o mordomo abriu a porta e anunciou Lady Alroy. Era a mulher pela qual eu andava a procurar. Entrou vagarosamente, parecendo um raio de lua envolto em rendas cinzentas, e, para intenso deleite meu, pediram-me que a acompanhasse à sala de jantar. Após nos sentarmos, notei-lhe com grande ingenuidade:

— Creio que a avistei na Rua Bond há algum tempo, Lady Alroy.

Ela empalideceu muito e disse-me, em voz baixa:

— Por obséquio, não fales tão alto. Poderão ouvir-te.

Senti-me arrasado por ter começado tão mal e precipitei-me de forma imprudente a falar sobre peças francesas. Ela falava pouquíssimo, sempre com a mesma voz baixa e musical, e parecia como se temesse que alguém a estivesse ouvindo. Apaixonei-me ardorosa e estupidamente. A indefinível atmosfera de mistério que a cercava aguçava a minha mais ardente curiosidade. Quando ela estava de partida, logo após o jantar, perguntei-lhe se poderia visitá-la. Hesitou por um momento, olhou em derredor para ver se alguém

glanced round to see if any one was near us, and then said, "Yes; to-morrow at a quarter to five." I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane, and as some scientific bore began a dissertation of widows, as exemplifying the survival of the matrimonially fittest, I left and went home.

'The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told by the butler that Lady Alroy had just gone out. I went down to the club quite unhappy and very much puzzled, and after long consideration wrote her a letter, asking if I might be allowed to try my chance some other afternoon. I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a little note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four, and with this extraordinary postscript: "Please do not write to me here again; I will explain when I see you." On Sunday she received me, and was perfectly charming; but when I was going away she begged of me, if I ever had occasion to write

estava perto, e então disse:

— Sim, amanhã, às quinze para as cinco.

Roguei a Madame de Rastail para que me falasse sobre ela. Mas tudo quanto pude saber foi que ela era viúva e possuía uma bela casa na Alameda Park, e, como começava a discursar num enfadonho tom científico a respeito de viúvas, para exemplificar a sobrevivência dos matrimonialmente mais dignos, despedi-me e fui para casa.

No dia seguinte cheguei à Alameda Park pontualmente à ocasião, mas fui avisado pelo mordomo que Lady Alroy havia acabado de sair. Fui ao clube bastante desanimado e confuso, e após refletir longamente, escrevi-lhe uma carta perguntando se me seria permitido tentar a sorte nalguma outra tarde. Fiquei sem resposta por vários dias, mas, por fim, chegou-me um pequeno recado, dizendo-me que ela estaria em casa no domingo às quatro e com este extraordinário *post-scriptum*: "Por favor, não torne a escrever-me aqui. Explicar-te-ei quando o vir." No domingo, recebeu-me e estava perfeitamente encantadora. Mas quando eu ia embora, implorou-me para que, se eu tivesse a ocasião de escrever-lhe

to her again, to address my letter to "Mrs. Knox, care of Whittaker's Library, Green Street." "There are reasons," she said, " why I cannot receive letters in my own house." 'All through the season I saw a great deal of her, and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought that she was in the power of some man, but she looked so unapproachable that I could not believe it. It was really very difficult for me to come to any conclusion, for she was like one of those strange crystals that one sees in museums, which are at one moment clear, and at another clouded. At last I determined to ask her to be my wife: I was sick and tired of the incessant secrecy that she imposed on all my visits, and on the few letters I sent her. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was infatuated with her: in spite of the mystery, I thought then - in consequence of it, I see now. No; it was the woman herself I loved. The mystery troubled me, maddened me.

novamente, encaminhasse a minha carta para "Sra. Knox, aos cuidados da Biblioteca de Whittaker, Rua Green."

— Há motivos – disse ela – por eu não poder receber cartas em minha própria casa.

Durante toda a temporada vi-a amiúde, e a atmosfera de mistério nunca a deixava. Às vezes pensava que ela estava em poder de algum homem, mas ela parecia tão inacessível que eu não podia acreditar naquilo. Era realmente muito difícil para eu chegar a qualquer conclusão, pois ela era como um desses estranhos cristais que se veem nos museus e que são, num momento, claros, e noutro, obscuros. Por fim, resolvi pedir-lhe em casamento. Já estava apoquentado daquele incessante segredo que ela impunha a todas as minhas visitas e às poucas cartas que lhe mandei. Escrevi-lhe para a biblioteca, perguntando-lhe se poderia ver-me na segunda-feira seguinte, às seis. Respondeu que sim. T tamanha foi a minha alegria que fui elevado ao sétimo céu. Estava encantado por ela, apesar do mistério, pensava eu então... Em consequência dele, agora eu entendo. Não, era a mulher em si

Why did chance put me in its track?'

'You discovered it, then?' I cried.

'I fear so,' he answered. 'You can judge for yourself.'

'When Monday came round I went to lunch with my uncle, and about four o'clock found myself in the Marylebone Road. My uncle, you know, lives in Regent's Park. I wanted to get to Piccadilly, and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, took out a latch-key, and let herself in. "Here is the mystery," I said to myself; and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for letting lodgings. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief, which she had dropped. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I came to the conclusion that I had no right to spy on her, and I drove down to the club. At six I called to see her.

que eu amava. O mistério perturbava-me, enlouquecia-me. Por que o acaso colocou-me no rastro desse mistério?

— Pois então, descobriste-o? — exclamei.

— Temo que sim — respondeu. — Julga por ti mesmo.

Quando chegou a segunda-feira, fui almoçar com o meu tio e, acerca das quatro horas, encontrava-me na Rua de Marylebone. Como sabes, o meu tio mora em Regent's Park. Eu queria chegar a Piccadilly e, tomando um atalho, adentrei-me por ruelas miseráveis. De repente, avistei à minha frente Lady Alroy, coberta com um espesso véu e caminhando muito depressa. Ao chegar à última casa da rua, subiu os degraus, retirou do bolso uma chave e entrou. "Cá está o mistério", disse a mim mesmo e apressei-me em examinar a casa. Parecia um tipo de casa de aluguel. Na soleira da porta, jazia o lenço que ela deixara cair. Apanhei-o e coloquei-o no bolso. Depois comecei a pensar no que deveria fazer. Cheguei à conclusão de que eu não tinha o direito de espioná-la, e então me dirigi ao clube. Às seis, pedi-lhes para que me deixassem vê-la. Estava recostada no sofá, em um traje de

She was lying on a sofa, in a tea-gown of silver tissue looped up by some strange moonstones that she always wore. She was looking quite lovely. "I am so glad to see you," she said; "I have not been out all day." I stared at her in amazement, and pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. "You dropped this in Cumnor Street this afternoon, Lady Alroy," I said very calmly. She looked at me in terror, but made no attempt to take the handkerchief.

"What were you doing there?" I asked. "What right have you to question me?" she answered. "The right of a man who loves you," I replied; "I came here to ask you to be my wife." She hid her face in her hands, and burst into floods of tears. "You must tell me," I continued. She stood up, and, looking me straight in the face, said, "Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you." - "You went to meet some one," I cried; "this is your mystery." She grew dreadfully white, and said, "I went to meet no one," - "Can't you tell the truth?" I exclaimed. "I have told it," she replied. I was mad, frantic; I don't know what I said,

chá de fazenda prateada adornado de algumas pedras lunares muito estranhas que ela costumava usar. Possuía uma aparência adorabilíssima.

— Alegra-me muito vê-lo – ela disse.
– Permaneci em casa o dia todo.

Encarei-a, estupefato e, tirando o lenço do meu bolso, entreguei-lhe.

— Deixaste cair isto na Rua Cumnor hoje à tarde, Lady Alroy – disse eu, muito calmamente.

Ela olhou-me, horrorizada, mas não empregou nenhum esforço em apanhar o lenço.

— O que fazias ali? – indaguei.

— Que direito tens de questionar-me? – replicou.

— O direito de um homem que a ama – respondi-lhe. – Vim aqui para pedi-la em casamento.

Escondeu o rosto nas mãos e desfez-se em muitas lágrimas.

— Deves contar-me – prossegui.

Ela levantou-se e, fitando-me o rosto, disse:

— Lord Murchison, não há nada a contar-lhe.

— Fostes encontrar-te com alguém – exclamei. – Eis o teu mistério.

Ela ficou horrivelmente pálida e disse:

— Não fui encontrar-me com ninguém!

but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day; I sent it back unopened, and started for Norway with Alan Colville.

After a month I came back, and the first thing I saw in the Morning Post was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera, and had died in five days of congestion of the lungs. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much, I had loved her so madly. good god! how I had loved that woman!

'You went to the street, to the house in it?' I said.

'Yes,' he answered.

'One day I went to Cumnor Street. I could not help it; I was tortured with doubt. I knocked at the door, and a respectable-looking woman opened it to me. I asked her if she had any rooms to let. "Well, sir," she replied, "the drawing-rooms are supposed to be let; but I have not seen the lady for three months, and as rent is owing on them, you can have

— Não podes dizer-me a verdade? – exclamei.

— Já a disse – replicou.

Fiquei louco, furioso. Não sei o que eu disse a ela, mas foram coisas terríveis. Por fim, retirei-me de sua casa às pressas. Ela escreveu-me uma carta no dia seguinte. Retornei-lhe, intacta, e parti para a Noruega com Alan Colville. Regressei um mês depois, e a primeira coisa que vi no *Correio da Manhã* foi a notícia da morte de Lady Alroy. Contraíra um resfriado na ópera e morrera, em cinco dias, de congestão pulmonar. Permaneci em reclusão e não vi mais ninguém. Tinha amado-a muito, loucamente! Ó Deus, o quanto eu amara aquela mulher!

— E fostes à casa naquela rua? – eu disse.

— Sim – respondeu. – Um dia, fui à rua Cumnor. Não pude evitar, pois a dúvida torturava-me. Bati à porta, e uma mulher de aparência respeitável abriu-a para mim. Perguntei-lhe se tinha quartos para alugar.

— Bem, senhor – disse ela –, as salas de visitas podem ser alugadas. Porém, não tenho visto a senhora há três meses, e como os alugueis se acumulam, poderás alugá-las.

them." - "Is this the lady?" I said, showing the photograph. "That's her, sure enough," she exclaimed; "and when is she coming back, sir?" - "The lady is dead," I replied. "Oh, sir, I hope not!" said the woman; "she was my best lodger. She paid me three guineas a week merely to sit in my drawing-rooms now and then." - "She met some one here?" I said; but the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone, and saw no one.

"What on earth did she do here?" I cried. "She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea," the woman answered. I did not know what to say, so I have her a sovereign and went away. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don't believe the woman was telling the truth?

'I do.'

'Then why did Lady Alroy go there?'

'My dear Gerald,' I answered, 'Lady Alroy was simply a woman with a mania for mystery. She took these rooms for the pleasure

— É esta a senhora? – eu disse, mostrando-lhe a fotografia.

— É ela mesma, com toda a certeza! – exclamou. – Quando ela voltará, senhor?

— A senhora morreu – respondi.

— Oh, meu senhor, não creio! – disse a mulher. – Ela era a minha melhor inquilina. Pagava-me três guinéus por semana simplesmente para vir sentar-se, vez ou outra, nas minhas salas de visitas.

— Ela encontrava-se com alguém aqui? – perguntei, mas a mulher assegurou-me do contrário, que ela sempre vinha sozinha e não via ninguém.

— Mas o que então fazia ela aqui? – exclamei.

— Ela simplesmente sentava-se na sala, meu senhor, lendo livros e às vezes tomava chá – a mulher respondeu.

Não sabia o que dizer, então lhe dei um soberano e parti. Agora, o que achas sobre o significado de tudo isso? Crês mesmo que a mulher estava a dizer a verdade?

— Creio.

— Então por que Lady Alroy ia lá?

— Meu caro Gerald – respondi –, Lady Alroy era simplesmente uma mulher com mania de mistério. Ocupava aqueles cômodos pelo

of going there with her veil down, and imagining she was a heroine. She had a passion for secrecy, but she herself was merely a Sphinx without a secret.'

'Do you really think so?'

'I am sure of it,' I replied.

He took out the morocco case, opened it, and looked at the photograph.

'I wonder?' he said at last.

prazer de lá ir, de rosto velado e imaginando ser uma heroína. Era apaixonada por segredos, mas ela própria era uma mera esfinge sem segredo.

— Achas mesmo?

— Absolutamente – respondi.

Ele retirou a carteira de marroquim, abriu-a e olhou a fotografia.

— Seria possível? – disse ele, enfim.

Referências da internet

<http://pt.wikipedia.org>



Literature



SHORT CUTS: Prisoners of Life

Roberto Candido Francisco¹

Abstract: In this article, formal and thematic aspects of Robert Altman's movie *Short Cuts*, as well as their interrelations, are analyzed. In order to assemble the movie's multifocal, multiplot and multiprotagonist mosaic narrative, Altman resorted to formal devices such as spatiotemporal connections, retardation of time and visual motifs. This intricately intertwined fragmented structure is employed to chronicle the suburban middle class of Los Angeles, depicting its people's lives in a social cobweb of random influence and intersection while an extensive array of themes are dealt with. However, the major theme in Altman's masterpiece is middle class complacency and mediocrity, i.e., its impotence before life or lack of will leading to vicious spirals of repetition and maintenance of the *status quo* of these prisoners of life. This impotence or impossibility to change their numb maelstrom of death in life would arguably be attributable to their lack of both conscience of class and economic power; thus, *Short Cuts'* non-plot ends with most characters' lives having undergone no substantial change.

Keywords: literature, cinema, narrative, change, Robert Altman, Short Cuts.

1. Preamble

"The proper stuff of fiction" does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss. And if we can imagine the art of fiction come alive and standing in our midst, she would undoubtedly bid us break her and bully her, as well as honour and love her, for so her youth is renewed and her sovereignty assured.

Virginia Woolf

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Woolf's words echoes in one's mind when *Short Cuts*, Robert Altman's 1993 movie inspired by nine short stories and a poem by Raymond Carver, is taken into consideration regarding its formal and thematic threads that bring together its *mosaic narrative*. This patchwork-like narrative is Altman's particular way of telling stories and, after *Short Cuts*, defined what is called the *altmanesque* genre; a multifocal, multiplot, multiprotagonist film. His peculiar style is put at work in a movie that certainly eludes the definition of "the proper stuff of fiction" and, at the time, surely broke and bullied the art of fiction. It deals with the American suburban middle class of Los Angeles and ignores the social extremes of the rich and of the poor, displaying a non-plot which presents the day-to-day lives of apparently unconnected people through prosaic scenes of their existences.

Hegel said that the novel is the epic of the prosaic modern world⁴, a definition also appropriate for *Short Cuts*. According to Solange Grossi, its multifocal narrative allows a structural overview of the socio historical relations of the many characters and stories, proving them to be interconstituted by the sum of their viewpoints – which is characteristic of the epic form in opposition to the dramatic form (2010, p.17-19). The lives of these characters – which are more like stereotypical figures, idiosyncratic though not subjective – are shown, at first, as unconnected and unrelated; nevertheless, as the story develops, links are given that form a social web of random influence and intersection proper to modern globalized society, of which only the public is sometimes aware.

2. The Face of the Sphinx

At the beginning of the movie, Altman resorts to a formal device to establish the temporal and spatial connections between the characters. This device is in the form of helicopters that spray a pesticide called Malathion over the city of Los Angeles to allegedly control a medfly infestation. Thus, all characters, each in a different location, but at the same time, are subject to see, hear, or even feel the event – except for those at the concert and for the Finnigans, who are watching Howard's editorial about it on television. This same device was used by Virginia Woolf in her novel *Mrs Dalloway* for the

⁴ Eagleton, 2005, p. 6.

same effect, according to Eagleton:

Characters at the beginning of *Mrs Dalloway* are linked by seeing the same motor car or aeroplane, but while this points to the interwovenness of apparently separate lives in the modern city, it is also a kind of irony. Like the men on the lighter in *Nostramo*, bringing together different characters in this deliberately arbitrary, external way also shows up just how isolated from each other they actually are, sharing the same experiences from quite different perspectives. (2005, p. 319-29)

Hence, the same effect of irony is also achieved by Altman. Additionally, with this device, in both Altman's and Woolf's cases, another purpose is served, which is the time lag. This retardation is brought about by the ebb and flow of short cut-off scenes of the characters' lives intertwined, sewn by the scenes of the helicopters. This is another of Altman's peculiarities, which is adopted along with and because of his multiplot narratives, as observed by Azcona:

Altman's particular way of telling stories overemphasizes and amplifies the retardation of narrative development which is almost intrinsic to most multi-protagonist narratives – since they have to shift between a multiplicity of characters and narrative lines – by introducing constant digressions and pauses in the narrative flow. (2011, p. 142-3)

Besides these, other resources keep this fragmented narrative suitably assembled in relation to its formal traits; these resources support the construction of meaning out of the short scenes, which are not just in an accidental sequence, but are carefully juxtaposed to convey meaning that, alone, they would lack. One of these resources that give cohesion and deeper significance is the use of visual motifs, graphical patterns that 'rhyme' one scene with another – as in the scene in which a glass of milk is offered to Casey, who had been hit by a car, and, as it is left on the nightstand, is zoomed in, being followed by a cut to another scene zoomed in a TV set playing a scene with a glass of milk overturning and pouring in a campaign to warn about the risks of accidents, foreshadowing the tragedy of the Finnegans. Another resource is the crafty utilization of transitions, which relate scenes by visual aspects, dialogue content, sound and music, for instance, and provokes complementary effects of similarity, contrast and parallelism, therefore enhancing meaning. Furthermore, the resourceful employment of sound also contributes to this rich, multilayered work of art, with the overlapping within a scene and in

transitions of various tracks like speech, music, external noise and that of the ubiquitous TVs, which connect scenes, illustrate the thesis of the movie and serve as disguised commentaries on society. For example, in the aforementioned sequence, before the scene of the milk, when Howard, in the TV studio, tells his wife by the phone that he will call a doctor while an ambulance is shown on a TV screen behind him and its siren pierces the public's hearing; the siren continues, with its ominous low noise, through the scene in which Casey's mother desperately hugs his inert body, connecting the police sirens of the accident warning with the pouring milk on the TV in Doreen's house in the next scene, when she and Earl discuss her hitting a boy (Casey) with her car.

3. Prisoners of Life

In *Short Cuts*, an extensive array of themes are dealt with, in a major or minor scope: violence, sex, death, adultery, banality, alcoholism, misogyny, marital crisis, ecology, social immobility, consumerism, escapism, otherness and whatnot. Some of these themes are commented on by Tess Trainer's jazz songs throughout the movie; the public is enlightened and delighted by their lyrics, while the narrative is granted cohesion, poetical beauty and thought-provoking depth. One of these songs is especially representative of a feeling that seems to permeate the lives of the movie's panoply of figures. The song, which sets a gloomy tone for the movie from the beginning, is *Prisoner of Life*:

*If you're looking for a rainbow
You know there's gonna be some rain
One minute you're filled with happiness
Next minute there's nothing but pain*

*When you're a prisoner
And I'm a prisoner
I'm a prisoner of life*

*One day your man is here
The next day he's walked out and gone
But no matter what happens
You simply somehow gotta carry on*

*When you're a prisoner
And I'm a prisoner
I'm a prisoner of life*

*Life's good, it's bad, it's somewhere in between
But it's the unexpected and the uncertainty
That keeps us goin'
You know what I mean*

*Yesterday you owned the world
The next day the world owns you
One day everything's a lie
The next day you swear it's all true*

*That's what happens when you're a prisoner
And I'm a prisoner
I'm a prisoner of life*

Many of these figures, representing the American suburban middle class in general, are prisoners of a life to which they have adjusted, even having little or no satisfaction. They dwell on a trauma of the past, which molds their unhappy and inescapable present and renders them 'going through the motions', with no plans for the future⁵. Their middle class complacency seems to keep them from achieving that future as they spin aimlessly, without a project, just coping and dealing with "the unexpected and the uncertainty" when they are presented so that their mediocre *status quo*, their 'safety blanket', is maintained. This is reflected in the movie's lack of resolution of the character's conflicts. This non-developing kind of story, that is a deviation of the traditional concept of plot structure, is defined as a *non-plot*, in which

[a]s histórias mantêm-se estáticas, sem um arco. As cargas de valores da condição de vida da personagem no final do filme são virtualmente idênticas às do início. A história dissolve-se em retratos. Apesar de eles nos informarem, tocarem-nos e terem sua própria retórica ou estrutura formal, eles não contam uma história. Ficam num reino que inclui tudo o que pode ser vagamente descrito como "narrativa". (McKee, 2006, p. 66 apud Grossi, 2010, p. 30-31)

Although showered with pesticide and shaken by the very Earth, they just keep going, unchanged and non-developed, in their prosaic, ant-like path to oblivion.

3.1. Fool's Gold

⁵ This is partially explained by the mentality of catastrophe of the people of Los Angeles, who are always expecting 'the big one', the strongest and most destructive earthquake and projecting the fulfillment of their aspirations in their offspring, as argued by Grossi (2010, p. 112-7).

*Eu devia estar contente
Porque eu tenho um emprego
Sou um dito cidadão respeitável
E ganho quatro mil cruzeiros por mês...
(...)*

*E você ainda acredita
Que é um doutor, padre ou policial
Que está contribuindo com sua parte
Para o nosso belo quadro social...*

*Eu que não me sento
No trono de um apartamento
Com a boca escancarada, cheia de dentes
Esperando a morte chegar...*

Excerpts from *Ouro de Tolo* by Raul Seixas

Middle class mediocrity, as redundant as it may sound, is indeed a defining trait of most characters in *Short Cuts*. They seem to be defined by their jobs and/or social position and function; these roles, as well as all pertaining blunders and whatsoever, set them in a spiral of repetition to exhaustion, which has them in perennial cycles of meaningless jobs and meaningless lives and, most of all, crippling past woes, traumas and minute trifles redux. For all this situation, a feeling of inexorable humdrum, of world-weariness, of boredom is instilled in the characters and in the public, for one knows life is like that and is not surprised to see it mirrored in the movie; one shares Doreen's velleity that some life-changing event occurs – some of these events, in the movie as in real life, exceptionally and eventually, do happen, for the better or, generally, for the worse.

This isolated and alienated middle class unconsciously and silently suffers this depressive condition, impotent to escape this serene maelstrom of death in life. This impotence, which results in social immobility, comes from the fact that they have neither conscience of class as the lower layers in the social pyramid nor the economic power of the wealthy, which renders them isolated, without any possibility of significant changes, only attainable by the collectivity, as argued by Grossi:

Pensamos que o fato de nada mudar (pelo menos nada de muito significativo) ao final da narrativa de *Short Cuts* demonstra que não ocorrerão mudanças na sociedade se depender dessa classe flutuante e sem consciência de classe. Isso porque as pessoas a ela pertencentes acreditam na ideologia do *self-made man*, ou

seja, a ideologia de que esforço, trabalho e força de vontade individuais são suficientes para mudar (individualmente, claro) suas condições de vida. (2010, p. 92).

On the other hand, Azcona imparts to haphazard chance the paramount force of handicapping lives in *Short Cuts* when she states that

serendipity, rather than causality, is the ruling agency in *Short Cuts*. The role of human individual agency that is so frequently championed in other texts becomes seriously compromised in a film in which individuals are constantly at the mercy of external circumstances, and where their determination and will plays second fiddle to other uncontrollable forces. Rather than the makers of their own destinies, human beings in *Short Cuts* are the puppets of chance, coping with the circumstances and reacting to what happens to them. (2011, p.149)

Thus, this impotence to change one's life would be primarily due to the whims of destiny.

Whatever the reasons for their impotence before life are – social, economic or circumstantial – the fact remains, however, that, by the end of the movie, most characters' lives have undergone no substantial change; not even the traumatic events that take place, like the murder or the earthquake, seem to shock anymore or make any difference in the flow of such repetitive, boring and emotionally numb lives. The film's denouement is ended, but their stories are not closed – life goes on in complacency and mediocrity, unlike that Raul Seixas' song.

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The *Estrangement Effects* in Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*

Erica Coutinho⁶

Abstract: The aim of the present article is to understand how *estrangement effects* are used by Charles Chaplin in his film *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947), and how they contribute to its overall theses. With a macabre humor, Chaplin portrays a society that was going through changes, ruled by the dominance of profit over human needs, economic chaos, damages caused by wartime, and, in a special way, the resulting subject molded by that era. Chaplin, by using the Brechtian technique of the *estrangement effect*, brings the audience to question and even criticize the social realities of the situations portrayed in the film. It is according to such theoretical concept that some of its scenes are analyzed in this essay, and therefore, its contributions to the general theses of *Monsieur Verdoux* are presented.

Keywords: Charles Chaplin, Bertolt Brecht, *estrangement effect*, cinema, literature, wartime.

Monsieur Verdoux (1947) is regarded as a black comedy film directed by Charlie Chaplin, in which he played the protagonist Henri Verdoux, an unemployed French bank clerk who develops a sociopathic and polemical way to make a living. The film also deals with some of the Brechtian theoretical concepts for the drama in relation to the epic theater. In the present essay, the *estrangement effects* will be more carefully examined while considering and analyzing some of the scenes of Chaplin's movie, and observing how they contribute to its overall theses.

Sir Charles Spencer 'Charlie' Chaplin (1889-1977) was an English film director, comic actor, and composer famous for his works during the silent

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movie era. Owner of a creative personality, Chaplin used mime and slapsticks in the films, also starring in movies in the era of the talkies.

In the 1940s, Chaplin interacted and becomes friends with some of the German refugees living in an immigrant community in Hollywood, such as Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht and Lion Feuchtwanger, and with American leftists such as Clifford Odets and Donald Stewart. According to Maland⁷, it was during this period and with such acquaintances that Chaplin's progressive, antifascist political and social views were shaped. Ultimately, his identification with the Left forced him to resettle in Europe in the 1950s, during the McCarthy era.

Monsieur Verdoux was considered by critics to be a deviation from the usual kind of feature films Chaplin had been making. Its comedy is different and not as evident as in Chaplin's earlier films, such as *Modern Times* (1936) and *The Great Dictator* (1940). As Maland later stated, "the film is essentially devoid of romance and pathos."⁸ Chaplin, in this film, plays Henri Verdoux, who worked faithfully during three decades as a bank clerk, but was eventually fired because of the Great Depression. In order to support his son and his handicapped wife, he creates a new way to make a living: using his charm and gallantry, he seduces wealthy women, marries them for their money, and then kills them. His new job makes clear references to Perrault's Bluebeard literary folktale, which is the tale of a nobleman who killed all the women he married.

During the movie, Verdoux kills two of his wives, fails to kill another, Annabella (Martha Raye), and after some misadventures, fails to marry the elderly Marie Grosnay (Isobel Elsom). Later in the story, he loses both his fortune that he had accumulated in a stock market collapse, and his family, one after the other. As he knows the police are on his trail, he decides to follow his "destiny" and turns himself in to the authorities. After his trial and talking to a journalist in his cell, Verdoux pronounces in his own defense that "numbers sanctify", that is, killing a few people was the only way he found to survive, and it didn't bring so much destruction when compared to the mass murders caused by war, and that it would be unjust for him to be considered a criminal

⁷ MALAND, C. "Monsieur Verdoux and the Cold War: Irreconcilable Differences" In Maland, C., *Chaplin and American Culture*. New Jersey: Princeton University, 1989.

⁸ *Ibidem*, p.232.

while a “murderous soldier is honored as a hero.”⁹ Nevertheless, he was found guilty and then was sent to the guillotine.

The idea for script of the film was given by Orson Welles, being a loose fictionalization of the life of the famous French murderer Henri Desiré Landru, who deceived and killed 10 women between 1915 and 1919, and was guillotined in 1921. It’s said that Chaplin bought the script from him and rewrote it.

Differently from his other earlier movies, *Monsieur Verdoux* was poorly received in America in its first premiere. Critics did not seem to enjoy and approve it, and the audiences, in the late 1940s, were unwilling to laugh at Verdoux’s cruelties.

The humor in this Chaplin’s movie is macabre, often originating from Verdoux’s attempts to accomplish his murders. Verdoux, himself, could be considered as “a paradox of virtue and vice.” Chaplin here presents two sets of disturbing moral perspectives, as Maland¹⁰ would claim: society’s values and those of Verdoux. Society values were ruled by the primacy of profit over human needs, economic chaos and destructions caused by wartime. On the other hand, Verdoux’s values seem to be a result of those of society. As a victim of this competitive society and the depression, in a decision born out of desperation, he becomes a murderer himself, justifying his public actions by his personal hard times. Thus, the audience is given no comforting moral perspective, contrarily to what had happened in his previous movies. In this film, social forces also determine the fate of the protagonist, who can be considered a hero and a villain at the same time.

Therefore, Chaplin violates his aesthetic contract, discarding Charlie and trading him for Verdoux, and the conventions of Hollywood cinema, since viewers were accustomed to seeing their heroes opposed to villains, with the heroes generally accomplishing their goals. It was a Hollywoodian tendency to treat individual characters and not social forces, as the causal agents in the narratives, and as has already been observed, this is not what happens here. Hence, Chaplin summarizes in it Brecht’s ideal for epic theater, that is, drama should not only represent individual inter-human relations, but also the social determinants of these relations, and man can only be comprehended in and through the processes in which he exists. Brechtian theater does not intend to

⁹ *Ibidem*, p.231.

¹⁰ *Ibidem*.

show only the human nature of an individual, but also collective human relations. What really matters is the story, not the characters. The story is the sequence of events that is the social experiment, which allows the interplay of social forces, from which we have the lesson of the play emerging.

Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* was received with many negative reviews, what indicates, as Maland¹¹ says, that most American reviewers were becoming less likely to encourage or accept social criticism in films. The film was criticized for its message and for not being like his earlier ones. The few reviewers who approved his work were those on the left. According to d'Usseau, who made the most thoughtful defense, "Verdoux is the 'completely integrated' bourgeois citizen, shaped by capitalist society to behave as he does."¹² In portraying as a central character a murderer who justify his crimes by criticizing capitalism, and releasing the film at a period when the dominant American ideology defended capitalism as the only viable alternative to communism, Chaplin would certainly have to deal with trouble and strong criticism in the United States.

Monsieur Verdoux as a comedy film also presents some gag scenes; not very much appreciated by some of his reviewers. The way of counting his wives' stacks of bank notes with a professional speed, shows both his previous experience as a bank teller, and also his cold conniving manner, with no feelings or resentments regarding his recently dead wives; the episode in which Martha Raye's maid loses her hair by the misplacement of the poison on the bathroom sink, which she uses on her hair inadvertently as a cosmetic; the way Chaplin attempts to kill Martha Raye in the boat scene and clumsily fails, or even when he does acrobatics at the wedding in order to hide from Raye, are some of the examples of gags in the film.

One of the strongest principles of the epic theater of Brecht in *Monsieur Verdoux* is the so-called *estrangement effect*. Although some of the practices of the epic theater had long been used, Bertolt Brecht unified, developed and popularized them. The epic theater was a reaction against the popular forms of theater, especially naturalistic forms. Brecht disapproved of manipulative plots, full of exacerbated emotions. One of the main goals of the epic theater is to

¹¹ *Ibidem*.

¹² *Ibidem*, p.244.

make the audience always aware that what they are watching is a play, a mere representation of real life.

The German concept *Verfremdungseffekt* or *V-effekt* can be translated as "defamiliarization effect", "distancing effect", or "estrangement effect", and often mistranslated as "alienation effect". The concept is able to be effectively translated as the 'making strange effect' and it attempts exactly that: to make everyday events or objects seem something epic, grand, or just to make the familiar strange, to denaturalize what is natural in the image. This Brechtian technique 'estranges' the audience and forces them to question the social realities of the situations being presented in the play. Brecht could only achieve this by breaking the illusion created by conventional plays, which for him was a form of escapism and did not challenge the audience. Brecht thought that an emotional distance must be maintained, and only through this would the viewers be able to criticize the struggle between the characters and understand the social realities of the narrative. This important Brechtian concept in modern drama can be frequently seen in *Monsieur Verdoux*.

One of the very first scenes in the film shows Verdoux in a house in Southern France, carefully pruning some rose bushes in the garden, and even taking care not to step on a caterpillar, treating the small animal with delicacy, while it is possible for us to see some heavy smoke in the sky. Neighbors comment that Verdoux's incinerator has been burning for the last three days. The viewers that have been previously introduced to his criminal personality at the beginning of the film soon conclude that the smoke is the only thing left of his deceased wife's body. It's a very shocking scene for the viewers and makes them think, because at first sight, it seems an innocent and common scene of daily life, and Verdoux, as an apparent lover of nature, who avoids even killing an insect, would be considered a person un able to harm anyone; but this is not the truth. However, he doesn't seem to see himself as a murderer, yet considers his "crimes" as a way to make a living. This explains why he is able to act as if nothing extraordinary had happened, in a cold, indifferent way. Even the background music being played contributes to this effect, since it's not a suspense or dramatic music, but rather lively.

Another scene that makes the audience think is in the part of the film in which Verdoux visits one of his wives, Lydia Floray (Margareth Hoffman), the most resentful one and who seems not to trust him very much. In this part of

the film, he lies to her, frightening her about a financial crisis and makes her withdraw all her money and keep it safe at home. Before going to bed together, he stops and gazes out at the moonlight, a very lyrical scene before he enters the bedroom. The audience does not see what happens during the night, but hears music that builds up suspense. The next morning, Verdoux awakes early, with the box of money in the hands and sets a breakfast table for two. While doing this, he suddenly stops, and quickly puts away one of the cups. This produces an estrangement effect since it de-automatizes a common natural action: they are a 'couple' and it would be natural for two people having breakfast. However, it makes us reason and reach a conclusion: Verdoux was so worried about his business and was getting so used to killing his other wives that it might have become something natural and ordinary, and murder would even be something which could be forgotten. So, he could have murdered his wife and forgotten it, since it was no big deal for him, or, his behavior could have been something intentional, like a theater cue, in order to show the viewers that Verdoux had already murdered his wife, in case this was something the viewers were wondering about.

A scene that may also attract our attention is that which takes place at Verdoux's house, when he goes back to see his wife and child, and while they're waiting for their guests and dinner to be ready, he sees his son playing with the cat, pulling its tail. Verdoux, very serious, tells him off immediately, saying that his boy is hurting the cat. He then says that the boy has a cruel vein and wonders who he had taken after, and finishes by saying: "violence begins violence". The audience knows Verdoux's personality, and therefore knows that the boy is being just like his father. Verdoux's wondering may even seem cynical. "Violence begins violence" is exactly what happens with him: the "violent" and mean society had developed the protagonist's character towards cruelty, almost like a cyclical event.

The *estrangement effect* in the film is very much present in scenes linked with Verdoux's relationship with his wives and crimes. The effect is generally caused by his apparent indifference after committing a murder and by the normality it represents for him, which is not expected by the audience, since it was usual in films that the villains portrayed would recognize themselves as being mean, and crime scenes were shown as shocking, detached, clearly separating them from the rest of the narrative, and would

never be considered something ordinary. Therefore, in *Monsieur Verdoux*, what is intended to be shown is the trivialization of evil, cynicism, and slaughter as a legitimate political tool in society at that time, and we can deduce, as Agee, Macdonald and Sarris¹³ state in their review that Chaplin was attacking “capitalism, war, business ethics, family solidarity, bourgeois morality.” Verdoux’s criminal acts become mechanical ones, like following an order or performing a task. Yet Verdoux is not depicted as being malevolent; on the contrary, he is very sympathetic and even wins the viewer’s affection. He was not only a murderer but actually, a tragic character, a symbol of his time, of the rise of new world order, and also a critique of it.

Other elements of the epic theater of Brecht, as described by Anatol Rosenfeld¹⁴, can also be observed. Some of the “distancing” resources that are employed in the film are the use of irony in the narrative; the presence of the narrator and of the past time, at the very beginning of the film, when Verdoux is a “dead narrator”, and introduces the story of his life as history. There is also an interesting scene in the film, almost at the end, when Verdoux calls Mme. Grosnay from the florist’s, telling her, very seductively, that he needs to meet her immediately, and after hanging up, he stares at the camera and winks at the viewers, almost undetected, as if he was sharing with us his intentions towards her, and by our previous shared knowledge of his crimes, we already know what his intentions are, differently from the florist, who sees it just as gallantry. This way of the actor interacting and directly addressing the audience again reconfirms that what they are watching is only fiction, not reality.

It’s possible to conclude that Chaplin in *Monsieur Verdoux* uses some of the theoretical concepts developed by Brecht regarding the epic theater, especially the *estrangement effect*, which by making the audience stop and consciously reason about the scenes, sometimes shocked by the protagonist’s cruelties, cynicism and indifference, contributes to its ideas on society, politics and morality of modern times.

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¹⁴ ROSENFELD, A. “O teatro épico de Brecht” In *O teatro épico*. São Paulo: Perspectiva, 2000.

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The Love Song of T.S. Eliot.

Sofia Nestrovski¹

Abstract: T.S. Eliot was an overpowering cultural figure during his lifetime and, to some extent, even after it. His critical works were highly influential, however, at times, his statements seem to be contradicted by his poetry. In his first-published poem, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, Eliot presents what appears to be a new take on Romanticism, a movement which he harshly criticized.

Keywords: T.S. Eliot; Modernism; Romanticism; Love Song; 20th Century Poetry; Tradition.

Unlike 'Romanticism', the term 'Modernism' does not correspond to a specific aesthetic project, but rather, it embodies a great number of different propositions. Modern poetry is a category that places itself in art history asking a question that received more than one answer: should art preserve past traditions, or should it break with them? Should poetry turn aggressively against its past, opening grounds for a future where a different art, more true and meaningful than what was before would show itself? Up to what point must a poet acknowledge all that has already been said, and face the impossibility of novelty?

Ezra Pound (1885 – 1972) suggested that poetry should "make it new": not to make *something* new, but an *it*. His poetic work determines for itself the mission of carrying culture onward, through translation and quotation, defending that an artistic past is communicable, and that this communication is worthwhile. He dismisses the *vulgo* in order to identify himself with a higher art form. In a controversial mindset, he wished to place himself in an unambiguous category of 'high art', dismissing mass culture. While T.S. Eliot agreed with him so far as the preoccupation with a 'high art' goes, his relation to the past gains a different shade of irony, differentiating it from Pound's work. Eliot's identification with tradition, in his poetry, is hard to place tonally. He

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both honors it and rids it of meaning, reinventing it, at times even in parody. In his well-known essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent", he dismisses the Romantic search for individuality as a higher goal in poetry, and states that

Tradition (...) cannot be inherited, and if you want it you must obtain it by great labor. (...) No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation, is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. (...) The necessity that he shall conform, that he shall cohere, is not one sided, what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. (Eliot, 1998: p. 119)

So Eliot does acknowledge the possibility of originality, as something that will bring reorganization (however little) to the "existing order" which "is complete before the new work arrives." (ibidem, p. 120) Eliot, as both poet and critic, is an interesting example of this. His standards, artistic and theoretical, were enormously influential in the 20th century. His revival of John Donne and the Metaphysical poets, for instance, was just one of the ways in which he altered the appreciation of art and the literary academia of his time. Another example is his appropriations of Shakespeare: the famous verses "Full fathom five" from *The Tempest* (I, ii) were echoed and transformed throughout Eliot's poems. In *The Burial of the Dead*, he writes: "Here, said she,/ Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,/ (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)", or in *A Game of Chess*:

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"
But
O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent

and more condensed, in the categorically anti-Semitic poem, *Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar*, "Defunctive music under sea/ Passed seaward with the passing bell". These references mingle with Eliot's other poetry, in verses such as in *Mr. Apollinax*, "His laughter was submarine and profound/ Like the old man of the sea's/ Hidden under coral islands/ Where

worried bodies of drowned men drift down in the green silence.” This happens to a point where we do not know where the division between creation and quotation stands. In fact, quotation, for Eliot, is a form of creation in itself. The question of how one can express oneself using the words of others can lead in many directions. But then, Eliot says that he is not interested in the Romantic ideal of individual expression. Notwithstanding, it is quite curious how Eliot played an important role in the cultural sphere during his lifetime precisely as a personality. To quote just one example, the New York poet Frank O’Hara (1926 – 1966), along with the painter and filmmaker Alfred Leslie (1927 -), fiercely satirize him in the short movie *The Last Clean Shirt* (1964) where the character of a futile, blabbering girl says things like “Listen, I want you to promise me something. If I ever get as fat as Eunice, shoot me. Don’t ask me about it. Just shoot.” and then, “Did I tell you I saw T.S. Eliot on TV? I think he is one of the most talented men of our day.”

Eliot’s defense of impersonality is hard to take too literally. No reader today could be gullible enough as to read Eliot without taking in consideration his political claims and his inexcusable anti-Semitism. His rejection of Romanticism is also a curious factor, which one must learn to take with a pinch of salt. In the examples of his poems quoted above, a few things stand out. Eliot uses phantasmagoria as a main trope. As Harold Bloom provokingly said, “it is another paradox that the Anglo-Catholic, Royalist, Classical spokesperson should excel in the mode of fictive hallucination and lyric derangement in the fashioning of nightmare images perfectly expressive of his age” (Bloom, 1985: p. 6). This mode of contained terror finds its echoes not in Donne or in Jacobean drama, as Eliot would say, but probably in a poet like Walt Whitman. Luckily for Eliot, the poet, his lyrical achievements contradict his critical blunders, no matter how ingenious or convincing they may appear to be.



His first published poem, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, presents a speaker who is very frequently identified with the young Eliot. The poem is a love song, which presumably means to be a parody of romantic poetry, and it actually is. But it is also related to other matters.

“Let us go, then, you and I/ when the evening is spread out against the sky/ like a patient etherized upon a table.” What begins as a rhyming couplet,

giving form to a firm romantic invitation, suddenly staggers on the third line. This hesitancy sets a pattern throughout the poem – as soon as a system begins to organize itself, it is broken in a way that makes the poem sound much closer to the fragmentariness and fluctuating quality of remembrance, than to a monologue, as it would appear to be in a first glance. Eliot, in *The Burial of the Dead*, sees the need to mix “memory and desire”, tradition and creation, invention in the process of remembering. If the past is overpowering, one might long for “forgetful snow” in the hope of attaining a little life that might creep out from under the ice of oblivion: “Winter kept us warm, covering/ Earth in forgetful snow, feeding/ A little life with dried tubers.” But it is warmth of negation: dried tubers only give life to those who would rather be covered up in snow than longing for spring – April, after all, is the “cruellest month”.

For a conscience like Prufrock’s, the dead need a burial in order for one to be able to create freely: “There will be time to murder and create”. Not all artists would place creation alongside murder. But one can surmise that such a premise would draw some interesting consequences. Prufrock repeatedly asks the questions “do I dare?”, “how should I begin?”, “how should I presume?”, “Shall I say?”. If the only options are either self-effacement or murder, the universe is a claustrophobic place to be, as if every movement was drawn by a much stronger, more menacing gravity. The dark, urban environment that Eliot said to have borrowed from Baudelaire frames this heaviness. Eliot grasps the tedious, hypocritical aspects of bourgeois life, and describes with subtlety the tiredness that one feels with the incessant self-betrayal, the massive amounts of toast and tea and good manners needed to cover up one’s lack of courage: “I should find/ Some way incomparably light and deft,/ Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.” (from *La Figlia che Piange*) or, in Prufrock’s aimless aphorism: “I have measured out my life in coffee spoons.” City life in the 1920’s was portrayed by Eliot as lacking coherence and dignity. The anonymous millions that survive due to degrading work, with no ideals, no aim or vigor, are pinpointed, for example, in *Morning at the Window*

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.

The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passer-by with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.

In this hostile atmosphere, one doubts if a person's self-worth has any importance at all. In *Prufrock*, he approaches this anxiety: "They will say: how his hair is growing thin!", "They will say: how his arms and legs are thin!" – is worth inside the self or must one wait for it to alight on one's image? "There will be time to prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet." Is it possible for true self-affirmation to ever gain any importance in a such a world where a friend says so resentfully to another?:

You are invulnerable, you have no Achilles' heel
You will go on, and when you have prevailed,
You can say at this point many a one has failed.
But what have I, but what have I, my friend,
To give you, what can you receive from me?
(...)
I shall sit here, serving tea to friends.
(from *Portrait of a Lady*)

Superficiality is recurrent. It is in the excuse that Prufrock gives for his divagations: "Is it perfume from a dress that makes me so digress?" Prufrock cannot even express that a woman might have been one of the sources of his unease. He creates the feminine figure by pointing out her surroundings, the "perfume from a dress". Or, in another moment, he glances only at bits and pieces, not enough to construct a whole: "Arms that are braceleted white and bare/ (...)/ Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl./ And should I then presume?/ And how should I begin?" Prufrock's incapacity to approach women points to a general feeling of sterility, both creative and sexual. He is edgy, unable to concentrate, preoccupied with being "politic, cautious and meticulous;/ full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse". The poem's original title was *Prufrock among the women*. But we do not feel him to be "among" women. He sees women as he sees most things – either fragmentarily, cutting them into arms and accessories, or as a mass of unidentified individualities, captured by his mildly judgmental gaze: "In the room, the women come and go/ talking of Michelangelo." His incapacity to approach these women with more refined attention is also related to his fear of vulgarity – they are not discussing or

analyzing Italian art, they are coming and going, chattering over it. That this verse is one of the most creative achievements of English rhyme (come and go/ Michelangelo), while at the same time addresses his fear of vulgarity in the arts settles it as another of the contradictions of Prufrock's inconclusive, wayward conscience.

Prufrock appears to us as being of an indefinite age. He is hesitant and yet aggressive, old and young. He states "I grow old... I grow old..." but is constantly worried with having to begin, and shrinks away from beginning. The poem's first line opens *in media res*, "Let us go *then* (...)", as if something had already been prearranged before the poem. And indeed, there is much that has already been done and said before him. The artistic universe or *tradition* was something already complete before Prufrock, before Eliot. So why disturb any of it? On what premises and to what purpose?

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worthwhile,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say, "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

Prufrock finally is placed on the beach, locating the third type of feminine figure in the poem. He stares at the ocean waves, longing to hear the mermaids' song. "I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each. /I do not think that they will sing to me." His particular way of expressing his desire for fantastic, Romantic singing, is as unassertive as all his speech. He says that he is not meant to have it and the implication is most likely to be that he wishes he could. But he has insufficient will to grasp it, he is repetitive and disorderly, yearning for the mermaids' song of beauty: a beauty which is at both times literary, pointing all the way back to the Odyssey, and sexualized in the figure of the mermaids. These are two manifestations of his desire, a desire which reinvents the love song, expressing the unfolding of a conscience that filters desire through reflection, as inconclusive as it may be. Prufrock intellectualizes the

love song developing it through irony, quotations and the rejection of Romantic clichés. However, his dismissal of the concept of Romantic originality creates a poetics which is strikingly original. By dispelling Romanticism he internalizes it and develops upon it. In the end of *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, the heightening of the elements described (from the “one-night cheap hotels” of the beginning to the mythical sea waves) is sustained “till human voices wake us, and we drown.” A lingering sadness is left or, as Eliot phrased it, “I am moved by fancies that are curled/ around these images and cling:/ the notion of some infinitely gentle/ infinitely suffering thing” (from *Preludes*, IV). The tone and imagery is finally a powerful extension of Romanticism, created by the poet who was capable, like few others, of interpreting the world he lived in.

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There's A Certain Slant Of Light: Dickinson's Innovative Poetry.

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Abstract: The purpose of this study is to analyze Dickinson innovative characteristics as a writer, through her poems and letters. Although some critics defend that she was a conservative poet in form, for she used meter and rhyme, her verse is very elusive and its content, obscure, in a way that this view can be contested. In order to do that, some of her poems and letters were analyzed from the content to the form, mainly showing the poet's ideas about verse-making and, through it, understanding how her very concept of poetry was drastically different from what the tradition defended. As a theoretical support, Paulo Leminski's definitions of poetry were used, and the Cambridge Companion to Emily Dickinson's conservative defense was revisited for a solid counterargument. As a conclusion, there is no negotiation to let a conservative view of Dickinson's poetry prevail, and her novelty is reassured by her own interior and natural stroke of the pen.

Keywords: Emily Dickinson – poetry – letters – Higginson – Paulo Leminski – Elizabeth Browning – new style.

"A poesia é um inutensílio."²

How nice it would be if, like Leminski, we could say: "A única razão de ser da poesia é que ela faz parte daquelas coisas inúteis da vida que não precisam de justificativa, porque elas são a própria razão de ser da vida."³ Unfortunately, or fortunately, some of us have the urge to explain every line, every stanza and rhyme, to ask each word what it means and who or what it is at the service of.

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² Poetry is an ununtensil.

LEMINSKI, Paulo. *Ervilha da Fantasia* (1985) – Documentary for TV, made by Werner Schumman edition of Eduardo Roli Alberti e Produção Executiva de Altenir Silva, Willy Schumman e Werner Schumman. [at 01:04]

³ The only *raison d'être* of poetry is that it is part of those useless things in life that don't need any justification, because they are the very *raison d'être* of life.

Ibidem.

Although poems are not easy to interpret and analyze, we feel frustrated when they don't disclose themselves when faced with our efforts to read as many critics as we can (sadly many more critics than poets.). We are trying to give poetry a meaning, and we need this, as we need to give life a meaning; and what is better to represent life than a poem?

But, although the poet writes, and writes tirelessly, the world does not write back, it does not tell how life in it works, and the duty of the poet is to find the answer for its riddle, as Dickinson shows:

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me (Mourão, p.42)

The "simple News that Nature told" is almost a summary of Dickinson's poetic themes, for she uses recurrent natural images in her lines, such as the seasons, insects, grass, that usually appear in capital letters. She calls her countrymen – countrymen here used as brothers and sisters, people who she identifies as her companions in time and place – to help her understand the world that will be confided to them, maybe through her verses, which they will receive tenderly.

This way, she dares to give an impression of life, of how enigmatic it seems, with its message committed to hands she cannot see, to people, whom, maybe, she will never have the change to know, but who will also use their hands to write. This way, all the characteristics we can apprehend in Dickinson makes her not entirely new, yet entirely puzzling: from her way of seeing the world, to her deliberate use of capital letters, dashes, broken meter, scattered rhymes, and her impeccable musical and harmonious rhythm and melody.

The novelty of her style made Thomas Wentworth Higginson – a friend and editor with whom Emily has exchanged letters for a long time and who she considered a mentor – write about her, in an article in 1891:

"The impression of a wholly new and original poetic genius, was as distinct on my mind at my first reading of these four poems as it is now, after thirty years of further knowledge; and with it came the

problem never yet solved, what place ought to be assigned in literature to what is so remarkable, yet so elusive of criticism." (Johnson, p. 6)

Higginson knew he had come across something utterly indescribable, not entirely dissociated from nineteenth century American society, but incapable of being labeled. Emily assumed a very interesting (not to say amusing) position to her contemporaries, in one of her letters to Higginson she says "You speak of Mr Whitman – I never read his Book – but was told that he was disgraceful –" (Mourão, p. 23). She had been influenced by more traditional poets, as she indicates by enumerating her readings of Keats, and Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. These poets believed that they should sing of elevated things, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "The Poet and the Bird",

Said a people to a poet---' Go out from among us straightway!
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine. (Browning, 226)

Though in this poem it seems the poet is not loved or understood by society there is a clear rupture between the artist and others; on the other hand, the song of the poet is eternal, not momentary, like that of the bird. Nevertheless, Dickinson shows a scarcely different view of poetry, for though she agrees it is the art of words, guided by some divine inspiration, as in:

Shall I take thee, the Poet said
To the propounded word?
Be stationed with Candidates
Till I have finer tried –

The Poet searched Philology
And when about to ring
For the suspended Candidate
There came unsommoned in –

That portion of the Vision
The Word applied to fill
Not unto nomination
The Cherubim reveal – (Mourão, p. 68)

She also knows that there is poetry everywhere, in the nightingale's song, when one looks at the summer sky, and it lasts long even when it's not written down:

To see the Summer Sky
Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie –

“Todos os povos amam os seus poetas”⁴

Emily described herself as having bold hair like “Chesnut Bur” and eyes “like the Sherry in the Glass, that the Guest leaves” (Mourão, p. 28). She was a secluded woman, who had a religious father and no mother, and a dog for a companion. She wrote letters to Higginson asking for advice in her writing, and the things she wrote were – and still are – complex and somewhat disturbing. It's not what she tells us, for here there is not so much novelty, but the way she does this, the way she seems to use the words without any pretension, yet with a strictly wrought style.

In her first letter to Higginson she briefly asks for advice in a way that leaves a deep impression:

Are you too deeply occupied to say if my Verse is alive?
The Mind is so near itself – it cannot see, distinctly – and I have
none to ask –
Should you think it breathed – and had you the leisure to tell
me, I should feel quick gratitude –. (Mourão, p. 57)

It's almost as her letters are fragmentary poems, and she is asking not Higginson in particular, but any person who would read them. What is most interesting is the image of the verse breathing, as it would be alive, as if someone – as Higginson certainly did – could live through its sweet breeze. It reminds me of Leminski, when he explained what being a poet meant to him:

“Todos os povos amam os seus poetas (...). Por que os povos amam os seus poetas? É porque os povos precisam disso, porque os poetas dizem uma coisa que as pessoas precisam que seja dita. O poeta não é um ser de luxo, não é uma excrescência ornamental da sociedade, ele é uma necessidade orgânica de uma sociedade. A sociedade precisa daquilo, daquela loucura para respirar, é através da loucura dos poetas, através da ruptura que eles representam que a sociedade respira.”⁵

⁴ All peoples love their poets.

LEMINSKI, Paulo. *Ervilha da Fantasia* (1985) – Documentary for TV, made by Werner Schumman edition of Eduardo Roli Alberti e Produção Executiva de Altenir Silva, Willy Schumman e Werner Schumman. [at 25:45].

⁵ All peoples love their poets (...). Why the peoples love their poets? It is because the peoples need it, because the poets say something that people need to be told. The poet is not a luxury being, he is not an ornamental excrescence of society, he is an organic necessity of a society. Society needs that, that craziness to breath, it is through the poet's craziness, through the rupture they represent, that society breath.

This is to say that people needed – still need – Dickinson much more than she has always needed someone, and this necessity is what moves both critics and poetry lovers. Hers was a long and disrupted breath that would sometimes agitate us by saying things like “Is it oblivion or absorption when things pass from our minds?” (Mourão, p. 38). Or even amuse us, with poems about common, undisturbed little subjects such as:

The Way I read a Letter’s – this –
’Tis first – I lock the Door –
And push it with my fingers – next –
For transport it be sure –

And then I go the furthest off
To counteract a knock –
Then draw my little Letter forth
And slowly pick the lock –

Then – glancing narrow, at the Wall –
And narrow at the floor
For firm Conviction of a Mouse
Not exorcised before –

Peruse how infinite I am
To no one that You – know –
And sigh for lack of Heaven – but not
The Heaven God bestow – (Mourão, p. 48)

Reading a letter seems to be a way of reaching for a heavenly touch, not intrinsically religious, – it is not the heaven God bestow – but for what could be defined as a state of extreme happiness as that of someone deprived of news who receives a long expected letter. Her reaction is graceful and pure for her almost lonely – but not at all since there's a voice in the letter – occupation. Also she ennobles an everyday task, which is described with ritualistic characteristics such as the calm preparation to receive the content of the letter mixed with a pure and graceful excitement.

Thus, I believe Emily focuses her style on producing a poetic sensation not by taking detailed care of the form of her poetry (of course the effect is also a consequence of the form), but by coordinating the lexical choice and her playful way of twisting a simple thought into something of a complex order. She tells Higginson that:

If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only way I know it. Is there any other way? (Dickinson, p. 265)

To feel poetry as – like Leminski says – an organic necessity, not just of society, but of the self, for we know Emily was worried more about her inner world than about life around her, is a proof of her deep understanding of her artistic accomplishments. At the same time we cannot help but feel the strangeness of someone who lived an ethereal existence, yet could feel abstractions –with poetry being the most literary abstraction of all – with palpable senses.

For these reasons, I refuse to believe that:

From the beginning, Dickinson's poetry strongly appealed to traditionalists as well, especially to those who felt that she captured perfectly a certain lost New England world, an austere landscape of the spirit all but eliminated by Gilded Age excesses. It is this version of Dickinson, in many ways a "conservative" Dickinson, that this essay will explore most fully. In my view, this interpretation of Dickinson has prevailed since the first publication of her poems.⁶

It makes absolutely no sense for me that a "conservative" Dickinson may have a place in Emily's poetry at all. It's wise not to forget that, when published after her death, most of her poems were in a corrected form, as Higginson liked to alter the meter and rhyming pattern, also to eliminate the dashes from her verses. Emily gives hints, in her letters, of these intrusions: "I will be patient – constant, never reject your knife" (p. 30).

If this process of cutting and "amending" is known by the critic and he insists on his conservative view, I should think he has entirely missed the point in Emily's style. For she is one of those poets – I can think only of Augusto dos Anjos – very hard to place as a model of any literary movement. Nonetheless, the importance of Dickinson's poetry should not be limited by an analysis which proposes a conservative view, for if verse-making means living by tradition – and there is no other way, one cannot simply toss aside the very definition of making verses – then, what is the point of remembering the unchangeable? The other facet of poetry – that of breaking customs and rules,

⁶ Extracted from *The Cambridge Companion to Emily Dickinson*. Wendy Martin – editor. Cambridge University Press. Cambridge, England. 2002. Page 31.

is that which I have tried to examine here, even more important when the author – as Emily – is the very slant of li(ght)fe.

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Diabolus ex Machina: The Subversion of Realism in Great Expectations

Roberto Candido Francisco¹

Abstract: Charles Dickens' novel *Great Expectations* is held as a masterpiece both by its literary and sociological value. However, literary criticism points out its lack of formal realism, especially of causality, as a detraction of its literary merit. In this article, a discussion is made on how the novel's realistic formal and thematic conventions are subverted and transformed by Dickens with the plot device *deus ex machina* in order to analyze and criticize the capitalist society of his time – a time of a changing, new and complex social order which demanded an innovative storytelling if a more accurate depiction would be aspired. Thus, capital is the *diabolus ex machina*, of the plot and representing reality is a paradox, for reality is indeed inexplicable.

Keywords: Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*, novel, realism, *deus ex machina*.

The inexplicable quality of the indestructible innocence, of the miraculously intervening goodness, on which Dickens so much depends and which has been casually written off as sentimentality is genuine because it is inexplicable.

Raymond Williams²

The inexplicable, unexpected, miraculous turning of events in Charles Dickens's novel *Great Expectations* as a deviation from literary Realism is the object of discussion of this article. This deviation lies in the alleged absence of causality of the plot, which draws on the author's experiences of life to tell the almost autobiographical story of Philip Pirrip. Pip, as he calls himself and as he is better known, is the main character and also the first person narrator, who appears as an older man telling of the past. The young Pip is an orphan who

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² (1970, p. 53).

yearns to improve himself and become a gentleman to join the upper social classes in the hopes of marrying the cold and cruel Estella. He sees the possibility of his wishes coming true when a secret benefactor gives him a large fortune, apparently for no reason, and wants him to go to London to be educated as a gentleman – that is the surprising and implausible cause of Pip's great expectations. This is precisely one of Dickens's devices pointed to by literary critics as lacking causality, a vital element for a realistic novel, causing it to be deprived of verisimilitude. However, Pip's good fortune, as is further discussed, is indeed generated by causal triggers and reflects how literary realism is unable to grasp the complexity of real life, which is unpredictable, often illogical and, at times, inexplicable.

In this unexpected context of Pip's improbable social rise, the stage for Dickens's social criticism and moral analysis in a time of a changing, new and complex social order is set. His intention, as proposed by Williams (1970, p. 33), is the creation of consciousness in his readers and, accordingly, Dickens suggests that this is the purpose of the novelist in a passage of his novel *Dombey and Son*; to take the housetops off to show to Christian people their own dark secrets, their vices, for a deeper knowledge of human life and their relation to it so that, maybe, in a blessed morning, they would not be hindered by their petty matters and would then apply themselves to making the world a better place³.

That is exactly what is done by Dickens, probing into the private to show exemplary lives, forcing into consciousness unknown and unacknowledged human relations and their financial, moral and social dramas and whatnot. This prospection is made while shifting the focus from the knowable communities of the rural ambience – the common set chosen by prior novelists like Jane Austen as a means of staging their narratives in a controlled environment – to center his interest on the chaotic new urban industrial society and its popular culture⁴, so familiar to him. This distinction, according to Williams (1993, p. 165-196), is a milestone in the critical remaking of the

³ Brooks (2005, p. 3) argues that the realist tradition has an intense interest in the visual. He points out that this imagery of taking the housetops off to pry into the private lives behind and beneath used by Dickens, as in playing with a scale model, a dollhouse or a toy city was also used by Honoré de Balzac and by Alain-René Le Sage in *Le Diable Boiteux* (1707).

⁴ Williams (1993, p. 180) explains that "a whole reality is admitted in the industrial districts; a selected reality in the rural."

novel in the period: "A natural country ease is contrasted with an unnatural urban unrest." (Williams, 1993, p.180)

In this change, lies Dickens' most innovative stylistic feature, which, along with the social criticism found in his works, made for his critical acclaim.

We can especially realize our good fortune that at the most critical point in this history – at the time of the critical remaking of the novel and of the critical emergence of a new urban popular culture – we have a novelist of genius who is involved in both; we have Dickens. (Williams, 1970, p. 29).

On the other hand, literary critics point out that his lack of formal realism detracts from his literary merit.

His characters are not 'rounded' and developing but 'flat' and emphatic. They are not slowly revealed but directly presented. Significance is not enacted in mainly tacit and intricate ways but is often directly presented in moral address and indeed exhortation. Instead of the controlled language of analysis and comprehension he uses, directly, the language of persuasion and display. His plots depend often on arbitrary coincidences, on sudden revelations and changes of heart. He offers not the details of psychological process but the finished articles: the social and psychological products. (Williams, 1970, p. 31).

In *Great Expectations*, these plot devices are also used by Dickens – arbitrary coincidences, sudden revelations and changes of heart – as in chapter 18, fundamental for the plot and for the development of the novel. Therein, after Pip and Joe Gargery are accosted by a stranger in the Three Jolly Bargemen pub and go to Joe's place to conference with him at his request, a sudden revelation is made that will define the direction of the story and bring great expectations for Pip – and for the reader as well.

'I am instructed to communicate to him,' said Mr Jagers, throwing his finger at me, sideways, 'that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman – in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations.' (Dickens, 2002, p. 135).

At this point, there is a deviation from two characteristics held as distinctive of the novel form by literary criticism: causality⁵, which implies a connection of events and consequent development; and the idea of the self-made man, who does not rely on tradition and makes his own path. Nevertheless, Dickens “produces charity by making an exceptional and surprising benevolence flourish, overriding the determinism of the system”⁶, lacking in causality. Thus, Pip is a character that cannot be said to thrive by his own efforts, as argued by Eagleton about most characters of the novels: “Who you are is no longer determined by kinship, tradition or social status; instead, it is something you determine for yourself. Modern subjects, like the heroes of modern novels, make themselves up as they go along”. (2005, p. 7).

Although this seems to be the case in *Great Expectations*, one may argue that, despite the allegedly far-fetched plot twist, the story of Pip has causal connections and that the character’s attitude towards life molds his future. The life-changing moment in which Pip receives the news that he is to inherit a large fortune is but a link in the chain of events; its first link being his meeting with the convict and a latter one being the recognition of Magwich as his benefactor. Albeit not in a calculated or predictable fashion, his good fortune is a direct consequence of his acts of kindness to a stranger when he was a young lad. Ergo, he indirectly made his luck; it was not a product of haphazard chance – though it is unbeknownst to him at first.

This unexpected benevolence, then, as much as it may have an air of implausibility, is the kind of plot device used by Dickens to make his social and moral analysis in a time of change and instability; a time when reality could be stranger than fiction and literary realism, which sometimes can be even more ‘realistic’ than reality, could be insufficient to solve the question of representation of reality in a complex new urban industrial society. Besides, as Williams comments on this act of charity that affects Pip, “we may or may not believe in it, as social observation, but though it has the character of miracle it is the kind of miracle that happens”. (1970, p.52). This miraculous plot device receives, in literary writing, the name of *deus ex machina*.

⁵ Watt (1983, p. 24) points out that “The novel’s plot is also distinguished from most previous fiction by its use of past experience as the cause of present action: a causal connection operating through time replaces the reliance of earlier narratives on disguises and coincidences, and this tends to give the novel a much more cohesive structure.”

⁶ (Williams, 1970, p. 52).

According to the online Encyclopædia Britannica, a *deus ex machina* is:

a person or thing that appears or is introduced into a situation suddenly and unexpectedly and provides an artificial or contrived solution to an apparently insoluble difficulty. The term was first used in ancient Greek and Roman drama, where it meant the timely appearance of a god to unravel and resolve the plot.⁷

The term was coined in Horace's *Ars Poetica* to refer to the convention of Greek tragedy used to artificially resolve a plot, in which actors playing gods are lowered onto the stage by cranes or heaved by a riser through a trapdoor; hence, the *deus ex machina* – or god from the machine. That could arguably be the case in *Great Expectations* due to the unexpected wealth which Pip is granted. Although this device was classically employed in a plot's denouement, in Dickens, the purpose of enabling social criticism is served by its use as a means of triggering the plot itself from an early point in the story. Similarly to Dickens, classical authors such as Euripides, Aeschylus and Aristophanes⁸ were fiercely criticized for the employment of this device, by which a lack of creativity and a poor storytelling technique would be implied; Aristotle argued that the resolution of a plot must ensue from internal development of the action. In the novel, Pip's kindness towards the convict in the past served as a poor excuse for causality for his being given a fortune, which literary critics deemed unconvincing. Aristotle, however, argues for the rationality of the improbable in light of artistic requirements:

In general, the impossible must be justified by reference to artistic requirements, or to the higher reality, or to received opinion. With respect to the requirements of art, a probable impossibility is to be preferred to a thing improbable and yet possible. Again, it may be impossible that there should be men such as Zeuxis painted. 'Yes,' we say, 'but the impossible is the higher thing; for the ideal type must surpass the realty.' To justify the irrational, we appeal to what is commonly said to be. In addition to which, we urge that the

⁷ Available at < <http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/159659/deus-ex-machina>>. Accessed in 07.11.11.

⁸ Euripides' abuse of *dei ex machina*, having used them in more than half of his tragedies, led some critics to claim he invented it. For instance, in *Alcestis* the eponymous heroine's death is averted by the arrival of Heracles and, in *Medea*, the title character, after committing murder and infanticide, is taken to Athens by the use of a *deus ex machina*. The device is also used in Aeschylus' play *Eumenides* and in Aristophanes' play *Thesmophoriazusae*, in which Euripides's frequent use of the device is parodied by making him a character introduced on stage by means of the 'divine' crane.

irrational sometimes does not violate reason; just as 'it is probable that a thing may happen contrary to probability.'⁹

Dei ex machina continued to be a recurrent resource throughout ancient times, middle ages and even today¹⁰. However, in *Great Expectations*, its usage is in accordance with an aspect generally ignored by critics in its utilization in ancient tragedies: it was a means of leading the public to reflect on issues of their society, their conventions and their religion. This aspect, which can be associated with the novel's complication of lives and attitudes brought by the unexpected plot twist, is highlighted by Rehm regarding ancient tragedies, as he explains that:

A variation on the convention of the *deus ex machina* is those occasions when a mortal character arrives in godlike fashion to effect a sudden change. In Euripides' *Heracles*, the goddesses Lyssa and Iris appear unexpectedly in the middle of the play to strike Heracles mad. They are 'replaced' at the end by the equally unexpected arrival of the Athenian hero Theseus, who tries to redeem on a human level what the gods have destroyed from above. His efforts to convince Heracles to persevere and make his life in Athens raise questions about human society, friendship, heroism, and the kind of gods who are worth worshipping. (1992, p. 71).

The critic also points out this aspect of social criticism of the *dei ex machina* in another tragedy:

The Medea we see has been destroyed emptied of all maternal love and compassion. As her vile exchange with Jason suggests, she occupies the position of a stage goddess only to emphasize the dehumanizing effect of what she has done, removed from Jason and cut off from the sympathy that once tied her to the audience. The fact that Medea will make her way to Athens, the city of the original performance, indicates that Euripides locates the issues of the play very much in his contemporary world, using the convention of the *deus ex machina* to bring those problems home to his audience with special force. (Idem, *ibidem*).

⁹ *Poetics*, part XXV. Available at <<http://classics.mit.edu/Aristotle/poetics.3.3.html>>. Accessed in 07.11.11.

¹⁰ Examples of this device are found in works of Shakespeare, Molière, William Golding, H. G. Wells; in films such as *Magnolia*, *Matrix Revolutions*; in the video game *Deus Ex*; in Marvel Comics' 2011 book *Fear Itself #5*; as well as in a myriad of other works. References available at: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Deus_ex_machina>; <<http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/DeusExMachina>>.

However, in *Great Expectations*, unlike ancient tragedies, with this *deus ex machina*, Dickens seems to grant a blessing that solves problems at first, but turns into a complication factor as the story develops, for the money Pip inherits and the class rise he experiences result in the loss of his values and of his previous social and affective relationships; when he apparently reaches a reconciliation with his old self, he loses his fortune, implying capital as the source of one's obsession, corruption and misery. Hence, the plot device in *Great Expectations* could appropriately be referred to as *diabolus ex machina* – the devil from the machine. In this capitalist world, the novel, according to Lukács, 'is the epic of a world forsaken by God'¹¹, with no divine mediation; thus, money is at the same time the god and devil that descends upon Pip – Mammon personified in the convict Magwitch – as a way of analyzing and mirroring class society and modern plutocracy.

Finally, these arbitrary coincidences, sudden revelations and changes of heart, that Dickens is accused by the critics of abusing, are part of life, for life is not always logical and is bound by causality; chance and randomness are inherent to life as illogicality and unpredictability are inherent to the human being. Therefore, what is unrealistic from the literary point of view may even apprehend reality more accurately in a human sense. This contradiction creates the paradox which attempts to make a representation of reality since reality is indeed inexplicable.

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CANVAS AND PAPER: A Parallel Between Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse* And The Crisis Of The Novel

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Abstract: The description of Lily Briscoe's reflections as she is about to begin her painting in the final part of Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* is used as the starting point for a comparison with the profound changes proposed in all fields of art by the *fin de siècle* and Modernist movements at the end of the 19th century and beginning of the 20th. Artists recognized the representative and illusory character of the artwork and started exploring their specific languages to the limit in an attempt to simultaneously express the multiplicity of reality from various points of view. Virginia Woolf herself faced issues similar to Lily Briscoe's as she wrote this novel and employed the *stream of consciousness* technique along with the multiple omniscience point of view in order to probe the complexity of her characters' souls and to portray exterior reality more genuinely. Contrary to what may seem to be the case, the new form of novel that is created from this endeavor subverts the Realist novel precisely by exploring the latter's principles to the utmost.

Keywords: Virginia Woolf, modern novel, visual arts, Modernism.

*It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in
patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a
shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
'That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant at all.'*

T. S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

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Considering the onset of the *fin de siècle* artistic movements, such as Symbolism, the Decadent movement, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, as well as the polemical structural and thematic innovations developed by the Modernist movements of the early 20th century, many principles of artistic representation that were, until then, taken for granted, were called into question, bringing considerable changes to how artists perceived reality and expressed it in their respective media. Thus, works that incorporated in their very forms the deconstruction of traditional genres and acknowledged themselves as mere representations – inevitably imperfect and incomplete – of reality appeared and reevaluated not only the place of art and of the artist in modern society, but also their capability of apprehending reality in its innumerable aspects and of subsequently “translating” them into an artistic language. The novel did not remain apart from these radical changes and, especially during the 1920s, writers from all over the world such as Marcel Proust (1871-1922), James Joyce (1882-1941), Franz Kafka (1883-1924), Alfred Döblin (1878-1957), William Faulkner (1897-1962), Italo Svevo (1861-1928), André Gide (1869-1951) and Virginia Woolf (1882-1941) published works that established a true crisis of the Realist novel, whose precepts dated from the 18th century and were no longer suitable for expressing the particularities and the contradictions of modernity.

One of the most elemental problems brought forth by the modern novelists was the recognition of the limitations intrinsic to the writer's own work instrument, the written language, in representing reality objectively. The awareness and the description of similar issues appear in the third section of the last part of *To the Lighthouse*, published by Virginia Woolf in 1927, as the painter Lily Briscoe attempts to portray a vision she had had ten years before while visiting the Ramsay's summer house on the Isle of Skye in Scotland:

Where to begin? – that was the question; at what point to make the first mark? One line placed on the canvas committed her to innumerable risks, to frequent and irrevocable decisions. All that in idea seemed simple became in practice immediately complex; as the waves shape themselves symmetrically from the cliff-top but to the swimmer among them are divided by steep gulfs and foaming crests. Still the risk must be run; the mark made.²

² Woolf, Virginia. *To the Lighthouse*. Ware, Hertfordshire (UK): Wordsworth, 2002. p. 118.

How to transfer to the canvas a subjective vision interweaved with feelings that are innate to the person who experienced them, not to mention instantaneous and fleeting? As a painter, Lily Briscoe must employ form and color, the appropriate language of the visual arts, to fix something that is essentially formless and transient; thus externalizing a vision that was originally internal and transmitting it to her potential public. At first, the blank canvas offers virtually infinite possibilities and could be transformed either into a flawless Mona Lisa or into something disastrous that “would be hung in the servants' bedrooms” and “rolled up and stuffed under a sofa”³, as Lily herself imagines. With each brushstroke, each color mixed on the palette, these possibilities are greatly reduced and the artist starts to give form and color to what was previously intangible, turning its potentiality into the actuality of an artwork. In order to do this, artists must make use of a rigorously planned structure, being aware, at the same time, of the peculiarities of their specific languages, so as to avoid restricting their freedom by resorting to fixed forms and commonplace solutions.

Lily Briscoe's difficulties with the limits of artistic language, which results in a non-figurative painting made in very few brushstrokes, may also be seen as a representation of some of the considerations proposed by the main artistic movements at the turn of the 20th century. Beginning with the Impressionists and later with Paul Cézanne, there is an attempt to incorporate in the stillness of a painting the very passage of time and the slight variations it continually bestows upon the world around us; in Expressionist paintings, external reality was deformed according to the emotions it evoked from the artists, being therefore representations that were distant from objectivism, and yet were more authentic since they revealed how reality was actually grasped by the artist; finally, with Pablo Picasso and Cubism, the autonomy of artistic language is asserted, that is, art no longer takes nature as its model, but comes into being from the canvas itself and employs its specific language, forms and colors, as an end in itself with no need to have correlations with external reality. These innovations served as a basis for the phenomenon of *derealization*, through which art recognizes its representative character and, according to Anatol Rosenfeld, “painting ceases to be mimetic, refusing the function of

³ *Ibid.*, p. 119.

reproducing the empirical and sensible reality”⁴; its consequences were later thoroughly explored by Abstract artists and could also be observed in other media, as Rosenfeld puts it:

What is fundamentally new is that modern art does not only recognize it thematically, through a pictorial allegory or a theoretical statement by a character in a novel, but also through the assimilation of this relativity into the very structure of the artwork. The vision of a reality that is deeper, more real, than that of common sense is incorporated into the total form of the work. Only in this way does that vision become truly valid in aesthetic terms.⁵

Accordingly, it may be said that Lily Briscoe's hesitations encompassing decisive points of modern art also reflect the changes which the novel was undergoing during the 1920s, as well as the concerns with which Virginia Woolf herself had to deal as she faced the innumerable possibilities offered by the blank page, having to make “frequent and irrevocable decisions” in order to fill it with words and turn it into a novel. She is also aware that the novel is a fallible representation made of words, not of the events narrated or the objects described themselves, and, much like Lily, she has a clear intention of capturing the instant in all of its manifold and ephemeral aspects:

She must try to get hold of something that evaded her. It evaded her when she thought of Mrs Ramsay; it evaded her now when she thought of her picture. Phrases came. Visions came. Beautiful pictures. Beautiful phrases. But what she wished to get hold of was that very jar on the nerves, the thing itself before it has been made anything.⁶

As if that were not enough, Woolf tries to create the illusion that this captured instant is being described at the precise moment it comes into being with the least possible interference from the narrator; according to Nicola Bradbury: “the revolutionary aim of this novel is not to memorialise but actually anticipate the moment of being, to catch at experience before it can be

⁴ Rosenfeld, Anatol. “Reflexões sobre o romance moderno”. In: *Texto/Contexto I*. São Paulo: Perspectiva, 1996. p. 76. “A pintura deixou de ser mimética, recusando a função de reproduzir a realidade empírica, sensível.”

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 81. “O fundamentalmente novo é que a arte moderna não o reconhece apenas tematicamente, através de uma alegoria pictórica ou a afirmação teórica de uma personagem de romance, mas através da assimilação desta relatividade à própria estrutura da obra-de-arte. A visão de uma realidade mais profunda, mais real, do que a do senso comum é incorporada à forma total da obra. É só assim que essa visão se torna realmente válida em termos estéticos.”

⁶ Woolf, Virginia. op. cit., pp. 143-144.

defined”⁷.

In order to overcome the spatiotemporal distance that separates the narrator of the Realist novel from its characters and approaches him to the “moment of being”, the *stream of consciousness* is employed as the main narrative technique in *To the Lighthouse*. The thoughts of the characters are presented through a flowing language that seeks to represent the mental processes which freely associate memories and plans for the future with the feelings of the present; the relation between these associations may, at first, appear arbitrary but actually reveals how the subconscious and its emotions continually permeate our rational faculty. Thus the discrepancy between chronological and psychological time becomes particularly manifest as the present intricately mingles with the past and the future, the time of the story with that of the narrative, the thoughts of the characters with their actions and even with the voice of the narrator; these processes are taken to such extreme extents that, in Erich Auerbach's words: “the writer as narrator of objective facts has almost completely vanished; almost everything stated appears by way of reflection in the consciousness of the *dramatis personae*”⁸. The actions narrated are ordinary and simple, their causes and effects are often not even mentioned since they serve mostly as pretexts for an immersion into the characters' intimacy; as if their hesitations, memories, hopes and all that remains unsaid and internalized revealed more keenly – though (precisely because of this) fragmentarily – the most significant traits of their personalities:

The important point is that an insignificant exterior occurrence releases ideas and chains of ideas which cut loose from the present of the exterior occurrence and range freely through the depths of time. It is as though an apparently simple text revealed its proper content only in the commentary on it, a simple music theme only in the development-section.⁹

Taking into account that every perspective, including the narrator's, is ineluctably biased, Woolf presents the streams of consciousness of many

⁷ Bradbury, Nicola. “Introduction”. In: WOOLF, Virginia. *To the Lighthouse*. Ware, Hertfordshire (UK): Wordsworth, 2002. p. VII.

⁸ Auerbach, Erich. “The Brown Stocking”. In: *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*; translated by Willard R. Trask. New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991. p. 534.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 540-541.

different characters as the novel proceeds, which places its point of view in the category of multiple omniscience. Consequently, the reader has a more thorough and genuine probing of the protagonists' characterization, which is achieved through many perspective variations on the same objects, as can be seen in the previously mentioned passage: "as the waves shape themselves symmetrically from the clifftop but to the swimmer among them are divided by steep gulfs and foaming crests"¹⁰. To quote Auerbach once more:

The multiplicity of persons suggests that we are here after all confronted with an endeavor to investigate an objective reality, that is, specifically, the 'real' Mrs Ramsay. She is, to be sure, an enigma and such she basically remains, but she is as it were encircled by the content of all the various consciousnesses directed upon her (including her own); there is an attempt to approach her from many sides as closely as human possibilities of perception and expression can succeed in doing.¹¹

This narrative method based on the juxtaposition of a variety of points of view from different characters may be associated with the Cubist technique of *papier collé*, which consists of pasting together materials from all sorts of origins, including objects beyond the realm of painting, such as newspaper clippings, pieces of wood, photographs and advertisements. These collages, thus, incorporated various points of view simultaneously and abandoned the central perspective which had been developed since the Renaissance and, until then, had served as one of the foundations of Western painting. Lily Briscoe also seems to be aware of the multiple ways reality can be perceived and, somewhat like the Cubists, tries to incorporate this multiplicity in her work, as can be noticed in the following excerpt: "one wanted fifty pairs of eyes to see with, she reflected. Fifty pairs of eyes were not enough to get round that one woman [Mrs Ramsay] with, she thought"¹².

At the same time as the reader feels a sense of awe and wonder at the representation of reality's enriching diversity, there is an underlying melancholy in the recognition not only of the fallibility of words and any other artistic language as they struggle to express "all that in idea seemed simple"¹³, but also of our very incapability of apprehending reality in its totality with our

¹⁰ Woolf, Virginia. op. cit., p. 118.

¹¹ Auerbach, Erich. op. cit., p. 536.

¹² Woolf, Virginia. op. cit., p. 147.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 118.

meager senses. Unable to attain full knowledge of others around us, regardless of how close they are, we are stranded with a fragmentary and incomplete experience that cannot be shared and which characterizes modern life:

Who knows what we are, what we feel? Who knows even at the moment of intimacy, this is knowledge? Aren't things spoilt then, Mrs Ramsay may have asked [it seemed to have happened so often, this silence by her side], by saying them? Aren't we more expressive thus?¹⁴

However, it is precisely the incorporation of these limitations into the structure of the narrative, along with the conception that the subconscious and chance are constituent and decisive elements of the work of art, that allow this novel to portray its own time more genuinely. According to Theodor Adorno:

It has often been noted that in the modern novel, not only in Proust but also in the Gide of the *Faux-Monnayeurs*, in the late Thomas Mann, or in Musil's *The Man Without Qualities*, reflection breaks through the pure immanence of form. But this kind of reflection has scarcely anything but the name in common with pre-Flaubertian reflection. The latter was moral: taking a stand for or against characters in the novel. The new reflection takes a stand against the lie of representation, actually against the narrator himself, who tries, as an extra-alert commentator on events, to correct his unavoidable way of proceeding. This destruction of form is inherent in the very meaning of form.¹⁵

Interestingly, Virginia Woolf achieves this destruction of form not by neglecting the conventions which guided the traditional novel, such as the authentic report of individual experience, originality, particularization of the plot's space and time, observance of causality and what Ian Watt called its *formal realism*¹⁶; but by exploring them to the fullest extent and thus creating a new, more conscientious form.

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¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 128.

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What it means to be AMERican

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Abstract: In this paper we are going to analyze four iconic books of the American literature from the sixteenth century to nowadays. The books are *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Bluest Eye* by Toni Morrison and finally *Portnoy's Complaint* by Philip Roth. They reveal to us the reality and ideology of the American culture and have a point in common: what it means to be American. But more importantly what happens to those that do not fit in the constructed model of being American.

Key words: *American literature, ideology, culture,*

"A literatura é um instrumento de descoberta e interpretação da sociedade sócio-histórica"

Antônio Candido

1. What it means to be American

"'I'll tell you God's truth.' His right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. 'I am the son of some wealthy people on the Middle West – all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated in Oxford, because all my ancestors have been educated there by many years. It is a family tradition.'" (Fitzgerald, 1994:71).

In this excerpt of the novel *The Great Gatsby*, Gatsby's description is revealed to us as a person that is wealth by birth and has a high quality education. However, as we learned more about him, we began to question this image that is offered to us. So why is it important to create this self image? Although there are many ways of being American, the most prestigious one is sought by him. There is always someone or something that is more prestigious. All the characters from the books we are studying in this paper either are trying to reach for this model or are simply "in" or "out" of it.

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Gatsby's reality is that he is an outsider from Tom and Daisy's world, "the real Americans". His expectation is to be in, not by forcing the entrance, but by deserving a "green card". It is important however to say that this "green card" must not be seen by the others who should believe that Gatsby really is an insider and part of their world.

The parties in Gatsby's house are the achievement of the abstract American model. Instead of being a mixture of different personalities, they show us a common identity, as if everybody there made up the same body, as a collective identity: "(...) Instead of rambling, this party had preserved a dignified homogeneity, and assumed to itself the function of representing the staid nobility of the countryside (...)" (Fitzgerald, 1994:51).

The representation of collective character, the American, is even clearer in the excerpt below:

"Dressed up in white flannels I went over to his lawn a little after seven, and wandered around rather ill at ease among swirls and eddies of people I didn't know – though here and there was a face I had noticed on the commuting train I was immediately struck by the number of young Englishmen dotted about; all well dressed, all looking a little hungry. I was sure that they were selling something: bonds or insurance or automobiles. They were at least agonizingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity and convinced that it was theirs for a few words in the right key." (Fitzgerald, 1994:47-48).

And being part of collective character is not a matter of deserving, but of simply being or not being. The narrator, Nick Carraway, for example, is not part of it, and this is why he is the only one that needs an invitation to the party: "I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually being invited. People were not invited – they went there." (Fitzgerald, 1994:47).

Another characteristic of the American culture can be seen through the representation of the family, which in *The Great Gatsby* states the formula: of the husband, who provides for the family; the wife, who gives birth and poses as a woman in that society, as Daisy said "*I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool – that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.*" (Fitzgerald, 1994:24). And finally children, who are the continuation of the same in the future.

The idea of the standard family is even stronger in *The Bluest Eye*, which, at the beginning, states how a family should be through the story of Dick and Jane:

“Here is the house. It is green and white. It has a red door. It is very pretty. Here the family. Mother, Father, Dick, and Jane live in the green-and-white house. They are very happy. See Jane. She has a red dress. She wants to play. Who will play with Jane? See the cat. It goes meow-meow. Come and play. Come play with Jane. The kitten will not play. See Mother. Mother is very nice. Mother, will you play with Jane? Mother laughs. Laugh, Mother, laugh. See Father. He is big and strong. Father, will you play with Jane? Father is smiling. Smile, Father, smile. See the dog. Bowwow goes the dog. Do you want to play with Jane? See the dog run. Run, dog, run. Look, look. Here comes a friend. The friend will play with Jane. They will play a good game. Play, Jane, play.” (Morrison, 1994:3).

What is apparently an innocent story for children, hides an ideological model of what a family should be, a father, who is “big and strong”, so provides the family, a mother, who “laughs and is very nice”, and like Daisy is beautiful and futile. And the two children, who just happily play.

This book, as Gatsby’s one, shows the epitome of the American, through several images that are given to us, such as Shirley Temple and Mary Jane from the candy, as the perfect white skin model with blonde hair and blue eyes, and its gradations as the rich Maureen and the most important Peccola’s blue eyes. “She remembers the Mary Jane. Each pale yellow wrapper has a picture on it. A picture of little Mary Jane, for whom the candy is named. Smiling white face. Blond hair in gentle disarray, blue eyes looking at her out of a world of clean comfort.” (Morrison, 1994:21). As in Gatsby’s party that we have a collective character, Shirley Temple also functions in *The Bluest Eye* as a collective character, since she is the model to be achieved. “But before that I had felt a stranger, more frightening thing than hatred for all the Shirley Temples of the world”. (our emphasis, Morrison, 1994:19).

Peccola’s situation is even worse than Gatsby’s, they are both outsiders, but she cannot even pretend to be part of the circle, as he does, because she is a “black ugly girl”, but above all she has no money. This reveals how society works. The exclusion functions in an inverse proportional relationship to the amount of money you own. “This disrupter of seasons was a new girl in school named Maureen Peal. A high-yellow dream child with long brown hair braided

into two lynch ropes that hung down her back. She was rich, at least by our standards, as rich as the richest of the white girls, swaddled in comfort and care." (Morrison, 1994:62).

The same subliminal message that can be seen in Dick and Jane story about family, are also portrayed in the book *Portnoy's Complaint* as the main character says:

"These are the children from the coloring books come to life, the children they mean on the signs we pass in Union, New Jersey, that say CHILDREN, AT PLAY and DRIVE CAREFULLY, WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN - these are the girls and boys who live "next door," the kids who are always asking for "the jalopy" and getting into "jams" and then again in time for the final commercial - the kids whose neighbors aren't the Silversteins and the Landaus, but Fibber McGee and Molly, and Ozzie and Harriet, and Ethel and Albert, and Lorenzo Jones and his wife Belle, and Jack Armstrong! Jack Armstrong, the All-American Goy." (Roth, 2005:146).

Although Portnoy's family seems, at the first sight, to be a family inside the pre-existent model, with a father, who works and provides for the family, the mother, who gave birth to Portnoy and his sister, and stays at home taking care of the children not because they are not wealthy, like Tom and Daisy, but mainly because of their Jewish religion. Although they fit the model structurally, their behavior is not appropriate.

And from where does the idea of molding a perfect conduct and identity, and consequently excluding those who do not fit into the mold, come? Hawthorne's novel seems to answer this question, as he writes a work that tries to capture the construction of America as a country and of American *ethos*, which in a certain way is still present. The book reflects the very roots of American *ethos* through the representation of Puritanism, which has as a purpose to contain human passion which led to depravity, preserve and strengthen morality. Those goals are only achieved by a close rigidity and Legalism. It is no wonder that the first scene we read about it is of the jail in town. This new nation not only creates models, and still does, but also violently excludes those that do not fit, as we are going to see in more detail in the next section.

2. What it means to be different

In this section we are going to present what happens to those who are on the margin of this American model and do not have any possibility of achieving it or staying in it. Certain characters, such as Gatsby and Peccola, believe they are inside the model, but we as readers know they were never really part of it and will never be.

The vision of society of what is right and what is wrong is clearly stated as the women in the market in *The Scarlet Letter* say: “[T]his woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!” (Hawthorne, 2009:47). Therefore Hester is obliged to wear a letter on her chest to show that she is a sinner. She accepts her punishment and rejects the judgment of the town against her by still having her child and living among them. The idea of guilt is rooted in the village people’s mind and they can never forgive her, they fear not only her but themselves as Schwarz said “A diligência justiceira deixa entrever a incerteza quanto à contabilidade divina; há premonição de que o pecado é invenção humana, - se não for punido pelo homem, ninguém punirá (...)” (1981:141). They cannot deal with difference. To those that have deviant conduct the price is perceptual “exile” (Hester) and death (Dimmesdale).

The same idea is found in *The Great Gatsby*, whose main character is an outsider, he can never belong to the circle; his money, clothes and obsession for Daisy only reinforce this idea. Although he believes that he is perfectly settled in society we readers know that he was never really accepted in their “club”.

“And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.” (Fitzgerald, 1994:188).

The consequence is his death. Nick is also an outsider, and he knows it; he is jealous of Gatsby at the beginning of the story, but after a while he recognizes

himself in *Gatsby*. And following the example of *The Scarlet Letter*, Nick is the one who goes into "exile".

In *The Great Gatsby* we may say that we do have a perfect model of the "American being", represented in the characters of Tom and Daisy. Since the story takes place before the Stock Market Crash, a period in which the belief in the American Dream was at its apotheosis. After the Crash this belief was still alive but the models to be achieved are more and more elusive, the result is that people spend their lives trying to reach something unreachable. This is almost predicted by Nick in the last sentence in the book: "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." (Fitzgerald, 1994:188).

The deconstruction of image in *The Bluest Eye* is first perceived with the deconstruction of the classic and model story of Dick and Jane:

"Here is the house it is green and white it has a red door it is very pretty here the family mother father Dick and Jane live in the green and white house they are very happy see Jane she has a red dress she wants to play with how will I play with Jane see the cat it goes meow meow come and play come play with Jane the kitten will not play see mother mother is very nice mother will you play with Jane mother laughs laugh mother laughs see father he is big and strong father will you play with Jane father is smiling smile father smile see the dog bow wow go see the dog do you want to play with Jane see the dog run run dog run look look here comes a friend the friend will play with Jane they will play a good game play Jane play." (Morrison, 1994:4).

The ideal of family portrayed above is misconstrued to show the incoherence it has when we compare with Peccola's family, as can also be seen in Portnoy's Complaint. However, in *The Bluest Eye*, exclusion is even more violent, because it comes from inside the characters.

"The master had said, 'You are ugly people.' They had looked about themselves and saw nothing to contradict the statement; saw, in fact, support in leaning at them from every billboard, every movie, every glance. 'Yes,' they had said. 'You are right.' And they look the ugliness in their hands, threw it as a mantle over them, and went about the world with it. [...] And Peccola. She hid behind hers. Concealed, veiled, eclipsed – peeping out from behind the shroud very seldom, and then only to yearn for the return of her mask." (Morrison, 1994:39).

The ugliness comes from their own conviction; in this environment. Peccola knows that she is inferior in comparison to the other girls, she rejects

who she is and goes after her dream, and she prays every night to have blue eyes, illustrating what Willis said: “to vicariously live white experience as a negation of blackness” (1991:109). Her state of mind is destroyed little by little by an abusive and loveless home, the interior ugliness since she was born, her father's rape and the pregnancy. Everything is constructed in a way that she cannot escape, so she built her ideal world. She conquers her blue eyes by giving up asking God for them and asking another person, to show us how desperate she is to be free from her suffering. Her blue eyes are her American Dream, and also her denial. In the letter to god Soaphead Church says:

“I weep for You that I had to do your work for You.
Do you know what she came for? Blue eyes. New, blue eyes, she said. Like she was buying shoes. “I'd like a pair of new blue eyes.” She must have asked you for them for a very long time, and you hadn't replied. (...) She came for *me* for them.” (Morrison, 1994:180)

Accordingly to this society, God cannot help those who do not deserve His mercy. Portnoy is Jewish by birth, but he was born in America, he is not an American or an Israeli, what makes him a person without identity. This is a big problem to him and he will never be a person who is complete without asking for help. His mental problem is not as severe as Peccola's, but his lack of identity makes him rejects any possibility of having a healthy relationship, and he seeks in the sex the answer to his frustrations. We see in these works examples that exclusion is internalized and the capacity of achieve the “American Model” is impossible.

Final Remarks

In this paper we showed how American culture imposes a certain kind of model that is hard to achieve even for those who are born in the United States of America, and very few came close to it like Gatsby did. And this same system that decides who is in, violently excludes those who are not considered worthy or do not fit in the mold, like Peccola, who “is the most horrifying example of the mental distortion produced by being “other” to white culture” (Willis, 1991:110). However the consequences of this imposition for those who live on the edge, who will never be considered members of the “club”, always remaining between what they are and an idealization of what they should be.

They will suffer forever because they will not understand exactly what is wrong with them, like Portnoy. And those who decide to go against the system will also suffer rejection and will pay for their acts like Hester.

What makes this imposition so terrible is the subtlety with which this is done, to make it to look natural and common, or worse, God's will. If we decide to be very radical, we can compare this "action" with the most horrifying event of the 20th century: Nazism. If we consider that the Nazism event was of an imposition of one dominant ideology on others and that this ideology would constitute the right and best kind of human being without taking into account and respect the differences, excluding (and killing) those that did not fit into their ideal, there are similarities to what we see in this study of American culture.

However the way to demonstrate the superiority of Nazism was through killing and exterminating those ones that were not fit. On the other hand, as seen in the books we read, this superiority was subtle and consequently its result does not come from an external attack, like soldiers, but even worse as it is an inner attack, hidden behind a "democratic mask". The American constitution defends and spreads "liberty and justice for all", but it "forgets" to complete the sentence "liberty and justice for all, as long as you fit in the mold", which is unachievable. In a time after the discovery of psychoanalysis by Freud, it is as if a new kind of light was thrown onto our lives, one that tries to have a more subjective view, therefore giving us a better understanding of the world around us and how it affects us inwardly, therefore also affecting the specter of social relations, which are based on inequality and exclusion.

"PUNCH LINE

So (said the doctor). Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?" (Roth, 2005:274)

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JAMES JOYCE'S Subjective and Narcissistic Realism.

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Abstract: The aim of this essay is to highlight some of the major aspects of Joyce's aesthetics. He sought to portray a very Irish experience; one that a tourist could never grasp entirely. He wanted to depict the Dublin of the beginning of the 20th century and used many factual elements in his work in order to map it in an almost photographic mimetic process. He was very concerned about precision when recreating in his literature the city he lived in. Some of his main techniques, such as interior monologue and epiphanies are resources that allow a more likely portrait of the mind of man of his time.

Key words: James Joyce, Ulysses, Dubliners, Stream of Consciousness, Interior monologue, epiphany

To a reader who has some familiarity with Joycean and classical literature it would not be difficult to establish certain relations between the Irish author and Aristotle. Just to begin, one can say that in a considerable portion of his work, James Joyce uses the concept of art as *mimesis*, as advocated by the Greek philosopher in his *Poetics*. It is also necessary to highlight the position that Aristotle held among his peers. Perhaps because Aristotle was a naturalist, he develops an opposite position to the base of the thought of his master, Plato. The Theory of Ideas divides the world into two parts: a concrete plane, which is perceived by the senses and is a pale reproduction of the real world, which is the world of ideas. We can find this in "The myth of the cave" in which men are represented chained with their backs against the entrance of the cave, watching the reflections of a flickering flame in its inner walls. From outside, from the cave's entrance, comes a strong light. This way, the shadows would be the sensible world, the chains would be the senses and the outside light, the world of ideas. Due to this characteristic of Plato's thought, he bequeathed to our modern languages the adjective

"platonic," which means "idealized" and even "impossible". For Aristotle, on the other hand, there is no such dichotomy: only this universe exists. Therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that Joyce is for Aristotle in the same proportion as his nationalist compatriots are for Plato. To better illustrate this opposition, we can observe the picture of the Renaissance painter Raphael *School of Athens*, in which Plato is depicted pointing upward, while Aristotle points down.

It is important to highlight that the posture Aristotle holds in this painting is exactly the same of James Joyce. The Irish author, throughout his literature, makes a Homeric move toward the floor.

Naturalistic and non-metaphysical, James Augustine Aloysius Joyce (1882 - 1941), chose to follow the opposite direction of his fellow Irish writers. He did not seek any resolution to the romantic and idealistic national dilemma: on the contrary, he focused on describing and diagnosing the context in which their homeland was. As we read Joyce, we are not only dealing with a work of immense artistic value, but also with a literature of a documentary magnitude, thanks to the surgical thoroughness with which the author selected the elements that his work is constituted by. The Joycean literature is renowned for its encyclopedic content, and some critics say that it would be possible to rebuild Dublin from his texts, due to his perspicacity at mapping the main psychological tendencies of its inhabitants, as well as his accuracy in referencing to addresses, buildings and events. Joyce recreated relatives, acquaintances and even public figures in his work that are often presented with their real names and experiencing events that actually occurred.

In 1905, for example, when Joyce was living on the continent, he sent a letter to his brother Stanislaus, who was still living in Ireland, asking him to certify certain details. Joyce asks if a priest could be buried in habit, like Father Flynn in "The Sisters"; if the Aungier and Wicklow Streets are in the Royal Exchange Ward, and if a municipal election could be held in October (for "Ivy Day in the Committee Room"). Joyce also asks if the police in Sydney Parade is from the D. Ward, if a city ambulance was called to Sydney Parade due to an accident, if an injured person in that local would be accepted for treatment at Vincent's Hospital (for "A Painful Case") and if the police (for "After the Race") had provisions given by the government and not a particular contract. (Ellmann, 1989, p 268).

Another interesting example is an event that occurred after Joyce's death, when the BBC was preparing a long program about it and sent reporters to Dublin who asked Dr. Richard Best to take part in a radio interview. "Why did you come looking for me?", he asked truculently. "What makes you think I have any connection with this fellow, Joyce?" "But you cannot deny your connection," the men from the BBC said. "After all you are a character in *Ulysses*." Best stood up and replied, "I'm not a fictional character. I am a living being." (Ellmann, 1989, p. 454).

These are just two samples of this resource that Joyce used extensively throughout his work. According to Ellmann (1989, p. 453), the likelihood in Joyce's work is such that he has been derided more as a mimic than a creator, which is a great compliment, since this charge is not entirely true. Joyce was always concerned with fidelity to fact. Unlike Dante, perhaps his favorite author, Joyce forsook heaven and hell, sin and punishment, preferring to keep Dante's human comedy and to enjoy worldly and disorderly lives that the Italian master would have ignored. Joyce was not interested in the extraordinary, far from it: Joyce made a huge effort to make it ordinary, transforming it, afterwards, in an object of interest: "I never met an uninteresting person," he once said. The major focus in Joyce's work is the *banal*, and nobody knew what it was until Joyce had written it. In his books there is nothing of an active, external and conclusive life that many writers approached before him. (Ellmann, 1989, p.20-23). Due to many intricate technical supports, Joyce achieves an incredible effect of naturalism on the surface of his texts. The author presents a lot of material that he does not intend to explain; this way, all the details seem to be both significant and insignificant, without, however, showing us any guidance through the reading. (Ellmann, 1989, p. 457). Thus, his works, like life, give the impression of many trails that anyone can follow. "Só escrevo bem", he once told his brother Stanislaus, "porque quando escrevo minha mente está o mais próximo possível da normalidade." (Ellmann, 1989, p. 333).

The techniques that Joyce developed and by which he has always been acknowledged, since they had influenced other countless writers throughout the twentieth century, meet up the paradigm exposed above and support it.

Epiphanies, interior monologue and the reduced importance of the plot are the foundations that provide the realism in his books.

According to Vizioli (1991),

A redução de importância do enredo consiste na dispensa da ação, na medida do possível, favorecendo em seu lugar a “atmosfera”, construída habilmente com apenas alguns poucos objetos de grande força evocativa, e a “caracterização”, responsável por personagens que, vistas por fora e por dentro, apresentam relativa complexidade. (p. 42)

There are many features that reject the action throughout his work. Stephen Dedalus, for example, states that he does not like action like that of soldiers. Bloom, whose name means flower, is a husband who is completely passive and does not face the citizen in the *Cyclops* chapter; his sexual organ is also compared to a flower, a traditional symbol for the female. Something that is also attributed to him is the deer, an animal that is a prey par excellence. All Joyce's characters are essentially passive, and even when they act, they do not do it exactly due to a proactive and entrepreneurial impulse. They are always presented as if they were not masters of their own destiny. Characters that have an emphasis on action are relegated to the antagonism, such as the Citizen and Blazes Boylan, the lover, who, curiously, unlike Bloom, has a name that refers to action: Blazes is related to flame; Boylan is related to boil.

The reduction of the importance of the plot came to be characterized as one of the main elements of modern prose, in which a narrative, curiously, is not focused on narrating a story. In traditional narratives, the plot is constructed to lead the reader to certain effects; the story is not only exposed, but its many constituent elements are configured in order to direct it to an aim; the choice of language, the terms used to describe the pace of events; everything is part of the selection of the narrator that prints in the text his own opinion. There is, therefore, simultaneously, an event, the story itself, and its commentary, the way it was narrated. And this is true not only for texts with literary pretensions; every day, when we report any event, we are doing exactly the same thing. However, real life has no plot; there is no standard pattern or any organization of its infinite events. This is the subjective human labor to reframe the world around us; in real life, things just happen. And it is due to this apparent imprecision about the pattern and the selection of events in Joyce's prose that the impression of realism is guaranteed; moreover, it is also due to

this feature that many readers are led to conclude that nothing happens in Joyce's texts.

Thus, by virtually eliminating the plot from his writings, Joyce is increasingly moving toward the ground; in to Vizioli's opinion, building this "atmosfera" that is a simulacrum of reality.

What Vizioli called above "caracterização" is actually one of the pillars for the most studied technique of the Irish author: interior monologue.

This is perhaps Joyce's main technique and which has made him world famous. We can find it in certain short stories in *Dubliners'* such as "Eveline", although this technique was in an embryonic stage . It is present in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and in *Ulysses*, it was used in three distinct moments: with Stephen, Bloom and Molly, being adapted to the ethos of each character. The interior monologue is an offshoot of free indirect speech. In both cases, there are subtle changes between the objective and subjective plane, without a very clear marking. There is a dilution of the border that divides these two dimensions, which causes a certain feeling of unity between them. Generally the flow begins at a completely objective moment; the character is doing anything, usually trivial. The objects awaken impressions on the character that immediately - as it is for the character - are exposed to the reader. From this point on, various associations accumulate, often for reasons that are not obvious and we often get lost in the character's distractions. We often find repulsive and embarrassing thoughts that hardly anyone would express in normal conditions. It is always a fluid text, like a river that carries within it all the desires, memories and opinions of a character that unfolds and goes away from us at the beginning, only, when we least expect it, ot return to the starting point. It is a feature that allows such a deep access to the human psyche like never before. There are many speculations about its causes as "why was this technique only developed at the turn of the twentieth century?" We believe that it may be due to the fact that the model of the psyche that interior monologue assumes was not the same as that of our ancestors'. Anyway, it is interesting to note that the advent of the interior monologue occurred almost simultaneously with psychoanalysis. Interestingly, Joyce refused to be analyzed by Jung.

Terms such as *subjectivity* and its variations, as well as other close meanings, are automatically raised to refer to interior monologue. However, there are some caveats to be made. In a traditional dialogue, typically of a play, we only have contact with the lines of the characters; their objectified thoughts that are filtered by the social conventions of the play in question. However, it is still possible to infer various aspects related to the subjectivity of the characters, since there are several unspoken subtexts that are the substrata that allow what was effectively objectified. This technique, unlike the interior monologue, ensures a clear division between these two universes, but even with a focus on the external, it does not exclude the other. And it promotes a state of a purer subjectivity, since one of its conceptions is, according to the Priberam dictionary, "what is happening only in spirit." Thus, in drama, the subjectivity remains subjective; fully accessible only to the characters. In the interior monologue, however, the subjective is objectified. And by making it an object in this process of externalization, subjectivity is no longer something exclusive to the individual and can be shared with the reader, making it available for a more complex analysis. It is interesting to note that what is conventionally termed as "subjectivity" always remained on an inaccessible plane, and it was only by using this technique, as in psychoanalysis, that it was made as tangible and verifiable to studies as anatomy is to medicine and soil to geology. Thus, what was regarded only as spiritual becomes finally materialized. The epiphany in Joyce's work operates similarly. Originally, the epiphany is a biblical term that means the manifestation of God; a moment of great revelation that would bring some purpose to the lives of those who experience it. In his movement toward the ground, Joyce subverts it entirely. Certainly the original description remains a metaphor for what he wants to accomplish. By being desecrated, the epiphany becomes the "súbita revelação da essência de uma coisa" (Ellmann, 1989, p. 116), the moment when "a alma mais comum dos objetos parece radiante" (ibid.). The revelation is not made on the spiritual plane anymore in a way that one could understand the whole of one's own life, but with minor trivialities, ephemeral and fleeting, though, when they are being lived, maintaining some of the astonishment caused by the casual discovery.

The manner the epiphanies are inserted in Joyce's prose makes them even more trivial, since he never insists, and he manages the effect to seem that they are dissipating. In "The Dead", for example, when Aunt Julia is just singing and is enthusiastically applauded by all those who attended her presentation, she blushes and they comment: "I never saw her singing as well as tonight". The sequence of flattering speeches reveals an important issue. Aunt Julia had enough talent to be a great professional singer, but instead she chose to devote herself to take care of the church choir. It is suggested that Julia realizes the implication of these two points, however, before she attains and develops this impression and reaches a moment when she could reframe her entire life, the narrator quickly moves away to other trivia at the party, without abrupt breaks, and this transfer makes what could be the highest point - and perhaps it was to the character - pass unnoticed among the myriad of details in the fine line between the trivial and the relevant. Due to the lack of clear contours that indicate perfectly the narrator's intention, an air of impersonality is guaranteed to the text, which emphasizes the effect of realism. This way, the epiphanies reported are very similar to those we have in our daily routine.

Still on profanity, let's talk about *Ulysses*. Since Zola, it has been common to look at the wreckage of a city, but there is something that only Joyce perceived and knew how to portray. He was the first to provide an urban man, without importance, with heroic relevance (Ellmann, 1989). Bloom is a Homeric character and, at the same time, an insignificant Dublin citizen who, besides being a cuckold, masturbates and defecates in front of his readers. For Joyce, the juxtaposition was easy and natural. It is an exciting - and exhausting - task to attempt to grasp all the references Joyce makes; it is, perhaps, due to it, that it would be virtually impossible to see the dialogue with the Homeric epic if there were not the suggestive title and a table with general relations made by Joyce himself. However, a detailed analysis reveals strong parallels between the two narratives. Just to begin, let us consider the choice of the main character. Joyce wanted a character that could cover the totality and wondered: Who is the most complete character in literary history? The answer was simple: Odysseus. The protagonist of the *Odyssey* brings together a wide range of experiences. He was king of Ithaca, a sovereign. But he was also a vassal when the Greeks gathered against Troy. He was a father and also a son. He was the

husband of Penelope and he was the lover of Calypso. He fought at Troy and suggested the strategy of the horse, guaranteeing the Greek victory. He traveled to various regions of the Earth and went and returned from Hades. When he finally returns home, Odysseus defeats the suitors of his wife, who remained all the time loyal to him. Besides the choice of the substrata for the protagonist, it is important to highlight the differences and similarities between the Homeric universe and Joyce's.

As in the work of the Irish author, the Homeric epic also allows a very detailed and plastic notion of its universe. "O mundo épico conhece uma só e única concepção de mundo inteiramente acabada, igualmente obrigatória e indiscutível para os personagens, para o autor e para os ouvintes", says Bakhtin (1988, p. 423). The Homeric world simply exists and is portrayed in his work as it is. There are no comments by the narrator in his text; actually, the concept of authorship, as we understand nowadays, which necessarily implies the perceptions of an individual in his report, did not then exist then. This lack of distance might provoke a false impression of naiveté, since there is no criticism being made. The sensation is that as if this universe, its inhabitants and the one who portrays it have all the answers and even that all the questions had never been asked. The epic corresponds to a simple state of a society, but it already has some institutions. There are divisions among men, and knowledge is, in its own way, diversified. However, none of these aspects can produce distance. Knowledge was accessible to everyone and it is very likely that Odysseus was able to build his own bed and also make his own butter. And, similarly, people have direct relationships with each other and anonymity, so common in everyday modern life, was not present in this universe. Certainly it is probable that the range of knowledge was not as broad as it is today and the population was not so numerous. The man in the Homeric epic feels at home anywhere and the unknown did not exist. It is as if it were always day. There was no doubt. This provided the integrity and the typical arrogance of the epic hero; unthinkable to a character in a novel. The Homeric character has no psyche; the inner life, as conceived today. This is only possible due to distance. Bakhtin says "ele [herói homérico] é completamente exteriorizado. Entre sua verdadeira essência e o seu aspecto exterior não há a menor discrepância." (1988, p.423). But the world has increasingly become more complex and

strange. The individual has gone through experiences in which he is gradually permeated all the time with a sense of displacement. It is already impossible to grasp the all knowledge produced and the professions have become more and more specialized, creating individuals capable of producing the wheel of a car, but completely ignorant of all its other parts. The man became incomplete and divided. The civilizing process takes man away from himself, and he starts to live in a universe that no longer can be called his own. There are no answers anymore, and it is often impossible to formulate the questions. This way, the individual begins to float without any direction in a space full of uncertainties; alienated from the world and alienated from himself. The epic covers its entire universe; the world in its totality. The Greeks could not think about their world before having it represented. Homer did it. Then came tragedy and later philosophy. And that is exactly what Joyce is proposing to do. With alleged impersonality, he exposes the universe in which his countrymen took part, but due to numerous distractions they were unable to perceive. Joyce seeks, as far as possible, to not think about his world, assigning this task to the reader. Joyce offers no answers or questions.

Joyce makes a link between these two moments that can be named as the most archaic and more modern in Western civilization. Thus, what seemed impossible is seen to be clear and inevitable. It is interesting to note that, in the first episode in which Bloom appears, in the chapter "Calypso", his wife asks him what the word *metempsychosis* means. Bloom replied that it is Greek, and it is related to the transmigration of souls; here, in a single movement, Joyce suggests an explanation for the technique he is using and, through the language, the people he is referring to. Bloom revives the *Odyssey* and the substrata of Odysseus are present in him in the only way a man of his time could live. It should also be noted that in the *Poetics*, Aristotle says that the epic has as its object of imitation superior men. But this definition breaks down in *Ulysses*, or perhaps due to a full exposure of all the characteristics of an individual, not even hiding the most disgusting, in some way the Joycean character is equal to the Homeric. It is hard to like Joyce's characters; it is even more difficult to admire them. He undresses man from what we are used to respect and then invites us to sympathize with them (Ellmann, 1989). Yeats, for example, was aristocratic. His plays approached members of the courts of the

mythical Irish folklore. But Joyce did not make distinctions between men and therefore he did not revere anyone. Certainly we can find in his texts people in their multiple divisions, whether by age, sex or occupation. His narratives expose mothers, priests, journalists, employees, children, old people, among many others, doing exactly what they are supposed to. But there is no external focus in these divisions - which could even be called artificial - but, in what seems to be immanent and immutable to human condition, despite being sly and distracted on the surface. In this way, individuals are unmasked and are revealed to be the same, without, however, as far as possible, there existing any kind of ideological interference by the narrator. There is rather a removal of any ideology and nothing is put in its place. Man is exposed without the typical reconstruction of himself as in all cultures. They are exposed in their natural form.

There are another two important points about epic in Joyce. The first is his undeniable encyclopedic content, common in many world epics. The second is its relationship with national identity. Epics usually have this feature and are often successful here, as in the foundation of the Finnish independent state and *Kalevala*. But *Ulysses* is unthinkable as the epic of the Irish people. On the contrary: one of the major themes in all Joyce's work is the expatriation. And maybe because it was written at a time in which his nation was claiming indigenous elements in order to create a national identity for the sake of political freedom, by using as a substratum for his masterpiece the epic genre, the criticism Joyce is making of his homeland becomes even sharper. As explained so far, Joyce does not respect borders, and he was not interested in cultures, provincialisms and human idealisms, but in what was common to all; behind all this. Thus, unlike their compatriots who wrote from Irish folklore, Joyce chose a work that was universal and was at the root of Western civilization. Even having written only on Dublin, he did it not for provincialism, but rather aiming universality, as Joyce believed that by reaching the heart of Dublin he would get to the heart of every city in the world (Ellmann, 1989, p. 623). Being at the threshold between man devoid of all humanity and the beginning of it, the epic is now also the only possible substrateum for someone who purports to portray the man in his natural aspect. This is also the only way to make an epic in our time and we must agree that Joyce reached a very close

position in relation to his longing for totality. *Ulysses* is too universal to fit only as a national epic. More than any other novel, it fully endorses the idea of the romance as the epic of the bourgeoisie. For all these reasons, it is no exaggeration to say that *Ulysses* is the epic of all Western civilization of the twentieth century. This way, *Ulysses* is undeniably universal. The typical poverty of experience that characterizes the modern man, as stated by Walter Benjamin (1985, p. 118), is ubiquitous in Joyce's work. We can clearly notice in his literature that man no longer aspires to new experiences - these are always being culturally validated, by the universe in which the individual takes part in – but rather, man aspires to free himself from all experience.

Joyce wrote at a time when all values were in transition and, therefore, inconsistent. The naive certainty of divine position of the individual had disappeared; the certainty that man had power to grasp reality in its ultimate sense, describing it and analyzing it. The concept of reality used here is that which believes what is objective is real; that which can be grasped also by many individuals and, therefore, would be impersonal. This principle was widely used by the Enlightenment and it is still the basis of Western science. The universe of Joyce is already a reality where the world is no longer explained, and therefore, aesthetic adjustments were necessary that could incorporate the state of flux and uncertainty within the very structure of his work.

Ernst Cassirer, a German philosopher, in *Ensaio sobre o Homem*, first published in 1944, tells us that the man is unable to confront reality immediately. It is possible to grasp it through what are termed as the receiving system and effector system, present in both men and animals. However, unlike animals, humans have a third system, known as a symbolic system, giving us access to a new dimension in addition to the sensory perceptions. Thanks to this, instead of dealing with the things themselves, man is just constantly talking to himself about the ideas he has about things. The rational thought, therefore, exists in this plane for when we think we are not dealing properly with the objects, but with the abstraction of them in our mind. Without this ability, a simple mathematical operation would be impossible. Therefore, it can be stated that physical reality recedes in proportion to the advancement of symbolic activity, because what man calls reality is nothing more than the abstraction or the impression of it.

Impressionist painters were the pioneers in the art of exposing a new perception of reality. They were not interested in painting mimetic canvas with photographic accuracy. They sought to capture certain impressions made in certain circumstances, usually due to the light, as can be seen in the paintings of *Rouen Cathedral*, by Monet, in which the angle and perspective are exactly the same, but the cathedrals seem to be different from each other thanks to the hues caused by the variation in brightness throughout the day. The gradual process of derealization in arts is characterized by not attempting to reproduce the reality perceived by our senses. The portrait and the perspective disappear. The concept of perspective emerged during the Renaissance and is an artistic resource that corresponds to the *Zeitgeist* in which man was seeking the domination of the earthly world. Perspective puts everything around man, centering him. But man was gradually turning away from the world, and in this process, it was only possible to portray our impressions and our psyche. Only abstract art would be able to give expression to what is essentially non-figurative. The elimination of the space, or the illusion thereof, in the novel, seems to correspond to the elimination of temporal succession. Anatol Rosenfeld (1973) tells us that internal monologue makes the intermediate disappear, and it is replaced by the direct presence of psychic flow. The logical order of a sentence disappears and also the coherence of the structure that the classical narrator printed to the sequence of events. In this way, causality, the basis of the traditional plot, with its logical chain of reasons and situations, with beginning, middle and end, vanishes.

We can say that, due to the awareness of man's inability to represent reality, the modern artist is, therefore, extremely realistic, because he denies illusion of it and portrays only what is tangible, i.e., his own perceptions. And though it may seem contradictory to what has been said about *mimesis* in Joyce's work in this text, the author was fully aware of this paradigm. Even though numerous factual references are presented, Joyce's work is essentially subjective.

Joyce shows in his literature a view that, despite being verifiable, was not widely shared by his countrymen, otherwise they would have at least expressed something close to what Joyce wrote. In addition, Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom and Gabriel Conroy are characters inspired by James Joyce's life. He

gave the same naming error to Bloom that his father committed: Leopold Paula Bloom, James Augustine Aloysius Joyce. Gabriel Conroy, as the author, is a language teacher living on the continent that comes back to his country to celebrate Christmas with his family, full of foreign habits, like using boots that he acquired during his stay on the continent. He disdains the provincialism of his relatives and, when asked, says Irish was not his language. But it is Stephen Dedalus who has the largest number of references to Joyce's personal life. He is an artist and many of the scenes that take place in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* actually happened to James Joyce. They say that this book has autobiographical elements, but given all reasons so far, we can say that Joyce's entire work is quite autobiographical, because when he is not portraying himself in fiction, all opinions, viewpoints, clippings, albeit disguised as impartial, are actually the point of view of Joyce himself. One could say that if this is true to Joyce, is also true for all other authors. Maybe it is. But the fact is that this is evident in his work, which proves that he was aware of it when he wrote.

Thus, Joyce reached a result probably unprecedented: besides immortalizing his name through his literature, through thereof he also immortalized his life.

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