

# The Brief Life of the Anthropoid Animal

A Collection of Translated Poems  
from Brief Life and The anthropoid animal  
by Luiz Busatto

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1. Introdução	1
2. Metodologia	2
3. Resultados	3
4. Conclusão	4
5. Referências	5
6. Anexos	6
7. Bibliografia	7
8. Glossário	8
9. Índice	9
10. Apêndice	10
11. Resumo	11
12. Abstract	12
13. Introdução	13
14. Metodologia	14
15. Resultados	15
16. Conclusão	16
17. Referências	17
18. Anexos	18
19. Bibliografia	19
20. Glossário	20
21. Índice	21
22. Apêndice	22
23. Resumo	23
24. Abstract	24
25. Introdução	25
26. Metodologia	26
27. Resultados	27
28. Conclusão	28
29. Referências	29
30. Anexos	30
31. Bibliografia	31
32. Glossário	32
33. Índice	33
34. Apêndice	34
35. Resumo	35
36. Abstract	36
37. Introdução	37
38. Metodologia	38
39. Resultados	39
40. Conclusão	40
41. Referências	41
42. Anexos	42
43. Bibliografia	43
44. Glossário	44
45. Índice	45
46. Apêndice	46
47. Resumo	47
48. Abstract	48
49. Introdução	49
50. Metodologia	50
51. Resultados	51
52. Conclusão	52
53. Referências	53
54. Anexos	54
55. Bibliografia	55
56. Glossário	56
57. Índice	57
58. Apêndice	58
59. Resumo	59
60. Abstract	60
61. Introdução	61
62. Metodologia	62
63. Resultados	63
64. Conclusão	64
65. Referências	65
66. Anexos	66
67. Bibliografia	67
68. Glossário	68
69. Índice	69
70. Apêndice	70
71. Resumo	71
72. Abstract	72
73. Introdução	73
74. Metodologia	74
75. Resultados	75
76. Conclusão	76
77. Referências	77
78. Anexos	78
79. Bibliografia	79
80. Glossário	80
81. Índice	81
82. Apêndice	82
83. Resumo	83
84. Abstract	84
85. Introdução	85
86. Metodologia	86
87. Resultados	87
88. Conclusão	88
89. Referências	89
90. Anexos	90
91. Bibliografia	91
92. Glossário	92
93. Índice	93
94. Apêndice	94
95. Resumo	95
96. Abstract	96
97. Introdução	97
98. Metodologia	98
99. Resultados	99
100. Conclusão	100
101. Referências	101
102. Anexos	102
103. Bibliografia	103
104. Glossário	104
105. Índice	105
106. Apêndice	106
107. Resumo	107
108. Abstract	108
109. Introdução	109
110. Metodologia	110
111. Resultados	111
112. Conclusão	112
113. Referências	113
114. Anexos	114
115. Bibliografia	115
116. Glossário	116
117. Índice	117
118. Apêndice	118
119. Resumo	119
120. Abstract	120
121. Introdução	121
122. Metodologia	122
123. Resultados	123
124. Conclusão	124
125. Referências	125
126. Anexos	126
127. Bibliografia	127
128. Glossário	128
129. Índice	129
130. Apêndice	130
131. Resumo	131
132. Abstract	132
133. Introdução	133
134. Metodologia	134
135. Resultados	135
136. Conclusão	136
137. Referências	137
138. Anexos	138
139. Bibliografia	139
140. Glossário	140
141. Índice	141
142. Apêndice	142
143. Resumo	143
144. Abstract	144
145. Introdução	145
146. Metodologia	146
147. Resultados	147
148. Conclusão	148
149. Referências	149
150. Anexos	150
151. Bibliografia	151
152. Glossário	152
153. Índice	153
154. Apêndice	154
155. Resumo	155
156. Abstract	156
157. Introdução	157
158. Metodologia	158
159. Resultados	159
160. Conclusão	160
161. Referências	161
162. Anexos	162
163. Bibliografia	163
164. Glossário	164
165. Índice	165
166. Apêndice	166
167. Resumo	167
168. Abstract	168
169. Introdução	169
170. Metodologia	170
171. Resultados	171
172. Conclusão	172
173. Referências	173
174. Anexos	174
175. Bibliografia	175
176. Glossário	176
177. Índice	177
178. Apêndice	178
179. Resumo	179
180. Abstract	180
181. Introdução	181
182. Metodologia	182
183. Resultados	183
184. Conclusão	184
185. Referências	185
186. Anexos	186
187. Bibliografia	187
188. Glossário	188
189. Índice	189
190. Apêndice	190
191. Resumo	191
192. Abstract	192
193. Introdução	193
194. Metodologia	194
195. Resultados	195
196. Conclusão	196
197. Referências	197
198. Anexos	198
199. Bibliografia	199
200. Glossário	200
201. Índice	201
202. Apêndice	202
203. Resumo	203
204. Abstract	204
205. Introdução	205
206. Metodologia	206
207. Resultados	207
208. Conclusão	208
209. Referências	209
210. Anexos	210
211. Bibliografia	211
212. Glossário	212
213. Índice	213
214. Apêndice	214
215. Resumo	215
216. Abstract	216
217. Introdução	217
218. Metodologia	218
219. Resultados	219
220. Conclusão	220
221. Referências	221
222. Anexos	222
223. Bibliografia	223
224. Glossário	224
225. Índice	225
226. Apêndice	226
227. Resumo	227
228. Abstract	228
229. Introdução	229
230. Metodologia	230
231. Resultados	231
232. Conclusão	232
233. Referências	233
234. Anexos	234
235. Bibliografia	235
236. Glossário	236
237. Índice	237
238. Apêndice	238
239. Resumo	239
240. Abstract	240
241. Introdução	241
242. Metodologia	242
243. Resultados	243
244. Conclusão	244
245. Referências	245
246. Anexos	246
247. Bibliografia	247
248. Glossário	248
249. Índice	249
250. Apêndice	250
251. Resumo	251
252. Abstract	252
253. Introdução	253
254. Metodologia	254
255. Resultados	255
256. Conclusão	256
257. Referências	257
258. Anexos	258
259. Bibliografia	259
260. Glossário	260
261. Índice	261
262. Apêndice	262
263. Resumo	263
264. Abstract	264
265. Introdução	265
266. Metodologia	266
267. Resultados	267
268. Conclusão	268
269. Referências	269
270. Anexos	270
271. Bibliografia	271
272. Glossário	272
273. Índice	273
274. Apêndice	274
275. Resumo	275
276. Abstract	276
277. Introdução	277
278. Metodologia	278
279. Resultados	279
280. Conclusão	280
281. Referências	281
282. Anexos	282
283. Bibliografia	283
284. Glossário	284
285. Índice	285
286. Apêndice	286
287. Resumo	287
288. Abstract	288
289. Introdução	289
290. Metodologia	290
291. Resultados	291
292. Conclusão	292
293. Referências	293
294. Anexos	294
295. Bibliografia	295
296. Glossário	296
297. Índice	297
298. Apêndice	298
299. Resumo	299
300. Abstract	300
301. Introdução	301
302. Metodologia	302
303. Resultados	303
304. Conclusão	304
305. Referências	305
306. Anexos	306
307. Bibliografia	307
308. Glossário	308
309. Índice	309
310. Apêndice	310
311. Resumo	311
312. Abstract	312
313. Introdução	313
314. Metodologia	314
315. Resultados	315
316. Conclusão	316
317. Referências	317
318. Anexos	318
319. Bibliografia	319
320. Glossário	320
321. Índice	321
322. Apêndice	322
323. Resumo	323
324. Abstract	324
325. Introdução	325
326. Metodologia	326
327. Resultados	327
328. Conclusão	328
329. Referências	329
330. Anexos	330
331. Bibliografia	331
332. Glossário	332
333. Índice	333
334. Apêndice	334
335. Resumo	335
336. Abstract	336
337. Introdução	337
338. Metodologia	338
339. Resultados	339
340. Conclusão	340
341. Referências	341
342. Anexos	342
343. Bibliografia	343
344. Glossário	344
345. Índice	345
346. Apêndice	346
347. Resumo	347
348. Abstract	348
349. Introdução	349
350. Metodologia	350
351. Resultados	351
352. Conclusão	352
353. Referências	353
354. Anexos	354
355. Bibliografia	355
356. Glossário	356
357. Índice	357
358. Apêndice	358
359. Resumo	359
360. Abstract	360
361. Introdução	361
362. Metodologia	362
363. Resultados	363
364. Conclusão	364
365. Referências	365
366. Anexos	366
367. Bibliografia	367
368. Glossário	368
369. Índice	369
370. Apêndice	370
371. Resumo	371
372. Abstract	372
373. Introdução	373
374. Metodologia	374
375. Resultados	375
376. Conclusão	376
377. Referências	377
378. Anexos	378
379. Bibliografia	379
380. Glossário	380
381. Índice	381
382. Apêndice	382
383. Resumo	383
384. Abstract	384
385. Introdução	385
386. Metodologia	386
387. Resultados	387
388. Conclusão	388
389. Referências	389
390. Anexos	390
391. Bibliografia	391
392. Glossário	392
393. Índice	393
394. Apêndice	394
395. Resumo	395
396. Abstract	396
397. Introdução	397
398. Metodologia	398
399. Resultados	399
400. Conclusão	400

Para meu pai

## Table of Contents

	Page
Introduction .....	1-4
Translator's Note .....	5-11
Poems .....	12-83
Biography .....	84-86
Interview .....	87-94
Works Consulted .....	95
Appendices .....	96-109

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The only living language  
is the language in which  
we think and have our being.

Antonio Machado, *Juan de Mairena* (1943)

## Introduction

When Luiz Busatto finished writing his first book of poems, The anthropoid animal<sup>1</sup>, he was forty-two years old. Not coincidentally, the book consists of forty-two poems divided into three thematic parts: *The anthropoid animal* (like the title of the book), *The doors of the heart*, and *The invincible frontiers*. The main theme of the poems in *The anthropoid animal* is the suffering and anguish of a man who feels trapped by iron bars ("The iron bars"), who cannot be romantic anymore ("Ideological position"), who feels humiliated and lonely in his corner ("Futile gesture"), and who has decided to silence himself ("Shadows engineer.") The second part of the book, *The doors of the heart*, subdivides into two other sections. The lyric tone predominates in the first segment, with its main themes of passion, longing, life, and happy love. In contrast, the second segment of *The doors of the heart* focuses on death and unsuccessful love. The last division of the book, *The invincible frontiers*, subdivides into three sections. The first concentrates its themes on art and poetry. The second questions the poverty and the social division of classes. The third part is a synthesis of the whole book and comprises themes such as love, anguish, longing, and death, among others. As Oscar Gama Filho says on the leaf of the book, The anthropoid animal is structured in a triangular way with *The anthropoid animal* as its apex (with one subdivision), which branches to *The doors of the heart* (with two subdivisions), and *The invincible frontiers* (with three subdivisions.)

Busatto started writing his second book of poetry, Brief life, in 1984, during his doctoral studies on Brazilian Literature in the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro. The

title and leit-motif of the book is a reference to Homer's Odyssey, which he reread during his doctoral studies. Although Busatto had had to translate passages from the Greek during his undergraduate degree in Classical Letters several years before, he says this time he was impressed by the scene when Penelope talks to her own husband, Ulysses, disguised as a beggar so that he would not be killed by his enemies. In the palace, Penelope tells Ulysses to sit down and eat because life is short. The title of the book refers back to this theme: life is a very short banquet. According to the author, there is no poem or part of the book that does not refer either directly or indirectly to this theme.

Brief Life, like The anthropoid animal, divides thematically into five parts. The first, *Scenes of the brief life*, focuses on the brevity and fragility of life. Each of the other four parts, also called "scenes," focuses on a bigger scope of the same theme: *Family scenes*, *Capixaba scenes*<sup>2</sup>, *Carioca scenes*<sup>3</sup>, and *Scenes of the huge world*. In *Family scenes*, Busatto writes about important people and facts in his life, including his two daughters, and his deceased brother, father, and grandfather. In the next section, *Capixaba scenes*, Busatto turns his lens to the city where he has lived most of his life, Vitoria, in Espirito Santo, Brazil. This time, he writes about the long beach called "Camburi," his neighborhood, pickpockets, the cafeteria at the Federal University of Espirito Santo where he worked for several years, and the street fair he would go to every Saturday. Finally, he writes about his personal experience living in the city of Vitoria. Similarly, in *Carioca scenes*, he writes about what he saw and experienced in the city of

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<sup>1</sup> Busatto capitalizes neither the main title nor the titles of the thematic subdivisions in The anthropoid animal.

<sup>2</sup> People who are born in the state of Espirito Santo, Brazil, are called "Capixabas."

<sup>3</sup> People who are born in the state of Rio de Janeiro, in the southeast of Brazil, are called "Cariocas."



Rio de Janeiro, while working on his doctorate between 1983 and 1984. He writes about places he would see in his everyday life, including the metro station, but mainly he portrays how inhumane the big city looks to him. His tone denounces and criticizes the city known as “the marvelous city,” a label which does not seem suitable. He says that writing about Rio de Janeiro was a cathartic experience, like a strange force within himself. It was impossible to witness the inequity of life and be silent. The last part of the book, *Scenes of the huge world*, combines poems that focus on the chaotic condition of life.

My primary interest in translating Busatto’s poems arose from the fact that he is my father. I remember him telling me one day that one of his dreams was to see his poems translated into another language. However, this project was not undertaken in order to fulfill my father’s expectations (although I am absolutely positive that he is very flattered by it!), but rather because I thought it would give me the opportunity to become a better professional in my area. With this project, I have not only learned more about modern poetry, but also developed my own translation methods. Most importantly, it has given me the opportunity to get to know my father better as a poet and as a person, and to become part of my father’s love of writing. Busatto’s regional themes also played an important role in my decision to translate his poems. Considering that Brazilian Literature is underrepresented in the United States, now one can have a taste of what Capixaba poetry is.

Of the ninety-two poems in the two books of poems by Luiz Busatto, thirty-six have been translated here. I made sure that at least one poem of each division in his books was translated here so that all the varieties of his styles would be represented. After each

English version of the poems, within parentheses, there is the abbreviation of the name of the book. "BA" stands for "O bicho antropeide" or "The anthropoid animal" while "VP" stands for "Vida Pequena" or "Brief Life." After the abbreviation, is the number of the page where the poem appears in the original books in Portuguese. I kept the same order of the poems and the thematic subdivision of them as the author did in the originals. I also provided several footnotes to help the readers understand Busatto's references to typical foods, neighborhoods, beaches, cities, and companies in Brazil. The numbers of the footnotes were placed at the end of each phrase or line rather than after the exact word that requires an explanation.

## Translator's Note

I was never really fond of poetry until I entered college. Until then, poetry seemed to me an unsolved puzzle that was beyond my comprehension. In college in Brazil, I was required to read poetry in both Portuguese and English, since my undergraduate degree was in English. My interest in poetry began when I had to refer to the dictionary for words and meanings so I could understand the poems. Each word I looked up in the dictionary would open up my mind to the different levels of interpretation poetry could possess. This was the process that triggered my feelings for poetry. I started seeing each poem I had to read as a small solvable challenge within my reach instead of just a bunch of words that I could not decipher.

The French poet and translator Yves Bonnefoy once said that “if a work does not compel us, it is untranslatable” (Schulte and Biguenet 192). The poetry I have translated here is the kind that compels me. I want English speakers to understand the charm and uniqueness that Busatto's poetry conveys. Although I made several sacrifices, like changing the word order of sentences, for instance, I kept the translations as close as I could to the originals because I wanted to try to communicate the same ideas that the poems do in the context of Portuguese and Brazilian culture. Interestingly, not being a poet or a writer myself facilitated the process of translation instead of hindering my work. Although I am aware that anything translated into another language suffers changes and is therefore a reconstruction of the original, I made sure to keep my translation separate from Busatto's own work. Therefore, I attempted to maintain Busatto's meanings and

themes, so that English speakers would be able to understand what he states in the original Portuguese version. In other words, I attempted to duplicate the poems' meanings before I tried to recreate Busatto's stylistic effects in English.

First, I chose to translate here those poems that were short or meaningful to me in some particular way even though length and preference did not mean "translatability." Secondly, I looked for those poems in free verse with common diction. I also tried to avoid those poems that had a lot of alliteration, assonance, and neologisms, this last one a distinct characteristic in Busatto's style. A good illustrative example in The anthropoid animal is the word "shortbicicletando" in the poem "dreamCAMBURIano." This could be translated as "shortbicycling," which seemed strange to readers of English. I was aware that these would be difficult obstacles to overcome in this project

As time passed, I realized that I had developed my own translation methodology, containing several steps that I always followed when translating a poem. First, I would freely translate words and phrases without worrying too much if the words put together would make sense or even if they sounded appropriate. I concentrated on jotting down words that made sense to me at first. In other words, I did literal translations of the original poems.

My next step would be to review what I had done. Many times I would laugh at the strange constructions I had accidentally created. The following step was the most difficult one for me because I had to concentrate on both form and meaning. I tried to polish my choice of words making sure that these phrases in English were at the same time grammatical and faithful to the Portuguese version. I checked several words in dictionaries. I would go from one dictionary to another until I could find a word that I

thought would best fit in the poem. For instance, in “The Fables” (see page 40), a sentence which at first I had literally translated as “Die and reborn invented stories/in the stories once again happened/in children’s lips” became “Invented stories dying and being reborn/through the stories once again retold/on children’s lips.” Yet, every now and then I would get stuck without knowing which word in my Thesaurus would fit better in the sentence. After struggling with various words on my own, I decided to look for outside help.

I would always have a native English speaker read and review my translations. Most of the time, these native speakers were assistants in the Writing Center first at Marshall University and then, at West Virginia University. They would help me with word choices and their meanings since I could not grasp the subtlety of certain words myself. They would also read the translated poems for meaning so that we could compare and contrast what they had understood by the poems and what I thought the originals meant. That was an important component because I was trying to maintain Busatto’s ideas as they appear in Portuguese. Not surprisingly, I would realize that Americans did not interpret certain words as Brazilians do and that this fact was closely related to cultural differences of each country.

A perfect example of the different symbolism of words due to the reader’s culture can be seen in one of the smallest poems in the collection I translated, “The fox and the grapes” (see page 39). Deceptively, because it is so short, it seemed that it would be easily translated. The problems arose when I noticed that in English the color “green” conveys the perception of “envy” rather than of “hope” or even of “not being ripe,” as in Portuguese. To my disappointment, I asked several Americans how they interpreted this

particular poem and concluded that they interpreted the color “green” differently from Brazilians. Natives of Brazil would consistently associate “green” with “hope” and “not being ripe” while Americans tended to associate it with the idea of “envy.” This fact definitely suggests Americans would have a slightly different interpretation from the one I had primarily thought the poem has in Portuguese. Another challenge I found with this small poem was with a verb. In Portuguese there are two verbs, “ser” and “estar,” that mean “to be” in English, the latter used to express the idea of a temporary “to be” while the former, that of a more permanent “to be.” The original poem used the verb with its temporary idea, which could not be conveyed in English. The solution I found for this problem, as well as for the different symbolism of the color “green,” was to use footnotes where I explain what I think the poem suggests in Portuguese. In this specific poem, the translated words corresponded to those in English, but their interpretations and symbolism did not.

The lack of an exact equivalent in translation between any languages forced me to make some slight changes in several poems. Once again I had to make choices and ask myself what kind of audience I intended to reach. If my audience were of readers that are familiar with certain aspects of the language and culture of the originals, certain translated constructions would certainly not sound as strange. However, because my English-speaking audience will probably be composed mostly by those who are neither educated in Portuguese nor in Brazilian culture, I had to make several sacrifices in order to avoid strangeness. As an example, in “Poem of the two girls at the mirror” (see page 65) instead of translating “Marina studies/seductive lipstick traces,” which would be the closest translation to the original, I decided to say “Marina outlines/seductive lipstick

shades” because it sounds more idiomatic in English. Between not being as faithful to the original as I had planned to be or keeping the oddness certain translated phrases would carry in English, I opted for the lack of strangeness.

Because Portuguese verbs have morphological endings that show tense and person and English ones do not, I had to translate, for instance, “nao voltarei” as “I won’t go back” and “nao repetirei” as “I won’t repeat” (“I won’t repeat the same path,” page 83). Another example is the substitution of “estas” with “you are” (“The daughter,” page 64). I had to use pronouns to show who is doing the action, which is unnecessary in Portuguese because of the verb ending. I made additional changes because of collocations in both languages. For instance, one would say in Portuguese that he or she has “um grande amor,” which would literally translate as “a big love.” Aware of that discrepancy, I replaced it with “a true love,” which despite the different choice of words still conveys the same idea and seems more idiomatic in English.

There were several poems that I found extremely difficult to translate. Unfortunately, I was not able to come up with a good, faithful translation of the poem “Brief Life,” which gave Busatto’s second book of poetry its title. Busatto plays with the musical notes (breve, semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, and semiquaver) depicting life as art and music. The problem I found was how to deal with the plurality of meanings that the musical note “semibreve” has in Portuguese. Busatto intertwines the musical notes in his poem to say that life is music and at the same time short, since “breve” also means “short, brief” in Portuguese. To translate this poem I would have to translate the musical notes to English, ignoring their double meanings in Portuguese that greatly contribute to the significance and beauty of the poem.

Another difficult poem to be translated faithfully is the one entitled “We are all brothers.” Busatto once again plays with the meanings of the words “usa,” which means, “to use” in English, but also “USA,” the country. By capitalizing these three letters, it is clear that the poet is alluding to the perception of the cultural imperialism that the United States imposes on several developing countries, including Brazil. An illustrative example is the sentence “Ele USA jeans” which means, “He wears jeans.” I see no way of translating such sentences and keeping the word “USA,” which has an enormous importance in conveying the image the poem in Portuguese depicts.

A poem that I thought at first would turn out as a successful translation, was “Some ideas are flies” (see page 20) in which Busatto plays with the endings of some of the words and their sounds, trying to recreate the sounds of the flies’ flights by the use of onomatopoeia. In Portuguese, Busatto repeats “as”(“moscas as as as as,” for example) several times and at first, I chose to repeat “es” (“flies es es es es”). Therefore, the general meaning of the poem would be kept and the reader could see that those letter repetitions represent the sounds of the flies in the air. My problem arose when I realized that unlike the Portuguese version in which “as” rhymes with “moscas,” in English, “es” does not rhyme with “flies” but with “bless,” for example. Similarly, “sa” rhymes with “mesa” in Portuguese, but “es” does not rhyme with “tables” in English. Since the simple repetition of the last letters would not work because there is no lettersound correspondence in English, the solution I found was to try to reproduce the sound the flies make by using “zz zz zz” after the words.

Despite all the challenges I knew I would find in this project, I chose to translate Busatto’s poems because I identify myself with his poetry. All of the poems I translated



here move me in some special way. In Busatto's poems of self-exploration, I can relate to the father figure that I know very well. In his autobiographical poems, I can relate to our family ties. And for each poem that I read containing regional themes, I can picture the idea he is trying to convey: Camburi Beach, Jardim da Penha, Vitoria, and Rio de Janeiro, among others. These are all recurring themes in his two books of poems. During my research, I came across a striking sentence by Blanche Cook that portrays my project. The sentence fully explicates my feelings and interpretations of Busatto's poetry: "Think and feel – in order to know fully – with emotion and caring" (Ascher et al 410).

## **THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL**

THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL

THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL  
THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL  
THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL  
THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL  
THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL

## THE ANTHROPOID ANIMAL .I

**I have the alphabet  
and the whole dictionary  
to struggle on the blank page  
with my lonely destiny**

### The iron bars (BA 9)

Let me out of here!  
I haven't asked for either this place or this condition.

Whose are these rhythmic footsteps in the dark  
roaming my premonitions?  
A far away song unfolds along the halls of the night  
I won't be able to jump out of the windows either.

Get me out of here, get me out of here!  
I quit! Close the door! I'm not in!  
Absent memory (beware of dog!)  
If anybody looks for me, say I don't exist.

My love faded  
and I didn't know.  
Don't call my name  
because I wasn't born.

### As Grades

Tirem-me daqui!  
Nao pedi este lugar nem esta condicao.

De quem sao estes passos de tacos cadenciados no escuro  
fazendo ronda ao meus pressentimentos?  
Um canto longinquo avanca pelos corredores da noite  
nem poderei saltar pelas janelas.

Tirem-me daqui, tirem-me daqui!  
Peco demissao! Fechem a porta! Nao estou!  
Ausente a memoria (cuidado com o cao!)  
Se me procurarem digam que nao sou.

Meu amor anoiteceu  
e eu nao sabia.  
Nao me chamem  
que eu nao nasci.

Ideological position (BA 10)

I can't be romantic anymore  
Life grew tired in one way  
And I'm squatting

You can't imagine the fatigue  
The reason for being like this  
It doesn't hurt  
But it's pretty comfortable

I don't know if my destiny  
Comes from the east or from the west  
Forces from above and below squash me  
But I know that salvation comes from hope  
Since while I'm waiting for the transcendent decision  
I present my very sincere salutations  
Squatting

Thus in peace and quiet  
I don't raise my arms, quiet birds  
I don't raise my voice, fire whip  
I'm quiet in my corner  
Squatting

## Posicao ideologica

Nao consigo mais ser romantico  
A vida cansou de um lado  
E eu estou de cocoras

Nao imagina o cansaco  
A funcao de estar assim  
Nao doi  
Mas e comoda a beca

Nao sei se meu destino  
Vem do leste ou do oeste  
Forcas do alto e do baixo me sanduicham  
Mas sei que a salvacao vem da esperanca  
Posto que no aguardo da transcendente decisao  
Apresento as mui cordiais saudacoes  
De cocoras

Assim na paz e no sossego  
Nao alco os bracos, aves mansas  
Nao alco a voz, vergasta de fogo  
Estou quieto no meu canto  
De cocoras

## Futile gesture (BA 11)

This song  
is the voice of the humiliated being  
the solitary being in his corner.

Detached from the others  
this poem is its own voice, the relief  
of the separated being who lost the Communion  
of the beginning and of the first party  
where it doesn't exist.

This song is the distant desired  
voice that opens itself to the eternal  
that asks in its song.  
on its side its solitude.

## Gesto inutil

Este canto  
e a voz do ser humilhado  
o ser solitario                      no seu canto.

Cortado dos outros  
este poema e a voz de si, o desafogo  
do ser separado que perdeu a comunhao  
do inicio e da primeira festa  
onde ela nao existe.

Este canto e a voz longinqua  
que se procura e se abre para o eterno  
que pergunta                      no seu canto  
do seu lado                                      a sua solidao.

Engineer of shadows (BA 12)

If I don't say anything  
it's because I'm silent.  
If I'm silent  
it's because I don't say anything.

Ecology, I forgot it in the drawer.  
Love, where have I left it  
in the middle of all this paper?

If I don't say anything  
it's because I'm silent.  
If I'm silent  
it's because I don't say anything.

I'm a thinking bacterium  
Haven't I written the best verse?  
Engineer of shadows or anthropo-coccus?  
My God!  
Am I drunk or is it an illusion ?  
Yet I won't return to this land  
of nightmare.



## Engenheiro de sombras

Se eu nao digo nada  
e porque estou em silencio  
Se estou em silencio  
e porque nao digo nada.

A ecologia, esqueci na gaveta.  
O amor, mas onde e que deixei  
no meio desta papelada?

Se eu nao digo nada  
e porque estou em silencio  
Se estou em silencio  
e porque nao digo nada.

Sou uma bacteria pensante.  
O melhor verso nao escrevi?  
Engenheiro de sombras ou antropococo?  
Meu Deus!  
Estou bebado ou e uma miragem?  
Mas nao voltarei a esse territorio  
de pasadelo.

Some ideas are flies (BA 14)

The flies zz zz zz zz  
wings and flights  
above the table  
winging of flies in the space ace ace ace  
gliding above the tables zz zz zz zz  
bzz bzz of flies zz  
above the table  
and bang bang bang bang bang  
on the swift flies  
spry flies zz zz zz zz  
chased with bangs bangs  
of flyswatter swatter  
here and there everywhere  
but the spry flies  
in striking peaks in the space  
ace ace ace ace ace ace ace  
vaporous in the air  
in bzz zzz bzz zzzz  
of fly fly fly flyswatter  
winging above the table  
flying aces peak aces  
fleeting and  
flies zz bzz splash splat boom  
chased in the air on the walls on the ceiling on the floor  
zz                      zz                      zz                      zz  
                    zz                      zz                      zz                      zz  
zz                      zz                      zz                      zz  
zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz zz  
some ideas are flies

## Algumas ideias são moscas

As moscas as as as as  
asas e voos  
sobre a mesa  
asar de moscas no ar as as as  
azar sobre a mesa sa sa sa sa  
zum-zum de moscas as  
sobre a mesa  
e zas zas zas zas zas  
nas velozes moscas  
ageis moscas cas cas cas cas  
cacadas com zas zas  
de espátulas tulas  
tu la tu ca de zas  
mas as moscas ageis  
em piques fulminantes de asas  
as as as as as as as  
volateis no ar  
em zum zas zum zas  
de pla pla pla espátulas  
asar sobre a mesa  
ases no voo ases no pique  
voam e  
as asa sa zum as tula pla plum  
cacadas no ar nas paredes no teto no chão  
as as as as as as as  
as as as as as as as  
as as as as as as as as as as as as as as as as  
algumas ideias são moscas

## THE DOORS OF THE HEART I.

Any sore  
But the sore of the heart

Ecclesiastes 25, 13

The kiss under the umbrella (BA 21)

1.

The kiss under the umbrella  
isn't any kiss  
isn't a kiss under the marquee  
isn't a kiss on the sofa  
isn't a kiss in the park

The kiss under the umbrella  
is a calculated kiss  
you've got to have the rain  
you've got to have the right time of the rain  
you've got to have the umbrella  
you've got to have the owner of the umbrella

The kiss under the umbrella  
isn't a kiss  
the kiss under the umbrella  
isn't any kiss  
it is THE KISS  
the kiss under the umbrella

2.

The first kiss  
is a kissed kiss  
is an unforgettable kiss  
is a damn good kiss  
it tastes like love  
or it tastes like sin  
because the first kiss  
is a craved kiss  
because it was by accident  
or because it was planned  
it was a kiss to be cherished  
and very well cherished  
by the one who kisses  
by the one who is kissed  
ah! Its memory  
is an immortal kiss

3.

He is the one who kisses  
She is kissed

He is the lover  
She is the beloved

In the garden  
Or in the balcony

On the sofa  
Or on the stairs

He is the one who kisses  
She is kissed

One and the other kiss  
The kiss is one

One kiss  
And what a kiss!

He is the lover  
She is the beloved

## O beijo sob o guarda-chuva

1.

O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
nao e um beijo qualquer  
nao e um beijo de marquise  
nao e um beijo no sofa  
nao e um beijo no parque

O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
e um beijo cheio de calculos  
tem que ter a chuva  
tem que ter a hora da chuva  
tem que ter o guarda-chuva  
tem que ter o dono do guarda-chuva

O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
nao e um beijo  
o beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
nao e um beijo qualquer  
e O BEIJO  
o beijo sob o guarda-chuva

2.

O primeiro beijo  
e um beijo beijado  
e um beijo inesquecivel  
e um beijo danado  
ou tem gosto de amor  
ou gosto de pecado  
porque o primeiro beijo  
e um beijo invejado  
ou porque foi sem querer  
ou porque foi planejado  
foi beijo que se guarda  
e muito bem guardado  
por aquele que beija  
por aquele beijado  
ai! a sua lembranca  
e beijo imortalizado

3.

Ele e que beija  
Ela e beijada

Ele e o amante  
Ela e a amada

No jardim  
Ou na sacada

No sofa  
Ou na escada

Ele e que beija  
Ela e beijada

Um e outro beija  
O beijo e um

Um beijo  
E cada!

Ele e o amante  
Ela e a amada



Modern Times (BA 25)

In the bar of the alley  
the girl served  
all day long  
sugar cane juice<sup>4</sup> and pastry<sup>5</sup>

In the bar of the alley  
the cashier rang up  
all day long  
sugar cane juice and pastry

In the bar of the alley  
the mouths consumed  
all day long  
sugar cane juice and pastry

Sugar cane juice and pastry  
kill hunger  
pacify the child  
woo the waitress  
because the world is essentially  
sugar cane juice and pastry

All day long the whole long day  
my heart rings up  
the girl who serves  
sugar cane juice and pastry

---

<sup>4</sup> "Caldo de cana" is extremely common in Brazil and can be found in any city all over the country. There are several snack bars or even street stands which are specialized on it. After being washed, the sugar cane is freshly squeezed and served with ice or mixed with lemon or pineapple juice to lessen its sweetness.

<sup>5</sup> "Pastel" is a deep fried flour dough snack rolled up with different stuffing, which ranges from cheese, ground meat to hearts of palm. Although it is usually salty, sweet versions can be made with banana and cinnamon. Served with sugar cane juice, it makes a delicious snack.

## Tempos Modernos

No bar do beco  
a moca serviu  
o dia inteiro  
um caldo e um pastel

No bar do beco  
o caixa registrou  
o dia inteiro  
um caldo e um pastel

No bar do beco  
as bocas consumiram  
o dia inteiro  
um caldo e um pastel

Um caldo e um pastel  
matam a fome  
sossegam a crianca  
cortejam a balconista  
porque o mundo e essencialmente  
um caldo e um pastel

O dia inteiro meu coracao registra  
um dia inteiro  
a moca que serve  
um caldo e um pastel

For a moment of love (BA 27)

For a moment of love  
I everything will give  
for a moment of love  
I will live eternally  
for a moment of love  
in which all is forgotten  
I know that in us  
another life is born

For a moment of love  
I everything would give  
for a moment of love  
I give myself to this sweet assault  
with empty hands  
for a moment of love  
would you believe it?  
I am a servant even to death  
to whom everything I'd give  
for a moment of love

Por um momento de amor

Por um momento de amor  
eu tudo darei  
por um momento de amor  
viverei eternamente  
por um momento de amor  
em que se tudo se esquece  
eu sei que amanhece  
outra vida em nos

Por um momento de amor  
eu tudo daria  
por um momento de amor  
deixo-me a este doce assalto  
de mao vazia  
por um momento de amor  
quem diria!  
sou servo ate mesmo da morte  
a quem tudo daria  
por um momento de amor

The silence of lovers (BA 28)

Perhaps beloved perhaps  
we don't speak of love anymore  
but gaps  
(a pause)  
more gaps and a flower  
of silence  
that blooms  
perfuming a true love  
quiet yet  
speaking softly  
absence of spoken words  
watching over  
being the two lovers  
at each other's mercy  
absence even of melody  
or whatever it may be  
through dreamed tall castles  
fearlessly walking  
deserted by the heavens  
greatness of the same pain  
of being two so lonely  
dying for each other's love

## O silencio dos amantes

Talvez amada talvez  
ja nao se fale de amor  
mas silencios  
(uma pausa)  
mais silencios e uma flor  
de silencio  
se entreabre  
perfumando um grande amor  
calados e todavia  
falando-se sem rumor  
ausencia de altas palavras  
a olhar apenas por  
serem os dois amantes  
a seu inteiro dispor  
ausencia sequer de canto  
ou seja la do que for  
por altos castelos sonhados  
andando mas sem temor  
deserto por firmamento  
grandeza da mesma dor  
de serem dois tao sozinhos  
morrendo por seu amor

## THE DOORS OF THE HEART II.

Camburi lovers (BA 31)

Death's castaways  
kiss each other  
in the dark night  
the shadow that guards them  
is tenderness' witness  
that ephemeral burning flame  
that made life  
an incomplete adventure

Shared weariness  
in the same struggle  
to reach the boundary  
shared mutual  
appeals for tenderness  
are affection of  
death's shipwrecked  
are fragility  
flowered with forgetfulness

Romeo and Juliet broke through  
the impassable gap  
inside a van  
and were killed  
by an anonymous mugger  
on the boundary  
engineer of dreams  
with a luscious maid  
broke through the impassable barrier  
in a bloody bath  
without color music or dance  
the macabre history of desire  
of an evening adventure

## Os amantes de Camburi

Os naufragos da morte  
beijam-se  
na escuridão da noite  
a sombra que os vela  
e cúmplice de ternura  
aquela momentânea chama acesa  
que fez da vida  
uma aventura incompleta

Ambos cansados  
na mesma porfia  
de alcançar a margem  
ambos mutuos  
apelos de ternura  
são desvelos de  
naufragos da morte  
são fragilidade  
florida de esquecimento

Romeu e Julieta romperam  
o intransponível vale  
dentro de uma kombi  
e foram mortos  
por um assaltante anônimo  
a margem  
engenheiro de sonhos  
com empregada de bons sabores  
romperam em banho de sangue  
a intransponível barreira  
sem cor música ou dança  
a macabra história do desejo  
de uma aventura noturna



## **THE INVINCIBLE FRONTIER I.**

I am going to live in the rain  
(Cristina – 5 years old)

A secret to the poets (BA 42)

A spirit over another spirit  
bending  
two children as over a pond  
questioning the same mystery  
on the mirror's face  
and like a twist of leaves  
and thoughts  
over life's paths  
the wind blows

The same delight before the flight  
of a thousand birds  
skybound

Confidencia aos poetas

Um espirito sobre outro espirito  
debrucado  
duas crianas como sobre um lago  
perguntando o mesmo misterio  
na face do espelho  
e como redemoinho de folhas  
e pensamentos  
pelos caminhos da vida  
o vento sopra

O mesmo encanto ante o voo  
de mil passaros  
erguido

### Almost haiku (BA 44)

In the arms of the night  
the lover  
confessed a tear

### Quase hai-kai

Nos braços da noite  
o amante  
confessou uma lagrima

## Literature class (BA 45)

The literature student thought  
the haiku  
was the poet's scream of pain.

The professor felt left out  
feeling like being washed and hung on the clothes line  
to dry in the sun.

But suddenly from the inner Freudian  
layers of being  
the first student sitting in the front row  
was showing her panties.

So you, only you, true love  
with a blind eye like Polyphemus<sup>6</sup>  
see I don't know how and ache I don't know why!

## Aula de literatura

A aluna de letras<sup>7</sup> julgou que  
o hai-kai  
fosse o grito de dor do poeta.

O professor sentiu-se jogado fora  
vontade de se lavar e pendurar no varal  
e secar ao sol.

Mas eis que das camadas profundamente  
freudianas do ser  
a primeira aluna da primeira fila  
sentada mostrava a calcinha.

Entao tu, so tu, puro amor  
com olho cego a la Polifemo  
ve nao sei como e doi nao sei por que!

---

<sup>6</sup> Polyphemus is a Cyclops blinded by Ulysses in the epic poem *Odyssey* ascribed to Homer, traditional ancient Greek poet.

<sup>7</sup> "Letras" is a College degree that corresponds to a Literature Major. Busatto teaches Brazilian Literature at the Federal University of Espirito Santo.

The fox and the grapes<sup>8</sup> (BA 46)

Your eyes are<sup>9</sup> green<sup>10</sup>  
hope doesn't harvest them  
but desire leaps.  
Very sly, the desire  
of your green eyes.

A raposa e as uvas

Teus olhos estao verdes  
a esperanca nao os apanha  
mas o desejo salta.  
Muito astuto o desejo  
dos teus olhos verdes.

---

<sup>8</sup> *The Fox and the Grapes* was written by Aesop. It is a famous fable about a thirsty fox that tries to catch some grapes from a vineyard. Realizing it is out of its reach, the fox despises them by saying: "They were sour anyway!"

<sup>9</sup> In Portuguese, there are two different verbs for the verb To Be in English. While "ser" conotes a permanent idea of To Be, "estar" conotes a temporary one.

<sup>10</sup> Unlike in English, in Portuguese the color green does not denote the idea of jealousy, but instead, denotes the idea of "hope" and "not being ripe (e.g. A fruit)."

## The Fables (BA 47)

And die telling these stories  
told in the high ministry  
of life.  
Don't forget the mist of dreamed castles  
of lost planets  
of under-water rivers  
telling stories  
intertwined with mysteries and questions.  
And die for the time interwoven  
with ghosts horrors and chills.  
These stories:  
horses of fames launched  
through ditches of imaginary fires.  
Invented stories dying and being reborn  
through the stories once again retold  
on children's lips  
who will die telling these stories  
in the still, high silence  
always the same  
told in the high ministry  
of the ears.

## As Fabulas

E morrer contando estas historias  
acontecidas no alto ministerio  
da vida.  
Nao esquecer fumos de castelos sonhados  
de planetas perdidos  
de rios submarinos  
contando historias idas  
entrecortadas de misterios e perguntas.  
E morrer pelos tempos alternados  
com fantasmas horrores e arrepios.  
Estas historias:  
cavalos de fogo despenhados  
rasgando aceiros de incendio imaginario.  
Morrer e renascer historias fabulares  
nas historias novamente acontecidas  
em labios de criancas  
que morrerao contando estas historias  
nos altos silencios paradas  
sempre mesmas  
acontecidas no alto ministerio  
dos ouvidos.

## THE INVINCIBLE FRONTIERS II.



The prayer for the outskirts (BA 49)

Mr. Mayor  
plead to the Public Administration for us

The street has nothing  
the neighborhood nothing either  
Mr. Mayor, you too?

Mr. Mayor (my dear)  
I'd like to decorate my house's backyard  
with flowers  
but unfortunately the flowers don't like sand

Ugly street--is ours. Look:  
when someone comes up another disappears  
down a pothole

Sorrowfully Mr. Mayor!  
the street where I live is very sad  
there are  
many stray mongrel dogs in the street  
naked of pavement  
and rats

The trash in which we live  
is beautiful on TV  
but life isn't trash  
Mr. Mayor, why?

Mr. Mayor  
plead to the Public Administration for us

## Oracao da periferia

Senhor Prefeito  
rogai a Administracao Publica por nos

A rua nao tem nada  
o bairro nada tem  
senhor Prefeito tambem!?

Senhor Prefeito (meu bem)  
eu queria enfeitar o quintal da minha casa  
de flores  
mas infelizmente as flores nao gostam de areia

Rua feia e a nossa. Veja:  
quando um sobe o outro desaparece  
buranco adentro

Lamento senhor Prefeito!  
a rua onde moro e muito triste  
existe  
muito cachorro brabo solto na rua  
nua de calcamento  
e ratazanas

O lixo no qual vivemos  
e bonito na TV  
mas a vida nao e lixo  
senhor Prefeito por que?

Senhor Prefeito  
rogai a Administracao Publica por nos

### Hosanna in the heights (BA 50)

On the staircase  
"Ilma of God"<sup>11</sup>  
Mary of Jesus went up  
Joseph of God went up  
Joshua of the Saints went up  
Mrs. Assunta of the Angels

On top are the slums  
And not heaven  
As one may expect

### Hosana nas alturas

Na escadaria  
"Ilma de Deus"  
Subiu Maria de Jesus  
Subiu Joao de Deus  
Subiu Jeova dos Santos  
Dona Assunta dos Anjos

Em cima esta a favela  
E nao o ceu  
Como era de se esperar

---

<sup>11</sup> These are some names commonly given to those children whose parents have strong religious Protestant beliefs. In Brazil, the majority of the poor live on hills.

## The name (BA 51)

1.

Don't put my name on the street  
When I die  
Don't put my name on the square  
Because the square is empty  
Don't put my name in the alley  
Because the alley is dirty  
Don't put my name on the bust  
When I die  
Or I will die of shame

Don't put my name "in memoriam"  
To die agreeably  
Try to engrave my name  
In the heart of hearts  
Like an Egyptian pyramid  
Gothic cathedral  
Or a falling star from the human galaxy

2.

When I die  
An angel of the **Apocalypse** projecting from the pages of the Book:  
--"Behold, you have lived your days!  
Life was a necessary duty  
and your part has been accomplished."  
Then, he'll fold the envelope and, sealing the edges,  
won't forget to check the address and zip code  
but will omit, forever, the sender.

## O nome

Nao ponham meu nome na rua  
Quando eu morrer  
Nao ponham meu nome na praca  
Que a praca esta deserta  
Nao ponham meu nome no beco  
Que o beco esta sujo  
Nao ponham meu nome no busto  
Quando eu morrer  
Que eu vou morrer de vergonha

Nao ponham meu nome "in memoriam"  
Para morrer convidativamente  
Procurem gravar meu nome  
No coracao dos coracoes  
Onde seja piramide do Egito  
Catedral gotica  
Ou estrela cadente da galaxia humana

2.

Quando eu morrer  
um anjo do **Apocalipse** destacando-se das paginas do Livro:  
-"Eis que teus dias estao cumpridos!  
A vida foi tarefa necessaria  
e o teu papel foi consumado."  
Depois dobrara o envelope e, selando as pontas,  
nao esquecera de conferir o endereco e o CEP  
mas omitira, para sempre, o remetente.

## Minute Poems (BA 53)

### Statistics

Statistics only prove that  
the sheep  
keep crossing the bridge  
since childhood

### Mobral<sup>12</sup>

In the oceanic whiteness of the page  
(be informed)  
I sank  
the fingerprints

### Writings on the wall

God is love  
Romeo is gay  
And we--what are we?

---

<sup>12</sup> "Mobral" is a school for adult literacy.

## Poemas Minutos

### Estatística

A estatística só prova que  
os carneirinhos  
continuam passando na ponte  
desde a infância

### Mobral

Na brancura oceânica da página  
(teja informado)  
afundei  
a impressão digital

### Inscrição mural

Deus e amor  
Romeu e viado  
E nós o que é que somos?

### THE INVINCIBLE FRONTIERS III.



## Open window (BA 61)

Window opened,  
pours from outside in, the world  
together with the pure air, the green  
a vast even sky enhances  
the outline of the bars in white and shade.

Free colors blend together  
in the space.  
Do four lines make a staff?  
Two sparrows punctuate the telephone line  
alternating songs and ruffling

I'm a prisoner of existence  
I die inside myself.  
Time everything washes and everything carries away  
through the mouth of this open window.

## Janela Aberta

Aberta a janela  
entorna-se de fora para dentro o mundo  
juntamente com o ar puro, o verde  
um vasto céu uniforme realça  
o desenho da grade em branco e sombra.

As cores em liberdade se harmonizam  
no espaço.  
Quatro fios formam um pentagrama?  
Dois pardais pontilham o fio do telefone  
alternando pipilados e espenugens.

Sou prisioneiro da existência  
morro dentro de mim.  
O tempo tudo lava e tudo leva  
pela boca desta janela aberta.

And yet, we live (BA 62)

1.

The sun sets  
in the west  
after that  
complete darkness

2.

After death  
only memories  
trusting them  
dropping letters

3.

Of what is done and said  
not even the echo  
one takes

4.

Memory  
in the shade  
love  
in the grave  
man  
vanished around the corner

5.

To be devoured  
and dissolved  
by time  
within conscience

6.

Vanity is life  
before that enigma  
ephemeral light  
in eternal doubt

7.

The universe proclaims  
its presence  
and men  
go by  
gorge countless  
sparks in the night

8.

Over all placed  
the same black veil  
of silence

9.

From the ouches and groans  
not even the echo  
one takes

10.

Life (an incomplete)  
adventure  
who passes  
bows

E toda via se vive

1.

O sol se poe  
no ocaso  
depois  
trevas

2.

Depois da morte  
apenas lembranças  
confiar nelas  
destilando letras

3.

Do que se faz e se diz  
nem o eco  
se leva

4.

A memória  
na sombra  
o amor  
na sepultura  
o homem  
sumido na esquina

5.

Ser devorado  
e dissovido  
pelo tempo  
dentro da consciencia

6.

Vaidade e a vida  
ante aquele enigma  
luz de momento  
na eterna duvida

7.

O universo ladra  
sua presença  
e os homens  
passam  
desfiladeiro inumeravel  
fagulhas na noite

8.

Sobre todos posto  
o mesmo manto  
de silencio

9.

Dos ais e gemidos  
nem o eco  
se leva

10.

A vida uma aventura  
(incompleta)  
quem passa  
inclina a fronte

## **BRIEF LIFE**

## I. SCENES OF THE BRIEF LIFE or short

Careful, fragile (VP 9)

Careful, fragile  
the soul is ill  
the crystal body  
breaks easily

Careful, fragile  
the heart is love  
cut the stem  
and soon the flower dies

Careful, fragile  
is all human life  
luck is like death  
and death fools us

Careful, fragile  
life and the present  
demand eternity  
and despise death

Cuidado, fragil

Cuidado, fragil  
a alma esta doente  
o corpo e de cristal  
se parte de repente

Cuidado, fragil  
o coracao e o amor  
apenas corte o caule  
e morre logo a flor

Cuidado, fragil  
e toda a vida humana  
a sorte e como a morte  
e a morte nos engana

Cuidado, fragil  
a vida e o agora  
insta a eternidade  
e a morte joga fora



## SOS (VP 14)

Help!  
They've stolen my window!  
Life is black  
I need oxygen and ventilation  
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Governor,  
    Mr. President, excellencies!  
The city is chaos.  
The wall is so high  
that, having obliterated intelligence,  
eclipses the sun.  
My life is a nightmare  
dreams imprison me  
but the window...  
Who will open the window  
and give me back the landscape ?

## SOS

Socorro!  
Roubaram-me a janela!  
A vida esta preta  
falta-me oxigenio e ventilacao.  
Senhor prefeito, senhor governador,  
    senhor presidente, excelentissimos!  
a cidade e um caos.  
A parede e tao alta  
que, obliterada a inteligencia,  
eclipsa o sol.  
Minha vida e um pesadelo  
os sonhos me aprisionam  
mas a janela...  
Quem vai abrir a janela  
e devolver-me a paisagem?

Stop this piano (VP 15)

stop this piano  
that practices the same note  
in the endless night  
it hurts in my soul what I don't know  
but for God's sake  
stop this piano!

for the dogs that howl outside  
and for the alarms that roam free  
for God's sake  
stop it  
cut off this alarm that tears the space  
the inconstant despair!

for the cry of the child in this dead hour  
ouch! the dawns commit suicide  
and pull their hair out!  
for God's sake  
hush the night  
restrain this desiccated cry  
because it hurts me everywhere  
and there is no room for a star!

## Parem com este piano

parem com este piano  
que estuda a mesma nota  
na noite imensa  
doi em minha alma o que eu não sei  
mas pelo amor de Deus  
parem com este piano!

pelos caes que uivam lá fora  
e pelas sirenes desesperadas que rondam soltas  
pelo amor de Deus  
parem com isso  
cortem esta sirene que rasga no espaço  
o intermitente desespero!

pelo choro da criança nesta hora morta  
ai! as madrugadas se suicidam  
e se arrancam os cabelos!  
Pelo amor de Deus  
silenciem a noite  
estanquem este choro desidratado  
porque doi em mim por toda a parte  
nem há lugar para uma estrela!

## Time to be sad (VP 16)

Time to be sad  
on the railings above  
the ocean of Camburi.<sup>13</sup>  
Far away...Tubarao.<sup>14</sup>  
Lights and city  
joyful in the water  
a concertina far, far away  
advises in the gloom  
tender intimacy.  
Time to be sad  
so far so far  
that never appears  
the full moon on the sea.  
Time to be sad  
about yourself  
entirely absent  
entirely forever.

## Hora de ficar triste

Hora de ficar triste  
nos parapeitos suspensos  
do mar de Camburi.  
Ao longe...Tubarao.  
Luzes e cidade  
se alegram nas aguas  
um acordeon longe bem longe  
aconselha em penumbra  
amorosa intimidade.  
Hora de ficar triste  
tao longe tao longe  
que nunca chega  
a lua cheia sobre o mar.  
Hora de ficar triste  
de si mesmo  
em total ausencia  
em total parasempre.

---

<sup>13</sup> Camburi is a famous six-kilometer long beach in Vitoria, ES, Brazil, where the author has lived most of his life.

<sup>14</sup> Companhia Siderurgica de Tubarao is a multinatinal iron and steel company in Vitoria that can be seen from Camburi Beach.

## II. FAMILY SCENES

By the hearth of a nonexistent fireplace

The daughter (VP 25)

And suddenly you are in me  
in me you are forever  
an act upon another  
summing up all tenderness  
dream of intensity  
freeing sea-gull's cries  
above Camburi beach  
huge crash of waves  
flow the greatness of life

And suddenly you are in me  
in me forever

In me you are forever  
like the certainty of the rock  
like the trail of the stars  
not even death can take you  
because in me you are forever

A filha

E de repente estas em mim  
estas em mim para sempre  
os gestos se sobrepõem  
e todas as ternuras se somam  
sonho de intensidade  
arvorando gritos de gaivotas  
sobre o mar de Camburi  
vasto rumor de ondas  
fluem a grandiosidade da vida

E de repente estas em mim  
em mim para sempre

Estas para sempre em mim  
como a certeza da rocha  
como a trajetória dos astros  
nem a morte te leva  
porque estas eternamente em mim

Poem of the two girls at the mirror (VP 26)

Marina outlines  
seductive lipstick shades  
on her girlish mouth

Skillfully  
Cristina measures face and hair  
in fantasy

Poema das duas meninas ao espelho

Marina estuda  
tracos sedutores de baton  
na boca menina

Com mestria  
Cristina dimensiona rosto e cabelo  
a fantasia

### III. CAPIXABA SCENES<sup>15</sup> or simply Vitoria<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> People who are born in the state of Espirito Santo are called "Capixabas."

<sup>16</sup> The author seems to be playing with the double meaning of the phrase "Vitoria da vida," which can mean "victory of life" or simply "Vitoria is a common, simple city," in this case with the capital "V" for the name of the city, as he writes it.



The men in khaki (VP 33)

*They are easily recognized  
For their uniform color, the same  
For all of them and only for them reserved<sup>17</sup>*

Thomas More **Utopia**

The men in khaki  
get out of Huxley's **Brave New World**  
and wait on the morning sidewalks  
--not poetized in the inclemency.  
Engulfed uniforms by class-conscious buses  
are lost on the streets and corners  
as if run by computer  
all with the same destiny.  
All in the same bus  
buying the same newspaper  
reading the same news.  
What do the men in khaki do?  
these men in khaki  
is life khaki?  
In the afternoon the men in khaki  
get off the same buses  
go to the same apartments  
spend the same salary  
live the same ordinary life  
-The **Brave New World**  
unknown new dream.  
oh! the horizon closes itself from weariness  
over this silly life, my God!

---

<sup>17</sup> Busatto took this epigraph from a translated version of Utopia in Portuguese. Interestingly, the English version reads slightly different: "All and everyone of them be apparelled in one color." (Utopia, 33)

## Os homens de caqui

*Eles sao reconheciveis facilmente  
pela cor de seu uniforme, igual  
para todos e so a eles reservado*

Tomas Morus **A Utopia**

Os homens de caqui  
saem do **Admiravel mundo novo** de Huxley  
e esperam nas calcadas da manha  
-despoetizados na intemperie.  
Engolidos uniformes por onibus classistas  
perdem-se nas ruas e esquinas  
computadorizadamente memorizados  
todos com o mesmo destino.  
Todos no mesmo onibus  
comprando o mesmo jornal  
lendo as mesmas noticias.  
Que fazem os homens de caqui?  
estes homens de caqui  
a vida de caqui?  
A tarde os homens de caqui  
saltam dos mesmos onibus  
vao para os mesmos apartamentos  
gastar o mesmo salario  
viver a mesma vidinha  
- o **Admiravel mundo novo**  
desconhecido um sonho novo.  
ai! o horizonte se fecha de cansaco  
sobre esta vida besta, meu Deus!

Middle class silly life (VP 37)

I eat beans<sup>18</sup> with cassava meal<sup>19</sup>  
he eats cassava meal with beans  
today tomorrow later and always  
a week a month a year  
ninety years all life long  
I eat beans and cassava meal  
he eats cassava meal and beans  
sometimes a little gristle  
a little dried meat<sup>20</sup> with gristle  
he eats as I eat  
like this, today tomorrow and later  
the same sun the same rain the same wind  
I sleep work rest  
I go to the beach swim sunbathe and  
eat beans with cassava meal  
“what an ordinary cassava meal!”  
I add a little butter a little salt  
he eats cassava meal and beans  
I pray ask God for a better life  
I believe in the eternal life in heaven  
in hell paradise purgatory with beans and cassava meal  
I believe in philosophy metaphysics horoscope  
and Zen Buddhism  
I eat my paltry beans with cassava meal  
he does too oh! my God!  
nothing, immensely nothing  
disturbs the course of this monotony

---

<sup>18</sup> Beans were an important part of the diets of many of the people who came together to make up the Brazilian people. The black bean, or “feijao preto,” is the preferred national bean. On Brazilian tables, they appear in dishes ranging from the national dish “Feijoada” to other regional specialties. Many Brazilians say that there is no meal without beans, as only beans kill hunger.

<sup>19</sup> Sweet cassava or manioc, in Portuguese, “aipim,” is one of the root tubers that native Indians who dwelt in the Brazilian forests added to the national diet. It has a shiny dark brown skin and the flesh is white and hard to the touch. It is about ten inches long and two inches in diameter. Its toasted meal, “farinha,” appears on virtually every Brazilian table and is used to thicken and add texture to soups, stews, and purees. Sweet cassava meal is readily available in any Brazilian grocery store. Being inexpensive, beans and rice form the staple diet of the Brazilian lower class.

<sup>20</sup> This sun-dried meat, “carne seca,” is typically used in many Brazilian dishes, notably “Feijoada. It can be prepared from various types of meat by salting it and leaving in the sun and wind to dry thoroughly. It should be desalted before using by soaking it in several changes of water. It is quite tough, but savory, with a distinctive taste that has no substitute.

## Vidinha classe media

Eu como feijao com farinha  
ele come farinha e feijao  
hoje amanha depois e sempre  
uma semana um mes um ano  
noventa anos a vida inteira  
eu como feijao e farinha  
ele come farinha e feijao  
as vezes uma pelanquinha  
uma carnesecazinha com aponevrose  
ele come como eu como  
assim hoje amanha e depois  
o mesmo sol a mesma chuva o mesmo vento  
durmo trabalho descanso  
vou a praia tomo banho tomo sol e  
como feijao e farinha  
“mas que farinhazinha mais sem vergonha!”  
boto um pouco de manteiga um pouco de sal  
ele come farinha e feijao  
rezo peço a Deus para melhorar de vida  
acredito na vida eterna no céu  
no inferno paraíso purgatório com feijao e farinha  
acredito em filosofia em metafisica horoscopo  
e zen budismo  
como meu feijaozinho com farinha  
ele também aí! meu Deus  
nada imensamente nada  
perturba o transcurso da monotonia

Moonlight in Camburi<sup>21</sup> (VP 39)

The geography has changed  
the city has changed  
but the moonlight persists.  
Camburi's moonlight,  
love resists.  
The artificial beach, fake and rotten  
sewage of urban life in deterioration  
a social wound  
but the lovers hand-in-hand resist.  
Girls cycling in shorts.  
The light of the dead planet  
charms the eyes of childhood  
that has never died inside of us.  
A thousand lights surround the shore  
but the moonlight resists.  
This fixed light up above  
unveils the night's setting.  
The geography has changed  
the city has changed  
but the moonlight persists.  
CST's kilns<sup>22</sup> burn the clouds into ash  
but don't desiccate in me your moonlight  
dark clouds glide like bats.  
Your diaphanous constancy however  
strikes our feelings  
allures life by accident  
Camburi's moonlight,  
despite all  
I want to be inebriated on life  
because beauty resists!

---

<sup>21</sup> Famous beach in Vitoria, ES, Brazil.

<sup>22</sup> CST stands for Companhia Siderurgica de Tubarao, which is a steel company in Vitoria, ES.

## Luar de Camburi

A geografia mudou  
a cidade mudou  
mas o luar persiste.  
Luar de Camburi,  
o amor resiste.  
A praia produzida, reproduzida e podre  
esgotos da vida urbana em deterioracao  
a chaga social  
mas os namorados de maos dadas resistem.  
Mocas shortbicicletando.  
A luz do planeta morto  
encanta os olhos da infancia  
que nunca morreu em nos.  
Mil luzes coleiam a orla  
mas o luar resiste.  
Esta luz no alto afixada  
descerra o cenario da noite.  
A geografia mudou  
a cidade mudou  
mas o luar persiste.  
Os fornos da CST incineram as nuvens  
mas nao desidratam em mim o teu luar  
negras nuvens pairam morcegadas.  
Tua constancia diafana porem  
discerne os nossos sentimentos  
deslumbra a vida desprevenida.  
Luar de Camburi,  
apesar dos pesares  
quero me embriagar de vida  
porque a beleza resiste!

The surfer (VP 40)

Here comes the wave the wave **the wave**  
the surfer on the crest  
leaves  
in search of balance  
the apt board comes and goes in rapture  
watch out for the fall, the foam!  
**the wave** the wave the wave

Emerged from the waters  
this god of bronze and muscles  
devotes himself to the ritual  
of the violent waves

Here comes the wave the wave **the wave**  
once again the attempt  
the bird's desire  
that glides on the foam  
spurs on the board  
the quick flight.  
The surfer? There he goes on the crest  
of the wave

## O surfista

La vem a onda a onda a onda  
o surfista na crista  
parte  
na perseguição do equilíbrio  
a prancha pronta vai e vem voluptuosamente  
e olha o tombo, a espuma!  
a onda a onda a onda

Emergido das águas  
esse deus de bronze e músculos  
se consagra ao ritual  
das violentas ondas

La vem a onda a onda a onda  
outra vez a tentativa  
a perspectiva do passaro  
que adeja a espuma  
esporas na prancha  
o voo veloz.  
O surfista? Ei-lo na crista  
da onda



#### IV. CARIOCA SCENES<sup>23</sup> or marvelous city!

---

<sup>23</sup> People who are born in the state of Rio de Janeiro, in the southeast of Brazil, are called Cariocas.

In the metro mouth (VP 44)

The doors open the doors close  
People go in, automatically  
The doors open the doors close  
People go out, mechanically  
Frightening the train slides and stops  
Frightening the train stops and slides  
The doors open the doors close  
The escalators take the escalators bring  
The turnstyles rotate rotate the turnstyles  
The same procession, taking Communion  
at the booths' mouth. Amen.  
Open-close run-stop up-down  
One station passes by another and another one  
at last dozens of stations.  
Mechanic come-and-go swallows-and-spits-out  
The subway mouth spits out an ant-hill  
but ah! a saxophone at the mouth of Carioca<sup>24</sup>  
fills the mouth of Carioca with a sweet  
sound mixture of street stands and virtuoso  
goes in the ears goes out the ears  
of the passers-by who come and go  
in the mouth of Carioca.  
My legs take me my eyes take me  
Only my ear is stuck to the sound  
of the saxophone that growls romantic songs  
at the mouth of Carioca.  
Ouch! what a pain of misery in this saxophone's throat  
that shouts from the rooftops  
and opens a wound in time!

---

<sup>24</sup> Carioca is the name of a subway station in Rio de Janeiro.

## Na boca do metro

As portas abrem as portas fecham  
As pessoas entram automaticas  
As portas abrem as portas fecham  
As pessoas saem mecanicamente  
Assustador o trem desliza e para  
Assustador o trem para e desliza  
As portas abrem as portas fecham  
As escadas levam as escadas trazem  
As roletas rodam rodam as roletas  
A mesma procissao comungando  
a boca dos guiches. Amem.  
Abre-fecha corre-para sobe-desce  
Vai-se uma estacao outra mais mais outra  
enfim dezenas de estacoes.  
Vai-vem mecanico engole-cospe  
A boca do metro cospe o formigueiro  
mas ah! um saxofone na boca da Carioca  
enche a boca da Carioca de um som  
melado misto de camelo e virtuose  
entra pelos ouvidos sai pelos ouvidos  
dos transeuntes do entra-e-sai  
na boca do metro na Carioca.  
As pernas me levam os olhos me levam  
So o ouvido fica pegado no som  
do saxofone que rosna cancoes sentimentais  
na boca da Carioca.  
Ai! que dor de miseria na garganta deste saxofone  
que bota a boca no mundo  
e abre uma ferida no tempo!

V. SCENES OF THE HUGE WORLD  
**or the chaos in movement**

Jardim da Penha<sup>25</sup> (VP 61)

We are the first ones!  
And what scars will we leave behind  
on the ground's face  
this dead asphalt  
where nothing grows  
this Sodom and Gomorrah sea  
of eternal human foolishness!  
We are the first ones  
to raise a city  
on the bare sandy ground.  
We are the first ones to launch bridges  
surrounding the island and the continent  
above the water.  
We are the first ones  
robotic barbarians  
to create the need of the useless.  
No Visgoths have come by  
nor Atilla with Huns  
on this flat land  
of bare trees.  
We are the first ones  
bastard adventurers  
a mob of outsiders  
searching for a homeland and life  
we, the heirs of nothing  
we, Brazilians of nothingness!

---

<sup>25</sup> Jardim da Penha is the neighborhood in Vitoria, ES, where Busatto has lived most of his life.

## Jardim da Penha

Nos somos os primeiros!  
E que cicatrizes deixaremos  
na face do solo  
estes asfaltos mortos  
onde nada cresce  
este mar de Sodoma e Gomorra  
da eterna tolice humana!  
Nos somos os primeiros  
a erguer uma cidade  
sobre o chao de areia e nada.  
Nos somos os primeiros a lancar pontes  
abracando ilha e continente  
sobre as aguas.  
Somos os primeiros  
barbaros tecnizados  
a criar a necessidade do inutil.  
Por aqui nao passaram visigodos  
nem Atila com hunos  
sobre esta terra cha  
despida de arvoredos.  
Nos somos os primeiros  
aventureiros deserdados  
um bando de amontoados  
em busca de patria e vida  
nos, herdeiros do nada  
nos, brasileiros de nada!

Academic prescription (VP 64)

*Hail to the immortal!*

Do not touch the immortal that  
every now and then is greeted.  
Ring the bells, blow the horns and whistles!  
Sincere congratulations  
Deserving honor respectful man of letters  
Not able to come, greetings  
New immortal, we who are about to die salute you!  
Sorry cannot come reason illness  
Grateful for invitation installation in this scholarly Academy<sup>26</sup>  
Congratulations brilliant and meaningful victory  
we're happy you're the glory...  
How is your ego?  
Hail to the newest immortal of our letters!

I'll sleep the first night like this  
pulling over my soul  
a coverlet woven with ready formulas  
verbal grave of immortality.

---

<sup>26</sup> Busatto refers to the Espirito Santense Academy of Letters of which he is a life member. It follows the model of the French Academy of Letters and is situated in Vitoria, the capital city of Espirito Santo.

## Receituário acadêmico

*Viva o imortal!*

Não toquem o imortal que  
de hora em hora é cumprimentado.  
Toquem antes os sinos, buzinas e campainhas!  
Efusivos parabens  
Merecida honra acatado homem de letras  
Impossibilitado comparecer cumprimento-o  
Novo imortal, os que vão morrer te saudam!  
Desculpe ausência motivo doença  
Agradecemos convite posse nesta douta Academia  
Congratulações brilhante e significativa vitória  
estamos felizes você e a glória...  
Como vai seu ego?  
Viva o mais novo imortal das nossas letras!

Assim vou dormir a primeira noite  
puxando sobre a alma  
uma colcha tecida de fórmulas prontas  
tumba verbal da imortalidade.



I won't repeat the same path (VP 65)

I won't repeat the same path  
shut down forever  
life bans it.  
I won't repeat the same word  
even if life's challenge  
the page urges it.  
I won't go back to the same page  
I'll tear them all  
before the apocalypse  
burns and crinkles them.  
I won't repeat even myself  
-- because nothing of me will be left  
only the banned page  
hope in its force  
and the word in its history  
endless.

Nao repetirei o mesmo caminho

Nao repetirei os mesmo caminho  
interditado para sempre  
a vida o proscrive.  
Nao repetirei a mesma palavra  
ainda que incitacao da vida  
a pagina a solicite.  
Nao voltarei a mesma pagina  
rasgarei todas  
antes que o apocalipse  
as creste e enrole.  
Nem repetirei a mim mesmo  
--que nada ficara de mim  
apenas a pagina proscrita  
a esperanca em sua forca  
e a palavra em sua historia  
sem fim.

## Biography

Luiz Busatto was born in Acioli, district of Joao Neiva, a town in rural Espirito Santo, southeast of Brazil, on October 18, 1937. His parents, Herminio Busatto and Maria Zucolotto Busatto, moved to Colatina, Espirito Santo, when he was only four months old. His father's sudden death forced his mother to move back to the city where Busatto had been born, where she could work as a seamstress. In 1949, Busatto was sent to the seminary not only for his schooling, but also for financial reasons. Since his mother was a seamstress, she could not afford to raise Busatto and his other four brothers and sisters. It was in the Jesuit seminary that Busatto developed his passion for reading and writing poetry. At the age of 13, Busatto learned to write metrical lines and at the age of 17, he was published for the first time in the seminary literary newspaper.

Busatto earned his Bachelor's Degree in Classical Letters from the College of Philosophy Nossa Senhora Medianeira, in Nova Friburgo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1962. He took several courses on Literary Theory, History of the Portuguese Language, and Philosophy in Braga, Portugal, and Milan, Italy in the preceding years. In 1975, he graduated from the Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro (PUC) with a Master's Degree in Brazilian Literature. Some years later, in 1984, Busatto earned his Doctorate in Brazilian Literature from the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro (UFRJ). Busatto's doctoral dissertation was the first of its kind to focus on the intertextuality of the poem "Invencao de Orfeu," by Jorge de Lima, a Brazilian author.

Besides having published several articles on literature and Italian immigration history, Busatto has published several books, including his Master's thesis Montagem em Invencao de Orfeu (1978), Amor de Asas & other essays (1985), and O Modernismo Antropofagico no Espirito Santo (1992). His books of poems include The anthropoid animal (1985) and Brief Life (1992). His doctoral dissertation on Montagem em Invencao de Orfeu has not yet been released due to the exorbitant cost of having it printed. According to Busatto, he would rather keep his dissertation unpublished than pay thousands of dollars out of his own pocket to see it published. He has done it before, he says, but will not this time. (See newspaper clipping in Appendix 11).

Busatto has traveled widely, but chose Vitoria, the state capital of Espirito Santo, Brazil, as his permanent residence, where he has lived for more than 26 years. Along with several other activities, Busatto was a professor and the founder of the courses on Literary Theory and Linguistics at the College of Philosophy, Science and Letters of Colatina, Espirito Santo, from 1969 to 1983. He was also a member of the Historical and Geographical Institute of Espirito Santo in 1981 as well as the vice president and the president of the State Council for Culture from 1986 to 1987 and 1993 to 1994, respectively.

A retired professor from the Federal University of Espirito Santo, Busatto occasionally teaches as a visiting scholar and delivers lectures in high schools and colleges as well. He is still actively involved in literary groups in Vitoria and is frequently seen at his colleagues' book releases. He has been a life member of the Espirito-santense Academy of Letters, which follows the French tradition, since 1987. Presently, he shares his time between his two passions: his small coffee farm in the

countryside of the state of Espirito Santo, where he “recovers his childhood memories,” as he says, and researching the immigration of Italians in Espirito Santo.

A fluent speaker of Italian, he has translated and annotated a book entitled Memories of an Italian Immigrant and helped several other researchers and laymen interested in the history of the immigrants. After receiving his Italian citizenship as the grandson of a native Italian, Busatto is now involved in establishing the “Busatto Family Foundation” attempting to keep alive the family’s Italian heritage. When asked about his plans for the future, Busatto jokingly says he would like to take care of his grandchildren, who have not yet arrived.

## **Interview with Luiz Busatto**

**Marina:** Can you tell me about significant moments in both your childhood and adolescence?

**Busatto:** After I was born in Acioli, I moved to the north of Colatina when I was four months old. My father started his life in Nova Italia, now Novo Brasil, in 1938. I grew up amid the rain forest. Monkeys, parrots, jaguars, all kinds of animals and birds, all the noises of the forest were my first delight. When my father died, before I was four years old, my mother returned to Acioli. I used to live, then, more with both my paternal and maternal grandparents than with my mother. For obvious reasons: they were big wealthy families for those days, at least through children's eyes. I only learned how to read and write after the age of eight with a teacher named Olga Iolanda Raizer. This was in 1945, the year when World War II finished. In Acioli I studied the first and second grades. In order to be able to support her family as a seamstress, my mom had to move back to Colatina in 1947. There the teachers thought it would be more beneficial to make me repeat second grade at a school named Grupo Escolar Aristides Freire. On January 1, 1949 I joined Anchieta Seminary. After I had been there for two months I was rewarded for my good progress and was transferred to Colegio Anchieta, which was a boarding school in Nova Friburgo. I had studied only until the third grade. I stayed in Nova Friburgo as an intern for eight years, during which I finished junior high school, middle school and high school. When I was nineteen years old I joined a religious order called Jesus Company, where I stayed with the Jesuits for twelve years, always studying.

**Marina:** What are your memories from your hometown?

**Busatto:** My hometown memories are all of the best. Things have another dimension during childhood. Time is broad, but the facts are deep in my memory in such a way that I have never been mistaken about them. First, it was my father's death, stung by a snake in the north of Colatina, and then life in Acioli. Our house was located in front of Vitoria Minas Railroad. Progress had its own presence with the activities of Vale do Rio Doce Company. The village's life went on around the railroad station and the local church. My life was in danger only once; but my mom saved me from drowning in Pau Gigante River. I must have been six years old then. Childhood in the countryside and on farms is a fascinating thing. Up to now I consider myself superior to the silly technological boys of the big cities who need to study ecology. Nowadays I spend a great amount of my time trying to pass down the wisdom of the lives of the first Italian immigrants, the settlers who built Brazil to what it is now. I have deep memories of Nova Friburgo, Itaici (SP), Rio de Janeiro, and Sao Leopoldo (RS). I lived in Braga, Portugal and also in Italy for three years.

**Marina:** Have you received any literary awards?

**Busatto:** The only award I received was in 1954, at school and never more. It was during my first year at high school, when I won the first and only literary contest in my life, with a composition about Independence Day, September 7. On the parade's day, the Commander of the Naval Sanitarium of Nova Friburgo, called me on stage to give me Plinio Salgado's Jesus' Life, which I read and reread many times and found out what an interesting plot the author created by portraying himself as Jesus Christ and Getulio Vargas as Pilate. Instead of winning prizes, I have been a member of contest judging

commissions so many times that I cannot remember. I was the one to choose the ones to be awarded. It's been like this since then. This year I have been part of the commission of the National Literature Award for the best short story, sponsored by Nestle.

**Marina:** Do you have your own methodology when you write? Do you feel inspired sometimes?

**Busatto:** I write and rewrite. Then, I keep my manuscripts for a while. I go back to them months or years later to see if they are any good. Every now and then I reread something written on an old piece of paper. I have been writing since I was thirteen years old, but only published my poems when I was forty-two. I write when I feel inspired, but sometimes it fails. There is no inspiration if you don't work on your style. It's important to know literary techniques. I have studied a lot of Greek-Latin Literature and also written poems in Latin. I'm neither self-taught nor an improviser.

**Marina:** Is it true that you write more when you are sad?

**Busatto:** It's not true that I only write when I'm sad! Maybe it's my character, which comes from my childhood. I was an orphan and always lived far from my family and everything. Although I was surrounded by many people, I had to do things on my own. Being ironic and critical is part of my character. I also write poems about happy love.

**Marina:** Do you have a favorite poem?

**Busatto:** I don't have a favorite poem, but there are some that readers prefer, for example, "The kiss under the umbrella." "Literature class" was very popular at Ufes. When I turned eighteen and recited "Teus Dias" at school I received great applause from my classmates--I, who was never applauded in public. I only publish poems that I like and in which I see I have said something. I like my lyric side very much.

**Marina:** I think your personal life interferes a lot in your poetry. Do you agree?

**Busatto:** If my life interferes in my poems? A lot! Since I was little, I was considered an existentialist, of authentic feelings. There is a rational side and an “irrational” one, instinctive, difficult to be communicated. I have chosen literature. Others have chosen music, painting... Writing, deep in there, is an act of power, of option, a manifestation of an ideology, or a vital thing.

**Marina:** Do you still write then?

**Busatto:** I still write and keep everything so that when I feel like it, I can organize another book. Lately, I have written several small poems. It's fashionable and the readers are lazy, so I also try to write hai-kus. Every now and then, I write a dozen of them.

**Marina:** Is your style similar to that of any other poet in Brazil? Have you suffered any influence by any other writer?

**Busatto:** One of literature's functions is pure pleasure, that is, you read what you like and with which you have affinities. By now, I have affinities with all the modernists and concrete poets. I only dislike the post-modernists. Everything that I have read and understood has left its marks on me. Now, I don't know if I have been influenced by somebody... Some people say that I have a little bit of Manuel Bandeira. Poor Manuel Bandeira! While in Colegio Anchieta in Nova Friburgo, I read the complete works of Manuel Bernardes entitled Nova Floresta e Outras (New Forest and Others). It's a Portuguese classic. I read a lot of Antonio Vieira, Rui Barbosa. I used to read everything. During this course I took in Portugal, I read more than sixty books or any literary works



in five months. What do you expect? As a literature professor I have even read two books in a day!

**Marina:** I see your poems are ironical, critical, and sometimes romantic. Is there a side that is stronger in your style?

**Busatto:** I think there is only one style with all these sides, but the most predominant is the critical and ironical ones. I recognize it. The few people who have written about my poems have noticed that. I'm ironic by nature and by conviction. Literature without irony is like food without salt.

**Marina:** How did your interest in Italian immigration begin?

**Busatto:** This family matter is in my blood. Italians are very family-oriented and close to one another. Our grandparents needed many people to work on the farms. You see, 10, 12, 15 children were the ideal. In Italy, I met my father's aunts and these relatives that you've barely seen: Don Corrado and Adelchi. When I was your age and my mom used to tell me names and who they were, I would get more lost than a blind person in a shooting and had no idea of who was who. But when you were little and began asking jokingly who your father's father's father was, only then I started to jot down their history on paper. Identity is something very important in a person and is usually not noticed. In the past, for example, at UFES (Federal University of Espirito Santo) you were Professor Busatto's daughter. Now, for example, I'm simply Marina's father. Do you see the difference?

At first I thought of writing the story of my family, beginning with the Italian origin and all that stuff. Little by little I saw the difficulty of this task. It's not possible

to tell the history of a single family without knowing the social context. My passion stems from that. I was lucky to meet the Director of the State Public Archives, who gave me free pass while he was on vacation. I assuaged my curiosity to see some papers and documents. We have a monumental collection in Espirito Santo. We can get to know things we thought would not be there. Some time ago I found out a list in which my great grandfather Giuseppe Pellizzon's signature appears. I have his picture and now his signature. Some days ago, trying to get my father's birth certificate, I found out that my grandfather only registered his son (my father) in 1928 and that he did not sign the birth certificate because he was illiterate. Yes, ma'am, my grandfather was illiterate and now has an academic Ph.D. grandson. As a matter of fact, my mother never went to school.

I have helped many people to publish books about this subject. My articles are very appreciated. In 1978, when I decided to write an article about New Lombardia's Revolt, a small act, but curiously interesting, Professor Renato Pacheco found in my work merits to include me in the Historic and Geographic Institute of Espirito Santo. I had already shown interest in translating Alessandro Broetto's account in the book Memories of an Italian Immigrant etc, etc, etc. I have material for more than one book. Publishing a book with pictures is extremely expensive and needs to be well done. I'll think about it. Only with a sponsor. Italian immigration is my cachaca,<sup>27</sup> Marina. I've found one of the greatest interests of in my life. By the way, in the field of studies my

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<sup>27</sup> "Cachaca" is a Brazilian alcoholic beverage very similar to the West Virginian "moonshine." The main difference stems from the fact that "cachaca" is made from sugar cane and "moonshine" is made from orn.

life has never been boring. It's necessary to create personal interest in life and it should also have a minimum of a social interest. I found out that this problem of looking for one's identity has become a disease in the state and in Brazil. You saw that the soap opera "The King of the Cattle" came a lot later. In a massification era, of people's anonymity, giving them their history and origins is guaranteed success.

**Marina:** As a literature professor and writer, do you have any advice for the younger writers?

**Busatto:** I should tell the beginners to follow neither my example nor my ideas. I'm a prophet of nothing, let alone a guru. As a professor, I try to form opinions in my students' minds, but I feel like a real Don Quixote, false and archaic. Each person has his/her time and opportunity. A writer only exists if he writes and publishes. The rest is consequence. The new generations have been losing very good habits and acquiring others. Among the good habits to acquire, I wish they would learn to express themselves in written form and not like monkeys, only with gestures and guttural sounds, typical of Rock groups. Those who read a lot might not end up being good writers, but at least will help to prevent the extinction of the so called "class of writers." To read is an adventure of the spirit, which creates a place of dreams and utopia. One day I leaned on the windowsill on the third floor of Colegio Anchieta and read, standing, the whole book The Grandfather by Nuno de Montemor. I confess that I neither recall what the book said nor remember anything about the author anymore. I only remember the moment. I was young and happy.

**Marina:** What are your plans for the future?

**Busatto:** My plans for the future are to raise my grandchildren, who have not arrived yet!

I don't intend on writing any more theses, but if it happens, I might go for a post-doctorate. I would certainly have fun doing it! I have tried not to plan too much in the past couple of years. Things are becoming so strange! At the moment I am updating myself on studies about semantics, which is a fascinating thing. Then, I teach it all to my students. Maybe I could write about this area too, as I have been feeling like.

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Portrait of John Brown, 1847

## APPENDICES

Portrait of John Brown, 1847  
Portrait of John Brown, 1847  
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## Appendix 1



Photo of Luiz Busatto at the age of twenty (1957).

Photo of Luiz Busatto, his mother, Maria Zucolotto Busatto (right), and his sister, Elizabeth Busatto (left) taken in 1960 during his studies in the seminary.





## Appendix 2

O beijo sob o guarda-chuva

O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
 não é um beijo qualquer  
 não é um beijo sob amargor  
 não é um beijo no sofá  
 não é um beijo no parque  
 O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
 é um beijo cheio de sentimentos  
 Tem que ter a chuva  
 Tem que ter o guarda-chuva  
 Tem que ter o beijo  
 Tem que ter o deus que o beija  
 O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
 não é um beijo  
 O beijo sob o guarda-chuva  
 não é um beijo qualquer  
 É o beijo  
 É o beijo sob o guarda-chuva

Luís Busatto

22-12-1-74

Original manuscript of part of the poem entitled "The kiss under the umbrella" from Busatto's first book of poems, *The anthropoid animal*, published in 1985. Dated January 12, 1974.

(Branco Branco)

A vela, o lirio -  
 - a folha branca, o sonho.

sobre esta folha de lirio  
 fio de palavras à toa,  
 Cada palavra: um martírio  
 infame que magoa.

Nas folhas soltas ao vento  
 de lirios, de papéis, imitais,  
 a aranha do pensamento  
 tece mil cores fúteis.

Levo no traseiro, tenho e aprecio  
 - inquietação que constrói! -  
 Se encontra o verbo, o lanceo  
 o sonho, qual é que foi?

Folha, lirio, sonho imenso  
 em branca vela enfumada...  
 Procuro o sonho que penso  
 e a vela rasgada!

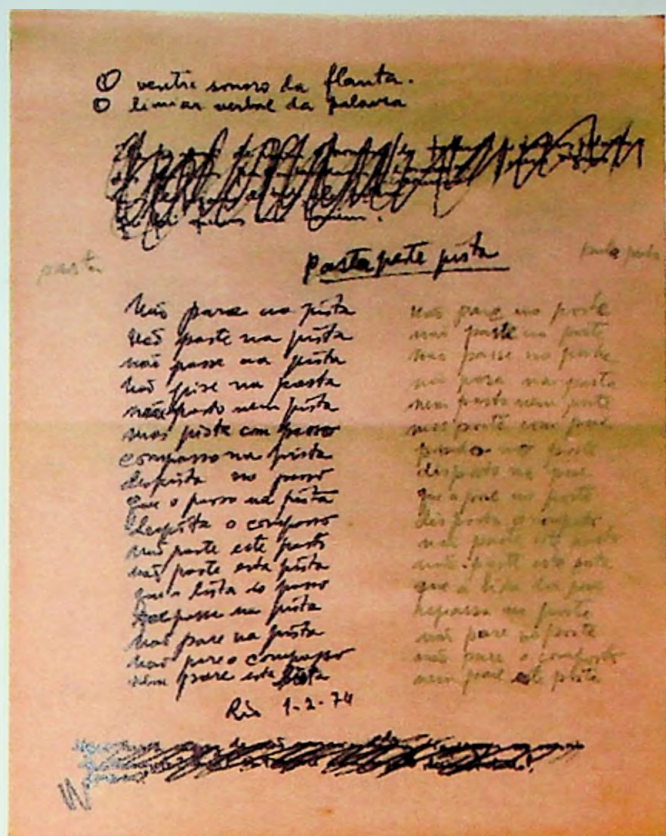
Santelo, Luís Busatto 16-9-62  
 Braga

Título: As palavras encenam um sonho, magico.  
 VIOLINHA de inspiração do lirio sonho.

Original manuscript of the poem entitled "Arte poetica" (not translated here) from *The anthropoid animal*. Dated September 16, 1962. Braga, Portugal.

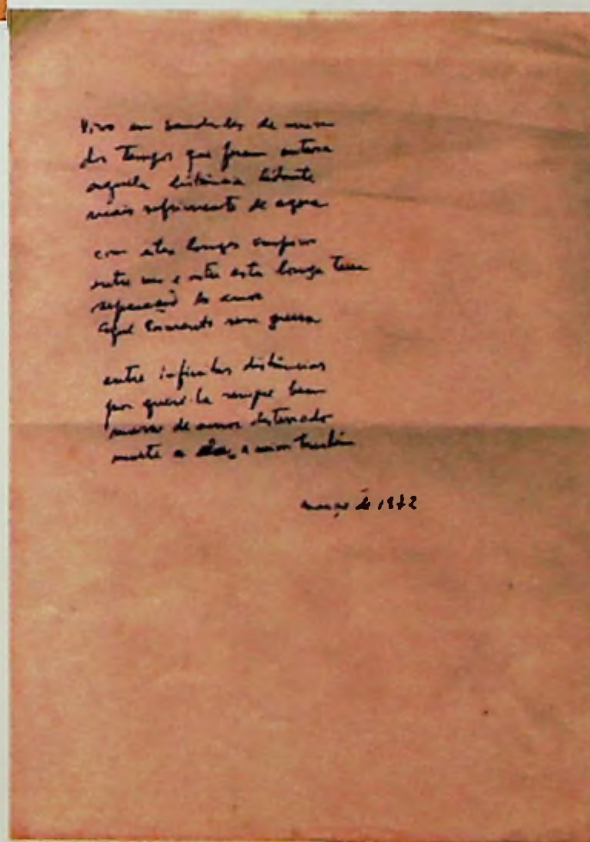


## Appendix 3



Original manuscript of part of the poem entitled “dreamCAMBURIano” (not translated here) from *The anthropoid animal*.

Dated February 1, 1974, Rio de Janeiro,  
Brazil.



Original manuscript of the poem later entitled “Vivo em saudades” (not translated here) from *The anthropoid animal*.



#### Appendix 4



Photo of Jardim da Penha circa 1970, the neighborhood in Vitória where Luiz Busatto has lived all his life. Camburi beach is in the background.  
See the poem "Jardim da Penha."



## Appendix 5



Photo of the city of Vitoria. Camburi Beach in the back .



Photo of downtown Vitoria, the city where Busatto has lived all his life.

## Appendix 6



Photo of Camburi Beach in Vitória, Espírito Santo, Brazil, which is referred to in several of Busatto's poems. See the poems "Time to be sad," "The daughter," "Moonlight in Camburi," and "Camburi lovers."



## Appendix 7



Photo of the city of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, about which Luiz Busatto wrote several poems (only one translated here) during his Master's and Doctoral studies. See the poem "At the metro mouth."

## Appendix 8



Photo of the cover of Luiz Busatto's first book of poems *The anthropoid animal*, second edition, 1992.
















































































































Copy of the cover of Luiz Busatto's second book of poems *Brief Life* published in 1992.





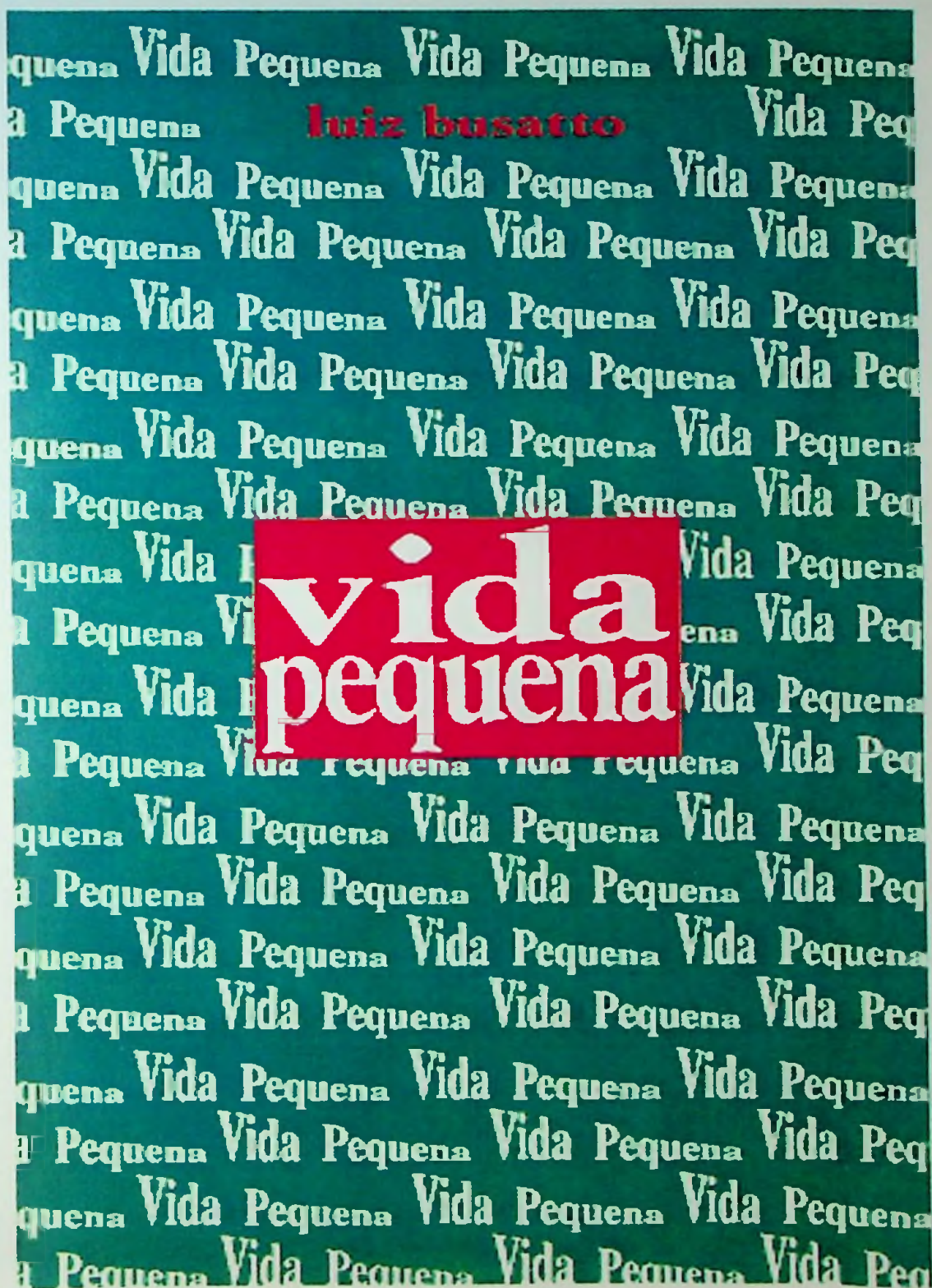
## Appendix 9

### ALGUMAS IDÉIAS SÃO MOSCAS

As moscas       
  e vôos  
sobre a mesa   
   de moscas no ar     
azar sobre a mesa      
zum-zum de moscas    
sobre a mesa   
e        
nas velozes moscas   
ágeis moscas       
caçadas com    
de espátulas    
tu lá tu cá de   
nas moscas ágeis      
em piques fulminantes de    
         
voláteis no ar  
em zum  zum    
de plá plá plá espátulas   
  sobre a mesa   
  no vôo   no pique  
voam e  
   zum   plá plum  
caçadas no ar  paredes no teto no chão  
                
                            
algumas idéias são moscas

Poem "Some ideas are flies" as it appears on the back cover of Busatto's *The anthropoid animal*.

Appendix 10



Cover of Luiz Busatto's second book of poems  
Brief Life published in 1992.



## Produção cultural

## Projeto anima poetas a tirarem sonhos da gaveta

ALVARO MENDES FARIAS

Para muitas pessoas, o difícil não é escrever um livro, mas publicá-lo. Que o diga o poeta e ensaísta Luiz Busatto, autor de seis obras, sendo que uma delas, *Intertextualidade de Larração de Orfeu*, sua tese de doutorado, está há dez anos na gaveta, esperando para ser impressa. "Para os editores, o escritor é o idealista brasileiro são uns patman e têm que pagar para ter suas obras publicadas", desabafa.

De bom grado, Busatto arrua com os custos de seus outros cinco livros. Mas agora decidiu esperar que uma editora se interesse por sua obra. Foi por os originais para algumas. A última proposta que recebeu veio da editora Anna Bluma, de São Paulo, que oferece em R\$ 9 mil uma tiragem de mil exemplares do livro, que terá 280 páginas. O valor seria pago por Busatto e a editora apenas se encarregaria de distribuí-lo. "Considero indelicado a proposta da editora", diz para o escritor.

O primeiro livro publicado por Busatto foi *Montagem em Larração de Orfeu*, sua dissertação de mestrado, sobre o poeta alagoano Jorge Lima. Para publicá-la, o escritor pagou em préstimo na agência da Caixa Econômica da Ufes. Seus primeiro e segundo livros de poemas, *O Bicho Antrópico*, lançado em 1983, e *Vida Poética*, lançado em 1992, têm história semelhante. No mesmo ano, saiu *O Modernismo Antropofágico no Espírito Santo*. E só saiu porque a Secretaria de Proteção e Difusão Cultural da Ufes arrou com metade dos custos. "O interessante é que a editora distribui, mas nunca recebe um centavo de direito autoral. Ou seja, não resulta em vantagem para o autor", comenta.

**EDITORIA PRÓPRIA** — O poeta Belenense Pereira é da mesma opinião



ESQUEMA

Busatto: 'A editora trabalha no sistema de co-edição'; Busatto: 'A proposta das editoras é algo indelicado'

de para publicar um livro é ter alguém para criar a editora. Suor e Lágrima, através da qual pretende publicar a vários poemas a respeito de realizar o sonho de tirar seus escritos da gaveta e transformá-los em livro. Segundo ele, os outros escritores, que geralmente apresentam os versos com a publicação de sua obra, são poucos.

"E tem outro problema", afirma. "Se uma ou duas obras são aceitas, o que não significa que as demais não sejam de boa qualidade". Pereira garante que o Espírito Santo tem uma literatura própria, mas que a publicação é muito difícil.

de A GAZETA, contribuindo as pessoas a tirarem seus escritos da gaveta. Na época muitas pessoas ligaram, pedindo informações. Os primeiros resultados concretos começaram a surgir. O livro *Velho Barro* de Maria Neuza de Oliveira, esta pronta e será lançado nas próximas semanas.

Um livro publicado em Monte Pascoal, de Wilson Coelho, que já está pronto para ser impresso, deverá ser o primeiro lançamento da editora. Pereira diz que fará contato com Dávia Biondel, viúva de Fernando J. Araújo, para que ela autorize a publicação de sua obra.

plures de um livro com até 80 páginas. A capa pode ser colorida.

Com o objetivo de possibilitar que um número maior de escritores de poesia consigam realizar o sonho de publicar suas obras, Pereira adotou o sistema de bens que o autor vende antecipadamente para amigos e conhecidos. "Assim o escritor consegue obter parte dos gastos", comenta. Ele observa que, até o momento, os resultados são satisfatórios. Principalmente porque a Lei Rubem Braga, que viabiliza o lançamento de vários livros, nunca se, de repente, muito mesmo. Pereira garante

## O sonho que vira realidade

A bancária Maria Neuza de Oliveira escreve poemas há mais de 30 anos. Começou quando ainda frequentava o Colégio Estadual de Guajará. Adversamente, recebeu de Guajará, que enviava pelos Correios para a Rádio Globo, no Rio de Janeiro. No início, só guardava cópias dos escritos. Só anos mais tarde começou a coletar os poemas. Mesmo assim, quando, há alguns meses, decidiu que já era hora de publicar o livro *Velho Barro* meu Coração, tinha uma grande quantidade de poemas na gaveta.

Maria Neuza nunca mais abandonou a poesia. Nem mesmo quando, em 1979, passou no concurso para o Banco do Brasil e foi desligada para trabalhar em Manaus, Minas Gerais. Mesmo ainda em Carangolândia, se transferida para Vitória, onde trabalha no Centro de Processamento de Dados, ela não deixou de escrever. Ela enviava poemas para a Cruz Vermelha, a Tercina Poeta e parte da obra de Vitória. Isso tudo a inspira, e o resultado é mais poesia.

Quando trabalhava em Carangolândia, pediu a um professor que analisasse seus escritos, para saber se devia guardá-los ou jogá-los fora. O mestre se dispôs a ler os escritos, mas não a fazer comentários. Para se justificar, contou o que tinha acontecido a Fernando Sabino. Segundo o professor, quando ainda jovem, Fernando Sabino teria enviado um texto para uma editora, que o devolveu e aceitou o pagamento a autor a decidir da caneta, uma vez que o texto era péssimo.



Part of recent newspaper article in which Luiz Busatto (middle) appears and discusses the financial difficulties writers encounter when searching for a publisher.



## A história e as letras do Estado

ROSE FRIZZERA

**U**ma nova proposta da Ufes para a área de especialização: este é o objetivo do curso de pós-graduação Literatura e História do Espírito Santo, que integra os cursos de Letras e História de forma que esta junção possibilite uma leitura crítica dos aspectos históricos e literários do Estado. As inscrições para o curso abrem nesta segunda-feira e as aulas começam no dia 6 de março.

O curso tem um perfil alternativo, segundo o coordenador de mestrado do curso de Letras, Francisco Aurélio Ribeiro. As aulas vão acontecer às sextas-feiras à noite e aos sábados. "Estamos observando uma demanda muito grande por horários alternativos como férias e finais de semana", justifica ele.

**PESQUISA** - Esta é a primeira pós-graduação oferecida pelo curso de Letras e História. A carga será de 360 horas e as aulas, por acontecerem apenas nos finais de semana, se estenderão até julho do ano que vem.

Francisco Aurélio alerta para o objetivo do curso que é instigar a pesquisa e a investigação científica nas áreas de estudo de literatura e historiografia do Espírito Santo. "Tanto a literatura como a história do Estado são estudadas rapidamente na graduação. A intenção é aprofundar nestas áreas de conhecimento", pontua.

Aberto a qualquer área de graduação, o curso terá quatro disciplinas de história e quatro de lite-

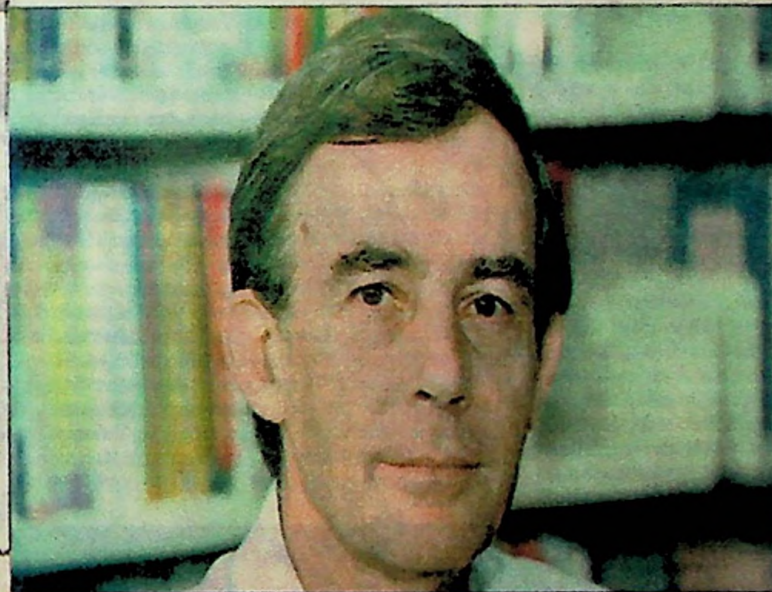
"Esta é a segunda tese de doutorado sobre literatura capixaba. Ele está estudando de Carlos Chenier a Valdo Motta. É a literatura dos últimos 30 anos", destaca Francisco Aurélio. A primeira tese, no caso de doutorado sobre a literatura capixaba, foi de Francisco Aurélio, que se dedicou à modernidade das letras capixabas, estudando os livros publicados pela Ufes nos anos 80.

**CONTEMPORÂNEO** - Também a professora Maria Tereza Ceotto, que tem mestrado sobre o romance contemporâneo capixaba, centrando sua análise em autores como Bernadette Lyra, Adilson Viçosa e Geraldo Matos, fecha a ala literária da curso.

Já a parte histórica conta com

Miguel Depes Talon, atual presidente do Instituto Histórico e Geográfico do Espírito Santo, Léa Brígida, vice-presidente do mesmo Instituto, e ainda com a professora Maria da Penha Siqueira, que tem tese de mestrado sobre a história econômica do Espírito Santo.

Além da parte fixa, a pós-graduação terá uma série de seminários ao longo do curso com escritores e historiadores. "O curso tem um compromisso com a atualidade, suprimindo a enorme carência de pesquisa sobre o Espírito Santo", reflete Francisco Aurélio. A pós-graduação em Literatura e História do Espírito Santo tem 30 vagas e as inscrições vão até o dia 27 de fevereiro. Informações pelos telefones 335-2802 ou 335-2807.



Luiz Busatto's most recent appearance in the newspaper.  
Dated February 5, 1998.



### Appendix 13



Recent photo of Luiz Busatto in his mini-farm.



Photo of Busatto's mini-farm in Santa Teresa, rural Espirito Santo, Brazil.  
Dated December 1997.