

A LATIN POET AND THE PAULISTA LYRE: A FORGOTTEN TRANSLATION TO A MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM

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Resumo

O presente artigo apresenta uma tradução de um epigrama de Marcial (XII, 57) ignorada pelos clacissistas brasileiros, publicada em uma edição do jornal *O Pirralho* de 1911. Além da transcrição da tradução esquecida, comentários serão tecidos a respeito do identidade do tradutor e seu mérito será apresentado não só por meio da discussão sobre seus procedimentos tradutológicos, mas também do confronto entre o lugar que o poema ocupa na obra do poeta latino e o tipo de interlocução que ele pode fazer com os demais poemas que circulavam naquele periódico.

Palavras-chave

Marcial; epigrama; tradução poética; modernismo brasileiro.

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Abstract

This article presents a translation of an epigram by Martial (XII, 57) ignored by Brazilian clacissists, published in an edition of the magazine *O Pirralho* from 1911. In addition to the transcription of the forgotten translation, comments will be made regarding the identity of the translator and his merit will be presented not only through the discussion of his translation procedures but also of the confrontation between the place that the poem occupies in the work of the Latin poet and the type of interlocution that it can have with the other poems that circulated in that magazine.

Keywords

Martial; epigram; poetic translation; Brazilian modernism.

The reception of the oeuvre of a classical author often has unknown outlines and projections, due to the unusual and inaccessible features of certain reading testimonies the investigator may (or may not) be able to access. It is surely the case of the translation that will be dealt with in this paper: unknown to researchers of Latin literature (since it doesn't appear in any reference or catalogue of translations by this author), it has very likely been, without arousing greater interest, in front of the eyes of more than one Brazilian literature researcher, who are more interested in the activity of the authors who would bring the early XX century artistic avant-garde into the country in subsequent years and who published in the same magazine which text in discussion was published in. The confusion is increased by the difficulty of establishing the translator's identity.

The object of this article is the translation of an epigram by Martial, a latin poet flourishing in the last decades of the first century A. D., that has been published in the magazine *O Pirralho*, number 11, October 21st, 1911. The poem is placed in the central sheet of the magazine (page 8), in a section called *Intermezzo*. That was the section for poems by several contemporary authors who were recurrent contributors to the magazine, and sometimes for images, thus establishing an interruption between prose sections of the magazine, such as the famous *Cartas d'abaxo pigues*, by Juó Bananere. The transcription is presented next, already updated to current orthographic standards:

EPIGRAMA
MARTIAL
(a Odilon Moraes)

Perguntas-me porque tantas vezes prefiro
À barulhenta Roma o plácido retiro
Do [campo] Nomentano;
É que em Roma, Lupércio, um pobre sem ventura
Procura o sonho, a paz, e, em vez do que procura, 5
Encontra o desengano.

Como viver aqui, se logo na alvorada
O mestre escola grita, e grita pela escada
A voz do meu padeiro!
E soa o martelar das fábricas de ferro 10
E mais o atroz pregão de um perfurante berro
Gritando o dia inteiro!

Este soma com amor, cambista odioso e fero,

Moedas em que se veem as linhas más de Nero;
 Depois alguém que apanha 15
 Um malho e o bate, bate interminavelmente,
 Num batedor de pedra o linho reluzente
 Que nos fornece a Espanha.

Depois um desfilar intérmino, detona 20
 Um violento clangor, os filhos de Belona;
 Um naufrago que estua,
 Palreiro, a conduzir nus restos do salvado,
 Um cego que tateia e o seu bordão vibrado
 Nas calçadas da rua.

Ai! quem contasse o tempo, as longas horas idas 25
 No tumulto de Roma, horas perdidas
 Para o descanso e o sono,
 Poderia contar as mãos, trabalho infando!
 Que em ruidoso ofício empregam-se, quebrando
 O meu doce abandono. 30

E tu, Lupércio, tu ignoras este horrendo
 Frigor da vida; e como o saberias, sendo
 O grão senhor que toma,
 Com campos, olivais e construções enormes,
 Em teu domínio ideal de Petílio em que dormes 35
 Dois quarteirões de Roma?!

Os cerros do Falerno, em pleno outono, pobres
 Bem pobres são, ao pé dos que possuis, descobres,
 Como de um alto monte
 Do alto deles, em torno, os arredores ermos, 40
 Verdes campos além, ondulando sem termos,
 De horizonte a horizonte.

Tu, sim, podes dormir no calmo labirinto
 Do teu reino bastante aos jogos de Corinto,
 E às legiões em guerra; 45
 Mas eu continuamente escuto sem alento,
 Toda a noite vozeando o povo mais barulhento
 Que existe sobre a terra!

Dorme, dorme, Lupércio! Os sonhos teus enfuna 50
 A tépida monção da pródiga fortuna,
 A teu destino preza;
 Eu, pobre, insone, vou-me à vida predileta,
 E a única que goza um mísero poeta,
 Na paz da natureza.

To the reader's convenience, the Latin original, which is not presented in the magazine, is also transcribed, as edited by Lindsay (Martialis, 1987):

Cur saepe sicci parua rura Nomenti
Laremque uillae sordidum petam, quaeris?
Nec cogitandi, Sparse, nec quiescendi
In urbe locus est pauperi. Negant uitam
Ludi magistri mane, nocte pistores, 5
Aerariorum marculi die toto;
Hinc otiosus sordidam quatit mensam
Neroniana nummularius massa,
Illinc balucis malleator Hispanae
Tritum nitenti fuste uerberat saxum; 10
Nec turba cessat entheata Bellonae,
Nec fasciato naufragus loquax trunco,
A matre doctus nec rogare Iudaeus,
Nec sulphuratae lippus institor mercis.
Numerare pigri damna quis potest somni? 15
Dicet quot aera uerberent manus urbis,
Cum secta Colcho Luna uapulat rhombo.
Tu, Sparse, nescis ista, nec potes scire,
Petilianis delicatus in regnis,
Cui plana summos despicit domus montis, 20
Et rus in urbe est uinitorque Romanus
Nec in Falerno colle maior autumnus,
Intraque limen latus essedo cursus,
Et in profundo somnus, et quies nullis
Offensa linguis, nec dies nisi admissus. 25
Nos transeuntis risus excitat turbae,
Et ad cubilest Roma. Taedio fessis
Dormire quotiens libuit, imus ad uillam.

Some issues deserve attention in this translation. The translator chooses a solution in stanzas composed of two dodecasyllables followed by hexasyllable (in fact, only the first hemistichium of a third dodecasyllable), operating a relevant structural innovation over the Latin original, which is a catastic poem (from Greek *κατὰ στίχον* "verse by verse"), that is, composed by the non-strophic chain of verses in the same meter, in this case, choliamb. In so doing, he proposes a new and regular cadence for the poem, in which a certain expansion according to Parnassian taste is more evident than in the Latin original. Here, the conciseness of the epigrammatic genre, albeit in a long poem, is verifiable in the economy with which the images are presented.

See, for example, at the beginning of the enumeration of the horrors of Rome, the words used by Martial (vv. 4-5): "*Negant uitam / ludi magistri mane.*" In a plain translation, the game masters (*ludi magistri*; that is, the teachers in charge of the children's first instruction) deny the life (*negant uitam*) in the morning (*mane*). The affirmative tone and brief terms of the poet are replaced by an exclamation and more plentiful vocabulary (vv. 7-8): "*Como viver aqui, se logo na alvorada / O mestre escola grita (...)*!" (How can one live here if as early as at dawn / The schoolmaster shouts!) The statement becomes a question, with the addition of the *how*, the economic Latin word *mane* is transposed by the extensive '*logo na alvorada*' (as early as at dawn) and the master, who was the subject of the verb *negant*, has his presence analyzed, preventing the poet from sleeping because he *grita* (shouts).

The practical result of this analytical attitude is that the 28 Latin verses turn into 54 verses in Portuguese, in a two to one ratio. In syllables, the ratio is 585 translated to 336 from the original, or approximately 1.75 to one.

For comparison, a poetic translation of our own is presented, in which one of the priority production criteria was to understand the conciseness and distribution of content in the verses as a central element of the aesthetic sign to be transposed:

Por que vou sempre ao breve campo em Nomento
e busco o lar e a vila humilde, perguntas?
Nem pra pensar, Esparso, ou pra descansar
na urbe há lugar pro pobre. Impedem a vida
os mestres de manhã, de noite os padeiros,
e o dia inteiro o martelo do ferreiro;
Aqui, ocioso, bate na mesa suja
o cambista com bolo de neronianas,
lá, batedor de pó de ouro lá da Hispânia,
com brilhante bastão bate em pedras rotas;
nem pára a inspirada turba de Belona
nem náufrago loquaz com tronco enfaixado,
nem pedinte judeu que a mãe ensinou,
nem remelento a vender coisas de enxofre.
Contar perdas quem pode ao sono cansado
diz na urbe quantas mãos bateram nos bronzes
quando o cólquido fuso fustiga a lua.
Tu não sabes, Esparso, nem saber podes,
deliciando-se no reino de Petílio
com casa no alto monte olhando a planície
e um campo na cidade e vinhas romanas
(nem o monte Falerno no outono é mais)

e do éssedo um percurso dentro dos muros,
e no sono profundo sem língua alguma
que ofenda a calma nem dia sem chamá-lo.
Desperta-me a risada da turba andando
e há Roma em minha cama. Cansado em tédio,
quando quero dormir, pra vila eu me mando.²

Among other issues that draw attention, the replacement of the name of the interlocutor *Esparso* (lat. *Sparsus*) by *Lupércio* is noted, a procedure that is difficult to understand. On the one hand, the proper name in the original derives from the current term in Latin, with senses very close to what its vernacular successor 'sparse' holds, such as 'scattered', 'separated', 'dissipated'. Martial, in a program that is clear in the preface to his first book, states that his poetics respects proper names in his invectives, from which it seems that the interlocutor of the poem, fictional or protected under a pseudonym, has an ethical name, that is, he is given a name that is already a description of his wasteful behavior, which will be described at the end of the poem. The exchange is perplexing, since it is not a more natural or frequent name in Portuguese, nor has a clearer meaning.

Lupércio is clearly derived from the Latin *Lupercus*, one of the names of the Latin forest god *Faunus*, an equivalent to the Greek god *Pan*, especially taken for his protection of wolves (lat. *lupus*, as Virgil uses the term in *Aen.*, VIII, 663), but also, by extension, points to the priests of this particularly important cult in Rome. Such was the importance of this cult that the priests could only be chosen from members of two very old roman families, the *Fabii* and the *Quintilii* (the information is preserved by *Suetonius*,

² The translation, slightly altered, is the same presented in Author, 2014. For the convenience of English speaking readers, Bailey's (Martial, 1993: 137) translation is here presented:

Do you ask why I often visit my bit of land near dry Nomentum and my villa's dingy hearth? Sparsus, there's no place in Rome for a poor man to think or rest. Schoolmasters deny you life in the morning, bakers at night, the hammers of the coppersmiths all day. On one hand the idle moneychanger rattles his grubby counter with Nero's metal, on the other the pounder of Spanish gold dust beats his well-worn stone with shining mallet; neither does Bellona's frenzied throng give up, nor the garrulous castaway with his swaddled trunk, nor the Jew that his mother taught to beg, nor the bleary-eyed pedlar of sulphurated wares. Who can count up the losses of lazy sleep? He will tell us how many pots and pans the hands of the City clash when the moon is cut and beaten by the magic wheel of Colchis. You, Sparsus, know nothing of all this, nor can you know, leading your life of luxury in your Petilian domain, where your ground floor looks down on the hill tops and you have the country in the town and a Roman vine-dresser and a vintage as large as on Falernian slopes; where within your threshold there's a broad drive for your curricule, where there's slumber down in the depths and quiet that no tongues disturb, and no daylight save by admission. As for me, the thrusting of the passing crowd awakes me and Rome is at my bedside. Whenever I'm sick and tired of it and want to go to sleep, I go to my villa.

Caes., 26). Some of these aspects of the name could justify the modification, which could be taken as a transfer of addressee to a specific individual who was close to the translator, for example, having common Brazilian last names such as Lobo or Lopes, or any other inscrutable private motive. It would not be inappropriate to think of an interlocutor who was effectively called Lupércio. There was, for example, one Lupércio Fagundes, born in 1881 and deceased in 1938, an agronomist who obtained his degree in the U. S. and an owner of lands where he established a colony, later elevated to a municipality named after him. He would be qualified to be the wealthy interlocutor for the thematic poem that addresses the country life. But again, we cannot even claim that these individuals were aware of each other: everything is presented as conjecture.

Finally, it is noted that, in addition to the orthography update, we added to the third verse, “Do [*campo*] Nomentano” (of my Nomentan [field]). The correction is justified by the following reasons: first, because the verse was the only one that had metric irregularity. Indeed, two poetic syllables were missing so that the verse was a hexasyllable, like the ones from the other stanzas of the translation; and then, by mending it, criteria were met that pervade the whole translation and are defrauded by the absence of the term. As the Parnassian affiliation of the translator requires, this translation prefers analysis to synthesis, and clarity to obscurity. Nomentan is an adjective whose meaning cannot be resolved alone, and the noun to which it refers must be added. The poem provides us with *Rura Nomenti* (v. 1), that is, Nomento fields. In Martial's poetry, the expression refers to a property of scarce resources he owns at an unidentified point of Via Nomentana, a road connecting Rome to the city of Nomento. We just made explicit what the translation already induced to see and, we suppose, was a mere typographical error.

An equally delicate question concerns the author of the translation. The translator presents himself only with his first names, Manuel Carlos, making it more difficult to identify him. Some considerations, however, led us to a proposal of authorship. The author is a recurrent contributor of *O Pirralho* in its early years, providing other poems and translations, and even an interview, published in issue 120, of December 6, 1913, and is sometimes referred to by other contributors with the treatment of *Doutor*, which would indicate a medical or legal career. A cross-search of the two names, along with other better-known ones in the same edition, such as those by Cornelio Pires or Paulo Setúbal, led us to other sources, in particular to a study (Maia, 2016) about the work of another of these

forgotten poets of the early twentieth century, Gustavo Teixeira (1881-1937), about whom Manuel Carlos wrote. Maia's dissertation lists the critical fortune of Teixeira, in which our translator often figures, once with his full name, Manuel Carlos de Figueiredo Ferraz (Maia, 2016: 71). From this point on, it is possible to draw some sketches of biography.

As Sud Menucci points out (*apud* Maia, 2016: 234), as early as 1925 Manuel Carlos was among the authors whose work, circulating in periodicals or in household drawers, needed better dissemination. Indeed, it is difficult to trace an intellectual path that matches the clarity of his professional career. The best data we have available is referred to by the *Revista do Instituto Histórico e Geográfico de São Paulo*, vol. 66, 1969, pp. 13-17, which celebrate the recently deceased associate. Manuel Carlos de Figueiredo Ferraz was born in Cajuru, São Paulo countryside, on February 25, 1885, son of Francisco Ferraz de Siqueira and Maria Alves de Siqueira. He migrated to the capital of São Paulo in 1905, when he enrolled Law School. Lays Corrêa (2017: 70) makes him one of the residents of the *Pensão Brasileira*, property of aunt Belisária, the widow of writer Júlio Ribeiro and cousin of Amadeu Amaral, who welcomed several young people who stood out in São Paulo public life. Among these is at least one other contributor to *O Pirralho*, the dialectal poet Cornelio Pires. Ferraz's poetic production of this period is gathered in the book *Poesias*, from 1934. He published poems in several magazines of the period, such as *O Pirralho*, *A Vida Moderna* and *A Ilustração Paulista*. In 1912, he entered the judiciary career, reaching the high offices of Judge and President of the Court, Attorney General of the State, Secretary of Justice and Public Security. He has been dedicated to teaching, working at the University of São Paulo at the Faculties of Law and of Philosophy, Sciences and Letters, where he held the chair of Logic. Since 1926, he occupied the chair n° 27 of the São Paulo Academy of Letters and, in 1933, is among the board members of the just founded São Paulo Press Association. In March 1931, *A Cigarra* magazine published his biographical sketch, accompanied by a portrait, upon his entry into the *Academy of Sciences and Letters*. He deceased on April 25, 1967, in São Paulo.

In addition to Martial's epigram, it is important to point out the publication, in the same *O Pirralho*, of three sonnets by José Maria de Heredia, a Cuban-French Parnassian poet, translated by Manuel Carlos. For the sake of contrast, one of them, published in issue 52 of August 3, 1912, is presented below:

LE VASE

L'ivoire est ciselé d'une main fine et telle
Que l'on voit les forêts de Colchide et Jason
Et Médée aux grands yeux magiques. La Toison
Repose, étincelante, au sommet d'une stèle.

Auprès d'eux est couché le Nil, source immortelle
Des fleuves, et, plus loin, ivres du doux poison,
Les Bacchantes, d'un pampre à l'ample frondaison
Enguirlandent le joug des taureaux qu'on dételle.

Au-dessous, c'est un choc hurlant de cavaliers;
Puis les héros rentrant morts sur leurs boucliers
Et les vieillards plaintifs et les larmes des mères.

Enfin, en forme d'anse arrondissant leurs flancs,
Et posant aux deux bords leurs seins fermes et blancs,
Dans le vase sans fond s'abreuvent des Chimères. (Heredia, 1893: 25)

O VASO

O marfim insculpiu buril tão rijo e fino,
Que aí se vêem Jasão, a Cólquida afastada,
A mágica Medeia, a fulgurante estrada,
E num píncaro agudo o ansiado velocino.

Ao pé deles, o Nilo estende-se, o divino
Pai das águas, e longe, ao frescor da latada,
Ébrias bacantes rindo, e a canga entrelaçada
De pâmpanos, e os bois no sono vespertino.

Mais abaixo um recontro, o tumulto das cargas,
Velhos e mães em pranto, e sob as tendas largas,
Cadáveres de heróis terríveis como feras.

E enfim, em forma de asa, arredondando os flancos,
E apoiando ao cairel seus rijos seios brancos,
Pelo vaso sem fundo embriagam-se Quimeras.³

³ The English reader will benefit from an English translation. The following is 1897 Edward Robeson Taylor's:

*A cunning hand has carved this ivory so:
Here all the wealth of Colchis' forests lies,
With Jason, and Medea of magic eyes,
And on a stela's top the Fleece's glow.*

Near them we see the immortal Nilus flow,

The reader familiar with the Brazilian Parnassus will easily recognize the genealogy of the vase description commonplace, which made the reputation of Brazilian poets aligned with the movement. The procedures of the translator are curiously different here: in Heredia, Manuel Carlos recognizes the aesthetic value of the sonnet's form and seeks to reproduce it in his translation, using some curious recasting, as in vv. 5-6, where the Nile, "*source immortelle / Des fleuves*", the immortal source of rivers, becomes "*O divino / pai das águas*" (the divine / Father of the waters), whereas in Martial the aesthetic value of form, centered on brevity and cadence of a catastic poem, is scorned by the translator, who opts for the complex Parnassian structure, giving vent to the *pathos* of excessive adjective, the exotic brilliance of the rhyme and the sounding novelty of the dodecassyllable verse.

It is noteworthy that, going beyond the positive or negative appreciation of this or that translation (which will largely be reduced to the critique of taste), we are faced with a versatile translator who has, on the one hand, his own style and literary affiliation and, on the other hand, knows how to compose specific strategies to approach different texts.

It is necessary, to end the presentation of the poem, to make some considerations about the nature of the poem, to understand its listing in a *corpus* in which, at first glance, it seems so exotic.

Martial was a Latin poet of Iberian origin, who lived in Rome for thirty-four years, when he makes a long-awaited return to his native Hispania, where he dies a few years later. This biographical detail is directly related to the nature of the poem, since it is part of *Book 12* of Martial's *Epigrams*, the last of his oeuvre, which, the poet reports in the preface, was hastily assembled at the end of his life, in Hispania, after three years of inactivity, to attend to the instances of a Roman friend who would visit him (Mart. *Epigr.*, XII, praef.). The observation of the volume denounces the reuse of old material, probably neglected in previous books, such as a poem

*And more remote, Bacchants, in merry wise,
With clustering vine's entwining greeneries
Enwreath the resting bulls' unyoking bow.*

*Beneath, are cavaliers that hack and slay,
The dead upon their bucklers borne away,
The old that wail, and mothers' tearful face.*

*For handles apt, Chimaeras, who, with breast
All firm and white against the edges pressed,
Forever drink from the exhaustless vase.*

Heródoto, Unifesp, Guarulhos, v. 4, n. 2, 2019.2 p. 166-184
DOI: 10.34024/herodoto.2019.v4.10967

addressed to the emperor Nerva (XII, 6), who was already dead at that time, or the invective against a senator (Roman, therefore) who disputes the crumbs of patronage (XII, 29). This is also the case of the poem in question (XII, 57), since the said property in Via Nomentana is one of the goods sold by the poet when he withdraws from Italy, whose description and transfer he feels necessary to narrate in a beautiful poem of *Book 10* (X, 92).

This is a relevant question regarding how the poem takes part in the internal cohesion of the book it was published in. Moreover, the epigram in question is also an important element of cohesion between the various books of Martial, as it denounces a procedure of organization of the *Epigrammaton libri* which, by themselves, also serves to construct meanings in the poet's work. There are, in fact, scattered throughout the books of Martial, epigrams that form a unit: they are long poems (thus defrauding the already mentioned brevity of the epigrammatic genre) composed in meters that are not the elegiac couplet (which is the main meter of the epigrammatic genre, as demonstrated by Dezzotti, 1990, 76), always located in the central part of the books, and dealing, for the most part, with the commonplace of *locus amoenus* as a central content. We have already argued elsewhere (Author, 2015: 34) that these features move the poet away from the epigrammatic and elegiac tradition and bring him closer to other genres and poets, notably Horace. In particular, Martial's epigram XII, 57 emulates Horace's satire II, 6.

It is noteworthy that these other epigrams construct the ideal vision of the countryside: the rural life of Hispania, the poet's homeland (I, 49), the rural property of friends like Faustinus (III, 58) and Julius Martialis (IV, 64), the idyllic life in Formiae (X, 30) or the reproach to a property offered by a certain Lupus to the poet (XI, 18), an example of all that the countryside should not be. In epigram XII, 57, however, the *locus amoenus* collapses: the Nomentan villa is *parua rura* (v. 1), small, reduced field; it's *Larem... sordidum* (v. 2), humble, dirty home. Nothing is idyllic in this place: we know, for example, from epigram VII, 36, that the poet needed a friend's gift to change his roof, since during the winter rains the house itself swam. The advantage of the Nomentan village is that, even without any comfort, it saves the poet from the even worse life that is available in Rome, such are the terrors of the city, put together here by the noise they generate. The *locus amoenus* itself, represented by the interlocutor Sparsus' rich suburban villa, is treated with contempt and quickly alluded to only to note that its owner had no morals to scorn the Nomentan villa when he ignored the

Roman tragedy that tore the poet apart. At the end of the reading, it is clear that the epigram is much more about *fugere urbem* than about *locus amoenus*.

It is extremely important in our discussion to note that defects in Martial property are masked by the translator. In this, the small field and the dirty house turns into “o plácido retiro / Do [campo] Nomentano” (vv. 2-3: the placid retreat / of the Nomentan field). The *locus amoenus* is reinvigorated to increase contempt for the city.

Finally, it remains to be understood the placement of such a poem in the pages of a magazine such as *O Pirralho*, which, at the same time, acts as a vehicle for the current Parnassian aesthetics but also carries the still immature names of São Paulo Modernists such as Oswald de Andrade and Marcondes Machado.

It is possible to begin with general propositions, for example, that the Parnassian movement is clacissizing and, as such, permeable to the reading of poets from Greece and Rome; it may be added, for example, that the epigrammatic genre, to which Martial’s oeuvre belong, is in ancient times the genre of formal refinement and extreme organization of words, very analogous to the Parnassian goldsmithing, and, moreover, it is a genre also dedicated to the description of artistic objects. For example, compare the treatment of Heredia’s vase presented above with the way Martial describes (*Epigr.*, VIII, 50) an electrum (gold and silver alloy) cup that the poet received from a friend:

Quis labor in phiala? docti Myos, ane Myronos?
Mentoris haec manus est, an, Polyclite, tua?
Liuescit nulla caligine fusca nec odit
exploratores nubila massa focos;
uera minus flauo radiant electra metallo, 5
et niueum felix pustula uincit ebur.
Materiae non cedit opus: sic alligat orbem,
plurima cum tota lampade luna nitet.
Stat caper Aeolio Thebani uellere Phruxi
cultus: ab hoc mallet uecta fuisse soror; 10
hunc nec Cinyphius tonsor uiolauerit, et tu
ipse tua pasci uite, Lyaeae, uelis.
Terga premit pecudis geminis Amor aureus alis,
Palladius tenero lotos ab ore sonat:
sic Methymnaeo gauisus Arione delphin 15
Languida non tacitum per freta uexit onus.
Imbuat egregium digno mihi nectare munus
Non grege de domini, sed tua, Ceste, manus;

Ceste, decus mensae, misce Setina: uidetur
 ipse puer nobis, ipse sitire caper. 20
 Det numerum cyathis Instanti littera Rufi:
 auctor enim tanti muneris ille mihi:
 si Telethusa uenit promissaque gaudia portat,
 seruabor dominae, Rufe, triente tuo;
 si dubia est, septunce trahar; si fallit amantem, 25
 ut iugulem curas, nomen utrumque bibam.

Quem trabalhou no copo? O douto Mios ou Míron?
 Mão de Mentor ou tua, Policleto?
 Nenhum vapor a ofusca e embranquece, não teme
 a massa escura ao fogo explorador.
 Real electro brilha em metal menos louro, 5
 ricas bolhas superam o marfim.
 A obra não cede ao tema: assim, fecha seu raio
 a lua quando brilha toda a luz.
 Adorna um bode do tebano Frixo e o véu:
 a irmã preferiria assim fugir. 10
 Este, o barbeiro em Cínips não tocava e tu,
 Lieu, o apascentavas em teus campos.
 No dorso dele, o Amor dourado de asas gêmeas
 soa a flauta de Palas com som brando:
 Assim alegre, a Aríon de Metimna leva 15
 o golfinho no mar, carga não quieta.
 Que encha esta prenda egrégia com um néctar digno
 não mão da turba, Cesto, mas a tua;
 Honra da mesa, Cesto, o setino mistura:
 parece que têm sede o bode e o jovem. 20
 Dá-me as letras de Instâncio Rufo por rodadas
 pois ele foi o autor de tal presente:
 se Teletusa vem e o gozo traz que disse,
 conservo quatro, Rufo, pra senhora;
 Se indecisa estiver, tomo as nove; se falta, 25
 bebo, pra dor matar, os teus dois nomes.⁴

⁴ Again, this is our translation, with minor differences from the one presented in Author, 2014. Bailey's is:

Whose work is in the bowl? Skilled Mys's or Myron's? Is this Mentor's hand, or yours, Polyclitus? No murkiness dulls or darkens it, no cloudy mass abhors the testing fires. True electrum shines with a metalless yellow, and the fine frosted silver surpasses snowy ivory. The workmanship matches the material. So does the moon complete her orb when she shines abundant with all her lampe There stands a goat clad in the Aeolian fleece of Theban Phrixus; his sister would have preferred this mount. No Cinyphian barber would assail him, and you yourself, Lyaeus, would wish him to feed on your vine. On the animal's back sits a golden Love with his pair of wings and a pipe of Pallas sounding from his tender mouth. So did the dolphin carry his musical burden through the languid sea, delighting in Methymnean Arion. Let not just any one of the master's troop of slaves, let your hand, Cestus, inaugurate for me this noble gift with nectar worthy of it.

It is curious, indeed, that the repertoire of poets such as Martial is not as evident in the reading of Parnassian poets as it is here. This cup, in particular, is chiseled with Frixus' narrative fleeing from Greece to Colchis, where he sacrifices the ram that took him and removes the golden fleece, the same cycle theme as the one that adorns the vase in Heredia's sonnet. Martial's poem not only describes the images that make up the vase, but also its use at a banquet, filled by the hand of a beautiful sommelier, drinking in honor of the gift-giving friend, or in the company of the beloved, a poetic procedure very similar to the aforementioned sonnet by Alberto de Oliveira, in which the Greek vase is owned by Anacreon of Teos, the celebrated Greek poet, who drinks from its borders and contemplates it.

Finally, Martial's translated epigram is naturalized when observed in the light of the other elements with which it has been published: the *Intermezzo* section in this issue of *O Pirralho* contains two paintings, Lucílio de Albuquerque's *Awakening of Icarus*, Antônio Parreiras's *Fantasy*, major forenames of the Brazilian painting at the moment, and six poems: the epigram of Martial, a vilancete by Simões Pinto, a meditative sonnet by Otávio Augusto, an erotic one by Teófilo Dias de Andrada, son of a famous Parnassian poet, and hillbilly sonnets by Cornélio Pires and Paulo Setúbal. These last two poems set up a curious dialogue, though perhaps an unplanned one. Setúbal describes one of the most definite types of the countryside, the country guitar player:

CHICO PEÃO

É o Chico das morenas e das moças,
Que vai alegremente estrada fora,
Largas bombachas, rústicas e grossas,
Tilintando a roseta de sua espora.

Pelos campos risonhos, pelas roças,
Que a natureza lindamente enflora,
Cantando amor, dormindo pelas choças,
Corre-lhe a vida plácida e sonora.

Leva de lado a Viola acostumada,

Cestus, ornament of the feast, mix Setine; the boy himself, the goat himself seems to me athirst. Let the letters of Istantius Rufus' name supply a number for our measures; for this precious gift comes to me from him. If Telethusa arrives bringing promised joys, I shall keep myself for my lady with your four, Rufus. If she's doubtful, I'll spinout the time with seven. If she cheats her lover, to kill my sorrow I'll drink both names.

Heródoto, Unifesp, Guarulhos, v. 4, n. 2, 2019.2 p. 166-184

DOI: 10.34024/herodoto.2019.v4.10967

Onde descanta, em murmura toada,
A sua alma mais mansa que uma ovelha.

Em sua potranca o Chico Peão caminha,
Com sua larga lapeana na bainha,
E um toco de cigarro atrás da orelha.⁵

To this, Pires juxtaposes another countryside type, that of the picturesque young woman:

PAISAGEM

Pelo trilho tortuoso
que liga a casa à Biquinha
vai cantando a caipirinha
com um andar todo dengoso.

Talvez vá fruindo o gozo
de recordar a modinha
que um dia de tardezinha
ouviu de um moço formoso.

Vai cantando satisfeita
- como quem nunca tem mágoa -
de corote à mão direita,

Levando à cabeça o pote
nem sente escorrer-lhe a água

⁵ COWBOY CHICO

It's the Chico of brunettes and girls,
That goes happily off road,
Wearing galligaskins, rustic, thick and broad,
He clinks the rosette of his spurs.

By the laughing fields, by the farms,
That nature beautifully flourishes,
He sings love, sleeps in the huts,
He leads a placid and sounding life.

He takes aside the usual guitar,
In which he sings, in a murmured tone,
His soul, milder than a sheep.

In his filly Cowboy Chico rides,
With his long Lapeana knife in the hem,
And a cigarette stub behind the ear.

Heródoto, Unifesp, Guarulhos, v. 4, n. 2, 2019.2 p. 166-184
DOI: 10.34024/herodoto.2019.v4.10967

pelo trigueiro cogote.⁶

It should be noted that the poem is called *Landscape*, meaning that, in the very cast of bucolic poetry, the woman whose description occupies the whole poem, on the one hand exists only as an object set before the view of enunciator, thus landscape, and, on the other hand, takes part in the bucolic aesthetic par excellence, in which the Arcadian human types are integrated to the Nature in harmony. The sensual vision of water running down the neck of the woman has a plainness related to the sight of a waterfall. Both characters relate through music, another of the backdrop of bucolic poetry since its beginnings in antiquity.

Both poems are representative of a bridge between what Parnassian poetry does and what the first modernist generation will do, as this kind of poem lies midway between formal concerns and Parnassian objectivity and the discovery of Brazil and the poetics of primitivism, which are some of the priorities of the 1922 modernists, especially Oswald de Andrade, founder and director of *O Pirralho*.

In this context, Martial, or Martial as read by Manuel Carlos, fits by excellence in the literary scene of the moment, as it serves to compose the transition scenario presented above: First, there is a poem that defrauds one of the most relevant characteristics of Parnassian aesthetics, “*o ideal de impessoalidade que partilhavam com os realistas do tempo*” (the ideal of impersonality they shared with the Realists of the day; Bosi, 1970: 246),

⁶ LANDSCAPE

Down the winding track
Linking the house to the little spout
There goes, singing, the country girl,
Her pace is a caress.

Maybe she enjoys the pleasure
Of remembering the song
That one day in the afternoon
She heard from a handsome boy.

She goes singing, satisfied
- As one who has never been hurt -
With a barrel in her right hand,

She raises the pot to her head
Not even feeling the water run down
By the swarthy nape.

Heródoto, Unifesp, Guarulhos, v. 4, n. 2, 2019.2 p. 166-184
DOI: 10.34024/herodoto.2019.v4.10967

since the *persona* is emotionally tired (v. 27. *fessis*) of the noisy Roman life and its bored elite, ignorant of the ills of Rome, in a kind of very personal invective, since it attacks not all the bad things of the city, but the ones that prevent his sleep. Next, a poet who is, on the one hand, aware of the classical standards of the aesthetic object he deals with, and on the other hand, has a view of the countryside easily comparable to the discursive constructions about São Paulo countryside that are fermenting within the authors of the moment and that will generate not only the movement of the Modern Art Week of 1922, but also the dialectal muse of Cornelio Pires or the construction of a São Paulo identity movement such as Amadeu Amaral's *Dialeto Caipira*, both marks of a new philological approach to São Paulo, to Brazil and to its spoken language. Its, indeed, a beautiful and curious transition from classic to modern.

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