

João Paulo Silveira de Souza

Born in Florianópolis, SC in 1933. Junior high-school math teacher for ten years, he now works in the editing sector of the letters Unit of Culture Foundation of Santa Catarina. He participated actively from early on in the literary movements and activities in SC. In the 50's he worked on part of the Magazine "The South" and directed the literary and art monthly "Roteiro". He is now the Vice-President of the Writer's Association of SC.

He published five books and has works published in innumerable Brazilian literary supplements. He has participated in almost all of the short story anthologies in SC since 1950. In collaboration with authors Flavio José Cardoso and Salim Miguel he is now preparing a collection called "Este Mar Catarina" that unites a selection of stories about the sea, combining literature of SC from the times of Virgílio Varzea until today, with the designs of Hassis.

Eric Haldimann - translator

Hassis - Hiedy de Assis Corrêa:

Born in Curitiba, Paraná in 1926. Resides in Florianópolis, SC since 1928. Self-taught designer and painter, between 1944 and 1956. He worked in publicity, producing cards, symbols, logos, and magazine and book covers. He participated in the literary and artistic movement known as "The Southern Group" during the 50's. He also does illustrations for newspapers and magazines.

Between 1957 and 1982 he has participated in 98 collective exhibitions in Santa Catarina, Paraná, São Paulo, Brasília and Rio Grande do Sul. He has had 36 individual exhibitions in Santa Catarina, the most recent theme being "The Circle" in which he launched his own art workbook titled "The Respectable Public".

NO PARQUE

O teu rosto sobre as águas
seguia a inquietação das maretas.

Como linhas paralelas
trilhávamos juntos caminhos separados.

O teu rosto sobre as águas
sombra no fundo contornando flores.

IN THE PARK

Your face upon the waters
followed the turmoil of the small waves.

Like parallel lines
we trod together detached paths

Your face upon the waters
a shade in a background encircling flowers.

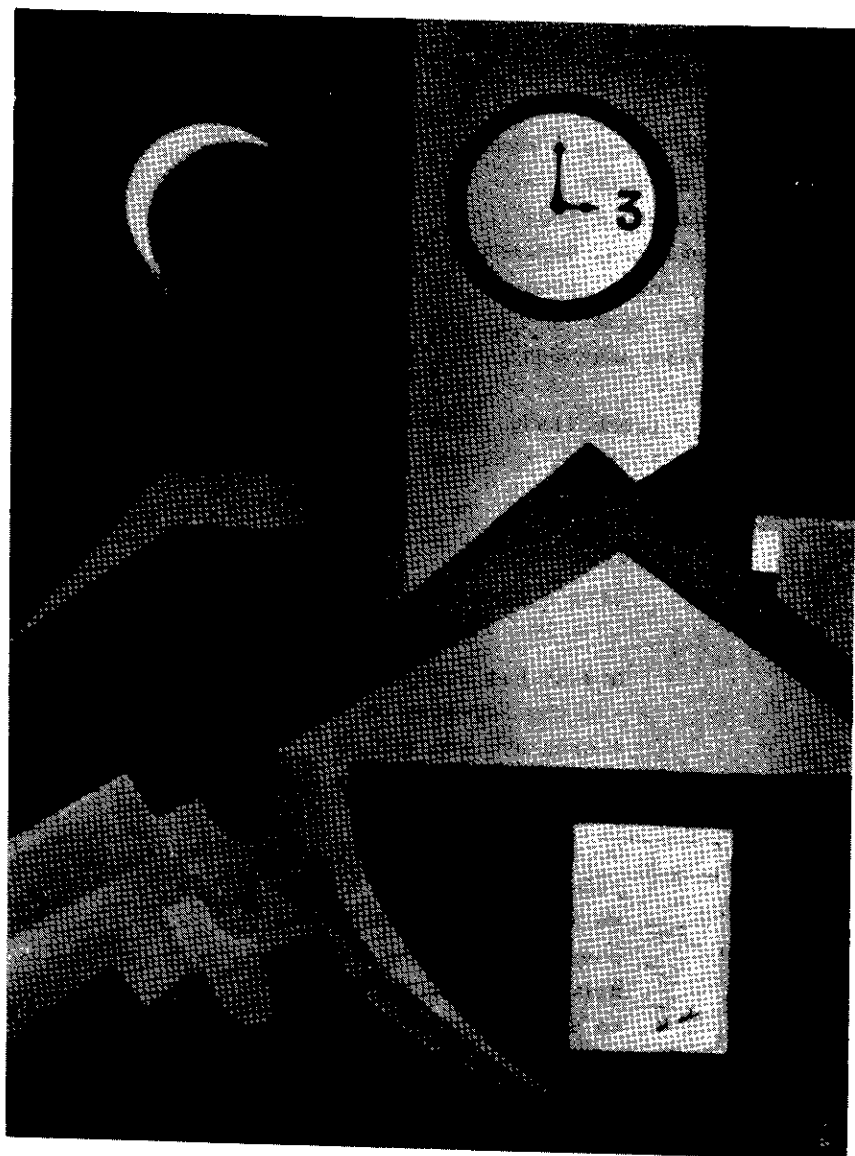


TRÊS

Foram três noites indormidas
Três casas mal-assombradas
Três assaltos ao mesmo banco
Três orgulhos mal parados
Três rosas brancas num vaso
Três fomes dependuradas
em três bocas ressequidas
Três preces não atendidas
Três sonhos angustiados
Três vezes três sofrimentos
num só corpo macerado.

THREE

They were three sleepless nights
Three haunted houses
Three assaults against the same bank
Three bold sallies
Three white roses in a vase
Three hungers hanging
in three parched mouths
Three prayers left unanswered
Three dreams distressed
Three times three sufferings
in one emaciated body.



COMO SE FORMA UM TANGO

Agora tem sobre ele o adeus da noite
e o cinza-gelo da próxima madrugada
o bêbado que dorme
caído na calçada.

Um braço talvez busque o sonho
estendido sob a cabeça.
Ele ressona, aberta a boca
de onde flui viscosa, espessa
linha de baba, forma louca
de gastar a vida crua
antes que a morte amanheça.

Tem sobre ele o premeditado adeus da sorte
desde a vontade tolhida, a ilusão explorada
o bêbado que dorme
traído na calçada.

LIKE A TANGO

Now he has over him the farewell of night
and the icy-gray of next dawn
a drunkard who sleeps
fallen on a side walk

One arm may be groping for a dream
out-stretched over his head.
He snores, his mouth open
where saliva flows, dense
drivel line, crazy form
to spend a crude life
before death dawns.

He has over him the deliberate farewell to luck
from a hindered will, to an exploited illusion
the drunkard who sleeps
deceived on the sidewalk.



A CONSTRUÇÃO DA CARNE

Alquimias de proveta podem
também gerar a carne
do humano.

Fundem-se as sementes no
continente inorgânico
e obsoleto se faz um antigo
objetivo do amor.

Depois, sangue e vísceras
à sombra do útero estruturados
sofrem a dor, a inessência
do espírito.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FLESH

Test tube alchemies may
also generate the flesh
of the human.

Seeds merge into
inorganic continent
and obsolet becomes the old
objective of love.

After, blood and viscera
under the protection of the uterus structured
Suffer the pain, the inessential
of the spirit.



MECÂNICO

Não sou o arquiteto
das coisas por inventar
Conhecem minhas mãos apenas
as máquinas já construídas
e os seus defeitos.

Deito no chão duro e sujo
debaixo de complexas engrenagens.
Uma hora, às vezes um dia
mais que satisfazem a certeza
de localizadas falhas.

Movem-se os dedos, então, ágeis
no manuseio de tudo que é preciso
peças alicates soldadoras fios
que devolvem ao inventado
uma provisória perfeição.

MECHANIC

I am not the architect
of things to be invented
My hands only know
Those machines already built
and their imperfections.

I lie on the hard and dirty soil
under complex gearings.
One hour, sometimes one day
more than satisfy the rightness
of located flaws.

The fingers move, then, agile
in fingering all that is needed
to pieces pliers soldering iron wire.
restoring the invention
to a provisional perfection.

O QUE ME EXIGEM OS (BURGUESES) DIAS

Silveira de Souza

Porque não sei viver como os pássaros
caminho sobre as calçadas na única
única direção sem vãos
do alimento exposto à venda.

Porque não sei viver sem a carne nem o pão
e as frutas empilham-se oferecidas
nos tabuleiros dos vendilhões ao redor do templo,
rogo que nenhum deus os expulse e eu volte
ao pó, satisfeito com os poderes da minha bolsa.



Porque não sei andar sobre mares nem
transmudar em vinho a água clorada dos encanamentos,
escolho o peixe sobre o balcão dos frigoríficos
e cruzo as vielas dos supermercados
à procura das garrafas desejadas.

Nunca aprenderia a jejuar nos desertos:
- seguem meus dias a circular rotina
do trabalho inglório, da fome exata, do amor precário.

WHAT THE (BOURGEOIS) DAYS DEMAND OF ME

Because I don't know how to live like the birds
I walk on the pavements following the
only one course with no flights
of food displayed for sale.

Because I don't know how to live without meat or bread
and the piled up fruit offerings
in trays by the vendors of the temple,
I pray that no god cast out them and I can return
to dust, happy with my purchasing powers.

Because I don't know how to walk on the seas or
change the chlorinated water of the plumbing into wine,
I choose fish from the refrigerated counter
and I cross the alleys in the supermarket
looking for bottles.

I would never learn how to fast in the desert:
- my days follow a circular course
of inglorious work, exact hunger, precarious love.



NOTURNO DA BAÍA SUL

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Nódoas da infância
sobre tuas pedras.

Horizonte trêmulo: luzes
como loucura de gaivotas.

Arco negro de Ponte
sobrancelha dé um Tempo.

Aqueles velhos trapiches
sob o meu mar interior.

NOCTURNE OF THE SOUTH BAY

Childhood stains
on your rocks,

Trembling horizons: lights
like the madness of gulls.

The black arch of the Bridge
The eyebrow of a Time.

Those old piers
beneath my inner sea.

INVERNO

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Desce o Inverno como chuva
de pequeninas agulhas sobre a pele.

Sons ásperos e agudos de viola
criam o espaço sem fundo que é só meu.

Teu rosto se distancia sempre mais.
Agora, nada que é externo me pertence.

WINTER

Winter comes down like the rain
of little needles on the skin.

The harsh and shrill sound of violas
generate the bottonless space which is only mine.

Your face is farther and farther away.
Now, whatever is external does not belong to me.