

PERHAPS

/pârÊps/ = maybe (talvez)

TO GRANT – GRANTED – GRANTED

/grÊnt, grÊntêd, grÊntêd/ dar, conceder: God grant that you are right = Oxalá tenha razão.

TO DRAW – DREW – DRAWN

The time is drawing near = Vai sendo tempo.

verbo (passado drew, particípio drawn) 1 [transitivo/ intransitivo] desenhar

2 [intransitivo] mover-se em determinada direção. *The train drew into the station.* O trem entrou na estação. **to draw alongside (sth/sb) ficar do lado (de algo/alguém) to draw level with sb alcançar alguém** [numa corrida] **to draw near aproximar-se** **3 [transitivo] puxar 4 to draw sb aside puxar alguém para um canto to draw the curtains abrir/fechar a cortina 5 [transitivo] sacar** [uma arma]

TO SEE ABOUT

Tratar de

I must see about entering him in the seminary = Vou tartar de metê-lo no seminário.

PRIEST

/príst/ padre

CLERGY

/klÂrdj/ clero

CLERGYMAN

clérigo, padre

BISHOP

/bÁixóp/ bispo

BOUND TO

Bentinho is bound to comply with the wishes of his mother = Bentinho há de satisfazer os desejos de sua mãe.

TO COMPLY

/kâmplÁi/ verbo [intransitivo] (formal) (-plies, -plied)

Cumprir: to comply with sth cumprir algo

TO PRESIDE – PRESIDED – PRESIDED

/prizÁid, prizÁidêd, prizÁidêd/ To preside (at/over sth) presidir algo

TO CUT IN

atalhar, tratando-se de conversa.

TO BEG - BEGGED - BEGGED

verbo (-gged, -gging)

1 [transitivo] implorar a: *I'm begging you for help, Kate.* Estou te implorando ajuda, Kate. **to beg sb to do sth implorar a alguém que faça algo.**

Beg pardon, doctor= perdão, doutor.

CAPOT

capote, em jogo

MASS

missa

TO BLOW – BLEW – BLOWN

/blÔu, blÚ, blÔun/verbo (passado blew, particípio blown)

1 [intransitivo] soprar: 2 [intransitivo/transitivo] mover ou mover-se pela ação do vento. *The door blew open.* A porta abriu com o vento. *The wind blew his hat off.* O vento fez voar o chapéu dele.

3 [transitivo] tocar [um instrumento de sopro] to blow a/your whistle: apitar. To blow one's nose (assoar o nariz)

TO RISE – ROSE – RISEN

/rÁiz, rÔuz, rÍzân/ levantar-se.

TO PERFORM – PERFORMED – PERFORMED

Realizar, cumprir, executar: I had to perform a most unpleasant duty = Eu tinha de cumprir um dever amaríssimo, um dever muito amargo, desagradável, desagradabilíssimo.

Dom Casmurro in English (10 Chapters)

1. The title

ONE NIGHT not long ago, as I was coming from the city to Engenho Novo, * on the Brazil Central, I ran into a young man from here in the neighborhood, with whom I have a bowing acquaintance. He spoke, sat down beside me, talked of the moon and the government, ended by reading me some verses. The trip was short, and the verses may not have been entirely bad. It happened, however, that as I was tired, I closed my eyes three or four times - it was enough to make him stop reading and put the verses in his pocket.

"Go on," I said, rousing myself.

"I've finished," he muttered.

"They are very fine."

I saw him make a gesture to take them out of his pocket again, but it did not pass beyond a gesture. He was offended. The next day he said some hard things about me and gave me the nickname *Dom Casmurro*. The neighbors, who do not like my taciturn, recluse-like habits, took up the nickname: it stuck. This did not make me angry. I told the story to my friends in the city, and they, in fun, call me by it and write to me: "Dom Casmurro, I am coming to have dinner with you Sunday." "I am going to my old place at Petropolis, Dom Casmurro. See if you can't tear yourself away from that cave in Engenho Novo and come spend a couple of weeks with me." "My dear Dom Casmurro, don't imagine that you are going to escape my theater party tomorrow night. You can stay overnight in the city. I promise you a box at the theater, tea, and a bed. The only thing I don't promise you is a girl."

Don't consult your dictionaries. *Casmurro* is not used here in the meaning they give for it, but in the sense in which the man in the street uses it, of a morose, tight-lipped man with drawn within himself. The *Dom* was for irony: to impute to me aristocratic airs. All for dozing off! Well, I have found no better title for my narrative; if no better occurs, let it stand! My poet of the train will know that I do not bear him a grudge. And, with a little effort, since the title is his, he will be able to decide that the work is his. There are books which owe no more to their authors; some, not so much.

2. The book

Now that I have explained the title, I will proceed to the book. First, however, let us go over the motives which placed a pen in my hand.

I live alone, with one servant. The house in which I live is *mine*. I had it built specially, to satisfy a desire that is so personal I am ashamed to print it - but here goes. One day, a number of years ago, I decided to reproduce in Engenho Novo, the house in which I grew up on old Rua de Matacavallos. It was to have the same appearance and plan as the other house, which had disappeared. Builder and decorator understood my instructions. It is the same tall structure with three windows across the front, veranda at the back, the same rooms upstairs and down. In the living room, the decoration of ceiling and walls is more or less identical: garlands of tiny flowers steadied, from space to space, by the beaks of stout birds. In the four corners of the ceiling, are the figures of the seasons; and in the center of the walls, the medallions of Caesar, Augustus, Nero and Massinissa, with their names beneath.... The reason for these personages eludes me. When we moved to the Matacavallos house, it was already decorated with them; they were from the previous decade. Perhaps it was the taste of that day to introduce a classical flavor and ancient figures into American paintings. The rest of the place is in the same mood. I have a small estate with flowers, vegetable garden, a casuarina tree, a wellpool and washing stones. I use old china and old furniture. And now, as formerly, there is the same contrast between the life within, which is tranquil, and that without, which is noisy and restless.

My purpose was to tie together the two ends of my life, to restore adolescence in old age. Well, Sir, I did not succeed in putting back together what had been nor what I had been. If the face is the same, the expression is different. If it were only the others that were missing, no matter. A man consoles himself more or less for those he has lost, but I myself am missing, and this lack is essential. What is here may be likened to dye on hair and beard: it barely preserves the outer *habit*, as they say in autopsies; the inner structure will not take dye. A certificate stating that I am twenty years old might deceive a stranger, like any forged document, but not me. The friends I have left are of recent date; the old ones have all gone to study the geology of holy ground. As for my lady friends, some date back fifteen years, others less, and almost all believe in it, but the language they speak often obliges one to consult a dictionary, and such intercourse is wearisome.

Still, a different life does not mean a worse life; it is just not the same. In certain respects, that old life now appears stripped of much of the enchantment I found in it; but it has also lost many a spine that made it painful, and in my memory I keep some sweet and charming recollections. Now, I go out little; I seldom talk to people. Rare distractions. Most of my time is spent working in the garden and reading. I eat well and I do not sleep badly.

But, as everything wearies one, this monotony too finally exhausted me. I wanted change. What if I wrote a book?

Jurisprudence, philosophy and politics suggested themselves; but they did not bring with them the necessary energy. Then I thought of writing a *History of the Suburbs*, something less dry than the memoirs of Padre Luiz Gonçalves dos Santos concerning our city; it would be a modest work, but it would demand documents and dates as preliminaries-a long dull business. It was then that the busts painted on the walls spoke to me and said that since they had failed to bring back the days gone by, I should take my pen and tell over those times. Perhaps the act of narration would summon the illusion for me, and the shades would come treading lightly, as with the poet, not the one on the train but the one in *Faust*: *Ah there, are you come again restless shades?*

I was so happy with this idea that the pen still trembles in my hand. Yes, Nero, Augustus, Massinissa, and thou, great Caesar, who incit'st me to compose my commentaries, I thank you for your advice, and I will put on paper the memories that come crowding. In this way I will live what I have lived, and I will strengthen my hand for some work of greater scope. Let us commence the evocation with a notable afternoon in November, which I never forgot. I had many others, better, and worse, but that one never faded from my spirit as you will discover by reading.

3. The information

I was about to go into the living room when I heard my name mentioned and hid behind the door. It was the house on Rua de Matacavallos, the month November, the year – the year is a trifle remote, but I am not one to change the dates of my life just to please those who do not like old stories – the year was 1857.

"Dona Gloria, are you going ahead with your idea of putting our Bentinho in the seminary? It's high time, and even now there may be a difficulty."

"What difficulty?"

"A great difficulty."

My mother wanted to know what it was. José Dias, after several instants of hesitation, came to see if there was anyone in the hall; he did not notice me, went back and, lowering his voice, said that the difficult was in the house close by, the Padua family.

"The Padua family?"

"I've wanted to say this for some time, but I didn't have the courage. It doesn't look right to me for our Bentinho to be always getting into corners with the daughter of old *Turtleback*. And this is the difficulty, for if they should start making love, you'd have a struggle on your hands to separate them."

"Oh, no Getting into corners?"

"It's a manner of speaking. Whispering in secret, always together. Bentinho almost never leaves that place. The girl is a scatterbrain. Her father pretends not to see; he'd just as soon things went so far that . . . I understand your gesture; you don't believe that there are people so calculating, you think that everyone has a frank, open nature...."

"But, Senhor José Dias, I've seen the youngsters playing, and I've never seen anything to make one mistrust – their age alone – Bentinho is barely fifteen. Capitú had her fourteenth birthday last week. They're two babes. Don't forget, they were brought up together, ever since the big flood ten years ago, when the Paduas lost so much; that was what started our intimacy. And am I to believe . . . ? Brother Cosme, what do you think?"

Uncle Cosme answered with an "Aw!" which, translated into the vulgar tongue, meant: "José Dias and his imagination! The youngsters amuse themselves! I amuse myself! Where is the backgammon board?"

"Yes, I believe that you are mistaken, senhor."

"Perhaps so. God grant that you are right; but, believe me, I spoke only after much careful observation. ..."

"In any case, the time is drawing near," interrupted my mother, "I must see about entering him in the seminary as soon as possible."

"Good, if you have not given up the idea of making him a priest, that's the main thing. Bentinho is bound to comply with the wishes of his mother. And then too the Brazilian church has a noble destiny. Let us not forget that a bishop presided at the Constituent Assembly, and that Padre Feijó governed the empire. . . ."

"Governed like the fool he was!" cut in Uncle Cosme, giving way to old political rancors.

"Beg pardon, doctor, I am not defending anyone, I am merely citing cases. What I want to say is that the clergy still plays a big role in Brazil."

"What you want is a capot; get the backgammon board. As for the boy, if he has to be a padre, of course it's better for him not to commence saying Mass behind doors. But look, Sister, is it really necessary to make a priest of him?"

"It's a promise; it must be kept."

"I know that you made a promise . . . but a promise like that . . . I don't know . . . I believe that, when you come to think of it . . . What do you think, Cousin Justina?"

"I?"

"The truth is that each one knows best for himself," continued Uncle Cosme. "God is the one who knows what's best for all. Still, such an old promise, made so many years ago. . . . But what is this, Sister Gloria? You're crying! Oh, now, is this anything to cry about?"

My mother blew her nose without answering. I believe that Cousin Justina rose and went to her. There followed a deep silence during which I was on fire to go into the room; but another, greater force, another emotion . . . I could not hear what Uncle Cosme was saying. Cousin Justina was comforting my mother: "Cousin Gloria! Cousin Gloria!" José Dias was excusing himself: "If I had known, I would not have spoken, but I spoke because of my respect, and esteem, because of affection, to perform an unpleasant duty, a most unpleasant duty. . . ."

4. A most unpleasant duty

José Dias loved superlatives. It was a means of giving a monumental aspect to his ideas; when he had no ideas, it served to prolong his phrases. He went to fetch the backgammon board, which was in another part of the house. I flattened myself against the wall, and watched him walk past in his white starched trousers which strapped under the shoe, his cotton jacket and the patent cravat. He was one of the last to wear such trousers in Rio de Janeiro, and perhaps in the world. He wore his trousers short so that they were stretched tight. The black satin cravat, with the steel spring inside, immobilized his neck; it was the fashion. The simple jacket of printed cotton seemed like a full-dress coat on him. He was thin, drawn, and had a bald spot. He walked off with his usual slow step—not the dragging slowness of a lazy man, but a calculated, deliberate slowness, a complete syllogism, the major premise before the minor, the minor premise before the conclusion. A *most* unpleasant duty!

5. The dependent

He did not always walk with that slow, stiff step. At times he gave way to excited gestures, was often swift and gay in his movements, as natural in this as in the other style. And he laughed loudly, if need be, a great hollow laugh, but infectious: to such a degree did cheeks, teeth, eyes, the whole face, the whole person, the whole world seem to laugh in him. In grave situations, *most* grave-*gravissimo*.

He had been our dependent for many years. My father was still on the old plantation at Itaguahy, and I had just been born. One day *he* appeared, representing himself as a homeopathic doctor; he carried a *Manual* and a case of medicines. There happened to be an epidemic of fevers at the time; José Dias cured the overseer and a female slave, but would not accept remuneration. My father proposed that he stay on, at the plantation, with a small salary. José Dias refused. He said it was his duty to bring health to the thatched hut of the poor.

"Who's keeping you from going anywhere? Go where you like, but live with us."

"I'll come back in three months."

He was back in two weeks. He accepted food and lodging without other wages, except what they gave him as presents. When my father was elected deputy and came to Rio de Janeiro with his family, he came too, and had his room at the rear of the estate. Once when fever was again raging in Itaguahy my father asked him to go look after our slaves. José Dias was silent, sighed, and finally confessed he was not a doctor. He had taken the title to help spread the doctrines of the new school, and he had not done it without a great deal of study; but his conscience would not permit him to accept any more patients.

"But you cured the others."

"Perhaps so; but it would be more just to give the credit to the remedies prescribed in the books. They performed the cures; yes, they with God's help. I was a charlatan. . . . Don't deny it. It may be that my motives were the highest; homeopathy is Truth, and to serve Truth I lied; but it is time to set everything straight."

He was not sent away, as he requested: my father could no longer get along without him. He had the gift of making himself welcome and indispensable; one felt his absence as one did that of a member of the family. When my father died, his grief was enormous, that is what I was told, I do not remember. My mother was very grateful, and would not hear of his leaving his room on the estate. On the seventh day, after the Mass, he went to take leave of her. "Stay, José Dias."

"If it is your wish, senhora."

He received a little legacy in the will, a gilt edged security and four words of praise. He copied off the words of praise, had them framed, and hung them in his room, over his bed. "These are the best gilt-edged securities," he used to say. With time, he acquired a certain authority in the family, was listened to at least. He did not presume; he knew how to give his opinion and yet defer. In short, he was a friend, I won't say the best, but not everything is best in this world. And do not imagine that he had the soul of a toady: his bowing and scraping were calculated rather than natural. His clothes lasted forever. Unlike those who ruin a new suit the first time they put it on, he wore the old one brushed and unwrinkled, smooth-seamed, buttoned-up, with a poor and modest elegance. He had read, carelessly, but enough to be amusing of an evening or over dessert, or to explain some phenomenon, to speak of the effects of heat and cold, of the north and south poles and of Robespierre. He often told about a trip he had made to Europe, and he confessed that if it had not been for us he would have returned there long ago; he had friends in Lisbon, but our family, he said, next below God, was everything.

"Below or above?" asked Uncle Cosme one day.

"Below," repeated José Dias reverently.

And my mother, who was religious, was glad to see that

he placed God in the proper place. She smiled her approval. José Dias thanked her with an inclination of the head. My mother used to give him small sums of money from time to time. Uncle Cosme, who was a lawyer, entrusted him with the copying of legal papers.

6. Uncle Cosme

Uncle Cosme had lived with my mother ever since she became a widow. He was already a widower at the time, like Cousin Justina: it was the house of the three widowed folk.

Fortune, many times, changes the intentions of Nature. Formed for the serene functions of capitalism, Uncle Cosme did not get rich in the law courts: he made a living. He had an office in old Rua das Violas, near the courthouse, which was in the abandoned Aljube prison. He was in criminal law. José Dias never missed Uncle Cosme's speeches to the jury. He was the one who helped him on and off with his robes, and paid him many compliments as they left the courtroom. At home he reported the arguments. Uncle Cosme, for all he tried to appear modest, could not help smiling a little.

He was a fat, heavy man, short of breath and sleepy-eyed. One of my earliest recollections was watching him mount, every morning, the mare that my mother had given him and which carried him to his office. The slave who had brought the beast from the stable held the bridle while he lifted his foot and set it in the stirrup; there followed a minute of rest or reflection. Then he gave an impulse, the first; his body threatened to go up, but it did not; second impulse, equal effect. Finally after several long instants, Uncle Cosme gathered together all his forces, physical and moral, gave a final leap from the earth and this time landed on the saddle. It was seldom that the mount failed to show by a gesture that she had just received the world. Uncle Cosme adjusted his flesh, and the animal went off at a trot.

I have not forgotten either what he did to me one afternoon. Though born in the country (I left there when I was two) and despite the customs of the time, I did not know how to ride, and was afraid of a horse. Uncle Cosme grabbed me one day and threw me astride his beast. When I saw myself up high (I was nine), alone and forsaken, I began to yell desperately: "Mamma! Mamma!" She came to the rescue, pale and trembling, thinking they were killing me. She took me down, petted me, while her brother asked:

"Sister Gloria, a boy that size afraid of a gentle animal?"

"He's not used to it."

"He'd better get used to it. Even if he's a padre, if he's a country vicar he'll have to ride horseback; and here in the city, though he's not yet a padre, if he wants to cut a fine figure like other young fellows and doesn't know how to ride, he'll blame you for it, Sister Gloria."

"Then he'll have to blame me; I'm afraid."

"Afraid! Aw, afraid!"

The truth is I did not learn until much later, and then less from taste than because I was ashamed to admit I did not know how to ride. "Now he is really going to take an interest in the girls," they said when I started the lessons. The same could not be said of Uncle Cosme. In his case, it was a habit and a necessity. He no longer went in for love affairs. They say that, as a young man, he was a devil with the women, besides being a hotheaded partyman. But the years had taken from him most of his ardor, both political and sexual, and his fat had put an end to the rest of his ideas, public and specific. Now he merely performed the duties of his job, and without love. In his hours of leisure he looked on, or played backgammon. Now and again he made a witty remark.

7. Dona Gloria

My mother was a good soul. When her husband died – Pedro de Albuquerque Santiago – she was thirty-one years old and might have returned to Itaguaçu. She chose to remain near the church in which my father was buried. She sold the plantation and slaves, bought others whom she rented out or sent into the streets to earn her money. She bought a dozen or so buildings, a certain number of government securities, and kept on living in the Matacavallos house, where she had lived the last two years of her married life. She was the daughter of a mistress of a plantation in Minas Geraes, descendant of another plantation owner from São Paulo, of the Fernandes family.

Well then, in that year of grace, 1857, Dona Maria da Gloria Fernandes Santiago was forty-two years of age. She was still pretty and girlish, but she stubbornly concealed the remnants of her youth however much Nature sought to preserve her from the action of time. She lived encased in an eternal dark dress, without adornments, a black shawl doubled in a triangle and fastened at the breast by a cameo. Her hair was brought back straight on either side and caught up at the nape of the neck with an old tortoise shell comb; sometimes she wore a white cap with a frill. Like this she plodded quietly back and forth in her plain old Cordovan shoes, watching and supervising the work of the whole house, from morning to night.

I have her portrait there on the wall, beside that of her husband, just as they were in the other house. The colors have darkened, but still give an idea of both of them. I do not remember anything of him, except vaguely that he was tall and wore his hair long; the portrait shows round eyes that follow me everywhere, effect of the painting that terrified me when I was little. His neck rises out of a black cravat of many folds, the face is shaven except for a little patch by the ears. The portrait of my mother shows she was beautiful. She was twenty then and held a flower between her fingers. In the picture she seems to offer the flower to her husband. What you read in the face of both is that if conjugal felicity can be compared to the grand prize in a lottery, they had won it with the ticket they purchased together.

I conclude that lotteries should not be abolished. No one holding a winning ticket has yet charged them with being immoral, just as no one has found fault with Pandora's box because Hope remained at the bottom of it; she has to stay somewhere. Here I have them, the two of them, happily wed in the long ago, the loving ones, the lucky ones, who went from this to the other world to continue a dream, most likely. When I grow weary of the lottery and Pandora, I raise my eyes to them, and I forget the blanks I have drawn, and the cursed box. They are portraits that could pass for originals. The one of my mother, holding the flower toward her husband, seems to say: "I am all yours, my gallant cavalier!" That of my father, looking out at us, makes this commentary, "See how the girl loves me. . . ." If they suffered annoyances, I know nothing of them, just as I know nothing of their sorrows. I was a child and I commenced by not being born. After his death, I remember that she wept bitterly. But here are the portraits of both, and the foul hand of time has not smudged the first expression. They are like snapshots of felicity.

8. It is time

But it is time to go back to that afternoon in November, a bright cool afternoon, tranquil as our house and the stretch of road on which we lived. Actually it was the beginning of my life; all that had gone before was like the making-up and putting on costume of those about to go on stage, like the turning up of the lights, the tuning of the fiddles, the overture. . . . Now I was to commence my opera. "Life is an opera, that is what an old Italian tenor who lived and died here, used to tell me. . . . And one day he explained his definition in such a way that he made me believe in it. Perhaps it is worth the trouble to give it: it is only one chapter.

9. The opera

He no longer had any voice, but he persisted in saying he had. "Lack of practice is my trouble," he would add. Every time a new company arrived from Europe, he would go to the impresario and recount all the injustices of heaven and earth: the impresario would commit one more, and the old tenor would go away exclaiming against his unfairness. He still wore the mustachios of his roles. When he walked, in spite of his age, he looked as if he were paying court to a princess of Babylonia. At times, without opening his mouth, he would trill over some fragment older than he, or as old; voices muffled like that always hold possibilities. He came here to dine with me a number of times. One night, after a good deal of Chianti, he repeated his customary definition, and when I said that life was no more an opera than a voyage at sea or a battle, he shook his head and replied:

"Life is an opera and a grand opera. The tenor and the baritone fight for the soprano in the presence of the basso and the second voices, when it is not the soprano and the contralto who are fighting for the tenor, in the presence of the same basso and the same seconds. There are numerous choruses, many ballets, and the orchestration is excellent. . . .

"But, my dear Marcolini. . . ."

"Why not?"

And after taking a long drink of wine, he set down the glass, and revealed to me the story of creation, in the following words, which I will condense a little.

"God is the poet. The music is by Satan, a young maestro with a great future, who studied in the conservatory of heaven. Rival of Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel, he could not endure the priority those classmates enjoyed in the distribution of the prizes. It may be, too, that their overly sweet and mystic music was boring to his genius, which was essentially tragic. He started a rebellion, which was discovered in time, and he was expelled from the conservatory. The whole thing would have ended there, if God had not written a libretto for an opera, and thrown it aside, because he considered that type of amusement unsuited to his eternity. Satan carried off the manuscript with him to hell. With the idea of showing that he was a better musician than the others – and perhaps to effect a reconciliation with heaven – he composed a score. As soon as he finished it, he took it to the Eternal Father.

"'Lord,' he said to him, 'I have not forgotten what I learned up here. Take this score, hear it, emend it, have it performed, and if thou find it worthy of the heavenly heights, admit me and it at thy feet.'

"'No,' retorted the Lord, 'I will hear nothing.'

"'But, Lord . . .

"'Nothing! nothing!'

"Satan went on supplicating with no better luck, until God, wearied and full of pity, consented to have the opera performed, but outside the precincts of heaven. He designed a special theater, this planet; and created a whole company with all the parts, first and second, choruses and ballet dancers.

"'Hear some of the rehearsals!'

"'No, I'll have nothing to do with rehearsals. It's enough to have composed the libretto; I am quite willing to split with thee the author's royalties.'

"That refusal was probably a mistake: from it resulted certain incongruities which a hearing would have detected and a friendly collaboration prevented. Indeed in some places the words go to the right and the music to the left. And there are those who say that this is the beauty of the composition and keeps it from being monotonous, and in this way they explain the trio of Eden, the aria of Abel, the choruses of the guillotine and of slavery. Not infrequently the same plot situation is used over again without sufficient reason. Certain motifs grow wearisome from repetition. There are obscure passages; the maestro makes too much use of the choral masses, which often drown out the words with their confused harmony. The orchestral parts, however, are handled with great skill. At least this is the opinion of the unprejudiced.

"The friends of the maestro would have it that a better score would be hard to find. Occasionally one of them will admit that there are rough spots, certain gaps here and there, but with the continued run of the opera no doubt these will be filled in and smoothed over, since the maestro does not refuse to emend his work where he finds it at variance with the sublime thought of the poet. The friends of the latter take a different view. They claim that the libretto has been sacrificed, that the score corrupts the sense of the words and that although it may be fine in some passages and contrived with art in others, it is absolutely unrelated, and even contrary, to the spirit of the drama. The ridiculous, for example, does not exist in the text of the poet: it is an excrescence in imitation of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. This point is contested by the Satanists with some appearance of reason. They say that at the time young Satan composed his grand opera neither this farce nor Shakespeare had been born. They go so far as to affirm that the English poet did nothing more than copy down the book with such art and felicity that he seems himself to be the author of the work; but, manifestly, he is a plagiarist.

"This piece," concluded the old tenor, "will last as long as the theater lasts-and there's no telling when it will be demolished as an act of astronomic expediency. The success of the production is increasing. Poet and musician receive their royalties with punctual regularity, but not in the same coin. The law of division is that of the Scriptures: 'Many are called, few are chosen.' God gets paid in gold, Satan in paper."

"Very witty. . . ."

"Witty?" he shouted. Then he calmed himself: "My dear Santiago, I am not witty; I have a horror of wit. What I say is the truth, pure and ultimate. One day, when all the books have been burned as useless, there will be someone, maybe a tenor, most likely an Italian, who will teach this truth to men. All is music, my friend. In the beginning was the **do**, and the **do** became re, etc. This wineglass (he was filling it again), this wineglass is a brief refrain. You don't hear it? Neither do you hear wood or stone, but they're all part of the same opera...."

10. I accept the theory

Which is slightly more than enough metaphysics for a single tenor. But the loss of his voice explains everything; there are philosophers who, when all is said, are nothing more than unemployed tenors.

I, friend reader, accept the theory of my old Marcolini, not only because of its verisimilitude-which is usually all that truth is-but also because my life fits his definition. I sang a tender *duo*, then a *trio*, then a *quatuor*.... But let us not get ahead of the story; let us get back to that first afternoon when I found out that I had already begun to sing, for when José Dias informed against me, my dear reader, it was primarily to me that he gave his information.

Dom Casmurro em Português (10 Capítulos)

Capítulo I – Do Título

Uma noite destas, vindo da cidade para o Engenho Novo, encontrei no trem da Central um rapaz aqui do bairro, que eu conheço de vista e de chapéu. Cumprimentou-me, sentou-se ao pé de mim, falou da lua e dos ministros, e acabou recitando-me versos. A viagem era curta, e os versos pode ser que não fossem inteiramente maus. Sucedeu, porém, que, como eu estava cansado, fechei os olhos três ou quatro vezes; tanto bastou para que ele interrompesse a leitura e metesse os versos no bolso.

- Continue, disse eu acordando.
- Já acabei, murmurou ele.
- São muito bonitos.

Vi-lhe fazer um gesto para tirá-los outra vez do bolso, mas não passou do gesto; estava amuado. No dia seguinte entrou a dizer de mim nomes feios, e acabou alcunhando-me *Dom Casmurro*. Os vizinhos, que não gostam dos meus hábitos reclusos e calados, deram curso à alcunha, que afinal pegou. Nem por isso me zanguei. Conte a anedota aos amigos da cidade, e eles, por graça, chamam-me assim, alguns em bilhetes: “*Dom Casmurro*, domingo vou jantar com você”. – “Vou para Petrópolis, *Dom Casmurro*; a casa é a mesma da Renânia; vê se deixas essa caverna do Engenho Novo, e vai lá passar uns quinze dias comigo.” – “Meu caro *Dom Casmurro*, não cuide que o dispenso do teatro amanhã; venha e dormirá aqui na cidade; dou-lhe camarote, dou-lhe chá, dou-lhe cama; só não lhe dou moça.

Não consultes dicionários. *Casmurro* não está aqui no sentido que eles lhe dão, mas no que lhe pôs o vulgo de homem calado e metido consigo. *Dom* veio por ironia, para atribuir-me fumos de fidalgo. Tudo por estar cochilando! Também não achei melhor título para a minha narração; se não tiver outro daqui até ao fim do livro, vai este mesmo. O meu poeta do trem ficará sabendo que não lhe, guardo rancor. E com pequeno esforço, sendo o título seu, poderá cuidar que a obra é sua. Há livros que apenas terão isso dos seus autores; alguns nem tanto.

Capítulo II – Do Livro

Agora que expliquei o título, passo a escrever o livro. Antes disso, porém, digamos os motivos que me põem a pena na mão.

Vivo só, com um criado. A casa em que moro é própria; fi-la construir de propósito, levado de um desejo tão particular que me vexa imprimi-lo, mas vá lá. Um dia, há bastantes anos, lembrou-me reproduzir no Engenho Novo a casa em que me criei na antiga Rua de Matacavalos, dando-lhe o mesmo aspecto e economia daquela outra, que desapareceu. Construtor e pintor entenderam bem as indicações que lhes fiz: é o mesmo prédio assobradado, três janelas de frente, varanda ao fundo, as mesmas alcovas e salas. Na principal destas, a pintura do teto e das paredes é mais ou menos igual, umas grinaldas de flores miúdas e grandes pássaros que as tomam nos bicos, de espaço a espaço. Nos quatro cantos do teto as figuras das estações, e ao centro das paredes os medalhões de César¹, Augusto², Nero³ e Massinissa⁴, com os nomes por baixo... Não alcanço a razão de tais personagens. Quando fomos para a casa de Matacavalos, já ela estava assim decorada; vinha do decênio anterior. Naturalmente era gosto do tempo meter sabor clássico e figuras antigas em pinturas americanas. O mais é também análogo e parecido. Tenho chacinha, flores, legume, uma casuarina, um poço e lavadouro. Uso louça velha e mobília velha. Enfim, agora, como outrora, há aqui o mesmo contraste da vida interior, que é pacata, com a exterior, que é ruidosa.

O meu fim evidente era atar as duas pontas da vida, e restaurar na velhice a adolescência. Pois, senhor, não consegui

recompor o que foi nem o que fui. Em tudo, se o rosto é igual, a fisionomia é diferente. Se só me faltassem os outros, vá; um homem consola-se mais ou menos das pessoas que perde; mais falta eu mesmo, e esta lacuna é tudo. O que aqui está é, mal comparando, semelhante à pintura que se põe na barba e nos cabelos, e que apenas conserva o hábito externo, como se diz nas autópsias; o interno não aguenta tinta. Uma certidão que me desse vinte anos de idade poderia enganar os estranhos, como todos os documentos falsos, mas não a mim. Os amigos que me restam são de data recente; todos os antigos foram estudar a geologia dos campos-santos. Quanto às amigas, algumas datam de quinze anos, outras de menos, e quase todas creem na mocidade. Duas ou três fariam crer nela aos outros, mas a língua que falam obriga muita vez a consultar os dicionários, e tal frequência é cansativa.

Entretanto, vida diferente não quer dizer vida pior; é outra coisa. A certos respeitos, aquela vida antiga aparece-me despida de muitos encantos que lhe achei; mas é também exato que perdeu muito espinho que a fez molesta, e, de memória, conservo alguma recordação doce e feiticeira. Em verdade, pouco apareço e menos falo. Distrações raras. O mais do tempo é gasto em hortar, jardinar e ler; como bem e não durmo mal.

Ora, como tudo cansa, esta monotonia acabou por exaurir-me também. Quis variar, e lembrou-me escrever um livro. Jurisprudência, filosofia e política acudiram-me, mas não me acudiram as forças necessárias. Depois, pensei em fazer uma *História dos Subúrbios*, menos seca que as memórias do Padre Luís Gonçalves dos Santos⁵, relativas à cidade; era obra modesta, mas exigia documentos e datas, como preliminares, tudo árido e longo. Foi então que os bustos pintados nas paredes entraram a falar-me e a dizer-me que, uma vez que eles não alcançavam reconstituir-me os tempos idos, pegasse da pena e contasse alguns. Talvez a narração me desse a ilusão, e as sombras viessem perpassar ligeiras, como ao poeta, não o do trem, mas o do *Fausto*: *Aí vindes outra vez, inquietas sombras?*⁶...

Fiquei tão alegre com esta ideia, que ainda agora me treme a pena na mão. Sim, Nero, Augusto, Massinissa, e tu, grande César, que me incitas a fazer os meus comentários, agradeço-vos o conselho, e vou deitar ao papel as reminiscências que me vierem vindo. Deste modo, viverei o que vivi, e assentarei a mão para alguma obra de maior tomo. Eia, comecemos a evocação por uma célebre tarde de novembro, que nunca me esqueceu. Tive outras muitas, melhores, e piores, mas aquela nunca se me apagou do espírito. É o que vais entender, lendo.

Capítulo III – A Denúncia

la a entrar na sala de visitas, quando ouvi proferir o meu nome e escondi-me atrás da porta. A casa era a da Rua de Matacavalos, o mês novembro, o ano é que é um tanto remoto, mas eu não hei de trocar as datas à minha vida só para agradar às pessoas que não amam histórias velhas; o ano era de 1857.

– D. Glória, a senhora persiste na ideia de meter o nosso Bentinho no seminário? É mais que tempo, e já agora pode haver uma dificuldade.

- Que dificuldade?
- Uma grande dificuldade.

Minha mãe quis saber o que era. José Dias, depois de alguns instantes de concentração, veio ver se havia alguém no corredor; não deu por mim, voltou e, abafando a voz, disse que a dificuldade estava na casa ao pé, a gente do Pádua.

- A gente do Pádua?

– Há algum tempo estou para lhe dizer isto, mas não me atrevia. Não me parece bonito que o nosso Bentinho, ande metido nos cantos com a filha do *Tartaruga*, e esta é a dificuldade, porque

se eles pegam de namoro, a senhora terá muito que lutar para separá-los.

– Não acho. Metidos nos cantos?

– É um modo de falar. Em segredinhos, sempre juntos. Bentinho quase que não sai de lá. A pequena é uma desmiolada; o pai faz que não vê; tomara ele que as coisas corresse de maneira, que... Compreendo o seu gesto; a senhora não crê em tais cálculos, parece-lhe que todos têm a alma cândida...

– Mas, Sr. José Dias, tenho visto os pequenos brincando, e nunca vi nada que faça desconfiar. Basta a idade; Bentinho mal tem quinze anos. Capitu fez quatorze à semana passada; são dois crianças. Não se esqueça que foram criados juntos, desde aquela grande enchente, há dez anos, em que a família Pádua perdeu tanta coisa; daí vieram as nossas relações. Pois eu hei de crer?... Mano Cosme, você que acha?

Tio Cosme respondeu com um “Ora!” que, traduzido em vulgar, queria dizer: “São imaginações do José Dias; os pequenos divertem-se, eu divirto-me; onde está o gamão?”

– Sim, creio que o senhor está enganado.

– Pode ser, minha senhora. Oxalá tenham razão; mas creia que não falei senão depois de muito examinar...

– Em todo caso, vai sendo tempo, interrompeu minha mãe; vou tratar de metê-lo no seminário quanto antes.

– Bem, uma vez que não perde a idéia de o fazer padre, tem-se ganho o principal. Bentinho há de satisfazer os desejos de sua mãe. E depois a igreja brasileira tem altos destinos. Não esqueçamos que um bispo presidiu a Constituinte⁷, e que o Padre Feijó⁸ governou o Império...

– Governou como a cara dele! atalhou tio Cosme, cedendo a antigos rancores políticos.

– Perdão, doutor, não estou defendendo ninguém, estou citando. O que eu quero é dizer que o clero ainda tem grande papel no Brasil.

– Você o que quer é um capote; ande, vá buscar o gamão. Quanto ao pequeno, se tem de ser padre, realmente é melhor que não comece a dizer missa atrás das portas. Mas, olhe cá, mana Glória, há mesmo necessidade de fazê-lo padre?

– É promessa, há de cumprir-se.

– Sei que você fez promessa... mas uma promessa assim... não sei...

Creio que, bem pensado... Você que acha, prima Justina?

– Eu?

– Verdade é que cada um sabe melhor de si, continuou tio Cosme; Deus é que sabe de todos. Contudo, uma promessa de tantos anos... Mas, que é isso, mana Glória? Está chorando? Ora esta! Pois isto é coisa de lágrimas?

Minha mãe assoou-se sem responder. Prima Justina creio que se le-vantou e foi ter com ela. Seguiu-se um alto silêncio, durante o qual estive a pique de entrar na sala, mas outra força maior, outra emoção... Não pude ouvir as palavras que tio Cosme entrou a dizer. Prima Justina exortava: “Prima Glória! Prima Glória!” José Dias desculpava-se: “Se soubesse, não teria falado, mas falei pela veneração, pela estima, pelo afeto, para cumprir um dever amargo, um dever amaríssimo...”

Capítulo IV – Um Dever Amaríssimo

José Dias amava os superlativos. Era um modo de dar feição monumental às ideias; não as havendo, servir a prolongar as frases.

Levantou-se para ir buscar o gamão, que estava no interior da casa. Così-me muito à parede, e vi-o passar com as suas calças brancas engomadas, presilhas, rodapé e gravata de mola. Foi dos últimos que usaram presilhas no Rio de Janeiro, e talvez neste mundo. Trazia as calças curtas para que lhe ficassem bem esticadas. A gravata de cetim preto, com um arco de aço por dentro, imobilizava-lhe o pescoço; era então moda. O rodapé de chita, veste caseira e leve, parecia nele uma casaca de cerimônia. Era magro, chupado, com um princípio de calva; teria os seus cinquenta e cinco anos. Levantou-se com o passo vagaroso do costume, não aquele vagar arrastado dos preguiçosos, mas um vagar calculado e deduzido, um silogismo completo, a premissa antes da consequência, a consequência antes da conclusão. Um dever amaríssimo!

Capítulo V – O Agregado

Nem sempre ia naquele passo vagaroso e rígido. Também se descompunha em acionados, era muita vez rápido e lépido nos movimentos, tão natural nesta como naquela maneira. Outrossim, ria largo, se era preciso, de um grande riso sem vontade, mas comunicativo, a tal ponto as bochechas, os dentes, os olhos, toda a cara, toda a pessoa, todo o mundo pareciam rir nele. Nos lances graves, gravíssimo.

Era nosso agregado desde muitos anos; meu pai ainda estava na antiga fazenda de Itaguaí, e eu acabava de nascer. Um dia apareceu ali vendendo-se por médico homeopata; levava um *Manual* e uma botica. Havia então um andaço de febres; José Dias curou o feitor e uma escrava, e não quis receber nenhuma remuneração. Então meu pai propôs-lhe ficar ali vivendo, com pequeno ordenado. José Dias recusou, dizendo que era justo levar a saúde à casa de sapé do pobre.

– Quem lhe impede que vá a outras partes? Vá aonde quiser, mas fique morando conosco.

– Voltarei daqui a três meses.

Voltou dali a duas semanas, aceitou casa e comida sem outro estipêndio, salvo o que quisessem dar por festas. Quando meu pai foi eleito deputado e veio para o Rio de Janeiro com a família, ele veio também, e teve o seu quarto ao fundo da chácara. Um dia, reinando outra vez febres em Itaguaí, disse-lhe meu pai que fosse ver a nossa escravatura. José Dias deixou-se estar calado, suspirou e acabou confessando que não era médico. Tomara este título para ajudar a propaganda da nova escola, e não o fez, sem estudar muito e muito; mas a consciência não lhe permitia aceitar mais doentes.

– Mas, você curou das outras vezes.

– Creio que sim; o mais acertado, porém, é dizer que foram os remédios indicados nos livros. Eles, sim, eles, abaixo de Deus. Eu era um charlatão... Não negue; os motivos do meu procedimento podiam ser e eram dignos; a homeopatia é a verdade, e, para servir à verdade, menti; mas é tempo de restabelecer tudo.

Não foi despedido, como pedia então; meu pai já não podia dispensá-lo. Tinha o dom de se fazer aceito e necessário; dava-se por falta dele, como de pessoa da família. Quando meu pai morreu, a dor que o punziu foi enorme, disseram-me, não me lembra. Minha mãe ficou-lhe muito grata, e não consentiu que ele deixasse o quarto da chácara; ao sétimo dia, depois da missa, ele foi despedir-se dela.

– Fique, José Dias.

– Obedeço, minha senhora.

Teve um pequeno legado no testamento, uma apólice e quatro palavras de louvor. Copiou as palavras, encaixilhou-as e pendurou-as no quarto, por cima da cama. “Esta é a melhor apólice”, dizia ele muita vez. Com o tempo, adquiriu certa

autoridade na família, certa audiência, ao menos; não abusava, e sabia opinar obedecendo. Ao cabo, era amigo, não direi ótimo, mas nem tudo é ótimo neste mundo. E não lhe suponhas alma subalterna; as cortesias que fizesse vinham antes do cálculo que da índole. A roupa durava-lhe muito; ao contrário das pessoas que enxovalham depressa o vestido novo, ele trazia o velho escovado e liso, cerzido, abotoado, de uma elegância pobre e modesta. Era lido, posto que de atropelo, o bastante para divertir ao serão e à sobremesa, ou explicar algum fenômeno, falar dos efeitos do calor e do frio, dos polos e de Robespierre⁹. Contava muita vez uma viagem que fizera à Europa, e confessava que a não sermos nós, já teria voltado para lá; tinha amigos em Lisboa, mas a nossa família, dizia ele, abaixo de Deus, era tudo.

– Abaixo ou acima? perguntou-lhe tio Cosme um dia.

– Abaixo, repetiu José Dias cheio de veneração.

E minha mãe, que era religiosa, gostou de ver que ele punha Deus no devido lugar, e sorriu aprovando. José Dias agradeceu de cabeça. Minha mãe dava-lhe de quando em quando alguns cobres. Tio Cosme, que era advogado, confiava-lhe a cópia de papéis de autos.

Capítulo VI – Tio Cosme

Tio Cosme vivia com minha mãe, desde que ela enviuvou. Já então era viúvo, como prima Justina; era a casa dos três viúvos. A fortuna troca muita vez as mãos à natureza. Formado para as serenas funções do capitalismo, tio Cosme não enriquecia no foro: ia comendo. Tinha o escritório na antiga Rua das Violas, perto do júri, que era no extinto Aljube. Trabalhava no crime. José Dias não perdia as defesas orais de tio Cosme. Era quem lhe vestia e despia a toga, com muitos cumprimentos no fim. Em casa, referia os debates. Tio Cosme, por mais modesto que quisesse ser, sorria de persuasão.

Era gordo e pesado, tinha a respiração curta e os olhos dorminhocos. Uma das minhas recordações mais antigas era vê-lo montar todas as manhãs a besta que minha mãe lhe deu e que o levava ao escritório. O preto que a tinha ido buscar à cocheira, segurava o freio, enquanto ele erguia o pé e pousava no estribo; a isto seguia-se um minuto de descanso ou reflexão. Depois, dava um impulso, o primeiro, o corpo ameaçava subir, mas não subia; segundo impulso, igual eleito. Enfim, após alguns instantes largos, tio Cosme enfeixava todas as forças físicas e morais, dava o último surto da terra, e desta vez caía em cima do selim. Raramente a besta deixava de mostrar por um gesto que acabava de receber o mundo. Tio Cosme acomodava as carnes, e a besta partia a trote. Também não me esqueceu o que ele me fez uma tarde. Posto que nascido na roça (donde vim com dois anos) e apesar dos costumes do tempo, eu não sabia montar, e tinha medo ao cavalo. Tio Cosme pegou em mim e escanchou-me em cima da besta. Quando me vi no alto (tinha nove anos), sozinho e desamparado, o chão lá embaixo, entrei a gritar desesperadamente: “Mamãe! mamãe!” Ela acudiu pálida e trêmula, cuidou que me estivessem matando, apeou-me, afagou-me, enquanto o irmão perguntava:

– Mana Glória, pois um tamanho destes tem medo de besta mansa?

– Não está acostumado.

– Deve acostumar-se. Padre que seja, se for vigário na roça, é preciso que monte a cavalo; e, aqui mesmo, ainda raio sendo padre, se quiser florear como os outros rapazes, e não souber, há de queixar-se de você, mana Glória.

– Pois que se queixe; tenho medo. – Medo! Ora, medo!

A verdade é que eu só vim a aprendei equitação mais tarde, menos por gosto que por vergonha de dizer que não sabia montar. “Agora é que ele vai namorar deveras”, disseram quando eu comecei as lições. Não se diria o mesmo de tio Cosme. Nele era velho costume e necessidade. Já não dava para namoros. Contam

que, em rapaz, foi aceito de muitas damas, além de partidário exaltado; mas os anos levaram-lhe o mais do ardor político e sexual, e a gordura acabou com o resto de ideias públicas e específicas. Agora só cumpria as obrigações do ofício e sem amor. Nas horas de lazer vivia olhando ou jogava. Uma ou outra vez dizia pilhérias.

Capítulo VII – D. Glória

Minha mãe era boa criatura. Quando lhe morreu o marido, Pedro de Albuquerque Santiago, contava trinta e um anos de idade, e podia voltar para Itaguaí. Não quis; preferiu ficar perto da igreja em que meu pai fora sepultado. Vendeu a fazendola e os escravos, comprou alguns que pôs ao ganho ou alugou, uma dúzia de prédios, certo número de apólices, e deixou-se estar na casa de Matacavalos, onde vivera os dois últimos anos de casada. Era filha de uma senhora mineira, descendente de outra paulista, a família Fernandes.

Ora, pois, naquele ano da graça de 1857, D. Maria da Glória Fernandes Santiago contava quarenta e dois anos de idade. Era ainda bonita e moça, mas teimava em esconder os saldos da juventude, por mais que a natureza quisesse preservá-la da ação do tempo. Vivia metida em um eterno vestido escuro, sem adornos, com um xale preto, dobrado em triângulo e abrochado ao peito por um camafeu. Os cabelos, em bandós, eram apanhados sobre a nuca por um velho pente de tartaruga; alguma vez trazia touca branca de folhos. Lidava assim, com os seus sapatos de cordovão rasos e surdos, a um lado e outro, vendo e guiando os serviços todos da casa inteira, desde manhã até à noite.

Tenho ali na parede o retrato dela, ao lado do marido, tais quais na outra casa. A pintura escureceu muito, mas ainda dá idéia de ambos. Não me lembra nada dele, a não ser vagamente que era alto e usava cabeleira grande; o retrato mostra uns olhos redondos, que me acompanham para todos os lados, efeito da pintura que me assombrava em pequeno. O pescoço sai de uma gravata preta de muitas voltas, a cara é toda rapada, salvo um trechozinho pegado às orelhas. O de minha mãe mostra que era linda. Contava então vinte anos, e tinha uma flor entre os dedos. No painel parece oferecer a flor ao marido. O que se lê na cara de ambos é que, se a felicidade conjugal pode ser comparada à sorte grande, eles a tiraram no bilhete comprado de sociedade.

Concluo que não se devem abolir as loterias. Nenhum premiado as acusou ainda de imorais, como ninguém tachou de má a boceta de Pandora¹⁰, por lhe ter ficado a esperança no fundo; em alguma parte há de ela ficar. Aqui os tenho aos dois bem casados de outrora, os bem-amados, os bem-aventurados, que se foram desta para a outra vida, continuar um sonho provavelmente. Quando a loteria e Pandora me aborrecem, ergo os olhos para eles, e esqueço os bilhetes brancos e a bureta fttídica. São retratos que valem por originais. O de minha mãe, estendendo a flor ao marido, parece dizer: “Sou toda sua, meu guapo cavalheiro!” O de meu pai, olhando para a gente, faz este comentário: “Vejam conto esta moça me quer...” Se padeceram moléstias, não sei, como não sei se tiveram desgostos: era criança e comecei por não ser nascido. Depois da morte dele, lembra-me que ela chorou muito; mas aqui estão os retratos de ambos, sem que o encardido do tempo lhes tirasse a primeira expressão. São como boceta fatídica. fias instantâneas da felicidade.

Capítulo VIII – É Tempo

Mas é tempo de tornar àquela tarde de novembro, uma tarde clara e fresca, sossegada como a nossa casa e o trecho da rua em que morávamos. Verdadeiramente foi o princípio da minha vida;

tudo o que sucedera antes foi como o pintar e vestir das pessoas que tinham de entrar em cena, o acender das luzes, o preparo das rabecas, a sinfonia... Agora é que eu ia começar a minha ópera. “A vida é uma ópera”, dizia-me um velho tenor italiano que aqui viveu e morreu... E explicou-me um dia a definição, em tal maneira que me fez crer nela. Talvez valha a pena dá-la; é só um capítulo.

Capítulo IX – A Ópera

Já não tinha voz, mas teimava em dizer que a tinha. “O desuso é que me faz mal”, acrescentava. Sempre que uma companhia nova chegava da Europa, ia ao empresário e expunha-lhe todas as injustiças da terra e do céu; o empresário cometia mais uma, e ele saía a bradar contra a iniquidade. Trazia ainda os bigodes dos seus papéis. Quando andava, apesar de velho, parecia cortejar uma princesa de Babilônia. Às vezes, cantarolava, sem abrir a boca, algum trecho ainda mais idoso que ele ou tanto; vozes assim abafadas são sempre possíveis. Vinha aqui jantar comigo algumas vezes. Uma noite, depois de muito Chianti¹¹, repetiu-me a definição do costume, e como eu lhe dissesse que a vida tanto podia ser uma ópera, como uma viagem de mar ou uma batalha, abanou a cabeça e replicou:

– A vida é uma ópera e uma grande ópera. O tenor e o barítono lutam pelo soprano, em presença do baixo e dos comprimários, quando não são o soprano e o contralto que lutam pelo tenor, em presença do mesmo baixo e dos mesmos comprimários. Há coros numerosos, muitos bailados, e a orquestração é excelente...

– Mas, meu caro Marcolini...

– Quê?...

E, depois de beber um gole de licor, pousou o cálix, e expôs-me a história da criação, com palavras que vou resumir.

Deus é o poeta. A música é de Satanás, jovem maestro de muito futuro, que aprendeu no conservatório do céu. Rival de Miguel, Rafael e Gabriel, não tolerava a precedência que eles tinham na distribuição dos prêmios. Pode ser também que a música em demasia doce e mística daqueles outros condiscípulos fosse aborrecível ao seu gênio essencialmente trágico. Tramou uma rebelião que foi descoberta a tempo, e ele expulso do conservatório. Tudo se teria passado sem mais nada, se Deus não houvesse escrito um libreto de ópera, do qual abrisse mão, por entender que tal gênero de recreio era impróprio da sua eternidade. Satanás levou o manuscrito consigo para o inferno. Com o fim de mostrar que valia mais que os outros, – e acaso para reconciliar-se com o céu, – compôs a partitura, e logo que a acabou foi levá-la ao Padre Eterno.

– Senhor, não desaprendi as lições recebidas, disse-lhe. Aqui tendes a partitura, escutai-a, emendai-a, fazei-a executar, e se a achardes digna das alturas, admiti-me com ela a vossos pés...

– Não, retorquiu o Senhor, não quero ouvir nada.

– Mas, Senhor...

– Nada! nada!

Satanás suplicou ainda, sem melhor fortuna, até que Deus, cansado e cheio de misericórdia, consentiu em que a ópera fosse executada, mas fora do céu. Criou um teatro especial, este planeta, e inventou uma companhia inteira, com todas as panes, primárias e comprimárias, coros e bailarinos.

– Ouvi agora alguns ensaios!

– Não, não quero saber de ensaios. Basta-me haver composto o libreto; estou pronto a dividir contigo os direitos de autor.

Foi talvez um mal esta recusa; dela resultaram alguns desconcertos que a audiência prévia e a colaboração amiga teriam evitado. Com efeito, há lugares em que o verso vai para a direita e a música para a esquerda. Não falta quem diga que nisso mesmo está a beleza da composição, fugindo à monotonia, e assim explicam o terceto do Éden, a ária de Abel, os coros da guilhotina e da escravidão. Não é raro que os mesmos lances se reproduzam, sem razão suficiente. Certos motivos cansam à força de repetição. Também há obscuridades; o maestro abusa das massas corais, encobrindo muita vez o sentido por um modo confuso. As panes orquestrais são aliás tratadas com grande perícia. Tal é a opinião dos imparciais.

Os amigos do maestro querem que dificilmente se possa achar obra tão bem acabada. Um ou outro admite certas rudezas e tais ou quais lacunas, mas com o andar da ópera é provável que estas sejam preenchidas ou explicadas, e aquelas desapareçam inteiramente, não se negando o maestro a emendar a obra onde achar que não responde de todo ao pensamento sublime do poeta. Já não dizem o mesmo os amigos deste. Juram que o libreto foi sacrificado, que a partitura corrompeu o sentido da letra, e, posto seja bonita em alguns lugares, e trabalhada com arte em outros, é absolutamente diversa e até contrária ao drama. O grotesco, por exemplo, não está no texto do poeta; é uma excrescência para imitar as *Mulheres Patúscas de Windsor*¹². Este ponto é contestado pelos satanistas com alguma aparência de razão. Dizem eles que, ao tempo em que o jovem Satanás compôs a grande ópera, nem essa farsa nem Shakespeare eram nascidos. Chegam a afirmar que o poeta inglês não teve outro gênio senão transcrever a letra da ópera, com tal arte e fidelidade, que parece ele próprio o autor da composição; mas, evidentemente, é um plagiário.

– Esta peça, concluiu o velho tenor, durará enquanto durar o teatro, não se podendo calcular em que tempo será ele demolido por utilidade astronômica. O êxito é crescente. Poeta e músico recebem pontualmente os seus direitos autorais, que não são os mesmos, porque a regra da divisão é aquilo da Escritura: “Muitos são os chamados, poucos os escolhidos”. Deus recebe em ouro, Satanás em papel.

– Tem graça...

– Graça? bradou ele com fúria; mas aquietou-se logo, e replicou: Caro Santiago, eu não tenho graça, eu tenho horror à graça. Isto que digo é a verdade pura e última. Um dia, quando todos os livros forem queimados por inúteis, há de haver alguém, pode ser que tenor, e talvez italiano, que ensine esta verdade aos homens. Tudo é música, meu amigo. No princípio era o *dó*, e o *dó* fez-se *ré*, etc. Este cálix (e enchia-o novamente), este cálix é um breve estribilho. Não se ouve? Também não se ouve o pau nem a pedra, mas tudo cabe na mesma ópera...

Capítulo X – Aceito a Teoria

Que é demasiada metafísica para um só tenor, não há dúvida; mas a perda da voz explica tudo, e há filósofos que são, em resumo, tenores desempregados.

Eu, leitor amigo, aceito a teoria do meu velho Marcolini,

não só pela verossimilhança, que é muita vez toda a verdade, mas porque a minha vida se casa bem à definição. Cantei um *duo* terníssimo, depois um *trio*, depois um *quatuor*¹³... Mas não adiantemos; vamos à primeira parte, em que eu vim a saber que já cantava, porque a denúncia de José Dias, meu caro leitor, foi dada principalmente a mim. A mim é que ele me denunciou.

¹CESAR Caio Júlio César (100-44 a.C.), estadista, general e escritor romano, assassinado depois de uma conspiração do Senado.

²AUGUSTO Caio Júlio César Otaviano (63 a.C.:14 d.C.), imperador romano, realizou um governo de pacificação e apoio às artes.

³NERO Lúcio Domicio Nero Cláudio (37-68), imperador romano que teve seu governo marcado por assassinatos, intrigas e perseguições.

⁴MASSINIÇA (240-148 a.C.), guerreiro nômada, chegou a ser o maior soberano da África do Norte.

⁵PADRE LUIS GONSALVES DOS SANTOS (1767-1844), escritor brasileiro, autor de Memórias para a História do Reino do Brasil e de numerosos trabalhos religiosos.

⁶AI VINDES OUTRA VEZ, INQUIETAS SOMBRAS? verso inicial do poema *Fausto*, do alemão Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). O personagem título da obra é um homem que anseia por um conhecimento completo, uma experiência de vida sem limites. Nessa aventura é guiado por Mefistófeles, o demônio, com quem aposta a alma. Ao final, *Fausto* é salvo pela graça divina e o demônio perde a aposta.

⁷UM BISPO PRESIDIU A CONSTITUINTE D. José Caetano da Silva Coutinho (1767-1833), bispo do Rio de Janeiro, presidente da Assembléia Constituinte de 1822.

⁸PADRE FEIJÓ Diogo Antônio Feijó (1784. 1843), sacerdote e político brasileiro, governou o Império durante a Regência Una, de 1835 a 1837.

⁹ROBESPIERRE Maximili n Robespierre (1758-1794), político francês, participante da Revolução Francesa. Instaurou o regime do Terror. uma época marcada pelo radicalismo, que durou até sua execução na guilhotina.

¹⁰PANDORA segundo a mitologia, primeira mulher da humanidade. Levava consigo uma caixa, que, por recomendação de Zeus, não deveria ser aberta. Contrariando a ordem, Pandora retirou a tampa e deixou escapar da caixa as desgraças e calamidades, ficando apenas a esperança no fundo, porque a mulher fechou-a rapidamente.

¹¹CHIANTI palavra italiana que designa o vinho fino da Toscana.

¹²MULHERES PATUSCAS DE WINDSOR comédia de costumes de William Shakespeare (1564-616), teatrólogo e poeta inglês.

¹³DUO, TRIO, QUATUOR palavras italianas que significam, respectivamente, dueto, terceto, quarteto.

PRACTICE WITH VOCABULARY

The vocabulary items consist of two types of questions: multiple-choice questions and questions that require you to click on a word or phrase in the passage.

In the multiple-choice questions, you are given a word that is **highlighted** in the passage and four different words from which to choose a word that is closest in meaning to the highlighted one. Sometimes you can understand the word by the way it is used in the passage and sometimes you cannot. The four answer choices are not in context, and therefore, you have to recognize these words in order to answer the question correctly.

In the click-on questions, you are given a word that is highlighted in the passage and you are to choose another word within a **bold section** of the passage that means the same as the highlighted word. You can understand the words by the way they are used in the passage.

It may be possible to guess the meaning of a word from the context. For example, consider this sentence:

Timothy **scowled** when he saw the dent in his new car.

We can guess that Timothy is upset when he notices a dent in his new car. Although we can't know the exact meaning of "scowl" from the context, we can guess that it is a way of showing displeasure. We might further guess that most people show they are upset by their facial expression. Thus, we have arrived at a definition of "scowl": a facial expression that shows displeasure.

It's not always possible to get a clue to the meaning of a word from the context. For example, consider this sentence:

Timothy **scowled** when he saw Aunt Agatha.

Unless we know what Timothy's opinion of Aunt Agatha is, we cannot guess the meaning of "scowled" here. However, other sentences in the passage might indicate what his opinion is, and these could give a clue to the meaning.

Timothy **scowled** when he saw Aunt Agatha. Whenever she came to visit, pleasant family conversations turned into angry family feuds.

We can now guess that Timothy might be upset about Aunt Agatha's visit because of the way she disrupts family conversations. His being upset might be indicated by his facial expression or body posture.

Sometimes two words that mean the same are used within a passage.

A **scowl** came over Timothy's face when he saw his Aunt Agatha. Whenever she came to visit, pleasant family conversations turned into angry family feuds. His frown deepened when he noticed that she was carrying an overnight bag.

We can guess from this passage that a "scowl" is a facial expression. The situation indicates that it is probably a disagreeable look. The word "deepened," meaning to become deeper, indicates that this unpleasant facial feature has intensified. The use of this comparison indicates that a "scowl" and a "frown" are close in meaning.



Fixation Exercises

Parte 1

Understanding words in context

Look at the boldfaced word and write its meaning on the line.

Example I A **cutlass** is a short, curved sword.

sword

You should write "sword" as the meaning of "cutlass" because the definition of "cutlass" is included in the sentence.

Read the paragraph and circle the letter of the word or phrase that completes the sentence.

Example II In law, a nuisance is an act that has no legal justification and which interferes with the safety or comfort of other people. Public nuisances, those which are injurious to the community, may be prosecuted as crimes.

A public nuisance is

A) a protective law

B) an injurious act

C) a legal justification

D) a safety precaution

You should circle (B) because a "nuisance" is an act which interferes with the safety of others, that is, an injurious act.

USING THE VERB "TO BE"

The object following the verb "to be" is frequently used to identify the subject.

Example A **salmon** is a fish.

The meaning of "salmon" is identified by the word "fish."

- 01. Hypoxia** is an illness caused by a deficiency of oxygen in the tissues of the body.
- 02. A porcupine** is a large climbing rodent that is covered with sharp spines for defense.
- 03.** The **atom** is the smallest part of a chemical element that can exist and still have the properties of the element.
- 04.** The Celtic religion centered on the worship of a pantheon of nature deities. Their religious ceremonies included animal sacrifices and various forms of magic. Druids were the priests who led the people in this highly ritualistic worship.
- Druids were:
 A) deities
 B) ceremonies
 C) sacrifices
 D) priests
- 05.** Waste that has been made useful is said to have been recycled. Empty bottles can be returned and used again. Other things that can be recycled are paper, plastic, and metals. Besides the esthetic value of recycling, there are many environmental reasons to do so.
- Recycled material is:
 A) strewn garbage
 B) common waste materials
 C) paper, glass, and coffee
 D) reused waste
- 06.** Both the Rocky Mountains in North America and the Swiss Alps in Europe have high peaks that challenge the most skilled of mountain climbers. As these climbers ascend the steep, rocky crevices, they may come across edelweiss. Although edelweiss is the Swiss national flower, it is also found in the Rocky Mountains. It grows wild near areas with year-round snow and can be recognized by its small, white, star-shaped blossoms.
- Edelweiss is a:
 A) crevice
 B) flower
 C) star
 D) peak
- USING APPOSITIVES**
 A noun or noun group that follows a noun and is set off by commas is called an appositive. It identifies the noun it follows.
- Example I** Mercury, **the silver-colored metal used in thermometers**, is usually in a liquid form.
- The meaning of "mercury" is identified by its appositive, "the silver-colored metal used in thermometers."
- By adding the words "which is/are" or "who is/are," you can test if the noun is an appositive.
- Example II** Mercury, **which is** the silver-colored metal used in thermometers, is usually in a liquid form.
- 07. Pacemakers**, small electrical devices that stimulate the heart muscle, have saved many lives.

- 08.** Many residents of Hawaii used to believe that the volcano's flarings were tirades of their goddess, **Pele**.
- 09.** Studying **supernovas**, the catastrophic explosions of dying stars, may give answers to questions of modern cosmology.
- 10.** Seventeenth-century attempts to preserve anatomical specimens brought about modern embalming, the preservation of the body after death by artificial chemical means. The most common agent used today is formaldehyde, which is infused to replace body fluids.
- Embalming is:
 A) death by a chemical means
 B) the preservation of anatomical specimens
 C) a common agent related to formaldehyde
 D) the replacement of body chemicals
- 11.** An extinct species of an animal or plant no longer has any living members. Many species have been recorded as having gone extinct in the twentieth century. However, occasionally a member of a species thought to be extinct is found. The coelacanth, a large-bodied, hollow-spined fish, was one such creature. This predecessor of the amphibians was considered extinct until 1938, when one was caught by a fisherman off the coast of South Africa.
- A coelacanth is:
 A) an extinct creature
 B) an amphibian
 C) a predecessor
 D) a fish
- 12.** Samuel Finley Breese Morse spent twelve years perfecting his own version of André Ampere's idea for an electric telegraph. However, this inventor is best known for his Morse code, a system of telegraphic signals composed of dots and dashes. The dot represents a very brief depression of the telegraph key. The dash represents a depression three times as long as the dot. Different combinations of dots and dashes are used to code the alphabet, numerals, and some punctuation.
- Morse code is a system of:
 A) telegraphic signals
 B) telegraphic keys
 C) telegraphic dots
 D) telegraphic dashes

USING PUNCTUATION

Punctuation marks are sometimes used to set off a word that is being used to identify another word. Some of the punctuation marks you may see used in this way are:

commas	,	brackets	[]
dashes	–	single quotation marks	' '
parentheses	()	double quotation marks	" "

Example In laser printing, the greater the number of **dpi (dots per inch)**, the higher the quality of the image produced.

The meaning of "dpi" is identified by the words in parentheses, "dots per inch."

13. The use of carved birds, "**decoys**," is not a new idea in hunting.
14. If you are **ectomorphic** (the slender type), you are likely to be good in such sports as track, tennis, and basketball.

15. A path to the chieftain's headquarters winds through ancient **petroglyphs** – inscriptions in stone.

16. At the age of 19, Galileo discovered isochronism - the principle in which each oscillation of a pendulum takes the same time despite changes in amplitude.

Isochronism is:

- A) a principle
B) an oscillation
C) a pendulum
D) an amplitude

17. A composer indicates to a musician how a musical passage is to be played through the use of dynamic markings. The symbol for soft is *p*, whereas the one for loud is *f*. The intensity - loudness or softness - depends on the extent or amplitude of the vibrations made by the particular instrument being played.

Intensity is:

- A) dynamic markings
B) the symbol for soft and loud
C) the extent of the vibrations
D) loudness or softness

18. Oral history, the use of the tape recorder to capture memories of the past in private interviews, has become increasingly popular among professional historians. Studs Terkel is the best known of America's historians to use this method for recording historical events. He interviewed people about their experiences during important events such as the Great Depression and World War II.

Oral history is:

- A) private interviews
B) the recording of people's memories
C) experiences during important events
D) the history of tape recording

USING "OR"

A word or phrase is sometimes identified by a synonym following the word "or."

Example The **husky**, or sled dog, of the North is a hardy breed.

The meaning of the word "husky" is identified by the words "sled dog" following the word "or."

19. **Altitude**, or the height above sea level, is a factor that determines climate.

20. **Vespers**, or evening worship, can be heard at St. Matthew's Cathedral.

21. In seagoing vessels, **bulkheads**, or internal walls, form watertight compartments and strengthen the overall structure.

22. According to many psychologists, phobias, or irrational fears, represent or are symbolic of repressed anxiety. They are usually persistent, illogical, and intense. The most useful treatment has been through behavior-modification therapy.

- A phobia is:
A) a psychologist
B) a fear
C) a symbol
D) a treatment

23. Honeybees live in colonies of many thousand members. A typical colony has a queen that lays eggs; fertile males, or drones; and sexually undeveloped females called workers. The workers care for the queen and larvae, gather nectar, make and store honey, and protect the hive.

A drone is:

- A) an egg
B) a male bee
C) an undeveloped female
D) a worker

24. The nervous system of an animal is not a simple electrical circuit. When a signal gets to one end of a nerve cell, the cell sprays various molecules out for the next cell to pick up. The central nervous system of grasshoppers, fruit flies, and other insects includes both the brain and a chain of simpler segmental ganglia, or groups of nerve cells.

Ganglia are

- A) nervous systems
B) electrical circuits
C) groups of nerve cells
D) the molecules the cells send out

USING EXAMPLES

A word or phrase is sometimes identified by examples. These terms often introduce examples:

as	for example	such as
like	for instance	

Example I Percussion instruments, **such as** drums, cymbals, and tambourines, were the preferred instruments in the study.

The meaning of "percussion instruments" is identified by the three examples: "drums," "cymbals," and "tambourines."

Sometimes the word or words used in the example can be identified by the word that is exemplified.

Example II Everything we know about early humans **such as** Neanderthals is based on fossilized remains.

The meaning of "Neanderthals" is identified by the words that it is an example of: "early humans."

25. Such large fish as **groupers** and **moray eels** recognize the wrasse as a friend that will help them.

26. **Creatures** such as the camel and the penguin are so highly specialized that they can only live in certain areas of the world.

27. The sand absorbs enough moisture to support drought-resistant plants such as **mesquite**, as well as several species of grasses.

28. Much can be done to halt the process of desertification. For example, an asphalt-like petroleum can be sprayed onto sand dunes, and seeds of trees and shrubs can then be planted. The oil stabilizes the sand and retains moisture, allowing vegetation to become established where the desert had previously taken over.

Desertification is:

- A) spraying oil onto sand dunes
- B) the planting of trees and shrubs
- C) the vegetation becoming established
- D) the desert taking over an area

29. Of all the microelectronic devices that engineers have produced, the computer has the greatest potential impact on society. At the heart of every computer, there are microchips. Microchips consist of large collections of devices like the diode and transistor connected on a single piece ("chip") of silicon.

Diodes and transistors are:

- A) computer collections
- B) microelectronic devices
- C) silicon pieces
- D) computer engineers

30. How complicated the preparations for a camping trip are depends on the duration of the trip as well as the isolation of the area in which the camper intends to be. If campers intend to stay at one of the many commercial campsites, most of their needs are provided for. However, if one desires to be far from civilization, choosing camping paraphernalia such as tents, sleeping bags, cooking implements, and other supplies should be done with care.

Paraphernalia is:

- A) equipment
- B) food supplies
- C) sleeping bags
- D) campsites

USING CLAUSES

Adjective clauses sometimes identify words. They are introduced by these words:

that	where	who
when	which	whom

Example Airships, **which** are cigar-shaped, steerable balloons, have many uses, such as filming, advertising, and entertainment.

The meaning of "airships" is identified by the adjective clause "which are cigar-shaped, steerable balloons."

31. Recent tests show that **silver sulfadiazine**, which is a compound used in the treatment of burns, can cure the most serious types of African sleeping sickness.

32. **Melody**, which is the succession of sounds, takes on new interest when fit into a rhythmic pattern.

33. The "O" in many Irish names comes from the Gaelic word "**ua**," which means "descended from."

34. The Pueblo Indians are those who dwell in pueblos, a name derived from the Spanish word for "village." The pueblo is usually built against the face of a cliff and generally consists of connected houses rising in a series of receding terraces. The roof of one house is the yard or patio of the next house. The kiva, where Pueblo Indians hold their secret ceremonies, is entered by an opening in the roof.

A kiva is a:

- A) patio
- B) ceremonial room
- C) series of terraces
- D) Pueblo Indian village

35. The coyote resembles a medium-sized dog with a pointed face, thick fur, and a black-tipped, bushy tail. Although its main diet consists of rabbits and other rodents, it is considered dangerous to livestock. Consequently, thousands are killed yearly. In recent years, nonlethal techniques, those that do not kill coyotes, have been developed to protect sheep and other livestock while allowing the coyote to remain in the wild.

Nonlethal techniques are those that:

- A) are dangerous to livestock
- B) injure thousands of coyotes yearly
- C) allow livestock to live in the wild
- D) are not deadly to coyotes

36. The phenomenon of a mirage, which is an atmospheric optical illusion in which an observer sees a nonexistent body of water, can be explained by two facts. First, light rays are bent in passing between media of differing densities. Second, the boundary between two such media acts as a mirror for rays of light coming in at certain angles.

A mirage is:

- A) an illusion
- B) a body of water
- C) a medium acting as a mirror
- D) the boundary between two media

USING REFERENTS

Referents are words that refer back to or forward to other words in the sentence or paragraph

Example The solar-powered batteries in the ERS-1 are expected to function for at least two years, during which time this **satellite** will be able to gather more information than any previous satellite.

The meaning of "ERS-1", is identified by its referent, "satellite."

37. The farmers were concerned about the growing number of **boll weevils**. An infestation of these insects could destroy a cotton crop overnight.

38. The groom struggled with his **tuxedo**. He wondered why he had to wear these kinds of clothes to get married.

39. Emma was told to put the sheets in the **hamper**, but she found the basket too full of soiled clothes to fit the sheets in.

40. Important officials visiting President Roosevelt were surprised by his menagerie of pets. No previous president had filled the White House with such a variety of animals.

A menagerie is a varied group of:

- A) officials
- B) presidents
- C) animals
- D) staff members

41. At least fifty weed species fight off competitors by emitting toxins from their roots, leaves, or seeds. These poisons do their work in different ways, such as inhibiting germination of seeds and destroying photosynthesis abilities.

Toxins are

- A) roots
- B) leaves
- C) seeds
- D) poisons

42. The English longbowmen did not draw their bows but bent them by leaning on them with one arm and the upper part of their body. This method utilized the strength of the body instead of just the arm and gave the archers endurance to use the longbow longer.

A longbowman is

- A) an archer
- B) a bowing technique
- C) a method for utilizing the strength of the body
- D) a way to increase endurance for longer use of the longbow

USING CONTRASTS

Sometimes the meanings of words can be understood because they are in contrast to another word in the sentence. Some words that indicate a contrast are:

but	in contrast	or
despite	in spite of	unlike
however	instead	whereas

Example The brief scenes in the movie focus on the boy's point of view, **whereas** the longer scenes depict the father's side.

"Brief" scenes are understood to be "short" scenes because they are in contrast to the "longer" scenes.

43. The bite of a garter snake, unlike that of the deadly cobra, is **benign**.
44. The bluebonnet, the Texas state flower, **thrives** in dry, poor soil but dies in overly wet conditions.
45. Despite proposed **cutbacks** in financial support for domestic students, assistance for foreign students studying and training in the United States is to be sharply increased.
46. A unified field theory is one in which two forces, seemingly very different from each other, are shown to be basically identical. According to such a theory, unification will take place at various stages as the energy and temperature increase.

Identical is:

- A) different
- B) unified
- C) equal
- D) level

47. The campanile is chiefly a medieval form of Italian architecture. Built in connection with a church or town hall, it served as a belfry, watch tower, and sometimes a civil monument. Unlike other bell towers that are attached to buildings, the campanile generally stands as a detached unit.

A campanile is:

- A) a church
- B) a town hall
- C) a tower
- D) a unit

48. While the methods used at other learning institutions are based on the theory that children need a teacher, the Montessori method is based on the theory that a child will learn naturally if placed in an environment rich in learning materials to play with. These materials are suited to children's abilities and interests, and learning takes place as the child plays. Children following this method are autodidactic, and only when a child needs help does the teacher step in.

Autodidactic is:

- A) playful
- B) self-taught
- C) able to learn
- D) dependent on teachers

USING OTHER WORDS IN THE SENTENCE

Other words in a sentence can sometimes help identify a word.

Example In order to sip the **nectar** with its long tongue, the bee must dive into the flower and in so doing becomes dusted with the fine pollen grains from the anthers.

We can guess that "nectar" is the substance that bees collect from a flower because the bee must "sip ... with its long tongue" and "dive into the flower." We can guess that "anther" is a part of the flower because the bee gets "dusted with the fine pollen grains from the anthers" when it dives into the flower.

49. The bright purple **gentian** grows wild in Colorado and blooms in late summer.
50. While blowing air into the leather bag, the bagpipe player produces melodies by fingering the **chanter**.
51. Unfortunately, the plant's hairs kill useful insects, but this problem can be **alleviated** by controlling the amount of hair.
52. The much larger hull of the multidecked round ship allowed it to carry more supplies, more men, more guns, and more sails, all of which were necessary for long voyages of commerce and discovery.
53. In the third century B.C.E., Ctesibuis, the Greek engineer and theorist, first exercised his inventive talents by making an adjustable mirror and then creating ingenious toys that could move under their own power.

A hull is a:

- A) storage place
- B) deck
- C) kind of sail
- D) type of commerce

Inventive is:

- A) regional
- B) creative
- C) flexible
- D) effective

54. Vitamin D is called the sunshine vitamin because it is absorbed through bare skin. The body uses it to form strong bones, and therefore, it is essential for growing children. People who are not exposed to the sun can become deficient in vitamin D and may develop the bone disease rickets.

Deficient is:

- A) overexposed
- B) infected
- C) lacking
- D) improved



Fixation Exercises

Parte 2

Choosing the synonym

Read the passages. Circle the letter of the word or phrase that is the best answer to the questions following each passage.

Example The horse has played a little-known but very important role in the field of medicine. Horses were injected with toxins of diseases until their blood built up immunities. Then a serum was made from their blood. Serums to fight both diphtheria and tetanus were developed in this way.

The word "serum" in line 3 is closest in meaning to:

- A) ointment
- B) antitoxin
- C) blood
- D) acid

According to the passage, horses were given toxins to which they became immune. The blood was made into serums, which acted as antitoxins against the toxins of diseases. Therefore, you should choose (B).

Questions 01-06

- 5 The fork, which did not become a standardized item in Europe until the eighteenth century, was almost unheard of in America. With the absence of forks, it can be assumed that colonists used a spoon instead. The knife was probably held in the right hand, generally the preferred hand for manipulating utensils or tools. The spoon would have been held in the left hand with the concave part of the bowl facing downward. In this position, the diner would be more adept at securing a piece of meat against a plate while the cutting took place. Once the meat was cut, the down-turned spoon would not have been suitable for picking up the morsel. Probably the diner would have put the knife down and shifted the spoon to the right hand. This action would bring the spoon into the correct position for scooping up the bite of food. This practice of shifting utensils back and forth between hands continued when the fork made its way to America and replaced the spoon as the tool to secure the food being cut. The fork kept the food against the plate more adequately, and its curving tines served the same function as the bowl of the spoon. The custom of shifting the fork from the left hand to the right was no longer necessary, but people continued to use the style that they were used to. This American style of handling eating utensils persists to this day.

01. The word "utensils" in line 6 is closest in meaning to:
A) gadgets B) cutlery
C) hammers D) weapons

02. The word "adept" in line 9 is closest in meaning to:
A) cultivated B) agreeable
C) cumbersome D) proficient

03. The word "morsel" in line 12 is closest in meaning to:
A) piece
B) meat
C) food
D) spoon

04. The phrase "scooping up" in line 15 is closest in meaning to:
A) packing up
B) hoisting up
C) messing up
D) picking up

05. The word "tines" in line 20 is closest in meaning to:
A) handles
B) blades
C) prongs
D) bowls

06. The word "persists" in line 24 is closest in meaning to:
A) prevails
B) operates
C) traces
D) impresses

Questions 07-12

When Jessye Norman's parents were knocking on the wall of their young daughter's room as a signal for her to stop singing and to go to sleep, little did they dream that this small child who seemed to have been born singing would grow up to be an internationally renowned opera singer.

- 5 It is not surprising that Jessye loved to sing. Music was an integral part of her family's lifestyle. Although Jessye remembers her mother singing spirituals, it was her grandmother who was always singing. Every hour of her day and every mood was highlighted with a song that fit the occasion. As Jessye was growing up, her piano-playing mother and trumpet- and trombone-playing brothers accompanied her when the family was called upon to provide special music for church services, parent-teacher meetings, and ribbon-cutting ceremonies.

- 10 During her childhood, Jessye knew only three operatic numbers: one that she learned from a recording and two others - the only opera scores she could find at the local music store. Although singing was in her blood, it was not until she attended Howard University that Jessye Norman took her first voice lesson, with Carolyn Grant, who recognized her talent and knew how to channel it. It was almost immediately after leaving the university in 1968, on her first visit to Europe, that Jessye won the singing prize in the International Music Competition of German Radio. The following year, she was invited to go to Berlin to perform at the Deutsche Opera. Since that time, Jessye Norman has become a world superstar whose singular voice reaches audiences all over the world.

07. The word "renowned" in line 5 is closest in meaning to:
A) infamous B) celebrated
C) notorious D) precious
08. The word "integral" in line 8 is closest in meaning to:
A) demanding B) persistent
C) essential D) intuitive
09. The word "highlighted" in line 11 is closest in meaning to:
A) emphasized B) contradicted
C) conveyed D) belittled
10. The word "scores" in line 19 is closest in meaning to:
A) points B) experts
C) voice lessons D) sheet music
11. The word "channel" in line 23 is closest in meaning to:
A) station B) irrigate
C) exploit D) direct
12. The word "singular" in line 29 is closest in meaning to:
A) flattering B) exceptional
C) fluctuating D) different

Questions 13-18

Many laws that have been passed in the various states of the United States over the years since their entrance into the Union are now out of date or seem ludicrous. For example, the laws in one state make it illegal for women to expose their ankles and for men to go without their guns. Obviously, these laws are broken daily. With current trends in fashion, every woman who walks down the street or goes to a beach or public swimming pool is committing a crime. While it was once considered of utmost importance that a man be armed and ready for action on the frontier, it is hardly necessary for a man to tote guns to work today. However, a man without a gun is also technically breaking the law. On the other hand, another law makes it illegal to tether one's horse to the fence surrounding the capitol building. It is hard to imagine anyone riding a horse into the city and leaving it tied outside of the capitol building today. One would have to go to great lengths in order to break this law.

These outdated laws remain on the record because the time needed for state legislatures to debate the issues and make changes in the existing laws would keep the members from attending to more important current and relevant issues. It would be hard to calculate the cost to the taxpayers for these laws to be purged or updated. Consequently, it is likely that these laws will remain on the books.

13. The word "ludicrous" in line 4 is closest in meaning to:
A) insipid B) demeaning
C) ridiculous D) incomprehensible
14. The word "expose" in line 5 is closest in meaning to:
A) sprain B) conceal
C) decorate D) display
15. The word "tether" in line 14 is closest in meaning to:
A) gallop B) fasten
C) saddle D) conduct

16. The word "debate" in line 20 is closest in meaning to:
A) challenge B) contemplate
C) discuss D) overturn
17. The word "relevant" in line 23 is closest in meaning to:
A) pertinent B) fashionable
C) extraneous D) inadequate
18. The word "purged" in line 24 is closest in meaning to:
A) extracted B) restored
C) remedied D) amended



Proposed Exercises

As questões de 1 a 6 referem-se ao texto abaixo.

Jessica Hosler, 17

Hometown: Indianapolis

Occupation: High school junior

Height: 5-foot-1

5 Highest recent weight: 233 pounds

Sin April 2005

Weight on March 11: 201 pounds

Three-month weight-loss goal: 18 pounds

10 Program: Weight Watchers and a personal trainer

Current weight: 187 pounds

Current loss: 14 112 pounds



before



after

MAKING PROGRESS DESPITE DIFFICULTIES



Karen Miller-Kovach, chief scientific officer at Weight Watchers, comments on Jessica Hosler's weight-loss success:

Her progress is exceptional, especially when you consider that she takes the weight-unfriendly medicine prednisone for her asthma. Prednisone can be a real diet-buster.

5 She is adding to a sizable weight loss already. The fact that she had already lost 33 pounds (from April 2005 until she started the Challenge in March 2006) makes it harder to continue to lose now. After six months of weight loss, most people plateau, and it becomes difficult to lose.

10 She is working very hard to get the weight off, and what she is doing is really effective. Losing it this way means she's more likely to keep it off long-term. In an ideal world, as she loses weight, her asthma will improve.

<http://www.usatoday.com>

01. A melhor pergunta para a resposta "Because prednisone can be a real diet-buster" é:
 A) "Why is it harder for Jessica to lose weight"?
 B) "Why is Jessica losing weight so quickly"?
 C) "Why must Jessica take prednisone"?
 D) "Is it possible to lose weight without taking medicines"?
 E) "What medicine is Jessica taking"?
02. A expressão "In an ideal world" (l. 27) pode ser substituída, sem mudança de sentido, por:
 A) happily
 B) constantly
 C) finally
 D) concluding
 E) hopefully
03. Os vocábulos "despite" (l. 14), "when" (l. 17) e "already" (l. 20), significam, respectivamente:
 A) in spite of - who - after now
 B) considering - why - presently
 C) although - whose - in the past
 D) even with - if - up to that moment
 E) furthermore - whether - in the future
04. A terminação **ER** tem a mesma função no vocábulo "officer" (l. 15) e no vocábulo:
 A) trainer (l. 11).
 B) after (abaixo da figura).
 C) consider (l. 17).
 D) harder (l. 22).
 E) her (l. 19).
05. A expressão "the weight-unfriendly medicine" (l. 18) significa:
 A) a medicina não tem auxiliado os obesos.
 B) o remédio que não contribui para a perda de peso.
 C) pessoas obesas não têm muitos amigos.
 D) certos remédios auxiliam na perda de peso.
 E) o ramo da medicina que trata a obesidade.
06. Considere as seguintes sentenças:
 I. It becomes more difficult to lose weight after being on a diet for six months.
 II. You only start to lose weight after a six-month diet.
 III. You start putting on weight after a long-term diet.
- Qual(is) da(s) afirmação(ões) significa(m) o mesmo que "After six months of weight loss, most people plateau (...)" (l. 23-24)?
 A) Somente I.
 B) Somente II.
 C) Somente III.
 D) Somente I e III.
 E) Somente II e III.

As questões 07 e 08 referem-se ao texto a seguir.

BEFORE SHE WAS FAMOUS...

J K Rowling was born near Bristol in 1965. She always wanted to be a writer, and her first book was called *Rabbit*, which she wrote when she was six years old. She grew up in a town in the south-west of England, and when she left school, she went to Exeter University. After that, she moved to London and worked for Amnesty International.

She first had the idea for a Harry Potter book in 1990 when she was on a long train journey. But in the same year, she went to Oporto in Portugal and worked as an English teacher. When she was there, she met a Portuguese journalist - they got married and had a baby. Unfortunately, the marriage wasn't a long one and



she left with her baby daughter, in 1993. She came back to Britain and lived in a small flat in Edinburgh. She was unemployed and didn't have much money, but she continued writing. She also did a teaching course and then became a French teacher in a school in Edinburgh. In 1997, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* was published.

Rowling's first three books sold over 35 million copies in three years, and in 2001 Chris Columbus made the first Harry Potter film. J. K. Rowling still lives in Edinburgh.

From: Natural English-Elementary. Oxford:
 Ruth Gains & Stuart Redman. 2006, p. 56.

07. What do the dates in the text refer to? Select the **correct** proposition(s).
 A) 1965 - J K Rowling wrote her first book.
 B) 1990 - J K Rowling worked as a teacher in Portugal.
 C) 1993 - J K Rowling returned to Britain.
 D) 1997 - Rowling's *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* got a lot of publicity.
 E) 2001 - Rowling's first three books were filmed.
08. Select the **correct** proposition(s) to complete the following sentence.
- The previous text gives information about J K Rowling's.
 A) childhood
 B) education
 C) parents
 D) present husband
 E) hobbies
09. Find the missing words to complete the text about *Iracema* by José de Alencar.
 A) published – perhaps – in – widely – romantic
 B) produced – however – in – largely – romantic
 C) written – never – outside – largely – comic
 D) read – perhaps – for – widely – comic
 E) written – maybe – for – shortly – comic



José de Alencar's prose-poem *Iracema*, first _____ in 1865, is a classic of Brazilian Literature, _____ he most well-known piece of fiction _____ Brazil, and the most _____ read of Alencar's many works. Set in the 16th century, it is an extremely portrayal of a doomed life between a Portuguese soldier and an Indian Maiden.

10. Complete the cartoon below with the appropriate grammar structures respectively.



- A) had been – the longer
B) have been – the longest
C) are – longest
D) are – as longer as
E) have being – longer

As questões de 11 a 13 referem-se ao quadrinho a seguir.



11. According to the cartoon, we can correctly complete the sentence "Garfield is, in fact _____, the mouse" with the following word:

- A) hunting
B) disturbing
C) helping
D) feeding
E) shaking

12. The mouse's words suggest that he is:

- A) thankful and relieved.
B) skeptical and shocked.
C) selfish and surprised.
D) nervous and repulsive.
E) excited and perplexed.

13. Identify the true (T) and false (F) statements based on the cartoon.

- () John thinks Garfield is working a lot.
() Garfield plans to eat the mouse.
() The mouse is enjoying the exercise.
() Readers may deduce Garfield's intention.

The **correct** sequence is:

- A) F T T F
B) T F T T
C) T T F F
D) F F T T
E) T F F T

14. The workforce of a company is twenty percent part-time workers, with the rest of the workers full-time. At the end of the year thirty percent of the full-time workers received bonuses. If seventy-two full-time workers received bonuses, how many workers does the company employ?

- A) 132
B) 240
C) 280
D) 300

15. October 2nd's elections produced significant changes in the Brazilian Congress. After several allegations of corruption involving members of both houses of Congress, voters decided to elect several new faces - 46% of all deputies elected to the lower house are new to the institution. If Lula is elected president he will have a very difficult relationship with Congress. The parties that, on paper at least, back Lula elected 322 deputies. But the reality is that several of those lawmakers may vote against the government or try to make some sort of deal in exchange for their support.

extracted from www.bbc.co.uk on 3 October 2006

De acordo com o texto,

- A) Lula terá mais facilidade de governar em seu segundo mandato porque seu partido e partidos aliados elegeram 322 deputados.
B) Lula terá que negociar o apoio dos novos congressistas.
C) Lula não terá com o congresso, em seu 2º mandato, um relacionamento difícil.
D) A maioria dos congressistas eleitos vai apoiar Lula.

16. Choose the grammatically **correct** option:

- A) If Lula is elected on 29 October this will, in theory, give him a comfortable majority in the 513-seat chamber.
B) For the Brazil to be considered a dependable country deputies must to stop cheating and getting involved with fraud.
C) It would have been much better for the president if much more supporters were elected.
D) Brazilians voters showed your lack of faith in congressmen in the last election.

17. The sentences below are from a text related to airplanes and the Brazilian aviation industry. Match the following ideas (1-5) to the sentences by writing their numbers into the parenthesis.

1. Patriotism
2. Regional dominance
3. Wartime
4. Assembly
5. Transformation

- () While Boeing and Airbus fight for supremacy in the production of long-haul jumbo and superjumbo jets, Embraer is now a world leader in what is known as the regional jet market, manufacturing medium-sized planes that seat up to 110 passengers.
() More than 35 years later, the company still occupies the same sprawling industrial complex. In one vast hangar, a host of different planes are being built simultaneously, as workers piece together sections making up the fuselage - or as they call it, the "charuto" (cigar).
() Nonetheless, many Brazilians dispute the Wright brothers' achievement, preferring to believe that their more colorful and dashing countryman is the one who really deserves the accolade.
() All this activity represents an impressive turnaround for Embraer, which was practically on the ropes and mired in financial crisis before the Brazilian government decided to sell it off in 1994.
() "Looking also at our geographical dimensions, the Brazilian territory is so wide and so vast that they understood it would be important for Brazil to have our own capability for conceiving designing and manufacturing aircraft."

The **correct** sequence is:

- A) 3 - 4 - 5 - 2 - 1
B) 2 - 5 - 3 - 1 - 4
C) 2 - 4 - 1 - 5 - 3
D) 4 - 2 - 1 - 3 - 5

The Fox and the Crow



One day a crow finds a tasty piece of cheese. She picks it up, flaps her wings, and flies to a high branch of a tree to eat it.

5 Down on the ground, a fox sees her. "Oho!" he says to himself, "That looks like a delicious piece of cheese. Maybe I can get it away from that old crow."

10 He walks over to the tree and calls to the crow in a very friendly voice. "You look so pretty today, Madam Crow!" he says. "Your feathers and bright eyes. However, most people are so beautiful and your eyes so bright! And is your voice more beautiful than ever today?"

15 Now, some people think crows have beautiful feathers and bright eyes. However, most people do not think crows have beautiful voices. The crow listens to the nice words of the fox and likes what she hears. Of course, she tries to sing for him. But as soon as she opens her mouth, the cheese drops. Snap! The fox has it in his mouth before it reaches the ground.

20 The fox quickly eats the cheese. Then he turns to the crow and says, "You cannot trust a person who flatters you," and runs away.

(JANSSEN, Arlo T. *International Stories*. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1981).

18. A respeito do texto, assinale (V) para as afirmativas verdadeiras e (F) para as falsas.

- () The Fox and the Crow caracteriza-se como fábula.
- () A intenção predominante do texto é informar.
- () As aspas demarcam as falas dos interlocutores.
- () Os personagens agem como seres humanos.

Assinale a sequência **correta**.

- A) F, V, F, V
- B) V, F, V, V
- C) V, V, F, F
- D) F, F, V, V
- E) F, V, V, F

19. Assinale o provérbio que reflete o ensinamento contido no texto.

- A) A vaidade é o prato dos tolos.
- B) Quem desdenha quer comprar.
- C) Quem ri por último ri melhor.
- D) Deus ajuda quem cedo madruga.
- E) Quem muito fala dá bom dia a cavalo.

20. A ação da raposa revela que ela quer:

- A) comer o queijo.
- B) cantar como o corvo.
- C) devorar o corvo.
- D) ouvir o corvo cantando.
- E) ser elogiada.

21. Em relação aos recursos linguísticos utilizados no texto, assinale a afirmativa **incorreta**.

- A) O conector **However** (linha 13) estabelece relação de oposição.
- B) As palavras **very** e **so** (linha 8) expressam ideia de intensidade.
- C) As formas verbais **finds**, **picks**, **flaps** e **flies** (linhas 1-2) estão no Simple Present Tense
- D) **Snap** (linha 17) é uma onomatopeia.
- E) O verbo **to look**, em **That looks like** (linha 5) e **You look so pretty** (linha 8), expressa o sentido de procurar.

Gabarito – Fixation Exercises – Parte 1

01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
*	*	*	D	D	B	*	*	*
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
B	D	A	*	*	*	A	D	B
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
*	*	*	B	B	C	*	*	*
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
D	B	A	*	*	*	B	D	A
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
*	*	*	C	D	A	*	*	*
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
C	C	B	*	*	*	A	B	C

- * 01: an illness
- 02: a rodent
- 03: the smallest part of a chemical element
- 07: electrical devices
- 08: a goddess
- 09: explosions of dying stars
- 13: carved birds
- 14: having a slender body build
- 15: inscriptions (writings) in stone
- 19: height above sea level
- 20: evening worship
- 21: internal walls
- 25: large fish
- 26: animals
- 27: plants
- 31: a compound used for burns
- 32: the succession of sounds
- 33: descended from
- 37: insects
- 38: a kind of clothing
- 39: a basket
- 43: not deadly
- 44: flourishes, grows easily, does well
- 45: decreases
- 49: a flower
- 50: part of a bagpipe
- 51: stopped, lessened

Gabarito – Fixation Exercises – Parte 2

01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
B	D	A	D	C	A	B	C	A
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
D	D	B	C	D	B	C	A	A

Gabarito – Proposed Exercises

01	02	03	04	05	06	07
A	E	D	A	B	A	B/C
08	09	10	11	12	13	14
A/B	A	B	C	A	B	D
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
B	A	C	B	A	A	E

☆☆ IME - INSTITUTO MILITAR DE ENGENHARIA - 2009/2010 ☆☆

RESULTADO CEARÁ

FARIAS BRITO

CAMPEÃO DO IME. DE NOVO

1º LUGAR DO CEARÁ CATEGORIA ATIVA

2º LUGAR DO BRASIL CATEGORIA ATIVA

O MAIOR NÚMERO DE APROVADOS: 23

Names of the 23 students (from left to right, top to bottom):
 Valeu, Ivan! Valeu, Leonardo! Valeu, Icaro! Valeu, David! Valeu, Erbesoni! Valeu, Rensan! Valeu, Polyanal!
 Valeu, Mariana! Valeu, Mathus! Valeu, Mathus! Valeu, João! Valeu, Jefferson! Valeu, Eduardo! Valeu, Michael! Valeu, Leandro!
 Valeu, Rhuani! Valeu, Letícia! Valeu, Samuel! Valeu, João Paulo! Valeu, Vinicius! Valeu, Andrei! Valeu, Saulo! Valeu, Thomas!

Farias Brito. O campeão do ITA e do IME (Vestibulares mais difíceis do Brasil) agora com preparação ITA/IME a partir do 1º ano do Ensino Médio.

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