

A edição inglesa (norte-americana) recebeu o nome de "Rebellion in the Backlands" e foi traduzida por Samuel Putnam, da Universidade de Chicago. É impressão da University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois, 1.944-1.952, Fourth Edition, com introdução do autor.

A empresa apresenta, como disse alguém,

The sertanejo, or man of the backlands, is above all else a strong individual. He does not exhibit the debilitating rachitic tendencies of the neurasthenic mestizos of the seaboard.

His appearance, it is true, at first glance, would lead one to think that this was not the case. He does not have the flawless features, the graceful bearing, the correct build of the athlete. He is ugly, awkward, stooped. Hercules-Quasimodo reflects in his bearing the typical unprepossessing attributes of the weak. His unsteady, slightly swaying, sinuous gait conveys the impression of loose-jointedness. His normally downtrodden mien is aggravated by a dour look which gives him an air of depressing humility. On foot, when not walking, he is invariably to be found leaning against the first doorpost or wall that he encounters; while on horseback, if he reins his mount to exchange a couple of words with an acquaintance, he braces himself on one stirrup and rests his weight against the saddle.

When walking, even at a rapid pace,

THE SERTANEJO

um mínimo de senões, mas, infelizmente, os conhecimentos que Putnam revela, em relação ao Brasil, são dos mais contestáveis, deficientes e incorretos. E isso não nos deve surpreender, se levarmos em conta que ele se louvou inteiramente em

he does not go forward steadily in a straight line but reels swiftly, as if he were following the geometric outlines of the meandering backland trails. And if in the course of his walk he pauses for the most commonplace of reasons, to roll a cigarro, strike a light, or chat with a... friend, he falls — "falls" is the word — into a squatting position and will remain for a long time in this unstable state of equilibrium, with the entire weight of his body suspended on his great toes, as he sits there on his heels with a simplicity that is at once ridiculous and delightful.

He is the man who is always tired. He displays this invincible... sluggishness, this muscular atony, in everything that he does: in his slowness of speech, his forced gestures, his unsteady gait, the languorous cadence of his ditties — in brief, in his constant tendency to immobility and rest.

Yet all this apparent weariness is an illusion. Nothing is more surprising than to see the sertanejo's listlessness disappear all of a sudden. In this weakened orga-

Gilberto Freyre, Artur Ramos e outros apaixonadíssimos afronegristas, cujo reinado de simplismos e mistificações já está findando em todo o país.

A referida edição foi compreensivelmente oferecida ao Centro pelo Dr. Raul Gomes, uma das figuras mais destacadas do magistério e cultura do Brasil atual.

nism complete transformations are effected in a few seconds. All that is needed is some incident that demands the release of slumbering energies. The fellow is transfigured. He straightens up, becomes a new man, with new lines in his posture and bearing; his head held high now, above his massive shoulders; his gaze straightforward and unflinching.

Through an instantaneous discharge of nervous energy, he at once corrects all the faults that come from the habitual relaxation of his organs; and the awkward rustic unexpectedly assumes the dominating aspect of a powerful, copper-hued Titan, as amazingly different being, capable of extraordinary feats of strength and agility.

This contrast becomes evident upon the most superficial examination. It is one that is revealed at every moment, in all the smallest details of back-country life — marked always by an impressive alternation between the extremes of impulse and prolonged periods of apathy.

It is impossible to imagine a more inelegant, ungainly horseman: no carriage, legs glued to the belly of his mount hunched forward and swaying to the gait of the unshod, mistreated backland ponies, which are sturdy animals and remarkably swift. In this gloomy, indolent posture the lazy cowboy will ride along, over the plains, behind his slow-paced herd, almost transforming his "nag" into the lulling hammock in which he spends two-thirds of his existence. But let some giddy steer up ahead stray into the tangled scrubs of the caatinga, or let one of the herd at a distance become entrapped in the foliage, and he is at once a different being and, digging his broad-roweled spurs into the flanks of his mount, he is off like a dart and plunges at top speed into the labyrinth of jurema thickets.

Let us watch him at this barbarous steeple chase.

Nothing can stop him in his onward rush. Gullies, stone heaps, brush piles, thorny thickets, or riverbanks — nothing can halt his pursuit of the straying steer, for wherever the cow goes, there the cowboy and his horse go too. Glued to his horse's back, with his knees dug into its flanks until horse and rider appear to be one, he gives the bizarre impression of a crude sort of centaur: emerging unexpectedly into a clearing, plunging into the tall weeds, leaping ditches and swamps the small hills in his stride, crashing swiftly through the prickly briar patches, and galloping at full speed over the expanse of tablelands.

His robust constitution shows itself at such a moment to best advantage. It is as if the sturdy rider were lending vigor to the frail pony, sustaining it by his improvised reins of caroá fiber, suspending it by his spurs, hurling it onward — springing quickly into the stirrups, legs drawn up, knees well forward and close

(Conclue em outro local)