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CROSSDRESSING MEDIEVAL TROUBADOURS, CASTILE TO BRAZIL: Cristóbal de Castillejo (d. 1550) and Augusto de Campos (b. 1931)

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Starting out from a reading of Cristóbal de Castillejo’s sixteenth-century sonnet referencing the medieval Occitan troubadours, “Garcilaso y Boscán, siendo llegados”, this article reflects on cultural and temporal translations of medieval troubadour lyric. In the second part, it examines in more detail Augusto de Campos’s modern Brazilian translations or “transcreations” of Arnaut Daniel’s works – the only complete poetic translation in any language of his works.

Part 1: Medievals and Moderns, Dressed Up Differently by Castillejo

Early in the Spanish Renaissance, in the first half of the sixteenth century, Cristóbal de Castillejo depicts the temporal, geographical, cultural, and linguistic rift between the long-standing medieval troubadour tradition and the first generation of early modern Castilian poets. In a tongue-in-cheek sonnet, titled from its incipit “Garcilaso y Boscán, siendo llegados” but incorporated into his longer “Repreñión contra los poetas españoles que escriben en verso italiano”, Castillejo is still sometimes read as championing an anti-Petrarchan resistance. Here he playfully imagines a potential pitched battle in Paradise between the two poetic schools. Representing one side are his Petrarchizing Castilian contemporaries, the two recently deceased lyric poets Garcilaso de la Vega (d. 1536) and Juan Boscán (d.1542), with on the other side the troubadours (*los trovadores*, that is, medieval poets generally) whose identities he did not specify. Troubadours of all stripes had long set the tone in Iberia. The heritage of the

Occitan and Catalan *trobadors* was shared by much of Europe, in many languages and nations, from Spanish *trobadores* and Portuguese *trovadores* to the gates of Russia, by way of Northern French *trouvères*, Italian *trovatori* and German *Minnesänger*. This influence extends down to our own day, for modern European poetry had its origins in the South of France, in what early nineteenth-century philologists, including Raynouard, called *la langue romane* or *le roman*, and which we ourselves formerly called *Provençal* but now know as *Occitan*.¹

Garcilaso y Boscán, siendo llegados
al lugar donde están los trovadores
que en esta nuestra lengua y sus primores
fueron en este siglo señalados,
los unos a los otros alterados
se miran, con mudança de colores,
temiéndose que fuesen corredores,
espías o enemigos desmandados;
y juzgando primero por el traje,
parecieronles ser, como debía,
gentiles españoles caballeros;
y oyéndoles hablar nuevo lenguaje,
mezclado de extranjera poesía,
con ojos los miraban de extranjeros.²

Which might be interpreted thus:

Garcilaso and Boscán, newly arrived
in the other world where now reside the troubadour poets,
but who in our mortal world were once recognized
in this, our common beauteous language,
the two cohorts look at each other in alarm,
their faces losing color,
fearing these are scouts,
spies, or renegade enemies;
the troubadours, judging them first by their clothes,
think they appear to be, and that is true,
noble Spanish knights,
but hearing their new language,
mixed with strange poetry,
they regarded them with foreign eyes.

Following the break with earlier forms and figures, for how long did the Renaissance continue to esteem those medieval poets? Had they still been admired as recently as Castillejo's generation, as this text may affirm while at the same time documenting a parting of the ways? The two friends are here reunited side by side in the afterworld, much as they were in book form in 1543 thanks to Boscán's widow, but these modern figures are on their guard in confronting their rejected medieval ancestors, the troubadours. At a ritual inter-generational encounter in the afterworld, here more conflictual than in the epic tradition of Homer or Virgil or Dante, the troubadours also respond unwelcomingly to their unfamiliar, almost unrecognizable literary offspring. For Cristóbal there are two armed camps, modern and medieval poets. For convenience we might call the two Castilian *recién llegados* or new arrivals "Spanish", since they are so labeled by Castillejo. The others, identified only as *trovadores*, meaning "poets" generally, are, as the term suggests, part of the long medieval Occitanist tradition, to whose model they owe their poetic origins and the source of their name, *trovadores*. The two cohorts bristle in facing off on Parnassus, for Cristóbal suggests that the great troubadour immortals could not be expected to grace any other location than where the two Castilians will henceforth reside in the afterlife. The two camps size each other up with suspicion, each fearing that it might have fallen into an ambush. The two courtier-soldiers would be ill at ease because outnumbered by the larger Occitanizing contingent, constituting the same multiseular, multinational tradition against which the newcomers had revolted. Garcilaso himself had died in an attack against the Occitan defenders of the Tour Ronde or Tour Charles Quint in Le Muy de Provence, in the Var region of southern France, in 1536 (Arnaud, 1982). But just because Garcilaso and Boscán were newly arrived on Parnassus should not make these two courtiers into conquistador spies or unfraternal competitors, suggests Castillejo teasingly, however foreign they might seem to the poets of previous centuries. The older Occitans would have seemed the less warlike camp, given their seniority and the ancient axiom that the Franks might be adept at war whereas the Provençals preferred to make love and poetry: *Francigeni ad bellum, Provinciales ad amorem*. Mercifully, this encounter only comes close to chronicling the first skirmish in a *querelle des anciens et des modernes*, between classics and contemporaries in seventeenth-century France, later continued in *The Battle of the Books* in Swift in 1710 and culminating in 1789 in Moratín's *La derrota de los pedantes*.

The settlers from Golden Age Spain are indeed scouts on a reconnaissance mission, but in a non-military sense: they represent not the approach of a foreign

army but the vanguard of a new lineage of poetic brothers-in-arms. Suggesting that, as in all matters, the Occitanists have primacy, Castillejo portrays them as first to identify the others “as noble Spanish knights”. The outsiders stand accused of having so thoroughly forgotten or renounced their medieval poetic ancestry that they are unable to recognize these illustrious predecessors. The well-traveled Occitans in their day had crisscrossed Europe, with one in their ranks, Peire Vidal, reaching as far as Hungary. Appropriately, then, the internationally oriented troubadours soon recognize the two immigrants as Spaniards. Had these *trovadores* also been exclusively ethnic Spaniards according to Castillejo, Garcilaso and Boscán with hindsight might have placed their countrymen more readily than the troubadours did them by their dress and language. The medievals recognize their successors by their clothing, “por el traje”, for these two *caballeros* evidently wear their distinctive military regalia even in the afterworld. But the two Italianists are not as readily placed by the Occitanists from hearing their unfamiliar speech, “oyéndoles hablar nuevo lenguaje”. Not only is Castilian recent in comparison to Occitan, the first modern European vernacular in which love lyric was attested and a *lingua franca* among all varieties of troubadours across Europe, but it is now tainted by Italianisms. A more adventurous alternative reading would even suggest that the two Castilians’ linguistic novelty is a reflection not only of Italian influence but of neologisms freshly arrived from the Spanish New World.

Castillejo states that despite their historical fraternizing the two parties now have become strangers to each other. If the *trovadores* can place the garments of the Spaniards, less so their strange new language and not at all their new poetic forms. The repetition of *estrangera* and *estrangeros* in the concluding two lines highlights the gap between medievals and moderns. The Castilians not only speak a younger language than Occitan but express themselves with unfamiliar linguistic and poetic forms, such as the Italian sonnet instead of the traditional Castilian octosyllabic verse.

The encounter between the two schools in Heaven may not be quite so clearly dressed out for some readers today. How are we to gloss “en este siglo”, as a Hemingwayesque “in our time”? The answer is not necessarily self-evident because here the expression is temporal but also spatial, that is, “in our temporal world”. “Age” or “epoch” may seem an appropriate translation for *siglo*, but “in our day” is not the only possible meaning. *Siglo* of course refers to a one-hundred-year period in its most elementary acceptation today; indeed Latin *saeculum* already had that first meaning. Luis José Velázquez in his *Orígenes de la*

poesía castellana in 1797 developed the notion of *el Siglo de oro*, a term which, like many such labels, such as *medium aevum*, created by Flavio Biondo, was introduced at the end of or after the period designated. Initially referring to the sixteenth century, *Siglo de oro* eventually came to span “the long century”, as we say today, namely the Golden Age extending from 1492 or 1499 or 1500 through 1635 or 1650. If the notion of the Golden Age underscores the coming of a new spirit and a break with the recent medieval centuries in the first half of the sixteenth, for the Middle Ages the term *siglo* refers to a place as well as a time, a reading perhaps better suited to the context in this transitional period and poem: namely, this earthly world of ours where the troubadours were once celebrated (cf. *El Corpus diacrónico del español*, CORDE, s.v. *en este siglo*, e.g., *en este siglo como en el venidero*, c. 1550).

In the Catholic Iberia of the Middle Ages, before the comparatively more secular subsequent centuries beginning with the Golden Age, *el siglo* designated this world, our world, the world of time on earth, as opposed to Church time, between the First and Second Comings, a time marked out by daily prayers from matins to compline in the convent or monastery. *Las cosas del sieglo* for the Spanish Middle Ages meant secular (cf. the doublet *seglar/secular*), earthly possessions, as in other Romance languages, notably Occitan, Catalan, and French. When the Cid died, “*pasado es deste sieglo*”: he left this world, our lay world, stepping out of time and into eternity, Church time, not human time but God’s: heavenly time, when the Occitanists and the Italianists meet on Parnassus.

The reading “in this world” instead of “in this time” is further supported in the sonnet by the contrast between Heaven and earth. Geographically “*al lugar donde están los trovadores*” is opposed to “*en este siglo*” where they had previously been recognized, “*fueron señalados*”: present tense for their current whereabouts in Heaven, past tense for their lives on earth... and their reputation there. Once celebrated “in the world”, they have been apotheosized to a higher plane, where a first generation of moderns similarly elevated heavenward has just now joined them.

The juxtaposition of two poetic generations, past and present, medieval and modern, and the gap between them is underlined by the two opposite locations contrasted here, once we recognize *siglo* to be local for the Middle Ages before it again became exclusively temporal later in the Renaissance. The medievals and the moderns are not only a century apart: they are, as it were, *separados por un siglo*, indeed separated by the word *siglo*, a term on whose meaning in this text even present-day *Siglo de oro* students do not agree. The two

contemporary cohorts in our own twenty-first century are at odds over the same lexical space, much as traditional poetry and the new Italianate poetry confronted each other in an earlier historical moment, in each case the one looking back to the medieval past, the other forward to the coming of a new system of values, and not only in poetry. The beginning of the sixteenth century was a time when such dualisms were frequent, when the Middle Ages was waning but the dawning Renaissance did not yet dominate the Spanish landscape.

Our critical certainties in the understanding of a poet too often oversimplified are put into question by any too categorical reading. Critics' contradictory stances are not complementary but oppositional, like the two worlds and the two camps. For students of the Spanish Golden Age, "en este siglo" in this poem is either "in this world" (Elias L. Rivers, Anne Cruz, Adrienne Mandel, and others) or "in this century/in our times" (Alix Ingber, Rogelio Reyes, and others), but not both.³ Does Castillejo still have one foot in the Middle Ages with "on earth" or does he anticipate the Renaissance sense of "in our times"? The medieval usage says that precisely as men of the Middle Ages they are no longer remembered "on earth"; the Renaissance reading suggests their memory is still present among us "in our day", when the Golden Age was seeking to turn the page on them. The first interpretation is doubly medieval, semantically and historically, in speaking almost dismissively of our mortality, "in our world"; the less attractive second reading flatters unconvincingly the medieval poets by suggesting that they might still be a reference to contend with in the early modern era, "in our century". Yet, as seventeenth-century French grammarian Bouhours would agree, "l'un ou l'autre se dit ou se disent": the two are opposite yet partly overlapping usages. The Renaissance meaning is temporal grammatically, while the medieval is temporal in the Christian sense. They were perhaps complementary in transitional early sixteenth-century Spain, where the Middle Ages and the Renaissance remain coeval linguistically if now suddenly separated poetically. Literary styles may shift as fast as or perhaps faster than language, sometimes from one year to the next. The medieval meaning lives on even if the troubadours here designated, whom we might at first think Castillejo said were surviving "in our times", are indeed no longer esteemed "in our world". Alternatively, the Renaissance reading of "in our day" claims the medievals are still present when their older linguistic features "en esta nuestra lengua" are no longer a part of the moderns' "nuevo lenguaje". The troubadours were once famous "among us", of course, but are they at all still remembered "these days", in the sixteenth century? Perhaps not.

There lies the crux of this short passage and its larger transitional importance. Castillejo recalls that *poesia trovadoresca* once was well-known and admired in his world, in Castile, but once translated to a higher plane, they are forgotten “on earth”, “in our times”, so much so that the two Castilians do not recognize them as their fellows, neither vestimentarily nor poetically, so thoroughly has the new style, now likewise promoted to Heaven, transformed their until then common language. The divide between medievals and moderns is not only affirmed generationally but also confirmed linguistically. If their dress is still familiar, each camp does not even recognize in the speech of the other a variety of the formerly shared idiom. Thus medieval and modern worlds are sundered. Not only is the shift between nations and generations but it is also embedded in language change and formal models: eerily, the past recognizes its future better than the present remembers its past. Such linguistic uncertainty further obscures Castillejo’s position, suspended between medieval and modern. Latter-day critics have posited a sudden generation gap where one would expect a more gradual shift. Rogelio Reyes Cano observes that Castillejo’s poetry represents one of the most obstinate problems in all of Spanish literary history, the transition between traditional medieval Occitanist poetry and early modern Italianate poetry (Reyes Cano, 211).

This poem thus addresses poetic recognition in terms of military reconnaissance. Do we moderns recognize the troubadours of the past in either world: namely, by recognizance of a standing debt on earth or in mutual recognition in Heaven? And in turn are we quite sure we understand what Castillejo is saying? Do we even know who these *trovadores* are? Over a hundred years ago Clara Leonora Nicolay was probably right in thinking that troubadours in this passage referred not simply to Mena and Manrique and their fellows but, as she writes, “all the troubadours”, that is, the entire medieval Occitanizing tradition (Nicolay, 79). Castillejo says that those troubadours were famous in the Spanish-speaking world, not that they composed exclusively in Spanish: we know that the word *trovadores* could be applied to poets writing in Latin as well as in Castilian. When the two armed camps meet in Heaven as they did on earth, they are not a century apart on either plane. If medieval poets from the past and our two Renaissance pioneers almost come to blows in Heaven because they are still worlds apart, it is not only in their encounter as imagined by Castillejo but in the polysemy of his very words.

“En este siglo” has been the only known and published reading for this key passage, from Renaissance to modern editions, from 1573 until just recently.

Rogelio Reyes Cano has lately proposed to sweep away the issue with what might seem to some a *lectio facilior*, perhaps even a diplology or other copyist's slip: "en este estilo". His reading of this sonnet would dismiss the entire mini-controversy evoked here not as marginal because a tempest in a teapot but as irrelevant because Johnny-come-lately. For his two editions of the poet in 1998 and 2004, Reyes Cano argues against the sole previously attested reading of the passage, "en este siglo", as inappropriate in context, preferring "en este estilo".⁴ For Reyes, who borrows his text from a 1568 manuscript of the poet's works (*Libro de diversas trobas*, Biblioteca Nacional 3691 or 3.691), *estilo* is preferable to *siglo* since Castillejo elsewhere makes an opposition between Spanish style and Italianate style, each based in a different *auctoritas*: Juan de Mena and Jorge Manrique as Spanish poets mentioned earlier in the same longer poem, Petrarca for the would-be Tuscans of Castillejo's generation. As Reyes and others have noted, Castillejo has unjustifiedly been seen as an epigone, as if he were the last poet stubbornly defending antiquated troubadouresque models against the Petrarchan newcomers. But here he himself masters the sonnet form better than the older Spanish forms when in the same "Reprensión" he ventriloquizes Garcilaso and Boscán in *octava rima*. If we accept Reyes's emendation of "en este estilo", the shift away from the traditional text implies that, contrary to the familiar interpretation of the sonnet as a rejection of the new Italianate style, nowhere in this sonnet does Castillejo support the medievals so outspokenly: they were appreciated neither "in this world" nor "in this century" but esteemed generally for composing simply "in this style". In addition, Reyes maintains, "in this style" is the preferred reading because "in this century" cannot be right, since Mena and Manrique lived in the previous century.

As if anticipating a similar split among contemporary Hispanists on the editing and interpreting of this phrase, the divide implied in the interpretation of the word *siglo* separates the medieval and modern camps: two worlds, two poetic schools, almost two languages. Do clothes make the poet? Only their Spanish dress makes the Renaissance courtier-soldiers recognizable. These two strangers are unmistakably decked out, yet linguistically they have become foreign figures, now dressed up in a new way, in a "new language", their garb now formally other, poetically unrecognizable, linguistically unfamiliar. Dress codes, like poetry and language, have evolved. The two warring camps are outfitted according to distinct allegiances from beyond Spain (Occitanizing versus Italianizing) and their poetry too is clothed in different dress (sonnets replacing

octava rima). They cannot understand each other because medievals and moderns serve different gods, different Muses.

Part 2: Redress for the Troubadours, not in Spain but in Brazil, *Campos Mentis*

Are there indeed no longer any Pyrenees, as Louis XIV claimed? How could these linguistic and temporal barriers – even higher in the twenty-first century – then be crossed? In our own day, well after the year 2000, almost five hundred years later, the Hispanists have still not reciprocated the troubadours' recognition of their successors as here represented by Castillejo. To be sure, a number of Spanish professors and researchers have studied the troubadour presence in medieval Iberia, notably Carlos Alvar and Vicens Beltran. In the peninsula, mention must be made of the Catalan Marti de Riquer (1914-2013), a long-standing member of the Royal Spanish Academy and latest to join the troubadours and Boscán, about whom he has written extensively. Across Riquer's long career he dedicated himself to recalling how modern poetry's founding fathers, the troubadours, were the Occitan lords who once ruled the poetic landscape. Riquer labored tirelessly, singlehandedly to clothe them anew in Spanish robes, most notably in his publication of an immense bilingual anthology in three volumes, *Los trovadores* (1975).⁵ But his are still prose versions. The troubadours deserve to be better decked out, in poetry. We are thus still awaiting from their Spanish kin some recognition in the form of a verse translation. It is high time the troubadours were appareled in all the languages of their worthy successors, either by verse translations respectful of their models, or through verse adaptations that modernize by reworking them for contemporary tastes. At present, we have neither, for the only translations that have been published have been university-oriented, in editions targeting either students or other academics, and bilingual, that is, in word-for-word Spanish prose whose sole ambition is to guarantee access to the Occitan originals.

An article I wrote long ago on "Translating the Trobadors" proposed a typology of translations by taking as examples a number of English, French, and modern Occitan versions of poems by these troubadours (1988, revised 1995). In passing, I also mentioned translations of linguistic interest in other Romance languages, among them Catalan and Romanian. I purposely omitted the few existing Spanish and Portuguese translations, the latter unmentioned by Marcelle d'Herde-Heiliger in her almost complete repertory of translations of the troubadours.⁶ Herde-Heiliger did not omit Romanian, but translations into Portuguese and Brazilian are absent from her study. It is precisely Luso-Brazilian

linguistic attire that I would like to examine here in the work of the concretist poet Augusto de Campos. He is the founder of this school of visual poetry: that is, of a variety of poetry, following Apollinaire's *calligrammes*, which represents graphically its subject as well as expresses it verbally (Campos 1987, 1988). Aside from an academic anthology that proposes a handful of Occitan troubadour texts (Spina 1956, 1991), Augusto de Campos's translations represent not simply the only translation of an Occitan troubadour into Portuguese, but also the only complete poetic translation in any language of the complete works of Arnaut Daniel, exemplary troubadour, master of the *trobar ric*, whose admirers have ranged from Dante to Ezra Pound. Yet even the greatest modern follower of Arnaut Daniel, namely Pound, did not try his hand at turning the sum of Arnaut's eighteen songs into English (Ward 1985, 1991; most recently Grover). In recent years, two other poems have been candidates for inclusion in the Arnaut corpus, which renders the task larger and more ambitious (Marshall, Paden).

Why translate into Portuguese that most difficult of poets, Arnaut Daniel? (Rosenstein 1995b, 69). Certainly this troubadour stands to gain from more recognition, in all languages: he was the only troubadour authorized to express himself in Occitan in Dante's *Commedia*, indeed is the only character to speak at length in any language other than Tuscan. Unfortunately for him, Arnaut is unrecognizable in translation because his always difficult rhymes, his sometimes short verses, his often obscure vocabulary, and his complex rhyme schemes, as in the *sestina*, defy transposition into another language. Everything can be translated, but with poetry defined by Robert Frost as precisely that which is lost in translation, a prose version of one of the greatest of troubadours will not give satisfaction. It cannot possibly do justice to a poet who in that way would become a prose author: prosaic and prosy.

Portuguese lends itself particularly well to a verse translation of the incomparable Arnaut Daniel. It is indeed the only Romance language today that, in its syntactic suppleness, resembles Old Occitan. A single Brazilian poet has taken up this challenge. It is Augusto de Campos, who, to follow Cristóbal de Castillejo's metaphor, has been able to crossdress the Occitan troubadour in Portuguese/as Portuguese with the same facility he demonstrated in translating the American poet E.E. Cummings. Augusto de Campos knowingly sets out to translate the most untranslatable poets. He did not take on the task of translating all Cummings, for the collected works of this American poet occupy more than six hundred pages. But Campos did undertake the translation of the formally

most notorious poems, such as the one whose first line is “l(a”, and did so with the full support of Cummings himself until his death, in 1962.

In Arnaut Daniel’s case, Campos is testing himself against the *miglior fabbro*, for so Dante labeled the artistic master of difficult rhymes. His atypical formal artistry finds its successor and equal in Campos’s translations, in which the troubadour’s technical mastery is respected, assimilated, even surpassed by our contemporary. Popular Brazilian poets today still take pride in calling themselves *cantadores* and sometimes *trovadores*, that is to say singers or troubadours, like those poets so characterized in Castillejo. But only de Campos translates not only the content of medieval texts but also their authors’ techniques, including those most difficult to imitate or translate into any language. Augusto de Campos championed difficulty in his first complete verse translation of the songs then attributed to the troubadour Arnaut Daniel.

From the outset, then, these three questions have to be addressed: why Portuguese, why Arnaut, and why and most of all how does Campos make good on his commitment to apparel Arnaut in Portuguese?

First, why Portuguese? Among the Romance family, this language distinguishes itself by a number of individual traits (Rosenstein 1986). Since the Middle Ages, Galician-Portuguese has been considered more suited to lyric than to narrative, which is more a Spanish domain, that of Cervantes and his Don Quixote, reflecting a North/South division that had already existed in classical Greece and especially in medieval Gaul. Again, *Francigeni ad bellum, Provinciales ad amorem*, which is tantamount to saying that the French make war and military *chansons de geste*, while the Occitans make love and *cansos*, i.e. love songs. Even today, Portuguese is particularly well adapted not only to the expression of sentiments but also to a flexibility in its structures. While Occitan is said to be the most supple of the Romance languages syntactically,⁷ modern Portuguese presents some remarkable archaic features.

But why translate Arnaut rather than another of the hundreds of Occitan troubadours who are known to us today? The various translations we owe to Augusto de Campos do not constitute an anthology of the entire troubadour tradition like that of Riquer. Rather, he has drawn up a personal collection that reflects his own preferences: eclectic, idiosyncratic, at the confluence of his readings as a comparatist and of his ambitions as a concretist. Besides Arnaut, Campos has translated a sampling of the *cansos* of Raimbaut d'Aurenga (perhaps Arnaut’s teacher, who is represented with him in *Mais provençais*), the Count of Poitiers, Marcabru, Bertran de Born, Bernart de Ventadorn and Peire Cardenal

(all in “Presença de Provença” in his *Verso reverso controverso*). Absent from this prestigious rollcall are great poets who were less innovative in formal matters, such as Giraut de Bornelh, the poet of *rectitudo* according to Dante, or Jaufre Rudel, the most famous of all: two poets who have been the object of new translations in recent years, but never by Campos (Sharman, Rosenstein and Leclair).⁸ As a concretist since the 1950s, Campos has always appreciated literature defined by constraints and word games, like the Oulipo group in France. And the same rule holds true for his troubadours: while Campos has translated a few others, only the *trobar ric* of Arnaut has been the object of a translation *in toto*.

We might take a closer look at Arnaut’s first song, since this one is given pride of place in almost all editions except that of the late James J. Wilhelm, who inverted the order of the first and eighteenth or last lyric. Thus Wilhelm places the famous *sestina* “Lo ferm voler” at the beginning of his edition and puts “Pois Raimons” at the end, considering it a youthful work, unworthy of the master, and thereby going against the traditional and perhaps partly chronological order. But “Pois Raimons” is dressy in its form if not in its subject matter. This poem is an example of the *sirventès*, a genre embracing everything but love, indeed often against love. The lyric is Arnaut’s response to the affair involving Lady Ayma, Bernart de Cornilh and two other poets. The name of the town from which Bernart hailed must have provoked the demand of his lady that Bernart accept to “cornar lo corn”, that is, to sound her horn as proof of his love. No sooner said than done? A hesitation on the troubadour’s part was criticized as contrary to the laws of courtly love by the two other troubadours. Arnaut Daniel here champions the reluctance of the hapless Bernart, evidently unprepared to honour his lady in this way. Editor Wilhelm judges this undoubtedly satirical song to be not only of uncertain attribution, but also in dubious taste, which is why he demotes it to the end of his edition. This “scurrilous” song according to Wilhelm and the scrupulous translation of Campos are both in absolute conformity with the formal experimentation characteristic of Arnaut, even in a lyric that is far from his most momentous. Whatever the subject and tone, Arnaut and Augusto offer us cleverly constructed and richly rhymed works. The polish of the work and the pearls that result are the distinctive hallmark of Arnaut in this sexually explicit, facetious text, even if scholars still dispute exactly which recess of female anatomy and which corresponding act are designated. Indeed, the equivalent of French *limer* “to polish” is a verb used elsewhere by Arnaut in Occitan but whose

erotic meaning in French, according to Philippe Sollers, did not predate the Marquis de Sade (110). Let the reader judge the quality of the work:

Pois Raimons e.n Trucs Malecs
chapten N'Ayman e sos decs,
enan serai vieills e canecs
ans que m'acort en aitals prec
don puosca venir tant grans pecs;
c'al cornar l'agra mestier becs
ab que.il traisses del corn los grecs;
e pois pogra ben issir secs
quel fums es fortz qu'ieis dinz dels plecs.

Here is a lame English version:

Since Raimon and Lord Truc Malec
support Dame Ayma and her orders,
I would sooner be old and hoary
before accepting such requests
from which such great shame might come;
for to sound the horn a beak is needed
with which pearls are drawn from the horn;
and then one could well end up blind
because the smoke from those folds is strong.

Campos never gives literal prose versions, contrary to virtually all other editors and translators of the troubadours. His he calls transcreations (*transcriacões*), following Pound, whom he admires. Transcreation aims to capture the form and spirit of an exceptional, original text. It refers to creation in the process of transmission: *mouvance*, as we would label the same phenomenon today (Rosenstein 2010). Now for Campos, what is astonishing, almost miraculous is that the form as well as the content – modest or immodest as it may be – remain intact. Like the lady, the lyric remains anatomically complete, even in a verse translation.

The lyrics around the Cornilh affair are all articulated in keeping with the same monorhymed structure: *a a a a a a a a*. The rhymes employed by Arnaut, at the rate of one per strophe, are by far the most impossible ones imaginable in Occitan: *ecs, utz, ais, ort, ilh*. Campos's version follows the same rhyme scheme with Portuguese rhymes that are no less rare: *egue/eque* replaces *ecs* and *udo*

stands for *utz*, *ais* remains *ais* and *ort* becomes *orte*, *ilh* is now *ilho*. The Occitan rhymes have generally been either preserved (*ais*) or translated (*utz/udo*, *ort/orte*, *ilh/ilho*), facilitated by the closeness of the two Romance languages. What is more, in the third as well as last verse of this first strophe, Augusto has outdone Arnaut because he has improved on the original. The internal rhymes second the standard rhymes at the end of the verse: *fique* anticipates *seque* just as *e que* leads straight to *despregue*. Campos surpasses Arnaut in his acrobatics. Even admitting the variation between *eque* and *egue*, the rhymes are almost perfect both for the ear and the eye:

Que Raimons ou Truc Malec
de Dona Aima se encarregue,
mas antes fique eu velho e seque
do que a tal prática me entregue,
pois pra cornar preciso é que
se tenha bico e bem se o esfregue
pra que o corno não descarregue,
mas o mais certo é que despregue
fumo tão forte que me cegue.

A banal English prose translation of his poetic Brazilian translation would give us this:

Let Raimon and Truki Maleki (the final *c* is so pronounced)
take charge of Lady Ayma:
but let me sooner remain old and dry
than to give myself over to such practices,
for to sound the horn one needs
to have a beak and to rub it well
to keep the horn from discharging.
But what is most certain is that it lets off
a smoke so strong that it might blind me.

No rhyme, neither internal nor at the end of the verse, enters into this English version that is completely devoid of poetry. I challenge the poets of today to produce, in any language, a translation that can equal in its poetic devices that of Augusto de Campos.

In the *Chanson de Roland*, a text well known in Brazil,⁹ Charlemagne's nephew finally blows his horn. But Arnaut approves of the right of Bernard de

Cornilh not to blow that of his lady. Arnaut here echoes the reticence of Roland and Bernard, even though Arnaut under certain conditions might accept to reconsider his refusal, just as Roland had before him. Campos too has respected the choice of his model: here poetic translation matches artistic practice in a modernization of the epic theme. He promotes a troubadour, as had Cristóbal before him, to a poet's Paradise: Arnaut had remained in Purgatory in Dante's epic. Like his teachers in Occitan and Anglo-American poetry, Campos plays a comparable role in Luso-Brazilian letters, that of clearing the ground to reveal new terrain. A poet among poets, a poet's poet, Arnaut is the only one authorized to speak not Tuscan but his own Occitan language in the *Commedia*. Eight centuries later, Arnaut now triumphs in Portuguese even though he never mastered Tuscan. To quote the experience of the poet and editor Cleber Teixeira speaking of Augusto's transcreations:

Sobre o chão movediço desta
minha Provença reinventada,
onde Arnaut Daniel
fala o português
claro e belo
de Augusto de Campos [...]

That is to say:

On the moving ground of this
my reinvented Provence,
where Arnaut Daniel speaks the Portuguese,
clear and fine,
of Augusto de Campos [...]

Segismundo Spina wrote in the 1956 introduction to the original edition and again in 1972 and 1991 for the second and third editions of his anthology of medieval lyric, "The lyric poetry of the troubadours was not dying" ("A poesia lírica dos trovadores provençais não morria"). Spina insisted with a verb in the imperfect tense on the fact that the poetry of the troubadours did not die out after the Albigensian Crusade of the thirteenth century. It did not draw its last breath then because this kind of lyricism had already gained a foothold in neighboring countries, beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps: Portugal, Spain, Italy above all, and finally Germany, Czechoslovakia, and even Northern France, where the Crusade

had originated. Yet this manner of conceiving and formulating the international destiny of the Occitan troubadours seems to admit the possibility that medieval Occitan lyricism might one day die out and thus leaves some doubt as to its survival. In Portuguese, the imperfect indicative sometimes serves as a conditional, a form that is considered moribund or dead in that language. But the sentence in the imperfect most of all suggests the possibility that the poetry of the troubadours might itself die out or disappear at a later, indeterminate date. In 1991, thirty-five years after its first publication, in the third, definitive edition, Spina made a small correction, an essential one. He replaced the imperfect of the first two editions with a true conditional, still in use, not yet obsolete, no more than the troubadours themselves: “The lyrical poetry of the troubadours would not die” (“A poesia lírica dos trovadores não morreria”), that is to say it did not risk death, would not die either in the thirteenth century or in our day: it would never die. Between the second and third editions, between 1972 and 1991, Spina’s conviction had gained strength, perhaps because of the appearance in his country of the collection of troubadour translations that Augusto de Campos published under the title *Mais provençais* in 1980 and then again revised and enlarged in 1987. The title means not “no more Provençals or Provençal poems” but “more Provençal poems”. The troubadours remain recognizable to moderns and even today are famous, in this twenty-first century: “en este siglo señalados”. Again, do clothes make the troubadour? Medieval Occitan poets, thus clothed anew in a language of the New World, can indeed still be adapted and adopted in our age and in tongues other than their own, thus integrating them too finally into that strange, foreign modern poetry announced by Castillejo in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Notes

1. Alfred Jeanroy’s French thesis has sometimes been summarized as follows: *Les origines de la poésie lyrique [se trouvent] en France au Moyen Âge*.
2. This sonnet figures, with other interrelated texts, in Domínguez Bordona’s edition, “Repreñsion”, 2, 188-193 (190-191).
3. Rivers, 33: “in this world”. Ingber: “in this century”. Anne J. Cruz, Adrienne Mandel, and Rogelio Reyes in personal correspondence, for which I am grateful.
4. Ed. Reyes Cano, *Obra completa*, 264. *Antología poética*, 174, With additional correspondence and in a personal interview (February 27, 2013).

5. An updated French version is expected to appear shortly. A first, very incomplete part is already available (Riquer 2008).
6. A second edition was announced but has since been abandoned. A recent repertory lists translations into German (Heintze et al.).
7. “La syntaxe du provençal ancien, la plus souple de toutes les anciennes langues romanes”. (Pirot, 545).
8. Georges Peyrebrune, *Les chants de Giraut de Bornelh*, Lemouzi No. 153 bis, 2000. Campos knows Jaufre Rudel very well and has written on the Rudelian theme of *ses vezer*: “without ever having seen her”.
9. On Roland in Brazil, see d’Heur; Lemos and Moreau, Pires Ferreira, Peloso, 62-66; Rosenstein 1996. On Roland in Portugal, the latest mention is in Lorenzo Gradin. A more recent general study is Vargas Díaz-Toledo.

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