



ROTEIRO DE ORIENTAÇÃO DE ESTUDOS DE RECUPERAÇÃO

ENSINO MÉDIO

Professora: Lauren

Disciplina: Inglês

Série: 2ª

Turma: C

Nome: _____ Nº.: _____

1º Semestre

No primeiro semestre, um dos objetos centrais de nosso curso foi a leitura, a análise e a produção de poemas em prosa, a partir das traduções para o inglês de poemas do livro de Charles Baudelaire, *Paris Spleen*. Para tanto, foram estudados e trabalhados textos sobre a Paris do século XIX, especialmente, a reurbanização da cidade feita pelo Barão de Haussmann.

Instruções para o trabalho de recuperação

O trabalho de recuperação conta com duas partes.

Leia cada uma das etapas de trabalho com atenção.

1. **Ler a tradução do poema *The Eyes of the Poor*, de Charles Baudelaire e responder as questões que o seguem.**
2. **Ler a passagem em que Marshal Berman relaciona os escritos de Baudelaire e o desenvolvimento de Paris como capital da modernidade. Escrever um pequeno texto estabelecendo relações entre o poema e os excertos do livro de Berman.**

Avaliação

As respostas às perguntas e o texto serão avaliados segundo os seguintes critérios:

- o Estrutura/Organização lógica (Respeito à ordem das ideias no texto; começo, meio e fim.);
- o Respeito à temática proposta;
- o Correção gramatical.

The Eyes of the Poor
by Charles Baudelaire
(Translation by Michael Hoke)

Ah! you would like to know why I hate you today. It will no doubt be harder for you to understand than for me to explain it to you; as you are, I believe, the most perfect example of feminine impermeability that one could encounter.

We had just passed a long day together that appeared short to me. We had each sworn that all our thoughts would be common to the both of us, and that our two souls would nevermore do anything, but as one;—a dream that has nothing original in it, after all, except that, dreamt by all men, it has been realized by none.

That evening, a bit tired, you wanted to sit outside in front of the new café on the corner of the new boulevard, still covered in rubble but already showing gloriously its unfinished splendors. The café sparkled with light. The gas lamps themselves radiated all the warmth of a new day, and with all their strength brightened the blinding white walls, the dazzling faces of the mirrors, the gilded mouldings and cornices, the errand-boys with chubby cheeks trailing behind their leashed dogs, the ladies laughing at the falcons perched on their fists, the nymphs and goddesses carrying on their heads fruits, pâtés and game meats, the Hebes and Ganymedes presenting with outstretched arms a little amphora of Bavarian cream or a two-toned obelisk of a selection of ices; all history and all mythology put into service of gluttony.

Just in front of us, on the roadway, was planted a brave man of some forty years, with a weary face, a grizzled beard, holding the hand of a little boy and carrying in his other arm a small child too weak to walk. He was playing the nanny and taking his children out for some evening air. All in rags. These three faces were extraordinarily serious, and these six eyes fixedly contemplated the new café with equal admiration, though varying in expression according to age.

The eyes of the father were saying: “How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! one might say that all the gold of our poor world is painted on these walls.”—The eyes of the little boy: “How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! but this is a house that only grants entry to people who are not like us.”—As for the eyes of the smallest, they were too fascinated to express anything but a mindless and profound joy.

The balladiers say that pleasure lifts the spirit and softens the heart. The ballad was right that evening, concerning me. Not only was I touched by that family of eyes, but I felt a little ashamed of our glasses and our carafes, much larger than our thirst. I turned my gaze toward yours, dear love, to read my thoughts there; I was plunging into your eyes, so beautiful and so oddly gentle, into your green eyes, inhabited by Caprice and inspired by the Moon, when you said to me: “Those people there are insufferable with their eyes open like carriage gates! Could you not ask the maître d’ to send them away from here?”

How difficult it is to understand each other, my dear angel, and how much thought is incommunicable, even between people who love each other!



1. How would you describe the café where the speaker and the woman sit? (You can write simple sentences and copy small passages of the text.)
2. What do we know about the family who walks by the café?
3. According to the speaker, how are the thoughts of the father, son, and smallest child different from one another?
4. Why do you think the family members' expressions vary "according to age"?
5. In what ways do our thoughts about money and/or social class change as we grow older?
6. Why does the speaker feel "a little ashamed" when he sees the family? Would he have felt ashamed about being at the café had they not walked by? Why or why not?
7. How is the woman's reaction to the family different than the speaker's? Why does the family's presence bother her?
8. What does Baudelaire find to be "incommunicable" at the end of the piece? Can you relate?
9. What prevents us from showing compassion to those from different backgrounds?
10. Do you see yourself in this poem? Explain.

Reflections about Baudelaire's *The Eyes of the Poor* by Marshall Berman

In the following two sections, I want to read, in detail and in depth, two of Baudelaire's late prose poems: "The Eyes of the Poor" (1864) and "The Loss of a Halo" (1865). We will see at once, from these poems, why Baudelaire is **universally acclaimed** as one of the **great urban writers**. In *Paris Spleen*, **the city of Paris plays a central role** in his spiritual drama. Here **Baudelaire belongs to a great tradition of Parisian writing** that reaches back to Villon, runs through Montesquieu and Diderot, Restif de la Bretonne and Sebastien Mercier, and into the nineteenth century with Balzac and Hugo and Eugene Sue. But Baudelaire **also expresses a radical break in this tradition**. His best Parisian writing belongs to the precise historical moment when, under the authority of Napoleon III and the direction of Haussmann, **the city was being systematically torn apart and rebuilt**. Even as Baudelaire worked in Paris, the work of its modernization was going on alongside him and over his head and under his feet. He saw himself **not only as a spectator**, but as a **participant and a protagonist** in this ongoing work; his own Parisian work **expresses its drama and trauma**. Baudelaire shows us something that **no other writer** sees so well: **how the modernization of the city** at the same time **inspires and imposes** the modernization of **the spirit of its citizens**.

(...)



What Baudelaire communicates in this language, above all, is what I will call primal modern scenes: experiences that arise from the concrete everyday life of Bonaparte's and Haussmann's Paris but carry a mythic resonance and depth that propel them beyond their place and time and transform them into archetypes of modern life.

Berman, Marshall. *All That's Solid is Melted into Air*. 2012. Verso: London, UK

Write a short paragraph connecting the ideas in the text above and Charles Baudelaire's *The Eyes of the Poor* . (Minimum 70 words)