



A Confissão de Lúcio

Mário de Sá-Carneiro

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A história de um triângulo amoroso, Lúcio, Marta, Ricardo, em que os estudiosos vêem em Ricardo o outro lado de Lúcio, e Marta seria a ponte de ligação. 'A confissão de Lúcio' é um texto de vanguarda, que foge ao modelo princípio-meio-fim, vigente na literatura portuguesa do início do século XX.

A Confissão de Lúcio Details

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From Reader Review A Confissão de Lúcio for online ebook

Julie Rylie says

WOW, just WOW.

It has been such a long time since I didn't read a so well written portuguese book with a proper use of the language. It was poetic reading this. I just discovered I'm a huge fan of Mário de Sá Carneiro and that we have so many common demons it hurts. You recognise a fellow tortured soul when you see one.

Lúcio is a depressive man with no "joie de vivre" that is explaining the story of how he met Ricardo because he is accused of his murder, which he declares he didn't commit, even tho he was arrested for 10 years because of it.

Well, hats off for Mário de Sá Carneiro, one of the best writers we have ever had.

Ema says

"M?rturisirea lui Lúcio" ne confrunt? cu lumea interioar? a geniului, care tr?ie?te mai mult ca spirit ?i mai pu?in ca trup, distan?ându-se pân? la auto-excluziune de lumea banal? ?i mediocr? care nu îi poate recunoa?te ?i aprecia genialitatea. Un spirit ?inut ve?nic treaz de nelini?ti, aspira?ii ?i idei înfl?c?rate, provocând o suferin?? continu? ce se materializeaz? în dureri trupe?ti. O lume imaterial?, cea a gândurilor, care absoarbe existen?a geniului, ducând la o dispersare a concretului. Este mai greu de în?eles de ce Ricardo, unul dintre protagoni?tii nuvelei, î?i declar? imposibilitatea de a avea sentimente, de a sim?i afec?iune pentru cineva f?r? a-i poseda trupul - ca ?i cum sexualitatea, această ancorare în material, este pentru el (în func?ie de cum privim lucrurile) o piedic? în fa?a unei tr?iri pur spirituale sau un catalizator necesar al acesteia.

În 1895, Lúcio Vaz, tân?r scriitor nehot?rât ?i r?t?citor, studiaz? dreptul la Paris ?i frecventeaz? cercurile artistice ale vremii. Singurul prieten constant este sculptorul Gervásio, un mare artist destinat rat?rii, a c?rui aur? misterioas? monopolizeaz? aten?ia tuturor. Un geniu care se consum? pe el însu?i, Gervásio va disp?rea la un moment dat din via?a lui Lúcio, f?cându-i loc poetului Ricardo de Loureiro, cel care va schimba atât de dramatic existen?a fizic? ?i spiritual? a tân?rului scriitor. Este memorabil cadrul în care cei doi se întâlnesc pentru prima oar? - un spectacol obscen ?i fantasmagoric, în care voluptatea este surprins? în art? prin mijlocirea unei lumini sexualizate.

O confesiune a lui Ricardo îl arunc? pe Lúcio pe panta unei obsesii care îl va aduce în pragul nebuniei. Poetul îi m?rturise?te c? nu are sentimente ?i c? nu poate întoarce afec?iunea unei prietenii sau iubiri decât prin posedarea acelei persoane - îns? această dorin?? este resim?it? în suflet, nu în trup. E ca ?i cum Ricardo tr?ie?te numai prin intermediul sufletului, iar trupul s?u este doar un înveli? nestatornic ?i becisnic, pe care poetul îl ur??te. Pentru Lúcio reprezint? intrarea într-o lume ireal?, în care pare s? tr?iasc? ceva ce a cunoscut demult, dar a uitat. Marta, o femeie f?r? amintiri ?i f?r? trecut, îl absoarbe pe Lúcio într-un vârtej de voluptate ?i dezgust, dar ?i într-un mister la grani?a fantasticului, din care singura sc?pare este retragerea sau anihilarea.

Dac? ave?i chef de citit mai mult decât atât, varianta lung? se afl? pe blog (inclusiv cu comentariile traduc?toarei, care m-a luminat în unele privin?e):
<http://lecturile-emei.blogspot.ro/201...>

Vit Babenco says

“Deep down, I did hate those people – the artists. That is, those false artists whose work consists of the poses they strike: saying outrageous things, cultivating complicated tastes and appetites, being artificial, irritating, unbearable. People who, in fact, take from art only what is false and external.”

Then what is art?

“I really don’t think you should be discussing the role of sensuality in art, for, my friends, sensuality is an art, possibly the most beautiful of all the arts. Up until now, however, very few have cultivated it in that spirit.”

Lucio’s Confession is decadence. The novel is a quintessential decadent mystery – a convoluted, enigmatic and highly mystifying love story.

“Have you never considered the strange voluptuousness of fire, the perversity of water, the sensual subtleties of light? Whenever I plunge my bare legs into the waters of a stream, whenever I gaze upon the incandescent flames of a fire or feel my body lit by electric torrents of light, I must confess I feel real sexual excitement – an excitement in which desire has been ennobled by beauty.”

The object of the main hero’s love and obsession is an enigma to him and the secret of this sphinx must be found...

“My mind had adapted itself to the mystery and that mystery was to become the framework of my life, the flame and the golden trail...”

I did not, however, realise this at once, it took me many weeks to learn it and when I did, I recoiled, horrified. I was afraid, terribly afraid. The mystery was that woman. And I loved the mystery.”

But how much of our world is real and how much of it is illusion?

How much of our consciousness is reason and how much of it is madness?

Mariel says

My mind had adapted itself to the mystery and that mystery was to become the framework of my life, the flame and the golden trail...

Lucio is free at last from his/their ten years of walls. Hard roads of memory lane chain gangs. Under world voices over their/his. Fellow prisoners beckon to peer into outside of nothing to see anymore. A good looking murderer understands his disregard, though. Lucio speaks already as if you will too. A monologue in two worlds. He killed his friend. You must have read about it, already know the glamorous details. Well, even murder glitter loses sparkle in prison so let him water those seeds of understanding. He's getting warmed up, self love Snow White's kiss now. He had to do it. You know that, though. Saw the mysterious pictures, the vague details of good looking people in swirling glass towers of the high life. My backing away in "Holy shit, this guy is CRAZY!" in the sense (insane versus not insane is a fish out of elements I'm not wrestling to grasp on any other day) that a person talks too much not because they talk too much but because you have no interest whatever in what they say? Total eye of the beholder land. My I don't want to try to relate to this person is when their talk is blanket insistence on I feel this way and the world is a doll house of mental clones and clockwork souls. Lucio's obsessions are dead horses and his confessions are a baseball bat

that only hits one kind of ball. (I guess by my standards of insanity Kevin Arnold of *The Wonder Years* is the craziest knife in the drawer. "And we both knew that...." was all that voice over ever had to say about his life.) His godlike déjà vu thunder drowns. The parties, the audience. Audiences for his and his friends plays, poetry and mouthfuls of saving the life imitations. One such posture threw himself under a train. He introduced Lucio to the party that fanfares his victim into being. Open mouths, shut looks in their eyes, everyone knew. Nothing. You knew too, he doesn't have to know you. Warm embraces of it was so beautiful. You just had to be there. So high, so no cigar. Ricardo talks as much as his disappearing act friend (there are others). Just as mysteriously he conjures a wife. Marta and Lucio spend a lot of time together. The withdrawing poet leaves them. Marta appears in Lucio's home, repellent. Story beautiful, the imagined pedestal kind that falls as far as the cloud of death. He wants her, he has her. The world faces can they predestine what Lucio knows they must say. My gut feeling is nothing happened that he didn't want to happen. Ricardo always said that he couldn't feel friendship unless he could express it sexually. That's probably the oldest pick up line in the book (or near). But, y'know, same sex is impossible. Dude should have found a mirror to make idolatry love. Cold stone worship. There is an autobiographical note at the end of this. Mario De Sa-Carneiro's short stories are supposed to be heavily repressed homosexuality. And this isn't?! Holy Moby-Dick and *Of Human Bondage* repression here. Possession and another head under submission of what I want to hear. I feel so lost when what someone wants to hear comes up. I feel insane when this comes up. What is this? My feeling is about that good looking murderer (Lucio wouldn't regard anyone who didn't reinforce a positive self image). Blonde murderer is all about reliving the moment of killing. The pointless party; the diseased leggy dancers, the almost ruining it all by stepping out of déjà vu with - the horror!- gold nail polish American glamour light sex thrower. Lucio isn't reliving the murder. He is mouthing the dead story. It's over. Their prison and their time and judgement and his returning to the scene of crime is this madman focus on what he wanted to be true. I never felt anything about him and Ricardo. I could care less if they fucked or by proxy. It was interesting to me in a slipping. I liked the weird feeling of a world out of a world Lucio's, wondering what he really looked like to the faceless, and if I could be there and be myself and hang what anyone else is supposed to know... If only I could have that somehow. Honestly, though, it is painful to wade through so much shit of pompous arty types talking about how their lifestyles make them ideal pompous arty types. Did it have to take so long to get past that part? I thought that part of the book was never going to end.

Claire Scorzi says

18º dia do Mês da leitura mágica.

18ª leitura concluída ;)

Jonathan Bogart says

The second Portuguese novel I've read in the past few months, but the first I read in translation. I have a PDF of a first edition in Portuguese (it's in the public domain), and I allowed myself to dip into it occasionally to see whether the translator was being literal or making a choice, but mostly I read it on the bus. One aesthetic experience that will stay with me for a long time is a long description of a Decadent (in the generic, Wildean sense) party in Paris, designed to overwhelm partygoers' senses, and looking up to see the windows of the Gucci store on Michigan in unexpected hot pink, glowing eerily in the early darkness.

The literary comparisons I want to make to Sá-Carneiro are (since it's my background) mostly English-

language: Poe and Wilde and the Stevenson of *Jekyll*, and oddly enough Ben Hecht, which remind me to tell you about some time. But I'm getting my bearings enough in non-English-language literature to be able to note the French influence (of course, since Decadence took flight with Huysmans) as well as seeing lines of influence that follow it, such as Borges and Bioy Casares. I was reminded most strongly of *The Invention of Morel* when reading, although Sá-Carneiro never gives a full explanation for his (apparently unnatural) mystery.

The story of *Lucio's Confession* is both unimportant to the ultimate effect and so important that it's worth discovering for yourself, but from a brief scan of the literature available online, interpretations are all over the place. For a hundred-odd page novel in which very little happens as such, it manages to pack in enough thematic content to be (potentially) a major text in queer literature (masc homosexuality and transgender identity are both symbolically broached), a sly portrait of syphilitic insanity, a cutting parody of Sá-Carneiro's literary associates, all of the above, or something else entirely. Genuine eroticism is as difficult to get a feel for at the remove of more than a century (not to mention as dependent on the audience) as genuine humor or genuine sentiment, but even through the double-paned blur of translation Sá-Carneiro's hothouse visions are effective.

The one major criticism I have of the book is purely editorial: Sá-Carneiro threw around italics profligately to draw attention to lines of unusual emotion or intensity. English prose styles are conventionally less demonstrative, and the translator could easily have dispensed with the emphatic italics.

But I really adored this little book, which I hadn't been expecting to be so intriguing. Apparently there's a book of Sá-Carneiro's short stories in English translation from the same publisher; I'm looking forward to tracking it down.

mwpm says

A gem of a novel. The author is widely unknown outside of Portugal. I came to him through another Portuguese writer, Fernando Pessoa (they were close friend and collaborators on a literary journal). The novel falls somewhere between Poe and Kafka, following the obsessive first person account of the strange events that led to the confessor's incarceration. Through the confessor, a writer always on the periphery of a literary scene in turn-of-the-century Europe, we are given a caricature of bohemian Paris.

Proustitute says

Aestheticism and decadence meet existential crises of gender, sexuality, identity, and the tenuous boundary between reality and fantasy, illusion and madness. Sá-Carneiro killed himself at age 26, and I believe this is the only one of his novels to have been translated into English. Apparently, there are many others from this quizzical genius; I hope someone translates them soon—they must be similarly wonderful and maddeningly surreal as *Lucio's Confession* was, and more people should read his work and know his name outside of his native Portugal.

João Varela says

Ter acesso a este livro, é de certo, ter acesso a um magnânimo turbilhão. Todo este livro é baseado numa confissão, a de Lúcio já se vê, no entanto toda a descrição do crime é feita de um modo intempestivo, diria até muito próprio.

Há portanto Lúcio um escritor, há Ricardo e Marta e tudo se constrói à volta dos três personagens. Ou serão duas as personagens? Bem fica a interrogação.

Todo este livro é poesia em prosa, com o seu cuidado, com a sua audácia , e sem no entanto deixar de imprimir um estilo efusivo próprio deste autor. Fica portanto mais que recomendada a sua leitura.

Manuel Antão says

If you're into stuff like this, you can read the full review.

Fin-de-siècle Urban Nightmares: "Lucio's Confession" by Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Margaret Jull Costa (translator)

"Deep down, I did hate those people – the artists. That is, those false artists whose work consists of the poses they strike: saying outrageous things, cultivating complicated tastes and appetites, being artificial, irritating, [and] unbearable. People who, in fact, take from art only what is false and external."

In "Lucio's Confession" by Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Margaret Jull Costa (translator)

From the street, two floors below my hotel window in a dreary urban business park slash hotel district, I heard desperate, blood chilling cries for help. I rushed to the window, expecting to see the victim of a hit and run car accident lying bloodied at the curb-side but instead, I saw a young man with a tear stained face wearing only a long sleeved, open-cuffed shirt walking this way and then that, each time with purpose, until the moment he changed his mind. Shouting, pleading with his hands outstretched. For a heartbreaking moment, I thought he looked like a guy I knew from work.

Luís C. says

Lúcio leaves prison after ten years of incarceration. He said from the outset that he is innocent of the crime for which he was convicted, but that what is past is so amazing he did not want to defend themselves at the material time. But out of prison he decided "to confess, that is to say, to prove my innocence."

His story begins in Paris, where Lúcio frequent Portuguese artistic circles. In a decadent feast, given by an American millionaire, he met a poet, Ricardo, who will become his close friend. The two young men sharing the same vision of the world are closer, and Lúcio has trouble understanding that Ricardo abruptly leaves Paris. He learns that he married when he decried marriage. When returning to Portugal, he met Marta, the wife of his friend. He was immediately captivated by his person, and begins an affair. Ricardo seems to see nothing, which is all the more strange that Marta does not seem simply like Lúcio lover. Lúcio leaving this unhealthy situation returns to Paris, but he ends up back and an explanation with Ricardo, who promises to

reveal the whole truth. But things do not happen exactly as planned Ricardo..

A very odd book. This undoubtedly belongs to the decadent and perverse this heavy atmosphere, these festivals highly charged sensuality, along with these questions about identity, about the impossible contact with the other, this neurasthenia lived not as a disease but as the normal, even desirable. This is the twisted possible, the same inverse of a likely story. But it is haunting as too strong fragrance, and we not find unpleasant, like bright colors we not find garish. The presentation in the book speaks Huysmans, Sá Carneiro has certainly read it, there is a small whiff of something, but at the same time the author has his own universe, it is even more delusional.

Natacha Martins says

Não sendo adepta de poesia, nunca me tinha cruzado com nada escrito por Mário de Sá-Carneiro. E quando comecei a ler "A Confissão de Lúcio" não estava à espera de encontrar a escrita que encontrei. Contava encontrar um típico escritor e história dos finais do século XIX inícios do XX e na realidade, a história poderia ter sido contada por um escritor dos nossos dias e a escrita, embora com alguns traços da época é bem mais fluída e "desempoeirada", em parte porque a versão que li sofreu uma revisão, segundo o Acordo Ortográfico de 1945, pelo que a grafia é mais actual. :)

No entanto, não terá sido por isso que este livro foi uma agradável surpresa.

"A Confissão de Lúcio" é, literalmente a confissão de Lúcio, um escritor que acabou de sair da prisão e sente necessidade de colocar em papel o que o levou à prisão. Mais do que uma confissão é um relato do que se passou, não para se justificar aos outros mas para que toda a história de certa forma se torne mais real, em toda a estranheza que a envolve.

Lúcio vai estudar Direito para Paris, onde muitos intelectuais da época acabavam por fazer os seus estudos, e onde voltavam amiúde para estar em contacto com uma sociedade menos repressiva que a portuguesa. Na realidade, e à semelhança de muitos dos seus colegas, Lúcio gosta é de escrever e tem já alguns textos publicados.

Lá conhece Ricardo, um poeta, e a afinidade que nasce entre os dois é imediata, tornando-se inseparáveis, sendo raros os dias em que não estão juntos.

Ricardo revela-se uma pessoa amargurada, obcecado pelo facto de não ser capaz de sentir pelos outros mais do que ternura, incapaz de parar de pensar, de racionalizar. Incapaz, nas próprias palavras, de amar, de se apaixonar, de ser amigo de alguém. Para ser amigo de alguém, uma vez que apenas sente ternuras - "uma ternura traz sempre consigo um desejo caricioso: um desejo de beijar... de estreitar... Enfim: de possuir!" - teria de "possuir, quem eu estimasse, ou mulher ou homem.". Lúcio, embora estranhe a confissão do amigo, nada diz que possa perturbar ainda mais o amigo.

E é desta relação que vive o livro, da dinâmica entre os dois. Ricardo está nitidamente apaixonado por Lúcio e tenta encontrar uma razão para o que sente bem como procurar um caminho que lhe permita "sentir" de facto a sua amizade por Lúcio. E é aí que surge Marta, supostamente a mulher de Ricardo, mas que acaba por seduzir Lúcio, tornando-se sua amante.

E sobre a história não vale a pena dizer mais nada.

A personagem de Lúcio fez-me lembrar Raskólnikov, do recém lido "Crime e Castigo". Pela crescente loucura e constante perda de noção da realidade. Não sabemos o que realmente se passou ou não passou. Com Lúcio passa-se mais ou menos o mesmo. Vê-se envolvido numa espécie de sonho, envolto numa neblina que não lhe permite distinguir a realidade. E é dessa forma que descreve os seus dias em Lisboa, como os lembra, envoltos numa neblina e em confusão mental.

Foi uma boa surpresa este livro, pelo tema e pela forma como este é abordado. Recomendo.

Boas leituras!

Rosa Ramôa says

"Perturbava o seu aspecto físico, macerado e esguio, e o seu corpo de linhas quebradas tinha estilizações inquietantes de feminilismo histérico e apoiado, umas vezes -- outras, contrariamente, de ascetismo amarelo."

Teresa Proença says

Mário de Sá-Carneiro fascina-me.

Os seus poemas comovem-me pelo que me dizem, e surpreendem-me pela maturidade, sensibilidade e sabedoria de alguém tão jovem e já tão "velho"...

Sempre que o leio fico triste e a lamentar por ele ter desistido, tão cedo, da vida ...

Esta história é passada entre Lisboa e Paris e centrada num triângulo amoroso.

Lúcio é preso durante dez anos, acusado da morte do marido da sua amante - a etérea e misteriosa Marta - a qual se confunde com Ricardo.

Em relação à escrita só posso dizer que é a de um grande poeta.

Ao ler este livro não consegui abstrair-me do seu autor e da sua história de vida e morte. Por isso, e talvez erradamente, confundi Lúcio, Ricardo e Marta com Mário de Sá-Carneiro e sou tentada a dizer que existe apenas uma personagem...

Penso que este livro pode ter várias interpretações, dependendo de quem o lê, ou de quando o lemos, ou do número de vezes que o lemos.

Este foi o único romance que li do autor, mas continuo a preferir a sua poesia; pelo menos essa causa-me menos incómodo não a entender...

Gabriela Ventura says

Publicada em 1914, a noveleta de Sá-Carneiro é uma história fantástica (ecos de Poe e outros à espreita), mas escrita com a mão de poeta. É também uma história sobre desejo interdito e possibilidades extremas de concretização dos mesmos. Há nela uma das melhores festas da Literatura em português. E se não digo mais, é para não atrapalhar a resolução do mistério para os novos leitores da obra. São 100 páginas que passam voando.
