

From Hélio Pellegrino to Murilo Rubião

Rio, 19.7.65

Murilo, old man,

It was a joy to receive your book. I remembered the short stories well, but the curious thing is that the rereading had to me the taste of a discovery. I didn't make the comparison between the old and the new form, but I had the impression you have wiped the stories, put even more effort in style, given them an exemplary vigor.

Your book, Murilo, shows you remain loyal to the eternal child sleeping inside of each one of us. That child is the guardian of poetry, of everything that is the salt of the earth and prevents the world from rotting. There is no doubt that, in your stories, the child often sobs. There he is, however, wounded, mistreated at times, ignored by the blindness of those who cannot understand him, but indomitable, invincible, present and green as those small plants that grow from the dusty cliffs – and fill them with mystery and grace.

Your stories remind me of Chagall, with more suffering. The lyrism is the same, the same freedom, the search for an order through the miracle. For only the miracle is order, only poetry is order, only the child is right.

I am really grateful for the book sending. I remembered you so much, the old times, your fraternal goodness, of the discrete and warm solidarity with which you have known how to take care of the craziness of our twenty years. I find it imperative that you give us other books, other stories. You are, literarily, in full bloom. It is impressive how you could perfect even more already so definitive tales. Straight ahead, Rubião of the paths.

A brother hug from  
Hélio.