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# Pessoa plural

Pessoa Plural

A Journal of Fernando Pessoa Studies

n.º 8



## Special Jennings Issue

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# Introduction to *Pessoa Plural* Special Jennings Issue: the contribution of Hubert Jennings to Pessoaan studies

Carlos Pittella-Leite\*  
*guest editor*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Jennings literary estate, Espólio 3, BNP/E3, Jennings Bibliography, John Hay Library, Transcription Symbols, List of Manuscripts left by Pessoa.

## Abstract

This text introduces *Pessoa Pural* n.º 8, a special issue dedicated to the memory of Hubert Dudley Jennings and his contributions to Pessoaan studies. The introduction includes a biographical note on Hubert Jennings, presenting him as one of the first non-Portuguese scholars to have his life changed in search of Fernando Pessoa. The text recounts the discovery of the Jennings literary estate, its donation to the John Hay Library, and how the special issue came to be. The guest editor comments on the multiple articles, documents, reviews and tributes that constitute *Pessoa Plural* n.º 8 and states acknowledgements. Four annexes are presented: a note from the John Hay Library, a key to symbols used in the transcriptions, a preliminary Hubert Jennings bibliography, and a facsimile and transcription of the early inventory Jennings prepared of Pessoa's literary estate.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, espólio literário Jennings, Espólio 3, BNP/E3, Bibliografia Jennings, Biblioteca John Hay, Símbolos de Transcrição, Lista de Manuscritos deixados por Pessoa.

## Resumo

Este texto introduz o n.º 8 de *Pessoa Plural*, dedicado à memória de Hubert Dudley Jennings e suas contribuições para os estudos pessoanos. A introdução inclui uma nota biográfica sobre Hubert Jennings, apresentando-lhe como um dos primeiros investigadores não-Portugueses a ter sua vida transformada em busca de Fernando Pessoa. O texto reconta a descoberta do espólio literário Jennings, sua doação para a biblioteca John Hay e a criação da edição especial. O editor convidado comenta os múltiplos artigos, documentos, resenhas e tributos que constituem *Pessoa Plural* n.º 8 e faz seus agradecimentos. Quatro anexos são apresentados: uma nota da biblioteca John Hay; uma chave para os símbolos de transcrição; uma bibliografia preliminar de Hubert Jennings; e um facsímile com transcrição de um inventário inédito que Jennings fez do espólio literário de Fernando Pessoa.

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Though a poet and not a mathematician, Fernando Pessoa is known for his numbers. Pessoa invented a myriad of fictitious authors—among them the now famous heteronyms Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos, and Ricardo Reis. Multiple scholars have counted how many personae were in Pessoa, with a new figure being divulged every so many years; a recent count tallied 136 lives invented by the Portuguese poet.<sup>1</sup> This is not the only way in which the poet has been measured, for Pessoa is also known for his tens of thousands of unpublished manuscripts<sup>2</sup>, and for the exponentially growing bibliography around him (as of 2008, the researcher José Blanco compiled 6,214 entries).

Nevertheless, Pessoa should not only be measured by the number of documents he left, papers he inspired and existences he invented, but also by the quantity of lives he changed, both in Portugal and far beyond his homeland. The Mexican Octavio Paz, the Argentinian Jorge Luis Borges, and the Italian Antonio Tabucchi are famous cases of writers deeply impacted by Pessoa—one Nobel Prize laureate and two contenders.<sup>3</sup>

Scholars from all over the world have changed their lives—some quite dramatically—because of the Portuguese poet, often abandoning careers and moving to Lisbon. The Colombian Jerónimo Pizarro, the Argentinian Patricio Ferrari, the Canadian Pauly Ellen Bothe, the British Margaret Jull Costa and the US-American Susan Brown—just to mention some involved in the making of this issue—are current examples of this “Pessoa global effect.” A complete list of non-Portuguese Pessoans would be immense today, but that was not the case fifty years ago, when the Brazilian Cleonice Berardinelli, the French Armand Guibert, the Spanish Ángel Crespo and the German Georg Lind were among the few whose lives were changed due to the far-reach of Pessoa’s appeal. And there was, of course, Hubert Jennings, whose memory is now honored by this publication.

\*

Hubert Jennings was born in England in 1896 (eight years after Pessoa). He fought in World War I, lost one eye in battle (like Luiz de Camões), and joined a generation of post-war English writers who left UK for the far-corners of the world. In 1923, Jennings moved to South Africa, where he worked as a teacher at the Durban High School (DHS), the same institution where the young Pessoa had

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<sup>1</sup> As compiled by Jerónimo Pizarro and Patricio Ferrari in *Eu Sou Uma Antologia* (PESSOA, 2013), Fernando Pessoa created up to 136 fictitious authors, which may be a final number.

<sup>2</sup> Jerónimo Pizarro, who is particularly familiar with Pessoa’s archives, indicates a number of more than thirty thousand papers, including Pessoa’s manuscripts, typescripts and miscellaneous documents (PIZARRO, 2012: 60); José Augusto Seabra presents precise numbers (now outdated) in his introduction to an edition of Pessoa’s *Mensagem* (SEABRA, 1993: XXIX, footnote 15).

<sup>3</sup> Paz received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1990; Borges and Tabucchi never received the prize, in spite of being known contenders for multiple years.

studied while in South Africa. When Jennings was invited to write the history of the DHS, he became interested in the famous Portuguese poet who had attended the school between 1899 and 1904. After the publication of *The D.H.S. Story* in 1966, Jennings received a grant from the Gulbenkian Foundation to study in Portugal; he went by ship (a journey Pessoa did four times) and arrived in Lisbon in 1968 (the year of Salazar's literal fall), staying for about eighteen months. More than seventy years old when he began studying Portuguese, Jennings became one of the first biographers of Fernando Pessoa and one of the first scholars to be interested in both Pessoa's English and Portuguese poetry (see Annex I).

A few of these aspects of Jennings's life may be well known to some. What was *not* known until July 2015 was that Hubert Jennings also left: another unpublished essayistic book on the Portuguese poet; two complete volumes of English translations of Pessoa's Portuguese poetry; an inventory of Pessoa's literary estate that precedes the creation of the "E3" at the Biblioteca Nacional de Portugal<sup>4</sup>; numerous transcriptions and translations of Pessoa's poetry and prose; several original short stories, some of them taking place in Portugal; a handwritten five-volume memoir with more than 600 pages; a diary from 1968 Portugal; letters exchanged with Pessoa's heirs; a considerable correspondence with writers and scholars from around the world interested in Pessoa's work; and photos and copies of documents concerning Pessoa's life, which could complement the collection of artifacts housed by the BNP and the Casa Fernando Pessoa.

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On June 30 and July 1, 2015, I had the privilege of spending fifteen hours with the "Jennings literary estate," i.e., the many papers that Hubert Dudley Jennings left to his son and daughter, Christopher Jennings and Bridget Winstanley respectively. Christopher Jennings had requested the writer Matthew Hart to research the Jennings family history, placing most of Hubert Jennings's papers under his care in New York City. Matthew Hart then contacted Brown University, inquiring about the importance of this estate for Pessoa studies. Brown University contacted Jerónimo Pizarro, who, in turn, contacted Patricio Ferrari and myself. After two weeks cataloguing documents, I prepared a preliminary inventory of the Jennings literary estate—which was expanded by Matthew Hart and the Jennings family into a list of documents, books and a painting recently donated to the John Hay Library (see Annex II). Jerónimo Pizarro, Onésimo Almeida and Paulo de Medeiros had, then, the idea of dedicating a special issue of *Pessoa Plural* to the unpublished works of Hubert Jennings—and invited me to be its guest editor.

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<sup>4</sup> The National Library of Portugal (aka BNP), where Pessoa's literary estate (E3=Estate 3) is housed; see Annex IV for the Pre-E3 inventory prepared by Jennings.

This special issue has four different sections<sup>5</sup>: articles, documents, reviews and tributes—almost all of these containing annexes with facsimiles and transcriptions of unpublished documents from the Jennings literary estate.

The essay by John Pedro Schwartz, which opens the articles section, reads Pessoa through the lens of Jennings's memoirs (and vice-versa) and situates both in the context of British decolonization, Portuguese colonial warfare, and 1960s political upheavals. The second and third articles, respectively by Nicolás Barbosa López and Filipa de Freitas, introduce two important translations by Jennings of Pessoa's longer poems: the dramatic poem *O Marinheiro* (The Watchers) and Campos's *Ode Marítima* (Naval Ode).

The documents (presented by the scholars named in parentheses) include: three short stories Jennings wrote while in Portugal (María Gómez Lara); two letters from Pessoa's heirs (Susan Brown); two letters from Afrikaans poet Uys Krige and one from Pessoa's French translator Armand Guibert (Stefan Helgesson); the essay "Fernando Pessoa," found among the papers still in possession of Pessoa's family whose author was—until now—unknown (Filipa de Freitas); a translation of a poem by Mário de Sá-Carneiro (Ricardo Vasconcelos); two essays on the challenges of translating Pessoa (Pedro Marques); and twenty-five previously unpublished English poems by Pessoa (Patricio Ferrari).

The reviews cover Jennings's published books and articles on Pessoa: *The D.H.S. Story* is reviewed by Jorge Wiese-Rebagliati; the two articles published in *Contrast* are evaluated by Geoffrey Haresnape (former editor of *Contrast*); and *Os Dois Exílios* and *Pessoa in Durban* are examined by Margaret Jull Costa.

The tributes include Matthew Hart's biographical sketch on Jennings and a testimonial by Christopher Jennings and Bridget Winstanley, Hubert Jennings's son and daughter.

\*

I would like to acknowledge the indispensable support given by Matthew Hart, and the generosity of the Jennings family, who welcomed scholarly investigation of the Jennings literary estate and sponsored production costs of this issue. I am also grateful for the invitation and trust of *Pessoa Plural* editors-in-chief Onésimo Almeida, Paulo de Medeiros and Jerónimo Pizarro, with whom I have been learning the intricate art of editing. Lastly, I would like to thank all contributors to this issue and acknowledge the superb work done by Pauly Ellen Bothe (translations), Natalie Pacheco Perez (images and transcriptions), Nicolás Barbosa López (transcriptions), Gerard Altaíó and Hernâni Dias (design), Kaitlin Beall (website management), Stephanie Leite (cover, images and text consulting), and Alice Welna (proofreading).

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<sup>5</sup> *Pessoa Plural* n.º8 also includes articles, documents, and reviews unrelated to Jennings, which are presented at the end of the special issue.



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<sup>6</sup> This bibliography includes only some of the works written by the early Pessoa scholars mentioned in the introduction. For a preliminary bibliography of Jennings's works, see Annex I.

**Annex I. Preliminary Hubert D. Jennings Bibliography**

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**Annex II.** Note from the John Hay Library, Brown University**Brown University Library**

John Hay Library  
 20 Prospect Street  
 Providence, RI – 02901  
 manuscripts@brown.edu

The John Hay Library, Brown University, is delighted to announce the recent donation of Hubert Dudley Jennings Papers on Fernando Pessoa. The papers will provide a wonderful research opportunity for scholars and students interested in the Library's Brasiliana and Latin American Collections.

**Annex III.** Key to Symbols Used in Transcriptions

In the transcription of unpublished documents by Fernando Pessoa or Hubert Jennings, we employ the following symbols:

- blank space in phrase
- [ ] line of verse left blank or incomplete
- \* conjectural reading by the editor(s)
- / / fragment doubted by the author
- † illegible word
- < > enclosed words were crossed out by the author
- < > / \ substitution by overwriting <part replaced>/replaced\
- < > [↑ ] substitution by crossing out and writing an interlinear addition above
- [↑ ] interlinear addition above
- [↓ ] interlinear addition below
- [→ ] addition in the same line (or in the right margin)
- [← ] addition to the left (often in left margin)
- | new verse or new paragraph
- [word] word, part of word, or symbol supplied by the editor(s)

Words underlined are reproduced in italics. In the case of verse, marginal line numbers in bold italics refer to genetic notes to the poem.

Most transcriptions in this issue are inclusive and incorporate, within the texts, the signs mentioned above (instead of using footnotes, which are left for indication of typos and clarifications). The sole exception is for Pessoa's previously unpublished English poems, which contain genetic footnotes in order to make the transcriptions more reader-friendly.

**Annex IV.** Inventory Made by Hubert Jennings of Pessoa's Literary Estate: Unpublished. Three pieces of paper (typed and annotated on one side, handwritten on some of the other sides) titled "List of Mss & Other Documents Left by Fernando Pessoa" and found loose among the Jennings papers. There are two copies of this three-page document; here we facsimile only the last and most complete of the two versions. Datable to 1968-1969, during Jennings's stay in Lisbon.

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## LIST OF MSS &amp; OTHER DOCUMENTS LEFT BY FERNANDO PESSOA

(Packages as numbered by the compiler - H. D. Jennings)

## 1. IN LARGE WOODEN BOX

1. Brown folder (2 hard covers inside) contains work of others mainly. Copy of Presenca July 1936.
2. (Originally numbered 26) "Prose, old and not so old" - in F. P.'s own writing. Brown paper parcel.
3. White folder contains Diary of June 23 1907, and fragments of less interest - Antonio ~~Mora~~ Mora, detective story and poems by Alexander Seabra.
4. Letters of Ofelia.
5. Brown paper parcel. Prose, more or less old. Detective stories.
6. " " " Political.
7. Paper Folder. Loose notes and newspaper cuttings. A. Mora fragments.
8. (Orig. No. 22) Brown envelope. Portuguese poems. Inéditas published in the "Rio" edition, 2nd., 149 poems ending O amor e que e essencial on page 585. Also some twelve other poems including Iniciao and Fresta
- \* 9. Portuguese poems (orig No. 51) Contains 269 lyrics. *See also*  
*with No 18 contribution to Natal Mercury '01 see over*
10. Envelope. (Orig. No. 10) "Portuguese poems" in F.P.'s writing. Poems numbered 266 to 504
- 11 Brown envelope: Poemas Portugueses, fragmentarios quase todos in Prof. Lind's writing.
12. Brown paper parcel. Prose, rather recent and lively" (in F.P.'s writing).
13. Folder - "Sociologica e Politica" (L ind's writing.
14. (Orig. No. 38) Mainly letters from others.
15. (Orig. No. 15) Itinerario, (Projected book of poems - not many there).
16. Envelope. "Old things, not literary". Pass list and Matric. exam. question papers with his notes scribbled on them.
17. B. p. parcel. Mixture, mainly Portuguese prose. Fragments Livros de Desossego, Barão de Terão, O Momento poetico de Orpheu.
18. B. P. parcel, "Prose old and semi-old" (in F.P.'s writing). Reflections on the War (1914-18) and politics.
19. "Plans and projects" - Lind's writing.
- 20 (Orig. No. 30) "Vario, 1935". (F.P.)
21. Letters of Sa-Carneiro.
22. Envelope. Political.
23. Envelope. Early work (Alexander Search) and fragments in French.
24. (Orig. No. 45) "Prosa varia, ja meio separado" (F.P.)
25. (Orig. NO. 37) "Universal language" - notes.
26. (Orig. No. 57) "Prosa varia - a separar" (F.P.)
27. (Orig. NO. 53) Shorthand - adaptation to Portuguese?
28. (Orig. No. 11) Antonio Botto - translation.
29. Parcel (Orig. No. 48) "Prose - fairly recent" (F.P.)
- 30 Envelope (Orig. No. 29) Canções - tradução integral. *Botto ?*
31. (Orig. No. 64) "Prose - mostly old" (F.P.)
32. Hard cover. Livro de Desossego, (contains most of what was written by F.P. on this head.

53 (b)

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## LIST OF FERNANDO PESSOA'S MSS. (continued)

33. Horoscopes and occultism.
34. Fiction and political.
35. Newspapers and reviews.
36. Parcel. (Orig. No 37) "Code" (F.P.)
37. " " " " 24 "Prose, old and semi-old, all sorts" (F.P.)
38. Envelope (Orig. No. 71) "Poems in Portuguese - still to select" (F.P.'S writing)
39. Poems in Portuguese and English, Nov. 1935. Last poems?
40. "Documents and letters of little value" (Lind) Includes draft of a letter to Yeats.
41. (Orig. No. 59) "My own horoscope" (F.P.)
42. (Orig. No. 23) "Prose, mostly old - of all sorts" F.P.) Includes "History of a Dictatorship".
43. White envelope. Portuguese poetry, originals and typed,
44. Cellophane bag. "Poemas ingleses mal-legiveis" (Lind).
45. Grey cover. Short articles. A few poems by Ricardo Reis and F.P.
46. Envelope. Genius and madness.
47. " " "A nova poesia portuguesa" (F.P.) Also, "Prose, unsorted, all sorts".
48. White envelope. (Orig. no. 33) French poems.
49. " " Article "Crisis".
50. Folder. "Mensagem, Bandarra, Quinto Imperio, Sebastianismo" (Lind)
51. Envelope. Iberian problem. (Problem of joining with Spain)
54. Masonry and projects.
55. Shakespeare and Bacon controversy.
56. Erostratus - fragment and others.
57. Envelope (Orig. no. 39) "Occultism" (F.P.)
58. " " Portuguese verse.
59. Parcel. (Orig. no. 49) "Prose, more or less old" (F.P.)
60. Envelope. "Assorted MSS. of little value or already published" (Lind)
61. Envelope (Orig. no. 68) "Prosa varia" (F.P.)
62. Parcel. (Orig. no. 25) "Commerce" (F.P.)
63. " " " 54 "Prose, all sorts, mainly old" (F.P.)
64. " " Photographs, school reports, printed papers. 64 A
66. Envelope. (Orig, no. 6) Poems on the occult.
65. Parcel. A. Crowley.
67. Envelope (Orig. no. 42) "Prosa varia" (F.P.) "Pessoa como medium" (Lind)
68. Fragments in Portuguese - Regresso dos deuses, Sensacionismo, tres santos, etc.
69. Brown cardboard box (This and the "L. do Desossego" are too bulky for the chest and stay on top of it) Contains early work in English - poems of Alexander Search.
70. 5 Notebooks, one contains 1st draft of "Ultimatum".
71. Printed pamphlets.

I 53 (c)

3

## LIST OF MSS. LEFT BY FERNANDO PESSOA (CONTINUED)

## II. CONTENTS OF SUITCASE.

72. Green cover. X English prose, typed. History of a Dictatorship.  
 73. Envelope: "National Propaganda" (F.P.)  
 74. "Duplicates of little interest" (Lind)  
 75. Shakespeare and Bacon controversy and some Portuguese prose.  
 76. Port. prose: social and political.  
 77. The Duke of Parma - play in English.  
 78. Scattered notes on philosophy, politics and religion.  
 79. Small package of films (negatives)  
 80 Envelope (Orig. no. 60) "Prosa varia" (F.P.)  
 Some verse too.  
 81. Envelope. MSS. and originals used in Paginas Intimas (Lind)  
 82. Envelope - doubtfully F.P.'s work.  
 83. Lists of books. Notebook also included from school-days.  
 84. White paper cover. Alvaro de Campos, some unpublished poems.  
 85. Envelope. Clerical.  
 86. Orange cover. English poem dated 22. 11. 1935 and other fragments.  
 87. Envelope. Occultism and philosophy. Loose notes.  
 88. (Orig. no 47) "Metaphysics" (F.P.)  
 89. International Language.  
 90. Occultism.  
 91. "History of a Dictatorship" - notes.  
 92. Brown cover. Originals of Paginas de Estetica, Teoria e critica literarias (Lind) 2nd volume.  
 93. White envelope. Versos soltos e quadros (Lind)  
 96. White envelope. European literature - little interest or illegible.  
 97. Envelope. Filosofia da vida.  
 98. "Prose of all kinds" (F.P.)  
 99. White envelope. Translation of "Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne) typescript.

## III In SMALLER BOX

- 100 Sociology and Political  
 101. Newspaper cuttings. (Includes first published poems, Natal Mercury 1904, and information for the High School Record)  
 102. International language (?)  
 103. Political and other.  
 104. Astrology.  
 105. Some originals of published poems.  
 106. Early work. 3 notebooks from schooldays.  
 107. Photographs - not close members of family.  
 108. Business correspondence and other of little literary value.  
 109. Correspondence (mixed)  
 110. Profecia italiana and loose notes.  
 111. Fiction (Eng.) "The shaping of my mind".  
 112. Genius.  
 113. Horoscopes.  
 114. Victoriano Braga. Play. (Not F.P.'s work)  
 115. Portuguese poems, + some English poems of gt. interest some unpublished. D.T. poem. Letter from Adelaide. Some Cassin original.  
 116. Printed comments on Pessoa.  
 117. 5 copies of Presenca - containing F.P.'s work.  
 118. History of a Dictatorship - more notes.  
 119. Horoscopes and occultism.  
 120. Correspondence.  
 121. Notebooks. 122 Translations & work of others  
 123 Hora abunda 124 Ode maritima 3 pages in all

(over)

125 - 134 Packet of papers  
borrowed by Padre Pina Coelho +  
returned by him. Used in part  
for his *Textos Filosóficos*

127. *Metáfora*

129 " *Transcendos no II vol de  
Textos filosóficos*

128 *Contém this letter*

Luísa 31 de Agosto de 1925

Meu Srmo. Amigo.

Creio estar soffendo um accesso -  
lógico, suporho, e se assim é, cuavel -  
de loucura ~~st~~ psychasthenica. Como, se  
é certo o que de mim presumo - e, se  
não é certo, é provável que o meu  
diagnostico de leigo seja haude - e  
recomendavel o internamento em  
manicomio, e o Decreto de 11 de maio de  
1911, num numero qualques de um dos  
seus artigos, que o proprio doente require  
esse internamento, vinha pedindo a  
favor de me dizer como e a quem esse  
requirimento se faz, e com que documentos  
se alguns são desde logo precisos  
deve ser fundamentado

Muito felizado desde já lhe  
agradece a sua resposta.

de V. Ex.<sup>a</sup>

am<sup>o</sup> Resp. e Obrig.

135 Original published taken out by LTR

136 Shorthand orig with 64  
hard cover.

## LIST OF MSS &amp; OTHER DOCUMENTS LEFT BY FERNANDO PESSOA

(Packages as numbered by the compiler—H. D. Jennings)

## 1. IN LARGE WOODEN BOX

1. Brown folder (2 hard covers inside) contains work of others mainly. Copy of *Presença* July 1936.
2. (originally numbered 26) “Prose, old and not so old” —in F.P.’s own writing. Brown paper parcel.
3. White folder contains Diary of June 23, 1907, and fragments of less interest—Antonio <Moar> Mora, detective story and poems by Alexander Seabra<sup>8</sup>.
4. Letters of Ofelia.
5. Brown paper parcel. Prose, more or less old. Detective stories.
6. " " " Political.
7. Paper Folder. Loose notes and newspaper cuttings. A. Mora fragments.
8. (Orig. No. 22)<sup>9</sup> Brown envelope. Portuguese poems. Inéditas published in the “Rio” edition, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 149 poems ending *O amor é que é essencial*<sup>10</sup> on page 585. Also some twelve other poems including *Iniciação*<sup>11</sup> and *Fresta*.
9. Portuguese poems (Orig. No. 51) Con<y>/t\ains 269 lyrics. [→ See also 101] [↓ with No 18 contribution to *Natal Mercury*] [→ see over]<sup>12</sup>
10. Envelope. (Orig. No. 10) “Portuguese poems” in F.P.’s writing. Poems numbered 266 to 504.
11. Brown envelope: *Poemas Portugueses, fragmentários quase todos* in Prof. Lind’s writing.<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Though Jennings sometimes types “F.P.s,” we always transcribe it as “F.P.’s,” with apostrophe.

<sup>8</sup> This should probably be “Alexander Search” (as in items 23 and 69); Jennings may have read “Seabra” while still unaccustomed to Pessoa’s handwriting. Interestingly, “Seabra” was a surname of Pessoa’s father (Joaquim de Seabra Pessoa) and of a little known Pessoa persona: “Padre Antonio de Seabra,” a priest (PESSOA, 2013: 498-504).

<sup>9</sup> There is some variation in the typing of the abbreviations “Orig.” and “No.” in the document.

<sup>10</sup> “O amor e que e essencial,” with the *e*’s unstressed by Jennings. Poem titles are normally given in quotes, but here we follow Jennings’s transcription, conveying his underlining in italics.

<sup>11</sup> “Iniciao” in the document, a typo.

<sup>12</sup> On the verso (not facsimiled here), Jennings transcribes the letter sent by Pessoa (as C.R. Anon) to the *Natal Mercury*: “Dear Man. I read with great amusement (...)” (JENNINGS, 1984: 48-49).

<sup>13</sup> “fragmentarios,” with the *a* unstressed by Jennings. “Prof. Lind” is Georg Rudolf Lind.



12. Brown paper parcel. "Prose, rather recent and lively" (in F.P.'s writing).<sup>14</sup>
13. Folder—"Sociologia e Política"<sup>15</sup> (Lind's writing).
14. (Orig. No. 38) Mainly letters from others.
15. (Orig. No. 15) *Itinerário*,<sup>16</sup> (Projected book of poems—not many there).
16. Envelope. "Old things, not literary". Pass list and Matric. exam. question papers with his notes scribbled on them.
17. B[rown]. p[aper]. parcel. Mixture, mainly Portuguese prose. Fragments *Livro do Desossego*, Barão de Terão<sup>17</sup>, *O Momento poético de Orpheu*.<sup>18</sup>
18. B[rown]. p[aper]. parcel, "Prose old and semi-old" (in F.P.'s writing). Reflections on the War (1914-18) and politics.
19. "Plans and projects"—Lind's writing.
20. (Orig. No. 30) "Vario, 1935". (F.P.)
21. Letters of Sá-Carneiro.<sup>19</sup>
22. Envelope. Political.
23. Envelope. Early work (Alexander Search) and fragments in French.
24. (Orig. No. 45) "Prosa varia, já<sup>20</sup> meio separado" (F.P.)
25. (Orig. No. 37) "Universal language"—notes.
26. (Orig. No. 57) "Prosa varia—a separar"(F.P.)
27. (Orig. No. 58) Shorthand—adaptation to Portuguese?
28. (Orig. No. 11) Antonio Botto—translation.
29. Parcel (Orig. No. 48) "Prose—fairly recent" (F.P.)
30. Envelope (Orig. No. 29) Canções<sup>21</sup>—tradução integral". [→ Botto?]
31. (Orig. No. 64) "Prose—mostly old" (F.P.)
32. Hard cover. *Livro do Desassossego*, (contains most of what was written by F.P. on this head[]).

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<sup>14</sup> Whenever Jennings does not complete the parentheses or quotation marks, we complete them; we also include any dots missing from the item numbers opening each line.

<sup>15</sup> "Politica," with the *i* unstressed by Jennings.

<sup>16</sup> "Itinerario," with the *a* unstressed by Jennings.

<sup>17</sup> "*Livro do Desossego*," in the document, with a typo (both here and in items 32 and 69). "Barão de Terão," probably mistranscribed by Jennings, may be "Barão de Teive," one of Pessoa's fictitious authors (PESSOA, 2013: 607-618).

<sup>18</sup> "poetico," unstressed by Jennings; reference to GALHOZ, 1959.

<sup>19</sup> "Sa," with the *a* unstressed by Jennings.

<sup>20</sup> "ja," with the *a* unstressed by Jennings.

<sup>21</sup> "Cancões," lacking a cedilla in the document; reference to BOTTO, 1922.

[2] LIST OF FERNANDO PESSOA'S MSS. (continued)

33. Horoscopes and occultism.
34. Fiction and political.
35. Newspapers and reviews.
36. Parcel. (Orig. No.[.] 37) "Code" (F.P.)
37. " ( " " 24) "Prose, old and semi-old, all sorts" (F.P.)
38. Envelope (Orig. No. 71) "Poems in Portuguese—still to select" (F.P.'s writing)
39. Poems in Portuguese and English, Nov. 1935. Last poems?
40. "Documents and letters of little value" (Lind) Includes draft of a letter to Yeats.
41. (Orig. No. 59) "My own horoscope" (F.P.)
42. (Orig. No. 23) "Prose, mostly old—of all sorts" (F.P.) Includes "History of a Dictatorship".
43. White envelope. Portuguese poetry, originals and typed.<sup>22</sup>
44. Cellophane bag. "Poemas ingleses mal-legiveis" (Lind).
45. Grey cover. Short articles. A few poems by Ricardo Reis and F.P.
46. Envelope. Genius and madness.
47. " " "A nova poesia portuguesa" (F.P.) Also, "Prose, unsorted, all sorts".
48. White envelope. (Orig. No. 33) French poems.
49. " " Article "Crisis".
50. Folder. "Mensagem, Bandarra, Quinto Imperio, Sebastianismo" (Lind)
51. Envelope. Iberian problem. (Problem of joining with Spain)<sup>23</sup>
54. Masonry and projects.
55. Shakespeare and Bacon controversy.
56. Erostratus—fragment and others.
57. Envelope (Orig. No. 39) "Occultism" (F.P.)
58. " " Portuguese verse.
59. Parcel. (Orig. No. 49) "Prose, more or less old" (F.P.)
60. Envelope. "Assorted MSS. of little value or already published" (Lind)
61. (Orig. No. 68) "Prosa varia" (F.P.)
62. Parcel. (Orig. No. 25) "Commerce" (F.P.)
63. " ( " " 54) "Prose, all sorts, mainly old" (F.P.)
64. " " Photographs, school reports, printed papers. [→ 64 A]<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> The line ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>23</sup> Jennings skips items 52 and 53, going straight from 51 to 54.

65. Envelope. (Orig. No. 6) Poems on the occult.
66. Parcel. A[leister]. Crowley.
67. Envelope. (Orig. No. 42) "Prosa varia" (F.P.) "Pessoa como medium" (Lind)
68. Fragments in Portuguese—*Regresso dos deuses, Sensacionismo, Três santos*,<sup>25</sup> etc.
69. Brown cardboard box (This and the L. do Desassossego" are too bulky for the chest and stay on top of it) Contains early work in English—poems of Alexander Search.
70. 5 Notebooks, one contains 1<sup>st</sup> draft of "Ultimatum"<sup>26</sup>.
71. Printed pamphlets.

[3] LIST OF MSS. LEFT BY FERNANDO PESSOA (CONTINUED)

II. CONTENTS OF SUITCASE.

72. Green cover. X English prose, typed. History of a Dictatorship.
73. Envelope: "National Propaganda" (F.P.)
74. "Duplicates of little interest" (Lind)
75. Shakespeare and Bacon controversy and some Portuguese prose.
76. Port[uguese]. Prose: social and political.
77. *The Duke of Parma*—play in English.
78. Scattered notes on philosophy, politics and religion.
79. Small package of films (negatives)[.]
80. Envelope (Orig. No. 60) "Prosa varia" (F.P.)
81. Envelope. MSS. and originals used in *Páginas Íntimas [e de Auto-Interpretação]*<sup>27</sup> (Lind)
82. Envelope—doubtfully F.P.'s work.
83. Lists of books. Notebook also included from school-days.
84. White paper cover. Álvaro<sup>28</sup> de Campos, some unpublished poems.
85. Envelope. Clerical.
86. Orange cover. English poem dated 22.11.1935 and other fragments.
87. Envelope. Occultism and philosophy. Loose notes.
88. (Orig. No. 47) "Metaphysics" (F.P.)

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<sup>24</sup> The words "printed papers. 64 A" are enclosed by a rectangular shape drawn by Jennings.

<sup>25</sup> "tres santos," in lowercase and with the *e* unstressed by Jennings.

<sup>26</sup> Transcribed in PESSOA, 2009.

<sup>27</sup> "Paginas Intimas," unstressed by Jennings; reference to PESSOA (1966).

<sup>28</sup> "Alvaro," with the *a* unstressed by Jennings.

89. International Language.
90. Occultism.
91. "History of a Dictatorship" — notes.
92. Brown cover. Originals of *Páginas de Estética, Teoria e Crítica Literárias*<sup>29</sup> (Lind) 2<sup>nd</sup> volume.
93. White envelope. *Versos soltos e quadras*<sup>30</sup> (Lind)<sup>31</sup>
96. White envelope. European Literature—little interest or illegible.
97. Envelope. Filosofia de vida.<sup>32</sup>
98. "Prose of all kinds" (F.P.)
99. White envelope. Translation of "Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne)

### III. IN SMALLER BOX.

100. Sociological and Political.
101. Newspaper cuttings. (Includes first published poems, *Natal Mercury* 1904, and information for the *High School Record*)
102. International language (?)
103. Political and other.
104. Astrology.
105. Some originals of published poems.
106. Early work. 3 notebooks from schooldays.
107. Photographs—not close members of family.
108. Business correspondence and other of little literary value.
109. Correspondence (mixed).
110. Profecia italiana and loose notes.
111. Fiction (Eng[lish].) "The shaping of my mind".
112. Genius.
113. Horoscopes.
114. Victoriano Braga. Play. (Not F.P.'s work)
115. Portuguese poems. [→ & some English poems of g[rea]t. interest] [↓ some unpublished. *D.T.* poem.<sup>33</sup> Letter from Belcher.<sup>34</sup>]

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<sup>29</sup> "Páginas de Estética, Teoria e crítica literárias," lacking stresses; reference to PESSOA (1967).

<sup>30</sup> Jennings types "quadros" in the document, but the reference to Lind points to "quadras," as in the poetic form in the book *Quadras ao Gosto Popular* (PESSOA, 1965), edited by Lind & Coelho.

<sup>31</sup> Jennings skips items 94 and 95, going straight from 93 to 96.

<sup>32</sup> "Filosofia da vida" in the original.

116. Printed comments <of> on Pessoa. [→ Some Caeiro originals]
117. 5 copies of *Presença*—containing F.P.’s work.
118. History of a Dictatorship—more notes.
119. Horoscopes and occultism.
120. Correspondence.
121. Notebooks.
- 122.<sup>35</sup> Translations & work of others[.]
123. *Hora absurda*.
124. *Ode Maritima* 3 pages in Eng[lish].
- [3<sup>v</sup>] 125-134. Packets of papers borrowed by Padre Pina Coelho & returned by him. Used in part for his *Textos Filosóficos*.<sup>36</sup>
127. *Metafísica*.
129. “Transcritos no II vol[.] de *Textos Filosóficos*[.]”
128. Contains this letter

Lisboa 31 de Agosto de 1925

Meu Exmo. Amigo[:]

Creio estar soffrendo um accesso—ligeiro, sup[p]onho, e se assim é, curavel—de loucura <\*sf> psychastenica. Como, se é certo o que de mim presumo—e, se não é certo, é provável que o meu diagnostico de leigo seja brando—é recomm<e>[↑e]ndavel o internamento em manicomio, e o Decreto de 11 de Maio de 1911, num numero qualquer de um dos seus artigos, que o proprio doente requeira esse internamento, vinha pedir-lhe o favor de me dizer como e a quem esse requerimento se faz e com que documentos[,] se alguns são desde logo precisos[,] deve ser fundamentado[.]

Muito penhorado desde ja lhe agradece a sua resposta  
de V.Ex.<sup>a</sup>

Amº Resp. e Obgdo.<sup>37</sup>

135. Originals published taken out by L[ui]z M[iguel] R[osa]<sup>38</sup>
136. Shorthand Orig. with 64[;] hard cover.

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<sup>33</sup> “D.T.,” *Delirium Tremens*—an English poem about alcoholism Pessoa wrote at the end of his life. This poem title and all other titles handwritten in the list are not underlined by Jennings, but we still italicize them here, to be consistent with the formatting in the rest of this document.

<sup>34</sup> “Ernest A. Belcher,” one of Pessoa’s teachers at the Durban High School.

<sup>35</sup> All items from 122 onward are handwritten by Jennings.

<sup>36</sup> Pina Coelho edited the two volumes of *Textos Filosóficos* (PESSOA, 1968).

<sup>37</sup> Original document BNP/E3, 114<sup>1</sup>-68<sup>r</sup>; published in PESSOA 1999: 87-88. Jerónimo Pizarro (2012: 244-252) questions who would be the person to be interned according to the letter typed by Pessoa.

<sup>38</sup> Reference to Pessoa’s half-brother (aka “Michael”); see Michael’s letter to Jennings in the documents section of this issue, introduced and annotated by Susan Brown.

# Imperial Nostalgia: Jennings in the Footsteps of Pessoa

John Pedro Schwartz

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Álvaro de Campos, Sebastianism, Fifth Empire, imperialism, decolonization, immigration, nostalgia, travel literature, Maritime Ode, A Thread of Gold, The D.H.S. Story, *Judica Me Deus*.

## Abstract

Hubert Jennings's Lisbon memoirs bring something new to the study of Fernando Pessoa. This article reads Pessoa through the eyes of Jennings and situates both in the context of British decolonization, Portuguese colonial warfare, Commonwealth immigration, and 1960s political upheavals—in order to better understand their differential implication in imperialist ideologies. Close reading of these memoirs reveals a Jennings who identifies himself with Pessoa's ways of seeing, feeling, thinking, and writing. These multiple convergences in effect bear out Pessoa's prophecies of the coming of a new Portuguese cultural empire that would spread across the globe. At the same time, Jennings's residence in Lisbon, in an era when the British and Portuguese empires were receding, triggered nostalgia for the imperial England of his youth. An unpublished short story by Jennings and Chapter V of his memoirs are presented as annexes.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Álvaro de Campos, Sebastianismo, Quinto Império, imperialismo, descolonização, imigração, nostalgia, literatura de viagem, Ode Marítima, A Thread of Gold, The D.H.S. Story, *Judica Me Deus*.

## Resumo

As memórias dos anos que Hubert Jennings passou em Lisboa constituem uma novidade nos estudos pessoanos. Este artigo lê Pessoa através do olhar de Jennings e situa a ambos no contexto da descolonização britânica, da guerra colonial portuguesa, da imigração do Commonwealth e dos distúrbios políticos da década de 1960—para melhor perceber suas diferentes implicações em ideologias imperialistas. Sob uma leitura atenta, essas memórias revelam um sujeito, Jennings, que se identifica com as formas em que Pessoa vê, sente, pensa e escreve. De certo modo, essas múltiplas convergências confirmam as profecias de Pessoa sobre a vinda de um novo império cultural português que se expandiria pela Terra. Ao mesmo tempo, a estadia de Jennings em Lisboa, numa altura em que os impérios Britânico e Português estavam a recuar, desencadeou uma certa nostalgia nele pela Inglaterra imperial da sua juventude. Um conto inédito de Jennings e o capítulo V de suas memórias são apresentados como anexos.

On March 1, 1968, the *Príncipe Perfeito*, after five hours of rolling about, gale-buffed, in the mouth of the Tagus estuary, finally crossed the bar into the harbor and debouched its passengers onto the quay of Lisbon. Among them was one Hubert Jennings, late of Durban, Natal, bent on mastering Portuguese and authoring the first English book on Fernando Pessoa.<sup>1</sup> From the 18 months he spent in Lisbon attending university lectures on Portuguese philology, poetry, and art history, and sifting through Pessoa's vast accumulation of unpublished papers, came several lectures and articles and a book on Pessoa's school days in Durban. Jennings's "happy, busy time" in the poet's hometown also yielded—hitherto unknown to scholars—a diary that formed the basis for two chapters of his unpublished autobiography, *A Cracked Record* (JENNINGS, 1979: 20; unpublished).

The aim of this article is twofold: to introduce Jennings's Lisbon memoirs and to demonstrate their importance to Pessoaan studies. Reading Pessoa through the lens of Jennings's memoirs, and vice versa, and situating both in the context of British decolonization, Portuguese colonial warfare, Commonwealth immigration, and 1960s political upheavals, facilitates a critical understanding of their differential implication in imperialist ideologies. Close reading of the relevant autobiographical chapters reveals Jennings's identification with Pessoa's ways of seeing, feeling, thinking, and writing. This identification extends to the parallels among their geographic, cultural, and intellectual movements. Jennings's itinerary, viewed through the teleological scheme Pessoa articulates in his writings on Sebastianism and the Fifth Empire, discloses a progression from Britannic to Lusitanian civilization. Jennings not only pursues this course in his tacking to Pessoa but also charts it in the storylines of "Judica Me Deus" and "A Thread of Gold" (the former a fanciful chapter-tribute to the poet-alumnus in *The D.H.S. Story, 1866-1966*, the latter an unpublished story). Jennings's multiple convergences with Pessoa's mind and movements suggest an individual fulfillment of the poet's prophecy that a new civilization would soon arise in Portugal and spread across the globe. At the same time, Jennings's residence in Lisbon, in an era when the British and Portuguese empires were drawing their last gasps, triggered nostalgia for the imperial England of his youth.

On August 28, 1988, nearly 20 years and 6 months to the day he disembarked in Lisbon, Jennings, now 91 years young, began composing Ch. IV of *A Cracked Record* on the assumption that it would form the "no doubt final" part of the manuscript he had commenced nearly two years before (JENNINGS, *Broken Record IV: 2; BR-IV* for short).<sup>2</sup> Some 8 months and 68 pages later, Jennings recorded "The Visit to Portugal." The episode unfolds over 43 pages, from the first

<sup>1</sup> Jennings's *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* (1986) was the first published English book dedicated more to the study of Pessoa than to the translation of his works. (BLANCO, 2008).

<sup>2</sup> *A Cracked Record* is the title Jennings gave to his autobiography *in toto*. *Broken Record* is the title he idiosyncratically gave to Ch. IV alone.

day of 1968, when Jennings, in Natal, receives a Gulbenkian grant to study Portuguese in Lisbon, through his voyage at sea, his arrival in Lisbon, his struggle to master the language, his forays into Pessoa's *espólio* (literary estate), his growing circle of friends and contacts, and his occasional bouts of loneliness, to July 5 of that year, when he delivers a talk on Pessoa in Durban to a local organization. The episode brings together excerpts from the diary he kept at the time—part of a larger diary handwritten in a notebook and covering the period from January 1 to November 14, 1968 (cf. JENNINGS, 1968)—and passages in which he summarizes his diary entries in narrative form. The attempt at streamlining achieves mixed success, as Jennings frequently references the diary he is seeking to recast. Curiously, these narrative passages are dated as if they themselves were entries in a diary rather than additions to an autobiography in progress. The effect is that of a mash-up of two diaries, composed decades apart but treating the same period. “The Visit to Portugal” covers, then, only the first four months of Jennings’s stay in Lisbon. The following section, while encompassing the rest of his time there, concentrates on matters unrelated to his research. The final section, like the opening section, deals with contemporary events, thus adding to the anachronistic character of the chapter.

Contrary to Jennings’s prediction, *A Cracked Record* did not end with Ch. IV but continued for a fifth chapter, commenced sometime after July 21, 1989, the date of his last entry in Ch. IV. As he explains at the start of Ch. V, “These jottings flow cogently enough through the first three note books, but the fourth was so taken up with contemporary events that I have to return to where I left off in the third book, that is, about 1960” (JENNINGS, *Cracked Record V*, CR-V for short: 1; see Annex II). The opening section of Ch. V distills his work on *The Story of D.H.S.*, his discovery of Pessoa’s poetry, and his first visit to Portugal in 1966, when he and his wife befriended Pessoa’s surviving family members, who encouraged him to write a book on their illustrious relative. Next appear sections on “The Voyage” and “Life in Lisbon.” Comprising some 19 pages of typescript—Jennings himself typed the chapter, perhaps working off a manuscript—they retread much of the ground covered in Ch. IV, with several important differences. These sections consist almost exclusively of the author’s Lisbon diary; gone is the earlier ungainly coupling of diary entries with autobiographical narrative, itself rendered in diaristic form. Jennings elaborated and expanded in Ch. V some of the diary entries he quoted in Ch. IV, in the process improving the otherwise bare prose, which he continued to polish by writing corrections in the margins. Finally, rather than extending the story of his research into Pessoa and tutelage in Portuguese past July 5, 1968, “The Voyage” and “Life in Lisbon” reduce it to a two-month span, from February 15, 1968, when Jennings boards the vessel, to April 13, 1968, when he buys a book for a friend and has two “incomprehensible” dreams in his newly acquired language (CR-V: 21). It seems reasonable to infer that Jennings embarked on a fifth chapter of



his autobiography in order to fill the gap concerning his work on the history of Durban High School (without which he never would have discovered Pessoa's poetry or made it to Portugal), as well as to recast the story of his early months in Lisbon, told less adroitly in Ch. IV.

These early months form the heart of his Lisbon experience, Jennings believed. As he puts it, "My diary for the months of March and April are [sic] fuller than at any time later and do most to bring back that time and many of the people whom I had almost forgotten" (*BR-IV*: 85). His memoirs of that period also record his "thrilling discoveries" in the *espólio*, as when he comes across an exercise book Pessoa kept while at school and a letter from one of his teachers, material directly relevant to Jennings's research on the young Pessoa (*BR-IV*: 91).

Allusions to Pessoa's poetry understandably abound in Ch. IV and Ch. V. Less expected is the degree to which these allusions converge in an identification with the poet himself, as when, from the sixth-floor window of his new room in Lisbon, Jennings can see the "'smooth Tagus,' ancestral and silent (Fernando's word)" (*BR-IV*: 98). What the poet saw, he sees, so that, the implication goes, Jennings partakes of Pessoa's vision. He makes this identification explicit in his article, "In Search of Fernando Pessoa," where he notes that he lived on the same street as Pessoa and saw and heard the same sights and sounds that the poet experienced in his day (JENNINGS, 1979: 25). As well as sharing the same sensorium, Jennings responds to the weather à la Pessoa: "A cold rainy day. The kind that Fernando hated" (*CR-V*: 15). Their common response to the weather moves him to quote from the poem "Trapo": "A day of rain. *O dia deu em chuvoso*" (*CR-V*: 17). Both Pessoa and Jennings see in nature a mirror of their feelings, a romantic view that assumes a fundamental harmony between cosmos and consciousness. Later in the afternoon Jennings is "still feeling rather like Fernando did" (*CR-V*: 17). A feeling of interior dislocation binds them together even before Jennings makes landfall in Lisbon. "I am like F.P was in July 1907, wanting a mother or someone similar to confide in, [sic] 'Moral vertigo,' he called it," Jennings writes (*CR-V*: 4).<sup>3</sup> In his article "The Many Faces of Pessoa," Jennings identifies the poet with "the Portuguese love of reverie and dream-like situations" (JENNINGS, 1971: 53). He could just as well have been speaking of himself. Chapters I-IV of *A Cracked Record* invoke the word "dream" 51 times, and Ch. V concludes with the detailed recounting of two dreams, including one of Pessoa, and an allusion to two more.

Pessoa's uncommon influence upon Jennings extends to his heteronymic conception of the human personality: "What a complex thing the human personality is! No wonder Pessoa had to invent or reorganize several different

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<sup>3</sup> The allusion comes from a diary entry written by Pessoa in English and translated by João Gaspar Simões (1950); (cf. PESSOA, 2003: 70). Jennings read the Portuguese version and later probably found the original among Pessoa's papers.

entries in it. So at the end of 1968 there were four 'I's" (*BR-IV*: 123). Jennings joins Pessoa (and Flaubert) in the writerly trend of "turning from the great, strange and romantic stories to the banal life in the provinces" (*BR-IV*: 143). Jennings even conceives of his "stupid autobiography" in terms of Pessoa's impersonality: "It suffers from the fault we always fall into when talking about ourselves: We want to make a story out of our experiences, and life is not like that" (*BR-IV*: 3). Indeed, Jennings's Lisbon memoirs read like a self-conscious meta-autobiography, with the author periodically taking stock of the story he is crafting out of the raw materials of his life. Put another way, Jennings occasionally measures the distance between himself and his creation in a way that recalls Pessoa's comments on his heteronymic "dramas em almas" (PESSOA, 1986: 181).

But Jennings's strongest parallels with Pessoa appear in the symmetries and inversions between their geographic, cultural and intellectual movements. Both writers belonged to the generation that came of age during the Great War. Pessoa was born in Lisbon in 1888 and emigrated to Durban in 1896. Born in Middlesex in 1896, Jennings sailed for the same part of southeastern Africa in 1923 to take up a teaching post at Durban High School, where Pessoa had been a pupil from 1899 to 1901 and again in 1904-1905. The political situation in Natal had by then changed somewhat. Proclaimed a British colony in 1843, Natal had in 1910 combined with three other colonies to form the Union of South Africa, and now constituted one of its provinces. The Union of South Africa was founded as a dominion of the British Empire and was governed under a form of constitutional monarchy, with the British monarch represented by a governor-general. This resulted in a loss of the autonomy that Natal had enjoyed since 1894. In *The D.H.S. Story*, W.H. Nicholas, an early Headmaster (1888-1909), mourns the passing of the era when one of his students might have gone on to sit in the Government House in Maritzburg: "All that has gone by. Natal was swallowed up by the Union this year, and it is unlikely that we will have anyone but some English nobleman or royalty for the post of Governor-General. Well perhaps we may hope for an Administrator, which is all that poor Natal gets now" (JENNINGS, 1966: 112; *DHS* for short).

The political situation aside, the cultural context in Natal remained roughly the same in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, one that offered Pessoa a formation superior to the one available in his native Portugal, which he regarded as "provincial" by comparison. As he wrote in "O provincianismo português," addressing his compatriot Mário de Sa-Cárneiro, "V. admira Paris, admira as grandes cidades. Se V. tivesse sido educado no estrangeiro, e sob o influxo de uma grande cultura europeia, como eu, não daria pelas grandes cidades. Estavam todas dentro de si" (You admire Paris, you admire the great cities. If you had been educated abroad, and under the influence of a great European culture, as I was, you would not care for great cities. They would all be inside you.) (PESSOA, 1986: 115). As for Jennings's experience, the evidence suggests that he regarded

Durban High School as on a par with the best schools in his native England. Durban may have been an outpost of empire, but it was an outpost well within the pale and culturally integrated with the mainland. Jennings mimics Pessoa, then, in relocating to the same British colony, with the difference that the Englishman hailed from the parent state.

This difference is reflected in the contrasting roles that Jennings and Pessoa occupied in Natal. The eventual Assistant Headmaster, Jennings represented the intellectual and cultural authority of the British Empire. As surely as Pessoa's instructor Nicholas made "conscious efforts to turn his boys into Victorian gentlemen," so Jennings drilled his students in what he called "the true Englishness of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Fielding and Browning" (*DHS*: 101). Jennings was English by profession as well as by birth; in the semi-periphery, he enforced the exigencies of the metropole.

In contrast both to Jennings and his schoolmates, Pessoa, however much he imbibed "true Englishness," did so from the subject-position of a foreigner, new to the English language and native of a declining empire at a time when Britain's imperial fortunes were at their zenith. Just six years before Pessoa's arrival in Durban in 1896, the British had humiliated the Portuguese by issuing an ultimatum that forced their rivals to withdraw from the "Scramble for Africa." Portugal's loss of power and prestige vis-à-vis England, together with the general decadence in which the nation had languished since the end of the Renaissance, reinforced Pessoa's outsider status in Durban. Abolished at the level of education, this status remained in effect on a social level, inasmuch as Pessoa's schoolboy situation is reflected in the bullying of the weak, tongue-tied, Jewish "recém-chegado" (recent arrival), Zacarias Phumtumpum, in his juvenile story, *Os Rapazes de Barrowby* (PESSOA, 2009: 70-77).

In moving to Lisbon permanently in 1905, Pessoa was migrating from the Britannic to his native Lusitanian sphere. Yet what he gained in returning home he lost in exchanging one semi-periphery for another, yet more eccentric than Natal. And Pessoa never shed his outsider status in the land of his birth, as the anglophile found himself again a "recém-chegado" in a city as remote from his cultural formation as Durban must have appeared to him in 1896. Far from his mother, with no one to confide in, he experienced "moral vertigo," a loss of "the sense of the true relations of things," as he described it in a 1907 diary entry (PESSOA, 2003: 70). "Os Dois Exilios," the title of a quartet of his poems, applies equally to his residence in both places. Socially and economically, Pessoa never rose above the position of lowly clerk in his hometown.

Jennings again followed Pessoa in moving to Lisbon in 1968, though this time he came as a foreigner, to learn about "true Portuguese-ness" rather than to impart true Englishness. The Englishman never regarded his first remove to South Africa as a case of exile, since that journey remained within the Britannic sphere.

After some 35 years of living in Natal, Jennings even came to see himself as more South African than English (*BR-IV*: 64). By contrast, his extra-Britannic move to Lisbon did at times approximate exile, as he experienced periodic spells of loneliness, linguistic incomprehension, cultural disorientation and homesickness. His diary entry for April 14, 1968, a “depressing day,” typifies his alienation: A visit to certain landmarks crowded with tourists leaves him with “the feeling that neither the religion of the Portuguese nor the manners of the foreigners had any meaning for me” (*BR-IV*: 96). At the same time, Jennings enjoyed a privileged position in Lisbon society. His history of Durban High School gained him a meeting with the South African ambassador. Pessoa’s anglophile heirs kindled to the Englishman, granting him full access to the *espólio*, while Jennings’s financial means allowed him to decline their advance on the book they commissioned him to write. In terms of decadence, Portugal itself had changed little since Pessoa installed himself there. If Portugal was not the poorest and most backward nation of western Europe in 1905, it was so by the end of the 1960s. Social turmoil, economic disturbances, protests, revolts and criticism of the monarchy had given way to dictatorship and further decline, both at home and abroad.

Pessoa’s movements thus exhibit an A-B-A structure, from Lusitania to Britannia and back again, whereas Jennings’s migrations evince a B-B’-A structure, from one Britannic location to another and thence to the Lusitanian sphere. In the cultural logic of the era, an Anglo-centric logic that Pessoa shared, both patterns trace an ostensible descent that terminates in “provincial” Lisbon. Yet, if reframed according to the teleological scheme Pessoa laid out in his writings on Sebastianism and the Fifth Empire, the patterns describe an ascent that reflects the passing of civilization’s torch from England to Portugal. To understand this ascent and the scheme that reveals it, it is necessary to turn first to “Judica Me Deus,” for Jennings not only performs this civilizational itinerary in his geographic, cultural, and intellectual shadowing of the poet, but also stages it in this fictional chapter in *The D.H.S. Story*.

“Judica Me Deus” is composed in a free indirect style filtered through Nicholas’s consciousness. The year is 1910, the same year that Natal joined the Union, the Portuguese Republic was declared, and Nicholas retired as headmaster.<sup>4</sup> “Old Nick,” exhausted by the accolades and ceremony marking the occasion, falls to musing on the state of the institution and his tenure there. The reverie soon turns to a classroom incident featuring his prize pupil, Pessoa. The class is reading *Alcestis*. That Greek was not taught at Durban High School when Pessoa was there—Pessoa rather studied Latin under Nicholas—does not detract from the deeper truth of the scene. As Jennings writes in *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* (*FPD* for short), “[I]f Mr Nicholas did not teach him the language [Greek] there are

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<sup>4</sup> Nicholas actually retired in 1909, but Jennings postdated the event to coincide with the 1910 founding of the Union, as a watershed year for Durban.

abundant signs that he taught him a respect and love for it" (FPD: 76). Nicholas instructs his students to get out their exercise books and translate the passage, which Pessoa does without glancing at the text. Nicholas detains the boy after class and finds in his book that he has reproduced Arthur Way's translation from memory and even altered a line, eliciting his respect. Turning the page, Nicholas reads a brief poem in English, which the youth claims is a translation of a friend's Portuguese poem but which, Jennings tells us in a footnote, is really a translation by Roy Campbell of one of Pessoa's own poems.

In juxtaposing Pessoa's poem with the passage from Euripides's play and the title's biblical allusion, "Judica Me Deus" in effect represents the evolution of European civilization from ancient Greece to the imminent rise of a "Fifth Empire," as delineated in the poet's writings on Portuguese culture and myth. From 1912, when, in a journal dedicated to giving Portuguese cultural content to the newborn Republic, Pessoa launched a polemic heralding the dawn of a Lusitanian literary, social, and political renaissance culminating in the appearance of a "Grande Poeta" (Great Poet) (PESSOA, 1986: 23), to 1934, when he published *Mensagem*, a cycle of 44 short poems prophesying the return of King Sebastian of Portugal at the helm of a *Quinto Império* (Fifth Empire) that would introduce cosmopolitanism into European civilization and in the process universalize it, Pessoa continuously promoted the spread of a Portuguese spiritual empire that could act as a counterweight—a corrective, even—to the British military empire. This coming empire would combine a renewal of the cosmopolitan, universal, and synthetic cultural values of Portugal's Golden Age with anti-Catholicism, neo-paganism, aristocratic individualism, republicanism, and Sensationism to create and propagate a new civilization, just as in the Age of Discovery Portugal had developed and disseminated scientific culture. The Fifth Empire would establish itself as the successor to the Greek, Roman, Christian, and European empires, which latter Pessoa defined alternately in terms of individual liberty, post-Renaissance secularism, modern universalism, and English politics. The Fifth Empire would incorporate all previous empires' civilizational ideas, exceed them in global scope, and culminate their teleological unfolding. As a cultural imperialism, it would be distinct from an imperialism of expansion, epitomized by Britain in its dominion over, for example, Natal, where Pessoa spent his formative years. It would also serve as a surrogate for the Portuguese military empire, then on the wane. Poetry, prophecy, and myth, together with the sociological, comparative, and evolutionary analysis of European civilization, gave warrant to Pessoa's confident prediction of a national rebirth that, because Portuguese character was essentially cosmopolitan, would at the same time bear universal fruit. In this imperialism of poets, Pessoa projected himself as the very "supra-Camões" (super-Camões) (PESSOA, 1986: 23) whose impending appearance he so long proclaimed. After all, in synthesizing the 136 heteronyms that comprised his

depersonalized self (Pizarro and Ferrari, 2013), this modernist poet exemplified on an individual level the modern synthesis of cultures that constituted Portugal's denationalized character. In short, Pessoa's "message" to Portugal, Europe, and the world was: Britannia may rule the waves but Lusitania will rule the universal spirit.

At the time he wrote *The D.H.S. Story* (1959-1965), Jennings had not yet read Pessoa's writings on the myths of Sebastian and the Fifth Empire. Nevertheless, he anticipates the coordinates of Pessoa's prophecy in bringing together Greek, (Judaeo-)Christian and Portuguese cultures, as represented by *Alcestis*, "Psalms 43," and "The thing that hurts and wrings," respectively. These three texts within "Judica Me Deus" concern a common theme. The passage from *Alcestis* brings together stanzas from two different choruses. Both stanzas—the first occurring just as the mythological princess is dying, the second just after King Admetus bewails his misfortune upon the death of his wife—advocate resignation to Fate in the face of death. Where, for the chorus, propitiating the gods avails nothing, for the Psalmist, pleading with God promises deliverance. He exchanges submission to fate for faith and hope in God. "Vindicate me, O God!" he cries—so translates Jennings's title—confident that, in the face of his enemies and the disquiet they cause him, he "will again give thanks / to my God for his saving intervention" ("Psalms 43"). Displacing both the Greek and (Judaeo-)Christian texts, the Portuguese poem projects a stoic attitude toward life. Pain, grief, love—none have room in the speaker's heart, emotions are for him but abstract "shapes without shape" (*DHS*: 115). Attesting to their poetic eminence, Old Nick is struck by the beauty of Pessoa's lines and the quiet "comment" they provide on the "blood and thunder of Euripides" (*DHS*: 115).

Jennings's selections must not be confused with Pessoa's conception of the civilizations therein represented. The choral odes illustrate Nicholas's belief that an education in the classics "enabled a man [...] to resign himself to the inevitable" (qtd. in *FPD*: 11). This notion differs from Pessoa's understanding of Greek culture in terms of individual rationalism. The *Psalms* message of reliance on God contrasts with Pessoa's definition of Christian culture as anti-intellectualism and the subordination of man's law to God's law. Jennings's choice of Pessoa's poem was constrained by the scant availability of English translations rather than by the intention to represent Pessoa's cosmopolitan vision of Portuguese culture, which was unknown to him at the time. Yet, although Jennings could not consciously have followed the lines of historical evolution traced by Pessoa, the auspicious year in which the chapter is set—two years before Pessoa hailed the onset of a Portuguese Renaissance and four years before the start of the Great War that would bring down three empires—combined with the purposeful selection and arrangement of foundational texts, suggests both the author's awareness that a shift in European civilization was underway in 1910 and a subtle desire to

adumbrate that transformation. That Jennings was composing *The D.H.S. Story* at a time when he could clearly see the withering both of the British empire and of the Greek (and Roman) classicism so often drafted into its cultural service, lends ballast to the view that “Judica Me Deus” functions, *malgré soi*, as a dramatization of Pessoa’s cultural theories.

In fact, Jennings not only anticipates Lusitania’s ascendancy over Britannia in his fictional classroom scene of 1910; he parallels that transition in a contrast between his Anglo students’ pursuit of prosperity and the Portuguese youth’s intellectual quest, a contrast that Pessoa himself developed between material and spiritual empires. In the chapter’s closing scene, a student notifies Old Nick that he and his mates are having trouble taking down the Union Jack at sunset, as instructed.

Old Nick felt in his pocket and took out a coin. “Here, share that among you,” he said.

The boy’s eyes goggled. A whole half-sovereign!

“Never mind about the flag. Let it go on flying”

When the boy had gone he added softly to himself, “Until it, too, is worn out.”

(DHS: 116)

The British schoolboy’s enthusiasm over the coin reinforces the Headmaster’s earlier sense that his graduates are confusing the purpose of school with the preparation for prosperity. “What did one want with all that money?” he asks himself. “But what else was there to think about in a country that had so little spiritual life?” (DHS: 112). Only Pessoa loved learning for its own sake, for the “inner life” it builds, he recalls (DHS: 116). The conclusion bodes ill for the British Empire, and indeed, Old Nick can already see the day when “it, too, is worn out.” By contrast, it augurs well for the spiritual empire that Pessoa contended was Portugal’s destiny to found and spread, a destiny he did so much to realize through his poetry. “Judica Me Deus” thus presages the passage from Greek and (Judaean-)Christian civilizations—and from the British Empire that saw itself as their continuator—to the cosmopolitan, universal civilization of the Fifth Empire. The chapter additionally prefigures Jennings’s own enactment of this passage in his migration from the Britannic to the Lusitanian sphere. This is not to argue that late-1960s Portugal represents the fruition of Pessoa’s prophecy or that Jennings subscribed to the poet’s theories on civilization. The point is to show that Jennings’s fictional chapter offers a dramatization of these theories, within the terms of which the parallels among their geographic, cultural, and intellectual travels attain relevance for Pessoa studies.

The supersession of earlier stages of European civilization and of the British Empire that purported to inherit and extend them emerges yet more clearly through a comparison of “Judica Me Deus” with Jennings’s unpublished story, “A Thread of Gold” (see Annex I), which the author initially planned to include in *The D.H.S. Story*. As Jennings mentions in Ch. V of his autobiography, he “added [to

the manuscript] sometimes a little *jeu d'esprit* which had little to do with the history and [was] left out of the final publication" (CR-V: 1). "A Thread of Gold" is set during Nicholas's administration, sometime between 1887 and 1894, when the school moved farther inland from its bayside location. A schoolboy is shrimping in the pools and shallows at break-time, typical for that era, according to Jennings, who in *The D.H.S. Story* writes, "On its wide foreshore, the boys played their games [...], and there they battered out homeric [*sic*] bouts of fisticuffs. Often in the lunch time, when the tide was in, they fished from the jetty" (DHS: 15). The boy decides to skip his afternoon classes and carries on with net in hand and a handkerchief around his loins. Abroad on the foreshore, he comes upon a green silk scarf and winds it around his head like a turban, with the intention of gifting it to his mother. Wishing it would make him invisible to Old Nick the next day, he spies a girl with golden hair reclining on an islet on the far side of the channel. She calls herself "Galatea." Bill Soames notices that the handkerchief has fallen from his waist. He springs into deep water and soon sinks at the sight of a shark. Galatea comes to the rescue and delivers him to the islet, with his handkerchief restored in its place. Bill recites a Greek love verse that he picked up in a poem by Byron—only the older fellows study the language at school—and she waxes wistfully about Homer, Polyphemus, and the antiquity she has lived through. Confused and faint, Bill is again carried by Galatea over the water back to shore. When he awakens the next morning, his mother asks him where the green scarf came from—and the golden hair she holds up.

The story mixes two genres: the boy's adventure tale, and those texts that transpose mythological characters into modern times. The sea setting, the shark's menace, the swimming beauty, the thread of gold in earnest of the boy's adventures—all mark the tale as a male adolescent one. So, too, does the pubescent eroticism that appears in the mutual encounter of the boy's and girl's nakedness, a chaste experience that offers a corrective to his schoolfellows' smutty comments. Adolescent love mingles with adolescent jealousy at the long line of poets and painters who preceded Bill in expressing their love for Galatea, whose figure aligns the story with the modern(ist) renovation of myth. The anachronistic conceit of juxtaposing classical and modern elements, deployed to point the (dis)continuity between them, shapes a fine Anglo-American tradition ranging from "The World is Too Much with Us," in which Wordsworth wishes that he might "Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea" (WORDSWORTH, 2012: 347), through Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*, James's "The Last of the Valerii," and Forster's "The Story of a Panic," before culminating in Joyce's mythic method in *Ulysses* of organizing a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity with the aim of giving, in Eliot's words, "a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history" (ELIOT, 1975: 178). Just as the ivory statue carved by Pygmalion comes to life, so Galatea revives in a setting so inhospitable



to art and classical ideals as early Durban. Credit for bringing Galatea, a synecdoche of Greek civilization, to African shores goes to Old Nick, who, believing, as Wilde did of Pan, “The modern world has need of Thee” (WILDE, 1997: 122), did so much to “establish his ideals of classical education in a colony that prided itself on being ‘practical’ and ‘hardheaded’” (FPD: 5).

Also responsible for Galatea’s quickening is Bill’s youthful heart, as uncorrupted by the pursuit of material gain as the youthful Pessoa was in “Judica Me Deus.” Like Pessoa, Bill absorbs the classical tradition through the mediation of English literature. For Jennings, Old Nick, Bill, and Pessoa together represent the inheritance of this tradition, from Galatea and Euripides to Byron and Arthur Way. The classical heritage continued in the adult Pessoa’s Neopaganism, his stoical acceptance of the “ever-present cause,” Fate, that owes much to his old headmaster’s belief that a classical education “enabled a man to fight the battle of life, to make his stand among his fellows and to resign himself to the inevitable at last” (qtd. in *DHS*: 11). The Bill who enjoys a vision of Galatea grows and transforms, as it were, into the Pessoa who believes, “absolutely believes, in the Gods, in their agency and in their real existence” (FPD: 93). The two Durban High School alumni bear further similarities. Bill’s aesthetic promise, symbolized by the green scarf and golden thread, anticipates Pessoa’s delivery on that promise in the poetry he would go on to produce. Both youths face comparable challenges ahead. In Nicholas’s words, “They must bring back something to this still young, crude and jejune country” (*DHS*: 112). Put another way, they must figure out how to create (or appreciate) art and beauty on the semi-periphery, whether in the colony of Natal or a Portugal in decline. Both locations stood roughly equidistant from the English metropole and the classical past it enlisted to justify its overseas empire, even if Pessoa deemed only the latter provincial. Confronted with a similar problem, the two relative strays from the cultural center adopt a comparable solution. Just as Bill resorts to a Greek mythic figure to “bring back” a golden thread to his barren Durban home, so Pessoa addresses his native country’s cultural predicament by restoring the myths of Sebastian and the Fifth Empire. Bill thus prefigures Pessoa as a Pygmalion of the semi-periphery, whose destiny is to forge a Galatea from the obdurate material of a nation in decay.

But more significant than the continuity between “A Thread of Gold” and “Judica Me Deus” is the transformation in Western civilization that their comparison implies: in the span of some 20 years, Lusitania, as represented by the young Pessoa, has positioned itself to overtake, or rather subsume, both Britannia, as represented by both Bill and Old Nick, and ancient Greece in the march of civilization. The Portuguese pupil—already Greeker than the Greeks and more English than the English (witness his improvement on Way and Euripides, as well as his precocious criticism of Macaulay in a 1904 essay [cf. *DHS*: 43-45])—has displaced the British schoolboy, who by right of race and dint of empire is so

connate with classicism that Galatea vouchsafes him a vision of her. This vision belongs now not to the British but to the Portuguese. “Judica Me Deus” forms Ch. 15 of *The D.H.S. Story*, while “A Thread of Gold” has been omitted.

As a case study, Jennings’s tracking of Pessoa’s route from Britannia to Lusitania—a route at once geographic, cultural, intellectual, and, in “Judica Me Deus,” literary—bears out the poet’s prophecy that a new civilization would emerge in Portugal and unfold across the globe. Teacher and pupil have reversed roles, and the emissary of true Englishness has become the exponent of true Portuguese-ness. Since Pessoa defined his national character as a cosmopolitan synthesis, Jennings’s relocation to Lisbon did not entail leaving his civilizational attachments behind. Indeed, as much as he immersed himself in the local language and literature and identified with Pessoa’s ways of seeing, feeling, thinking, and writing, Jennings continued to see historical developments and social reality from a British imperial perspective. In fact, the two were linked. As Jennings argued in his 1986 book on the poet, Pessoa learned in Durban how to be Portuguese, in that his conception of the Fifth Empire had its roots in the British colony (*FPD*: 91). There Pessoa absorbed both the spirit of imperialism that prevailed, especially at the time of the Boer War (1899-1902), and the notion, nurtured through contact with the classics, that such imperialism may be cultural rather than purely expansionist. In a similar paradox, Jennings was reminded in Lisbon of what it meant to be English. In daily contact with a people and poetry he credited with a love of *saudosismo*, Jennings waxed sentimental for the British Empire of old. The appeals to Portugal’s past as the basis for cultural renewal that he absorbed through his reading of saudosist literature helped catalyze his nostalgia for late-Victorian England. Saudosist nostalgia was occasioned by the decadence through which the Portuguese were living at that time. In Pessoa’s case, it issued in confident proclamations of a return to the Golden Age. In contrast, Jennings’s nostalgia betrayed no optimism and derived primarily from his distance from home and daily reminders that the Imperial Age was giving way to an era of decolonization. More than “homesick,” Jennings in Lisbon was “time-sick” for the period when British might was at its height, and rent with a longing for the political regime that then prevailed both at home and abroad (*CR-V*: 13). Jennings is never more Portuguese than when he mourns halcyon England.

In his autobiography Jennings notes that, on his visit to England in July 1968, he and his wife “spent a few days in London at our old lodgings, now much deteriorated and under Indian control” (*BR-IV*: 110). Those he speaks of likely came over with the wave of Indian immigrants that began arriving in the UK shortly after their country gained independence in 1947. The wave crested in the late 1960s when Asian immigrants in Kenya and Uganda, fearing discrimination from their own national governments, emigrated to Britain in large numbers. The Conservative Enoch Powell and his associates campaigned for tighter controls on

immigration at this time. The Labour government responded with the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1968, which amended the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1962, further reducing the right of Commonwealth citizens to migrate to the UK. The heavy influx of Asian immigrants to Britain, witnessed in London, likely contributed to Jennings's nostalgia in Lisbon. But it was not the only spur. His diary entry for April 12, 1968, records an elegy for a bygone era: "I long to look upon England again. I find myself saying sentimentally, 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead' and so on. I want to see the swelling Downs and look into the clear chalk streams for trout. I want the gentle companionship of my sisters and the thoughts they will bring me of long ago." But a change has come over his native country, forever separating the present from the past:

It is not the same England now, or rather the old England is still there. The people have changed. The rampant minority who jingoed are gone and their place is taken by another rampant minority who, tired of greatness, have by an extraordinary masochism taken to hedonism as the beginning and end of life—Beatniks beetles [. . .]. But when I look at the "silent woman [read: 'the swelling Downs']," I am back in the days of Hardy, the goodness and beauty of life and living mitigating the tragedy of it.

(BR-IV: 95-96)

"Tired of [the] greatness" of the imperialists who "jingoed their way through history," as he amends the phrase in Ch. V: such is Jennings's verdict not just on the cultural revolution sweeping England but on the era of decolonization.

The process that had begun after the Second World War would be largely complete with the passage of the British Nationality Act of 1981. By the end of the 1960s, all British colonies in Africa had achieved independence, except Rhodesia (the future Zimbabwe) and the South African mandate of South West Africa (Namibia). In contrast to Britain's policy of peaceful disengagement from its colonies (ABERNETHY, 2000: 148), Portugal waged a costly and ultimately unsuccessful war to keep its empire intact. The cost and unpopularity of the *Guerra Colonial Portuguesa* (1961–1974), in which Portugal resisted the emerging nationalist guerrilla movements in Angola, Portuguese Guinea, and Mozambique, eventually led to the collapse of the Estado Novo regime in 1974.

However much António de Oliveira Salazar, leader of the corporatist authoritarian government since 1932, resisted the "winds of change," Jennings could not have helped noticing, in late-1960s Lisbon, their increasing force. On March 4, 1968, for example, just three days after Jennings disembarked in Lisbon, the front page of the *Diário de Lisboa* trumpeted news of the attacks in the Hague on the embassies of Portugal, Spain, and Greece. According to the article, a revolutionary group claimed authorship of the bombings in a letter mailed from Lisbon and took as their targets the leaders of the "twentieth-century crusade," who follow the orders of the American government, "responsible for the massacres in Vietnam." Such leaders included Salazar, head of the Portuguese colonial

regime that the Marxist-inspired gang associated with “Yankee fascism.” The latest battles in the Vietnam War filled the covers of the *Diário de Lisboa*, as, to a lesser extent, did those of the Portuguese Colonial War. The May 1968 student strikes in Paris, which sought to usher the emergence of the post-colonial world under the banner of anti-capitalism, also received notice in the evening daily, as did the violent clashes between students and the military in Mexico City in late September of that year. Salazar’s removal from power following a stroke and his replacement by Marcelo Caetano on September 27, must have appeared to Jennings as much an auspice of the postcolonial era—and a reminder of the generational change he mourned back home—as President Charles de Gaulle’s temporary flight from Paris in the tumultuous month of May. The change in Portuguese leadership in particular must have seemed a harbinger of the Carnation Revolution that, six years later, would lead to the restoration of democracy and the independence of the overseas territories in Africa and Asia. In short, prods for Jennings’s imperial nostalgia abounded during his stay in Lisbon.

And yet, Jennings makes little mention of politics in his Lisbon memoirs. In a passage in Ch. IV he wonders, “What was the Pakistani doing there [in his Portuguese class] with whom I walked once through the Campo Grande, and had a talk with him about South Africa and all ‘its inequities,’ as he saw it?” (*BR-IV*: 103). The Pakistani was probably doing there what the “African,” whom Jennings also mentions as a classmate, was doing: emigrating to Portugal from the British and Portuguese (ex-)colonies, respectively. A diary entry in Ch. V makes clear that Jennings’s conversation with the Pakistani occurred on March 14, 1968, even as this version of the incident elides the subject of their talk. The Pakistani could well have been a casualty of the tightened restrictions ushered in by the Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1968, passed by the British Parliament two weeks earlier, on March 1. The *Diário de Lisboa* gave front-page notice of the regulation in an article headlined “Lei Racista,” as the president of the Liberal Party was quoted therein as calling the Act. The issue of racism was inextricably tied to the debate surrounding the law. Shortly after its passage, Powell gave the infamous “Rivers of Blood” speech criticizing both Commonwealth immigration and anti-discrimination legislation that had been proposed in the UK. Jennings gives no evidence of having engaged with these issues while in Lisbon. The Pakistani’s purpose there remains as vague to him as the nationality of the “African,” indeed, as undifferentiated as the South Asian’s nationality, since in his diary Jennings alternately refers to him as Indian and Pakistani, 21 years after the creation of these two independent states.

Such vagueness is symptomatic of Jennings’s uncritical attitude toward British imperialism in 1968. This attitude emerges clearly in his scare-quoting of the “inequities” of apartheid—instituted in 1948 while South Africa was still a dominion and transmitted to the newly declared republic (1961)—together with his attribution of the quote (“as he saw it”). So distant is the legacy of inequities from

Jennings's mind that it poses no bar to his nostalgia for fin-de-siècle England at his next meeting with the Pakistani, in a tea room in the Campo Grande: "The trees were bursting into leaf and the birds singing gaily and the place was full of hidden nostalgias: linnets and thrushes and blackbirds brought back Spring in England, [...] and horse chestnuts my boyhood in England again" (CR-V: 16). European imperialism was not for Jennings the object of odium that it was for his anti-colonial contemporaries, or what it has become for postcolonial theorists: a practice of domination involving the brutal subjugation of one people by another, masquerading as a civilizing mission, and maintained by a value-laden discourse about non-European peoples (*Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*). But neither did Jennings view it then as he did at the start of the century, when empires covered most of the earth and imperialism appeared to him, as to Pessoa, "natural" (FPD: 81). And he had not yet arrived at the ambivalent attitude that in *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* he was to express in a suspension of judgment: "Historians of the future will no doubt weigh up the evidence and decide whether the human race lost or gained by the substitution of nationalism for imperialism" (FPD: 81).

Rather, Jennings regarded the British Empire in a nostalgic light. Living in Lisbon at a time of upheaval prompted this perspective. Even the sea voyage over gave his thoughts on imperialism a romantic tinge. With the ship rolling heavily as it turned the corner of Africa, he notes in his diary, "What bravery was shown by the little ships of long ago" (CR-V: 3). The little ships in which, for example, Bartolomeu Dias and representatives of the British East India Company sailed the coast of Africa in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, respectively, call to his mind not the predations of empire but the bravery of its forerunners. Jennings shares the romanticizing of empire with Pessoa's alter ego, Álvaro de Campos. Campos's "Ode Marítima"<sup>5</sup> (PESSOA, 2014: 72-106) overflows with imaginary identification with subjugators and subjugated alike, or, more accurately, with their sensations, which are offered up as fodder for intellectualization. Put another way, the imagined sensations of colonizer and colonized, experienced in moments of violence, dissolve under the poet's minute analysis, carried out with exquisite self-consciousness. Whether pirate or purser, mariner or slave, ancient or contemporary, Venetian or Ottoman, fictional or historical, seafarers of all times and climes, states and stations, get reduced to the same level, and in their ersatz equivalence receive the same aestheticizing treatment. What Campos's poem gains in universal scope, it loses in geohistorical nuance, so that time and space become backcloths for the variegation of sensations and the play of consciousness to which they give rise. "Ode Marítima" becomes, in effect, a cosmopolitanism without discrimination; or rather, the discrimination gets displaced from the status of the principals to the structure of their sensations, which are submitted to a finer and

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<sup>5</sup> *Maritime Ode* in the translation made by Jennings (facsimiled as annex to Freitas's article, also in this issue).

finer process of decomposition, each facet of the sensation providing, in turn, an impetus for further reflection. Sensation and reflection upon sensation feed into one another in cyclic reciprocity. Within this recursive loop the barbarism of maritime history, particularly of overseas imperialism—more British than Portuguese in the anglophile Campos's conception—gets refined out of existence, rarefied out of view. Jennings romanticizes the imperialists of long ago; Campos, those from far away. In both cases, the romanticizing is made possible by distance, whether temporal or spatial, as well as by the insulation from suffering afforded by the writer's status. Inasmuch as the fictional Portuguese, Scottish-trained marine engineer identifies with the British and Portuguese empires, Campos's pantheistic extension of personality, while inspired by Whitman, is itself an expression of imperial privilege. So, too, is Pessoa's multiplication of himself into a host of heteronyms—a pluripersonal literature that takes as its matrix Portugal's pluricontinental empire and offers itself as compensation for its foreseeable loss (cf. SCHWARTZ, 2014: 42-48). In a third instance of imperial privilege, Jennings assumes his Anglo-Saxon self as the norm in Lisbon: next to his self-evident *raison d'être*, the South Asian's purpose requires explaining.

Jennings's shipboard diary reminds us that he was not just a literature scholar but also a literary traveler. In 1980, Paul Fussell wrote in his "elegy" for a bygone age of luxury travel, "Travel is now impossible and [...] tourism is all we have left" (FUSSELL, 1980: 227, 41). Nostalgia permeates Fussell's study of British traveler-authors of the 1920s and 1930s, in which he describes the last days of "real" travel, at the tail end of the slow "decline" of travel from elite exploration to mass tourism, in Jessamine Price's fine summary (PRICE, 2002-2003: 175). One symptom of this decline, according to Fussell, was the disappearance of ocean liners in favor of airplanes. Jennings consciously identifies as a traveler in his choice of transportation to Lisbon: "I chose to go by sea just as Fernando had done in four similar voyages, and as I have always loved sea voyages" (Jennings, *CR-V*: 2). Yet the experience of sea voyage has qualitatively changed since the days when Jennings and his bride sailed the *Orient* on their honeymoon, and Jennings waxes nostalgic for the ocean-liner travel of old. He notes in his diary, "It had been an interesting voyage, but it lacked the high spirits, the silly games, deck quoits, deck tennis, which some despise, but which I love" (*BR-IV*: 77). Jennings shows awareness of the class differences between traveler and tourist when, despite his grant's provision of tourist-class passenger fare, he declares, "I did not travel 'tourist'" (*BR-IV*: 61). Once in Lisbon, he negates identification with the "crowds of tourists," saying, to revisit an earlier quote, "the manners of the foreigners had [no] meaning for me" (*BR-IV*: 96). Their similarities aside, the Lisbonite Jennings and British literary travelers between the wars, such as Robert Byron, Graham Greene, D.H. Lawrence, and Evelyn Waugh, differ in important respects, mostly owing to the anachronism between them. Unlike his counterparts, Jennings, to adapt a

phrase by Fussell, is able to transfer much of his affection abroad (to Portugal) without experiencing a correlative contempt for home (FUSSELL, 1980: 15). On the contrary, he experiences wistfulness for an imperial Britain that is fast disappearing. Comparison between Jennings and his generational cohorts is a valuable endeavor, but the invocation of Fussell's work serves to make a larger point. Jessamine Price has argued that postcolonial scholarship shares a rejection of Fussell's notion that "travelers are interesting in that they represent a lost past of elite adventure" (PRICE, 2002-2003: 176). In addressing Jennings's travel writing in a (post-)colonial context, this article joins that critical refusal of nostalgia, a nostalgia in which Jennings and Pessoa participated in their own fashion. Each reoriented his sentiments in a foreign land. Each experienced the unsettling effects, personal and external, of the setting sun on Empire, but whereas Pessoa in the first decades of the twentieth century heralded a glowing dawn for Lusitanian culture, Jennings in the 1960s witnessed the high noon of decolonizing nationalism.

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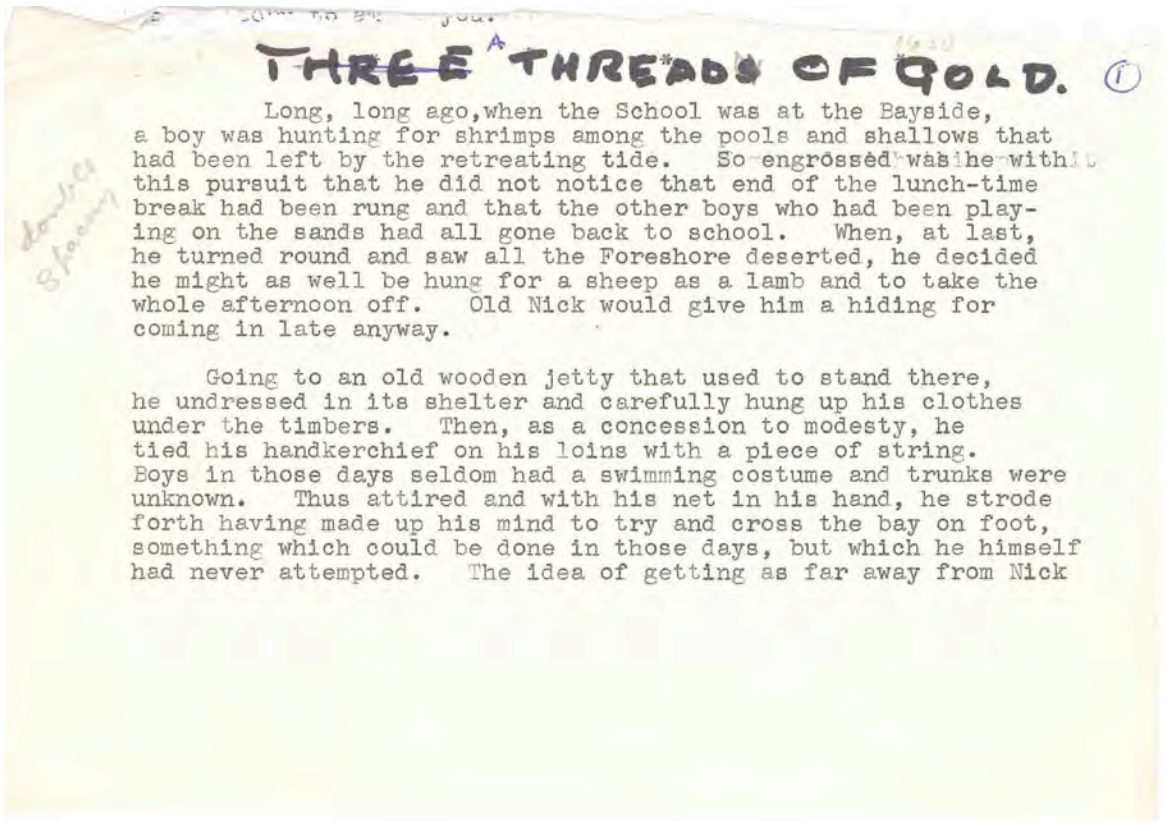
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## Annexes

I. Unpublished. Six pages of a short story titled "A Thread of Gold," written by Hubert Jennings and found loose, i.e., outside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. There is a reference to this short story on p. 1 of Cracked Record V, which is also facsimiled and transcribed here, as Annex II.



42

as possible also had its attractions.

Whistling light-heartedly, he went on his way, splashing through the shallows and scaring the birds on the flats, and stopping every now and again to examine every small thing as a boy will. Suddenly his foot caught in something soft and tenuous, which even his keen eyesight had missed. He stopped to pick it up. It was, he saw, a long silk scarf, surprisingly undamaged by the salt water in which it had been immersed and so lucent green in colour that it had been almost invisible in the patch of seaweed in which it had lain. The boy's mind roved over his find as he examined it attentively. It was green, very green; and green, he thought, is unlucky. Apprehensive for the day's adventure he almost dropped it; but feeling the fine grain of the texture, he thought:

'But Mother would love it. Green, she says, is the fairies' colour and this is so soft it might have been made from a sea-fairy's hair. All nonsense, of course, but it may keep her quiet when she hears about today. Anyway, it will do to keep the sun off my head now.'

With that he wound it round his head like a turban, and immediately felt better, stronger, more carefree. 'Perhaps the thing really has a charm,' he thought. 'I wish it would make me invisible when Old Nick's eye falls upon me at assembly tomorrow morning!'

The afternoon was hot and breathless; the air still and languorous, but he went on, happily splashing through the shallow water which was now a shimmering mass all around him. Suddenly the water deepened. This he knew must be the Island Channel. He thought of swimming across, but the thought of sharks made him pause. He scrambled back to the shallow water and stood measuring the distance with his eye. It was not easy, he found, to look at the glittering water. Then he caught sight of something on a little sandy islet on the opposite side.

What was it? A stranded tortoise? A basking seal? Then it moved slightly and he saw quite plainly that it was the head and shoulders of someone lying in the water, and a glint of gold on the long hair showed that it was a girl.

"Hoi!" he called across the water, "You all right?"

"All right!"

The words came back like an echo of his, but infinitely more musical.

He paused, thinking this over. She must, he decided be the daughter of some foreign skipper who had gone swimming in the Bay. But they were a long way from the anchorages. Perhaps she had lost herself.... He must find out more about her.

3

Cupping his hands, he called out again:

"What are you doing?"

"Dreaming. Sleeping. What are you?"

"Shrimping. Can't you see my net?"

"Yes. I thought at first you were Poseidon."

She said the word so quaintly that he could not catch it,

"No, I'm Bill," he called back, "Bill Soames."

"Bill!"

She laughed the word back to him.

"What is yours?" he called again. He was losing his shyness now.

"Galatea!"

The word came rippling back. "Gah-lah-tay-ah" he murmured to himself. "She must be foreign".

She had raised herself on one hand now and he could see the whole of one white shoulder and a length of smooth white back. Bill, who had never seen ladies bathing except in a voluminous costume from ankle to neck, was slightly shocked and worried. "Must wear very skimpy costumes where she comes from," he thought to himself, "Perhaps, she does not know the sun here is dangerous."

"I say," he called out, blushing a little, "Aren't you afraid of getting sunburnt?"

"No," her voice came coolly back, "Are you?"

Something in her tone made him look down. He saw the string was still about his middle: the *handkerchief* was not.

"Oh!" he said, terribly embarrassed, "Oh, I must be off!"

He sprang into the deep water with the intention of swimming somewhere out of sight. He had not gone more than a dozen yards when he heard the girl call out; saw a dark swirl in the water in front of him and the black fin of a shark; saw the white of its belly as it turned over, the open mouth, the ragged teeth.... Numb with terror, he sank into the cold depths of the water. Then there was another swirl in the water beside him. Strong arms seized him by the shoulders and they shot through the water to beat of strong, pulsating feet.

4

For a long time, he lay gasping and only half-conscious on the edge of the sandy island to which Galatea had dragged him. When at last he lifted up his face and saw hers gravely smiling beside him, he said:

"How did you manage that?"

"Oh, that! That was old Corcyrus. He thinks he's my watch-dog. I just turned his tail and sent him off."

Bewildered, he did not understand what she was saying, and once more he laid his head on the sand and closed his eyes. Then, just to hear her voice again, he said:

"You must know an awful lot about sharks, Galatea."

"Yes," she said, "For a long time, I know them."

"And here," she added after a pause, "Is your scarf. Do you want it?"

He shot up, suddenly aware of his nakedness.

"Give it to me," he said.

She had woven it into her bright hair. She looked enchanting. Suddenly he felt ashamed. All these chaps, sniggering in corners, how wrong they were - no, how stupid! And how little they knew about it! She was - just nice.

He looked up, as unconcerned as she was.

"No, keep it," he said, "If you want to."

"Take it," she said.

Obediently he took it and wound it round his waist.

"And here is something to tie it with."

~~She held out her hand with a thin mesh of gold she had plucked from her hair. He took that too, but kept it in his hand, looking at it.~~

"Tell me," he said, after a while, "What are you? French?"

"Sometimes," she smiled, "But Greek mostly."

What curious things she said. But that, of course, was because she was foreign. Then his mind going off at a tangent, he said shyly:

"Galatea, I know some Greek."

"Do you?" she said, "Tell me."

5

"Zoe mou sas 'agapo!"

He halted and stumbled over the unfamiliar Greek words.

She laughed and repeated them with a lilting accent.

"Did Mr. Nicholas teach you that?" she asked.

"Oh, you know about him, too?" he asked, surprised.

"Of course," she answered.

"No, only some of the older fellows take Greek, but I'm good at Latin. I read it in a book of poems. By Byron. 'Maid of Athens', you know."

"Yes, I know," she said, "I remember him."

"Remember 'it', you mean. He's dead now."

The girl laughed softly but said nothing.

"But do you know what it means?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "It means you love me."

Her calmness dismayed him.

"Oh, I know you are laughing at me all the time," he said hotly, "but I do like you, Galatea."

"I love you too, Bill," she said, and then added softly: "Or, you would not be able to see me."

He looked at her blankly.

"Hundreds pass me in this Bay and never see me. You see, animals see animals and the gods see only gods; but you people can only see ~~such~~ <sup>as</sup> me when there is beauty in your hearts, and then only when love lifts you up and the gods permit it..."

"Stop!" he cried out, bewildered. "Old Nick talks like that sometimes when he gets excited. But what do you know about it? You're just a girl!"

"No," she said rather sadly, "I'm older than you are, Bill."

"Not much! Two or three years perhaps."

"Thousands of years!"

"You can't be." Then, struck with a sudden dark thought, he said, "But I suppose there are thousands of men who have told you that they...."

He could not finish.

"Loved me?" She answered for him. "Yes, there were many when I lived in the Mediterranean. Homer and Pindar, Horace and Ariosto, Titian and Claude and Tintoretto, Bernard Shaw and your friend Byron. But the funniest of all was an old one-eyed giant who sang to me from the top of an island near.... I forget where."

"Never mind where! I hate him!"

6

'Oh, yes, I remember now,' she continued, 'It was at Naxos. His name was Polyphemus. I was sorry when I heard that Odysseus had put out his eye.'

'I'm not!' said the boy savagely.

Then suddenly realising what she had said, he cried out:

'But Galatea! Odysseus! He was in the siege of Troy, wasn't he?'

'Yes,' said the girl softly.

'The same one?'

'Yes.'

'Galatea! I can't understand.... Is this a dream?'

He turned his face into the wet sand, shutting out the sight of her.

'Galatea,' he said, 'I'm feeling very faint. I'm afraid I'm sick. Can you ... can you help me back?'

'Poor boy,' he heard her murmur, 'Poor mortal boy!'

Then she gathered him into her arms, and once more he felt the beat of her strong pulsating feet as the cool water rushed past them.

The next moment, it seemed, he was mechanically putting on his clothes by the foreshore. There was a blinding glare from the still waters of the bay - but no sign of ~~Galatea~~.  
*of anything - or anyone - else.*

When he awoke next morning, his mother was standing by the bedside, holding a black draught in her hand.

'Drink this,' she said, 'You came home very sick last night. I had to put you to bed immediately. What happened?'

'I think I must have gone bathing,' the boy said, 'And got a touch of the sun or something....'

'So I gathered,' said his mother, 'But where did this come from?'

She held up a green scarf.

'And <sup>this</sup> ~~these~~?'  
*a*

And she held up ~~these~~ golden hairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

<THREE> [↑ A] THREAD<S> OF GOLD.<sup>6</sup>

[1]<sup>7</sup> Long, long ago, when the School was at the Bayside, a boy was hunting for shrimps among the pools and shallows that had been left by the retreating tide. <Engrossed with his pursuit>/So engrossed was he with\ this pursuit that he did not notice that end of the lunch-time break had been rung and that the other boys who had been playing on the sands had all gone back to school. When, at last, he turned round and saw all the Foreshore deserted, he decided he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb and to take the whole afternoon off. Old Nick would give him a hiding for coming in late anyway.

Going to an old wooden jetty that used to stand there, he undressed in its shelter and carefully hung up his clothes under the timbers. Then, as a concession to modesty, he tied his handkerchief on his loins with a piece of string. Boys in those days seldom had a swimming costume and trunks were unknown. Thus attired and with his net in his hand, he strode forth having made up his mind to try and cross the bay on foot, something which could be done in those days, but which he himself had never attempted. The idea of getting as far away from Nick [4 → 2] as possible also had its attractions.

Whistling light-heartedly, he went on his way, splashing through the shallows and scaring the birds on the flats, and stopping every now and again to examine every small thing as a boy will. Suddenly his foot caught in something soft and tenuous, which even his keen eyesight had missed. He stopped to pick it up. It was, he saw, a long silk scarf, surprisingly undamaged by the salt water in which it had been immersed and so lucent green in colour that it had been almost invisible in the patch of seaweed in which it had lain. The boy's mind roved over his find as he examined it attentively. It was green, very green; and green, he thought, is unlucky. Apprehensive for the day's adventure he almost dropped it; but <feeling the fine grain of the texture>, he thought:

'But Mother would love it. Green, she says, is the fairies' colour and this is so soft it might have been made from a sea-fairy's hair. All nonsense, of course, but it may keep her quiet when she hears about today. Anyway, it will do to keep the sun off my head now.'

With that he wound it round his head like a turban, and immediately felt better, stronger, more carefree. 'Perhaps the thing really has a charm,' he thought. 'I wish it would make me invisible when Old Nick's eye falls upon me at assembly tomorrow morning!'

The afternoon was hot and breathless; the air still and languorous, but he went on, happily splashing through the shallow water which was now a

<sup>6</sup> There is a number written on the top margin, perhaps a date "1650" or a call number "16-50".

<sup>7</sup> The document presents page numbers on the top right margins; we indicate these numbers within brackets to avoid interrupting the narrative flow; note the author changes the numbering.



shimmering mass all around him. Suddenly the water deepened. This he knew must be the Island Channel. He thought of swimming across, but the thought of sharks made him pause. He scrambled back to the shallow water and stood measuring the distance with his eye. It was not easy, he found, to look at the glittering water. Then he caught sight of something on a little sandy islet on the opposite side.

What was it? A stranded tortoise? A basking seal? Then it moved slightly and he saw quite plainly that it was the head and shoulders of someone lying in the water, and a glint of gold on the long hair showed that it was a girl.

"Hoi!" he called across the water, "You all right?"

"All right!"

The words came back like an echo of his, but infinitely more musical.

He paused, thinking this over. She must, he decided be the daughter of some foreign skipper who had gone swimming in the Bay. But they were a long way from the anchorages. Perhaps she had lost herself.... He must find out more about her.

[<5>/3\] Cupping his hands, he <v>/c\alled out again:<sup>8</sup>

"What are you doing?"

"Dreaming. Sleeping. What are you?"

"Shrimping. Can't you see my net?"

"Yes. I thought at first you were Poseidon."

She said the word so quaintly that he could not catch it, †

"No, I'm Bill," he called back, "Bill Soames."

"Bill!"

She laughed the word back to him.

"What is yours?" he called again. He was losing his shyness now.

"Galatea!"

The word came rippling back. "Gah-lah-tay-ah" he murmured to himself. "<>/S\he must be foreign".

She had raised herself on one hand now and he could see the whole of one white shoulder and a length of smooth white back. Bill, who had never seen ladies bathing except in a voluminous costume from ankle to neck, was slightly shocked and worried. "Must wear very skimpy costumes where she comes from," he thought to himself, "Perhaps, she does not know the sun here is dangerous."

"I say," he called out, blushing a little, "Aren't you afraid of getting sunburnt?"

"No," her voice came coolly back, "Are you?"

Something in her tone made him look down. He saw the string was still about his middle: the <t>/handkerchief\ was not. †

"Oh!" he said, terribly embarrassed, "Oh, I must be off!"

---

<sup>8</sup> The pp. 3 & 5 of the document don't use paragraph indents; here we add them, for consistency.

He sprang into the deep water with the intention of swimming somewhere out of sight. He had not gone more than a dozen yards when he heard the girl call out; saw a dark swirl in the water in front of him and the black fin of a shark; saw the white of its belly as it turned over, the open mouth, the ragged teeth.... Numb with terror, he sank into the cold depths of the water. Then there was another swirl in the water beside him. Strong arms seized him by the shoulders and they went through the water to beat of strong, pulsating feet.

[6/4] For a long time, he lay gasping and only half-conscious on the edge of the sandy island to which Galatea had dragged him. When at last he lifted up his face and saw hers gravely smiling beside him, he said:

"How did you manage that?"

"Oh, that! That was old Corcyrus. He thinks he's my watch-dog. I just turned his tail and sent him off."

Bewildered, he did not understand what she was saying, and once more he laid his head on the sand and closed his eyes. Then, just to hear her voice again, he said:

"You must know an awful lot about sharks, Galatea."

"Yes," she said, "For a long time, I know them."

"And here," she added after a pause, "Is your scarf. Do you want it?"

He shot up, suddenly aware of his nakedness.

"Give it to me," he said.

She had woven it into her bright hair. She looked enchanting. Suddenly he felt ashamed. All these chaps, sniggering in corners, how wrong they were - no, how stupid! And how little they knew about it! She was - just nice.

He looked up, as unconcerned as she was.

"No, keep it," he said, "If you want to."

"Take it," she said.

Obediently he took it and wound it round his waist.

"And here is something to tie it with."

<She held out her hand with a thin mesh of gold she had plucked from her hair. He took that too, but kept it in his hand, looking at it.>

"Tell me," he said, after a while, "What are you? French?"

"Sometimes," she smiled, "But Greek mostly."

What curious things she said. But that, of course, was because she was foreign. Then his mind going off at a tangent, he said shyly:

"Galatea, I know some Greek."

"Do you?" she said, "Tell me."

[7/5] "Zoe moû sás ágapó!"

He halted and stumbled over the unfamiliar Greek words.

She laughed and repeated them with a lilting accent.

"Did Mr. Nicholas teach you that?" she asked.

"Oh, you know about him, too?" he asked, surprised.

"Of course," she answered.

"No, only some of the older fellows take Greek, but I'm good at Latin. I read it in a book of poems. By Byron. 'Maid of Athens', you know."

'Yes, I know," she said, "I remember him."

"Remember 'it', you mean. He's dead now."

The girl laughed softly but said nothing.

"But do you know what it means?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "It means you love me."

Her calmness dismayed him.

"Oh, I know you are laughing at me all the time," he said hotly, "but I do like you, Galatea."

"I love you too, Bill," she said, and then added softly: "Or, you would not be able to see me."

He looked at her blankly.

"Hundreds pass me in this Bay and never see me. You see, animals see animals and the gods see only gods; but you people can only see <such as> me when there is beauty in your hearts, and then only when love lifts you up and the gods permit it..."

"Stop!" he <s>[↑c]ried out, bewildered. "Old Nick talks like that sometimes when he gets excited. But what do you know about it? You're just a girl!"

"No," she said rather sadly, "I'm older than you are, Bill."

"Not much! Two or three years perhaps."

"Thousands of years!"

"You can't be." Then, struck with a sudden dark thought, he said, "But I suppose there are thousands of men who have told you that they....."

He could not finish.

"Loved me?" She answered for him. "Yes, there were many when I lived in the Mediterranean. Homer and Pindar, Horace and Ariosto, Titian and Claude and Tintoretto, Bernard Shaw and your friend Byron. But the funniest of all was an old one-eyed giant who sang to me from the top of an island near.... I forget where."

"Never mind where! I hate him!"

[<8>/6\ ] 'Oh, yes, I remember now,' she continued, '<i>/I\ t was at Naxos. His name was Polyphemus. I was sorry when I heard that Odysseus had put out his eye.'

'I'm not!' said the boy savagely.

Then suddenly realising what she had said, he cried out:

'But Galatea! Odysseus! He was in the siege of Troy, wasn't he?'

'Yes,' said the girl softly.

'The same one?'

'Yes.'

'Galatea! I can't understand.... Is this a dream?'

He turned his face into the wet sand, shutting out the sight of her.

'Galatea,' he said, 'I'm feeling very faint. I'm afraid I'm sick. Can you... can you help me back?'

'Poor boy,' he heard her murmur, 'Poor mortal boy!'

Then she gathered him into her arms, and once more he felt the beat of her strong pulsating feet as the cool water rushed past them.

The next moment, it seemed, he was mechanically putting on his clothes by the foreshore. There was a blinding glare from the still waters of the bay - but no sign of <Galatea.> [↓ of anything—or anyone—else.]

When he awoke next morning, his mother was standing by the bedside, holding a black draught in her hand.

'Drink this,' she said, '<y>/Y\ou came home very sick last night. I had to put you to bed immediately. What happened?'

'I think I must have gone bathing,' the boy said, 'And got a touch of the sun or something....'

'So I gathered,' said his mother, 'But where did this come from?'

She held up a green scarf.

'And <these> [↑ this]?'

And she held up <three> [↑ a] golden hair<s>.

\* \* \* \* \*

II. Unpublished. Twenty-one numbered pages, consisting of chapter V of Cracked Record, typed by Hubert Jennings and found inside the folder "Record, Cracked—R" which Jennings created for some of his papers. A handwritten 1968-69 diary (not transcribed here), found loose among the Jennings papers, was the likely primary source for this document. Typed in 1988-89, with entries running from Feb. 15, to Apr. 13, 1968.

## Cracked Record

## CRACKED RECORD V

## THE D.H.S. STORY

These jottings flow cogently enough through the first three note books, but the fourth was so taken up with contemporary events that I have to return to where I left off in the third book, that is, about 1960. The prime event of that year was the invitation to write a book on the history of the Durban High School, which would complete its centenary in 1966. I accepted and the work kept me happily engaged over the next five years.

The work was to be published by the Durban High School and Old Boys' Memorial Trust but the task was not offered at first to me, but to Neville Nuttall who for many years had been the senior English master at the school, but Neville, a close friend put in such a strong plea for my being given the job that the then chairman, Mr L.C. Grice gave it to me. Neville had been impressed by some stories I had written for the Mentor, which I think was the turning point but he studied my MS as soon as it was written and sedulously weeded out any solecisms as well as encouraging me with lavish praise. I think he really enjoyed reading the passages I sent to him and I added sometimes a little jeu d'esprit which had little to do with the history and were left out of the final publication. One of these was the still unpublished story, A thread of gold. Bill Payn was appointed my coadjutor but his sudden death in 1962 robbed me of his help and a world of wit and wisdom which this great athlete stored within him.

The work, as I saw it, entailed a great deal of research and included not only a study of the early (and late) days of the school but its connection also with local and national events but with those of the Empire as well for it was seldom that someone from the school was not involved in all three. Thus I went through sheaves of crumbling old newspapers in the basement of the Durban Municipal Library and many records in the Archives at Pietermaritzburg. Not only historical references came under my attention, literary ones as well. I had to read some of the many books written by Old Boys and study some of their activities as, for instance, plastic surgery or some of the latest discoveries in archaeology. None of these things were strictly essential but I enjoyed filling up some of the gaps in my knowledge. I found, too, that I had to begin learning a new language, Portuguese, when Pessoa entered the scene and revive my knowledge of an old one. French, as will be told later. In short, I was giving myself something of a liberal education as I stumbled along, not quite sure where it would all lead to.

The great discovery was that of Pessoa. It was a revelation to find that this great poet, as I found him to be, had been educated at the school I was writing about, My story

## Cracked Record

of the discovery has been told elsewhere and I do not want to repeat it.\* It was a path that led me through the acquaintance of other interesting personalities of which the most prominent were Roy Campbell, Uys Krige, the genial Afrikaans poet, to Armand Guibert, the French poet, and probably the best translator and commentator on Pessoa then existing, who sent me several of his books from Paris; then Alexandrino Severino, who wrote to me from S. Paulo in Brazil, where he was preparing a doctoral thesis on Fernando Pessoa in South Africa. We have been corresponding ever since - for nearly thirty years. From him I learned much of the methods of research and we shared our discoveries as they appeared. My horizons were widening and had their effect on the book I was writing. When it appeared at the end of 1965, it was called 'a great book about a great school' on the dust cover and no one to my knowledge, <sup>has</sup> challenged the statement, but I like best Professor Gardner's comment that 'it introduced something new into works of this genre'. It did indeed have unusual local acclaim, although not always in the committee that had been formed to direct it, particularly, from the chairman of the committee and of the Trust, Mr Gordon E. Noyce, but the other members led by Nuttall, Brokensha and Theobald supported me and the book was published unaltered from what I had written.

Nevertheless, somewhat sick at heart, I took the £500 which was fee for writing the book and left for a visit to Europe, taking Irene with me. After visiting my family in England, we crossed to Portugal where I made myself known to the survivors in the Pessoa family and received a very cordial reception. They were his half-sister Dona Henriqueta, her husband, Col. Francisco <sup>of</sup> Dias and his half-brother Michael and his wife Eve. Another brother John and his wife Eileen lived in London. The two latter couples were completely anglicised and used the English form of their names. While I was there, Michael suggested that I should write a book in English on his brother and be paid £1000 for it and the others agreed. I said I would try when I was capable of doing so and would do my best to become so. So the matter remained. Irene went on to visit Greece on her return journey but I stayed on in Portugal before returning to South Africa.

Two years later I was back in Portugal, having been awarded a fellowship by the Gulbenkian Foundation for which I had been recommended by Alex Severino, Will Gardner and the Pessoa family. My fare by air or sea was to be paid and a monthly allowance of six thousand escudos paid me for six months with the possibility of its being extended for another six months. Actually I was there for nearly two years and though the amount was only about £75 in sterling it was ample for my needs in those days (it was the salary then of a university professor) and I seldom had to call upon my own resources. I chose to go by sea just as Fernando had done in four similar voyages, and as I have always loved sea voyages I will go over the details as recorded in a diary I kept at the time.

- 2 -

\* In Fernando Pessoa in Durban: by <sup>H.D.</sup> Herbert Jennings. 1966  
Durban. 1986

## Cracked Record

## THE VOYAGE

Thursday, February 15th 1968. On board the Principe Perfeito.

3.30 Confusing last run around before going on to the ship. Shares, travellers' cheques, embarkation permit for Irene and needless worry about baggage! We go for morning tea to a little flyblown dockside cafe, not being yet permitted on the ship. Later we have lunch on the ship and feel better. Irene stayed until 3.30 neither of us quite knowing what to say to the other. We had said it all before. (Irene had elected to stay on at the Prep where she was happy teaching small boys who adored her.) About an hour later the ship cast off and the tugs drew us away from the quay. There few to see us off and I had told Irene not to wait. As we passed down the narrow channel between the breakwater and the Bluff, I looked for her, but she was not there.. We go into the haze that lies over the water, the land becomes a formless blur - like my feelings, Dinner with a Mr Godfrey and with him afterwards to a film,

Friday February 16th 1968

4.30 Slept until 8 with a rather miserable period of waking about 4.30. Cold. The ship beginning to roll. The shore seems a part of the Wild Coast. Deep ravines. We are turning the corner of Africa. I see few other passengers and feel little exhilaration about the voyage. The ship is rolling more heavily now. What bravery was shown by the little ships of long ago. So many wrecked on this coast! Land no longer in sight. I go back to this cabin, where I am shut in like a monk in his cell, trying to mutter my orisons in Portuguese!

Saturday February 17, 1968

At 6 a.m. saw what I thought was Hangklip. I meant to go back and look for the famous Cape of Storms and Good Hope on the other side of False Bay - how the words are full of hidden meaning! = but I went back to the cabin and fell asleep and when I got up for breakfast at 8 there was no sign of land.. We seem to have passed out of the gale which blew all yesterday and are now headed for warmer calmer seas. There are no white horses to be seen. More passengers appear. I meet a young couple called Jones from Rhodesia and another from Durban called Eddy. In the evening a boring and incomprehensible American film.

Tuesday February 20th 1968 (three days of dolce fa niente not recorded!) *underline*

Cracked Record

Arrive in Lobito at 6 a.m. Walk round town with Dick Godfrey. Play chess with Dr Bonsuela (?). Meet Eva Elena Sigues\*, who promises to help me with Portuguese. Bus trip to Calameilas and Benguela, the latter rather attractive. Beer and a little talk afterwards on deck with Elena. Dancing in evening.

\*Her real name proved to be Maria Helena Rodrigues Siqueira but I did not know this until she signed my menu card at the Captain's Dinner (Feb 26). I have kept the spelling Elena as she was known to our little party of which she became an important member. She was very small, beautiful and intelligent,

*in case  
Eva be  
first at  
Gordon's  
of party*

Wednesday February 21st 1968

Arrived at Luanda at 6 a.m. Looks very flat, which is how I feel. I am depressed. I hate being in port and the ship is now crowded with strangers, Most depressing of all is that I cannot understand them. ~~when they are talking.~~ I am wondering if I have bitten off more than I can chew in taking on this job.. Do I like the Portuguese and their language well enough to make it worth while? I am like F.P, was in July 1907, wanting a mother or someone similar to confide in, 'Moral vertigo' he called it. I wish Irene had come with me. I want the ship to go. The heel and lift of the waves might change my mood. It is myself I doubt.

*sketch  
plot*

*to one  
another  
in quotes*

Thursday February 22nd 1968

The first entry in my very faulty Portuguese. Rather silly and not worth recording, called Conversacoes imaginarias and best left to the imagination!

Friday February 23rd 1968.

Another entry in my appalling Portuguese of the time, which freely translated is:  
I am seated next to Elena on deck who is also writing in her diary. She is smaller than I thought her when we first met so many days ago. She has helped me to understand the 'Obra e Vida de F.P.' by Gaspar Simões. She is now talking to one of her many admirers. I am very grateful for the time she gives to me. The man talking to her is the imediato or first mate of the ship. At first a little resentful of his intrusion but as I became conscious of his straight figure and his manly and frank face, I could understand why he is the only one on board she does not keep at arms' length. (Actually I never saw them together again!)

*one of  
the 70  
in next  
page.*

Saturday February 24th 1968



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I am now enjoying the voyage very much, Jonah and his girl-friend Tickey keep me amused although the former has gloomy moments, the cause of which I cannot guess - probably the girl-friend. Dick Godfrey is absolutely charming and restful to be with. Mr and Mrs Knudsen, in their sedate and stable way (he is a successful business man just retired and on his way to Norway) are also good companions. I play chess with Dr Schumelian in the mornings. The first mate tells me that Elena is a doctor of economics.

Sunday February 25th 1968

Dick Godfrey came to tell me that he had made the acquaintance, while writing in the card room, of a lovely young schoolgirl with violet eyes, anxious to practise English at which she was already very good. He told her about me and my interest in Pessoa and borrowed some of my translations to show her. Her father is a lt. colonel. Another army officer, a full colonel, had a long argument with me about Pessoa's heteronyms. Like others he began by declaiming 'Mar Português' to me. I wonder how many of our soldiers know as much about any of our poets?

Monday February 26th 1968

Breakfast with the Recluse. no one else was up so early. He had never been known to speak to anyone else before. I found him to be a very interesting person deeply versed in bird and animal lore, and in an excellent position to be so, as he owns a wildlife farm somewhere between Mooi River and the Drakensberg.

In the evening we had the Captain's Dinner, followed by a dance. I had two lame dances and then Elena, the show which the rest of the ship's company seemed to be waiting for. I suppose the sight of this lovely fragile young thing dancing with old white-headed me was quite a spectacle. We had evolved our own kind of dancing and we just drifted around the room, mostly holding one another by the tips of our fingers and doing anything that occurred to us with our feet, but riding always on the beat of the music. It was rather like guiding a puff of thistle-down through the air, and the others loved it. And so did we.

About midnight, the ladies retired and the men sat down round a table to drink a cup of kindness which I found later was to last the remainder of the night. We sat round a long table and a guitar was passed around and each one required to sing a song and strum a tune on the instrument, which most did most featly. When it came to my turn, I gave the strings a horrible twanging and croaked out 'Sous les ponts de Paris' which they all seemed to know and joined in with drunken fervour. Then I tried to chant 'O noite serena' lost myself halfway but was helped out

## Cracked Record

by the others with enthusiasm. Then we had the ship's band roused from their beds and roared together something quite incomprehensible to me. When the last of us staggered off to bed, I saw it was five o'clock.

I still have the menu for that dinner, where most who signed added a comment or a verse in Portuguese or English, one of which was 'To Mr Jennings, the youngest old man I ever met' I think I had to be to get through that night!

Tuesday, February 27th 1968

I have been looking at the poems, the tiny child of 17, with the violet eyes, has confided to me. They seem good but her writing is more difficult for me than the Portuguese. I have written a little message in pencil on them, 'Keep the singing heart!' A sweet girl but very serious, and I cannot dance with her. It is easier with her ugly little sister (13) who has plain features and thick glasses, who has a sense of fun and a rhythm like mine.

*Comma*

Our little party seems to have forgiven me for having deserted them for most of yesterday evening.

Looking over Isabel's poems again, I see her full name is Isabel Maria Freese de Merezes e Vale and one of her ancestors was Magellan. Poor child! What a weight to bear. No wonder she is so serious! *carry around!*

Wednesday February 28th 1968

Tenerife came out of the morning mist like a fairy castle *in a story-book*. It was some time, however, before we could see the top of the snow-capped peak. But when we hired a car and were driven across the island, it appeared distinctly less glamorous. It is larger than we thought and generally has an unkempt and overcrowded look about it. Dick, Tickey, Jonah and I hired a car and were driven to Puerto de la Cruz, a seaside resort like any other and full of large ugly hotels.

Isabel had another long serious talk with me. I suppose her main object is to practise her English, which is much better than Elena's, who seems to be keeping out of my way. I asked her if she was angry with me. "Angry?" she said. "You mean you want food?" I explained with difficulty and she got it at last. "Oh, you mean 'zangado'! No, claro, no' Why should I be?"

Thursday February 29th 1968

We are in Funchal. Everybody seems to have gone ashore but I am enjoying the peace and quiet of the ship, though I still hate it when the engines stop. I am now a little weary of the

## Cracked Record

voyage. Lisbon tomorrow to begin a life which I view with some trepidation. If only I was as I was when I came here with Irene when she was a young bride on her first ocean trip. And she is now as she was then the most stable thing in my life. And I can see her, tall, slim, brown dress, white shoes... I like these other people and sometimes get quite excited about them, but I could not do without her.

Friday, March 1st 1968

We arrived in the mouth of the Tagus estuary in a howling gale! "That's Cascais," Eddy said, pointing to some houses, rocking up and down on the obscure horizon. "We should be in Lisbon in half-an-hour." Actually, we spent five hours being beaten about by huge broadside on waves before a pilot could come aboard and take us into the harbour - to cross the bar, a bank of shifting sand that lies at its mouth. Later we heard that some passengers had been injured by being thrown against the bulwarks by the force of the seas. Then followed another two hours of delay and confusion when the ship tied up at the Maritime Station for at least another two hours. Through the customs at last, I found Michael and Eve waiting for me, completely exhausted by a seven hour wait in a milling crowd, harassed by police trying to control them. (They were waiting for the troops returning from a long spell in Angola) They drove me out in their car to their flat at S. Pedro and at last we were able to relax and settle down to a drink. Michael, however, was still very excited and I was concerned about him as I remembered he had had a stroke some years before. Julia, their maid, their 'baby', was still her old cheerful competent self and soon had things in order.

The voyage was ended as all voyages have to end, I spent the next day happily enough with Eve and Michael getting used to the feel of firm earth again and not listening for the hum of engines and the slap of waves on a ship's sides.

In the evening I went into Lisbon where Mr Knudsen had arranged a farewell party for the little group of us who had been most together during the voyage: Jonah, Tickey, the Eddys, myself and our hosts, the Knudsens. We had dinner at the Aziz and fado singing afterwards, It was, like all such meetings, a little hollow. The ball was ended, the curtain rung down: the little world we had inhabited and which gave meaning to us, was broken like a shell and we had become chance acquaintances, strangers almost... They had asked me to ring Elena to come and join them but I had refused., I was glad I had not.

Or was I?

## Cracked Record

## LIFE IN LISBON

The next day Michael and Eve took me in town and met once more Henriqueta and Francisco whom I was soon to call by their family names Teca and Chico.

They had booked a room for me in the Pensão S. Francisco, which was next door to their flat. The room was small and being in the front had all the noise of the traffic in the Avenida da Republica resounding through it. Furthermore I found that the hot tap in the general bathroom had had the hot water tap taken off and I did not enjoy a cold shower in February. Not being prepared for such a spartan existence I complained and was given a larger room with a private bathroom (with hot and cold water!) and a marquise. This last, I found was an adjunct, rather like a small sitting room, overlooking an inner courtyard. It seemed positively luxurious after the other room and I happily moved in. Meals I found were served at long tables and I shared one with about twenty other guests, all Portuguese, very friendly and only too ready to help me with their language though most seemed to have a smattering of English, especially those from Madeira.

Chico took me next morning to the offices of the Gulbenkian Foundation where I met Sr. Braga de Oliveira, head of the international department, if that is right term, because Calouste Gulbenkian, an anglicised Armenian, had left a large fortune to be used for the good of all but having been based in Portugal became to be regarded as a Portuguese institution..

Mr Oliveira was most cordial and speaking excellent English assured me of the Foundation's help in every way and, as an earnest of this, produced a cheque for my first monthly honorarium of 6000 escudos and said that the fare by sea, which he was surprised I had not referred the shipping company to the Foundation, would be paid to me shortly.

From there we went on to lunch at the 'Cabello Branco', where Teca joined us and then together we went on to the University where we were met by Professor Jacinto Prado Coelho, the leading authority on Pessoa and Portuguese literature in general. He invited me to attend one of his lectures the following day and helped me to enroll myself later in a course for foreigners then in progress. A small, earnest man, exquisitely courteous, he was a tower of strength to me during the whole time I was there. I found out later that his influence on all academic productions was enormous. He and Dr Lind, whom I met soon afterwards were the most distinguished editors of Pessoa's work. We generally spoke French to one another for it was a long time before I could trust my limited Portuguese.

## Cracked Record

It was not easy to return to the classroom. It was not like Strasbourg where I attended a summer course in French. There I understood every word being said, but that was forty eight years before. Now I scarcely understood a single word unless it was written. I sat in the front row where I could best catch every intonation and where I tried to manoeuvre into a position where the blackboard did not shine but seldom with success. I did best when written sheets were handed out, or where I could look over the shoulder of my neighbour, like a cheating schoolboy, and copy her notes. (There were very few men in the class and I can only remember two - one Indian and one African, and only the latter took notes.)

## CRACKED RECORD V Part 2)

These early days in Lisbon were filled with new and surprising things. New personalities, new scenes, new experiences of every kind began to crowd in upon me, now that the unreal dream-existence that every sea-voyage is, had come to a close and the stark exigences of everyday life demanded their customary place.

Therefore I have to return to my diary to piece together their little quota to the load of living, It may be covering things that have been said before, but these can be deleted later, thanks to this ingenious invention, the computer-printer..

March 6th 1968

I go to the Embassy (South African) to have my life certificate signed, (At this time it was necessary to obtain this certificate monthly in order for my pension to be paid into my bank in S.A., where it had been ceded to Irene)

Thus I met a rufus-haired young man called Evans ('Rusty' Evans I found later he was known to the Embassy staff.) When later I mentioned to him that an article in a journal lying on the counter of the waiting room had been translated from a chapter written by me in the D. H. S. Story. He was immediately very interested. It was on Roy Campbell, who had lived (and died) at Sintra, not very far away and was well known to the Embassy staff. Mr Evans took me at once to see a Mr Freire de Andrade, the chief counsellor. Roy had been a personal friend, as was Mary Campbell still. Son of a former governor of Mozambique, he had been educated in England and, as I was to find out later, was loved by all. From his office, we

## Cracked Record

went on to that of Bidarra de Almeida, who had written the article (or translated it) for their journal, called Noticias de Africa do sul, which provided information about South Africa for intending emigrants there or any others interested.

From there I was taken to the ambassador himself, a burly Afrikaner called Viljoen. We had a long chat where we found we had several mutual friends - Ernest Malherbe, John Oxley, and Uys Krige and others. He also told me that his daughter was taking the same course at the university as I was about to take.

Thursday March 7th 1968

Opened an account at Chico's bank which had the odd name of Banco de Santo Espirito e Comercio. (It was some time before I discovered that Santo Esoirito was the name of a person, a well-known financier, and not the Paraclete.)

Lunch afterwards with Teca and Chico at the Quinta in the upper part of the city called the Chiado. Very garish and new, What pleasure there was in it spoilt by an American woman with a booming voice at the next table.

March 8th 1968

A leisurely morning, Breakfast in bed and then writing a letter to Almeida on Campbell. Went later to the University and found the first lecture had been cancelled; trooped off with the rest of the class to the university cafe where I paid for coffees and made myself known to the others, among whom was the ambassador's daughter, Miss Viljoen, a big, plain-featured girl but very pleasant. They were all very young and no doubt surprised to have a fellow-student of my venerable age and appearance, but they did not show it.

The second lecture was by Prado Coelho. I sat next to the German girl and by a stealthy glance now and then at her notes, was able to follow most of it. (The written word was always easier for me at this stage than the spoken.) As she had joined the class the day before only, it seemed right for the two foreigners to cling together - metaphorically speaking, at least, until we found our feet.

Sunday March 10th 1968

Al day alone. Breakfast in bed and rise at 10.30, like Burlington Bertie! Study syllabuses and do so me preparation for them.

## Cracked Record

Monday March 11th 1968

The morning was spent at the Dias flat, first with Chico alone and then with Teca. I asked her to read some of Fernando's poems in the way he might have done. I am trying to get the elisions and the music of this elusive language. The 'pointing' is the difficulty..

The bright young things no doubt regard me as an anomaly - rather as as an anachronism. The young German girl did not appear.

We had first Portuguese history, probably the most difficult to follow. Then two lectures on language given by a cheerful character called Martins. In the first he called up the students one by one to sit by him, using their Christian names, and read a passage from Eca de Queiros, and then to answer questions on it.

In the second lesson, we perambulated in the manner of the old Greek philosophers up and down the pavement outside, while the sage put simple questions to us each in turn. Mr Martins is probably a retired schoolmaster and a little pedantic but it was an effective way of learning conversational Portuguese and one I had no difficulty in following.

Tuesday March 12th 1968

At the bank to get a cheque book. Why do the people there seem to hate me? (I have realised since they had noted my eye and like most Latin people were afraid of the evil eye. They seemed to get over it later on when apparently nothing happened to them,)

Then down to the bookshop in the Rua Augusta, the Parceria Pereira, where I bought two magnificent dictionaries and other books and wrote my first Portuguese cheque (1012\$00). The Avenida da Libertade was crowded, because there was a police parade in the wide central lane and all traffic was relegated to the narrow side lanes. My taxi had to crawl.

Lectures in the afternoon, history, Prado Coelho on Pessoa and Lindley Cintra on philology. The latter had a friendly little talk with me afterwards and told me that my student card, the requirimento, had arrived and offered to help me fill it in.

C. is a most attractive person and I was able, with his help, to follow him quite well. What a difference it makes when one likes one's teacher!

The German girl did not turn up again. I was disappointed. Foolish! I must remember I am 71 not 17!

Wednesday March 13th 1968.

## Cracked Record

Filled in, after a struggle, forms for inscricao at the university.

Lectures in the afternoon on history of art and language. Not knowing where to go for the first, I was staring vacantly into space, when Miss Viljoen found me and took me to the projection room where slides were being shown of various types of architecture while the lecturer walked up and down the centre aisle discussing their merits or demerits and chain-smoking. It was a most distressing form of lecturing because his body obscured the pictures part of the time or his voice was only half audible because his back was turned.

Afterwards, Martins took us like a class at school, he called out the students one by one to write out their mistakes at the last dictation on the blackboard and correct them, letting each struggle until he/she succeeded - a rather laborious procedure.

Then we had dictation. I only managed about three sentences. He kindly refrained from calling me up and I went to him afterwards and managed a little more. He really is a nice chap but a bit of a bore. .

Thursday March 14th 1968

A happy day like most Thursdays - the day on which Irene, Christopher, Bridget and I were born.

In the morning I worked on Fernando's papers. Then rushed through lunch to reach the university at 2, only to find that the history of art lecture had been cancelled. I went with Indian member of the class to the cafe where we had a long talk on South Africa over a coffee. We were joined later by the quiet German girl I had seen before.

At the next lecture we sat together and by looking at her notes could follow it much more easily, The subject was philology, and was very much in her line as she had told me this was the subject she was reading at Heidelberg University from which she was on leave.

The next lecture was contemporary Portuguese, which proved to be very boring, The German girl had left. She was wise.

Friday March 15th 1968

At Chico's I discovered the original of the much quoted self-revelation of Fernando's, written when he was 19. It is written on the thin copying paper we used to use when taking copies with the aid of a sponge and a presz. It was probably brought with him from South Africa perhaps taken when he used to help his step-father in his office in Dureban. It was very



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flimsy and had been much handled and seemed in danger of disintegration.

In the afternoon, we had Martins again and the class was joined by a Canadian girl who planted herself next to me. My German friend came in for the second lecture and sat behind me, We went home in the bus together, but she got off several stops before me. She is a pleasant, unassuming and intelligent person and I am glad to know someone like her in the class.

I promised to have a talk with the Irish girl's young man, a Portuguese student, who wanted to practise English in return for Portuguese.

March 16th 1968

I had a session with Jose in the cafe, practising English/Portuguese. Kathryn introduced him to me as a student who wanted to improve his English in return for helping me with spoken Portuguese. (Not Kathryn's young man I found out later. He had a girlfriend of his own. Kathryn (19) was the youngest in the class, a delightful girl, who was always trying to help someone, including me, the eldest, and it was to help me as much as Jose that she had arranged this meeting.)

Jose speaks English very well but with the peculiar Portuguese intonation. He made me feel that my own in Portuguese was worse. He spent some time trying to make me pronounce a simple word like Portugal as he did and then was not happy with the result! I had heard someone say you needed a Portuguese mouth to speak Portuguese and I began to believe it.

Out to S. Pedro with Michael and Eve. She has an anti-Portuguese bias and thinks it is their fault if the people do not understand her.

Sunday March 17th 1968

A rather melancholy day. Stomach upset, Had a walk in the morning through the Campo Grande and a sleep in the afternoon. Had a cheerful little talk with the guest who comes from Madeira. Otherwise lonely, somewhat homesick. Life in a foreign country is not always easy or thrilling!

Monday March 18th 1968

Morning with Jose at the cafe. In the afternoon, Martins came in and said something I did not catch. The class then broke up and someone let me know that a candidate was defending his doctoral thesis and that it was customary for everyone to

## Cracked Record

attend. Miss Viljoen, Kathryn and the Spanish lady took me along to a large hall looking like a court of law. Eleven professors, dressed in black, looking like inquisitors, entered the hall and took their seats. Then the candidate came in and sat opposite them. The Chief Inquisitor then rose and made a few weighty remarks and then handed over the proceedings to another black-robed figure, the Prosecutor, as it seemed. He put a question to the the candidate, who, nervous at first, afterwards gained great confidence and volubility. His hands fascinated me, At times, they were put quietly on the table before him, close together with palms downward; then, sometimes he would raise the right hand and claw the air, at other times he would turn the hands around one another in a circular manner, or again to deliver special emphasis by holding up one finger, as if to call for silence, which, however, was already profound. After more questions and more gestures in reply, the court seemed satisfied, and the Chief Inquisitor rose and went across to congratulate the now beaming ~~candidate~~.

*young man*

Tuesday March 19th 1968

Made a great gaffe in asking the German girl if she would like to dine with me one evening. She said she would have to ask her boyfriend first. I apologised and said it was not necessary, but felt rather a fool.

Evening with José again.

Wednesday March 20th 1968

Worried about my clanger with the German girl and resolve to keep my distance with these young people. I was wanting something to happen which could never happen twice - or I did for one insensate moment!

Lectures as usual. Jose in the evening. He tells me this must be our last meeting for a bit and will let Kathryn know when he is free again. I must ask Kathryn if she thinks he would accept some payment for his tuition which is very good. When he finishes his course at the university, he will have to do 4 years in the army and perhaps go to Angola.

In the morning Chico showed me some correspondence with a London firm of publishers, Rapp & Whiting, who would like to publish some translations of Fernando's poem&s. Am somewhat depressed at the thought but agree to help him compose a reply.

Thursday March 21st 1968

I went to Chico's with typed reply to Rapp & Whiting. Long discussion about it. We decide eventually to limit the letter

## Cracked Record

to an acknowledgment. A Professor Quintanilha is offering translations and as he is coming to Portugal at Easter, discussions would be best left until then.

One lecture (history of art) in the afternoon, then someone came in and shouted, "Aulas não há!" and we cleared off for the rest of the afternoon,

*Aulas não*

Friday March 22nd 1968

Chico brought in two exercise books used by Fernando when at the High School and dated 1903 as well as other papers and the draft of the 'Ultimatum' of Alvaro de Campos. One of the exercise books contained an attempt at writing a magazine, very much like that of the High School. A very exciting find. The only other piece of writing I know of dating from his schooldays is the essay on Macaulay published in the school magazine of 1904.

Saturday March 23rd 1968

I went with Chico and Teca to visit the Sintra palace. Sometimes the guide had some difficulty in explaining some of the features in English for the tourists and then Teca took over and rolled off the information with great éclat. It has some beautiful rooms and furniture but how uncomfortable these enormous palaces must have been to live in and how cold in winter! This day, however, was quite hot and many spring flowers were showing and the hills around were beautiful.

Jose, the Dias chauffeur, came round the palace with us and enjoyed it very much. He is a very likeable character.

Sunday 24th March 1968

Nothing much to report. A translation for Prof. Gardner. A cold rainy day. The kind that Fernando hated.

Monday March 25th 1968

Out with Teca looking for fresh lodgings. Some amusing experiences. One good person told us she would never mind my bringing in a lady at night. We wondered if she thought that we two old folks were having an affair.

Irene wrote to say she would come and join me whenever I wished.

Pina Martins called me out (not using my Christian name!) for my turn to have a little talk with him and we managed quite well.

## Cracked Record

Jose tells me he won't be able to see me again for a fortnight but is sending a young girl cousin in his place tomorrow at 6. Chico saw Prof, Quintanilha in the morning but did not say what had been decided.

Tuesday March 26th 1968

Morning looking for new quarters but decide to stay where I am for the time being. Meet Jose's cousin, Isabel, a tiny schoolgirl who claimed she was 18 years old. I took her to our usual cafe and ordered two bicás of coffee, And a voice behind me said sotto voce but audibly, "Com leite pela criança!" (With milk for the child!). She had brought with her a mighty tome entitled 'Elementos da filosofia' by Jorge de Maceda, who, incidentally, was one of the least comprehensible of the tutors on our course at the University, where he lectured on history. I put it gently away and suggested we try something less profound like ordinary conversation. But I could not understand her Portuguese nor she my English when spoken but had no difficulty if it was written. So we communicated on scraps of paper. Like the other Isabel on the boat she was very earnest and very serious. Her English is not as good as José's but I was getting what I needed: someone to listen while I blundered along. I took her back to the Metro station about 7.45.

Wednesday March 27th 1968

Chico offered me the money again that had been promised, but, of course, I refused. (I had suggested that it should be kept until the book had been written and perhaps used to help publication. In the event, I never received it.)

At the University, the porter greeted me with the now familiar words, "Aulas não há!" and eventually I found that everyone had gone to the theatre and I arrived just in time to see the end of a tragic scene.

I walked back through the gardens of the Campo Grande with the Pakistani and we had a coffee together in the tearoom there, The trees were bursting into leaf and the birds singing gaily and the place was full of hidden nostalgias: linnets and thrushes and blackbirds brought back Spring in England, arums, guineafowl, flamingoes and gum trees, South Africa, judas trees a morning spent with Irene in the gardens of the Alhambra, and horse chestnuts my boyhood in England again, and willow trees the lovely Mooi in South Africa.

Tuesday March 28th 1968.

## Cracked Record

After lectures at the University met Isabel at the café and showed her the exercise book Fernando had used when a schoolboy and we read a chapter of the little story he had written called Oz rapazes de Barrowby and supposed to be about a school in England but was really his own early experiences at the Durban High School. We read the chapter called Recem chegados (The newcomers) where a new boy, a Jew called Zacharias, is teased and bullied by some of the old hands after the manner of schoolboys, of the English breed, at least, the world over. I tried to explain this to Isabel, but she was not interested and perhaps shocked by what she regarded as the brutality of the boys. In the story, a champion arrives, also a new boy, but one as advanced in the art of boxing as the chief bully himself, who receives a well-merited thrashing - something which the young author might have liked to happen than what actually did. I do not know how much of this I got across to Isabel on our hastily written scraps of paper but she showed no signs of interest. She probably put it down to the general nastiness of boys in general, but girls, judging from what was told me by the De Saedelaar girls of their experience at a convent school in Wales, can be just as nasty. It is, of course, the pack instinct, to turn upon a newcomer until he or she, finds his right place in the pecking order. Fernando himself, kept a very low profile, owing to his poor physique, and could console himself that he could always defeat his oppressors in the class or examination room.

Friday March 29th 1968

A day of rain. O dia deu em chuvoso\*. I stayed in the pensao all morning, emerging to get myself a paper. Lectures in the afternoon and still feeling rather like Fernando did, though no one has shown me any hostility so far - quite the reverse! All the same, I often feel completely at sea, and wish I was - literally!

Letters from Christopher and Leslie Simon. The latter is a friend of Peggy's - a lawyer who manages her affairs. He is to visit Lisbon on the 8th April.

## Saturday March 30th 1968

I borrowed Chico's copy of the Incidencias inglesas na poesia de Fernando Pessoa by Maria da Encarnacao Monteiro. I noticed there that she remarks that Fernando had had a copy of E. B.

\*F.P. in the poem Trapo.

## Cracked Record

Browning's works and had marked the poem A musical instrument. It brought back Kate and her little 'Goat boy' which I noted on Feb.5 in the diary. Sad news about the injury to her foot in a letter from Bridget.

Sunday March 31st 1968

Walk in Spring sunshine in the Campo Grande: birds twittering and carolling among the trees, with a birch tree conspicuous in full leaf; swans casually gliding amongst the inexperienced oarsmen on the lake, palms with trousers of trailing ivy around their trunks.

Monday April 1st 1968

I am stupidly upset by that young jack-in-office at the Embassy. (I have now, 1989, completely forgotten what it was. I suppose it was something to do with young Evans being a bit bureaucratic about the life certificate,) I worked it off, staying up until 3 in the morning. Teca had bought me a new globe which did away with some of the sepulchral gloom I had had to endure till then.

Tuesday April 2nd 1968

Go to the Baixa and buy a copy of Páginas íntimas edited by Prado Coelho and Georg Lind. I met the latter for the first time at Teca's in the afternoon. A tall, burly German, mild-mannered and modest, and speaking excellent English, he was, I already knew, the most diligent of the researchers into and editors of pessoan documents.

We had a long and interesting talk about the question of Fernando's paganism and his strong antipathy to the catholic faith he was brought up in and to which, incidentally, his sister was devoted. I expressed my view that his schooling in Durban had little to do with it. Boys seldom discuss religion with one another and the family friends seem to have all been part of a large Catholic community in Durban. I believed that he objected to anything organised being foisted on him, as, for instance, the sport at school and mentioned I had just discovered that he had invented his own game, one called 'Racquet goal', complete with a set of written rules. (Later information showed that he was quite an enthusiastic spectator of football, but lacked the physique to take part.)

I showed him too, a document in French written by Fernando, which I believed was the draft of a letter he sent to Geerds

## Cracked Record ✓

and others when in 1907 he had that mental crisis and was seeking information about himself by pretending to be a psychiatrist. Dr Lind, not knowing all the details was not so sure, believing it to be another of Fernando's attempts at self analysis. (It proved later to be a valuable link in a chain of evidence when I found the letter to Belcher (one of his teachers) and the other from Geerds himself which was found recently by someone else.)

Wednesday April 3rd 1968

On going to the Dias flat to examine more of the espólio, found that someone was already there on the same mission, and quite an apparition at that! She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was slim, elegant, exquisitely dressed as only a Parisienne can be and with the keen, dark-eyed features, and oriental look which is the peculiar possession of some Jewish ladies of the Sephardic breed. Charm flowed out of her like a fine perfume and I enjoyed a little chat with her. Her interest in Pessoa was largely on account of his Jewish ancestry but she was well-versed in every aspect of his work.

I never saw her again and cannot remember her name.

(Five days with nothing of consequence happening.)

Monday April 8th 1968

I meet Simon and his wife at the airport and take them by taxi to their hotel. Arrange a chicken dinner in the Baixa for that evening, to which he invited a number of South Africans friends who happened to be in the city and I invited Jonah and a couple of Rhodesians. Quite a jolly party but I felt after a time I wanted to get back to the Portuguese. Simon had no idea of the value of the money and had given the waiter a 500\$00 tip. This was unheard of generosity and the waiter came to me and asked if Simon had made a mistake. I advised him to ask for a hundred which was a very handsome tip then. He did and Simon, very surprised, gave him the smaller note. I was sorry afterwards, that I had suggested it. Simon could well have afforded it. I am astonished at the honesty of some of these humble people who have so little.

Tuesday AApril 9th 1968

## Cracked Record

Stay quietly at home, reading and brushing up grammar. Walk round the Pequeno Campo, the little park close at hand, occupied mainly by the bull-ring - but with room for a chute and swings for the children, who attended by their nannies are delightful to watch, and helped to brighten a dull day.

The Dias car was not in front of their building, so I guess they have left for the Algarve, which they were planning to do.

Wednesday April 10th 1968

I went to bed at 11 and woke at 2 feeling profoundly unhappy.

I had had a long dream of which I can remember only the first part. I was in a large house something like the one in Greytown and I heard a noise in the back part of it, where there was a little narrow room. There I saw Fernando coming in. I knew it was Fernando but it was not like how he had been described to me. He was tall, broad and detached, more like Christopher. "This the room where I wrote my ...." I was going to say 'masterpiece', but realised at once the absurdity of it. Monty was there (and I was aware of two shadowy figures of dogs in the background- perhaps a memory of Panda, somehow doubled.) Monty had climbed on to a bench, put his forefeet on my shoulders and was trying to lick my face in the silent, appealing way he had when he was old and uncertain of himself. My heart breaks when I think of it. "Look after him," I said to Fernando (who perhaps was also Christopher) "Look after him when I am gone whatever.." A blot hid the rest of the sentence,

Thursday April 11th 1968

2 a.m. The man next door comes home and hawks and spits. A car hoots. A great plane rumbles overhead. Pigeons wake up and coo

I am unhappy. Am I like Monty begging for love or for some appeasement of the pain within me? I do not know. I want Jeannine to love me. I want to be with Sis. She is so comfortable to live with....

7 a.m. More confused dreams - or rather confused memories of them, Something about a hole in the road and a man with a broad face and a beard speaking to me. Some boys come in with crutches in their hands. They say: "We could not carry them around with us." I simply said: "I do not want them," The boys dropped them. They were no longer needed. The boys did not appear surprised or delighted.

What on earth could be the meaning of this?



## Cracked Record

Friday April 12th 1968

8.45 a.m. I want to look upon England again.  
I find myself saying, sentimentally:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
That never to himself gath said,  
This is mine own, my native land? ...

hull ea

Mawkish, I know. but all the same I want to see the lovely green billows of the Downs again and to stare into the clear depths of a chalk stream to see the trout playing among the green tangles of waterweed in the shadowed bed. I want the gentle companionship of my sisters and the thoughts they bring me of long ago. It is not the same England but it is still England. The lovely sound of muffled sheep bells as the flocks are driven home to their folds. The sweep of scabious has been replaced by the evergrowing ploughed land. The heaths rooted up and 'reclaimed' and so many of the wet lands too. And the people have changed. The rampant minority who jingled their way through our history have been replaced by a rampant majority with no pride in their country or themselves but a simple lust for pleasure and the wealth to provide it, or to seize by violence it or by some cunning fiddle or to opt out of life altogether this new craze for drugs, But when I look at the Downs, or what is left untouched of them, like Ballard Down behind the Atkins' home I am back in the days of Hardy - the goodness and beauty of life and living, mitigating the underlying tragedy of it.

Saturday April 13th 1968

Buy a book for Jon down at the Baixa. (Two dreama related in Portuguese less comprehensible both in language and conteynt).

[1]<sup>9</sup> Cracked Record<sup>10</sup>

CRACKED RECORD V  
THE D.H.S. STORY

These jottings flow cogently enough through the first three note books, but the fourth was so taken up with contemporary events that I have to return to where I left off in the third book, that is, about 1960. The prime event of that year was the invitation to write a book on the history of the Durban High School, which would complete its centenary in 1966. I accepted and the work kept me happily engaged over the next five years.

The work was to be published by the Durban High School and Old Boys' Memorial Trust but the task was not offered at first to me, but to Neville Nuttall who for many years had been the senior English master at the school, but Neville, a close friend put in such a strong plea for my being given the job that the then chairman, Mr L.C. Grice gave it to me. Neville had been impressed by some stories I had written for the *Mentor*, which I think was the turning point but he studied my MS as soon as it was written and sedulously weeded out any solecisms as well as encouraging me with lavish praise. I think he really enjoyed reading the passages I sent to him and I added sometimes a little *jeu d'esprit* which had little to do with the history and were left out of the final publication. One of these was the still unpublished story, *A thread of gold*. Bill Payn was appointed my coadjutor but his sudden death in 1962 robbed me of his help and a world of wit and wisdom which this great athlete stored within him.

The work, as I saw it, entailed a great deal of research and included not only a study of the early (and late) days of the school but its connection also with local and national events but with those of the Empire as well for it was seldom that someone from the school was not involved in all three. Thus I went through sheaves of crumbling old newspapers in the basement of the Durban Municipal Library and many records in the Archives at Pietermaritzburg. Not only historical references came under my attention, literary ones as well. I had to read some of the many books written by Old Boys and study some of their activities as, for instance, plastic surgery or some of the latest discoveries in archaeology. None of these things were strictly essential but I enjoyed filling up some of the gaps in my knowledge. I found, too, that I had to begin learning a new language, Portuguese, when Pessoa entered the scene and revive my knowledge of an old one. French, as

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<sup>9</sup> The document presents page numbers in the bottom margins; we indicate these numbers in brackets to avoid interrupting the text flow.

<sup>10</sup> Every page presents the title "Cracked Record" as a left-aligned header; we omit those from p. 2 onward.

will be told later In short, I was giving myself something of a liberal education as I stumbled along, not quite sure where it would all lead to.

The great discovery was that of Pessoa. It was a revelation to find that this great poet, as I found him to be, had been educated at the school I was writing about, My story [2] of the discovery has been told elsewhere and I do not want to repeat it.<sup>11</sup> It was a path that led me through the acquaintance of other interesting personalities of which the most prominent were Roy Campbell, Uys Krige, the genial Afrikaans poet, to Armand Guibert, the French poet, and probably the best translator and commentator on Pessoa then existing, who sent me several of his books from Paris; then Alexandrino Severino, who wrote to me from S. Paulo in Brazil, where he was preparing a doctoral thesis on Fernando Pessoa in South Africa. We have been corresponding ever since—for nearly thirty years. From him I learned much of the methods of research and we shared our discoveries as they appeared. My horizons were widening and had their effect on the book I was writing. When it appeared at the end of 1965, it was called ‘a great book about a great school’ on the dust cover and no one to my knowledge, [→ has] challenged the statement, but I like best Professor Gardner’s comment that ‘it introduced something new into works of this genre’. It did indeed have unusual local acclaim, although not always in the committee that had been formed to direct it, particularly, from the chairman of the committee and of the Trust, Mr Gordon E, Noyce, but the other members led by Nuttall, Brokensha and Theobald supported me and the book was published unaltered from what I had written.

Nevertheless, somewhat sick at heart, I took the £500 which was fee for writing the book and left for a visit to Europe, taking Irene with me. After visiting my family in England, we crossed to Portugal where I made myself known to the survivors in the Pessoa a family and received a very cordial reception. They were his half-sister Dona Henriqueta, her husband, Col.<sup>12</sup> Francisco <F.>[←C.] Dias and his half-brother Michael and his wife Eve.<sup>13</sup> Another brother John and his wife Eileen lived in London. The two latter couples were completely anglicised and used the English form of their names. While I was there, Michael suggested that I should write a book in English on his brother and be paid £1000 for it and the others agreed. I said I would try when I was capable of doing so and would do my best to become so. So the matter remained. Irene went on to visit Greece on her return journey but I stayed on in Portugal before returning to South Africa.

Two years later I was back in Portugal, having been awarded a fellowship by the Gulbenkian Foundation for which I had been recommended by Alex

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<sup>11</sup> Author’s note (handwritten at the bottom of page): In *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* by <Hubert>[↑ H. D.] Jennings. p. 16 Durban. 1986

<sup>12</sup> A comma (instead of a dot) in the document.

<sup>13</sup> See the letters Dona Henriqueta (aka “Teca”) and Michael sent to Hubert Jennings, which are facsimiled and transcribed in this issue (with introduction and notes by Susan Brown).

Severino, Will Gardner and the Pessoa family. My fare by air or sea was to be paid and a monthly allowance of six thousand escudos paid me for six months with the possibility of its being extended for another six months. Actually I was there for nearly two years and though the amount was only about £75 in sterling it was ample for my needs in those days (it was the salary then of a university professor) and I seldom had to call upon my own resources. I chose to go by sea just as Fernando had done in four similar voyages, and as I have always loved sea voyages I will go over the details as recorded in a diary I kept at the time.

[3] THE VOYAGE

Thursday, February 15<sup>th</sup> 1968. On board the *Príncipe Perfeito*.<sup>14</sup>

Confusing last run around before going on to the ship. Shares, travellers' cheques, embarkation permit for Irene and needless worry about baggage! We go for morning tea to a little flyblown dockside cafe, not being yet permitted on the ship. Later we have lunch on the ship and feel better. Irene stayed until 3, 30 [←3.30] neither of us quite knowing what to say to the other. We had said it all before. (Irene had elected to stay on at the Prep where she was happy teaching small boys who adored her.) About an hour later the ship cast off and the tugs drew us away from the quay. There few to see us off and I had told Irene not to wait. As we passed down the narrow channel between the breakwater and the Bluff, I looked for her, but she was not there...<sup>15</sup> We go into the haze that lies over the water, the land becomes a formless blur—like my feelings, Dinner with a Mr Godfrey and with him afterwards to a film,

Friday February 16<sup>th</sup> 1968

Slept until 8 with a rather miserable period of waking about 4,30. Cold. The ship beginning to roll. The shore seems a part of the Wild Coast. Deep ravines. We are turning the corner of Africa. I see few other passengers and feel little exhilaration about the voyage. The ship is rolling more heavily now. What bravery was shown by the little ships of long ago[→!] So many wrecked on this coast! Land no longer in sight. I go back to this cabin, where I am shut in like a monk in his cell, trying to mutter my orisons in Portuguese!

Saturday February 17, 1968

At 6 a.m. saw what I thought was Hangklip. I meant to go back and look for the famous Cape of Storms and Good Hope on the other side of False Bay—how

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<sup>14</sup> "Príncipe Perfeito," with the first *i* unstressed in the document. We formatted in *italics* all Portuguese words (except for the names of streets, cities and people).

<sup>15</sup> Whenever Jennings uses only two dots to indicate ellipsis, we add a third.

the words are full of hidden meaning!—<sup>16</sup>but I went back to the cabin and fell asleep and when I got up for breakfast at 8 there was no sign of land... We seem to have passed out of the gale which blew all yesterday and are now headed for warmer calmer seas. There are no white horses to be seen. More passengers appear. I meet a young couple called Jones from Rhodesia and another from Durban called Eddy. In the evening a boring and incomprehensible American film.

Tuesday February 20th 1968 (three days of *dolce fa[r] niente*<sup>17</sup> not recorded!)

[4] Arrive in Lobito at 6 a.m. Walk round town with Dick Godfrey. Play chess with Dr Bonsuela (?). Meet Eva Elena Sigues<sup>18</sup>, who promises to help me with Portuguese. Bus trip to Calameilas and Benguela, the latter rather attractive. Beer and a little talk afterwards on deck with Elena. Dancing in evening.

Wednesday February 21<sup>st</sup> 1968

Arrived at Luanda at 6 a.m. Looks very flat, which is how I feel. I am depressed. I hate being in port and the ship is now crowded with strangers, Most depressing of all is that I cannot understand them, /<when they are talking>/<sup>19</sup> [→to one another]. I am wondering if I have bitten off more than I can chew in taking on this job... Do I like the Portuguese and their language well enough to make it worth while? I am like F.P, was in July 1907, wanting a mother or someone similar to confide in, 'Moral vertigo,' he called it. I wish Irene had come with me. I want the ship to go. The heel and lift of the waves might change my mood. It is myself I doubt.

Thursday February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1968

The first entry in my very faulty Portuguese. Rather silly and not worth recording, called *Conversações imaginárias*<sup>20</sup> and best left to the imagination!

Friday February 23<sup>rd</sup> 1968.

Another entry in my appalling Portuguese of the time, which freely translated is:

<sup>16</sup> An equals sign (=) instead of dash (—) in the document.

<sup>17</sup> Italian saying, meaning *delicious idleness* (literally, *sweet doing nothing*).

<sup>18</sup> Author's note (typed but with a handwritten indication "Could Elena be put at the bottom of page?"): Her real name proved to be Maria Helena Rodrigues Siqueira but I did not know this until she signed my menu card at the Captain's Dinner (Feb 26). I have kept the spelling Elena as she was known to our little party of which she became an important member. She was very small, beautiful and intelligent, [note ends with a comma]

<sup>19</sup> Note in left margin, indicating doubt: <del.>[↓stay]

<sup>20</sup> *Imaginary conversations*; in the document, "Conversacoes imaginarias," unstressed, lacking cedilla and tilde.

I am seated next to Elena on deck who is also writing in her diary. She is smaller than I thought her when we first met so many days ago. She has helped me to understand the '*Obra e Vida de F.P.*' by Gaspar Simões. She is now talking to one of her many admirers. I am very grateful for the time she gives to me. The man talking to her is the *imediato* or first mate of the ship. At first a little resentful of his intrusion but as I became conscious of his straight figure and his manly and frank face, I could understand why he is the only one on board she does not keep at arms' length. (Actually I never saw them together again!)

Saturday February 24<sup>th</sup> 1968

[5] I am now enjoying the voyage very much, Jonah and his girlfriend Tickey keep me amused although the former has gloomy moments, the cause of which I cannot guess—probably the girlfriend. Dick Godfrey is absolutely charming and restful to be with. Mr and Mrs<sup>21</sup> Knudsen, in their sedate and stable way (he is a successful business man just retired and on his way to Norway) are also good companions. I play chess with Dr Schumelian in the mornings. The first mate tells me that Elena is a doctor of economics.

Sunday February 25<sup>th</sup> 1968

Dick Godfrey came to tell me that he had made the acquaintance, while writing in the card room, of a lovely young schoolgirl with violet eyes, anxious to practise English at which she was already very good. He told her about me and my interest in Pessoa and borrowed some of my translations to show her. Her father is a Lt. colonel. Another army officer, a full colonel, had a long argument with me about Pessoa's heteronyms. Like others he began by declaiming '*Mar Português<e>*' [→ *Português*] to me. I wonder how many of our soldiers know as much about any of our poets?

Monday February 26<sup>th</sup> 1968

Breakfast with the Recluse. no one else was up so early. He had never been known to speak to anyone else before. I found him to be a very interesting person deeply versed in bird and animal lore, and in an excellent position to be so, as he owns a wildlife farm somewhere between Mooi River and the Drakensberg.

In the evening we had the Captain's Dinner, followed by a dance. I had two lame dances and then Elena, the show which the rest of the ship's company seemed to be waiting for. I suppose the sight of this lovely fragile young thing dancing with old white-headed me was quite a spectacle. We had evolved our own kind of dancing and we just drifted around the room, mostly holding one another by the tips of our fingers and doing anything that occurred to us with our

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<sup>21</sup> Whenever Jennings points out corrections to be made (often in the left margin), we simply make the amendments indicated without leaving a footnote; e.g., here he left a note to capitalize *m* in *mrs*.

feet, but riding always on the beat of the music. It was rather like guiding a puff of thistle-down through the air, and the others loved it. And so did we.

About midnight, the ladies retired and the men sat down round a table to drink a cup of kindness which I found later was to last the remainder of the night. We sat round a long table and a guitar was passed around and each one required to sing a song and strum a tune on the instrument, which most did most fealty. When it came to my turn, I gave the strings a horrible twanging and croaked out '*Sous les ponts de Paris*' which they all seemed to know and joined in with drunken fervour. Then I tried to chant '*Ó<sup>22</sup> noite serena*' lost myself halfway but was helped out [6] by the others with enthusiasm. Then we had the ship's band roused from their beds and roared together something quite incomprehensible to me. When the last of us staggered off to bed, I saw it was five o'clock.

I still have the menu for that dinner, where most who signed added a comment or a verse in Portuguese or English, one of which was 'To Mr Jennings, the youngest old man I ever met' I think I had to be to get through that night!

Tuesday, February 27<sup>th</sup> 1968

I have been looking at the poems, the tiny child of 17, with the violet eyes, has confided to me. They seem good but her writing is more difficult for me than the Portuguese. I have written a little message in pencil on them, 'Keep the singing heart!' A sweet girl but very serious, and I cannot dance with her. It is easier with her ugly little sister (13) who has plain features and thick glasses, [← and] who has a sense of fun and a rhythm like mine.

Our little party seems to have forgiven me for having deserted them for most of yesterday evening.

Looking over Isabel's poems again, I see her full name is Isabel Maria Freese de Merezes e Vale and one of her ancestors was Magellan<sup>23</sup>. Poor child! What a weight to <bear.> [→ carry around!] No wonder she is so serious!

Wednesday February 28<sup>th</sup> 1968

Tenerife came out of the morning mist like a fairy castle <.> [→ in a story-book.] It was some time, however, before we could see the top of the snow-capped peak. But when we hired a car and were driven across the island, it appeared distinctly less glamorous. It is larger than we thought and generally has an unkempt and overcrowded look about it. Dick, Tickey, Jonah and I hired a car and were driven to Puerto de la Cruz, a seaside resort like any other and full of large ugly hotels.

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<sup>22</sup> Unstressed in the document.

<sup>23</sup> Ferdinand Magellan, explorer (1480-1521); Portuguese name *Fernão de Magalhães*.

Isabel had another long serious talk with me. I suppose her main object is to practise her English, which is much better than Elena's, who seems to be keeping out of my way. I asked her if she was angry with me. "Angry?" she said. "You mean you want food?" I explained with difficulty and she got it at last. "Oh, you mean '*zangado*'! No, *claro*, no' Why should I be?"

Thursday February 29<sup>th</sup> 1968

We are in Funchal. Everybody seems to have gone ashore but I am enjoying the peace and quiet of the ship, though I still hate it when the engines stop. I am now a little weary of the [7] voyage. Lisbon tomorrow to begin a life which I view with some trepidation. If only I was as I was when I came here with Irene when she was a young bride on her first ocean trip. And she is now as she was then the most stable thing in my life. And I can see her, tall, slim, brown dress, white shoes... I like these other people and sometimes get quite excited about them, but I could not do without her.

Friday, March 1<sup>st</sup> 1968

We arrived in the mouth of the Tagus estuary in a howling gale! "That's Cascais," Eddy said, pointing to some houses, rocking up and down on the obscure horizon. "We should be in Lisbon in half-an-hour." Actually, we spent five hours being beaten about by huge broadside on waves before a pilot could come aboard and take us into the harbour—to cross the bar, a bank of shifting sand that lies at its mouth. Later we heard that some passengers had been injured by being thrown against the bulwarks by the force of the seas. Then followed another two hours of delay and confusion when the ship tied up at the Maritime Station for at least another two hours. Through the customs at last, I found Michael and Eve waiting for me, completely exhausted by a seven hour wait in a milling crowd, harassed by police trying to control them. (They were waiting for the troops returning from a long spell in Angola) They drove me out in their car to their flat at S. Pedro and at last we were able to relax and settle down to a drink. Michael, however, was still very excited and I was concerned about him as I remembered he had had a stroke some years before. Julia, their maid, their 'baby', was still her old cheerful competent self and soon had things in order.

The voyage was ended as all voyages have to end, I spent the next day happily enough with Eve and Michael getting used to the feel of firm earth again and not listening for the hum of engines and the slap of waves on a ship's sides.

In the evening I went into Lisbon where Mr Knudsen had arranged a farewell party for the little group of us who had been most together during the voyage: Jonah, Tickey, the Eddys, myself and our hosts, the Knudsens. We had dinner at the Aziz and fado singing afterwards, It was, like all such meetings, a little hollow. The ball was ended, the curtain rung down: the little world we had



inhabited and which gave meaning to us, was broken like a shell and we had become chance acquaintances, strangers almost... They had asked me to ring Elena to come and join them but I had refused.<sup>24</sup> I was glad I had not.

Or was I?

[8] LIFE IN LISBON

The next day Michael and Eve took me in town and met once more Henriqueta and Francisco whom I was soon to call by their family names Teca and Chico.

They had booked a room for me in the *Pensão S. Francisco*, which was next door to their flat. The room was small and being in the front had all the noise of the traffic in the Avenida da República<sup>25</sup> resounding through it. Furthermore I found that the hot tap in the general bathroom had had the hot water tap taken off and I did not enjoy a cold shower in February. Not being prepared for such a spartan existence I complained and was given a larger room with a private bathroom (with hot and cold water!) and a marquise. This last, I found was an adjunct, rather like a small sitting room, overlooking an inner courtyard. It seemed positively luxurious after the other room and I happily moved in. Meals I found were served at long tables and I shared one with about twenty other guests, all Portuguese, very friendly and only too ready to help me with their language though most seemed to have a smattering of English, especially those from Madeira.

Chico took me next morning to the offices of the Gulbenkian Foundation where I met Sr. Braga de Oliveira, head of the international department, if that is right term, because Calouste Gulbenkian, an anglicised Armenian, had left a large fortune to be used for the good of all but having been based in Portugal became to be regarded as a Portuguese institution...

Mr Oliveira was most cordial and speaking excellent English assured me of the Foundation's help in every way and, as an earnest of this, produced a cheque for my first monthly honorarium of 6000 escudos and said that the fare by sea, which he was surprised I had not referred the shipping company to the Foundation, would be paid to me shortly.

From there we went on to lunch at the 'Cabello Branco', where Teca joined us and then together we went on to the University where we were met by Professor Jacinto Prado Coelho, the leading authority on Pessoa and Portuguese literature in general. He invited me to attend one of his lectures the following day and helped me to enroll<sup>26</sup> myself later in a course for foreigners then in progress. A

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<sup>24</sup> A period followed by a comma in the document.

<sup>25</sup> Unstressed in the document.

<sup>26</sup> Though normally using British spelling, here Jennings opts for the American variation *enroll*.

small, earnest man, exquisitely courteous, he was a tower of strength to me during the whole time I was there. I found out later that his influence on all academic productions was enormous. He and Dr Lind, whom I met soon afterwards were the most distinguished editors of Pessoa's work. We generally spoke French to one another for it was a long time before I could trust my limited Portuguese.

[9] It was not easy to return to the classroom. It was not like Strasbourg where I attended a summer course in French. There I understood every word being said, but that was forty eight years before. Now I scarcely understood a single word unless it was written. I sat in the front row where I could best catch every intonation and where I tried to manoeuvre into a position where the blackboard did not shine but seldom with success. I did best when written sheets were handed out, or where I could look over the shoulder of my neighbour, like a cheating schoolboy, and copy her notes. (There were very few men in the class and I can only remember two—one Indian and one African, and only the latter took notes.)

#### CRACKED RECORD V Part 2)

These early days in Lisbon were filled with new and surprising things. New personalities, new scenes, new experiences of every kind began to crowd in upon me, now that the unreal dream-existence that every sea-voyage is, had come to a close and<sup>27</sup> the stark exigences of everyday life demanded their customary place.

Therefore I have to return to my diary to piece together their little quota to the load of living, It may be covering things that have been said before, but these can be deleted later, thanks to this ingenious invention, the computer-printer...

March 6<sup>th</sup> 1968

I go to the Embassy (South African) to have my life certificate signed, (At this time it was necessary to obtain this certificate monthly in order for my pension to be paid into<sup>28</sup> my bank in S.A., where it had been ceded to Irene)

Thus I met a rufus-haired young man called Evans ('Rusty' Evans I found later he was known to the Embassy staff.) When later I mentioned to him that an article in a journal lying on the counter of the waiting room had been translated from a chapter written by me in the D. H. S. Story. He was immediately very interested. It was on Roy Campbell, who had lived (and died) at Sintra, not very far away and was well known to the Embassy staff. Mr Evans took me at once to see a Mr Freire de Andrade, the chief counsellor. Roy had been a personal friend, as was Mary Campbell still. Son of a former governor of Mozambique, he had been

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<sup>27</sup> "and and" in the document, a typo.

<sup>28</sup> "intto" in the document, a typo.

educated in England and, as I was to find out later, was loved by all. From his office, we [10] went on to that of Bidarra de Almeida, who had written the article (or translated it) for their journal, called *Notícias de Africa do Sul*,<sup>29</sup> which provided information about South Africa for intending emigrants there or any others interested.

From there I was taken to the ambassador himself, a burly Afrikaner called Viljoen. We had a long chat where we found we had several mutual friends—Ernest Malherbe, John Oxley, and Uys Krige and others. He also told me that his daughter was taking the same course at the university as I was about to take.

Thursday March 7<sup>th</sup> 1968

Opened an account at Chico's bank which had the odd name of *Banco de Santo Espírito e Comércio*.<sup>30</sup> (It was some time before I discovered that *Santo Espírito*<sup>31</sup> was the name of a person, a well-known financier, and not the Paraclete.)

Lunch afterwards with Teca and Chico at the Quinta in the upper part of the city called the Chiado. Very garish and new, What pleasure there was in it spoiled by an American woman with a booming voice at the next table.

March 8<sup>th</sup> 1968

A leisurely morning, Breakfast in bed and then writing a letter to Almeida on Campbell. Went later to the University and found the first lecture had been cancelled; trooped off with the rest of the class to the university cafe where I paid for coffees and made myself known to the others, among whom was the ambassador's daughter, Miss Viljoen, a big, plain-featured girl but very pleasant. They were all very young and no doubt surprised to have a fellow-student of my venerable age and appearance, but they did not show it.

The second lecture was by Prado Coelho. I sat next to the German girl and by a stealthy glance now and then at her notes, was able to follow most of it. (The written word was always easier for me at this stage than the spoken.) As she had joined the class the day before only, it seemed right for the two foreigners to cling together - metaphorically speaking, at least, until we found our feet.

Sunday March 10<sup>th</sup> 1968

Al day alone. Breakfast in bed and rise at 10.30, like Burlington Bertie! Study syllabuses and do so me preparation for them.

[11] Monday March 11<sup>th</sup> 1968

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<sup>29</sup> "Noticias de Africa do sul," unstressed and with lowercase "sul" in the document.

<sup>30</sup> "Espirito and Comercio," both unstressed in the document.

<sup>31</sup> "Esoirito" in the document, a typo.

The morning was spent at the Dias flat, first with Chico alone and then with Teca. I asked her to read some of Fernando's poems in the way he might have done. I am trying to get the elisions and the music of this elusive language. The 'pointing' is the difficulty...

The bright young things no doubt regard me as an anomaly—rather as<sup>32</sup> an anachronism. The young German girl did not appear.

We had first Portuguese history, probably the most difficult to follow. Then two lectures on language given by a cheerful character called Martins. In the first he called up the students one by one to sit by him, using their Christian names, and read a passage from Eça de Queirós,<sup>33</sup> and then to answer questions on it.

In the second lesson, we perambulated in the manner of the old Greek philosophers up and down the paveme[n]t outside, while the sage put simple questions to us each in turn. Mr Martins is probably a retired schoolmaster and a little pedantic but it was an effective way of learning conversational Portuguese and one I had no difficulty in following.

Tuesday March 12<sup>th</sup> 1968

At the bank to get a cheque book. Why do the people there seem to hate me? (I have realised since they had noted my eye and like most Latin people were afraid of the evil eye. They seemed to get over it later on when apparently nothing happened to them.<sup>34</sup>)

Then down to the bookshop in the Rua Augusta<sup>35</sup>, the *Parceria Pereira*, where I bought two magnificent dictionaries and other books and wrote my first Portuguese cheque (1012\$00). The Avenida da Liberdade<sup>36</sup> was crowded, because there was a police parade in the wide central lane and all traffic was relegated to the narrow side lanes. My taxi had to crawl.

Lectures in the afternoon, history, Prado Coelho on Pessoa and Lindley Cintra on philology. The latter had a friendly little talk with me afterwards and told me that my student card, the *requerimento*<sup>37</sup>, had arrived and offered to help me fill it in.

C. is a most attractive person and I was able, with his help, to follow him quite well. What a difference it makes when one likes one's teacher!

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<sup>32</sup> "as as" in the document, a typo.

<sup>33</sup> "Eca de Queiros" in the document, unstressed and lacking a cedilla.

<sup>34</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>35</sup> "Auugusta" in the document, a typo.

<sup>36</sup> "AAvenida da Libertade" in the document, a typo.

<sup>37</sup> "requirimento" in the document, a typo.

The German girl did not turn up again. I was disappointed. Foolish! I must remember I am 71 not 17!

Wednesday March 13<sup>th</sup> 1968.

[12] Filled in, after a struggle, forms for *inscrição*<sup>38</sup> at the university.

Lectures in the afternoon on history of art and language. Not knowing where to go for the first, I was staring vacantly into space, when Miss Viljoen found me and took me to the projection room where slides were being shown of various types of architecture while the lecturer walked up and down the centre aisle discussing their merits or demerits and chain-smoking. It was a most distressing form of lecturing because his body obscured the pictures part of the time or his voice was only half audible because his back was turned.

Afterwards, Martins took us like a class at school, he called out the students one by one to write out their mistakes at the last dictation on the blackboard and correct them, letting each struggle until he/she succeeded—a rather laborious procedure.

Then we had dictation. I only managed about three sentences. He kindly refrained from calling me up and I went to him afterwards and managed a little more. He really is a nice chap but a bit of a bore...

Thursday March 14<sup>th</sup> 1968

A happy day like most Thursdays—the day on which Irene, Christopher, Bridget and I were born.

In the morning I worked on Fernando's papers. Then rushed through lunch to reach the university at 2, only to find that the history of art lecture had been cancelled. I went with Indian member of the class to the cafe where we had a long talk on South Africa over a coffee. We were joined later by the quiet German girl I had seen before.

At the next lecture we sat together and by looking at her notes could follow it much more easily, The subject was philology, and was very much in her line as she had told me this was the subject she was reading at Heidelberg University from which she was on leave.

The next lecture was contemporary Portuguese, which proved to be very boring, The German girl had left. She was wise.

Friday March 15<sup>th</sup> 1968

At Chico's I discovered the original of the much quoted self-revelation of Fernando's, written when he was 19. It is written on the thin copying paper we used to use when taking copies with the aid of a sponge and a press<sup>39</sup>. It was

<sup>38</sup> "inscricao" in the document, lacking a cedilla and a tilde.

<sup>39</sup> "presz" in the document, probably a typo due to the proximity of letters s and z on the typewriter.

probably brought with him from South Africa perhaps taken when he used to help his step-father in his office in Durban<sup>40</sup>. It was very [13] flimsy and had been much handled and seemed in danger of disintegration.

In the afternoon, we had Martins again and the class was joined by a Canadian girl who planted herself next to me. My German friend came in for the second lecture and sat behind me.<sup>41</sup> We went home in the bus together, but she got off several stops before me. She is a pleasant, unassuming and intelligent person and I am glad to know someone like her in the class.

I promised to have a talk with the Irish girl's young man, a Portuguese student, who wanted to practise English in return for Portuguese.<sup>42</sup>

March 16<sup>th</sup> 1968

I had a session with José<sup>43</sup> in the cafe, practising English/Portuguese. Kathryn introduced him to me as a student who wanted to improve his English in return for helping me with spoken Portuguese. (Not Kathryn's young man I found out later. He had a girlfriend of his own. Kathryn (19) was the youngest in the class, a delightful girl, who was always trying to help someone, including me, the eldest, and it was to help me as much as José that she had arranged this meeting.)

José speaks English very well but with the peculiar Portuguese intonation. He made me feel that my own in Portuguese was worse. He spent some time tryi[n]g to make me pronounce a simple word like Portugal as he did and then was not happy with the result! I had heard someone say you needed a Portuguese mouth to speak Portuguese and I began to believe it.

Out to S. Pedro with Michael and Eve. She has an anti-Portuguese bias and thinks it is their fault if the people do not understand her.

Sunday March 17<sup>th</sup> 1968

A rather melancholy day. Stomach upset, Had a walk in the morning through the Campo Grande and a sleep in the afternoon. Had a cheerful little talk with the guest who comes from Madeira. Otherwise lonely, somewhat homesick. Life in a foreign country is not always easy or thrilling!

Monday March 18<sup>th</sup> 1968

Morning with José at the cafe. In the afternoon, Martins came in and said something<sup>44</sup> I did not catch. The class then broke up and someone let me know that

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<sup>40</sup> "Dureban" in the document, a typo.

<sup>41</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>42</sup> "English.in return forPortuguese" in the document, lacking spaces and with an extra period.

<sup>43</sup> "Jose," unstressed; Jennings oscillates between stressing *José* or not; we always add the stress.

<sup>44</sup> "somethjing" in the document, a typo.

a candidate was defending his doctoral thesis and that it was customary for everyone to [14] attend. Miss Viljoen, Kathryn and the Spanish lady took me along to a large hall looking like a court of law.<sup>45</sup> Eleven professors, dressed in black, looking like inquisitors, entered the hall and took their seats. Then the candidate came in and sat opposite them. The Chief Inquisitor then rose and made a few weighty remarks and then handed over the proceedings to another black-robed figure, the Prosecutor<sup>46</sup> as it seemed. He put a question to the<sup>47</sup> candidate, who, nervous at first, afterwards gained great confidence and volubility. His hands fascinated me.<sup>48</sup> At times, they were put quietly on the table before him, close together with palms downward; then, sometimes he would raise the right hand and claw the air, at other times he would turn the hands around one another in a circular manner, or again to deliver special emphasis by holding up one finger, as if to call for silence, which, however, was already profound. After more questions and more gestures in reply, the court seemed satisfied, and the Chief Inquisitor rose and went across to congratulate the now beaming <candidate> [↓ young man].

Tuesday March 19<sup>th</sup> 1968

Made a great gaffe in asking the German girl if she would like to dine with me one evening. She said she would have to ask her boyfriend first. I apologised and said it was not necessary, but felt rather a fool.

Evening with José again.

Wednesday March 20<sup>th</sup> 1968

Worried about my clanger with the German girl and resolve to keep my distance with these young people. I was wanting something to happen which could never happen twice—or I did for one insensate moment!

Lectures as usual. José in the evening. He tells me this must be our last meeting for a bit and will let Kathryn know when he is free again. I must ask Kathryn if she thinks he would accept some payment for his tuition which is very good. When he finishes his course at the university, he will have to do 4 years in the army and perhaps go to Angola.

In the morning Chico showed me some correspondence with a London firm of publishers, Rapp & Whiting, who would like to publish some translations of Fernando's poems<sup>49</sup>. Am somewhat depressed at the thought but agree to help him compose a reply.

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<sup>45</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>46</sup> "Prosecutor. as it seemed" in the document, with the period probably being a typo.

<sup>47</sup> "the the" in the document, a typo.

<sup>48</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>49</sup> "poem&s" in the document.

Thursday March 21<sup>st</sup> 1968

I went to Chico's with typed reply to Rapp & Whiting. Long discussion about it. We decide eventually to limit the letter [15] to an acknowledgment. A Professor Quintanilha is offering translations and as he is coming to Portugal at Easter, discussions would be best left until then.

One lecture (history of art) in he afternoon, then someone came in and shouted, "<Auras nab> [↓ *Aulas não*] há!" and we cleared off for the rest of the afternoon.<sup>50</sup>

Friday March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1968

Chico brought in two exercise books used by Fernando when at the High School and dated 1903 as well as other papers and the draft of the '*Ultimatum*' of Álvaro de Campos. One of the exercise books contained an attempt at writing a magazine, very much like that of the High School. A very exciting find. The only other piece of writing I know of dating from his schooldays is the essay on Macaulay published in the school magazine of 1904.

Saturday March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1968

I went with Chico and Teca to visit the Sintra palace. Sometimes the guide had some difficulty in explaining some of the features in English for the tourists and then Teca took over and rolled off the information with great éclat. It has some beautiful rooms and furniture but how uncomfortable these enormous palaces must have been to live in and how cold in winter! This day, however, was quite hot and many spring flowers were showing and the hills around were beautiful.

José, the Dias chauffeur, came round the palace with us and enjoyed it very much.<sup>51</sup> He is a very likeable character.

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> March 1968

Nothing much to report. A translation for Prof. Gardner. A cold rainy day. The kind that Fernando hated.

Monday March 25<sup>th</sup> 1968

Out with Teca looking for fresh lodgings. Some amusing experiences. One good person told us she would never mind my bringing in a lady at night. We wondered if she thought that we two old folks were having an affair.

Irene wrote to say she would come and join me whenever I wished.

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<sup>50</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>51</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.



Pina Martins called me out (not using my Christian name!) for my turn to have a little talk with him and we managed quite well.

[16] José tells me he won't be able to see me again for a fortnight but is sending a young girl cousin in his place tomorrow at 6. Chico saw Prof.<sup>52</sup> Quintanilha in the morning but did not say what had been decided.

Tuesday March 26<sup>th</sup> 1968

Morning looking for new quarters but decide to stay where I am for the time being. Meet José's cousin, Isabel, a tiny schoolgirl who claimed she was 18 years old. I took her to our usual cafe and ordered two bicas of coffee.<sup>53</sup> And a voice behind me said sotto voce but audibly, "*Com leite pela criança!*" (With milk for the child!). She had brought with her a mighty tome entitled '*Elementos da filosofia*' by Jorge de Maceda, who, incidentally, was one of the least comprehensible of the tutors on our course at the University, where he lectured on history. I put it gently away and suggested we try something less profound like ordinary conversation. But I could not understand her Portuguese nor she my English when spoken but had no difficulty if it was written. So we communicated on scraps of paper. Like the other Isabel on the boat she was very earnest and very serious. Her English is not as good as José's but I was getting what I needed: someone to listen while I blundered along. I took her back to the<sup>54</sup> Metro station about 7.45.

Wednesday March 27<sup>th</sup> 1968

Chico offered me the money again that had been promised, but, of course, I refused. (I had suggested that it should be kept until the book had been written and perhaps used to help publication. In the event, I never received it.)

At the University, the porter greeted me with the now familiar words, "*Aulas não há!*" and eventually I found that everyone had gone to the theatre and I arrived just in time to see the end of a tragic scene.

I walked back through the gardens of the Campo Grande with the Pakistani and we had a coffee together in the tearoom there, The trees were bursting into leaf and the birds singing gaily and the place was full of hidden nostalgias: linnets and thrushes and blackbirds brought back Spring in England, arums, guineafowl, flamingoes and gum trees, South Africa, judas trees a morning spent with Irene in the gardens of the Alhambra, and horse chestnuts my boyhood in England again, and willow trees the lovely Mooi in South Africa.

Tuesday March 28<sup>th</sup> 1968.

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<sup>52</sup> "Prof," abbreviated with a comma instead of a dot in the document.

<sup>53</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>54</sup> "Thew" in the document, a typo.

[17] After lectures at the University met Isabel at the café and showed her the exercise book Fernando had used when a schoolboy and we read a chapter of the little story he had written called *Oz rapazes de Barrowby* and supposed to be about a school in England but was really his own early experiences at the Durban High School. We read the chapter called *Recém*<sup>55</sup> *chegados* (The newcomers) where a new boy, a Jew called Zacharias, is teased and bullied by some of the old hands after the manner of schoolboys, of the English breed, at least, the world over. I tried to explain this to Isabel, but she was not interested and perhaps shocked by what she regarded as the brutality of the boys. In the story, a champion arrives, also a new boy, but one as advanced in the art of boxing as the chief bully himself, who receives a well-merited thrashing—something which the young author might have liked to happen than what actually did. I do not know how much of this I got across to Isabel on our hastily written scraps of paper but she showed no signs of interest. She probably put it down to the general nastiness of boys in general, but girls, judging from what was told me by the De Saedelaar girls of their experience at a convent school in Wales, can be just as nasty. It is, of course, the pack instinct, to turn upon a newcomer until he or she, finds his right place in the pecking order. Fernando himself, kept a very low profile, owing to his poor physique, and could console himself that he could always defeat his oppressors in the class or examination room.

*Friday March 29th 1968*<sup>56</sup>

A day of rain. *O dia deu em chuvoso*<sup>57</sup>. I stayed in the *pensão*<sup>58</sup> all morning, emerging to get myself a paper. Lectures in the afternoon and still feeling rather like Fernando did, though no one has shown me any hostility so far—quite the reverse! All the same, I often feel completely at sea, and wish I was—literally!

Letters from Christopher and Leslie Simon. The latter is a friend of Peggy's—a lawyer who manages her affairs. He is to visit Lisbon on the 8<sup>th</sup> April.

*Saturday March 30<sup>th</sup> 1968*

I borrowed Chico's copy of the *Incidências*<sup>59</sup> *inglesas na poesia de Fernando Pessoa* by Maria da Encarnação<sup>60</sup> Monteiro. I noticed there that she remarks that Fernando had had a copy of E. B.

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<sup>55</sup> "Recem," unstressed in the document.

<sup>56</sup> This date is underlined in the document.

<sup>57</sup> Author's note (typed at the bottom of page): F.P. in the poem *Trapo*.

<sup>58</sup> "pensao," unstressed in the document.

<sup>59</sup> "Incidencias," unstressed in the document.

<sup>60</sup> "Encarnacao," lacking cedilla and tilde in the document.

[18] Browning's works and had marked the poem A musical instrument. It brought back Kate and her little 'Goat boy' which I noted on Feb. 5 in the diary. Sad news about the injury to her foot in a letter from Bridget.

Sunday March 31<sup>st</sup> 1968

Walk in Spring sunshine in the Campo Grande: birds twittering and carolling among the trees, with a birch tree conspicuous in full leaf; swans casually gliding amongst the inexperienced oarsmen on the lake, palms with trousers of trailing ivy around their trunks.

Monday April 1<sup>st</sup> 1968

I am stupidly upset by that young jack-in-office at the Embassy. (I have now, 1989, completely forgotten what it was. I suppose it was something to do with young Evans being a bit bureaucratic about the life certificate,) I worked it off, staying up until 3 in the morning. Teca had bought me a new globe which did away with some of the sepulchral gloom I had had to endure till then.

Tuesday April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1968

Go to the *Baixa* and buy a copy of *Páginas íntimas* edited by Prado Coelho and Georg Lind. I met the latter for the first time at Teca's in the afternoon. A tall, burly German, mild-mannered and modest, and speaking excellent English, he was, I already knew, the most diligent of the researchers into and editors of pessoan documents.

We had a long and interesting talk about the question of Fernando's paganism and his strong antipathy to the catholic faith he was brought up in and to which, incidentally, his sister was devoted. I expressed my view that his schooling in Durban had little to do with it. Boys seldom discuss religion with one another and the family friends seem to have all been part of a large Catholic community in Durban. I believed that he objected to anything organised being foisted on him, as, for instance, the sport at school and mentioned I had just discovered that he had invented his own game, one called 'Racquet goal', complete with a set of written rules. (Later information showed that he was quite an enthusiastic spectator of football, but lacked the physique to take part.)

I showed him too, a document in French written by Fernando, which I believed was the draft of a letter he sent to Geerds [19] and others when in 1907 he had that mental crisis and was seeking information about himself by pretending to be a psychiatrist. Dr Lind, not knowing all the details was not so sure, believing it to be another of Fernando's attempts at self analysis. (It proved later to be a valuable link in a chain of evidence when I found the letter to Belcher (one of his

teachers) and the other from Geerds himself which was found recently by someone else.)<sup>61</sup>

Wednesday April 3<sup>rd</sup> 1968

On going to the Dias flat to examine more of the *espólio*, found that someone was already there on the same mission, and quite an apparition at that! She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was slim, elegant, exquisitely dressed as only a Parisienne can be and with the keen, dark-eyed features, and oriental look which is the peculiar possession of some Jewish ladies of the Sephardic breed<sup>62</sup>. Charm flowed out of her like a fine perfume and I enjoyed a little chat with her. Her interest in Pessoa was largely on account of his Jewish ancestry but she was well-versed in every aspect of his work.

I never saw her again and cannot remember her name.

(Five days with nothing of consequence happening.)

Monday April 8<sup>th</sup> 1968

I meet Simon and his wife at the airport and take them by taxi to their hotel. Arrange a chicken dinner in the Baixa for that evening, to which he invited a number of South Africans friends<sup>63</sup> who happened to be in the city and I invited Jonah and a couple of Rhodesians. Quite a jolly party but I felt after a time I wanted to get back to the Portuguese. Simon had no idea of the value of the money and had given the waiter a 500\$00 tip. This was unheard of generosity and the waiter came to me and asked if Simon had made a mistake. I advised him to ask for a hundred which was a very handsome tip then. He did and Simon,<sup>64</sup> very surprised, gave him the smaller note. I was sorry afterwards, that I had suggested it. Simon could well have afforded it. I am astonished at the honesty of some of these humble people who have so little.

Tuesday April<sup>65</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1968

[20] Stay quietly at home, reading and brushing up grammar. Walk round the Pequeno Campo, the little park close at hand, occupied mainly by the bull-ring— but with room for a chute and swings for the children, who attended by their nannies are delightful to watch, and helped to brighten a dull day.

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<sup>61</sup> Jennings uses parenthesis inside of parenthesis in the document.

<sup>62</sup> "Sephardicbreed.breed" in the document. Note this use of the word *breed* is dated, sounding anti-Semitic today.

<sup>63</sup> "firnds" in the document, a typo.

<sup>64</sup> A period (instead of a comma) in the document, certainly a typo.

<sup>65</sup> "AApril" in the document, a typo.

The Dias car was not in front of their building, so I guess they have left for the Algarve, which they were planning to do.

Wednesday April 10<sup>th</sup> 1968

I went to bed at 11 and woke at 2 feeling profoundly unhappy.

I had had a long dream of which I can remember only the first part. I was in a large house something like the one in Greytown and I heard a noise in the back part of it, where there was a little narrow room. There I saw Fernando coming in. I knew it was Fernando but it was not like how he had been described to me. He was tall, broad and detached, more like Christopher. "This the room where I wrote my...." I was going to say 'masterpiece', but realised at once the absurdity of it. Monty<sup>66</sup> was there (and I was aware of two shadowy figures of dogs in the background- perhaps a memory of Panda, somehow doubled.) Monty had climbed on to a bench, put his forefeet on my shoulders and was trying to lick my face in the silent, appealing way he had when he was old and uncertain of himself. My heart breaks when I think of it. "Look after him," I said to Fernando (who perhaps was also Christopher) "Look after him when I am gone whatever..." A blot hid the rest of the sentence.<sup>67</sup>

Thursday<sup>68</sup> April 11<sup>th</sup> 1968

2 a.m. The man next door comes home and hawks and spits. A car hoots. A great plane rumbles overhead. Pigeons wake up and coo[.]

I am unhappy. Am I like Monty begging for love or for some appeasement of the pain within me? I do not know. I want Jeannine to love me. <i>/I\ want to be with Sis. She is so comfortable to live with....

7 a.m. More confused dreams—or rather confused memories of them, Something about a hole in the road and a man with a broad face and a beard speaking to me. Some boys come in with crutches in heir hands. They say: "We could not carry them around with us." I simply said: "I do not want them," The boys dropped them. They were no longer needed. The boys did not appear surprised or delighted.

What on earth could be the meaning of this?

[21] Friday April 12<sup>th</sup> 1968

8.45 a.m. I want to look upon England again. I find myself saying, sentimentally:

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<sup>66</sup> The name of the Jennings family dog.

<sup>67</sup> The sentence ends with a comma in the document.

<sup>68</sup> "AApril" in the document, a typo.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 That never to himself  $\langle$ gath $\rangle$ [ $\rightarrow$  hath] said,  
 This is mine own, my native land? ...

Mawkish, I know. but all the same I want to see the lovely green billows of the Downs again and to stare into the clear depths of a chalk stream to see the trout playing among the green tangles of waterweed in the shadowed bed. I want the gentle companionship of my sisters and the thoughts they bring me of long ago. It is not the same England but it is still England. The lovely sound of muffled sheep bells as the flocks are driven home to their folds. The sweep of scabious has been replaced by the evergrowing ploughed land. The heaths rooted up and 'reclaimed' and so many of the wet lands too. And the people have changed. The rampant minority who jingoesd their way through our history have been replaced by a rampant majority with no pride in their country or themselves but a simple lust for pleasure and the wealth to provide it, or to seize by violence it or by some cunning fiddle or to opt out of life altogether this new craze for drugs, But when I look at the Downs, or what is left untouched of them, like Ballard Down behind the Atkins' home I am back in the days of Hardy—the goodness and beauty of life and living, mitigating the underlying tragedy of it.

Saturday April 13<sup>th</sup> 1968

Buy a book for Jon down at the *Baixa*. (Two drama<sup>69</sup> related in Portuguese less comprehensible both in language and content).

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<sup>69</sup> "dreama" in the document, a typo.

# Unwinding the Sea: notes on H.D. Jennings's translation of *O Marinheiro*

Nicolás Barbosa López\*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Translation, The Sailor, The Watchers, H. D. Jennings, static theater.

## Abstract

H. D. Jennings—who taught at Durban High School after Fernando Pessoa had studied there—began an English translation of *O Marinheiro*, the drama that Pessoa published in 1915. Jennings was apparently unaware of the fact that the Portuguese writer had already started the same project; Pessoa, in fact, left loose evidence among the thousands of pages in his archive of an incomplete and fragmented English translation. This article analyzes the way in which Jennings's version changes some of the most crucial notions of the play: the title, certain grammatical constructions, and, in consequence, a series of concepts implied behind the storyline and its *mise-en-scène*.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Tradução, O Marinheiro, veladoras, H. D. Jennings, teatro estático.

## Resumo

H. D. Jennings – que trabalhou na Durban High School depois de Fernando Pessoa lá ter estudado – começou uma tradução para o inglês de “O Marinheiro”, a peça de teatro que Pessoa publicou em 1915. Aparentemente, Jennings não sabia que o escritor português tinha começado o mesmo projeto; de fato, entre os milhares de páginas do seu espólio, Pessoa deixou evidência de uma tradução incompleta e fragmentária para o inglês. Este artigo analisa como a versão de Jennings muda algumas das noções mais essenciais da peça: o título, algumas construções gramaticais e, em consequência, uma série de conceitos determinados pelo argumento e a encenação.

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In 1915, Fernando Pessoa published *O Marinheiro*, a play on which he had allegedly been working since 1913 and which, according to other manuscripts and records, he continued rewriting and editing for decades. This text is also part of an ambitious translation project in which Pessoa envisioned a trilingual play in Portuguese, French, and English. However, he never managed to finish a draft of the last two, and all that he left, unsurprisingly, were translated fragments. H. D. Jennings—who taught at Durban High School after Pessoa had studied there—began an English translation, apparently unaware of the fact that the Portuguese writer had already started the same project and had left loose evidence of it among the thousands of pages in his archive. Pessoa’s attempted English translation is brief and fragmented, especially when compared to the twenty-five pages of his French translations<sup>1</sup>, but they correspond to three crucial moments of the story. The play takes place in a castle, where three women talk to each other while watching a deceased fourth woman who is lying on her casket. They begin to talk about life, imagination, and reality, and one of them narrates a dream she had about a sailor, a man who begins to dream of an imaginary past until he is unable to distinguish reality from fiction. Pessoa’s English translation includes the beginning of the play, the dialogue prior to the appearance of the sailor, and a part of the dream about him. Jennings’s version, on the other hand, is a continuous translation that stops right in the middle of the climax: the scene in which one of the women narrates her dream about the sailor. Based on this material—Jennings’s partial translation and Pessoa’s even shorter one—I will analyze the implications of Jennings’s most significant choices and variations: the title, the grammar, and the reinterpretation of essential Pessoaan lexica. While these modifications are in some cases openly deliberate and presumably inadvertent in others, the consequences of these choices are impactful, due to their metaphorical potential and the effect they have on certain themes that prevail in the analysis of this play and in Pessoa’s writings in general.

The theater of Fernando Pessoa, like much of his writings in other genres, unveils a disruption of the surrounding reality, a compulsion that the Portuguese poet has come to be known for among critics and readers. And, true to his literary tendency toward self-sufficiency, which is best manifested in his plastic world of fictitious authors and relationships, Pessoa proposed a new philosophy of theater while destroying the previously established rules of drama. In doing so, he created a new type of genre that he labeled *teatro estático* (static theater). Self-sufficient, yet also problematically fragile, this genre threatens the viability of theater itself with scripts that seem to be made in a way that could never be performed.

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<sup>1</sup> These are not continuous or unified texts. Among the manuscripts of French translations, for instance, there are up to six variations of the initial scene in *O Marinheiro*.



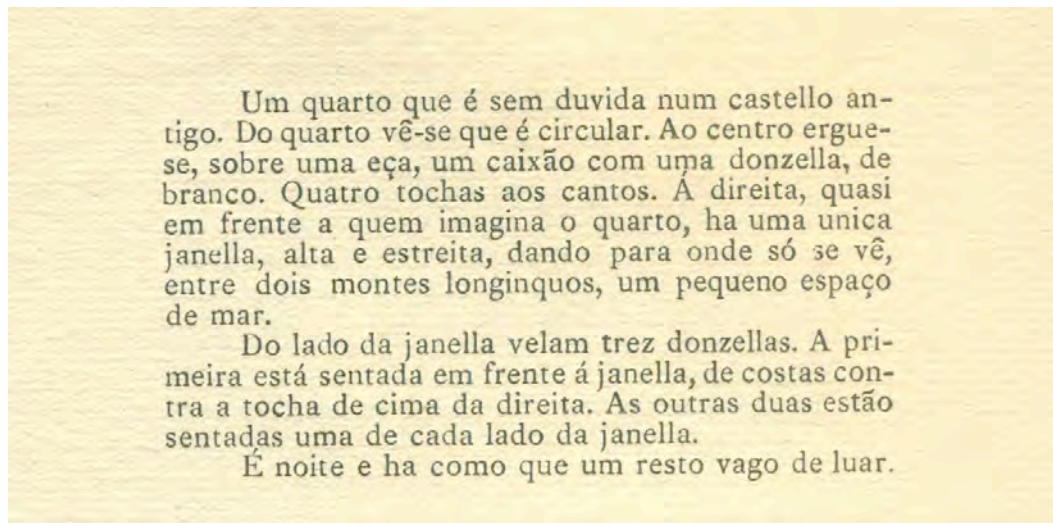
One of the most revealing attributes of this new form of theater—devoid of action, movement, and conflicts—is precisely its *mise-en-scène*. Given that *O Marinheiro* stands as Pessoa’s single finished and published play within the static theater project, it is this work what will allow us to explore the author’s notion of drama and the effects of Jennings’s choices. Let us examine the opening lines of *O Marinheiro*, a stage direction for this static drama-in-one-scene:

Um quarto que é sem duvida num castello antigo. Do quarto vê-se que é circular. Ao centro erge-se, sobre uma eça, um caixão com uma donzella, de branco. Quatro tochas aos cantos. À direita, quasi em frente a quem imagina o quarto, ha uma única janella, alta e estreita, dando para onde só se vê, entre dois montes longinquos, um pequeno espaço de mar.

Do lado da janella velam trez donzellas. A primeira está sentada em frente á janella, de costas contra a tocha de cima da direita. As outras duas estão sentadas uma de cada lado da janella.

É noite e ha como que um resto vago de luar.

(PESSOA, 2015: 41)<sup>2</sup>

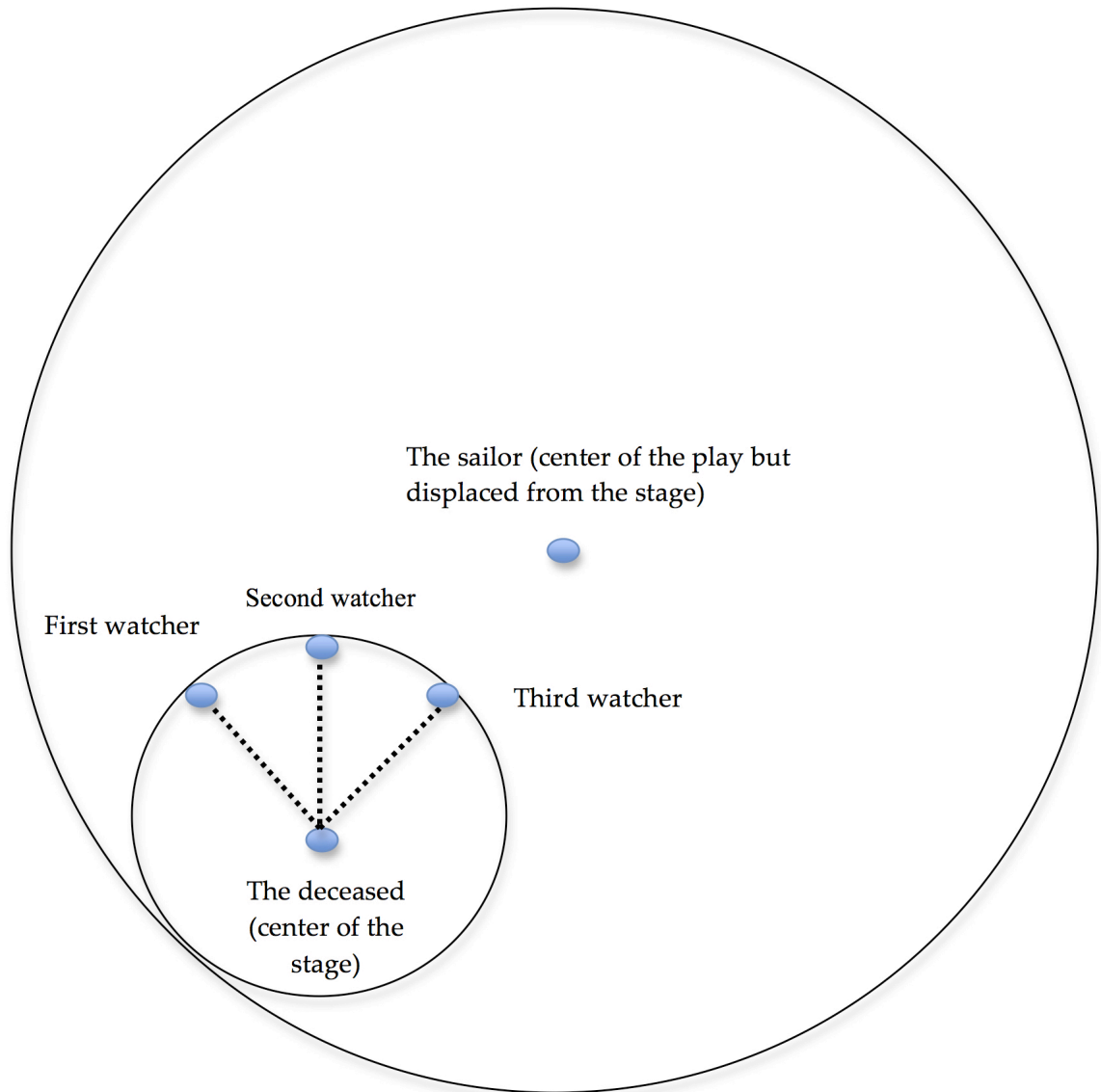


["O Marinheiro," in *Orpheu*, n.º 1, p. 29, 1915; Casa Fernando Pessoa MC/RES 82.1; detail]

The round stage is the basis of the story and its *mise-en-scène*. It is because of this circle that *O Marinheiro* begins to drift away from theater tradition, with a theater-in-the-round that seems to be replacing the proscenium-type stage and that immediately encloses the characters within a perfect circle, thereby leaving any potential audience in a spatial limbo: either nonexistent, outside the walls and unable to watch the plot, or somehow meant to be inside the circle. The geometrical relationship between points on the circumference and the lines in this round layout becomes crucial for the visual setup of the stage and the development of the story. Our first character lies in the center, while three other women sit on the circumference, forming three unstated radii. The fifth character

<sup>2</sup> Jennings’s English translation of this same fragment is transcribed further on.

(the man) emerges only near the end of the story, yet his entrance remains exclusively nominal. Therefore, we are aware of the existence of this extra variable, the fifth point, but we are unable to place it on, inside, or outside the circle.



[The *mise-en-scène* of *O Marinheiro*.]

The shape of this theater provokes an ever-changing vantage point. As a “polygon” of infinite sides, the circle destroys the four walls of the traditional stage and becomes an impossible space of infinite walls and vantage points. As in every circle, no initial or end points can be traced in this castle tower. Moreover, the actions of the man in the title, who seems to be the most prominent character of the story, do not even seem to be occurring inside this space, but rather far away from it. Hence, the title becomes especially relevant precisely due to the lack of correspondence between the character it references and the spatial

dynamic of the stage, where actions do not take place but rather potentially happen somewhere else. In Pessoa's convoluted version of theater, the *mise-en-scène* seems to have no purpose at all, since it is not where the audience's gaze must aim – should there ever be an audience.

The distinction between perspective and target fades. The eponymous sailor represents an exact and, at the same time, untraceable point. His importance rises above that of the other characters, all of whom are excluded from the title, but they are the ones who are present on stage instead of him. And *in lieu* of supporting characters, the watchers become ubiquitous. Contrary to what the title alone would imply, the central character—paradoxically nowhere to be found, let alone in the center of the stage—unfolds through the dialogue of the purportedly tangential characters, who remain permanently in the center. Thus, the logic of vantage points is destroyed: the should-be center is absent and replaced by a substitute center (the enigmatic character about whom we only know that she has ceased to exist). Tangent lines become the circumference itself, and we witness the oxymoron of a displaced center. This absurd construction of vantage points is best manifested in one of the most pivotal questions raised throughout the plot: when the watcher who is narrating the story of the sailor in her dream asks herself whether it is not he who is dreaming of them. As the stage's visual perspective gets lost, reality is nowhere to be found either.

Jennings's decision to change the title of the play from *O Marinheiro* to *The Watchers* adds another level of vantage point disruption. It is most likely an overt deviation (and by "deviation" I mean a deflected vantage point instead of a modified storyline) from the original text, rather than the result of difficulties in the translation. Ruling out the latter as a possible reason for his decision may seem obvious, at first, yet the Portuguese title may contain certain connotations that could get lost in an exact and orthodox English translation.

Out of the handful of possible translations for *marinheiro*, "mariner" and "sailor" are perhaps the two most fitting words, the former for its morphological proximity to the original word, and the latter for being the most widespread word used to communicate this meaning among modern English speakers (*Corpus of Contemporary American English*<sup>3</sup>). Few objections may be raised against "mariner" other than a potential geographical and chronological detachment from modern English. First registered in the thirteenth century, the Anglo-French "mariner" was derived from the Old French *marinier* used one century before, which in turn came from the Medieval Latin *marinarius* and the Latin *marinus* (HARPER).

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<sup>3</sup> The online Corpus of Contemporary American English (COCA) of Brigham Young University (<http://corpus.byu.edu/coca/>) shows that while "sailor" ranks 5,081<sup>st</sup> on the frequency list that averages word occurrences in spoken English, fiction, magazines, newspapers, and academic articles, the word "mariner" ranks on the 23,019<sup>th</sup> spot.

On the other hand, “sailor” comes from *sailer*, which was first registered in the fifteenth century as the agent noun of “sail”. The spelling changed one century later and incorporated the *o* as a way to distinguish the meaning of “a man who sails” from “a thing that sails” through the *-or* suffix. Thus, “sailor” came to replace the older terms “mariner,” “seaman,” and *merefara* (Old English for “mariner”) and, according to written evidence, it became even more ubiquitous during the nineteenth century (HARPER). Long more common and earlier than “sailor,” “mariner” acquired more of a learned word status. And, as expected, “mariner” is etymologically closer to the original word than “sailor.” The latter does not contain the root for “sea,” whereas “mar” is present both in the Portuguese *marinheiro* and the English “mariner.”

The question then becomes whether Jennings’s decision to use “the watchers” and not “the sailor” as the story’s title could have possibly accomplished a less intrusive translation when compared to the original concept; in other words, whether the variations between *veladoras* and “watchers” are less disruptive than the variations between *marinheiro* and either “mariner” or “sailor.” The noun *veladora* comes from *velar*, a verb that is broader in meaning than “mariner” or “sailor” and, therefore, richer in its metaphorical potential. *Velar* simultaneously implies the act of keeping guard, assisting a sick or dead person, spending the night, observing something attentively, avoiding sleep, working for extended hours, and keeping a light on. If we go further back and analyze the word *vigília*, introduced as a learned word or Latinism in Portuguese, we unearth an even more revealing nuance in this family of words: in Latin it was used to refer to the sentinels that observed the sea from a watchtower. Therefore, there are three important semantic notions implied by the word *velador*: observation, absence of sleep, and the sea.

Let us take a look at the associations one may find in the word “watcher.” Observation is perhaps the most self-evident notion implied by the word. More technical meanings lead us toward the act of keeping watch, that is, staying awake for safekeeping, and “watch” as the nautical term for a period of time in which a ship’s crew is on duty. One could argue that the original *veladoras* and the English “watchers” seem to have more correspondences (though some of them perhaps slight and tangential) than *marinheiro* and “sailor.”

Accepting the fact that “watchers” maintains the most important connotations of its Portuguese counterpart, thus keeping a rigorous translated title, does not conceal the fact that Jennings’s version prolongs the displacement of vantage points. This new title offers a different irony, which is not a call to a character we never see, but rather a call to a group of characters we permanently see despite the fact that they do not see us—or, for that matter, anything outside their circle. The original title initially places the reader at an undetermined spot—that futile attempt to visually locate the sailor—making it impossible for us to

trace a continuous line of sight due to the lack of a starting point. In the meantime, Jennings's title provides us with the opposite situation. The starting point becomes the people inside the room, but our line of sight gets strayed as soon as it goes beyond the window. In fact, the search for the sailor represents none other than an impossible line of sight, one with no course, projection, or endpoint and, therefore, nothing more than an endless circle we are unable to abandon.

Jennings's decision ultimately raises a question about language and reality by making a distinction between different levels of invisibility. The sailor, already unseen, now enters a new level of invisibility: he becomes the tacit subject of discourse. While Pessoa's sailor stands as the subject enclosing the entirety of this universe, Jennings's twist inverts the center and the circumference, eroding the sailor's status as linguistic subject. Now, it is not only impossible to see him, but also to name him, and his existence is only a possibility that comes from the mouths of characters that are not positively real. If the certainty of the sailor's existence is originally leveraged by his inclusion in the world behind the scenes of the drama – specifically, the world of its conceiver, the playwright – Jennings's version isolates him even more, raising a question about his nameability.

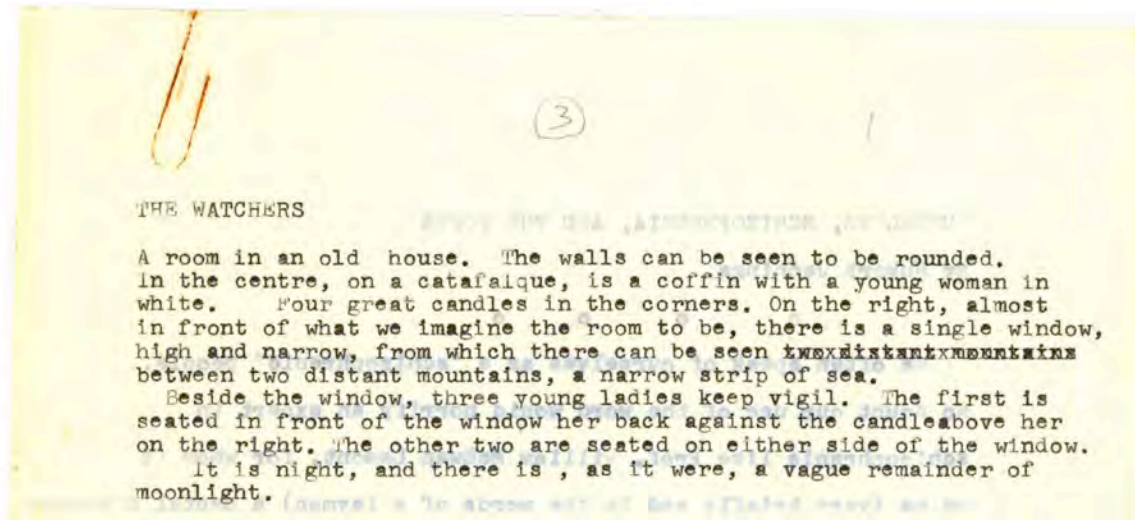
In *O Marinheiro*, the sailor dreams of a past and a homeland he has never had, until it reaches the point where he is unable to remember his true life. Meanwhile, his creation becomes his own reality and, like a god, his own origin becomes the deepest of all enigmas. The sailor emerges as a metaphor for what one could argue is among the most sophisticated irrationalities in humans: knowing we come from an origin, but being incapable of elucidating it; in other words, claiming god as our origin, but being unable to reconcile the paradox that this god is the result of a prior cause, hence no longer an origin. This eternally elusive source is manifested in the godlike character of the sailor. Therefore, it is relevant that Jennings chooses to ostracize this godlike (and already exiled) man, making him an unpronounceable and even more imageless abstraction. By burying the mundane and man-made words that define him, Jennings enhances his otherworldliness.

It is worth reproducing the initial stage directions, as translated by Jennings, in order to point out two revealing aspects:

A room in an old house. The walls can be seen to be rounded. In the centre, on a catafalque, is a coffin with a young woman in white. Four great candles in the corners. On the right, almost in front of what we imagine the room to be, there is a single window, high and narrow, from which there can be seen <two distant mountains> between two distant mountains, a narrow strip of sea.

Beside the window, three young ladies keep vigil. The first is seated in front of the window her back against the candle above her on the right. The other two are seated on either side of the window.

It is night, and there is, as it were, a vague remainder of moonlight.



[Initial fragment of Jennings's translation of *O Marinheiro*, p.1; Jennings archive]

In the first sentence, Jennings omits the phrase *sem duvida* in what should have been translated as “a room *undoubtedly* in an old castle,” for instance. Leaving the inaccuracy of choosing “house” instead of “castle” aside, Jennings’s omission is problematic only when compared to the original. There should not be any doubts raised about what is being expressed by the phrase alone, “A room in an old house.” Yet, when compared to the Portuguese “Um quarto que é sem duvida num castello antigo,” one cannot help but wonder if Jennings’s version could imply the exact opposite: precisely that “with some doubt” such is the real location of the room. Although Pessoa’s clarification turns out to be a blatant lie, since by the end of the story we *do* doubt the room’s existence, Jennings’s omission is also a lie but in a different disguise. He strips the opening line of any verbs—truthful to this theater of no action—and the lie becomes more difficult to trace. There is technically no assertion of any action and, instead, we find a grammatically incomplete sentence that does not enclose a conclusive idea but rather an unfinished one. Unlike Pessoa’s description, Jennings’s initial lie seems to follow the same criteria behind his version of the sailor: images are built on words that remain unwritten, and these cannot be rebutted precisely because they were never said.

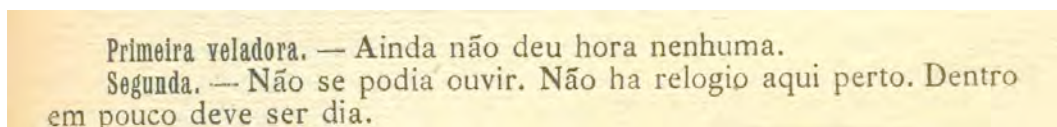
In the introduction, and in virtually the entire translation, Jennings maintains Pessoa’s circuitous syntax and translates sentences using the same periphrastic style full of compound sentences, commas, inserts after inserts, and ideas inside ideas—which never seems to be gratuitous in the original text, but rather a formalistic decision that mirrors the dream-within-a-dream structure of the storyline. It is worth noting that staying true to Pessoa’s sporadically convoluted syntax seems to be more complex to accomplish in English than in a Romance language. Although English allows the use of certain expletives and deictic structures, such as the always-reiterative Gallicized phrases that abound in Pessoa’s writing, these patterns are less frequent and more difficult to

incorporate in the more rigid structure of English's subject-predicate arrangement.

For example, let us compare the following sentences of Jennings's translation with the original Portuguese: "It is only in other lands that the sea is beautiful. That which we see always gives us longings for the one we shall never see." ("Só o mar das outras terras é que é bello. Aquelle que nós vemos dá-nos sempre saudades d'aquelle que não veremos nunca..." [PESSOA, 2015: 42]); "It is mountains that I am afraid of." ("Dos montes é que eu tenho medo" [PESSOA: 43]); and "What I was before I can't remember now." ("O que eu era outr'ora já não se lembra de quem sou" [PESSOA: 44]). In fact, in the last example, Jennings changes the real sense of the sentence ("I can't remember what I was" instead of "what I was cannot remember what I am") and, in turn, creates a distorted complement-subject structure that does not exist in the original text. But, overall, Jennings's urge to mirror Pessoa's syntax reveals a consciousness of linguistic inversion and circularity as a means to build a universe of intricate vantage points.

In other cases, however, Jennings changes relevant grammatical aspects, such as personal and possessive pronouns, which are significant not only because they have critical implications, but also because they are different from Pessoa's own English translation of some passages. One of the most emblematic examples is found in the beginning of the drama, shortly after the introduction. It is a fragment that Pessoa translated (possibly in 1917), subsequently located by Richard Zenith and published in *El marinero* (2015) and by Claudia J. Fischer in *Pessoa Plural: 1* (Spring 2012). Let us read the Portuguese and the two English versions:

Pessoa's Portuguese version:



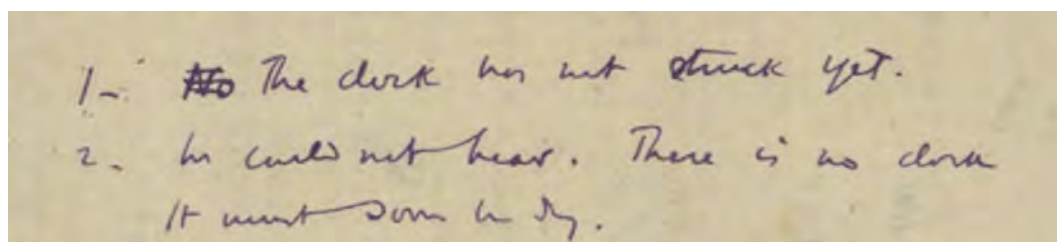
Primeira veladora. — Ainda não deu hora nenhuma.  
Segunda. — Não se podia ouvir. Não ha relógio aqui perto. Dentro em pouco deve ser dia.

[“O Marinheiro,” in *Orpheu*, n.º 1, p. 29, 1915. Casa Fernando Pessoa MC/RES 82.1; detail]

Primeira veladora. – Ainda não deu hora nenhuma.

Segunda. – Não se podia ouvir. Não ha relógio aqui perto. Dentro em pouco deve ser dia.

Pessoa's English version:



1. ~~to~~ The clock has not struck yet.  
2. he could not hear. There is no clock  
It must soon be day.

[BNP/E3, 90-2-41v; detail]

- 1 – <No> The clock has not struck yet.  
 2 – One could not hear. There is no clock  
 It must soon be day.

Jennings's English version:

FIRST WATCHER ) We haven't heard the time yet.  
 SECOND - We wouldn't be able to hear it. There is no clock near  
 here. Before long it should be light.

[Initial dialogue of Jennings's translation of *O Marinheiro*, p. 1; detail]

FIRST WATCHER – We haven't heard the time yet.  
 SECOND – We wouldn't be able to hear it. There is no clock near here. Before long it  
 should be light.

Jennings insists on personalizing the first two sentences, although Pessoa's Portuguese and English versions have impersonal constructions. The subject of the first sentence is tacit in Portuguese, while in English it is an object (the clock). As for the second watcher's line, it remains impersonal in both cases, with an impersonal subject in Portuguese, and the undetermined gender-neutral "one" in English. Yet, in the lines of the first and second watcher, Jennings changes the subject and inserts "we" with reference to the watchers. So, in Jennings's *Marinheiro*, not only do we find a different title, but also a story that literally begins with a straightforward appeal to the self. In Jennings's version, the two actions that are mentioned (not hearing the time and not being able to hear it) are a direct result of the watchers themselves, a notion that is not present in Pessoa's versions. Jennings's initial stress on the active voice (both grammatical and metaphorical) deepens the story's contradiction: the watchers' alleged autonomy in their actions soon proves to be false.

Albeit rich in paradoxical meaning and therefore true to the spirit of Pessoa and this drama, Jennings's decision to relinquish the sentence's impersonal subject by using "we" instead of "one" ignores a deeper level of irony that pervades Pessoa's writings: a cunning use of pronouns as a formalistic expression of heteronymism<sup>4</sup>. Subject-verb disagreement comes as a typically Pessoaan attribute, and the link between this person-number disorder and the singleness-plurality relationship in his heteronyms does not seem to be arbitrary.

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<sup>4</sup> Heteronymism—the author's depersonalization into fictitious authors with lives and literary styles of their own—makes Pessoa's use of pronouns a pertinent field of study, due to a likely correspondence with his philosophy of plurality. As shown by Jerónimo Pizarro and Patricio Ferrari in *Eu Sou Uma Antologia*, published by Tinta-da-China in 2013, Pessoa created 136 fictitious authors.



Many critics <sup>5</sup> have regarded the watchers as an early expression of heteronymism, as characters that seem to melt into one another (they rarely finish an idea individually) despite their distinctive, yet impersonal identities. Pessoa's own translation maintains his ironic use of grammar: "one," as the most basic meaning of singleness and unity, is precisely the pronoun used in English to express an impersonal notion of a collective and undetermined subject. Thus, it is unsurprisingly Pessoa's best choice when it comes to encompassing the paradoxical spirit of the watchers and the oxymoron of their singular collectivity.

At some points, Jennings himself gets entangled amidst this plurality-individuality confusion, yet in other cases he seems to be well aware of this whirlwind of pronouns and possessive adjectives. He is oblivious to some slips, like writing "stretched on *my* back on the beach" instead of "*his* back", according to the original: "Cada hora elle (...) estendido na praia, de costas" (PESSOA, 2015: 45). He corrects some others, and at the same time he intriguingly decides not to cross out every blunder, as in the sentence: "Weren't we [→Weren't you] going to say what we were," whereas the original says: "Não nos ieis dizer quem ereis?" (PESSOA, 2015: 44).

Semantically, Jennings's translation is full of divergences. As if parodying Pessoa himself, Jennings reinvents lexical boundaries and reinterprets concepts that are key to the story. There are several variations of terms, but we will focus on those associated to three of the most important themes throughout the story: falsehood, the soul, and the act of watching. These are essential ideas that appear repeatedly, and, although Pessoa maintains a lexical uniformity, Jennings does not adhere to a single term.

Jennings swings between the words "false" and "wrong" whenever the original text says *falso*, as in the following examples: "É bello e é sempre falso" is translated as "It's beautiful and always wrong," and "É um modo tão falso de nos esquecermos!" (PESSOA, 2015: 41) as "It's the wrong way to forget ourselves." But then he translates "Não é inteiramente falso, porque sem duvida nada é inteiramente falso." (PESSOA: 45) as "It is not entirely false because doubtless nothing is entirely false..." It is not clear why Jennings would have ruled out the cognate in the first two cases, even more so in exchange for a word with a moral

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<sup>5</sup> David Jackson suggests that *O Marinheiro* is Pessoa's foundational seed, since it introduces themes that would be explored afterwards, such as the voyage, dreams, stillness, and absence, as well as a burgeoning idea of depersonalization. See Jackson, K. David (2010). "Waiting for the Ancient Mariner: A Theater of Immanence", *Adverse Genres in Fernando Pessoa* Oxford: Oxford University Press, pg. 37-59. In turn, Luiz Henrique Barbosa and Raimunda Alvim Lopes Bessa suggest that the watchers of *O Marinheiro* are a metaphor of language as an entity built collectively and not individually, an idea that precedes the definition of heteronyms. See Barbosa, Henrique Luiz and Bessa, Raimunda Alvim Lopes (2007). "O Marinheiro: Um Drama Pós-moderno?", *Fernando Pessoa e o Surgimento do Sujeito Literário*. Organized by Lélia Parreira Duarte. Belo Horizonte: Cadernos Cespuc de Pesquisa, pg. 144-158.

nuance that is not necessarily implied in “false.” Similar hesitations are seen in the array of words he uses to translate the term *espreitar*, which in Portuguese can range from “contemplate” to “observe without being seen”. In fact, Jennings is well aware of the word’s broadness and vacillates in certain fragments, such as: “I lived among rocks and watched [→peeped at] the sea.” Later on, he even introduces a third term with the same meaning: “Life is peering at us all the time.”

The previous decisions are significant because they are concepts that are reiterated throughout this drama and Pessoa’s writings. The concept of falsehood versus truth pervades most of Pessoa’s work, so Jennings’s decision to introduce a slight change in meaning (by not establishing the same opposition but rather a dichotomy between correct versus wrong) is not entirely accurate. Nonetheless, it is still in line with a concern we have seen in other Pessoaan texts such as “O Banqueiro Anarchista”: the supposed disjunction between nature (i.e. truth) and human correctness. The variations of watching, peeping, and peering are also significant, because Jennings’s initial preference for the term “to watch,” as seen in the first example, could have been associated with his version of the title. It could also manifest the ambivalence—and, in turn, the falsehood—of the chosen title: surrounded by thick castle brick, these so-called “watchers” have barely anything to look through besides a single, narrow window. Hence, what they are and how they seem to relate to the life that is happening outside their tower seems to be closer to Jennings’s legitimate hesitation. These watchers are not able to actually watch; instead, they can merely aspire to peer through their window and their pretend lives.

This leads us to the final case of lexical uncertainty, which seems to be a consequence of the ambiguous words used to identify the three women: the terms used when referring to their souls. The Portuguese *alma* has four different translations throughout Jennings’s text—“soul,” “inside,” “spirit,” and “heart”—as seen in the following examples (variations are shown in italics): “There are waves in my *soul*.”; “I spend Decembers *inside me*.”; “This warm air is cold inside, in that part that ouches the *spirit*.”; and “Merely to think of hearing you touches music in my *heart*.” This multiple interpretation of the soul has, in turn, various effects. On one hand, it makes a nebulous concept even more imprecise; on the other, it provides the idea with a materiality it does not originally have. Especially when choosing the words “inside” and “heart” (which can be effortlessly used both in physical and metaphysical contexts), the concept of soul gets lost halfway between two worlds. Perhaps Jennings’s uneasy translation of “soul” suggests how ill-defined the concept is, and how all attempts to encompass it within one word are fruitless. All in all, it does point out the dubious existence of the watchers, who, unable to distinguish between their souls

and hearts, become more prone to ignore the limit between their ethereality and earthliness, between reality and dreams, and ultimately, between life and death.

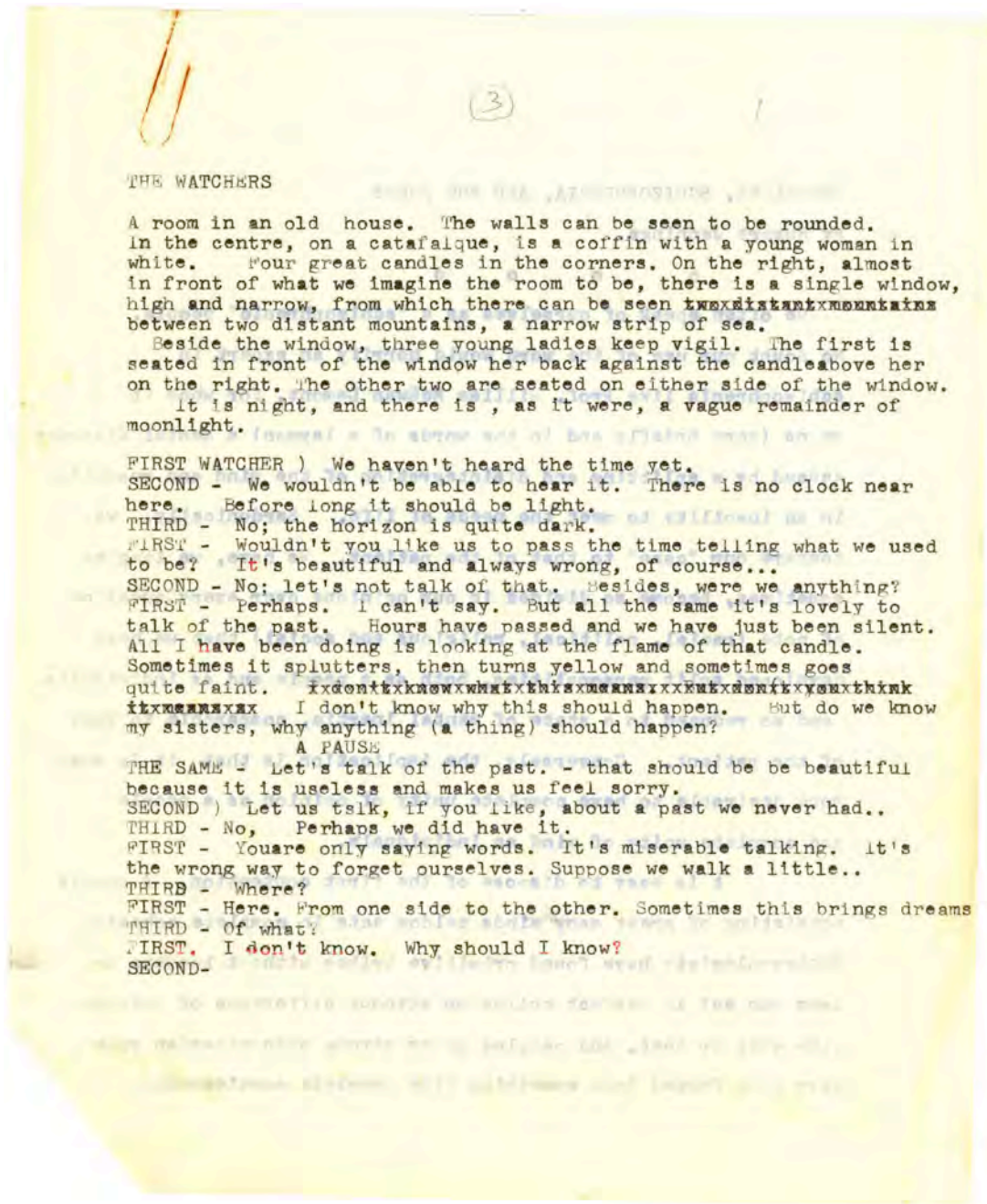
Through his profusion of variations, Jennings builds a translation of masked layers and offers a spirited text that seems to be well aware of he who is being translated: the ultimate master of masks. Jennings's version does grow apart from Pessoa's, but it also seems to treat language with a careful Pessoaan awareness. It must also be noted that although Jennings's translation shows evidence of multiple readings and proofreadings, there is nothing that allows us to consider it a final one. In fact, Jennings's decisions to maintain more than one option in some cases of hesitancy, and to offer a text with other potential texts inside, is perhaps the ultimate Pessoaan attribute of his translation. Thus, at the very least, this incomplete text is a faithful translation in the sense that it leaves the watchers' circumference unenclosed, and, although it alters our vantage points, it does not fully destroy the line drawn on the stage: a circle that will never become a full circle, because it meets a narrow—but infinite—window that faces the sea.

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## Annexes

I. Unpublished. Undated. Seven pages of *The Watchers*, a partial English translation by Hubert Jennings of O Marinheiro, written in Portuguese by Fernando Pessoa and published in *Orpheu* 1 (Lisbon: Monteiro & C<sup>a</sup>, 1915). The sides of the papers with the translation are facsimiled below; the other sides contain parts of the following unpublished essays by Jennings: "Ourselves, Schizophrenia, and the Poets"; "Fernando Pessoa | What a Portuguese Poet Can Mean to Us as South Africans."; "Fernando Pessoa—And Us."; "Fernando Pessoa | What Portuguese Poet Can Mean for Us."



2

SECOND - All the country here is very dull. Where I lived before it was much less dull. In the evening I sewed sitting at the window. The window looked out on the sea and at times there was an island in the distance. Very often I stopped sewing; looked out at the sea and forgot about living. I don't know if I was happy. Just now I shall start to be something I never was...

FIRST - Outside of here, I never saw the sea. There, from that window is the only place where the sea can be seen, and you can see so little of it. Is the sea in other lands very beautiful?

SECOND - It is only in other lands that the sea is beautiful. That which we see always gives us longings for the one we shall never see. tell our

FIRST - Weren't we saying that we were going to talk about the past?  
SECOND - No, we won't tell it.

THIRD - Why is there no clock in this room?

SECOND - I don't know ... But like this, without a clock everything is more remote and mysterious. The night belongs more to oneself. Who knows if we would be able to talk like this if we knew what time it was?

FIRST - My sister, everything in me is sad. I spend Decembers inside me. I am trying not to look through the window... I know mountains can be seen there in the distance ... I was happy once on the other side of the mountains. I was little. I gathered flowers all day and begged before I went to sleep that they wouldn't take them away. I don't know what there is of irreparable about this that makes me want to cry. It was far from here that this could have been... When will it become light?

THIRD - What does it matter? The day comes in the same way always. always, always, always...

SECOND - Let us tell stories to one another. I don't know any stories but that won't ~~hurt~~ hurt us. Only living does that. Hardly the fringe of our dresses touches on life. No, don't get up. That would be a gesture, and every gesture interrupts a dream....

For the moment I haven't any dream whatever, but I like to think I could be having one. Why don't we speak of the past?

FIRST - We decided not to. The day will break just now and we will be sorry if we do. Dreams go to sleep when it becomes light. The past is nothing but a dream. Besides I don't know what a dream is. If I look at the present very hard, it seems as though it is already past. What is any thing? How is it it passes?

Ah, let's talk, my sisters, talk loudly, all talk together...  
~~Sister~~ The quietness is beginning to get a body, begins to be a thing I can feel it wrapping me up like a fog.... Talk, talk!

SECOND - Why? I look at you both and then I don't see you. It seems to me that the gaps between us are growing bigger. I have to give up the idea that I can see you through having arrived at seeing you. This warm air is cold inside, in that part that ouches the spirit. I ought to feel now impossible hands going through my hair - it is the gesture with which sirens speak - (Crosses her hands over her knees. Pause). A little while ago when I was not

3

not thinking of anything I was thinking about the past.

1st.

~~THIRD~~ - I too must have been thinking about my ...

THIRD - I didn't know what I was thinking... about the past of others perhaps... about the past of marvellous people who never lived... Near my mother's house ran a little river... why ~~did it~~ run should it run, and why shouldn't run farther away or nearer? Is there any reason for anything to be what it is? A reason for it as true and real as my hands?

SECOND - Hands are not true and real. They are mysteries that inhabit our lives (that live with us). Sometimes when I look at my hands I have a fear of God ... There is no wind moving the flames of the candles, yet look, they are moving. They are bending - toward where? What a pity if someone could reply!

What are they bowing to? What a pity no one can tell us! I feel a longing within me to hear the barbaric music that must now be being played in the palaces of other continents. It is always something faraway with me... Perhaps because, when I was a child, I ran after the waves ~~at the seaside~~ at the seaside. (sea shore) I lived a whole life in a nutshell among the rocks at low-tide when the sea appears to have folded its arms on its breast and gone to sleep like the statue of an angel that nobody looks at any more.

THIRD - Your words remind me of something...

SECOND - It is perhaps because they are not true... I hardly know what I am saying... I repeat them following a voice I do not hear but which still keeps on whispering... But I must really have lived by the seashore. Every time a thing waves, I love it. There are waves in my soul. When I walk, I rock myself like a baby. I would like to walk now. I don't do it because it is not worth while doing anything - above all what I want to do. It is mountains that I am afraid of. It is impossible that they should be so stopped and great. They must have a secret of stone that refuses to recognize what they are. If, leaning out from this window, I could stop seeing mountains, someone would be leaning out from my soul a moment in whom I could feel myself happy.....

FIRST - For my part, I love mountains. This side of ~~them~~ ~~all~~ all mountains life is always ugly. On the other side, where my mother lives, we used to sit in the shade of the tamarinds and talk about going to see other countries. Everything there was long and happy like the song of two birds, one on each side of the road. There were no glades in the forest except in our thoughts. And our dreams had a different calm from that which the trees threw upon the ground. It must have been like this that we lived there, I and I do not know who else besides... Tell me that this was true so that I do not have to burst into tears...

SECOND - I lived among rocks and watched the sea (peeped at) The hem of my dress was cool and salty flapping against my bare legs. I was small and barbarous. Today I am afraid of having been so. Now it seems that I am sleeping. Talk to me about fairies. I never heard from anyone ~~about~~ talk about them. The sea was greater by bringing thoughts of them. In life, it is annoying to be small.

Were you happy, my sister?

FIRST - I commence at this moment to have been so in the past. For the rest, all that was passed in the shadow. The trees lived it more than I. Nothing came about for which I was scarcely hoping. And you, sister, why don't you talk?

THIRD - I have a horror that in a little while I will have ~~and~~ already said what I am going to tell you. My present words, hardly as I say them, will then belong to the past, will remain outside of me, I don't know where, but rigid and fatal. I speak, and think of this in my throat (the words form in my throat) and the words appear to me to be people. I have a greater fear of what I am. I feel in my hand, I don't know how, the key of an unknown door. And all of me becomes an amulet or monstrosity which had become conscious of itself. That is why it terrifies me like going through a dark forest, to go through the mystery of speaking. And, in the end, who knows if I am like this or whether it is this I really feel?

FIRST - It worries a lot to try to know what is felt when we take notice of what is in us! Even living can worry a lot when we notice it. Let's talk, however, without noticing we exist. Talk on, though, without noticing that you exist. Weren't we going to say what we were. (Weren't you)

THIRD - What I was before I can't remember now. Poor happy thing that I was! I lived among the shadow of branches, and all being is ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~ interlacing leaves. When I go out into the sun my shadow is cool. I spent the flight of my days beside fountains (springs) ~~in~~ where I moistened my (tranquil) fingers when I was dreaming of life (when life seemed far away as a dream) (the tips of my tranquil fingers) Sometimes on the banks (shores) (margins) of lakes, I leant over and gazed at myself. When I smiled my teeth were mysteries in the water. They had a smile which was theirs alone ~~and~~ independent of ~~my~~ mine. It was always without any reason that I smiled. Speak to me of death, of the end of all, so that I may have a reason for remembering...

FIRST - Don't let us speak of anything - anything It is colder but why is it that it is colder? It is not good for it to be colder than it is. Why is it that we have to talk? It is better to sing I don't know why... A song, when people sing at night, is a happy, unfrightened person who suddenly comes into the room and warms it and consoles us. I could sing you a song that we used to sing in my home in the past. (long ago) Why don't you want me to sing it to you?

THIRD - It's not worth the trouble, my sister, .. When someone sings I am not myself (I can't be with myself) I am unable to remember myself. And afterwards all my past becomes different and I find myself crying for a dead life which I never lived. It is always too late to sing just as it is always too late not to sing...

FIRST - It will soon be day. Let us be quiet. That is how life wishes it. Near my house there was a lake. I used go and sit by the edge on a tree trunk which fell almost into the water. I used to sit on the end and wet my feet in the water, sticking my toes into it. After that I used to keep on staring at the tips of my toes, but it was not just to see them. I don't know why but I have the feeling about th's lake that it never existed. Remembering it is like not remembering anything. Who knows why I say this and if it was I who lived what I remember?

THIRD - By the sea we are sad when we dream, We cannot be what we want to be because what we want to be we want it always to be in the past. When the wave breaks and the foam hisses, it seems there are tiny voices speaking. The foam appears to be cool only to one who judges it to be so. All is many and we know nothing. Do you want me to tell you what I was dreaming of by the sea?

FIRST - You can tell it, my sister; but nothing in us needs you to tell it. If it is beautiful, I am sorry already of having come to hear it. If it is not beautiful, wait... tell it only after having altered.

SECOND - I am going to tell it to you. It is not entirely false because doubtless nothing is entirely false.. It ought to have been thus.... One day when I was reclining on top of a cold rock and had forgotten that I had mother or father and what had happened in my childhood and other days - on this day I saw in the distance, like something I only thought I saw, the vague passing of a sail.

Then it stopped. When I came to myself I saw that already I had this dream of mine.. I don't know where it began. And I never turned to see another sail. None of the sails of ships which sail out here from a port are like that one, even when it is moonlight and the ships pass slowly in the distance.

FIRST - I can see a ship in the distance from the window. It is perhaps the one you saw.

SECOND - No, my sister: that one you see must be seeking some port or other. The one I saw could not be seeking a port...

FIRST - Why do you answer me. It could be. I didn't see any ship from the window. I was wanting to see one and told you about it to ease my thought. Go on telling us about the dream you had by the sea.

SECOND - I dreamed of a sailor who had been wrecked on a distant island. On this isle there were some hirsute palms, a few only, and some vague birds flying over them. I did not see if any ever rested on them. There the sailor lived after having managed to save himself from the wreck. As he had no means of returning to his country and that every time he thought of it he suffered, he resolved to dream of a country he had never had. He set out to imagine for himself and pretend that it was his another country, another land with other kinds of landscape and other people, and another way of passing through the streets and leaning out of windows. Every hour he constructed in dream this false fatherland and he



never stopped dreaming: by day in the narrow shade of the great palm-trees, silhouetted fringed with points, on the hot and sandy ground; by night, stretched on my back on the beach, and not noticing the stars.

FIRST - There should have been a tree which spangled my stretched out hands in the shade of a dream like this!

THIRD - Let her speak. Don't interrupt her. She knows words that the sirens have taught her. I am sleeping so that I can listen to her. Go on telling us, my sister. My heart aches for not being you when you were dreaming by the sea.

SECOND - For years and years, day by day, the sail built up a continuing dream of his new native land. Every day he put another dream stone on this impossible edifice. Before long he had a country that he had now passed through many times. He remembered thousands of hours passed along its coasts. He knew the colour of the sunsets in a bay in the North, and how soothing it was to enter, at night, with the mind leaning on the murmur of water that the ship opened, in a great port of the South, where happy perhaps he spent his supposed boyhood. ...

A PAUSE

FIRST - My sister, why are you silent?

SECOND - I ought not to say more. Life is peering at us all the time. All time is maternal for dreams, but it is necessary (it is best) not to know it. If I say any more, I begin to

separate from myself and hear myself speak. This makes me feel sorry for myself and the heart feels too much. (feel my heart too much). I feel then a tearful wish to take it in my arms and comfort it like a child.

FIRST - Keep on, my sister, keep on telling us. Do not stop recounting to us your dream or take note that days will break. The day never breaks for those who lay their heads on the bosom of dreamed hours. Do not wring your hands. It makes a noise like a furtive serpent. Tell us more of your dream. It is so true that it has no meaning at all. Merely to think of hearing you touches music in my heart.

SECOND - Very well, I will tell you more of it. Even I need to tell you it. While I tell it to you, it is to myself I am telling it too. There are three of us listening. (Suddenly, looking at the coffin) Three, no... I do not know ... I don't know how many..

THIRD - You must not speak like that.. Tell your story quickly, tell us again. Don't talk of how many could be listening. We never know how many things live and see and listen. Go back to your dream. The sailor. What was the sailor dreaming?

SECOND - (more softly, in a very slow voice) First he created the landscapes, then he created the cities; then he created the streets and the alleys, one by one, chiselling them out of the material of his spirit - one by one the streets, ward by ward, even to the stonework of the quays where he created later the ports. The streets

THE WATCHERS.<sup>6</sup>

[1]<sup>7</sup> A room in an old house. The walls can be seen to be rounded. In the centre, on a catafalque, is a coffin with a young woman in white. Four great candles in the corners. On the right, almost in front of what we imagine the room to be, there is a single window, high and narrow, from which there can be seen <two distant mountains> between two distant mountains, a narrow strip of sea.

Beside the window, three young ladies keep vigil. The first is seated in front of the window her back against the candle above her on the right. The other two are seated on either side of the window.

It is night, and there is, as it were, a vague remainder of moonlight.

FIRST WATCHER – We haven't heard the time yet.

SECOND – We wouldn't be able to hear it. There is no clock near here. Before long it should be light.

THIRD – No; the horizon is quite dark.

FIRST – Wouldn't you like us to pass the time telling what we used to be? It's beautiful and always wrong, of course...

SECOND – No; let's not talk of that. Besides, were we anything?

FIRST – Perhaps. I can't say. But all the same it's lovely to talk of the past. Hours have passed and we have just been silent. All I have been doing is looking at the flame of that candle. Sometimes it splutters, then turns yellow and sometimes goes quite faint. <I don't know what this means. But don't you think it means s> I don't know why this should happen. But do we know my sisters, why anything [→ a thing] should happen?

## A PAUSE

THE SAME – Let's talk of the past. – That should be beautiful because it is useless and makes us feel sorry.

SECOND – Let us talk, if you like, about a past we never had...

THIRD – No, perhaps we did have it.

FIRST – You are only saying words. It's miserable talking. It's the wrong way to forget ourselves. Suppose we walk a little...

THIRD – Where?

FIRST – Here. From one side to the other. Sometimes this brings dreams.

THIRD – Of what?

FIRST – I don't know. Why should I know?

[A PAUSE]<sup>8</sup>

[2] SECOND – All the country here is very dull. Where I lived before it was much less dull. In the evening I sewed sitting at the window. The window looked out on the sea and at times there was an island in the distance. Very often I stopped sewing; looked out at the sea and forgot

<sup>6</sup> Besides the page number ("1"), there is the figure "3" written and circled on the top margin, perhaps suggesting that this translation would feature as the third element of a bigger project.

<sup>7</sup> The document presents the page numbers on the top right margins; we indicate those numbers within brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the narrative flow.

<sup>8</sup> This pause is not indicated in the Jennings's typescript, though it exists in the original by Pessoa; whenever this is the case, we will indicate the pauses within brackets.

about living. I don't know if I was happy. Just now I shall start to be something I never was...

FIRST – Outside of here, I never saw the sea. There, from that window is the only place where the sea can be seen, and you can see so little of it. Is the sea in other lands very beautiful?

SECOND – It is only in other lands that the sea is beautiful. That which we see always gives us longings for the one we shall never see.

[A PAUSE]

FIRST – Weren't we saying that we were going to talk [↑ tell] about the [↑our] past?

SECOND – No, we won't tell it.

THIRD – Why is there no clock in this room?

SECOND – I don't know... But like this, without a clock everything is more remote and mysterious. The night belongs more to oneself. Who knows if we would be able to talk like this if we knew what time it was?

FIRST – My sister, everything in me is sad. I spend Decembers inside me. I am trying not to look through the window... I know mountains can be seen there in the distance... I was happy once on the other side of the mountains. I was little. I gathered flowers all day and begged before I went to sleep that they wouldn't take them away. I don't know what there is of irreparable about this that makes me want to cry. It was far from here that this could have been... When will it become light?

THIRD – What does it matter? The day comes in the same way always, always, always, always...

[A PAUSE]

SECOND – Let us tell stories to one another. I don't know any stories but that won't hurt us. Only living does that. Hardly the fringe of our dresses touches on life. No, don't get up. That would be a gesture, and every gesture interrupts a dream... For the moment I haven't any dream whatever, but I like to think I could be having one. Why don't we speak of the past?

FIRST – We decided not to. The day will break just now and we will be sorry if we do. Dreams go to sleep when it becomes light. The past is nothing but a dream. Besides I don't know what a dream is. If I look at the present very hard, it seems as though it is already past. What is any thing? How is it passes? Ah, let's talk, my sisters, talk loudly, all talk together... <Silen> The quietness is beginning to get a body, begins to be a thing I can feel it wrapping me up like a fog... Talk, talk!

SECOND – Why? I look at you both and then I don't see you. It seems to me that the gaps between us are growing bigger. I have to give up the idea that I can see you through having arrived at seeing you. This warm air is cold inside, in that part that ouches the spirit. I ought to feel now impossible hands going through my hair – it is the gesture with which sirens speak – (Crosses her hands over her knees. Pause). A little while ago when I was [3] not thinking of anything I was thinking about the past.

<THIRD> FIRST – I too must have been thinking about my...

THIRD – I didn't know what I was thinking... about the past of others perhaps... about the past of marvellous people who never lived... Near my mother's house ran a little river... why <did it run> should it run, and why shouldn't run farther away or nearer? Is there any reason for anything to be what it is? A reason for it as true and real as my hands?

SECOND – Hands are not true and real. They are mysteries that inhabit our lives [→ that live with us]. Sometimes when I look at my hands I have a fear of God... There is no wind moving the flames of the candles, yet look, they are moving. They are bending – toward where? What a pity if someone could reply! What are they bowing to? What a pity no one can tell us! I feel a

longing within me to hear the barbaric music that must now be being played in the palaces of other continents. It is always something faraway with me... Perhaps because, when I was a child, I ran after the waves <at low tide> at the seaside [②sea shore]. I lived a whole life in a nutshell among the rocks at low-tide when the sea appears to have folded its arms on its breasts and gone to sleep like the statue of an angel that nobody looks at any more.

THIRD – Your words remind me of something...

SECOND – It is perhaps because they are not true... I hardly know what I am saying... I repeat them following a voice I do not hear but which still keeps on whispering... But I must really have lived by the seashore. Every time a thing waves, I love it. There are waves in my soul. When I walk, I rock myself like a baby. I would like to walk now. I don't do it because it is not worthwhile doing anything – above all what I want to do. It is mountains that I am afraid of. It is impossible that they should be so stopped and great. They must have a secret of stone that refuses to recognize what they are. If, leaning out from this window, I could stop seeing mountains, someone would be leaning out from my soul a moment in whom I could feel myself happy...

FIRST – For my part, I love mountains. This side of <them all moun> all mountains life is always ugly. On the other side, where my mother lives, we used to sit in the shade of the tamarinds and talk about going to see other countries. Everything there was long and happy like the song of two birds, one on each side of the road. There were no glades in the forest except in our thoughts. And our dreams had a different calm from that which the trees threw upon the ground. It must have been like this that we lived there, I and I do not know who else besides... Tell me that this was true so that I do not have to burst into tears...

SECOND – I lived among rocks and watched [→ peeped at] the sea. The hem of my dress was cool and salty flapping against my bare legs. I was small and barbarous. Today I am afraid of having been so. Now it seems that I am sleeping. Talk to me about fairies. I never heard from anyone <about> talk about them. The sea was greater by bringing thoughts of them. In life, it is annoying to be small. [5]<sup>9</sup> Were you happy, my sister?

FIRST – I commence at this moment to have been so in the past. For the rest, all that was passed in the shadow. The trees lived it more than I. Nothing came about for which I was scarcely hoping. And you, sister, why don't you talk?

THIRD – I have a horror that in a little while I will have <said> already said what I am going to tell you. My present words, hardly as I say them, will then belong to the past, will remain outside of me, I don't know where, but rigid and fatal. I speak, and think of this in my throat [→ the words form in my throat] and the words appear to me to be people. I have a greater fear of what I am. I feel in my hand, I don't know how, the key of an unknown door. And all of me becomes an amulet or monstrance which had become conscious of itself. That is why it terrifies me like going through a dark forest, to go through the mystery of speaking. And, in the end, who knows if I am like this or whether it is this I really feel?

FIRST – It worries a lot to try to know what is felt when we take notice of what is in us! Even living can worry a lot when we notice it. Let's talk, however, without noticing we exist. [→ Talk on, though, without noticing that you exist.] Weren't we [→ Weren't you] going to say what we were.

THIRD – What I was before I can't remember now. Poor happy thing that I was! I lived among the shadow of branches, and all being is <leaves which> interlacing leaves. When I go out into the sun my shadow is cool. I spent the flight of my days beside fountains [→ springs] <in> where I moistened my tranquil fingers [→ the tips of my tranquil fingers] when I was dreaming of life [→ when life seemed far away as a dream]. Sometimes on the banks [→ shores] [→ margins] of lakes, I leant over and gazed at myself. When I smiled my teeth were mysteries in the water.

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<sup>9</sup> Note that no page is missing, but the page numbering is incorrect (it goes in the order 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 5', 6) – which speaks to the unfinished state of this translation.

They had a smile which was theirs alone <and> independent of <me> mine. It was always without any reason that I smiled. Speak to me of death, of the end of all, so that I may have a reason for remembering...

FIRST – Don't let us speak of anything – anything. It is colder but why is it that it is colder? It is not good for it to be colder than it is. Why is it that we have to talk? It is better to sing I don't know why... A song, when people sing at night, is a happy, unfrightened person who suddenly comes into the room and warms it and consoles us. I could sing you a song that we used to sing in my home in the past [→ long ago]. Why don't you want me to sing it to you?

THIRD – It's not worth the trouble, my sister... When someone sings I am not myself [→ I can't be with myself]. I am unable to remember myself. And afterwards all my past becomes different and I find myself crying for a dead life which I never lived. It is always too late to sing just as it is always too late not to sing...

[A PAUSE]

[4] FIRST – It will soon be day. Let us be quiet. That is how life wishes it. Near my house there was a lake. I used to go and sit by the edge on a tree trunk which fell almost into the water. I used to sit on the end and wet my feet in the water, sticking my toes into it. After that I used to keep on staring at the tips of my toes, but it was not just to see them. I don't know why but I have the feeling about this lake that it never existed. Remembering it is like not remembering anything. Who knows why I say this and if it was I who lived what I remember?

THIRD<sup>10</sup> – By the sea we are sad when we dream. We cannot be what we want to be because what we want to be we want it always to be in the past. When the wave breaks and the foam hisses, it seems there are tiny voices speaking. The foam appears to be cool only to one who judges it to be so. All is many and we know nothing. Do you want me to tell you what I was dreaming of by the sea?

FIRST – You can tell it, my sister; but nothing in us needs you to tell it. If it is beautiful, I am sorry already of having come to hear it. If it is not beautiful, wait... tell it only after having altered.

SECOND – I am going to tell it to you. It is not entirely false because doubtless nothing is entirely false... It ought to have been thus... One day when I was reclining on top of a cold rock and had forgotten that I had mother or father and what had happened in my childhood and other days – on this day I saw in the distance, like something I only thought I saw, the vague passing of a sail. Then it stopped. When I came to myself I saw that already I had this dream of mine... I don't know where it began. And I never turned to see another sail. None of the sails of ships which sail out here from a port are like that one, even when it is moonlight and the ships pass slowly in the distance.

FIRST – I can see a ship in the distance from the window. It is perhaps the one you saw.

SECOND – No, my sister: that one you see must be seeking some port or other. The one I saw could not be seeking a port...

FIRST – Why do you answer me. It could be. I didn't see any ship from the window. I was wanting to see one and told you about it to ease my thought. Go on telling us about the dream you had by the sea.

SECOND – I dreamed of a sailor who had been wrecked on a distant island. On this isle there were some hirsute palms, a few only, and some vague birds flying over them. I did not see if any ever rested on them. There the sailor lived after having managed to save himself from the wreck. As he had no means of returning to his country and that every time he thought of it he suffered, he resolved to dream of a country he had never had. He set out to imagine for himself

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<sup>10</sup> In the original published by Pessoa, these lines were spoken by the "SECOND."

and pretend that it was his another country, another land with other kinds of landscape and other people, and another way of passing through the streets and leaning out of windows. Every hour he constructed in dream this false fatherland and he [5] never stopped dreaming; by day in the narrow shade of the great palm-trees, silhouetted fringed with points, on the hot and sandy ground; by night, stretched on my back on the beach, and not noticing the stars.

FIRST – There should have been a tree which spangled my stretched out hands in the shade of a dream like this!

THIRD – Let her speak. Don't interrupt her. She knows words that the sirens have taught her. I am sleeping so that I can listen to her. Go on telling us, my sister. My heart aches for not being you when you were dreaming by the sea.

SECOND – For years and years, day by day, the sailor built up a continuing dream of his new native land. Every day he put another dream stone on this impossible edifice. Before long he had a country that he had now passed through many times. He remembered thousands of hours passed along its coasts. He knew the colour of the sunsets in a bay in the North, and how soothing it was to enter, at night, with the mind leaning on the murmur of water that the ship opened, in a great port of the South, where happy perhaps he spent his supposed boyhood...

#### A PAUSE

FIRST – My sister, why <do> are you silent?

SECOND – I ought not to say more. Life is peering at us all the time. All time is maternal for dreams, but it is necessary [→ it is best] not to know it. If I say any more, I begin to [6] separate from myself and hear myself speak. This makes me feel sorry for myself and the heart feels too much. [→ feel my heart too much.] I feel then a tearful wish to take it in my arms and comfort it like a child.

FIRST – Keep on, my sister, keep on telling us. Do not stop recounting to us your dream or take note that days will break. The day never breaks for those who lay their heads on the bosom of dreamed hours. Do not wring your hands. It makes a noise like a furtive serpent. Tell us more of your dream. It is so true that it has no meaning at all. Merely to think of hearing you touches music in my heart.

SECOND – Very well, I will tell you more of it. Even I need to tell you it. While I tell it to you, it is to myself I am telling it too. There are three of us listening. (Suddenly, looking at the coffin) Three, no... I do not know... I don't know how many...

THIRD – You must not speak like that... Tell you story quickly, tell us again. Don't talk of how many could be listening. We never know how many things live and see and listen. Go back to your dream. The sailor. What was the sailor dreaming?

SECOND – (more softly, in a very slow voice) First he created the landscapes, then he created the cities; then he created the streets and the alleys, one by one, chiselling them out of the material of his spirit – one by one the streets, ward by ward, even to the stonework of the quays where he created later the ports. The streets [ ]<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> The typescript ends here—and no other pages were located in the Jennings archive.

II. Twelve pages of *O Marinheiro* by Fernando Pessoa, published in *Orpheu* 1 (Lisbon: Monteiro & C<sup>a</sup>, 1915: 27-39); p. 28, being blank (the verso of the title page) is not facsimiled here.





Um quarto que é sem duvida num castello antigo. Do quarto vê-se que é circular. Ao centro ergue-se, sobre uma eça, um caixão com uma donzella, de branco. Quatro tochas aos cantos. A direita, quasi em frente a quem imagina o quarto, ha uma unica janella, alta e estreita, dando para onde só se vê, entre dois montes longinquos, um pequeno espaço de mar.

Do lado da janella velam trez donzellas. A primeira está sentada em frente á janella, de costas contra a tocha de cima da direita. As outras duas estão sentadas uma de cada lado da janella.

É noite e ha como que um resto vago de luar.

Primelra veladora. — Ainda não deu hora nenhuma.

Segunda. — Não se podia ouvir. Não ha relógio aqui perto. Dentro em pouco deve ser dia.

Tercelra. — Não: o horizonte é negro.

Primelra. — Não desejaes, minha irmã, que nos entretenhemos contando o que fômos? É bello e é sempre falso...

Segunda. — Não, não fallemos d'isso. De resto, fômos nós alguma cousa?

Primelra. — Talvez. Eu não sei. Mas, ainda assim, sempre é bello fallar do passado... As horas teem cahido e nós temos guardado silencio. Por mim, tenho estado a olhar para a chamma d'aquella vela. Às vezes treme, outras torna-se mais amarella, outras vezes empallidece. Eu não sei porque é que isso se dá. Mas sabemos nós, minhas irmãs, porque se dá qualquer cousa?...

(uma pausa)

A mesma. — Fallar do passado—isso deve ser bello, porque é inútil e faz tanta pena...

Segunda. — Fallemos, se quizerdes, de um passado que não tivessemos tido.

Tercelra. — Não. Talvez o tivéssemos tido...

Primelra. — Não dizeis senão palavras. É tão triste fallar! É um modo tão falso de nos esquecermos!... Se passeássemos?...

Tercelra. — Onde?

Primelra. — Aqui, de um lado para o outro. Às vezes isso vai buscar sonhos.

Tercelra. — De quê?

Primelra. — Não sei. Porque o havia eu de saber?

(uma pausa)

Segunda. — Todo este paiz é muito triste... Aquelle onde eu vivi outr'ora era menos triste. Ao entardecer eu fiava, sentada á minha janella. A janella dava para o mar e ás vezes havia uma ilha ao longe...

Muitas vezes eu não fiava; olhava para o mar e esquecia-me de viver. Não sei se era feliz. Já não tornarei a ser aquillo que talvez eu nunca fôsse...

Primelra. — Fôra de aqui, nunca vi o mar. Alli, d'aquella janella, que é a unica de onde o mar se vê, vê-se tão pouco!... O mar de outras terras é bello?

Segunda. — Só o mar das outras terras é que é bello. Aquelle que nós vemos dá-nos sempre saudades d'aquelle que não veremos nunca...

(uma pausa)

Primelra. — Não diziamos nós que iamós contar o nosso passado?

Segunda. — Não, não diziamos.

Tercelra. — Porque não haverá relógio neste quarto?

Segunda. — Não sei... Mas assim, sem o relógio, tudo é mais afastado e mysterioso. A noite pertence mais a si-propria... Quem sabe se nós poderíamos fallar assim se soubessemos a hora que é?

Primelra. — Minha irmã, em mim tudo é triste. Passo dezembros na alma... Estou procurando não olhar para a janella... Sei que de lá se vêem, ao longe, montes... Eu fui feliz para além de montes, outr'ora... Eu era pequenina. Colhia flôres todo o dia e antes de adormecer pedia que não m'as tirassem... Não sei o que isto tem de irreparavel que me dá vontade de chorar... Foi longe d'aqui que isto pôde ser... Quando virá o dia?...

Tercelra. — Que importa? Elle vem sempre da mesma maneira... sempre, sempre, sempre...

(uma pausa)

Segunda. — Contemos contos umas ás outras... Eu não sei contos nenhuns, mas isso não faz mal... Só viver é que faz mal... Não roçemos pela vida nem a orla das nossas vestes... Não, não vos levanteis. Isso seria um gesto, e cada gesto interrompe um sonho... Neste momento eu não tinha sonho nenhum, mas é-me suave pensar que o podia estar tendo... Mas o passado—porque não fallâmos nós d'elle?

Primelra. — Decidimos não o fazer... Breve raiará o dia e arre-pender-nos-hemos... Com a luz os sonhos adormecem... O passado não é senão um sonho... De resto, nem sei o que não é sonho... Se olho para o presente com muita attenção, parece-me que elle já passou... O que é qualquer cousa? Como é que ella passa? Como é por dentro o modo como ella passa?... Ah, fallemos, minhas irmãs, fallemos alto, fallemos todas juntas... O silencio começa a tomar corpo, começa a ser cousa... Sinto-o envolver-me como uma nevoa... Ah, fallae, fallae!...

Segunda. — Para quê?... Fito-vos a ambas e não vos vejo logo... Parece-me que entre nós se augmentaram abyssos... Tenho que cançar a idéa de que vos posso ver para poder chegar a ver-vos... Este ar quente é frio por dentro, naquella parte que toca na alma... Eu devia agora sentir mãos impossiveis passarem-me pelos cabel-

los... As mãos pelos cabellos — é o gesto com que fallam das sereias... (*Cruza as mãos sobre os joelhos. Pausa.*) Ainda ha pouco, quando eu não pensava em nada, estava pensando no meu passado...

Prmelra. — Eu também devia ter estado a pensar no meu...

Terceira. — Eu já não sei em que pensava... No passado dos outros talvez..., no passado de gente maravilhosa que nunca existiu... Ao pé da casa de minha mãe corria um riacho... Porque é que correria, e porque é que não correria mais longe, ou mais perto?... Ha alguma razão para qualquer cousa ser o que é? Ha para isso qualquer razão verdadeira e real como as minhas mãos?...

Segunda. — As mãos não são verdadeiras nem reaes... São mysterios que habitam na nossa vida... A's vezes, quando fito as minhas mãos, tenho medo de Deus... Não ha vento que mova as chammas das velas, e olhae, ellas movem-se... Para onde se inclinam ellas?... Que pena se alguém pudesse responder!... Sinto-me desejosa de ouvir musicas barbaras que devem agora estar tocando em palacios de outros continentes... E' sempre longe na minha alma... Talvez porque, quando creança, corri atrás das ondas á beira-mar. Levei a vida pela mão entre rochedos, maré-baixa, quando o mar parece ter cruzado as mãos sobre o peito e ter adormecido como uma estatua de anjo para que nunca mais ninguém olhasse...

Terceira. — As vossas phrases lembram-me a minha alma...

Segunda. — É talvez por não serem verdadeiras... Mal sei que as digo... Repito-as seguindo uma voz que não ouço que m'as está segredando... Mas eu devo ter vivido realmente á beira-mar... Sempre que uma cousa ondeia, eu amo-a... Ha ondas na minha alma... Quando ando embalo-me... Agora eu gostaria de andar... Não o faço porque não vale nunca a pena fazer nada, sobretudo o que se quer fazer... Dos montes é que eu tenho medo... E impossivel que elles sejam tão parados e grandes... Devem ter um segredo de pedra que se recusam a saber que teem... Se d'esta janella, debruçando-me, eu pudesse deixar de ver montes, debruçar-se-hia um momento da minha alma alguém em quem eu me sentisse feliz...

Prmelra. — Por mim, amo os montes... Do lado de cá de todos os montes é que a vida é sempre feia... Do lado de lá, onde mora minha mãe, costumavamos sentarmo' nos á sombra dos tamarindos e fallar de ir ver outras terras... Tudo allí era lóngo e feliz como o canto de duas aves, uma de cada lado do caminho... A floresta não tinha outras clareiras senão os nossos pensamentos... E os nossos sonhos eram de que as arvores projectassem no chão outra calma que não as suas sombras... Foi decerto assim que allí vivemos, eu e não sei se mais alguém... Dizei-me que isto foi verdade para que eu não tenha de chorar...

Segunda. — Eu vivi entre rochedos e espreitava o mar... A orla da minha saia era fresca e salgada batendo nas minhas pernas nuas... Eu era pequena e barbara... Hoje tenho medo de ter sido... O presente parece-me que durmo... Fallae-me das fadas. Nunca ouvi fallar d'ellas a ninguém... O mar era grande demais para fazer pensar nellas... Na vida aquece ser pequeno... Ereis feliz minha irmã?...

Prmelra. — Começo neste momento a tel-o sido outr'ora... De

resto, tudo aquillo se passou na sombra... As arvores viveram-o mais do que eu... Nunca chegou quem eu mal esperava... E vós, irmã, porque não fallaes?

*Tercelra.* — Tenho horror a de aqui a pouco vos ter já dito o que vos vou dizer. As minhas palavras presentes, mal eu as diga, pertencerão logo ao passado, ficarão fóra de mim, não sei onde, rígidas e fataes... Fallo, e penso nisto na minha garganta, e as minhas palavras parecem-me gente... Tenho um medo maior do que eu. Sinto na minha mão, não sei como, a chave de uma porta desconhecida. E toda eu sou um amuleto ou um sacrario que estivesse com consciencia de si-proprio. E' poristo que me apavora ir, como por uma floresta escura, atravez do mysterio de fallar... E, afinal, quem sabe se eu sou assim e se é isto sem duvida que sinto?...

*Primeira.* — Custa tanto saber o que se sente quando reparamos em nós!... Mesmo viver sabe a custar tanto quando se dá por isso... Fallae portanto, sem reparardes que existis... Não nos ieis dizer quem ereis?

*Tercelra.* — O que eu era outr'ora já não se lembra de quem sou... Pobre da feliz que eu fui!... Eu vivi entre as sombras dos ramos, e tudo na minha alma é folhas que estremecem. Quando ando ao sol a minha sombra é fresca. Passei a fuga dos meus dias ao lado de fontes, onde eu molhava, quando sonhava de viver, as pontas tranquilladas dos meus dedos... A's vezes, á beira dos lagos, debruçava-me e fitava-me... Quando eu sorria, os meus dentes eram mysteriosos na agua... Tinham um sorriso só d'elles, independente do meu... Era sempre sem razão que eu sorria... Fallae me da morte, do fim de tudo, para que eu sinta uma razão p'ra recordar...

*Primeira.* — Não fallemos de nada, de nada... Está mais frio, mas porque é que está mais frio? Não ha razão para estar mais frio. Não é bem mais frio que está... Para que é que havemos de fallar?... E' melhor cantar, não sei porquê... O canto, quando a gente canta de noite, é uma pessoa alegre e sem medo que entra de repente no quarto e o aquece a consolar-nos... Eu podia cantar-vos uma canção que cantavamos em casa de meu passado. Porque é que não quereis que vol-a cante?

*Tercelra.* — Não vale a pena, minha irmã... Quando alguém canta, eu não posso estar commigo. Tenho que não poder recordar-me. E depois todo o meu passado torna-se outro e eu choro uma vida morta que trago commigo e que não vivi nunca. E' sempre tarde de mais para cantar, assim como é sempre tarde de mais para não cantar...

(uma pausa)

*Primeira.* — Breve será dia... Guardemos silencio... A vida assim o quer... Ao pé da minha casa natal havia um lago. Eu ia lá e assentava-me á beira d'elle, sobre um tronco de arvore que cahira quasi dentro de agua... Sentava-me na ponta e molhava na agua os pés, esticando para baixo os dedos. Depois olhava excessivamente para as pontas dos pés, mas não era para as ver... Não sei porquê, mas parece-me d'este lago que elle nunca existiu... Lembrar-me

## O Marinheiro — Fernando Pessoa

d'elle é como não me poder lembrar de nada... Quem sabe porque é que eu digo isto e se fui eu que vivi o que recordo?...

Segunda. — A' beira-mar somos tristes quando sonhamos... Não podemos ser o que queremos ser, porque o que queremos ser queremos-o sempre ter sido no passado... Quando a onda se espalha e a espuma chia, parece que ha mil vozes minimas a fallar. A espuma só parece ser fresca a quem a julga uma... Tudo é muito e nós não sabemos nada... Quereis que vos conte o que eu sonhava á beira-mar?

Primeira. — Podeis contal-o, minha irmã, mas nada em nós tem necessidade de que nol-o conteis... Se é bello, tenho já pena de vir a tel-o ouvido. E se não é bello, esperae..., contae o só depois de o alterardes...

Segunda. — Vou dizer vol-o. Não é inteiramente falso, porque sem duvida nada é inteiramente falso. Deve ter sido assim... Um dia que eu dei por mim recostada no cimo frio de um rochedo, e que eu tinha esquecido que tinha pae e mãe e que houvera em mim infancia e outros dias — nesse dia vi ao longe, como uma cousa que eu só pensasse em ver, a passagem vaga de uma vela... Depois ella cessou... Quando reparei para mim, vi que já tinha esse meu sonho... Não sei onde elle teve principio... E nunca tornei a ver outra vela... Nenhuma das velas dos navios que sahem aqui de um porto se parece com aquella, mesmo quando é lua e os navios passam longe devagar...

Primeira. — Vejo pela janella um navio ao longe. E' talvez aquella que vistes...

Segunda. Não, minha irmã; esse que vêtes busca sem duvida um porto qualquér... Não podia ser que aquella que eu vi buscasse qualquér porto...

Primeira. — Porque é que me respondestes?... Pode ser... Eu não vi navio nenhum pela janella... Desejava ver um e fallei-vos d'elle para não ter pena... Contae nos agora o que foi que sonhastes á beira mar...

Segunda. Sonhava de um marinheiro que se houvesse perdido numa ilha longinqua. Nessa ilha havia palmeiras hirtas, poucas, e aves vagas passavam por ellas... Não vi se alguma vez pousavam... Desde que, naufragado, se salvára, o marinheiro vivia alli... Como elle não tinha meio de voltar á patria, e cada vez que se lembrava d'ella soffria, poz-se a sonhar uma patria que nunca tivesse tido; poz-se a fazer ter sido sua uma outra patria, uma outra especie de paiz, com outras especies de paysagens, e outra gente, e outro feitio de passarem pelas ruas e de se debruçarem das janellas... Cada hora elle construa em sonho esta falsa patria, e elle nunca deixava de sonhar, de dia á sombra curta das grandes palmeiras, que se recortava, orlada de bicos, no chão areento e quente; de noite, estendido na praia, de costas, e não reparando nas estrellas.

Primeira. — Não ter havido uma arvore que mosqueasse sobre as minhas mãos estendidas a sombra de um sonho como esse!...

Tercera. — Deixae-a fallar... Não a interrompaes... Ella conhece palavras que as sereias lhe ensinaram... Adormeço para a poder es-

cutar... Dizei, minha irmã, dizei... Meu coração doe-me de não ter sido vós quando sonhaveis á beira mar...

Segunda. — Durante annos e annos, dia a dia o marinheiro erguia num sonho contínuo a sua nova terra natal... Todos os dias punha uma pedra de sonho nesse edificio impossivel... Breve elle ia tendo um paiz que já tantas vezes havia percorrido. Milhares de horas lembrava-se já de ter passado ao longo de suas costas. Sabia de que côr soiam ser os crepusculos numa bahia do norte, e como era suave entrar, noite alta, e com a alma recostada no murmurio da agua que o navio abria, num grande porto do sul onde elle passára outr'ora, feliz talvez, das suas mocidades a supposta...

(uma pausa)

Primeira. — Minha irmã, porque é que vos calaes?

Segunda. — Não se deve fallar demasiado... A vida espreita-nos sempre... Toda a hora é materna para os sonhos, mas é preciso não o saber... Quando fallo de mais começo a separar-me de mim e a ouvir-me fallar. Isso faz com que me compadeça de mim-propria e sinta demasiadamente o coração. Tenho então uma vontade lacrimosa de o ter nos braços para o poder embalar como a um filho... Vêde: o horizonte empallideceu... O dia não pôde já tardar... Será preciso que eu vos falle ainda mais do meu sonho?

Primeira. — Contae sempre, minha irmã, contae sempre... Não pareis de contar, nem repareis em que dias raiaem... O dia nunca raia para quem encosta a cabeça no seio das horas sonhadas... Não torçaes as mãos. Isso faz um ruido como o de uma serpente furtiva... Fallae-nos muito mais do vosso sonho. Elle é tão verdadeiro que não tem sentido nenhum. Só pensar em ouvir-vos me toca musica na alma...

Segunda. — Sim, fallar-vos-hei mais d'elle. Mesmo eu preciso de vol-o contar. Á medida que o vou contando, é a mim tambem que o conto... São trez a escutar... *(De repente, olhando para o caixão, e estremecendo.)* Trez não... Não sei... Não sei quantas...

Tercelra. — Não falleis assim... Contae depressa, contae outra vez... Não falleis em quantos podem ouvir... Nós nunca sabemos quantas cousas realmente vivem e vêem e escutam... Voltae ao vosso sonho... O marinheiro... O que sonhava o marinheiro?...

Segunda *(mais baixo, numa voz muito lenta)*. — Ao principio elle creou as paysagens; depois creou as cidades; creou depois as ruas e as travessas, uma a uma, cinzelando-as na materia da sua alma — uma a uma as ruas, bairro a bairro, até ás muralhas dos caes d'onde elle creou depois os portos... Uma a uma as ruas, e a gente que as percorria e que olhava sobre ellas das janellas... Passou a conhecer certa gente, como quem a reconhece apenas... Ia-lhes conhecendo as vidas passadas e as conversas, e tudo isto era como quem sonha apenas paysagens e as vae vendo... Depois viajava, recordado, atravez do paiz que creara... E assim foi construindo o seu passado... Breve tinha uma outra vida anterior... Tinha já, nessa nova patria, um logar onde nascera, os logares onde passara a juventude, os portos

onde embarcara... Ia tendo tido os companheiros da infancia e depois os amigos e inimigos da sua idade viril... Tudo era diferente de como elle o tivera — nem o paiz, nem a gente, nem o seu passado proprio se pareciam com o que haviam sido... Exigís que eu continue?... Causa-me tanta pena fallar d'isto!... Agora, porque vos fallo d'isto, aprazia-me mais estar-vos fallando de outros sonhos...

Terceira. — Continuae, ainda que não saibaes porquê... Quanto mais vos ouço, mais me não pertença...

Primeira. — Será bom realmente que continueis? Deve qualquer historia ter fim? Em todo o caso fallae... Importa tão pouco o que dizemos ou não dizemos... Velamos as horas que passam... O nosso mister é inutil como a Vida...

Segunda. — Um dia, que chovêra muito, e o horizonte estava mais incerto, o marinheiro cançou-se de sonhar... Quiz então recordar a sua patria verdadeira... mas viu que não se lembrava de nada, que ella não existia para elle... Meninice de que se lembrasse, era a na sua patria de sonho; adolescencia que recordasse, era aquella que se creara... Toda a sua vida tinha sido a sua vida que sonhara... E elle viu que não podia ser que outra vida tivesse existido... Se elle nem de uma rua, nem de uma figura, nem de um gesto materno se lembrava... E da vida que lhe parecia ter sonhado, tudo era real e tinha sido... Nem sequer podia sonhar outro passado, conceber que tivesse tido outro, como todos, um momento, podem crer... Ó minhas irmãs, minhas irmãs... Ha qualquer cousa, que não sei o que é, que vos não disse..., qualquer cousa que explicaria isto tudo... A minha alma esfria-me... Mal sei se tenho estado a fallar... Fallae-me, gritae-me, para que eu acorde, para que eu saiba que estou aqui ante vós e que ha cousas que são apenas sonhos...

Primeira (*numa voz muito baixa*). — Não sei que vos diga... Não ousou olhar para as cousas... Esse sonho como continúa?...

Segunda. — Não sei como era o resto... Mal sei como era o resto... Porque é que haverá mais?...

Primeira. — E o que aconteceu depois?

Segunda. — Depois? Depois de quê? Depois é alguma cousa?... Veiu um dia um barco... Veiu um dia um barco... — Sim, sim... só podia ter sido assim... — Veiu um dia um barco, e passou por essa ilha, e não estava lá o marinheiro...

Terceira. — Talvez tivesse regressado á patria... Mas a qual?

Primeira. — Sim, a qual? E o que teriam feito ao marinheiro? Sabelo-hia alguém?

Segunda. — Porque é que m'o perguntaes? Ha resposta para alguma cousa?

(uma pausa)

Terceira. — Será absolutamente necessario, mesmo dentro do vosso sonho, que tenha havido esse marinheiro e essa ilha?

Segunda. — Não, minha irmã; nada é absolutamente necessario.

Primeira. — Ao menos, como acabou o sonho?

Segunda. — Não acabou... Não sei... Nenhum sonho acaba... Sei eu ao certo se o não continúo sonhando, se o não sonho sem o

saber, se o sonhal-o não é esta cousa vaga a que eu chamo a minha vida?... Não me falleis mais... Principio a estar certa de qualquer cousa, que não sei o que é... Avançam para mim, por uma noite que não é esta, os passos de um horror que desconheço... Quem teria eu ido despertar com o sonho meu que vos contei?... Tenho um medo disforme de que Deus tivesse prohibido o meu sonho... Elle é sem duvida mais real do que Deus permite... Não estejaes silenciosas... Dizei-me ao menos que a noite vae passando, embora eu o saiba... Vêde, começa a ir ser dia... Vêde: vae haver o dia real... Paremos... Não pensemos mais... Não tentemos seguir nesta aventura interior... Quem sabe o que está no fim d'ella?... Tudo isto, minhas irmãs, passou-se na noite... Não fallemos mais d'isto, nem a nós-proprias... É humano e conveniente que tomemos, cada qual a sua attitude de tristeza.

Tercelra. — Foi-me tão bello escutar-vos... Não digaes que não... Bem sei que não valeu a pena... É porisso que o achei bello... Não foi porisso, mas deixae que eu o diga... De resto, a musica da vossa voz, que escutei ainda mais que as vossas palavras, deixa-me, talvez só por ser musica, descontente...

Segunda. — Tudo deixa descontente, minha irmã... Os homens que pensam cançam-se de tudo, porque tudo muda. Os homens que passam provam-o, porque mudam com tudo... De eterno e bello ha apenas o sonho... Porque estamos nós fallando ainda?...

Primeira. — Não sei... (*olhando para o caixão, em voz mais baixa*)  
Porque é que se morre?

Segunda. — Talvez por não se sonhar bastante...

Primeira. — É possível... Não valeria então a pena fecharmo'-nos no sonho e esquecer a vida, para que a morte nos esquecesse?...

Segunda. — Não, minha irmã: nada vale a pena...

Tercelra. — Minhas irmãs, é já dia... Vêde, a linha dos montes maravilha-se... Porque não choramos nós?... Aquella que finge estar alli era bella, e nova como nós, e sonhava tambem... Estou certa que o sonho d'ella era o mais bello de todos... Ella de que sonharia?...

Primeira. — Fallae mais baixo. Ella escuta-nos talvez, e já sabe para que servem os sonhos...

(uma pausa)

Segunda. — Talvez nada d'isto seja verdade... Todo este silencio, e esta morta, e este dia que começa não são talvez senão um sonho... Olhae bem para tudo isto... Parece-vos que pertence á vida?...

Primeira. — Não sei. Não sei como se é da vida... Ah, como vós estaes parada! E os vossos olhos tão tristes, parece que o estão inutilmente...

Segunda. — Não vale a pena estar triste de outra maneira... Não desejaes que nos calemos? E tão extranho estar a viver... Tudo o que acontece é inacreditavel, tanto na ilha do marinheiro como neste mundo... Vêde, o céu é já verde... O horizonte sorri ouro... Sinto que me ardem os olhos, de eu ter pensado em chorar...



Primeira. — Chorastes, com effeito, minha irmã.

Segunda. — Talvez... Não importa... Que frio é este?... O que é isto?... Ah, é agora... é agora... Dizei-me isto... Dizei-me uma cousa ainda... Porque não será a unica cousa real nisto tudo o marinheiro, e nós e tudo isto aqui apenas um sonho d'elle?...

Primeira. — Não falleis mais, não falleis mais... Isso é tão estranho que deve ser verdade... Não continueis... O que ieis dizer não sei o que é, mas deve ser de mais para a alma o poder ouvir... Tenho medo do que não chegastes a dizer... Vêde, vêde, é dia já... Vêde o dia... Fazei tudo por reparardes só no dia, no dia real, allí fóra... Vêde-o, vêde-o... Elle consola... Não penseis, não olheis para o que pensaes... Vêde-o a vir, o dia... Elle brilha como ouro numa terra de prata. As leves nuvens arredondam-se á medida que se coloram... Se nada existisse, minhas irmãs?... Se tudo fosse, de qualquer modo, absolutamente cousa nenhuma?... Porque olhastes assim?...

(Não lhe respondem. E ninguem olhara de nenhuma maneira.)

A mesma. — Que foi isso que dissestes e que me apavorou?... Senti-o tanto que mal vi o que era... Dizei-me o que foi, para que eu, ouvindo-o segunda vez, já não tenha tanto medo como d'antes... Não, não... Não digaes nada... Não vos pergunto isto para que me respondeas, mas para fallar apenas, para me não deixar pensar... Tenho medo de me poder lembrar do que foi... Mas foi qualquer cousa de grande e pavoroso como o haver Deus... Deviamos já ter acabado de fallar... Ha tempo já que a nossa conversa perdeu o sentido... O que ha entre nós que nos faz fallar prolonga-se demasiadamente... Ha mais presenças aqui do que as nossas almas... O dia devia ter já rajado... Deviam já ter acordado... Tarda qualquer cousa... Tarda tudo... O que é que se está dando nas cousas de accordo com o nosso horror?... Ah, não me abandoneis... Fallae commigo, fallae commigo... Fallae ao mesmo tempo do que eu para não deixardes sosinha a minha voz... Tenho menos medo á minha voz do que á idéa da minha voz, dentro de mim, se fôr reparar que estou fallando...

Terceira. — Que voz é essa com que fallaes?... E' de outra... Vem de uma especie de longe...

Primeira. — Não sei... Não me lembreis isso... Eu devia estar fallando com a voz aguda e tremida do medo... Mas já não sei como é que se falla... Entre mim e a minha voz abriu-se um abysmo... Tudo isto, toda esta conversa, e esta noite, e este medo — tudo isto devia ter acabado, devia ter acabado de repente, depois do horror que nos dissestes... Começo a sentir que o esqueço, a isso que dissestes, e que me fez pensar que eu devia gritar de uma maneira nova para exprimir um horror de aquelles...

Terceira. — (para a Segunda) — Minha irmã, não nos devieis ter contado essa historia. Agora extranho-me viva com mais horror. Contaveis e eu tanto me distrahia que ouvia o sentido das vossas palavras e o seu som separadamente. E parecia-me que vós, e a vossa voz, e

o sentido do que dizeis eram trez entes diferentes, como trez creaturas que fallam e andam.

Segunda. — São realmente trez entes diferentes, com vida propria e real. Deus talvez saiba porquê... Ah, mas porque é que fallamos? Quem é que nos faz continuar fallando? Porque fallo eu sem querer fallar? Porque é que já não reparamos que é dia?...

Prmelra. — Quem pudesse gritar para despertarmos! Estou a ouvir-me a gritar dentro de mim, mas já não sei o caminho da minha vontade para a minha garganta. Sinto uma necessidade feroz de ter medo de que alguém possa agora bater àquella porta. Porque não bate alguém á porta? Seria impossivel e eu tenho necessidade de ter medo d'isso, de saber de que é que tenho medo... Que estranha que me sinto!... Parece-me já não ter a minha voz... Parte de mim adormeceu e ficou a vêr... O meu pavôr cresceu mas eu já não sei sentil-o... Já não sei em que parte da alma é que se sente... Puzeram ao meu sentimento do meu corpo uma mortalha de chumbo... Para que foi que que nos contastes a vossa historia?

Segunda. — Já não me lembro... Já mal me lembro que a contei... Parece ter sido já ha tanto tempo!... Que somno, que somno absorve o meu modo de olhar para as cousas!... O que é que nós queremos fazer? o que é que nos temos idéa de fazer? — já não sei se é fallar ou não fallar...

Prmelra. — Não fallemos mais. Por mim, cança-me o esforço que fazeis para fallar... Dóe-me o intervallo que ha entre o que pensaes e o que dizeis... A minha consciencia boia á tona da somnolencia apavorada dos meus sentidos pela minha pelle... Não sei o que é isto, mas é o que sinto... Preciso dizer phrases confusas, um pouco longas, que custem a dizer... Não sentis tudo isto como uma aranha enorme que nos tece de alma a alma uma teia negra que nos prende?

Segunda. — Não sinto nada... Sinto as minhas sensações como uma cousa que se não sente... Quem é que eu estou sendo?... Quem é que está fallando com a minha voz?... Ah, escutae...

Prmelra e Terceira. — Quem foi?

Segunda. — Nada. Não ouvi nada... Quiz fingir que ouvia para que vós suppozesseis que ouvieis e eu pudesse crêr que havia alguma cousa a ouvir... Oh, que horror, que horror intimo nos desata a voz da alma, e as sensações dos pensamentos, e nos faz fallar e sentir e pensar quando tudo em nós pede o silencio e o dia e a inconsciencia da vida... Quem é a quinta pessoa neste quarto que estende o braço e nos interrompe sempre que vamos a sentir?...

Prmelra. — Para quê tentar apavorar-me?... Não cabe mais terror dentro de mim... Peso excessivamente ao collo de me sentir. Afundei-me toda no lodo morno do que supponho que sinto. Entra-me por todos os sentidos qualquer cousa que m'os pega e m'os vela. Pesam as palpebras a todas as minhas sensações. Prende-se a lingua a todos os meus sentimentos. Um somno fundo colla uma ás outras as idéas de todos os meus gestos... Porque foi que olhastes assim?...

Terceira. — *(numa voz muito lenta e apagada)* — Ah, é agora, é agora... Sim, acordou alguém... Ha gente que acorda... Quando entrar alguém tudo isto acabará... Até lá façamos por crêr que todo

este horror foi um longo somno que fomos dormindo... É dia já...  
Vae acabar tudo... E de tudo isto fica, minha irmã, que só vós sois  
feliz, porque acreditaes no sonho...

Segunda. — Porque é que m'o perguntaes? Porque eu o disse? Não,  
não acredito...

Um gallo canta. A luz, como que subitamente,  
augmenta. As trez veladoras quedam-se silenciosas  
e sem olharem umas para as outras.

Não muito longe, por uma estrada, um vago  
carro geme e chia.

11/12 Outubro, 1913.

FERNANDO PESSÔA.

# *Naval Ode* Translations: reading the poet's dispositions

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## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Álvaro de Campos, Hubert Jennings, *Naval Ode*, *Maritime Ode*, dispositions, translation.

## Abstract

Fernando Pessoa's *Naval Ode*, signed by his heteronym Álvaro de Campos, is a long and complex poem that displays a predominantly emotional/dispositional structure, which characterizes Campos's nature. The English translations of the *Naval Ode*, on one hand, announce the importance of the poem's interpretation and, on the other hand, reveal challenges of the English language regarding the expression of different emotional tones found in the poem. This article intends to analyze the relevance of the dispositional structure inherent to Campos and, especially, how this structure may have its original meanings transmitted or altered by an English translation. The complete translation Hubert Jennings made of the Pessoa ode is presented as annex.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Álvaro de Campos, Hubert Jennings, *Ode Marítima*, disposições, tradução.

## Resumo

A *Ode Marítima* de Fernando Pessoa, assinada pelo seu heterónimo Álvaro de Campos, é um longo e complexo poema que apresenta uma estrutura predominantemente emocional-disposicional, uma característica da natureza de Campos. As traduções inglesas desta ode, por um lado, permitem assinalar a importância da interpretação do texto e, por outro, revelam as dificuldades da língua inglesa na expressão dos tons emocionais encontrados no poema. Este artigo pretende analisar a relevância deste substrato disposicional inerente a Campos e, especialmente, como este substrato pode ter seu sentido original transmitido ou alterado por uma tradução inglesa. A tradução completa que Hubert Jennings fez da ode pessoana é apresentada como anexo.

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Álvaro de Campos is one of the most well known heteronyms of the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa. Pessoa signs a large part of his emotional poetry under Campos's name, including a long text titled *Ode Marítima* (Maritime Ode) or, as Pessoa himself translated it, *Naval Ode*.<sup>1</sup> This poem, with 904 verses, was published in 1915 in the polemical magazine *Orpheu*, which had only two issues that year.

The ode triggered various opinions among the writers and companions of Pessoa, as well as among the general public. While the former were delighted with the magnitude of Pessoa's creation, immediately associated with the futuristic movements of European literature (and especially with the new ideas that Marinetti was spreading), the general public did not understand, nor was prepared for such a revolution. In fact, they considered this new generation of poets to be very close to insanity. Even if this reaction was expected (for every beginning implies a rupture with tradition), it cannot be denied that the poets of *Orpheu* founded a whole new way of seeing and navigating the relationship between literature and the world itself.

If Pessoa and his contemporary artists were not recognized during their lives, posterity altered that image, by publishing over and over again what they had to offer—not only what was known during their lives, but especially what was yet to be discovered. In this way, the undeniable value of Pessoa and his contemporaries has been rescued and established, leading to an extraordinary interest in their work. This interest, specifically concerning Pessoa, was shared outside Portugal—which is attested not only by the several scholars that dedicated themselves to Pessoa's work, but also by those who tried to make his poetry available to the non-Portuguese-speaking public through translations. Translating a text is not an easy task, especially when it comes to poetry. Besides problems regarding rhyme, there are problems in choosing appropriate words, for their meanings do not correspond identically between the two languages, thus allowing for different (and even unintended) interpretations. Despite its size, *Naval Ode* has been translated to English. Pessoa had wished to realize such a project himself, but, although he began it, he never finished.

This article intends to analyze some specific aspects of the existing translations: we will compare four complete English versions of *Naval Ode* as translated by scholars, then analyze the partial one left by the author (and first published by Cleonice Berardinelli, in 1990). Only one of the four complete translations was not published, that by Hubert Jennings, a scholar who published several articles and books regarding the poet's life, his experiences in South Africa (at Durban High School), and the heteronymism phenomenon. We cannot date this translation with precision, but it seems to be the very first attempt to translate

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: Poem titles are normally formatted with quotation marks and book titles in italics; given the length of this poem, *Naval Ode* is in italics here, indicating a work that stands by itself.

*Naval Ode*, considering that Jennings started a serious study of Pessoa during the 1960s, when he was in Portugal for eighteen months and had contact with the author's original manuscripts via Pessoa's family. Since Jennings's translation was never published, we transcribe it as an annex to this article.

The second translation was done by Edward Honig, published in 1971, and is a bilingual translation, contemplating side by side the Portuguese and English translation of the poem. The third was published in 1986 by the same author in co-authorship with Susan Brown. More recently, the translation made by Richard Zenith was published in 2006. By comparing these translations with the original in Portuguese, it is possible to understand some translation challenges and the recreation process that results from translation.

Fernando Pessoa was an author who had much interest in the translation process. Not only did he translate several texts from English to Portuguese, and vice-versa, but he also wrote about the theory of translation. Among the documents conserved in literary estate #3 (E3) at the National Library of Portugal (BNP) in Lisbon, we find a paper typed by Pessoa containing the following reflection:

The only interest in translations is when they are difficult, that is to say, either from one language into a widely different one, or from a very complicated poem though into a closely allied language. There is no fun in translation between, say, Spanish and Portuguese. Any one who can read one language can automatically read the other, so there seems also to be no use in translating. But to translate Shakespeare into one of the Latin languages would be an exhilarating task.

(BNP/E3, 14-99r)

Comparing translations makes us able to understand how much the translator can influence the original text, even though there is an attempt to refrain from too much freedom in the translation process. Being very difficult, when not impossible, to find a straight and clear correspondence of meanings between the languages, the translator is obliged to modify some words or the structure of the original phrases, which may alter the reader's interpretation. Conditioning the interpretation is almost inevitable, and it is through some specific concepts that this can be more noticed. I intend to focus my analysis on what we can call the poet's moods or dispositions, and how these can be differently translated. The importance of disposition is related to the poem's essence.

*Naval Ode* can be read as a testimony to the poet's unlimited desire to be connected with the world, to be *part* of the world. This urge felt by the subject is deeply anchored in a *dispositional* nature. It is through the dispositions—the complete emotional substrate—that the human being relates to the world and constructs its unique point of view. The filter between world and subject—which can influence or remain indifferent—is manifested through dispositions. In *Naval Ode* the dispositions have a much deeper role, because the poet's desire has no

boundaries whatsoever, no indifferent object or meaning; the poet wishes to be part of everything that constitutes life. Campos uses the imagination as a way of trying to fulfill his need and continually unveils a structure of combined layers. The Maritime life—the modern life—is the base through which the poet clarifies his complex relation with the world, denouncing a very human and unhappy *dispositional* nature, for his unlimited desire can never be satisfied. *Naval Ode* can be divided into four essential parts: the first functions as an introduction to what the poet testifies—how the objects in front of him relate to each other, hiding different meanings—and how it opens his point of view; the second as an explosion of sensations intensified by the previous opening—a delirium that clarifies Campos’s desire of belonging to everything in the world. This excessive storm of sensations and imagination causes an emotional rupture, where the poet sadly remembers his childhood as a place of lost happiness; and, in the end, Campos reveals a (sad) return to the consciousness of his emptiness.

Many readings of *Naval Ode* are based on an apology of modernity and technology, and on the poem as example of a literary movement founded by Pessoa that he named *sensacionismo*. Pessoa wrote frequently about this movement (PESSOA, 2009), allowing us to understand how much Campos represents the ideas conceived for it. The following fragment—though not intended to give a complete picture of all that is inherent to *sensacionismo*—exposes its main ideas:

1. A sensação como realidade essencial.
2. A arte é personalização da sensação, isto é, a subtracção<sup>2</sup> da sensação é ser em commum com as outras.
3. 1ª regra: sentir tudo de todas as maneiras. Abolir o dogma da personalidade: cada um de nós deve ser muitos. A arte é aspiração do indivíduo a ser o universo. O universo é uma cousa imaginada; a obra de arte é um producto de imaginação [...].
4. 2ª regra: abolir o dogma da objectividade. A obra de arte é uma tentativa de provar que o universo não é real.
5. 3ª regra: abolir o dogma da dynamicidade. A obra de arte visa a fixar o que só aparentemente é passageiro.
6. São estes os trez principios do Sensacionismo considerado apenas como arte.<sup>3</sup>

(BNP/E3, 88-12)

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<sup>2</sup> “subtracção” in the original.

<sup>3</sup> “1. The sensation as essential reality. 2. The art is a personalization of sensation, that is, the subtraction of sensation is to be in common with others. 3. 1<sup>st</sup> rule: to feel everything in every way. To abolish the dogma of personality: each one of us should be many. Art is the individual’s aspiration to be the universe. The universe is an imagined thing; a work of art is a product of imagination [...]. 4. 2<sup>nd</sup> rule: to abolish the dogma of objectivity. The work of art is an attempt to prove that the universe is not real. 5. 3<sup>rd</sup> rule: to abolish the dogma of dynamicity. The work of art intends to fixate what is only apparently fleeting. 6. These are the three principles of *Sensacionismo* considered solely as art.” [translation made by the article’s author]

These ideas are present in *Naval Ode*. The poet renounces common perception and becomes a different kind of subject, one that has no limits, capable, at least in appearance (in imagination), of uniting within him all the points of view, all the feelings, all the possibilities, all the worlds. This relation between world and subject is manifested in dispositions or moods. Dispositions create a unique world for each subject, changing it through different perceptions, possibilities and experiences. Campos represents, thus, an absolute *dispositional* subject, deeply wishing to embrace every piece of the world and continually conscious of how it is constructed on multiple layers. He is an example of two fundamental conditions: lucidity (the consciousness of the hiding meanings) and dispositional nature. If *sensacionismo* is based on sensation—related to dispositions—and on an unlimited desire to experience every little thing—every possibility—that the world contains (every moment, every object and meaning), and if *Naval Ode* is an example of this movement, how can the translation modify the reading?

It is not possible here to focus on every occurrence of every disposition, for it would require a stanza-by-stanza analysis. In fact, not all the dispositions are pointed out by the poet, but are veiled in the verses. Considering this, we intend to focus on two stanzas where Campos's consciousness of himself—of his dispositional character—is more evident.

The first stanzas of *Naval Ode* clarify the location of the poet—in a dock, in the morning—and the first impact of the maritime life on his nature, through which he begins to open his perspective. This first contact with reality allows Campos to gain consciousness of his dispositional character, presented in the forth stanza (PESSOA, 2014: 73). This stanza will serve as a starting point to unearth translation differences and explain the poet's nature:

JENNINGS	HONIG (1971: 89-91)	HONIG & BROWN (1986: 45)	ZENITH (2006: 167)
Ah, all the quay is a <b>nostalgia</b> in stone!	Ah, the whole dock is a <b>nostalgia</b> of stone!	Ah, the whole dock is a <b>nostalgia</b> of stone!	Ah, every wharf is a <b>nostalgia</b> made of stone!
And when the ship casts off from the quay	And when the ship by the dock starts to put out to sea	And when the ship starts out from the dock	And when the ship shoves off
<b>And one is suddenly aware of the space which opens</b>	<b>And then suddenly stops so that a space opens up</b>	<b>And when one suddenly sees a space open up</b>	<b>And we suddenly notice a space widening</b>
Between the quay and the ship,	Between the dock and the ship,	Between the dock and the ship,	Between the wharf and the ship,
<b>There comes to me, I do not know why, a new anguish,</b>	<b>A new dread—I don't know why—comes over me</b>	<b>A new dread—I don't know why—drops over me</b>	<b>Then I'm hit by a fresh anxiety I can't explain,</b>



A fog of sad feelings	With its mist of depressing thoughts	A mist of depressing thoughts	A mist of sad feelings
Which shines in the sun of my swarded anxieties	Glowing in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties	That glows in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties	Glistening in the sun of my grassy anxieties

The first verse of this stanza announces how Campos relates to what he is seeing—the dock—and how it interferes with his emotional structure: “Ah, todo o cais é uma saudade de pedra!” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). The meaning of this verse is open to different interpretations. Firstly, the dock characterized as a “saudade de pedra” points to the idea of a place defined by a fixed disposition (of stone); secondly, what caused the disposition seems to be the group of things that happened or are happening on the dock (the people that arrive and depart, the objects that appear and disappear, the ships, and so on—the poet doesn’t mention a part of the dock, but rather the whole dock); third, the disposition is awakened (and given) by the poet, for an object cannot have in itself a disposition, but only through the relationship with the subject; and, finally, it can suggest the poet is missing (and wishing for) the impregnated experiences and meanings of the dock. The dock, thus, functions as a petrified symbol of *saudade*, the mood revealed by Campos’s words.

The disposition *saudade* was translated as “nostalgia”. But the translation of *saudade* is a very difficult task, for it is almost impossible to find an exact correspondence in other languages to this “feeling” (perhaps the closest we can find is the Spanish *soledade*). It is a Portuguese term with very specific connotations related to the Portuguese mentality and that has no translation in English<sup>4</sup>. This occurrence of the word was solved by the translators through “nostalgia,” which corresponds, in fact, to the Portuguese *nostalgia*, a weaker feeling that relates to *saudade*, but it is only a part of it. *Saudade* is not only a disposition, but also a cultural phenomenon strongly present in the Portuguese literature of the twentieth century, giving birth to a specific literary movement named *saudosismo*. Although Pessoa is not exactly a representative figure of this movement—as is, for instance, Teixeira de Pascoaes—he was deeply influenced by it. However, the word does not have merely literary connections, and it is definitely not a recent phenomenon. Despite several studies about the evolution of the Portuguese language that attempt to explain the alteration of *suidade* to *saudade* (two words that alternated through time until the fixation of the latter), the need to clarify the disposition already existed in the fifteenth century—for instance, King D. Duarte wrote the *Leal Conselheiro*, in which he tries to explain the meaning of *suidade* and its relation to other feelings—and was, since then, maintained as a particular disposition by several subsequent poets to express their state of spirit. *Saudade* has a very

<sup>4</sup> The concept of *saudade* has been analyzed by several scholars, for example: Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcelos (1990). *A Saudade Portuguesa*. Lisbon: Estante Editora.

complicated definition and is closely related to the ideas of absence, desire, nostalgia, solitude, sadness, joy, and so on. In the absence of a word that could perfectly fit the English translation, the translators chose the closest feeling: nostalgia.

Although nostalgia is also related with sadness and absence, it cannot evidence the complexity of *saudade*. Nostalgia is a weaker feeling, something like a fog within the poet's spirit, more close to an idea of melancholy instead of the pain (which is also joyful) within *saudade*. Nostalgia appeals to a more superficial emotion, something that is temporal, and not anchored deep down. When we think of a nostalgic person, we think of a sensation of absence and somehow of tenderness, but not necessarily of solitude or pain. *Saudade*, however, is a very deep disposition that structures the subject and appeals to a group of other emotions that conjugate with each other in a very definite way. There is a desire for something lost or absent, a wish of returning (and this wish referent may be anything at all), that leads to a sadness initiated by that absence. There is a need for solitude that is felt by the subject and connects with the solitude of the absence (the emptiness), but also a kind of sweet joy that comes from two factors: the joy related to the existence of the thing, person, state, and so on, and the joy of dwelling on the sadness. Nostalgia, with its foggy character, doesn't necessarily have an object associated with it, in the broader sense, but *saudade* is quite precise about its cause (even when the subject isn't conscious of it). In this sense, we can feel nostalgia for something we never had or never knew but still wish for, but we cannot feel *saudade* in those conditions.

The disposition of *saudade* does not just appear once in the *Ode*, which reveals its importance. We find *saudade* in two other stanzas of the poem: "Uma saudade a qualquer coisa" (PESSOA, 2014: 76) and "Dão a mesma saudade e a mesma ânsia doutra maneira" (PESSOA, 2014: 77). Confronting the translations, we notice that Honig (1971: 95; 97), Brown (1986: 47; 48) and Zenith (2006: 169; 170) keep the same translations every time (nostalgia) while Jennings decides to change it to "longing" in the last occurrences. Although it is more common to find "nostalgia" as a translation of *saudade*, the use of "longing" seems more appropriate, because it is connected with certain feelings also associated with *saudade*, such as anxiety and desire. However, since it is such a complex disposition, every translation will be missing the full tonalities with which *saudade* is impregnated.

The next three verses of the stanza cited above function as a bridge to the next disposition: "E quando o navio larga do cais / E se repara de repente que se abriu um espaço / Entre o cais e o navio" (PESSOA, 2014: 73). We must be aware that nothing in the Portuguese poem is made by distraction or mistake, and it is fundamental to realize that the change of subject modifies the structure within the poem. In Honig's translation, the change of subject is evident: rather than the poet

who speaks and who sees the space that arises, the translator prefers to reconstruct the idea by nullifying the personal subject. Unlike this translation, the other made by the same author and Susan Brown, as well as the one made by Jennings, reflect the original subject of the Portuguese poem more closely. Zenith prefers to change the impersonal Portuguese *se* to the plural “us”. It is a plausible translation, for the plural can be read not as plural, but as a single voice—of the poet. The subject in the poem is always Campos and cannot be anyone else, for he is the one relating to the world. In these specific verses it is not the idea of the opened space that is relevant, but the consciousness of a perspective change, of an opening of the poet’s view, a process that Campos frequently presents, and is related to the subject’s deeper desire of becoming part of everything. The structure inherent to the confrontation between the subject and the object (the ship) is a consciousness of unveiling different and successive layers. In this sense, the change of the subject is, in fact, crucial to understanding and interpreting the vision beneath the poem. This is just an example, but it shows how much apparently little differences can alter the original reading.

We still need to examine another aspect of the translations of the third verse: the choice of verb. In Honig and Brown’s translation, we have the verb “to see”; in Jennings’s, “be aware”; and, in Zenith’s, “notice.” In Portuguese the verb is *reparar*. In this context, the second translation is the one closest to the original meaning, for the Portuguese verb not only comprehends the idea of seeing something—the opened space—but also of being conscious of seeing. It is not an automatic perception—something appears in front of the subject—but a conscious perception, that sees and represents the seeing, and opens up a new horizon. We may see a thing (*to see*) and not be aware of that—when the object doesn’t affect the subject; we may direct our attention towards something and still be unable to understand it (*to notice*); or we may see a thing and relate to it in a way that brings forth meanings beyond the object, an understanding of its depth (*to be aware*). The latter is the present case in the poem.

We must not forget that it is the open space visualized by the poet that leads to the emergence of the dispositions described. In this sense, the awareness of the space leads to the consciousness of another crucial disposition, anguish. Or, more precisely, a “recent anguish”: “Vem-me, não sei porquê, uma angústia recente” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). This disposition is one of the most relevant in the *Naval Ode*, and a recurrent one. It is, if we consider Heidegger’s thought, a primordial disposition that puts the subject in front of the *Dasein*, the being-there, with the consciousness of its inherent finitude (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1993). Campos’s verses do not seem arbitrary: it is the open space of what is outside the subject, of the distant, that suddenly brings the consciousness of anguish. The representation of what cannot be reached by the poet—the ship that departs and goes further and further away, leaving an empty space between the dock where the poet remains and the

constantly changing location of the ship—suggests the subject’s limitation, the separation between him and the object which was once closer. The being loses, in this sense, the illusion of being a part of nature, a whole, and becomes aware of his solitude and his unbearable finitude – or, in other words, of the possibility of nothingness.

We can see how the translators differ in their choices: Jennings prefers “anguish”; Honig and Brown, “dread”; and Zenith, “anxiety”. While all of them are related in their essence of incertitude, they have diverse tonalities. To see the differences, we need not go further than their current dictionary definitions: “anguish” can be characterized as a severe mental or physical pain or suffering, “anxiety” as a feeling of worry or unease about something with an uncertain outcome, and “dread” as a great fear or apprehension. The ways we usually understand these concepts are not always as they are defined and we are not dealing with objective things, but with emotions, feelings, sensations—that is, subjective realities that are very difficult to apprehend completely. We shall consider the above attempt at objective description as a starting point.

If anguish can be characterized as a discovery of nothingness, leading to the subject’s dissociation from the world—and the loss of its meaning—then we can understand that anguish is a shock that turns the subject upside down and unleashes a painful way of being in the world. We can also recall the reading of Campos’s verse as revelation of a sudden and unexpected unease. Between the three translators’ choices—anguish, dread and anxiety—Jennings’s choice is undoubtedly the most intense disposition, and the closest to the original meaning. The need to choose a strong word to translate *angústia* relates to the nature of the disposition, for not only is it a feeling that comes and goes (although in Campos the temporary mood is a relevant condition that is connected with his dispersed nature), but also something that, once present, alters the inner structure of the subject. In this sense, the idea of a severe suffering seems the most appropriate way to demonstrate the disposition’s character. Although anxiety is the most common translation for *angústia*, its definition points to a lighter sensation, a soft unease, a perturbation that is not clear and does not necessarily provoke the shock of a restructuring of the subject. It is also connected with a transitory state of mind that can appear and disappear, and usually has an object associated—even when the subject doesn’t apprehend the cause of the disposition. In anguish there is no object causing the disposition. What causes the anguish is not a specific concern of the subject, but the sudden understanding of the possibility of nothingness and the loss of the comfortable sensation of belonging to the world. Anxiety is closer to “anguish” than “dread.” If we consider dread as a great fear or apprehension, it would seem of a different nature. Fear has a specific object, even if not completely concrete, and relates to things inside the world (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1993) unlike

anguish, which relates to the absence of the world. In this sense, the translations of the dispositions reflect different relationships between subject and world.

We find three other occurrences of “anguish” in the poem. One of them is used as an adjective and the others as nouns: “Às horas côm de silêncios e angústias” (Pessoa, 2014: 75); “E todo o nosso corpo angustiado sente” (PESSOA, 2014: 76); and “Depois ponto vago no horizonte (ó minha angustia!)” (PESSOA, 2014: 105). Jennings maintained his preference for “anguish,” except in the verse where the disposition is used as an adjective: “And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety.” The translation is not very literal, and it changes the main idea of the Portuguese verse: Campos is frightened by the mystery of the world and wishes to change that feeling. The anguish, here, functions solely as an attribute that intensifies the fear, but it is not the center of the verse, as can be interpreted by Jennings’s translation. The other translators are closer to the Portuguese: Honig and Brown suggest “And the whole of our anxious body feels” (1986: 47), and Zenith, “And the whole of our anguished body” (2006: 169). Zenith seems to be more literal than the other translators, choosing “anguished” instead of “anxious.” In the other two occurrences of the disposition, we still have different choices. Honig and Brown alternate between “anxieties” (1986: 46) and “dread” (1986: 70), while Zenith maintains “anxiety” (2006: 168; 196).

The anguish is a fundamental disposition stated by the poet. Returning to the main stanza cited above, we need to focus on another relationship introduced in Campos’s verses: “Vem-me, não sei porquê, uma angústia recente, / Uma névoa de sentimentos de tristeza / Que brilha ao sol das minhas angústias relvadas” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). According to the sequence of these verses, the poet seems to relate the anguish with sadness. Remembering the appearance of the anguish through the vision of the faraway ship, the same phenomenon leads to feelings of sadness that shine through the sun of Campos’s grassy anguishes. The sadness occupies a place close to the anguish, in a first moment side by side (both the anguish and the sadness are awakened by the poet’s perception) and, in a second moment, the anguish illuminates the sadness within. The connection between the dispositions reveals, in a first moment, that the dispositions can easily relate to each other, for we are continually dispositional towards the world; and, in a second moment, reveals the attempted clarification of the anguish as a center that enlightens itself. Facing nothingness leads to an atmosphere of vague feelings tinged with sadness. It is important to mention this because what characterizes the disposition is precisely this atmospheric character, something that obstructs the subject and is dispersed within him. The idea of sadness that moves in an indeterminate atmosphere strengthens the vagueness inherent to the “object” causing the anguish. In other words, the anguish’s lack of object imbues the subject’s structure with a similar indefinite nature and all the dispositional

occurrences that may be manifested afterwards. How the translators dealt with these verses will now be addressed.

Jennings's translation reads: "There comes to me, I do not know why, a new anguish, / A fog of sad feelings / Which shines in the sun of my swarded anxieties." We have already seen the importance of the translation of *angústia*. Note that Jennings, although choosing "anguish" in the first occurrence, decides to change it to "anxieties" in the second case, revealing how common speech generally interchanges the two. In Honig's first translation we have: "A new dread—I don't know why—comes over me / With its mist of depressing thoughts / Glowing in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties" (1971: 89-91). Honig's translation differs in the second verse from Jennings's. Instead of sadness, he chooses "depressing thoughts." The quality of depression and the nature of thoughts are quite different from the concept of feelings of sadness. In fact, they seem distant: depression, although it is frequently associated with sadness, has a more complex definition, being generally considered an illness, a state of several dispositions united, while sadness is characterized as a single disposition. The idea of "depressing thoughts," although related to pessimism and sadness in a general sense, doesn't express a perfect correspondence. When associated with "thoughts," the translation distances itself from the original. Thoughts are connected with mental structure, while feelings of sadness, to an emotional structure. In this sense, the disposition of sadness, which is intimately linked with anguish, cannot be transmitted by this translation—and the subject's relationship with the world loses its structural meaning. In Zenith's version (2006: 167), we have a more proximate translation of the Portuguese, as in the Jennings text.

The relation between anguish and sadness is suggested by the poet one more time in the last stanza of the *Ode*: "Depois ponto vago no horizonte (ó minha angustia!), / Ponto cada vez mais vago no horizonte..., / Nada depois, e só eu e a minha tristeza" (PESSOA, 2014: 105). These dispositions are the ones present in the poet's soul when he closes the poem. Although it is not an explicit connection, as was before, their cohabitation in Campos implies proximity. While Jennings and Zenith (2006: 196) chose to translate *tristeza* as "sadness," Honig and Brown suggest "sorrow" (1986: 70).

The disposition of sadness appears again in another verse, where the poet is saying goodbye to the steamer: "Boa viagem, meu pobre amigo casual, que me fizeste o favôr / De levar comtigo a febre e a tristeza dos meus sonhos" (PESSOA, 2014: 105). We notice this new occurrence of sadness, for the translations are not identical. Zenith is the closest to the original, stating: "Bon voyage, my poor chance friend, who did me the favor / Of taking with you the sadness and delirium of my dreams" (2006: 195). Jennings is also very close to the Portuguese meaning: "Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour/ Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams." Both translate *tristeza* as "sadness," maintaining

their previous choice for this disposition. Honig's first translation has significant differences: "Bon voyage, poor passing acquaintance, you did me the favor / Of sharing with you the fever and fret of my thoughts" (1971: 141). The anxious tone connected with "fret" does not apprehend the idea of sadness expressed by the poet. It is true that Campos is essentially intellectual, using his imagination as a way of experiencing the delirium. But what he is trying to express is not the unease of his thoughts in general, but the intense feeling of sadness associated with his wish of embracing the whole world. In this sense, the translation is a little less accurate than the others. In fact, the second translation of Honig, with Brown, changes "thoughts" to "dreams," becoming closer to the Portuguese, but keeps "fret" for "sadness" (1986: 70).

The Ode has a growing musical rhythm, and the poet's intensity towards the world is evidenced by his apology to every constituent of the maritime life, from every piece of the ship to every man that has ever been in the sea, regardless of whether in the past or the present. Facing the immensity that the sea opens up for the poet—the departures and the arrivals, the discoveries of new places, the possibility of changing perspective in order to absorb everything—is not only a delirium that affects him, but also an inescapable realization of the mystery inherent in existence. The poet's disposition wanders between a great enthusiasm for life and the fear/anguish of being aware of such a life, with a meaning impossible to apprehend. With each new discovery—new opening of the poet's horizon—the delirium continually grows. The imagination is the instrument that allows the delirium, until the point of rupture announcing the poem's last moment. Even before this rupture, the delirium is frequently associated with specific dispositions, as the following excerpt of a selected stanza illustrates:

Ó clamoroso chamamento  
 A cujo calor, a cuja fúria fervem em mim  
 Numa unidade explosiva todas as minhas ânsias,  
 Meus próprios tédios tornados dinâmicos, todos!  
 Apelo lançado ao meu sangue

(PESSOA, 2014: 81)

What is offered by the sea—the sailors, the voyages—is a new world filled with exponential meanings, beyond the limited existence the subject generally has. This set of meanings is not only linked to the more obvious idea of new adventures. It is also a much deeper idea, revealing the non-linear structure of meaning which is continually interlaced with others in a growing spiral—the meaning of the ship leads to the meaning of men, who are composed of views, feelings, memories, each of them connected with several meanings. We are in front of sequential perspectives that function as several boxes – one opens another which opens another and so on—clarifying the poet's desire of achieving, experiencing, and connecting with everything through consciousness and imagination. The basis

of the poet's nature is a passion for the totality of life. This is what justifies and causes his delirium. Some of these ideas are expressed in the stanza cited above, and allow us to understand why the maritime life's call can be so intense to the poet and how it causes different dispositions. Here are the translations of the stanza:

JENNINGS	HONIG (1971: 103)	HONIG & BROWN (1986: 51)	ZENITH (2006: 173-174)
O clamorous outcrying	Oh clamorous outcry,	Oh clamorous outcry,	O clamorous call
Whose heat, whose fury boil in me	Your heat and fury bring boiling up inside me	Your heat and fury bring boiling up inside me	Whose heat and fury <b>make all my yearnings</b>
<b>Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,</b>	<b>All my fears in one explosive unity,</b>	<b>All my fears in one explosive unity,</b>	<b>Seethe in one explosive ensemble,</b>
All my own wearinesses now all <b>made dynamic!</b>	All my boredom turns dynamic, every bit of it...	All my boredom turned dynamic, every bit of it...	And even my tediums—all of them! —become dynamic...
An appeal to my blood	A cry hurled at my blood	A cry aimed at my blood	An appeal made to my blood

The Portuguese verses reveal the call of the maritime life, whose intensity is immediately announced in the “heat” and “fury” which accompanies it. It is in the third verse that the first mood appears. In Portuguese, it corresponds to *ânsias*. Jennings translates it to “anxieties,” but this choice is problematic, if we remember that he used the same translation for *angústia*. At first sight, *ânsias* seems more related to “anxiety,” although their meanings differ. Anxiety is understood as a feeling of worry, unease about something with an uncertain outcome. In a certain context, *ânsias* can be used as a synonym of anxiety, but it can also be identified as a strong desire for something. If we read Campos's verse, it is not completely clear which meaning he is applying, for both interpretations—*anxieties* or *desires*—seems to fit the reading. In this sense, the translators' choices can be explained by the different interpretations. Honig and Brown suggest “fears,” which can have in itself two interpretations, one closer to anxiety, and another closer to threat. And Zenith preferred “yearnings,” which is closer to the second reading of *ânsias*, that is, its character of desiring something.

Campos presents this disposition often throughout his poem. Examining the occurrences, the term is frequently used in the sense of strong desire within the poet. In fact, this strong desire is a crucial element of his nature that increases his delirium. To express anxiety, the poet uses a different word, *ansiedade*: “E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dôr” (PESSOA, 2014: 76). If *ânsias* is the disposition chosen to evidence the poet's desire, then Zenith is the translator that clarifies its meaning, using, in all the occurrences, “yearnings” (2006: 170, 174, 183, 190). The other translators change the word, according to the context. Jennings uses



“pain,” “anguish,” “anxiety,” and “yearnings”; Honig and Brown, “fears” (1986: 51), “hankering” (1986: 48), “anxieties” (1986: 51), “desires” (1986: 51), “itch” (1986: 60), and “passion” (1986: 65). It seems the translation of this disposition caused several interpretations, and the translators tried to find what they considered the most appropriate term. But using different translations for the same disposition alters the original message.

We still have one last disposition presented by Campos in the stanza cited above—*tédio*: “Meus próprios tédios tornados dinâmicos, todos!” (PESSOA, 2014: 81). This disposition is fundamental, because of its capacity for changing the subject’s structure. According to Heidegger (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1995), there are three levels of *tédio*: the superficial “boredom,” caused by some particular occurrence (being bored by something); a deeper boredom (being bored with something); and the deepest boredom, which makes the subject unable to find meaning in anything. In Portuguese, there are two words to describe this unease: *aborrecimento*, generally used to express the superficial forms of boredom; and *tédio*, which represents more clearly the deepest form of boredom, affecting the subject’s entire structure.

In Campos’s poetry, *tédio* appears frequently (eighteen times), while *aborrecimento*, as a noun, never appears; we only have two occurrences of the *aborrecimento*’s verbal forms (PESSOA, 2014: 40 & 45). Judging by the usage of the terms, it seems the author preferred *tédio* to express the different forms of boredom (more or less deep). The Portuguese verse cited above suggests Campos is using the term to designate a less profound boredom, if we consider he uses the plural *tédios* instead of the singular *tédio*. It seems, in this case, that Campos is only revealing his feelings of common boredom, and not using it to express a restructuring of himself. Every translation seems to fit Campos’s message. With the word *tédio*, the problem concerns a lack of precision between the concept and its linguistic representation. Another occurrence of the term can be found in a different stanza of *Naval Ode*: “E só fica um grande vácuo dentro de nós, / Uma ôca saciedade de minutos marítimos, / E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dôr” (PESSOA, 2014: 76). In this example, the poet refers to a deeper form of the disposition. The relation between the verses illustrates this reading: the emptiness caused by facing the mystery, the satiety of the maritime life, and the anxiety provoked by that consciousness are characteristics of the disposition of profound boredom. The tedium is not only a particular reluctance towards something, but a sudden atmosphere that nullifies any choice of the subject. Although Campos is saying that his anxiety could become tedium or pain, the transition between the moods never occurs in *Naval Ode* (later poems signed by the heteronym evidence this transformation). Confronting the translations of this verse, only Zenith chose “weariness” (2006: 169) instead of “tedium” (HONIG, 1971: 95; HONIG & BROWN, 1986: 47).

These are the crucial dispositions of Campos, accompanying him until the last stanza, where anguish and sadness are chosen to close the poem.

There is still one comparison that has not been made between the original text and its translations: the analysis of Pessoa's own partial translation. By seeing Pessoa's translation, we can better understand how the specification of the dispositions is not an irrelevant part of the process, and how the language to which the text is being translated should, as much as possible, evidence the original reading. Pessoa had a profound knowledge of English (his second language), and not only during his time in South Africa, for he continued to cultivate his knowledge of it. Pessoa wrote many papers in English (*vide* FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015), and has several projects of literary translations in his estate.

*Naval Ode's* fourth stanza was used above as one example of several dispositions and of how the translators dealt with it. Pessoa also translated this stanza, allowing us to see his choices concerning the dispositions:

Ah, every quay is a regret made of stone!  
 And when the ship leaves the quay  
 And we note suddenly that a space is widening  
 Between the quay and the ship,  
 There comes to me, I know not why, a recent anguish,  
 A mist of feelings of sadness  
 That shines in the sun of my mossy anguishes  
 Like the first window the morning strikes on,  
 And clings round me like some one else's remembrance  
 Which is somehow mysteriously mine.

(BNP/E3, 49B<sup>1-7r</sup>)<sup>5</sup>

Pessoa translates *angústia* as "anguish," and *sentimentos de tristeza* as "feelings of sadness." *Saudade* is translated by Pessoa as "regret," unlike the other translators, who have chosen "nostalgia." At first sight, "regret" is related to repentance and sadness over something that was (or was not) done, or to express apology or sadness over something undesirable that happened; but this definition does not encompass all that is inherent to *saudade*, which could make us doubt Pessoa's choice. However, Pessoa knew the old English used by writers of previous centuries, what could explain his choice, because the archaic meaning of "regret" (*vide* Oxford dictionaries, for example) is a feeling of sorrow for the absence or loss of something pleasant—which would be much closer to the idea of the Portuguese *saudade*, thus justifying the translation.

Although Pessoa did not translate the second stanza we previously used as an example, he did translate the second occurrence of *tédio*, already mentioned above: "And a vague anxiety that would be weariness or pain" —corresponding, in Portuguese, to "E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dor" (PESSOA, 2014: 76).

<sup>5</sup> This stanza comes from the first p. of Pessoa's partial translation, in: 49B<sup>1-7r</sup>, 49B<sup>1-7v</sup> and 49B<sup>1-8f</sup>.

We can see that Pessoa chose “weariness” to translate *tédio*, instead of boredom or tedium. Considering Pessoa tended to keep the same translations in diverse occurrences (for instance, in the case of “anguish”), it is probable that he would have translated the plural *tédios* as “wearinesses,” as Jennings did.

In Pessoa’s verse cited above, we have yet another disposition, already indicated: *ansiedade*. We must remember the problems regarding the translation of this word and its proximity with *ânsias* and *angústia*. The translators sometimes interchanged the two, using “anxieties” most regularly. However, Pessoa’s translation seems to clarify the difference between the dispositions: *angústia* was translated as “anguish,” and *ansiedade* as “anxiety”.

We can still look at another detail of the last verse: *dor*. Pessoa translates *dor* to “pain,” which is its exact equivalent (pain is an objective idea), but three translators chose “sorrow” (HONIG, 1971: 95; HONIG & BROWN, 1986: 47; ZENITH, 2006: 169), and Jennings, “suffering.” “Sorrow” and “suffering” both relate to pain, with different tonalities. Sorrow is closest to sadness and disappointment, while suffering denotes an extensive sensation that can be related to physical or psychological uneasiness. Pain points to a stronger idea. Pessoa tries, thus, to express in his translation the various sensations and feelings of his heteronym, establishing, as much as possible, a close correspondence to the Portuguese language.

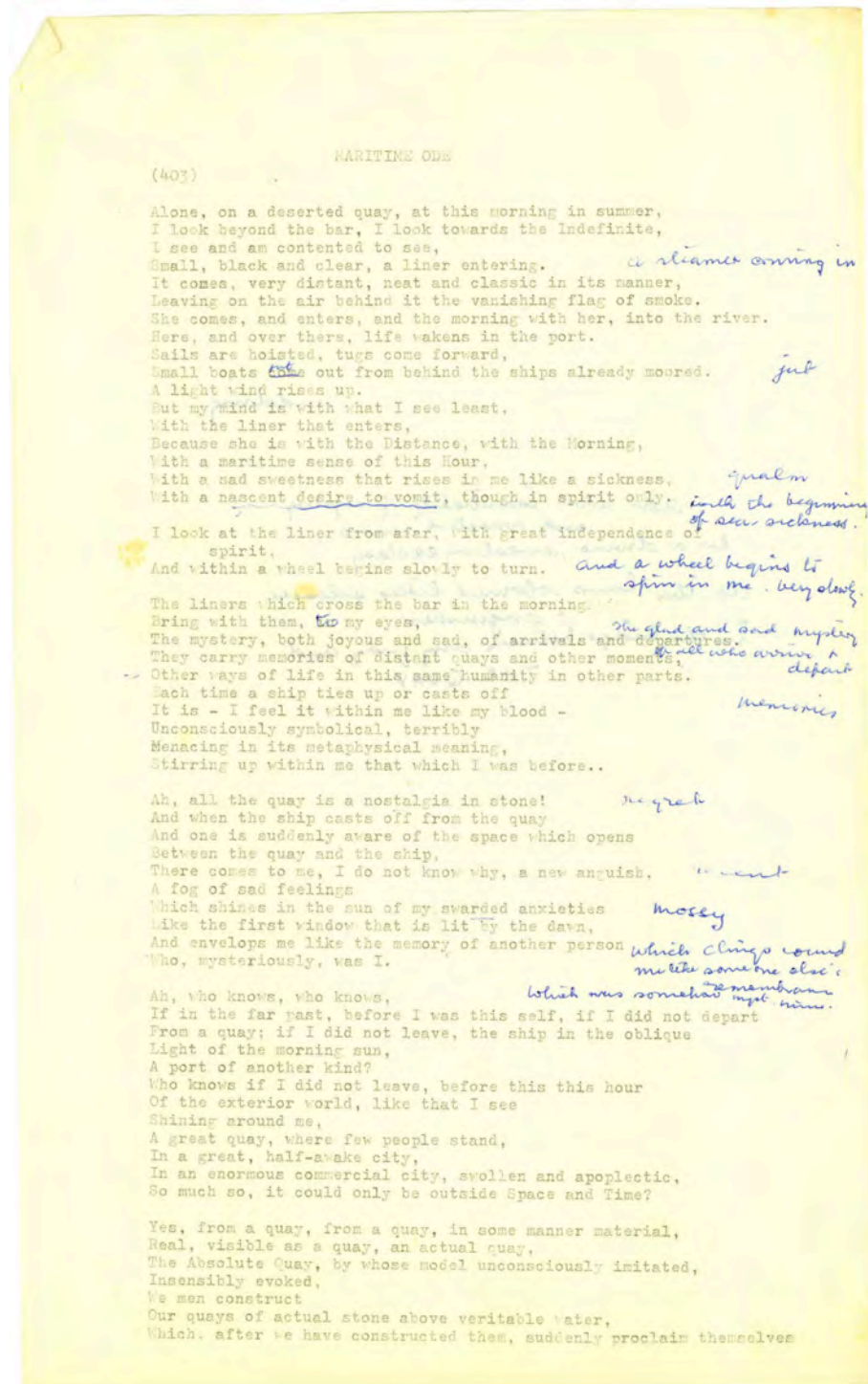
If we consider that Campos is recognized by his deep sensitive nature and how it announces his relationship with the world, the translations need to reflect this reality, as long as the language allows it. Even with a deep knowledge of the Portuguese language, the English translations (and probably other languages) will always be a challenge, especially with an author like Pessoa, who created a heteronym anchored on a complex emotional structure revealed in every verse of *Naval Ode*. An objective and literal translation of *Naval Ode* seems, then, an impossible task, for it will always be conditioned not only by the boundaries of the translator’s language, but also by the translator’s interpretation of the original text.

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## Annexes

I. Unpublished. Undated. Eighteen numbered & typed pieces of paper (the first one with handwritten notes on the verso) of Maritime Ode, an English translation by Hubert Jennings of Fernando Pessoa's Ode Marítima—originally written in Portuguese and published for the first time in Orpheu 2 (Lisbon: Monteiro & C<sup>a</sup>, 1915), under the name of Pessoa's heteronym Álvaro de Campos. Jennings's translation was found inside the folder "Translations—T1" which Jennings created for some of his papers.



budding

Ah what essentiality of mystery  
 and arrested senses  
 In a divine revealing ecstasy  
 At the hours coloured like silences  
 In the bridge between my joy and  
 THE QUAY

## MARITIME ODE

Things Real, Spirit-Things, Entities in Stone and Mind,  
 To certain moments of root-thought in us  
 When in the exterior-world it is as though a door opens  
 And, without anything being altered,  
 Everything is revealed as different.

Ah the Great Quay from which we depart in Ship-Nations!  
 The great Anterior Quay, eternal and divine! *Earlier*  
 From what port? On what waters? And why do I think this?  
 A Great Quay, like other quays, but Unique. *the only one*  
 Filled like them with the rustling silences of dawn, *filled as they are*  
 And burgeoning with the morning into a noise of cranes *with the numerous*  
 And the arrival of goods trains, *silences of fore-*  
 And under a thin, drifting, black cloud *downs.*  
 Of smoke from factory chimneys close at hand  
 Which darkens the floor, black with grains of coal which glitter  
 As if it were the shadow of a cloud which passes over gloomy water.

Ah, no matter what quintessence of mystery and sense may linger  
 In a divine ecstasy of revelation  
 During the hours imbued with silences and anguish,  
 It is not a bridge between any quay and The Quay!

Quay blackly reflected in the still waters,  
 A stirring on board the ships,  
 O errant and unstable spirit of people who go to embark, *who live on*  
 Of symbolical people, who pass and with whom nothing endures, *ships*  
 So that when the ship returns to port  
 There is always a change on board.

O ever-continuing flights and departures, intoxication of  
 the Different!  
 The ever-enduring spirit of the navigators and navigations!  
 Hulls which are softly reflected in the water  
 When the ship casts off at the port!  
 To be tossed up and down like a soul in life, to go out  
 like a voice,  
 To live for a moment tremulously over eternal waters,  
 To awake in daylight more direct than the daylight of Europe,  
 To see mysterious ports in the solitude of the sea,  
 To round remote capes for sudden vast landscapes  
 By countless astonished declivities... *slopes*

Ah, the remote beaches, the quays seen from afar,  
 And then the beaches close at hand, the quays seen near.  
 The mystery of each departure and each arrival,  
 The dolorous instability and incomprehensibility  
 Of this impossible universe  
 Every hour at sea brings more closely home to us!  
 The absurd agitation which our souls pour out  
 Over the arms of seas, different as far-seen islands,  
 Over the remote islands of coasts we skirted,  
 Over the growing plain of ports, with their houses and their people,  
 As the ship draws close to the shore.

3

Ah, the freshness of arrival, *moments when we arrive*  
 And the paleness of the mornings of departure,  
 When our bowels turn within us  
 And a vague sensation resembling fear  
 -- The ancestral fear of casting off and setting forth,  
 The mysterious ancestral dread of the Arrival and of the Nav --  
 Tightens our skin and gives us a feeling of agony,  
 And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety  
 That is running through our minds...  
 An inexplicable wish to be able to feel differently:  
 A longing towards some other thing,  
 A stirring up of affections for what vague patriate land?  
 For what ship? For what coast? For what quay?  
 It turns our thought sick within us,  
 And there remains only a great vacuum inside of us,  
 A hollow satiety of maritime minutes,  
 And a vague anxiety which would be tedium or suffering  
 If it came into being.

The morning in summer is, even so, a little fresh.  
 A slight torpor of night goes still through the freshening breeze.  
 The wheel inside me begins lightly to accelerate. *because surely it*  
 And the liner comes in, because she has to make the port, no doubt,  
 And not because I am watching her move in her excessive distance.

In my imagination she is already close and visible *must be*  
 In all the length of her lines of port lights, *via those holes* *coming in*  
 And all in me trembles, all my flesh and all my skin,  
 Because of that being who will never arrive by any boat.  
 And *whom* I came to wait at the quay today, through an oblique command.

The ships which come over the bar,  
 The ships that sail out from ports,  
 The ships which pass in the distance  
 (Coming, I would like to believe, from some deserted strand) --  
 All these ships, almost abstract in their passage,  
 All these ships move me thus as if they were something else,  
 And not just ships, coming and going.

And the ships seen close up, even by those who are not going to  
 embark on them,  
 Seen from below, from boats, high walls of plates,  
 Seen from within, through cabins, saloons, pantries,  
 Standing and looking up at the masts, reaching to a point high  
 up above,  
 Frushing against ropes, going down the narrow gangways,  
 Smelling the oily mixture, metallic and maritime, of everything -  
 Ships seen close at hand are at once the same and other,  
 They give the same longing and the same pain in another way.

All the maritime life! All in the maritime life!  
 It insinuates itself into my blood its fine seduction  
 And I ponder endlessly over voyages.  
 Ah, the lines of distant coasts, flattened against the horizon!  
 Ah, the capes, the isles, the sandy beaches!  
 The solitudes at sea, as in certain moments in the Pacific  
 In which through I know not what suggestion learned at school  
 One feels weighing upon the nerves that this is the greatest of oceans,  
 And the world and the knowledge of things turn into a desert  
 inside us!



## MARITIME ODE

The stretch, most human, most intricate, of the Atlantic!  
 The Indian, most mysterious of all the oceans!  
 The Mediterranean, sweet, with no mystery whatever, a sea to  
     push back  
 From the encounter of esplanades, eyed from adjacent gardens  
     by white statues!  
 All the seas, all the straits, all the bays, all the gulfs,  
 I would like to clasp them to my breast, savour them well and die!

And you, nautical things, my old dream playthings!  
 The interior life made manifest outside of me!  
 Keels, masts and sails, steering-wheels, cordage,  
 Funnels, propellers, topsails, pennants,  
 Tiller-ropes, hatchways, boilers,           ? valves,  
 Fall within me in a heap, a mountain,  
 Like the confused contents of a drawer littering the floor.  
 Satisfy yourselves with the treasure of my febrile avarice,  
 Satisfy yourselves with the fruits of the tree of my imagination.  
 Theme of my songs, blood in the veins of my intelligence,  
 You're be the noose that unites me to the exterior by the aesthetic,  
 Furnishing me with metaphors, images, literature,  
 Because in real truth, seriously, literally,  
 My sensations are a boat with a keel of air (?)  
 My imagination a half-submerged anchor,  
 My anguish a broken oar,  
 And the whole gamut of my nerves a net spread to dry on the sand!

By chance from the river comes the sound of a whistle - one  
     blast only.  
 Trembles at once within me the depth of my psyche.  
 Accelerates still more the wheel within me.

Ah, liners, voyages, the where's he got to  
 Old What's his name, sea-life, we know it all!  
 The glory of once knowing a man who used to be with us  
 Died drowned near an island in the Pacific!  
 We who knew him go talking about it to everybody.  
 With a legitimate pride, with an invisible confidence  
 In that all this has a sense more beautiful and more vast  
 Than merely to have lost the ship wherever it was going  
 And to have gone to the bottom through water entering the lungs!

Ah, liners, steam colliers, sailing ships!  
 How rarely they run - alas! - ships with sail through the seas!

And I, who love modern civilization, I who kiss machines with my  
     soul,  
 I, the engineer, civilized, educated abroad,  
 Would be glad to have once more at the tip of my vision  
     sail and wooden ships only,  
 To know of no other sea-life but the ancient one of the sea!  
 For the ancient seas are Distance Absolute,  
 Pure Remoteness, freed from the weight of the Actual...  
 And ah, how everything here reminds of that better life,  
 Those seas, greater, because they were navigated more slowly,  
 Those seas, mysterious, because less was known of them.

## MARITIME ODE

Every steamship in the distance is a sailing ship near,  
 Every distant ship seen now is a ship of the past seen close.  
 All the invisible seamen on board the ship on the horizon  
 Are the visible sailors from the time of old ships,  
 From the slow time of sail and perilous navigations,  
 From the epoch of wood and canvas and voyages that lasted months.

Little by little the delirium of sea-things grips me,  
 It penetrates me physically the quay and its atmosphere,  
 The lapping of the Tagus floods over my senses.  
 And I commence to dream, to wrap myself up in the dream of  
 the waters.

My mind's transmission belts begin to run smooth  
 And the accelerating fly-wheel throbs clearly within me.

*The seas call me  
 The waters call me  
 Raising a corporate  
 voice, the distances call me  
 The maritime epochs  
 felt in the heart  
 cry out.*

Call to me the waters, Call to me the seas, Call to me, raising  
 Call to me, raising a corporate voice, the distances,  
 The maritime epochs, all sensed in the past, cry out.

You, Jim Barns, my English sailor friend, it was you  
 Who taught me that ancient English hail  
 Which so venomously sums up  
 For souls as complex as mine  
 The confused calling of the waters,  
 The unpublished and implicit voice of all sea-things,  
 Ship-wrecks, remote voyages, perilous crossings.  
 That English cry of yours, made universal in my blood,  
 Acry unlike a cry, having neither human form nor voice.  
 That tremendous shout which seemed to swell out  
 From the depths of a cavern whose vault was the sky  
 And seemed to tell of all the sinister things  
 That could be recounted in the Remote, in the Sea, in the Night..  
 You used to pretend it was a schooner you were calling,  
 And would call out thus, putting a hand on each side of your  
 mouth,

Making a megaphone of your great, dark tanned hands:  
 Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o --YYYYY...  
 Schooner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o --YYYYY...

I hear you from here, now, and something awakes in me.  
 The wind shudders. The morning rises. The heat breaks upon me.  
 I feel my face begin to burn (?)  
 My conscious eyes dilate.  
 The ecstasy in me rises up, grows, advances,  
 And with a subdued sound of tumult accentuates  
 The lively spinning of the fly-wheel.

O clamorous outerying  
 Whose heat, whose fury boil in me  
 Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,  
 All my own wearinesses now all made dynamic!...  
 An appeal to my blood  
 From a love now gone by, I do not know where, which returns  
 And still has power to attract and drive me,  
 Which still has power to make me hate this life  
 Which I pass amidst the physical and psychical  
 impenetrability  
 Of the real people with whom I live!

Ah, to be as I was, to be as I was, and forsake all!  
 To cast off and go out, through waves, through peril, through  
 the sea.

To go to the Far, to go to the Beyond, to Abstract Distance,  
 Endlessly, through nights mysterious and deep,  
 Carried, like dust, by the winds, by the tempests!  
 To go, go, go, go, once more!

## MARITIME ODE

All my blood stirs with a madness for wings!  
 All my body rushes forward to the front!  
 I pour myself out, in my thought, like torrents!  
 I trample down, roar, precipitate me!  
 My inward pains burst into spume  
 And my flesh is a wave breaking upon great rocks!  
 Thinking this - O madness! thinking this - O fury!  
 Thinking of the straitness of my life filled with pain,  
 Suddenly, tremulously, extraorbitally,  
 With a vast, vicious and violent oscillation  
 Of the living fly wheel of my imagination,  
 Whistling, shrilling, there breaks upon me  
 The dark and sadistic rut of the strident life of the sea.

Ho mariners, bosuns, ho crewsmen, coxswains!  
 Navigators, old salts, sea-dogs and adventurers!  
 O captains of ships! men at the tiller and on the masts!  
 Men who sleep in crude foc'sles!  
 Men who sleep with Peril leering through the ports!  
 Men who sleep with Death for a pillow!  
 Men who from the quarterdeck or from the bridge gaze out  
 On the immense immensity of the immense sea!  
 Ah, haulers of sails, stokers and stewards!  
 Men who put the cargo in the holds!  
 Men who coil the rigging cables on deck!  
 Men who wash down the metal of hatches!  
 Men of the tiller! men of the engines! men of the masts!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Stray-bonnet people! Hailed shirt people!  
 People with anchors and crossed flags on their chests!  
 Tattooed fellows! pipe-smoking fellows! bulwark fellows!  
 Fellows burnt from so much sun, tanned from so much rain,  
 Clear of eye from so much immensity before them,  
 Daring of face from the many winds that have battered them!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 You men who went to Patagonia!  
 You men who sailed by Australia!  
 Who filled your eyes with coasts I shall never see!  
 Who landed in countries where I shall never land!  
 Who bought raw goods in colonies on the backwoods' edge!  
 And behaved as if all this was nothing,  
 As if it was natural,  
 As if all life was this,  
 Not even fulfilling a destiny!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Men of the present sea! men of the past sea!  
 Pursers, galley slaves, combatants of Lepanto!  
 Pirates in Roman days, navigators of Greece!  
 Phoenicians! Carthaginians! Portuguese sent out from Sagres  
 For unending adventure, for the Absolute Sea, and to realize  
 the Impossible!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Men who raised up the crosses, who gave names to capes!  
 You men who were the first to negotiate with blacks!  
 Who were first to sell slaves to new lands!

## MARITIME ODE

*convulsion*

Who gave the first European ~~spasm~~ <sup>convulsion</sup> to astonished Negroes!  
 Who loaded up gold,       ? precious woods, silks,  
 From slopes exploding in green vegetation!  
 Men who sacked tranquil African populations  
 And put those races to flight with the noise of cannons,  
 Who killed, plundered, tortured, gained  
 The prizes of Novelty from those who, with lowered heads,  
 It assails against the mystery of new-found seas! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 To you all in one. to you all in your numbers as one,  
 To you all, ~~mixed~~, interlaced,  
 To all of you, bloody, violent, hated, feared, revered,  
 I give my salute, I give my salute!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Eh laho-laho laHO-laha-a-a-a-a!

I want to go with you, I want to go with you,  
 In the same time as all of you,  
 In every part where you were!  
 I want to meet your perils face to face,  
 Feel on my face the winds that chilled yours,  
 Spit from my lips the salt of seas that kissed yours,  
 To lend a hand in your task, share in your torments,  
 And, at last, to arrive like you in strange ports!  
 To flee with you from civilization!  
 To lose with you the notion of the moral!  
 To see my humanity fade out in the distance!  
 To drink with you on the seas of the South  
 New savageries, new confusions of soul,  
 New central fires in my volcanic spirit!  
 To go, to cast off from me - ah, if I could get myself out from here! -  
 My trappings of civilization, my softness of action,  
 My innate fear of chains,  
 My pacific life,  
 My sedatory, dreamy, revised and orderly life!

Into the sea; into the sea, into the sea, into the sea,  
 Eh! cast into the sea, into the wind, into the waves,  
 My life!  
 Make salt with spume tossed up by winds  
 My yearning for great voyages,  
 Castigate with scourging water the flesh of my adventure.  
 Steep in ocean cold the bones of my existence,  
 Flagellate, cut down, wrinkle with winds, spray and sun  
 My cyclonic and Atlantic-like self,  
 Whose nerves are hung like shrouds,  
 A lyre in the hands of the winds!

Yes, yes, yes... Crucify me into navigations  
 And my shoulders will enjoy my cross!  
 Fasten me to voyages as though to spars  
 And the sensation of spars will penetrate my spine  
 And I will come to feel them in one vast passive spasm!  
 Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,  
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,  
 Tear me, kill me, wound me!  
 What I want is to carry to Death  
 A soul overflowing the sea,  
 Tottering drunk with things of the sea,  
 With sailors and with anchors and capes,  
 With faraway shores and with the roar of winds,  
 With the Open Sea and with the Quay, with shipwrecks  
 And with tranquil business dealings,  
 With masts and with waves,  
 To carry to Death with voluptuous sorrow,  
 A cup filled with leeches, sucking, sucking,  
 With strange, green, and absurd sea-leeches!

Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,  
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,  
 Tear me, kill me, wound me!



## MARITIME ODE

Suddenly bursts upon my ears  
 Like a trumpet at my side,  
 The ancient shout, but angry now and metallic,  
 Hailing the prize seen in the offing,  
 The schooner about to be taken.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y...  
 Schooner Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y-y-y...

The world entire no more exists for me! Red fire burns me!  
 I yell with the fury of boarding!  
 Pirate-in-chief! Pirate Caesar!  
 I pillage, kill, destroy, rend!

I feel only sea, loot and sack!  
 Feel only the veins  
 Beating in my temples!  
 The hot blood wipes all sensation from my eyes!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Ah, pirates, pirates, pirates!  
 Pirates, love me and hate me!  
 Make me one of yourselves, pirates!

Your fury, your cruelty speak to the blood  
 As the body of the woman who was I long ago and whose lust lives yet!

I would be a worm that would represent all your gestures,  
 A worm that would gnaw the bulwarks, the keels,  
 Which would eat up masts, drink blood and pitch from the decks,  
 Crunch up sails, oars, rigging and spars.  
 A feminine and monstrous sea-serpent gorging herself on crimes!

And there is in me a symphony, incompatible and analagous,  
 There is an orchestration of confusions in crime,  
 Of spasmodic convulsions of orgies of blood at sea,  
 Furiously, like a hot wind through the spirit,  
 They cloud with hot dust and darken my lucidity.  
 And making me see and dream all this through skin and veins only,

Pirates, piracy, ships, the the hour,  
 That maritime hour when the prey is attacked,  
 And the terror of the prisoners flames into madness - that hour,  
 In its total of terror, crimes, ships, people, sea, sky, clouds,  
 Breeze, latitude, longitude, outcry,  
 I would like it to be in its All my body in its All, suffering,  
 That it would be my body and my blood, that would change my being  
 Into scarlet,  
 And flourish like an itching wound in the unreal flesh of my mind!

Ah, to be all in these crimes! to be the component elements  
 Of the attacks on ships and of slaughters and of violations!  
 To be as I was when the sack was carried out!  
 To be as I lived or died where bloody tragedies were enacted!  
 To be the pirate-in-sum of all piracy at its apogee,  
 And to be the victim-synthesis, bot of flesh and blood, of all the  
 pirates in the world!

## MARITIME ODE

Let my passive body be the woman-who-is-all-women  
 Who were ravished, killed, wounded, torn by pirates!  
 Let my being be subjugated to the femininity which, <sup>was</sup> to be theirs! (has)  
 Let me feel all this - all these things at the same time - deep in  
 my spine!

O my rude and shaggy heroes of adventure and crime!  
 Wild beasts of the sea, husbands of my imagination!  
 Casual lovers in the aberration of my feelings!  
 I would like to be She who waited for you in the ports,  
 For you, the loved-and-hated of pirate blood in dreams!  
 For she would have been with you, though in spirit only, raging  
 Over the naked corpses that you flung overboard!  
 Because she would have accompanied your crime and in the ocean orgy  
 Her witch's spirit would dance unseen around the gestures  
 Of your bodies, your cutlasses, your strangulating hands!  
 And she, on land, waiting for you, when you come, if by chance  
 you do come,  
 Will be ready to drink in the roarings of your love all the vast,  
 All the cloudy and sinister perfume of your victories  
 And across your spasms whistle a sabbath of yellow and scarlet!  
 The flesh torn, the flesh open and gutted, the blood flowing!  
 I, who already belong to you, am you, am lost to the last part of me  
 In the femininity that accompanied you and was your soul!  
 Being the inner part of all your ferocity when it was practised!  
 Sucking away from within the consciousness of your feelings  
 When you coloured the high seas with blood,  
 When from time to time you threw to the sharks  
 The still living bodies of the wounded, the pink flesh of infants  
 And pulled the mothers to the bulwarks to see what was happening to  
 them!

Let me be with you in the carnage and pillage!  
 Let me orchestrated with you in the symphony of the sack!  
 Ah, I know not, I know not how much I want to be with you!  
 It was not only the being-you as the woman, being-you as women,  
 being-you as the victims,  
 Being-you as the victims - men, women, children, ships - ,  
 It was not only to be the hour, the ships and the waves,  
 It was not only to be your souls, your bodies, your fury, your power,  
 It was not only to be concretely your abstract act of orgy,  
 It was not only this I would want to be - it was more than this -  
 the God of this!  
 I wanted to be God, the God of a contrary cult,  
 A monstrous and satanical God, a God with a pantheism of blood,  
 To fill to the brim the fury of my imagination  
 And never to be able to exhaust my desire for identity  
 With each, and with all, and with more than all of your victories!

Ah, torture me so that you may cure me!  
 My flesh - make of it the air through which your cutlasses traverse  
 Before they fall upon heads and shoulders!  
 Let my veins be the garments the knives pierce through!  
 My imagination the body of the women you violate!  
 My intelligence the deck where you stand and kill!  
 Ret My entire life, in its nervous, hysterical, absurd conjunct,  
 The great organism of each act of piracy is committed,  
 Be the conscious cell - and all of me whirl around,  
 Like an immense heaving corruption, and that be all!

The feverish machine of my transbordant visions  
 Turns now with such unmeasured, frightening velocity  
 That the fly-wheel of my consciousness  
 Is no more than a nebulous circle whistling through the air.

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

## MARITIME ODE

Ah, the savageness of that savagery! Shit  
 For all life like ours which is nothing to it!  
 I, who am now an engineer, practical perforce, sensible of all,  
 Who am now stopped, in relation to you, even when I go;  
 Even when I act, inert; and when I try to show off, weak;  
 A static, broken, dissident coward from your Glory,  
 From your great strident dynamic, hot and bloody!  
 Cursed by being never able to act in accordance with my delirium!  
 Cursed by being always tied to the skirts of civilization!  
 By going with nice manners like a bundle of lace on the shoulders:  
 Corner-boys - all of us are that - of modern humanitarianism.

Tubercular, neurasthenic, lymphatic clods,  
 Without the courage to be violent and audacious,  
 With the spirit of a hen caught by the leg!

Ah, pirates, pirates!  
 The yearning for the illegal combined with the ferocious,  
 The yearning for things completely cruel and abominable,  
 Which gnaws our frail bodies like an abstract lust  
 And our delicate and feminine nerves,  
 And fills with great mad fevers our vacant eyes.

Compel me to kneel before you!  
 Humiliate and beat me!  
 Make me your slave and your thing!  
 And my your contempt for me never leave me,  
 O my masters, O my masters!

Let me take ever gloriously the submissive part  
 In bloody events and long drawn out sensualities!  
 Fall down upon me, like huge and heavy walls,  
 O barbarians of the ancient seas!  
 Rend me and wound me!  
 From east to west of my body  
 Grase with blood my body!

Kiss with boarding cutlasses and scourging and madness  
 My happy and carnal terror of belonging to you.  
 My masochistic yearning to give myself up to your fury.  
 In being the inert and sentient object of your omniverous cruelty,  
 Rulers, lords, emperors, chargers!  
 Ah, torture me,  
 Rend and split me!  
 Broken into conscient pieces  
 Wrap me over the decks,  
 Scatter me on the seas, abandon me  
 On the avid beaches of islands!

Fatten upon me all my mysticism of you!  
 Carve into blood my soul  
 Cut down, wipe out!

O you who tattoo my corporeal imagination!  
 Naked ones whom my carnal submission loves!  
 I submitted myself like a dog being kicked to death!  
 I made of myself a well for your contempt of dominion!





## MARITIME ODE

All in me suddenly sees itself before a sea at night  
 Filled with the enormous, most human mystery of nocturnal waves.  
 The moon climbs above the horizon  
 And my happy childhood awakes, like a tear, in me.  
 My past rises up, as if it that sailor's hail  
 Was an aroma, a voice, the echo of a song  
 Which was calling to my past  
 By that happiness it would never have again.

It was in the old quiet house near the river...  
 (The windows of my room, and those of the dining-room as well,  
 Looked out, over the houses below, to the river nearby,  
 To the Tagus, this same Tagus, but another part, lower down..  
 But if I could go to these same windows they would not be the  
 same windows.  
 That time has passed like the smoke from a steamship on the open sea. )

An inexplicable tenderness,  
 A remorse that moves me to tears,  
 For all those victims - principally the children -  
 That I dreamed of when making the dream of old pirates,  
 A disturbing emotion, because they were my victims,  
 Tender and mild, because they were not so really;  
 A confused tenderness, like a dimmed, bluish windowpane,  
 Sings old songs in my poor sorrowful heart.

Ah, how could I think, dream those things?  
 How far away I am from what I was a few moments ago!  
 Hysteria of sensations - this, one moment, the opposite the next!  
 In the yellow dawn which is rising - as if my understanding responds  
 only  
 To the things which are in accord with this emotion - the sound  
 of the water,  
 The soft sound of water in the river against the quay...  
 A sail passing close to the other side of the river,  
 The distant mountains, Japanese in their blue.  
 The houses at Almada,  
 And what there is of gentleness and childhood in the morning hour!

A gull passes  
 And my tenderness grows more.

But all this time I had been taking note in vain.  
 All this was an impression of the skin, like a caress.  
 All this while I did not take my eyes off my distant dream,  
 Of my home near the river,  
 Of my childhood by the river,  
 Of the windows of my room giving out on the river at night,  
 And the peace of the moonlight spread over the waters.

My old aunt, who loved me because of the son she had lost...  
 My old aunt used to put me to sleep, singing to me  
 (So well that I must have grown better for it)...  
 I remember it and the tears fall on my heart and wash life with it,  
 And there arises a light breeze from the sea within me  
 As I think of her singing the "Nau Catrineta":

There goes the Ship Catrineta  
Over the waters of the sea..

## MARITIME ODE

And at other times, in a plaintive melody from medieval times  
 It was the "Bela Infanta"... I remember, and the poor old voice  
 comes back to me  
 And I remember her though I have given little thought to her since,  
 and she loved me so much!  
 How ungrateful I was to her - and what in the end have I done with  
 life?  
 It was the "Bela Infanta"... I closed my eyes and she sang:

It was the Fair Princess  
In her garden seated..

I opened my eyes a little and saw the window full of moonlight  
 And then closed my eyes again, and in all this was happy.

It was the Fair Princess  
 In her garden seated,  
 Her golden comb in her hand  
 As she combed her tresses...

O long-lost past of infancy, doll which has been broken for me!

It is not possible to journey back into the past, to that house and  
 that affection  
 And remain there always, a child always and always content!

But all this was the Past, a lantern in the corner of an old street.  
 To think of it chills, gives hunger for a thing which can never be  
 obtained.

It gives me I do not know what absurd regret to think of it.  
 Oh dull whirlwind of divergent sensations!  
 Sustained vertigo of confusing things in the mind!  
 Divided rages, tenderesses like the squared lines where children  
 play hop-scotch,  
 Great tumblings of the imagination over the eyes of the senses,  
 Tears, useless tears,  
 Light breezes of contradiction stirring the surface of the soul...

I evoke, by a conscious effort, to escape from this emotion  
 I evoke, by a desperate effort, dry and void,  
 The song of the Great Pirate, when he was about to die:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,  
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

But the song is a badly-drawn straight line within me...

I make an effort to call once more to my mind,  
 Once more, but through an imagination almost literary,  
 The rage for piracy, for slaughter, the appetite, almost refined,  
 for pillage,  
 For the useless slaughter of women and children,  
 For the futile torture, and only to amuse us, of poor travellers,  
 And the sensuality of destroying and breaking the most prized things  
 of others,  
 But I dream all this with a fear of something breathing down my neck.



## MARITIME ODE

All the elements of commercial activity from export and import  
So wonderfully combining  
That all runs as if by natural laws,  
Without one thing colliding with another!

*The poetry was  
not lost at all.*

Nothing lost its poetry. And now is added the machines  
With their poetry also, and all the new kind of life,  
Commercial, mundane, intellectual, sentimental,  
Which the age of machinery has come to bring to our spirit.  
Voyages now are as beautiful as they were before  
And a ship will always be beautiful, simply because it is a ship.  
To travel is still to travel and the distant is still where it was -  
In no place whatever, thank God!  
The ports full of steamships of many kinds!  
Small, big, various in colour, with various manners of travel,  
And with companies of navigation so delightfully many!  
Steamships in the ports, so individual in the detached separation  
of their anchorages,  
So pleasing in their quiet grace of commercial things which go  
over the sea,  
The old sea always homeric, O Ulysses!

*On the old, ever-  
homeric sea.*

The humanitarian gaze of lighthouses in the distance at night,  
Or the sudden nearby lighthouse in the darkest night,  
("How close to land we must have been passing!" And the sound of  
water singing in our ears)!...

All this is as it always was, but there is commerce,  
And the part played by the great steamers in commerce  
Makes me vain of my epoch!  
The mixture of people on board the passenger liners  
Gives me the modern pride in living in an epoch which is so easy.  
Races mix with one another, they move from place to place, see  
everything with facility,  
And enjoy life in the realization of a great number of dreams.

Clean, regular, modern as an office with pay-desks behind grilles  
of yellow wire,  
My feelings now, as easy and restrained as English gentlemen,  
Are practical, divorced from distractions, filling the lungs with  
sea air,  
Like people perfectly aware of how hygienic it is to breathe the  
air of the sea.

The day at once resolves itself into working hours.  
Everything begins to get going, to become regularized.  
With a great, natural and straight-forward pleasure the mind  
runs through  
All the commercial operations necessary for the embarkation of  
merchandise.  
My epoch is the rubber-stamp which all invoices have on them  
And I feel that all the letters from all the offices  
Should be addressed to me.

A bill of lading has so much individuality  
And a ship-master's assignment is both beautiful and modern.  
The commercial rigor in the beginnings and endings of letters:  
Dear Sirs - Messieurs - Amigos e Srs,  
Yours faithfully - .. nos salutations empresarias...  
All this is not human and clear but beautiful as well,  
And has in the end a maritime destination, a ship where  
loading will take place  
Of the merchandise which the letters and bills deal with.

## MARITIME ODE

What complexity of life! The invoices are made by people  
 Who have loves, hates, passions, politics, crimes at times -  
 And are so well written, so much to the point, so independent of all  
 this!

There are some who look at an invoice and do not feel this.  
 But it is certain that you, Cesario Verde, felt it.

I, for my part, feel it most humanly, almost to the pint of tears!  
 Some would tell me there is no poetry in commerce or offices.  
 On the contrary, it enters by all our pores... I breathe, like  
 the air from the sea,

Because all of it is concerned with ships, modern navigation,  
 Because the bills and commercial letters are the beginning of history  
 And the ships which take the merchandise over the eternal sea are  
 the end.

Ah, voyages, voyages of pleasure and others,  
 Voyages on sea where all are companions of others  
 In a special manner, as if a maritime mystery  
 Brought our souls together and make us become for a time  
 Transitory compatriots from the same uncertain country  
 Eternally being displaced on the immensity of the waters!  
 Grand hotels of the Infinite, oh my transatlantic liners!  
 With the perfect and total cosmopolitanism of never remaining  
 in one place  
 And containing every kind of dress, face and race!

Voyages, travellers - every kind of them!  
 So many nationalities from all over the world! so many professions!  
 so many people!

As many diverse lots as is possible for life to offer,  
 Life, indeed, always at bottom the same thing!  
 So many curious faces! All faces are curious  
 And nothing is carried out more religiously than looking at  
 other people.

Fraternity is not a revolutionary idea.  
 It is a thing which people learn from common life which has to  
 tolerate all  
 And tends to find enjoyable what it has to tolerate,  
 And ends by crying with tenderness over what it tolerated!

Ah, all this is beautiful, all this is human and is linked  
 To human feelings, so sociable and bourgeois,  
 So complicatedly simple, so meta physically sad!  
 Life, fluctuating and diverse, ends in educating us in human  
 Poor people! all people are poor people!  
 I put myself from this time into the body of that other ship  
 Which is sailing out. It is an English tramp-steamer,  
 Very dirty, as if it was a French ship,  
 With the friendly air of the ocean proletariat,  
 And no doubt announced yesterday in the last page of the papers.

## MARITIME ODE

18

The poor steamer moves me to compassion, so humbly she goes  
and so naturally.  
She seems to have a certain scruple, I do not know why, in being  
an honest person.  
One who carries out some sort of duty.  
There she goes leaving behind her the place in front of the  
quay where I am.  
There tranquilly she goes, passing by where the old ships lay  
Long ago, long ago...  
For Cardiff? For Liverpool? For London? It does not matter.  
She is doing her duty. Just as we do ours. Good luck!  
Bon voyage! Bon voyage!  
Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour  
Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams,  
And restored life to me by looking at you and watching you pass.  
Good luck! Good luck! Life is like that...

How right, how natural, how inevitably matutinal  
Is your departure from Lisbon port, today!  
I have a curious and grateful affection for you about that...

About what? I do not know what it is! Never mind... Let it pass...  
With a slight shudder,  
(t-t-t-t-t-t....)  
The wheel within me stops.

Pass, slow ship, pass and do not linger...  
Pass from me, pass from my sight,  
Go out from within my heart.  
Lose yourself in the Distance, in the Distance, haze of God,  
Disappear, follow your destiny and leave me...  
Who am I to weep and question?  
Who am I to speak with you and love you?  
Who am I to be disturbed at seeing you?  
Above the quay the sun rises, turns gold,  
The roofs of the buildings on the quay are shining  
And all the city on the other side glitters...  
Depart, leave me, and become  
First the ship in the middle of the river, detached and clear,  
Then the ship passing the bar, small and black,  
Then a vague point on the horizon (O anguish of mine!),  
A point each time more vague on the horizon...  
Then nothing, and only I and my sadness,  
And the great city now filled with sunlight  
And the real and naked hour like a quay no longer with ships  
And the slow turning of a crane, like a swinging compass,  
Which traces a semicircle of I know not what emotion  
In the aching silence of my heart...

[1<sup>r</sup>]<sup>6</sup>MARITIME ODE<sup>7</sup>

Alone, on a deserted quay, at this morning in summer,  
 I look beyond the bar, I look towards the Indefinite,  
 I see and am contented to see,  
 Small, black and clear, a liner entering [→ a steamer coming in]<sup>8</sup>  
 It comes, very distant, neat and classic in its manner,  
 Leaving on the air behind it the vanishing flag of smoke.  
 She comes, and enters, and the morning with her, into the river.  
 Here, and over there, life awakens in the port.  
 Sails are hoisted, tugs come forward,  
 Small boats <comes>[↑ jut]<sup>9</sup> out from behind the ships already moored.  
 A light wind rises up  
 But my mind is with what I see least,  
 With the liner that enters,  
 Because she is with the Distance, with the Morning,  
 With a maritime sense of this Hour,  
 With a sad sweetness that rises in me like a sickness [→ qualm]<sup>10</sup>,  
 With a nascent desire to vomit [→ with the beginning of sea-sickness]<sup>11</sup>, though in  
 spirit only.

I look at the liner from afar, with great independence of spirit,  
 And within a wheel begins slowly to turn [→ and a wheel begins to spin in me  
 very slowly]<sup>12</sup>.

The liners which cross the bar in the morning

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<sup>6</sup> From p. 2 onward, the document presents page numbers centered in the top margins; we indicate these numbers in brackets to avoid interrupting the text flow; note we transcribe both sides of p. 1 (1<sup>r</sup> = recto; 1<sup>v</sup> = verso). The number "403" is displayed in parentheses on p. 1, perhaps a reference to the source used by the translator.

<sup>7</sup> The poem title is indented on p. 1; except by p. 3 (which does not present the title), all other pp. display it as a left-aligned header. In this transcription, we omit the title from p. 2 onward.

<sup>8</sup> Handwritten variant, equal to Pessoa's choice in his partial English translation of his own Portuguese poem. Jennings had access to Pessoa's rendition, given the handwritten notes in the margin of this document, some of them corresponding exactly to Pessoa's translation choices.

<sup>9</sup> Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

<sup>10</sup> Variant equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

<sup>11</sup> Variant similar to Pessoa's translation choice: "Like a beginning of sea-sickness."

<sup>12</sup> Variant equal to Pessoa's translation choice.



Bring with them, <in>/to\ <sup>13</sup> my eyes,  
 The mystery, both joyous and sad, of arrivals and departures [→ the glad and sad  
 mystery of all who arrive and depart].<sup>14</sup>

They carry memories of distant quays and other moments,  
 Other ways of life in this same humanity in other parts.  
 Each time a ship ties up or casts off  
 It is—I feel it within me like my blood—  
 Unconsciously symbolical, terribly  
 Menacing in its metaphysical meaning,  
 Stirring up within me that which I was before...

Ah, all the quay is a nostalgia [→ regret]<sup>15</sup> in stone!  
 And when the ship casts off from the quay  
 And one is suddenly aware of the space which opens  
 Between the quay and the ship,  
 There comes to me, I do not know why, a new [→ recent]<sup>16</sup> anguish,  
 A fog of sad feelings  
 Which shines in the sun of my swarded [→ mossy]<sup>17</sup> anxieties  
 Like the first window that is lit by the dawn,  
 And envelops me like the memory of another person [→ which clings round me  
 like some one else which was mysteriously mine]<sup>18</sup>  
 Who, mysteriously, was I.

Ah, who knows, who knows,  
 If in the far past, before I was this self, if I did not depart  
 From a quay; if I did not leave, the ship in the oblique  
 Light of the morning sun,  
 A port of another kind?  
 Who knows if I did not leave, before this<sup>19</sup> hour  
 Of the exterior world, like that I see  
 Shining around me,  
 A great quay, where few people stand,  
 In a great, half-awake city,  
 In an enormous commercial city, swollen and apoplectic,

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<sup>13</sup> Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

<sup>14</sup>, <sup>10</sup>, <sup>11</sup> & <sup>12</sup> Variants equal to Pessoa's translation choices.

<sup>18</sup> Variant similar to Pessoa's translation, which displays "And clings" instead of "which clings."

<sup>19</sup> "this this" in the document, a typo.

So much so, it could only be outside Space and Time?

Yes, from a quay, from a quay, in some manner material,  
 Real, visible as a quay, an actual quay,  
 The Absolute Quay, by whose model unconsciously imitated,  
 Insensibly evoked,  
 We men construct  
 Our quays of actual stone above veritable water,  
 Which, after we have constructed them, suddenly proclaim themselves  
 [2] Things Real, Spirit-Things, Entities in Stone and Mind,  
 To certain moments of root-thought in us  
 When in the exterior-world it is as though a door opens  
 And, without anything being altered,  
 Everything is revealed as different.

Ah the Great Quay from which we depart in Ship-Nations!  
 The great Anterior [→ Earlier]<sup>20</sup> Quay, eternal and divine!  
 From what port? On what waters? And why do I think this?  
 A Great Quay, like other quays, but Unique [→ Only One]<sup>21</sup>.  
 Filled like them with the rustling silences of dawn [→ Filled as they are with the  
 murmurous silences of fore-dawns],<sup>22</sup>  
 And burgeoning with the morning into a noise of cranes  
 And the arrival of goods trains,  
 And under a thin, drifting, black cloud  
 Of smoke from factory chimneys close at hand  
 Which darkens the floor, black with grains of coal which glitter  
 As if it were the shadow of a cloud which passes over gloomy water.

Ah, no matter what quintessence of mystery and sense may linger  
 In a divine ecstasy of revelation  
 During the hours imbued with silences and anguish,  
 It is not a bridge between any quay and The Quay!<sup>23</sup>

Quay blackly reflected in the still waters,

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<sup>20</sup> & <sup>16</sup> Variants equal to Pessoa's translation choices.

<sup>22</sup> Variant similar to Pessoa's translation: "Full, as they are, of murmurous silences in the fore-dawns."

<sup>23</sup> On the verso of p. 1 [1v], Jennings presents a handwritten alternative version of this stanza, almost identical to Pessoa's own translation: "Ah, what essentiality of mystery and arrested senses | In a divine revealing ecstasy | At the hours coloured like silences and anguishes | In the bridge between any quay and THE QUAY."

A stirring on board the ships,  
 O errant and unstable spirit of people who go to embark [→ who live in ships]<sup>24</sup>,  
 Of symbolical people, who pass and with whom nothing endures,  
 So that when the ship returns to port  
 There is always a change on board.

O ever-continuing flights and departures, intoxication of the Different!  
 The ever-enduring spirit of the navigators and navigations!  
 Hulls which are softly reflected in the water  
 When the ship casts off at the port!  
 To be tossed up and down like a soul in life, to go out like a voice,  
 To live for a moment tremulously over eternal waters,  
 To awake in daylight more direct than the daylight of Europe,  
 To see mysterious ports in the solitude of the sea,  
 To round remote capes for sudden vast landscapes  
 By countless astonished declivities [→ slopes]<sup>25</sup> ...

Ah, the remote beaches, the quays seen from afar,  
 And then the beaches close at hand, the quays seen near.  
 The mystery of each departure and each arrival,  
 The dolorous instability and incomprehensibility  
 Of this impossible universe  
 Every hour at sea brings more closely home to us!  
 The absurd agitation which our souls pour out  
 Over the arms of seas, different as far-seen islands,  
 Over the remote islands of coasts we skirted,  
 Over the growing plain of ports, with their houses and their people,  
 As the ship draws close to the shore.

- [3] Ah, the freshness of <arrival>[→ morns when we arrive],<sup>26</sup>  
 And the paleness of the mornings of departure,  
 When our bowels turn within us  
 And a vague sensation resembling fear  
 – The ancestral fear of casting off and setting forth,  
 The mysterious ancestral dread of the Arrival and of the New –  
 Tightens our skin and gives us a feeling of agony,  
 And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety  
 That is running through our minds...

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<sup>24</sup> & <sup>20</sup> Variants equal to Pessoa's translation choices.

<sup>26</sup> Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.



All the maritime life! All in the maritime life!  
 It insinuates itself into my blood its fine seduction  
 And I ponder endlessly over voyages.  
 Ah, the lines of distant coasts, flattened against the horizon!  
 Ah, the capes, the isles, the sandy beaches!  
 The solitudes at sea, as in certain moments in the Pacific  
 In which through I know not what suggestion learned at school  
 One feels weighing upon the nerves that this is the greatest of oceans,  
 And the world and the knowledge of things turn into a desert inside us!

- [4] The stretch, most human, most intricate, of the Atlantic!  
 The Indian, most mysterious of all the oceans!  
 The Mediterranean, sweet, with no mystery whatever, a sea to push back  
 From the encounter of esplanades, eyed from adjacent gardens by white statues!  
 All the seas, all the straits, all the bays, all the gulfs,  
 I would like to clasp them to my breast, savour them well and die!

And you, nautical things, my old dream playthings!  
 The interior life made manifest outside of me!  
 Keels, masts and sails, steering-wheels, cordage,  
 Funnels, propellers, topsails, pennants,  
 Tiller-ropes, hatchways, boilers, <sup>29</sup> valves,  
 Fall within me in a heap, a mountain,  
 Like the confused contents of a drawer littering the floor.  
 Satisfy yourselves with the treasure of my febrile avarice,  
 Satisfy yourselves with the fruits of the tree of my imagination.  
 Theme of my songs, blood in the veins of my intelligence,  
 Yours be the noose that unites me to the exterior by the aesthetic,  
 Furnishing me with metaphors, images, literature,  
 Because in real truth, seriously, literally,  
 My sensations are a boat with a keel of air  
 My imagination a half-submerged anchor,  
 My anguish a broken oar,  
 And the whole gamut of my nerves a net spread to dry on the sand!

By chance from the river comes the sound of a whistle—one blast only.  
 Trembles at once within me the depth of my psyche.  
 Accelerates still more the wheel within me.

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<sup>29</sup> “?” in the document.

Ah, liners, voyages, the where's he got to  
 Old What's his name, sea-life, we know it all!  
 The glory of once knowing a man who used to be with us  
 Die<e>/d\ drowned near an island in the Pacific!  
 We who knew him go talking about it to everybody.  
 With a legitimate pride, with an invisible confidence  
 In that all this has a sense more beautiful and more vast  
 Than merely to have lost the ship wherever it was going  
 And to have gone to the bottom through water entering the lungs!

Ah, liners, steam colliers, sailing ships!  
 How rarely they run — alas! — ships with sail through the seas!

And I, who love modern civilization, I who kiss machines with my soul,  
 I, the engineer, civilized, educated abroad,  
 Would be glad to have once more at the tip of my vision sail and wooden ships  
 only,

To know of no other sea-life but the ancient one of the sea!  
 For the ancient seas are Distance Absolute,  
 Pure Remoteness, freed from the weight of the Actual...  
 And ah, how everything here reminds of that better life,  
 Those seas, greater, because they were navigated more slowly,  
 Those seas, mysterious, because less was known of them.

[5] Every steamship in the distance is a sailing ship near,  
 Every distant ship seen now is a ship of the past seen close.  
 All the invisible seamen on board the ship on the horizon  
 Are the visible sailors from the time of old ships,  
 From the slow time of sail and perilous navigations,  
 From the epoch of wood and canvas and voyages that lasted months.

Little by little the delirium of sea-things grips me,  
 It <p>/P\enetrates me physically the quay and its atmosphere,  
 The lapping of the Tagus floods over my senses,  
 And I commence to dream, to wrap myself up in the dream of the waters,  
 My mind's transmission belts begin to run smooth  
 And the accelerating fly-wheel throbs clearly within me.

Call to me the waters, Call to me the seas, Call to me, raising [← The seas call  
 me | The waters call me]

Call to me, raising a corporate voice, the distances, [← Raising a corporate voice.  
The distances call me]  
The maritime epochs, all sensed in the past, cry out. [← The maritime epochs felt in  
the past cry out.]

You, Jim Barns, my English sailor friend, it was you  
Who taught me that ancient English hail  
Which so venomously sums up  
For souls as complex as mine  
The confused calling of the waters,  
The unpublished and implicit voice of all sea-things,  
Ship-wrecks, remote voyages, perilous crossings.  
That English cry of yours, made universal in my blood,  
A cry unlike a cry, having neither human form nor voice.  
That tremendous shout which seemed to swell out  
From the depths of a cavern whose vault was the sky  
And seemed to tell of all the sinister things  
That could be recounted in the Remote, in the Sea, in the Night...  
You used to pretend it was a schooner you were calling,  
And would call out thus, putting a hand on each side of your mouth,  
Making a megaphone of your great, dark tanned hands:  
Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyyyy...  
Schooner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyyyy...

I hear you from here, now, and something awakes in me.  
The wind shudders. The morning rises. The heat breaks upon me.  
I feel my face begin to burn  
My conscious eyes dilate.  
The ecstasy in me rises up, grows, advances,  
And with a subdued sound of tumult accentuates  
The lively spinning of the fly-wheel.

O clamorous outcrying  
Whose heat, whose fury boil in me  
Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,  
All my own wearinesses now all made dynamic!...  
An appeal to my blood  
From a love now gone by, I do not know where, which returns  
And still has power to attract and drive me,  
Which still has power to make me hate this life  
Which I pass amidst the physical and psychical impenetrability

Of the real people with whom I live!

Ah, to be as I was, to be as I was, and forsake all!  
 To cast off and go out, through waves, through peril, through the sea.  
 To go to the Far, to go to the Beyond, to Abstract Distance,  
 Endlessly, through nights mysterious and deep,  
 Carried, like dust, by the winds, by the tempests!  
 To go, go, go, go, once more!

[6] All my blood stirs with a madness for wings!  
 All my body rushes forward to the front!  
 I pour myself out, in my thought, like torrents!  
 I trample down, roar, precipitate me!  
 My inward pains burst into spume  
 And my flesh is a wave breaking upon great rocks!  
 Thinking this—O madness! thinking this—O fury!  
 Thinking of the straitness of my life filled with pain,  
 Suddenly, tremulously, extraorbitally,  
 With a vast, vicious and violent oscillation  
 Of the living fly-wheel of my imagination,  
 Whistling, shrilling, there breaks upon me  
 The dark and sadistic rut of the strident life of the sea.

Ho mariners, bosuns, ho crewsmen, coxswains!  
 Navigators, old salts, sea-dogs and adventurers!  
 O captains of ships! men at the tiller and on the masts!  
 Men who sleep in crude foc'sles!  
 Men who sleep with Peril leering through the ports!  
 Men who sleep with Death for a pillow!  
 Men who from the quarterdeck or from the bridge gaze out  
 On the immense immensity of the immense sea!  
 Eh, haulers of sails, stokers and stewards!

Men who put the cargo in the holds!  
 Men who coil the rigging cables on deck!  
 Men who wash down the metal of hatches!  
 Men of the tiller! men of the engines! men of the masts!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Straw-bonnet people! Mailed shirt people!  
 People with anchors and crossed flags on their chests!  
 Tattooed fellows! pipe smoking fellows! bulwark fellows!



Fellows burnt from so much sun, tanned from so much rain,  
 Clear of eye from so much immensity before them,  
 Daring of face from the many winds that have battered them!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

You men who went to Patagonia!

You men who sailed by Australia!

Who filled your eyes with coasts I shall never see!

Who landed in countries where I shall never land!

Who bought raw goods in colonies on the backwoods' edge!

And behaved as if all this was nothing,

As if it was natural,

As if all life was this,

Not even fulfilling a dest[i]ny!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Men of the present sea! men of the past sea!

Pursers, galley slaves, combatants of Lepanto!

Pirates in Roman days, navigators of Greece!

Phoenicians! Carthaginians! Portuguese sent out from Sagres

For unending adventure, for the Absolute Sea, and to realize the Impossible!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Men who raised up the crosses, who gave names to capes!

You men who were the first to negotiate with blacks!

Who were first to sell slaves to new lands!

[7] Who gave the first European <spasm>[↑ convulsion] to astonished Negroes!

Who loaded up gold, □<sup>30</sup> precious woods, silks,

From slopes exploding in green vegetation!

Men who sacked tranquil African populations

And put those races to flight with the noise of cannons,

Who killed, plundered, tortured, gained

The prizes of Novelty from those who, with lowered heads,

It assails against the mystery of new-found seas! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

To you all in one,<sup>31</sup> to you all in your numbers as one,

To you all, mixed, interlaced,

To all of you, bloody, violent, hated, feared, revered,

I give my salute, I give my salute!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

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<sup>30</sup> “?” in the document.

<sup>31</sup> Period instead of comma in the document.

Eh laho-laho laHO-laha-a-a-a- a!

I want to go with you, I want to go with you,  
 In the same time as all of you,  
 In every part where you were!  
 I want to meet your perils face to face,  
 Feel on my face the winds that chilled yours,  
 Spit from my lips the salt of seas that kissed yours,  
 To lend a hand in your task, share in your torments,  
 And, at last, to arrive like you in strange ports!  
 To flee with you from civilization!  
 To lose with you the notion of the moral!  
 To see my humanity fade out in the distance!  
 To drink with you on the seas of the South  
 New savageries, new confusions of soul,  
 New central fires in my volcanic spirit!  
 To go, to cast off from me — ah, if I could get myself out from here! —  
 My trappings of civilization, my softness of action,  
 My innate fear of chains,  
 My pacific life,  
 My sedatory, dreamy, revised and orderly life!

Into the sea, into the sea, into the sea, into the sea,  
 Eh! cast into the sea, into the wind, into the waves,  
 My life!  
 Make salt with spume tossed up by winds  
 My yearning for great voyages,  
 Castigate with scourging water the flesh of my adventure.  
 Steep in ocean cold the bones of my existence,  
 Flagellate, cut down, wrinkle with winds, spray and sun  
 My cyclonic and Atlantic-like self,  
 Whose nerves are hung like shrouds,  
 A lyre in the hands of the winds!

Yes, yes, yes... Crucify me into navigations  
 And my shoulders will enjoy my cross!  
 Fasten me to voyages as though to spars  
 And the sensation of spars will penetrate my spine  
 And I will come to feel them in one vast passive spasm!  
 Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,  
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,

Tear me, kill me, wound me!  
 What I want is to carry to Death  
 A soul overflowing the sea,  
 Tottering drunk with things of the sea,  
 With sailors and with anchors and capes,  
 With faraway shores and with the roar of winds,  
 With the Open Sea and with the Quay, with shipwrecks  
 And with tranquil business dealings,  
 With masts and with waves,  
 To carry to Death with voluptuous sorrow,  
 A cup filled with leeches, sucking, sucking,  
 With strange, green, and absurd sea-leeches!

[8] Make rigging of my veins!  
 Hawsers of my muscles!  
 Flay me of my skin and nail it to keels.  
 And may I feel the pain of the nails and never cease to feel it!  
 Make of my heart an admiral's flag  
 In the old ships' time of war.

Trample my gouged-out eyes on the deck with your feet!  
 Break my bones against the bulwarks!  
 Flog me against the mast, and flog on!  
 Into all the winds of all latitudes and longitudes  
 Pour out my blood over the raging waters  
 Which sweep ship and poo, from stem to stem,  
 In the tempest's wild convulsions!  
 To dare the wind with the sheeted sails,  
 To be, like the topmost spars, the winds' whistle!  
 Fate's old guitar in perilous seas,  
 A hymn the navigators hear but may not repeat!

The mariners who mutiny  
 Drag the captain to the yard-arm.  
 They cast another on a desert isle.  
 Marooned!  
 The tropic sun puts the ancient fever of piracy  
 Into my tense veins.  
 The winds of Patagonia tattoo my imagination  
 With tragic and obscene images.  
 Fire, fire, fire, within me!

Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood!  
 All burst within my brain!  
 A world in crimson splits me!

With a sound like breaking cables, my veins are bursting!  
 And there stirs in me, ferocious, ravenous,  
 The song of the Great Pirate,  
 The death-bellow of the Great Pirate, singing  
 And chilling the blood of the men down below,  
 Dying abaft there, and bellowing and chanting:

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.  
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

And then to scream, in a voice unreal already, splitting the air:

*Darby M' Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw!  
 Darby M' Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!  
 Fetch a-a-aft the ru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u, Darby!*

God, what life, what life that was!  
 Eh-eh-eh eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Eh-lah[o]-laho-laHO-laha-a-a-a-a!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Keels split, ships down below, blood on the sea  
 Decks awash with blood, broken bodies,  
 Fingers cut off on the bulwarks!  
 Heads of children, here and over there!  
 Eyeless people, screaming, howling!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 <Wrap me up in all this like a cloak in the cold!>  
 <Scratch me with all this as a cat on heat does with a wall>  
 I wrap myself in all this like a cloak in the cold!  
 I scratch myself against all this like a cat on heat against a wall!  
 I roar like a hungry lion for all this!  
 I spread claws, drive in nails, bloody my teeth on this!  
 Eh-eh-eh eh-eh eh-eh-eh-eh!

[9] Suddenly bursts upon my ears

Like a trumpet at my side,  
 The ancient shout, but angry now and metallic,  
 Hailing the prize seen in the offing,  
 The schooner about to be taken.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y...  
 Schooner Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y- y- y...

The world entire no more exists for me! Red fire burns me!  
 I yell with the fury of boarding!  
 Pirate-in-chief! Pirate Caesar!  
 I pillage, kill, destroy, rend!

I feel only sea, loot and sack!  
 Feel only the veins  
 Beating in my temples!  
 The hot blood wipes all sensation from my eyes!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Ah, pirates, pirates, pirates!  
 Pirates, love me and hate me!  
 Make me one of yourselves, pirates!

Your fury, your cruelty speak to the blood  
 As the body of the woman who was I long ago and whose lust lives yet!

I would be a worm that would represent all your gestures,  
 A worm that would gnaw the bulwarks, the keels,  
 Which would eat up masts, drink blood and pitch from the decks,  
 Crunch up sails, oars, rigging and spars,  
 A feminine and monstrous sea-serpent gorging herself on crimes!

And there is in me a symphony, incompatible and analogous<sup>32</sup>,  
 There is an orchestration of confusions in crime,  
 Of spasmodic convulsions of orgies of blood at sea,  
 Furiously, like a hot wind through the spirit,  
 They cloud with hot dust and darken my lucidity.  
 And making me see and dream all this through skin and veins only,

Pirates, piracy, ships, the<sup>33</sup> hour,

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<sup>32</sup> "analagous" in the document, a typo.

That maritime hour when the prey is attacked,  
 And the terror of the prisoners flames into madness—that hour,  
 In its total of terror, crimes, ships, people, sea, sky, clouds,  
 Breeze, latitude, longitude, outcrying,  
 I would like it to be in its All my body in its All, suffering,  
 That it would be my body and my blood, that would change my being into scarlet,  
 And flourish like an itching wound in the unreal flesh of my mind!

Ah, to be all in these crimes! to be the component elements  
 Of the attacks on ships and of slaughters and of violations!  
 To be as I was when the sack was carried out!  
 To be as I lived or died where bloody tragedies were enacted!  
 To be the pirate-in-sum of all piracy at its apogee,  
 And to be the victim-synthesis, but<sup>34</sup> of flesh and blood, of all the pirates in the  
 world!

- [10] Let my passive body be the woman-who-is-all-women  
 Who were ravished, killed, wounded, torn by pirates!  
 Let my being be subjugated to the femininity which [↑ has] to be theirs!  
 Let me feel all this—all these things at the same time—deep in my spine!

O my rude and shaggy heroes of adventure and crime!  
 Wild beasts of the sea, husbands of my imagination!  
 Casual lovers in the aberration of my feelings!  
 I would like to be She who waited for you in the ports  
 For you, the loved-and-hated of pirate blood in dreams!  
 For she would have been with you, though in spirit only, raging  
 Over the naked corpses that you flun[→g] overboard!  
 Because she would have accompanied your crime and in the ocean orgy  
 Her witch's spirit would dance unseen around the gestures  
 Of your bodies, your cutlasses, your strangulating hands!  
 And she, on land, waiting for you, when you come, if by chance you do come,  
 Will be ready to drink in the roarings of your love all the vast,  
 All the cloudy and sinister perfume of your victories  
 And across your spasms whistle a sabbath of yellow and scarlet!  
 The flesh torn, the flesh open and gutted, the blood flowing!  
 I, who already belong to you, am you, am lost to the last part of me  
 In the femininity that accompanied you and was your soul!

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<sup>33</sup> "the the" in the document, a typo.

<sup>34</sup> "bot" in the document, a typo.

Being the inner part of all your ferocity when it was practiced!  
 Sucking away from within the consciousness of your feelings  
 When you coloured the high seas with blood,  
 When from time to time you threw to the sharks  
 The still living bodies of the wounded, the pink flesh of infants  
 And pulled the mothers to the bulwarks to see what was happening to them!

Let me be with you in the carnage and pillage!  
 Let me orchestrated with you in the symphony of the sack!  
 Ah, I know not, I know not how much I want to be with you!  
 It was not only the being-you as the woman, being-you as women, being-you as  
 the victims,

Being-you as the victims – men, women, children, ships –,  
 It was not only to be the hour, the ships and the waves,  
 It was not only to be your souls, your bodies, your fury, your power,  
 It was not only to be concretely your ab[s]tract act of orgy,  
 It was not only this I would want to be – it was more than this – the God of this!  
 I wanted to be God, the God of a contrary cult,  
 A monstrous and satanical God, a God with a pantheism of blood,  
 To fill to the brim the fury of my imagination  
 And never to be able to exhaust my desire for identity  
 With each, and with all, and with more than all of your victories!

Ah, torture me so that you may cure me!  
 My flesh – make of it the air through which your cutlasses traverse  
 Before they fall upon heads and shoulders!  
 Let my veins be the garments the knives pierce through!  
 My imagination the body of the women you violate!  
 My intelligence the deck where you stand and kill!  
 [← Let] My entire life, in its nervous, hysterical, absurd conjunct,  
 The great organism of each act of piracy is committed,  
 Be the conscious cell – and all of me whirl around,  
 Like an immense heaving corruption, and that be all!

The feverish machine of my transbordant visions  
 Turns now with such unmeasured, frightening velocity  
 That the fly-wheel of my consciousness  
 Is no more than a nebulous circle whistling through the air.

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.  
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

[11] Ah, the savageness of that savagery! Shit  
 For all life like ours which is nothing to it!  
 I, who am now an engineer, practical perforce, sensible of all,  
 Who am now stopped, in relation to you, even when I go;  
 Even when I act, inert; and when I try to show off, weak;  
 A static, broken, dissident coward from your Glory,  
 From your great strident dynamic, hot and bloody!  
 Cursed by being never able to act in accordance with my delirium!  
 Cursed by being always tied to the skirts of civilization!  
 By going with nice manners like a bundle of lace on the shoulders!  
 Corner-boys — all of us are that — of modern humanitarianism.

Tubercular, neurasthenic, lymphatic clods,  
 Without the courage to be violent and audacious,  
 With the spirit of a hen caught by the leg!

Ah, pirates, pirates!  
 The yearning for the illegal combined with the ferocious,  
 The yearning for things completely cruel and abominable,  
 Which gnaws our frail bodies like an abstract lust  
 And our delicate and feminine nerves,  
 And fills with great mad fevers our vacant eyes.

Compel me to kneel before you!  
 Humiliate and beat me!  
 Make me your slave and your thing!  
 And m[a]y your contempt for me never leave me,  
 O my masters, O my masters!

Let me take ever gloriously the submissive part  
 In bloody events and long drawn out sensualities!  
 Fall down upon me, like huge and heavy walls,  
 O barbarians of the ancient seas!  
 Rend me and wound me!  
 From east to west of my body  
 Erase with blood my body!

Kiss with boarding cutlasses and scourging and madness  
 My happy and carnal terror of belonging to you.



My masochistic yearning to give myself unto<sup>35</sup> your fury,  
 In being the inert and sentient object of your omnivorous<sup>36</sup> cruelty,  
 Rulers, lords, emperors, chargers!  
 Ah, torture me,  
 Rend and split me!  
 Broken into conscient pieces  
 Wrap me over the decks,  
 Scatter me on the seas, abandon me  
 On the avid beaches of islands!

Fatten upon me all my mysticism of you!  
 Carve into blood my soul  
 Cut down, wipe out!

O you who tattoo my corporeal imagination!  
 Naked ones whom my carnal submission loves!  
 I submitted myself like a dog being kicked to death!  
 I made of myself a well for your contempt of dominion!

[12] Make of me the sum of all your victims!  
 As Christ suffered for all men, I want to suffer  
 For all the victims of your hands,  
 Your calloused, bloody hands with fingers lopped off  
 In the fierce assaults on bulwarks.

Make of me some thing that could be  
 Dragged along — O pleasure, O beloved pain! —  
 Dragged along at the tail of horses flogged by you...  
 But it must be on sea, on sea, on S-E-A!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH! on  
 S-E-A!

Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Yell all! Yell on! winds, waves, ships,  
 Seas, topsails, pirates, my spirit, my blood, and the air, and the air!  
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! All sing, as they yell!

#### FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST.

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<sup>35</sup> "upnto" in the document, a typo.

<sup>36</sup> "omniverous" in the document, a typo.

## YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!  
 Eh-laho-laho-laHO-O-O-o-o--laha a-a - a-a-a!

AHO-O-O O O O O O O O O O O—yyy!  
 SCHONNER AHO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O—yyyy!

Darby M'Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!  
 DARBY M'GRAW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW!  
 FETCH AFT THE RU-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-UM, DARBY!

Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh  
 Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh  
 Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh  
 EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH<sup>37</sup>

EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH<sup>38</sup>

Something within me breaks. The red [d]usk darkens to night.  
 I feel too much to be able to go on feeling.  
 My spirit drains out of me, only an echo remains in me.  
 Notably decreases the speed of the wheel.  
 My hands wipe a little of the dreams from my eyes.  
 Within me there is a vacuum, a desert, a nocturnal sea,  
 And as soon as I feel there is a nocturnal sea within me,  
 There is heard from the depths of it, born of its silence,  
 Once again, once again, the vast and ancient hail.  
 Suddenly, like a lightning flash of sound, making no more noise than tenderness  
 Swiftly bringing the whole <h>/o\ f the sea-horizon into  
 A dark and humid surging, human and nocturnal,  
 A distant mermaid's voice, weeping, beseeching,  
 Comes from the depth of the Distance, from the depth of the Sea, from the soul of  
 the Abysms  
 And on its surface, like seaweed, float my fractured dreams.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyy...

<sup>37</sup> In the document, Jennings indicates that each verse of this stanza should have a larger print than the verse before.

<sup>38</sup> Jennings indicates that this verse should have the same font-size as the line above.

Schooner aho-o o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yy...

Ah, the dew upon my excitement!  
The nocturnal freshness on the ocean within me!

- [13] <All in me suddenly sees a sea at night>  
<Full of the enormous and most human mystery of nocturnal waves.>  
All in me suddenly sees itself before a sea at night  
Filled with the enormous, most human mystery of nocturnal waves.  
The moon climbs above the horizon  
And my happy childhood awakes, like a tear, in me.  
My past rises up, as if it that sailor's hail  
Was an aroma, a voice, the echo of a song  
Which was calling to my past  
By that happiness it would never have again.

It was in the old quiet house near the river...  
(The windows of my room, and those of the dining-room as well,  
Looked out, over the houses below, to the river nearby,  
To the Tagus, this same Tagus, but another part, lower down...  
But if I could go to these same windows they would not be the same windows.  
That time has passed like the smoke from a steamship on the open sea. )

An inexplicable tenderness,  
A remorse that moves me to tears,  
For all those victims—principally the children—  
That I dreamed of when making the dream of old pirates,  
A disturbing emotion, because they were my victims,  
Tender and mild, because they were not so really;  
A confused tenderness, like a dimmed, bluish windowpane,  
Sings old songs in my poor sorrowful heart.

Ah, how could I think, dream those things?  
How far away I am from what I was a few moments ago!  
Hysteria of sensations—this, one moment, the opposite the next!  
In the yellow dawn which is rising—as if my understanding responds only  
To the things which are in accord with this emotion—the sound of the water,  
The soft sound of water in the river against the quay...  
A sail passing close to the other side of the river,  
The distant mountains, Japanese in their blue.  
The houses at Almada,

And what there is of gentleness and childhood in the morning hour!

A gull passes  
And my tenderness grows more.

But all this time I had been taking note in vain.  
All this was an impression of the skin, like a caress.  
All this while I did not take my eyes off my distant dream,  
Of my home near the river,  
Of my childhood by the river,  
Of the windows of my room giving out on the river at night,  
And the peace of the moonlight spread over the waters.

My old aunt, who loved me because of the son she had lost...  
My old aunt used to put me to sleep, singing to me  
(So well that I must have grown better for it)...  
I remember it and the tears fall on my heart and wash life with it.  
And there arises a light breeze from the sea within me  
As I think of her singing the "Nau Catrineta":

*There goes the Ship Catrineta  
Over the waters of the sea...*

- [14] And at other times, in plaintive melody from medieval times  
It was the "Bela Infanta"... I remember, and the poor old voice comes back to me  
And I remember her though I have given little thought to her since, and she loved  
me so much!  
How ungrateful I was to her—and what in the end have I done with life?  
It was the "Bela Infanta"... I closed my eyes and she sang:

*It was the Fair Princess  
In her garden seated...*

I opened my eyes a little and saw the window full of moonlight  
And then closed my eyes again, and in all this was happy.

It was the Fair Princess  
In her garden seated,  
Her golden comb in her hand  
As she combed her tresses...

O long-lost past of infancy, doll which has been broken for me!

It is not possible to journey back into the past, to that house and that affection  
And remain there always, a child always and always content!

But all this was the Past, a lantern in the corner of an old street.  
To think of it chills, gives hunger for a thing which can never be obtained.  
It gives me I do not know what absurd regret to think of it.  
Oh dull whirlwind of divergent sensations!  
Sustained vertigo of confusing things in the mind!  
Divided rages, tendernesses like the squared lines where children play hop-scotch,  
Great tumblings of the imagination over the eyes of the senses,  
Tears, useless tears,  
Light breezes of contradiction stirring the surface of the soul...

I evoke, by a conscious effort, to escape from this emotion  
I evoke, by a desperate effort, dry and void,  
The song of the Great Pirate, when he was about to die:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

But the song is a badly-drawn straight line within me...

I make an effort to call once more to my mind,  
Once more, but through an imagination almost literary,  
The rage for piracy, for slaughter, the appetite, almost refined, for pillage  
For the useless slaughter of women and children,  
For the futile torture, and only to amuse us, of poor travellers,  
And the sensuality of destroying and breaking the most prized things of others,  
But I dream all this with a fear of something breathing down my neck.

- [15] I remember how interesting it would be  
To compel sons in the sight of their mothers  
(*<y>/Y\et <feeling>[→ to feel]<sup>39</sup> sorry without loving their mothers)*  
To bury alive in desert islands four-year-old infants,  
Lifting up the fathers in the ships so that they might see them  
(Yet I shudder, remembering a son I do not have sleeping tranquilly at home).

I goad on my cold yearning for crimes of the sea,

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<sup>39</sup> "2 feel" in the document, as shorthand.



To see it at this morning hour when the steamers are drawing near.

The steamer that was entering matters little to me now. It is still in the distance.  
 My imagination, hygienic, strong, practical,  
 Is preoccupied now only with modern and useful things,  
 With freighters, and steamers and <passagers> [→ passengers],  
 With strong and immediate things, modern, commercial, actual.  
 The turning of the fly-wheel within me slows down.

Marvellous modern maritime life!  
 All cleanness, machines and health!  
 All so well arranged, so spontaneously adjusted,  
 All the parts of machines, the ships through the seas,  
 [16] All the elements of commercial activity from export and import  
 So wonderfully combining  
 That all runs as if by natural laws,  
 Without one thing colliding with another!

Nothing lost its poetry [→ The poetry not lost at all]. And now is added the  
machines

With their poetry also, and all the new kind of life,  
 Commercial, mundane, intellectual, sentimental,  
 Which the age of machinery has come to bring to our spirit.  
 Voyages now are as beautiful as they were before  
 And a ship will always be beautiful, simply because it is a ship.  
 To travel is still to travel and the distant is still where it was —  
 In no place whatever, thank God!  
 The ports full of steamships of many kinds!  
 Small, big, various in colour, with various manners of travel,  
 And with companies of navigation so delightfully many!  
 Steamships in the ports, so individual in the detached separation of their  
anchorage,  
 So pleasing in their quiet grace of commercial things which go over the sea,  
 The old sea always homeric [→ On the old, ever-homeric sea], O U!<i>/y\sses!

The humanitarian gaze of lighthouses in the distance at night,  
 Or the sudden nearby lighthouse in the darkest night,  
 ("How close to land we must have been passing!" And the sound of water singing  
in our ears )!...

All this is as it always was, but there is commerce,

And the part played by the great steamers in commerce  
 Makes me vain of my epoch!  
 The mixture of people on board the passenger liners  
 Gives me the modern pride in living in an epoch which is so easy.  
 Races mix with one another, they move from place to place, see everything with  
facility,  
 And enjoy life in the realization of a great number of dreams.

Clean, regular, modern as an office with pay-desks behind grilles of yellow wire,  
 My feelings now, as easy and restrained as English gentlemen,  
 Are practical, divorced from distractions, filling the lungs with sea air,  
 Like people perfectly aware of how hygienic it is to breathe the air of the sea.

The day at once resolves itself into working hours.  
 Everything begins to get going, to become regularized.  
 With a great, natural and straight-forward pleasure the mind runs through  
 All the commercial operations necessary for the embarkation of merchandise.  
 My epoch is the rubber-stamp which all invoices have on them  
 And I feel that all the letters from all the offices  
 Should be addressed to me.

A bill of lading has so much individuality  
 And a ship-master's assignment is both beautiful and modern.  
 The commercial rigor in the beginnings and endings of letters:  
*Dear Sirs—Messieurs—Amigos e Snrs,*  
*Yours faithfully—... nos salutations empressées*<sup>40</sup>...  
 All this is not human and clear but beautiful as well,  
 And has in the end a maritime destination, a ship where loading will take place  
 Of the merchandise which the letters and bills deal with.

- [17] What complexity of life! The invoices are made by people  
 Who have loves, hates, passions, politics, crimes at times—  
 And are so well written, so much to the point, so independent of all this!  
 There are some who look at an invoice and do not feel this.  
 But it is certain that you, Cesário<sup>41</sup> Verde, felt it.  
 I, for my part, feel it most humanly, almost to the p[o]int of tears!  
 Some would tell me there is no poetry in commerce or offices.  
 On the contrary, it enters by all our pores... I breathe, like the air from the sea,  
 Because all of it is concerned with ships, modern navigation,

<sup>40</sup> "empresses," unstressed in the document.

<sup>41</sup> "Cesario," unstressed in the document.



Because the bills and commercial letters are the beginning of history  
And the ships which take the merchandise over the eternal sea are the end.

Ah, voyages, voyages of pleasure and others,  
Voyages on sea where all are companions of others  
In a special manner, as if a maritime mystery  
Brought our souls together and make us become for a time  
Transitory compatriots from the same uncertain country  
Eternally being displaced on the immensity of the waters!  
Grand hotels of the Infinite, oh my transatlantic liners!  
With the perfect and total cosmopolitanism of never remaining in one place  
And containing every kind of dress, face and race!

Voyages, travellers—every kind of them!  
So many nationalities from all over the world! so many professions! so many  
people!

As many diverse lots as is possible for life to offer,  
Life, indeed, always at bottom the same thing!  
So many curious faces! All faces are curious  
And nothing is carried out more religiously than looking at other people.  
Fraternity is not a revolutionary idea.  
It is a thing which people learn from common life which has to tolerate all  
And tends to find enjoyable what it has to tolerate,  
And ends by crying with tenderness over what it tolerated!

Ah, all this is beautiful, all this is human and is linked  
To human feelings, so sociable<sup>42</sup> and bourgeois,  
So complicatedly simple, so metaphysically sad!  
Life, fluctuating and diverse, ends in educating us in human  
Poor people! all people are poor people!  
I put myself from this time into the body of that other ship  
Which is sailing out. It is an English tramp-steamer,  
Very dirty, as if it was a French ship,  
With the friendly air of the ocean proletariat,  
And no doubt announced yesterday in the last page of the papers.

- [18] The poor steamer moves me to compassion, so humbly she goes and so naturally.  
She seems to have a certain scruple, I do not know why, in being an honest person,  
One who carries out some sort of duty.  
There she goes leaving behind her the place in front of the quay where I am.

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<sup>42</sup> "sociabile" in the document, a typo.

There tranquilly she goes, passing by where the old ships lay  
 Long ago, long ago...  
 For Cardiff? For Liverpool? For London? It does not matter.  
 She is doing her duty. Just as we do ours. Good luck!  
 Bon voyage! Bon voyage!  
 Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour  
 Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams,  
 And restored life to me by looking at you and watching you pass.  
 Good luck! Good luck! Life is like that...

How right, how natural, how inevitably matutinal  
 Is your departure from Lisbon port, today!  
 I have a curious and grateful affection for you about that...

About what? I do not know what it is! Never mind... Let it pass...  
 With a slight shudder,  
 (t-t-t---t---t....)  
 The wheel within me stops.

Pass, slow ship, pass and do not linger...  
 Pass from me, pass from my sight,  
 Go out from within my heart,  
 Lose yourself in the Distance, in the Distance, haze of God,  
 Disappear, follow your destiny and leave me...  
 Who am I to weep and question?  
 Who am I to speak with you and love you?  
 Who am I to be disturbed at seeing you?  
 Above the quay the sun rises, turns gold,  
 The roofs of the buildings on the quay are shining  
 And all the city on the other side glitters...  
 Depart, leave me, and become  
 First the ship in the middle of the river, detached and clear,  
 Then the ship passing the bar, small and black,  
 Then a vague point on the horizon (O anguish of mine!),  
 A point each time more vague on the horizon...  
 Then nothing, and only I and my sadness,  
 And the great city now filled with sunlight  
 And the real and naked hour like a quay no longer with ships  
 And the slow turning of a crane, like a swinging compass,  
 Which traces a semicircle of I know not what emotion  
 In the aching silence of my heart...

# Fernando Pessoa through the Eyes of Hubert Jennings: the master of multiplicity turned literary character

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## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa as literary character, Hubert Jennings, short stories, 1968 Lisbon, translations, *Judica Me Deus*, *The DHS Story*, *At the Brasileira*, *O Mostrengo*, *Adamastor*.

## Abstract

Here we present three short stories written by Hubert Jennings while he lived in Portugal, in 1968 and 1969: “Rua Dona Estefânia,” “From a Lisbon Window,” and “At the Brasileira” —the first two unpublished, and the latter having four different versions (three recently found in the Jennings archive, and one published in 1988 in the South African journal *Contrast*). The introduction to these texts also analyzes the short story “Judica Me Deus,” the only fictional chapter of Jennings’s book *The DHS Story*, in which, seemingly for the first time, Fernando Pessoa was turned into a literary character. By focusing on “At the Brasileira” and “Judica Me Deus,” comparing and contrasting how those pieces recreate Pessoa, this presentation places Jennings among authors such as José Saramago and Antonio Tabucchi, who would later also turn Pessoa and/or his heteronymous personae into elements of their own fictional worlds.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa como personagem, Hubert Jennings, contos, Lisboa 1968, traduções, *Judica Me Deus*, *The DHS Story*, *A Brasileira do Chiado*, *O Mostrengo*, *Adamastor*.

## Resumo

Aqui apresentamos três contos escritos por Hubert Jennings durante sua estada em Portugal, em 1968 e 1969: “Rua Dona Estefânia”, “From a Lisbon Window” e “At the Brasileira” —os dois primeiros inéditos, e o último contando com quatro versões diferentes (três delas recentemente encontradas no espólio Jennings, e a última publicada em 1988 no periódico Sul-Africano *Contrast*). A introdução a esses textos também analisa o conto “Judica Me Deus”, o único capítulo ficcional do livro de Jennings *The DHS Story*, em que, aparentemente pela primeira vez, Fernando Pessoa foi transformado num personagem literário. Ao enfocar “At the Brasileira” e “Judica Me Deus”, comparando e contrastando como essas obras recriam Pessoa, esta apresentação situa Jennings entre autores como José Saramago e Antonio Tabucchi, que também transformariam Pessoa e/ou suas personae literárias em elementos de seus próprios mundos ficcionais.

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*Son tantas sombras en un mismo cuerpo  
y debemos subirlas a la cumbre del Chiado.  
A cada paso se intercambian idiomas,  
anteojos, sombreros, soledades.*

Eugenio Montejo, "La estatua de Pessoa"  
(MONTEJO, 1987: 118)

What is it about Fernando Pessoa that transforms in multiplicity everything he touches? How many faces and names does his name contain?<sup>1</sup> How many voices can his voice create? How many lives from his life? Pessoa had multitudes within him. And perhaps he envisioned the multitudes to come, the multitudes beyond. One of these lives willingly transformed by Pessoa's touch was that of Hubert D. Jennings. He chose to turn his path, he chose to let his world tremble with the impact of Pessoa's words, of his presence. He decided to follow Pessoa's footsteps; he prepared his ear for polyphonies. After discovering that Pessoa had been in the same school where he had taught, Jennings looked for the poet's traces; then, he unveiled the facts and filled the gaps with his own fiction.

Jennings moved to Lisbon for two years, learned Portuguese, and spent a good part of his later life writing about Pessoa. However, Jennings had been writing about Pessoa before that. *The D.H.S. Story* was published in 1966. In this book, an account of the history of the Durban High School in South Africa, Jennings explores Pessoa's life, with the approach of a biographer (particularly in the chapter about Pessoa "That Long Patience which is Genius") and by means of fiction (in the chapter "Judica Me Deus"). Then, Jennings continued his search for Pessoa by following his traces. He landed in Lisbon on March 1, 1968, having completed, at the age of 71, his recreation of Pessoa's route from South Africa to Portugal. He was a broad scholar, a careful biographer, a perceptive translator who understood the rhythm of poetry and even wrote poems himself.

Among a collection of original narratives, Hubert Jennings wrote three short stories during his time in Lisbon. One of them is "At the Brasileira,"<sup>2</sup> which I will study in detail, as it turns Pessoa into a literary character; the other two, "Rua Dona Estefânia" and "From a Lisbon Window," explore the urban experience of Lisbon from the perspective of a foreign narrator who has just arrived at the city.

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<sup>1</sup> As compiled by Jerónimo Pizarro and Patricio Ferrari in *Eu Sou Uma Antologia* (Lisbon: Tinta-da-China, 2013), Fernando Pessoa created up to 136 fictitious authors.

<sup>2</sup> Three different versions of "At the Brasileira" were found among Jennings's papers. During the preparation of this text, it was discovered that a fourth version of the short story (very similar to the third) had been published in the South African literary journal *Contrast* #66 (1988); all four versions of "At the Brasileira" are facsimiled as annexes at the end of this text.

“Rua Dona Estefânia” focuses on the public aspect of the city, by describing the particularities of a street: “It is a street that comes from nowhere, goes nowhere, but it is always crowded with cars, people, trams, all busily going nowhere.” The narrator gradually focuses on characters of the city: a blind man playing music, a waitress worrying about her husband who steals money from her. These descriptions of the city possibly contain common interiority, a Portuguese spirit that is reflected in urban space. The city has the ability to listen to the laments of these lost urban characters: “For a moment the street stops and listens. They do not know it, but this is the voice of the old Portugal speaking from his darkened soul to theirs. The music fades.”

“From a Lisbon Window,” on the other hand, develops a point of view that is more individual, interior, and private. Although the story also starts with an ample depiction of Lisbon and its views, the narrator then gives a detailed account of his first apartment in Lisbon, of the multiple locks and difficult access, and shares with the reader his estrangement when he first arrived in Lisbon: “I did not always enjoy this spacious view. My first five weeks in Lisbon were spent in an acute state of claustrophobia in the gloomiest room I have ever inhabited and the nearest thing I can imagine to a medieval dungeon.” The system of locks becomes the central theme of the story, implying, perhaps, a synecdoche of the city: “Two things I shall never understand: the mysteries of Portuguese architecture and the reason for these elaborate security precautions.”

When presenting these newly discovered stories, one might note that it is a beautiful coincidence how Pessoa’s and Jennings’s archives were discovered. After Pessoa’s death all his unpublished manuscripts were found, all these words that had been kept, but most of his production—the core of his literary world—remained hidden; we are finding now, in a similar way, Jennings’s short stories and papers that even his family barely knew existed. To complete the circle, many of these found papers are precisely about Pessoa: biographical research, scholarly pursuits, translations, fictionalization, imagination and possibility. Everything is in tune with Pessoa’s voice, with his main concerns: what might have been, even if it never was, the realm of impossible conditionality, the realm of “what if?” What if Pessoa had extemporaneously encountered Camões at a literary café in Lisbon? What if we knew more of Pessoa’s first attempts to write poetry when he was a teenager in South Africa?

Jennings, in his short story “At the Brasileira” and in the fictional chapter of *The D.H.S. Story*, “Judica Me Deus,” explored these fictional possibilities by recreating Pessoa as a literary character. Besides Jennings, other writers have turned Pessoa into a character: José Saramago, in *O Ano da Morte de Ricardo Reis*, and Antonio Tabucchi, in *Gli Ultimi Tre Giorni di Fernando Pessoa*, are the most famous examples. Pessoa, the master of masks, the master of heteronymism, is suddenly transformed into a literary character. Pessoa, who created writers in

order to give them voices, has also received voices from other writers who have looked for him. And Jennings was a writer. Perhaps his creative impulse could not resist Pessoa's. It may not have been enough to read him and to write about him. He had to write *Pessoa*, to give him a new flesh, a flesh made of his own words. He turned him into a literary character. He forged a new voice with which the master was to speak.

In order to explore the complexity of how Jennings recreates Pessoa as a literary character, I will focus on two texts that have Pessoa as a protagonist, among the diversity and richness of Jennings's corpus: the first one, "At the Brasileira," is a short story in which Pessoa, sitting in a café, encounters Luís de Camões (which Jennings writes "Camoens"); as readers, we have access to their conversation, to Pessoa's moment of writing and to Jennings's own translation of one of the poems of *Mensagem* ("O Mostrengo"). The second text I will analyze is the chapter "Judica Me Deus" from *The D.H.S. Story*, a historical account of the school in South Africa where Jennings taught and Pessoa studied, and which includes this fictional chapter which imagines an episode of Pessoa's adolescence. Jennings's characterization of Pessoa allows for multiplicity; he would let us see Pessoa as a shy and already genius teenager (in the fictional chapter of the *DHS Story*) as the great poet who can encounter Camões, talk to him, drink with him, and discuss poetry (in "At the Brasileira").

In "At the Brasileira," the narrator takes plenty of time to let the reader know that Pessoa is Pessoa and Camões is Camões. He builds suspense by approaching them from afar, from the perspective of a distant witness. After introducing the café, describing it as a more literary than political place, Pessoa's appearance on the text starts as a series of traces that the reader has to follow and reconstruct. He is first a "figure": "One of these, a slight figure in a dark suit, which had obviously seen its best days but was meticulously brushed, put down his fountain pen and paper and began to stare at a glass of brandy through thick pebble spectacles." Then, directly addressing the reader, the narrator builds Pessoa's uniqueness as a shared perception, as a matter of complicity with the reader: "It was only when you saw the eyes behind the glasses, brown pools of liquid light with tragic depth of melancholy and despair, that you realized this was no common face."

While Pessoa is staring at the glass, Camões arrives first as a sensorial impression—"A sharp metallic clink sounded on the table before him"—then as an unidentified "someone," and, just when their conversation is advanced, Pessoa identifies him precisely from his images, from his words, and, one could say, from his narrative and literary universe: "I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other upon sorrow." "Indeed, yes. So you are Luis de Camoens?" Jennings's narrative technique builds a setting in which words, spaces and ambiances recreate each other. The characterization of the poets is progressive and diverse, first by

their appearance—their subtle actions and ways towards each other; then, by their meaningful conversation; and, finally, by their work: a poem is what closes the short story, followed by an approving applause of the public who hears it. And not just any poem—a poem from *Mensagem*, a book in which Pessoa recreates the mythic history of Portugal, as Camões had done with *Os Lusíadas* (in a way, the poets “compete” with their own poetic Portugals).

Pessoa and Camões both speak with consciousness of being the great poets of their time. Camões starts the dialogue:

“You too are a poet?”  
 “The greatest of my time.”  
 And the cloaked man nodded approvingly.  
 “I was the greatest of my time.”  
 “I know. I have tried to be greater.”

Moreover, the reader of “At the Brasileira” has strong reasons to believe that Camões appears as Pessoa’s inspiration, that the result of their conversation is the poem, that the English translation of “O Mostrengo” included in the short story, is somehow part of a creation of a new Pessoa. We see Pessoa in the present; we are spies, looking in on his moment of writing.

One could also examine this translation and wonder what face of Pessoa Jennings highlights. Comparing his translation with other English translations of the same poem, Jennings’s appears more musical and less literal; he chooses to convey rhythm over sense, in order to keep the rhyme. The first verse illustrates Jennings’s translation choices. It is originally “O mostrengo que está no fim do mar” (Pessoa, 1934: 79) and Jennings translates: “The monster who lives at the end of the world.” For the sake of comparison, let’s take into account Campbell’s translation (*apud* MONTEIRO, 1998: 135)—as Campbell was the translator Jennings used to quote before he could translate himself from the Portuguese, as we will see in “Judica Me Deus.” George Monteiro includes Campbell’s translation in his book *The Presence of Pessoa* (MONTEIRO, 1998). Campbell chooses to keep the image of the sea (though his word choice is “ocean”), but he puts it on the following verse, breaking, perhaps, the rhythm with which the original releases the semantic information about *O Mostrengo*: “The monstrous thing that at the verge / Of ocean lives, rose from the surge” (MONTEIRO, 1998: 135). Campbell’s choice, unlike Jennings’s, takes away an amount of subjectivity from the monster by adding “thing”: the monstrous thing is an object, not a subject. And, as an heir of Adamastor, the marine monster that appears in Camões’s *Os Lusíadas*, Pessoa’s Mostrengo would at least have had the potential to say *eu sou*, as Adamastor does (*Lusíadas*, V, 50, i).

All translations require a choice, and Jennings made his. Besides keeping the breath of the Portuguese decasyllable and maintaining the rhyme, a difference of sense between “sea” and “world” is more than evident. In translation, every

choice is significant. To keep. To let go. To let go in order to keep. Translation is a matter of choice, and building characters also implies choosing: a writer chooses to characterize literary figures and give them a certain flesh, a certain interiority. Jennings is making choices at many levels: as a translator, as a reader of Pessoa, as a story maker. One could wonder: what kind of inspiration does Jennings's Pessoa embody? There is no definite answer, but Jennings's choice to include a poem in his short story about Pessoa (and to translate it in a particular way) makes a case for his version of Pessoa. Jennings's choice raises questions and, perhaps, leaves his readers wondering what aspects of Pessoa would they defend, and what Jennings's fictional appropriation can add to their own readings of Pessoa.

In the story, before scribbling the poem, Pessoa converses with Camões precisely about his encounter with Adamastor. During this conversation, Camões (the poet adventurer) is interrogated by Pessoa (the poet of possibility, the poet of seeing the wholeness of the world through imagination) about fear, the fear one would feel in front of a monster. Pessoa wants to know about this fear, assuming Camões would not feel it: "It makes little difference to me and those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear." Yet Camões answers: "Not so, my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified."

In a way, the poem could be read as the climax of the story and of this conversation that, besides an encounter between poets, comprises a poetics. The poem could be read as a possible account, through Pessoa, of Camões's encounter with monstrosity: that of the real and that of the unreal, that of the world and that of the imagination, always diffusing borders. It could also be read an imaginative adventure of embodying all possibilities by looking through the window; or as the particular consciousness of an encounter with the radical otherness, perhaps also in terms of voice, in terms of what poetry is or can be.

There is a clear difference of registers between the English of the narration and the English of the poem. Jennings's translation of "O Mostrengo" lets us see through his deep knowledge of poetry, musicality, metrical rules, poetic construction of images, and poetic registers that have a logic of their own and, in terms of characterization, contribute to Pessoa's appearance as a poet—a poet who can switch registers, a poet taken from a daily life situation of having a drink at a bar, transformed by a natural encounter with Portugal's greater poet, and then able to write poetry in the higher register right in front of the reader's eyes.

As this short story is so rich in terms of genres, there is also an important element of theatricality. Most of the text is structured as dialogue; we get direct access to the poets in conversation—the exact words they say, even their movements, are carefully described almost as stage directions. Pessoa's appearance and the precise description of his manner of staring at the glass is an example of that. In fact, the earliest versions of the text were even more theatrical. The first



was clearly structured as a scene of a play, with a brief introduction by the narrator (more explicitly a stage direction than in the final version), and then the whole text comes as a dialogue in script which, nevertheless, maintains the ambiguity of the poets' identities (which the narrator willfully establishes in the short story). The dialogues look like this:

“POET: What was that?  
 THE OTHER: My sword.  
 POET: Ah, I see. Of course.”

In this first version Jennings neither includes the poem at the end nor develops the narrator's building of suspense. Still, it is important to highlight the theatrical origin of the story, because it is reflected in the way Pessoa and Camões are built as literary characters in this narration. Moreover, Jennings's choices towards narrative weave a character of generic complexity, allowing the reader to access Pessoa from different literary registers.

In the chapter “Judica Me Deus” of *The D.H.S. Story*, we see Pessoa as a shy teenager, scribbling poems in a high school in South Africa, and copying by heart a translation from Greek. Jennings includes a comment on Pessoa's English in the chapter “That Long Patience which is Genius,” which is a biographical account with historical sources and rigorousness. “Nevertheless, English and all it stands for, became from those days an integral part of his life and perhaps the main source of his inspiration” (JENNINGS, 1966: 101). Jennings builds from history the pillars on which his fiction is to stand, not only to give it verisimilitude and nourishment, but to start questioning the boundaries between levels of reality, as we will see in the fictional section. One could argue that the core of this characterization of Pessoa, unlike in “At the Brasileira,” is the radical change of context and of focus. Of course, an ambiguous and fantastical encounter between Pessoa and Camões is a radical shift in perspective, but still, Pessoa's most important element of characterization is the fact that he is a poet. This also occurs (but in a different way) in “Judica Me Deus”; here, the reader has access, through the teacher's eyes, to Pessoa's literary genius. A scene of Pessoa's school years, recreated through narrative, lets us see this poet before he was a Poet, though Jennings playfully stresses temporality by choosing to include a later poem as if written by the young Pessoa.

To study this fictional chapter in context, it is relevant to consider that the book presents itself, from the title, as a faithful historical documentation: “The D.H.S. Story 1866-1966 Faithfully Recorded by Hubert D. Jennings.” And it is. It has sources, research, and rigorous historical reconstruction. In the more historical chapter about Pessoa, “That Long Patience which is Genius,” Jennings acknowledges his sources, the legitimacy of his information, the historical value of his work: “The information upon which the account that follows has been based,

was not easy to obtain. If, as seems likely, it is the first full description of his life which has been printed in this country, it is fitting that it should appear in the pages of the history of this School" (JENNINGS, 1966: 100).

Nevertheless, in an even more Cervantian manner, Jennings chooses Cervantes as epigraph for the whole book, precisely when he speaks about "los historiadores": "However it may be, it appears that Cide Hamet Benengeli was a very exact historian, since he takes care to give us an account of things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable example which these historians should follow, who usually relate matters so concisely that we have scarcely a smack of them, leaving the most essential part of the story drowned at the bottom of the inkhorn, either through neglect, malice or ignorance" (JENNINGS, 1966: 4).

Jennings invokes Cervantes and his play with multiple historians, the master of fiction—of multiple levels of reality and narrators, of books within books. Cide Hamete Benengeli is, precisely, the untrustworthy historian, and Cervantes plays with that. Cide Hamete's manuscript is translated from Arabic by a translator that Cervantes's narrator/editor finds. And then, contrasting with Cide Hamete's silences and gaps of narration, Cervantes declares about the truthfulness of historians: "pues cuando pudiera y debiera extender la pluma en alabanzas de tan buen caballero, parece que de industria las pasa en silencio: cosa mal hecha y peor pensada, y debiendo ser los historiadores puntuales, verdaderos y nonada apasionados"<sup>3</sup>. By invoking Cervantes, Jennings might have been giving the reader some clues towards approaching his historical account as well as his fiction, towards being ready to let the levels of truth overlap.

In fact, the chapter of *The D.H.S. Story* where Pessoa appears as a literary character—a sixteen-year-old boy discovering his poetic genius—acknowledges its fictionality as an obvious condition that the reader is to notice: "Footnote: This chapter, it need hardly to be said, is not factual" (JENNINGS, 1966: 116). The fictional episode shows young Pessoa from the perspective of a teacher, who starts to grasp the genius of this Portuguese boy. Thanks to Jennings's narrative choices, we see Pessoa from a different perspective: we see him observed from afar. The teacher remembers: "What was it?... when that young Portuguese was there... what was his name? Fernando something... Fernando Pessoa..." (JENNINGS, 1966: 113).

This appreciation contrasts with "At the Brasileira," in which, through an omniscient third person narrator, we get closer access to Pessoa, at least in terms of temporality. The narrator gives an account of the narrative events as they happen: the voice speaks from the same temporal realm and not through the filter of memory (as in "Judica Me Deus"). Moreover, we see the account of Pessoa's

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<sup>3</sup> Translation: "For where he could and should have licensed his pen to praise so worthy a knight, he seems to me deliberately to have written nothing. This is ill done and worse contrived, for it is the business and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from passion." (CERVANTES, 1981:68)

conversation with Camões in a theatrical way: we get a transcription of their exact dialogues and a detailed description of their movements. This level of detail puts the reader in the position of a witness, as if sitting at the next table of the café while they speak.

In “Judica Me Deus,” as in “At the Brasileira,” the reader has access to Pessoa in the moment of writing, also getting a transcription of the resulting poem. Here prose and poetry come together to characterize Pessoa, both as a literary character pulling forward the strings of a narrative and as the poet who writes those particular poems. In “Judica Me Deus,” the description of Pessoa while writing is as follows: “Only Pessoa sat still, gazing out of the window as though he had not heard the order. ‘Pessoa!’ he called out at last. The boy gave him that long musing glance of his, then took out his book and began to write fluently, without looking at the text” (JENNINGS, 1966: 113). Here, Old Nick, the teacher, does what perhaps all readers of Pessoa would have liked to do: he looks behind his shoulder when he is writing: “He made a pretense of going round the class and reading the boys’ work, but he was interested only in what young Pessoa was writing” (JENNINGS, 1966: 114). The result is a translation from Greek in which Pessoa intervenes according to his own poetic criteria; the teacher recognizes, in his changes, his sense of humor, irony, and literary intuition. Then, Jennings transcribes one of Pessoa’s poems in Campbell’s translation—and this is what young Pessoa shows to his teacher. Unlike in “At the Brasileira,” here Jennings does not include his own translation of the poem, but chooses Campbell’s instead. When Jennings wrote this chapter, he had not learned Portuguese yet, so he had to rely on somebody else’s translation; but afterwards Jennings would become an avid translator of Pessoa, recreating not only “O Mostrengo” but also the whole body of poems of *Mensagem*.<sup>4</sup>

Jennings’s choice of the poem is significant, perhaps even ironic. The original poem (“O que me dói não é,” included in *Cancioneiro*) was one of Pessoa’s later poems (1933); it was written just a couple of years before his death, but in Jennings’s fictional construction he writes it as a teenager, while still in high school in South Africa. In Jennings’s chapter, Pessoa does not even admit to having written the poem; he tells the teacher that a friend of his wrote it, thus contrasting Jennings’s account with the actual date of this poem. The multiple levels of language and temporality come together: a poem originally written in Portuguese appears translated in English (by one of Pessoa’s first translators) and within the context of a fictional episode of Pessoa’s adolescence, the period when he acquired his knowledge of English and English Literature. Of course, Jennings is playing with the rules of fiction; he is creating different possibilities and realities with the way he configures the narrative, mingling prose and poetry, poetic and narrative

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<sup>4</sup> A complete translation of *Mensagem* has recently been found among Jennings’s papers.

registers, historical research, fictional creation, different temporalities—inventing a new chronology and origin for texts that exist in the actual corpus of Pessoa’s work.

In addition to Jennings, other writers have felt the impulse to turn Pessoa into a character. Pessoa has gone beyond his language. Tabucchi recreated him in Italian in *Gli Ultimi Tre Giorni di Fernando Pessoa*, where the reader sees the poet concerned with day-to-day life, as the book opens precisely with the Portuguese poet wondering if he has time to go to the barber before going to the hospital. “Prima devo radermi, disse lui, non voglio andar all’ospedale con la barba lunga”<sup>5</sup>. Tabucchi’s narrator creates a dramatic impact with his characterization of Pessoa, contrasting the nearness of death and the prosaic aspects of life.

José Saramago, in his novel *O Ano da Morte de Ricardo Reis*, continued the story of the only heteronym to survive Pessoa (in Saramago’s fiction): Ricardo Reis. Saramago’s reader gets access to Reis’s consciousness, to his estrangement (even in linguistic terms) when he returns to Lisbon, as he arrives speaking with a Brazilian accent from all the time he has spent in Brazil. “Ah, é português, pelo sotaque pensei que fosse brasileiro, Percebe-se assim tanto, Bom, percebe-se alguma coisa, Há dezasseis anos que não vinha a Portugal, Dezasseis anos são muitos, vai encontrar grandes mudanças por cá”<sup>6</sup> (SARAMAGO, 2005: 13). Still, Reis remembers: “Ao viajante não parecia que as mudanças fossem tantas”<sup>7</sup>. Saramago’s fictionalization continues with this narrative impulse past Pessoa’s death, posing new “what ifs?” Jennings made us wonder, what if Pessoa had encountered Camões in a café in Lisbon? What if a teacher had very early discovered Pessoa’s poetic genius in a high school in South Africa? Now Saramago makes us wonder: what could have happened with the surviving heteronym? What kind of strangeness and familiarity could Ricardo Reis have felt when returning from Brazil?

Writers have asked themselves questions about Pessoa, as have all his multiplying readers. Writers have lent their narrative universes and languages to explore Pessoa as a character. And, in fact, contemporary writers in Portugal continue to re-elaborate the poet. José Flórido, in *Conversas Inacabadas com Alberto Caeiro*, recreates Caeiro as a character. Valter Hugo Mãe went further, recreating a

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<sup>5</sup> Translation: “First, I must shave, he said. I don’t want to go to the hospital unshaven.” (TABUCCHI, 1999: 91).

<sup>6</sup> Translation: “Ah, you’re Portuguese, from your accent I thought you might be Brazilian. It is so very noticeable. Well, just a little, enough to tell the difference. I haven’t been back in Portugal for sixteen years. Sixteen years is a long time, you will find that things have changed a lot around here.” (SARAMAGO, 1991: 7).

<sup>7</sup> Translation: “His passenger did not get the impression that there were many changes.” (SARAMAGO, 1991: 7).

character out of—not Pessoa himself or one of his heteronyms—but a character from “Tabacaria,” Esteves, “O Esteves sem metafísica” (PESSOA, 1933), was to be transformed into narrative complexity. Along with Flório and Hugo Mãe, there are other contemporary Portuguese writers who continue to explore the subject, such as Antônio Chibante, who recreates Pessoa as a character in *Despedida de Fernando Pessoa*; Ricardo Belo de Moraes, who writes a fictionalized biography of the poet (*O Quarto Alugado*); and José Eduardo Agualusa, whose character is one of Pessoa’s early heteronyms, Charles Robert Anon.<sup>8</sup>

There is much to explore on this question of how Pessoa, whose work is marked by multiplicity, has become a literary character in the hands of various writers from diverse traditions. The case of Jennings is particularly compelling because of the complexity in terms of genres, of history melting with fiction, fiction with poetry, poetry with theater. And, of course, because we are lucky enough to have found his papers.

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<sup>8</sup> A non-exhaustive list of literary works that have recreated Pessoa as a literary character is included as an appendix.

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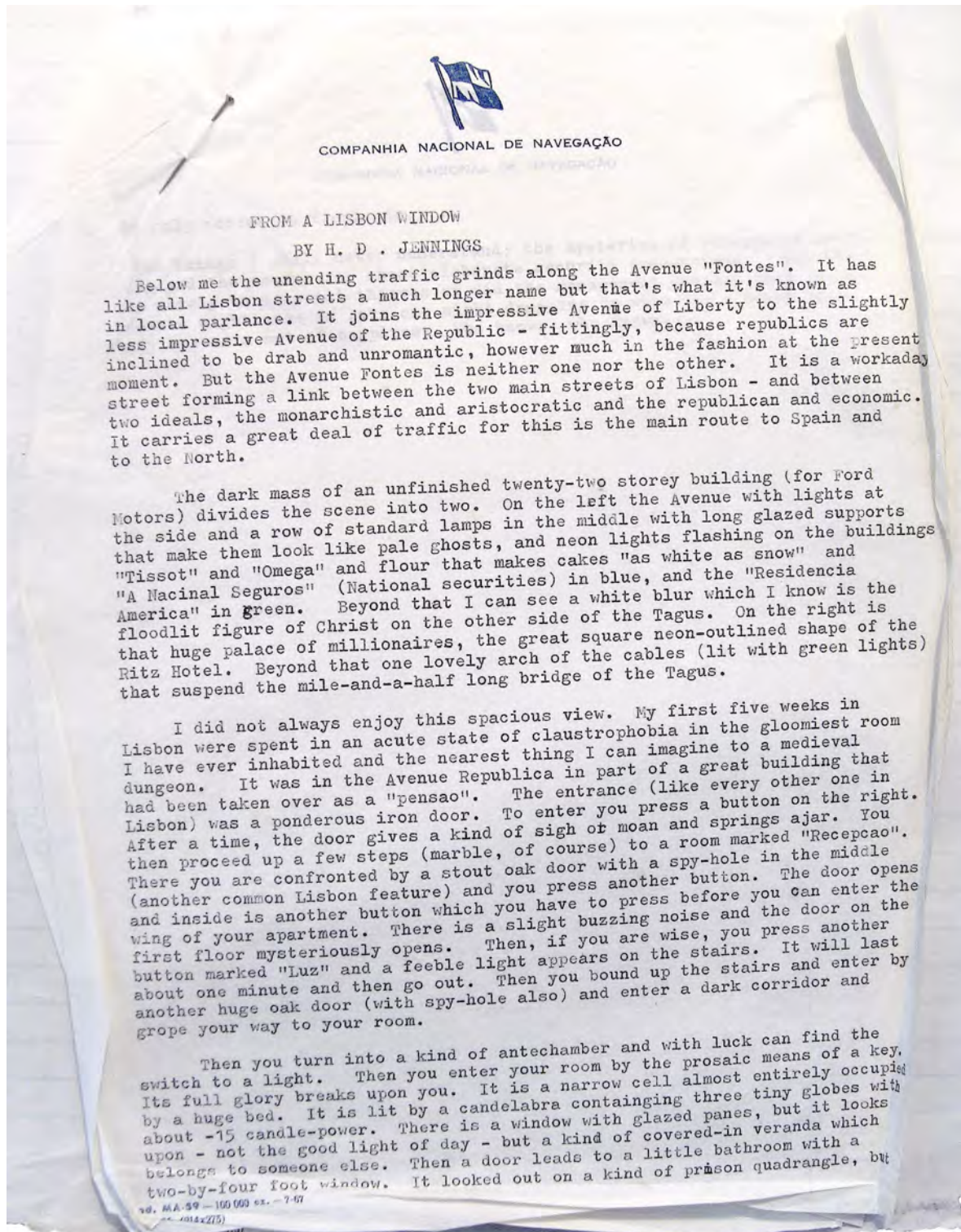
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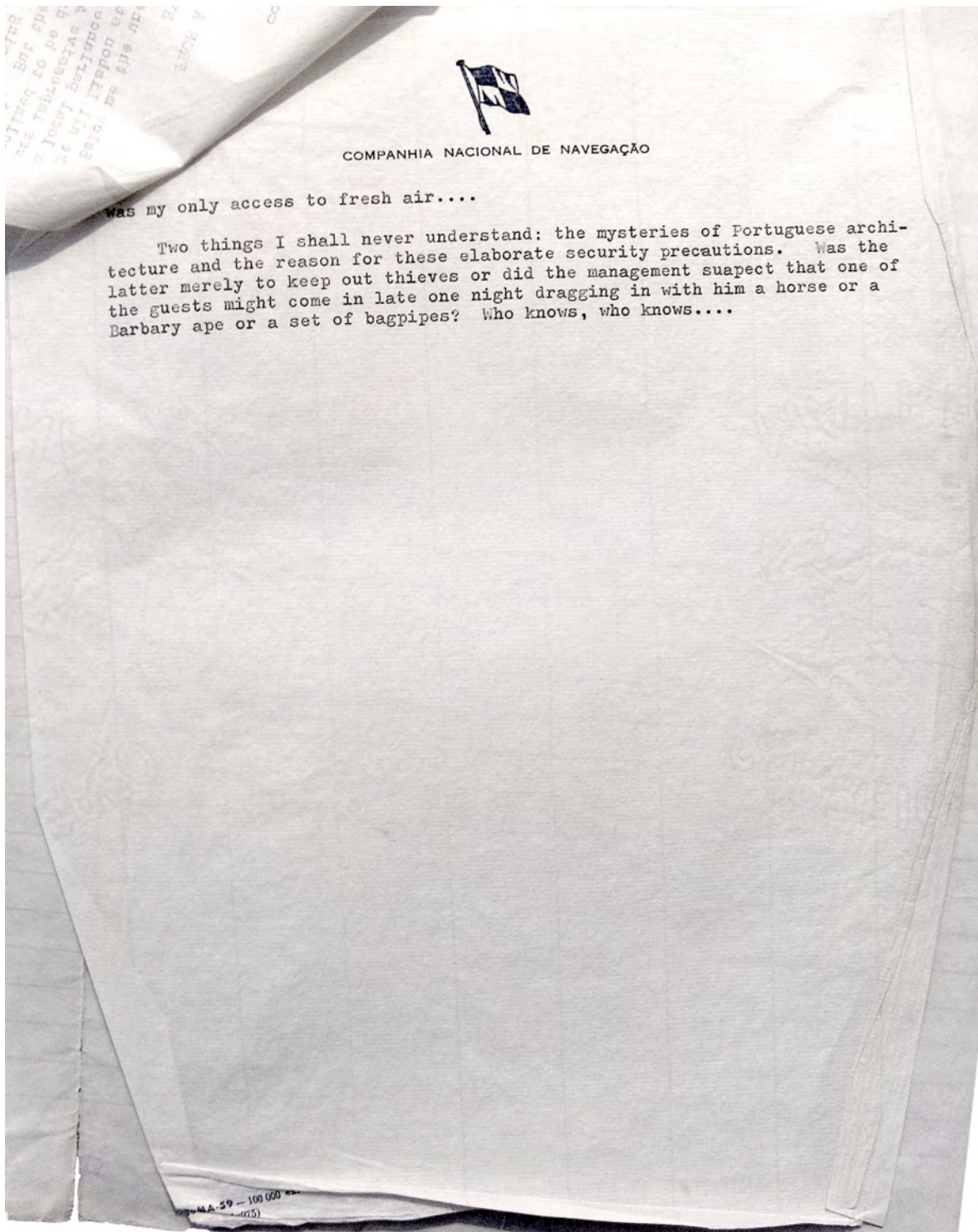
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## Documents

I. Unpublished. Two pages of a short story titled "From a Lisbon Window," typed by H. D. Jennings on both sides of a piece of paper with the letterhead of "Companhia Nacional de Navegação" (National Maritime Company). Found inside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. Datable to 1968.





was my only access to fresh air....

Two things I shall never understand: the mysteries of Portuguese architecture and the reason for these elaborate security precautions. Was the latter merely to keep out thieves or did the management suspect that one of the guests might come in late one night dragging in with him a horse or a Barbary ape or a set of bagpipes? Who knows, who knows....



## FROM A LISBON WINDOW

By H. D. Jennings

Below me the unending traffic grinds along the Avenue “Fontes”. It has[,] like all Lisbon streets[,] a much longer name but that’s what it’s known as in local parlance. It joins the impressive Avenue of Liberty to the slightly less impressive Avenue of the Republic—fittingly, because republics are inclined to be drab and unromantic, however much in the fashion at the present moment. But the Avenue Fontes is neither one nor the other. It is a workday street forming a link between the two main streets of Lisbon—and between two ideals, the monarchistic and aristocratic and the republican and economic. It carries a great deal of traffic[,] for this is the main route to Spain and to the North.

The dark mass of an unfinished twenty-two storey building (for Ford Motors) divides the scene into two. On the left the Avenue with lights at the side and a row of standard lamps in the middle with long glazed supports that make them look like pale ghosts, and neon lights flashing on the buildings “Tissot” and “Omega” and flour that makes cakes “as white as snow” and “A Naci[o]nal Seguros” (National securities<sup>9</sup>) in blue, and the “Residência América”<sup>10</sup> in green. Beyond that I can see a white blur which I know is the floodlit figure of Christ on the other side of the Tagus. On the right is that huge palace of millionaires, the great square neon-outlined shape of the Ritz Hotel. Beyond that one lovely arch of the cables (lit with green lights) that suspend the mile-and-a-half long bridge of the Tagus.

I did not always enjoy this spacious view. My first five weeks in Lisbon were spent in an acute state of claustrophobia in the gloomiest room I have ever inhabited and the nearest thing I can imagine to a medieval dungeon. It was in the Avenue República<sup>11</sup> in part of a great building that had been taken over as a “pensão”<sup>12</sup>. The entrance (like every other one in Lisbon) was a ponderous iron door. To enter you press a button on the right. After a time, the door gives a kind of sigh or moan and springs ajar. You then proceed up a few steps (marble, of course) to a room marked “Recepção”<sup>13</sup>. There you are confronted by a stout oak door with a spy-hole in the middle (another common Lisbon feature) and you press another button. The door opens and inside is another button which you have

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<sup>9</sup> “National Insurance” would be a more accurate translation.

<sup>10</sup> “Residencia America,” unstressed in the document.

<sup>11</sup> “Republica,” unstressed in the document.

<sup>12</sup> “pensao,” without tilde in the document.

<sup>13</sup> “Recepcao,” without cedilla or tilde in the document.

to press before you can enter the wing of your apartment. There is a slight buzzing noise and the door on the first floor mysteriously opens. Then, if you are wise, you press another button marked "Luz" and a feeble light appears on the stairs. It will last about one minute and then go out. Then you bound up the stairs and enter by another huge oak door (with spy-hole also) and enter a dark corridor and grope your way to your room.

Then you turn into a kind of antechamber and with luck find the switch to a light. Then you enter your room by the prosaic means of a key. Its full glory breaks upon you. It is a narrow cell almost entirely occupied by a huge bed. It is lit by a candelabra containing<sup>14</sup> three tiny globes with about—15 candle-power. There is a window with glazed panes, but it looks upon—not the good light of day—but a kind of covered-in veranda which belongs to someone else. Then a door leads to a little bathroom with a two-by-four foot window. It looked out on a kind of pr<o>/i\son quadrangle, but [2] was my only access to fresh air....

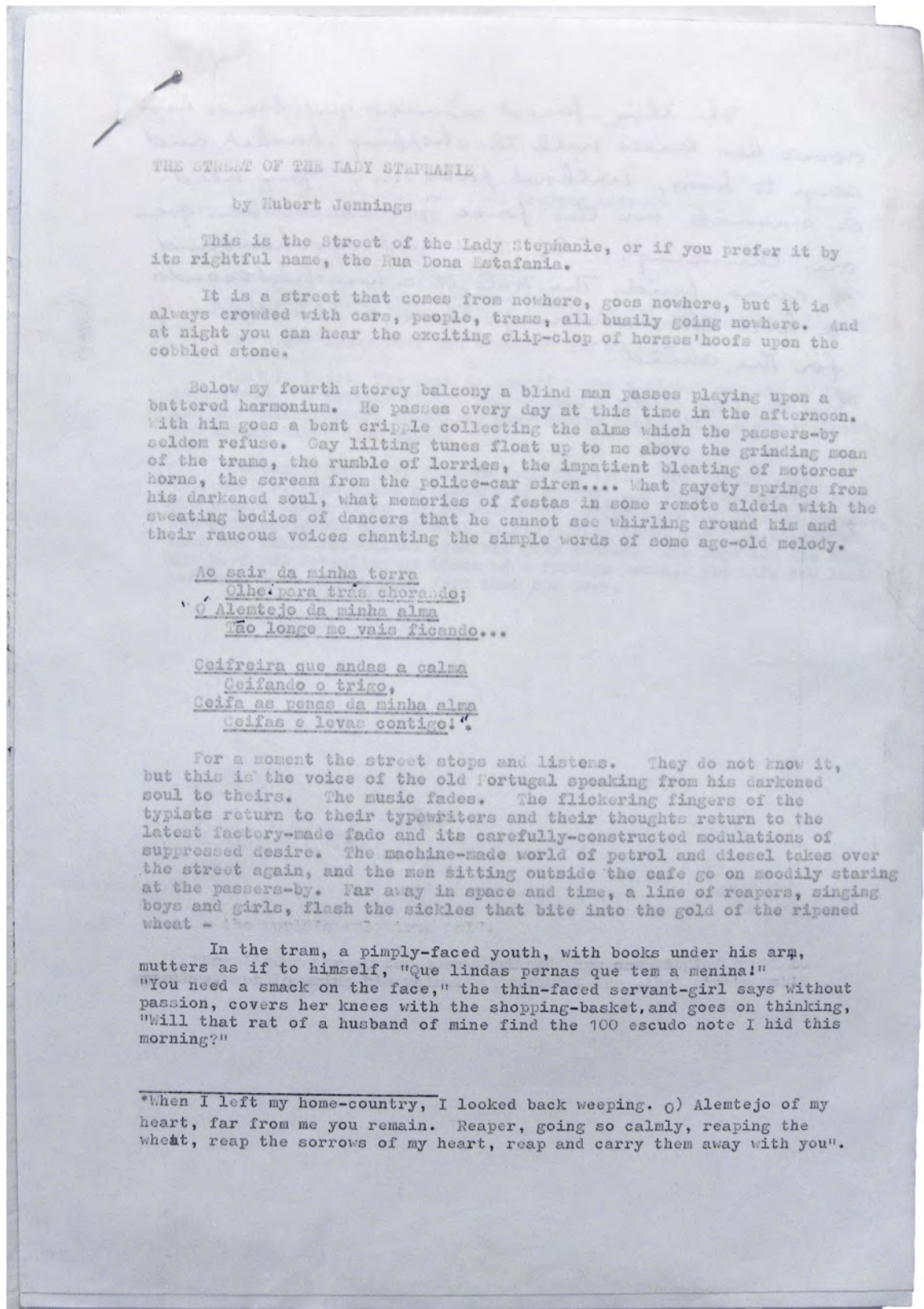
Two things I shall never understand: the mysteries of Portuguese architecture and the reason for these elaborate security precautions. Was the latter merely to keep out thieves or did the management suspect<sup>15</sup> that one of the guests might come in late one night dragging in with him a horse or a Barbary ape or a set of bagpipes? Who knows, who knows....

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<sup>14</sup> "containinging" in the document, a typo.

<sup>15</sup> "suapect" in the document, a typo.

II. Unpublished. Three pages of a short story titled "The Street of the Lady Stephanie," two of them typed and one handwritten by Hubert Jennings. Found inside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. Datable to 1968.



The thin-faced servant girl beside her covers her knees with the shopping-basket, and says to him, without passion, "You need a smack on the face". And then goes on thinking, "If that rat of a husband of mine finds the note of a hundred escudos I hid this morning, there will be nothing for the child."

In the tobacco-shop the Poet borrows another sheet of notepaper from the owner and writes:

I am nothing.

I shall never be anything.

I do not want to be anything.

But, apart from this, I carry within me all the dreams of the world.

The owner looks over his shoulder and smiles.

"Hoje! Hoje! The draw is today! Buy a ticket now and be rich tomorrow!" A lottery ticket seller with a raucous voice goes past and the knifegrinder, trundling one-wheeled contraption blows a shrill and ironic blast upon pipes.

The thin-faced girl alights from the tram. The pimply youth follows her. She makes a gesture of disgust and darts across the road. The braked tyres of an approaching car scream upon the cobbled surface. The girl meets the impact with wildly waving arms, and then staggers back and falls motionless upon the grey stones. Her legs now lie long and bare and revealing as those of a foreign woman. But life and lust and love have passed away from them for ever.

## THE STREET OF THE LADY STEPHANIE

by Hubert Jennings

This is the Street of the Lady Stephanie, or if you prefer it by its rightful name, the Rua Dona Estefânia<sup>16</sup>.

It is a street that comes from nowhere, goes nowhere, but it is always crowded with cars, people, trams, all busily going nowhere. And at night you can hear the exciting clip-clop of horses' hoofs upon the cobbled stone.

Below my fourth storey balcony, a blind man passes playing upon a battered harmonium. He passes every day at this time in the afternoon. With him goes a bent cripple collecting the alms which the passers-by seldom refuse. Gay lilting tunes float up to me above the grinding moan of the trams, the rumble of lorries, the impatient bleating of motorcar horns, the scream from the police-car siren.... What gayety springs from his darkened soul, what memories of *festas*<sup>17</sup> in some remote *aldeia* with the sweating bodies of dancers that he cannot see whirling around him and their raucous voices chanting the simple words of some age-old melody.

Ao sair da minha terra  
Olhe para trás chorando;  
"Ó Alentejo<sup>18</sup> da minha alma  
Tão longe me vais ficando...

Ceifeira<sup>19</sup> que andas a calma  
Ceifando o trigo,  
Ceifa as penas da minha alma  
Ceifas e levas contigo!"<sup>20 & 21</sup>

For a moment the street stops and listens. They do not know it, but this is the voice of the old Portugal speaking from his darkened soul to theirs. The music fades. The flickering fingers of the typists return to their typewriters and their

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<sup>16</sup> "Estafania," unstressed and with a typo in the document.

<sup>17</sup> All italics on Portuguese words are ours.

<sup>18</sup> "Alemtejo" in the document.

<sup>19</sup> "Ceifreira" in the document, a typo.

<sup>20</sup> Note with translation made by the author: When I left my home-country, I looked back weeping. ["]O' Alemtejo of my heart, far from me you remain. Reaper, going so calmly, reaping the whe<t>/a\t, reap the sorrows of my heart, reap and carry them away with you."

<sup>21</sup> Pessoa also has a poem about a reaper, with *incipit* "Ela canta, pobre ceifeira," first published in the journal *Athena* n. 3 (Lisbon: Dec. 1924).

thoughts return the latest factory-made *fado* and its carefully-constructed modulations of suppressed desire. The machine-made world of petrol and diesel takes over the street again, and the men sitting outside the cafe go on moodily staring at the passers-by. Far away in space and time, a line of reapers, singing boys and girls, flash the sickles that bite the gold of the ripened wheat—

In the tram, a pimply-faced youth, with books under his arm, mutters as if to himself, “Que lindas pernas que tem a menina!” “You need a smack on the face,” the thin-faced servant-girl says without passion, covers her knees with the shopping-basket, and goes on thinking, “Will that rat of a husband of mine find the 100 *escudo* note I hid this morning?”<sup>22</sup>

[3] In the tobacco-shop the Poet borrows another sheet of notepaper from the owner and writes:

I am nothing.  
I shall never be anything.  
I do not want to be anything.  
But, apart from this, I carry within me all the dreams of the world.<sup>23</sup>

The owner looks over his shoulder and smiles.

“*Hoje! Hoje!* The draw is today! Buy the ticket now and be rich tomorrow!” A lottery ticket seller with a raucous voice goes past[,] and the knifegrinder, trundling [a] one-wheeled contraption[,] blows a shrill and ironic blast upon pipes.

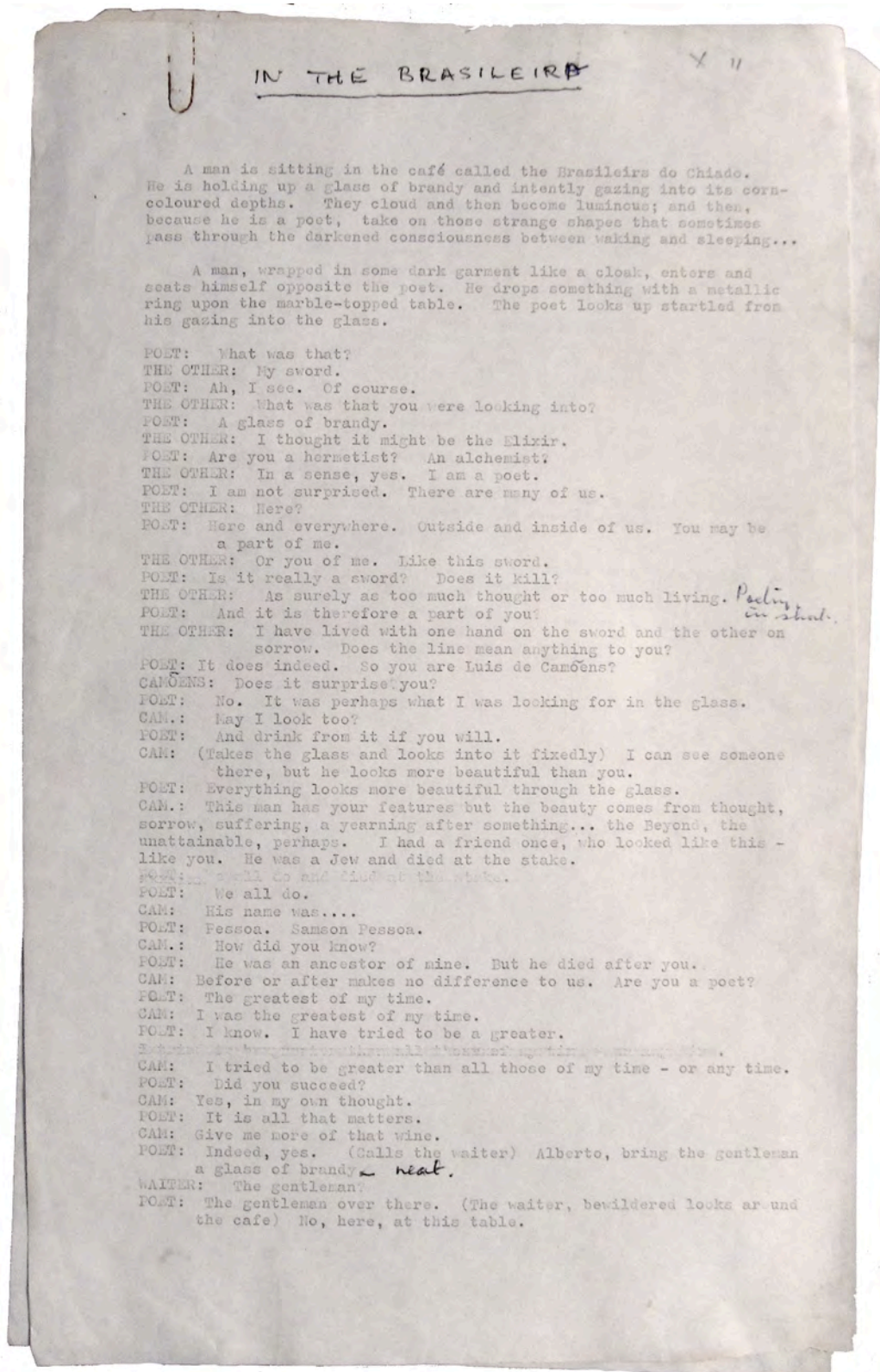
The thin-faced girl alights from the tram. The pimply youth follows her. She makes a gesture of disgust and darts across the road. The braked tyres of an approaching car screams upon the cobbled surface. The girl meets the impact with wildly waving arms, and then staggers back and falls motionless upon the grey stones. Her legs now lie long and bare and revealing as those of a foreign woman. But life and lust and love passed away from them for ever.

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<sup>22</sup> On the other side of the paper where page one is typed, we find another version of the last paragraph: [2] The thin-faced servant girl beside him covers her knees with the shopping-basket and says to him, without passion, “You need a smack on the face”, And then goes on thinking, ‘If that rat of a husband of mine finds the note of a hundred escudos I hid this morning, there will be nothing for the child.’

<sup>23</sup> These are verses from the poem “*Tabacaria*,” written by Pessoa (signed by Álvaro de Campos), which Jennings would later translate as “The Tobacco Shop” (JENNINGS, 1986: 126-129).

III. Unpublished. One piece of paper typed on both sides, with a short story titled "In the Brasileira," signed by Hubert Jennings (this is the first of four different versions of the same story). Found inside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. Datable to 1968.





2

WAITER (petrified) Yes, sir.  
 POET: Well, bring the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword.  
 WAITER: (starting back) His sword?  
 POET: He always carries a sword. It is a part of him. But, as you see it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his drink.  
 WAITER: What gentleman, sir?  
 POET: The one you see before you. The great Luis de Camoens.  
 WAITER: The one whose statue's at the end of this street?  
 POET: Exactly.  
 WAITER: Well, sir, he's been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. All he wants is a bucket of cold water over his head to wash off the muck they left there. He doesn't want brandy, and, if you'll excuse me sayingso, sir, neither do you.  
 (He turns to serve other customers)  
 CAM: (in a voice of thunder) Bring it!  
 WAITER: ( a little grey about the gills) Did you speaks sir?  
 POET: No. But you heard the order.  
 WAITER: (subdued) Yes, sir.  
 He comes back running with the brandy and sets it down nervously on the table opposite the poet. He sees the glass lifted, tilted and then set back on the table empty.  
 Waiter: Holy Virgin!  
 He runs for the door. The customers watch him in astonishment. Somebody says "Earthquake!" and in a second they are all running for the door.)Camoens and the Poet are left sitting alone.)  
 CAM: We can now resume the pleasant conversation we were having before we were so rudely interrupted.  
 POET: For my part, I should like nothing better.

*Hubert Jennings*

## IN THE BRASILEIRA

A man is sitting in the café called the Brasileira<sup>24</sup> do Chiado. He is holding up a glass of brandy and intently gazing into its corn-coloured depths. They cloud and then become luminous; and then, because he is a poet, take on those strange shapes that sometimes pass through the darkened consciousness between waking and sleeping...

A man, wrapped in some dark garment like a cloak, enters and seats himself opposite the poet. He drops something with a metallic ring upon the marble-topped table. The poet looks up startled from his gazing into the glass.

POET: What was that?

THE OTHER: My sword.

POET: Ah, I see. Of course.

THE OTHER: What was that you were looking into?

POET: A glass of brandy.

THE OTHER: I thought it might be the Elixir.

POET: Are you a hermetist? An alchemist?

THE OTHER: In a sense, yes. I am a poet.

POET: I am not surprised. There are many of us.

THE OTHER: Here?

POET: Here and everywhere. Outside and inside us. You may be a part of me.

THE OTHER: Or you of me. Like this sword.

POET: Is it really a sword? Does it kill?

THE OTHER: As surely as too much thought or too much living. [→Poetry, in short.]

POET: And it is therefore a part of you?

THE OTHER: I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other on sorrow. Does the line mean anything to you?

POET: It does indeed. So you are Luis de Camões<sup>25</sup>?

CAMÕES: Does it surprise you?

POET: No. It was perhaps what I was looking for in the glass.

CAM.: May I look too?

POET: And drink from it if you will.

CAM: (Takes the glass and looks into it fixedly) I can see someone there, but he looks more beautiful than you.

POET: Everything looks more beautiful through the glass.

<sup>24</sup> Jennings writes both "Camõens" and "Camoens" in the document.

<sup>25</sup> "Brasileirs" in the document, a typo.

CAM.: This man has your features but the beauty comes from thought, sorrow, suffering, a yearning after something... the Beyond, the unattainable, perhaps. I had a friend once, who looked like this—like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake.

POET: We all do.

CAM: His name was....

POET: Pessoa. Samson<sup>26</sup> Pessoa.

CAM.: How did you know?

POET: He was an ancestor of mine. But he died after you.

CAM: Before or after makes no difference to us. Are you a poet?

POET: The greatest of my time.

CAM: I was the greatest of my time.

POET: I know. I have tried to be greater.

CAM: I tried to be greater than all those of my time—or any time.

POET: Did you succeed?

CAM: Yes, in my own thought.

POET: It is all that matters.

CAM: Give me more of that wine.

POET: Indeed, yes. (Calls the waiter) Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy[→—neat].

WAITER: The gentleman?

POET: The gentleman over there. (The waiter, bewildered[,]) looks around the cafe) No, here, at this table.

WAITER: (petrified) Yes, sir.

[2] POET: Well, bring the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword.

WAITER: (starting back) His sword?

POET: He always carries a sword. It is a part of him. But, as you see it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his drink.

WAITER: What gentleman, sir?

POET: The one you see before you. The great Luis de Camões.

WAITER: The one whose statue's at the end of the street?

POET: Exactly.

WAITER: Well, sir, he's been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. All he wants is a bucket of cold water over his head to wash off the muck they left there. He doesn't want brandy, and, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you. (He turns to serve other customers)

CAM: (in a voice of thunder) Bring it!

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<sup>26</sup> In Portuguese, it would be "Sancho."

WAITER: (a little grey about the gills) Did you speak<sup>27</sup> sir?

POET: No. But you heard the order.

WAITER: (subdued) Yes, sir.

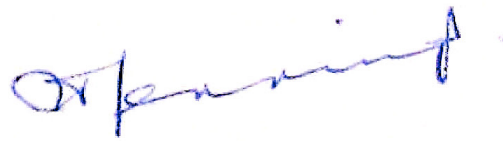
He comes back running with the brandy and sets it down nervously on the table opposite the poet. He sees the glass lifted, tilted and then set back on the table empty.

WAITER: Holy Virgin!

He runs for the door. The customers watch him in astonishment. Somebody says "Earthquake!" and in a second they are all running for the door.) Camões and the Poet are left sitting alone.)

CAM: We can now resume the pleasant conversation we were having before we were so rudely interrupted.

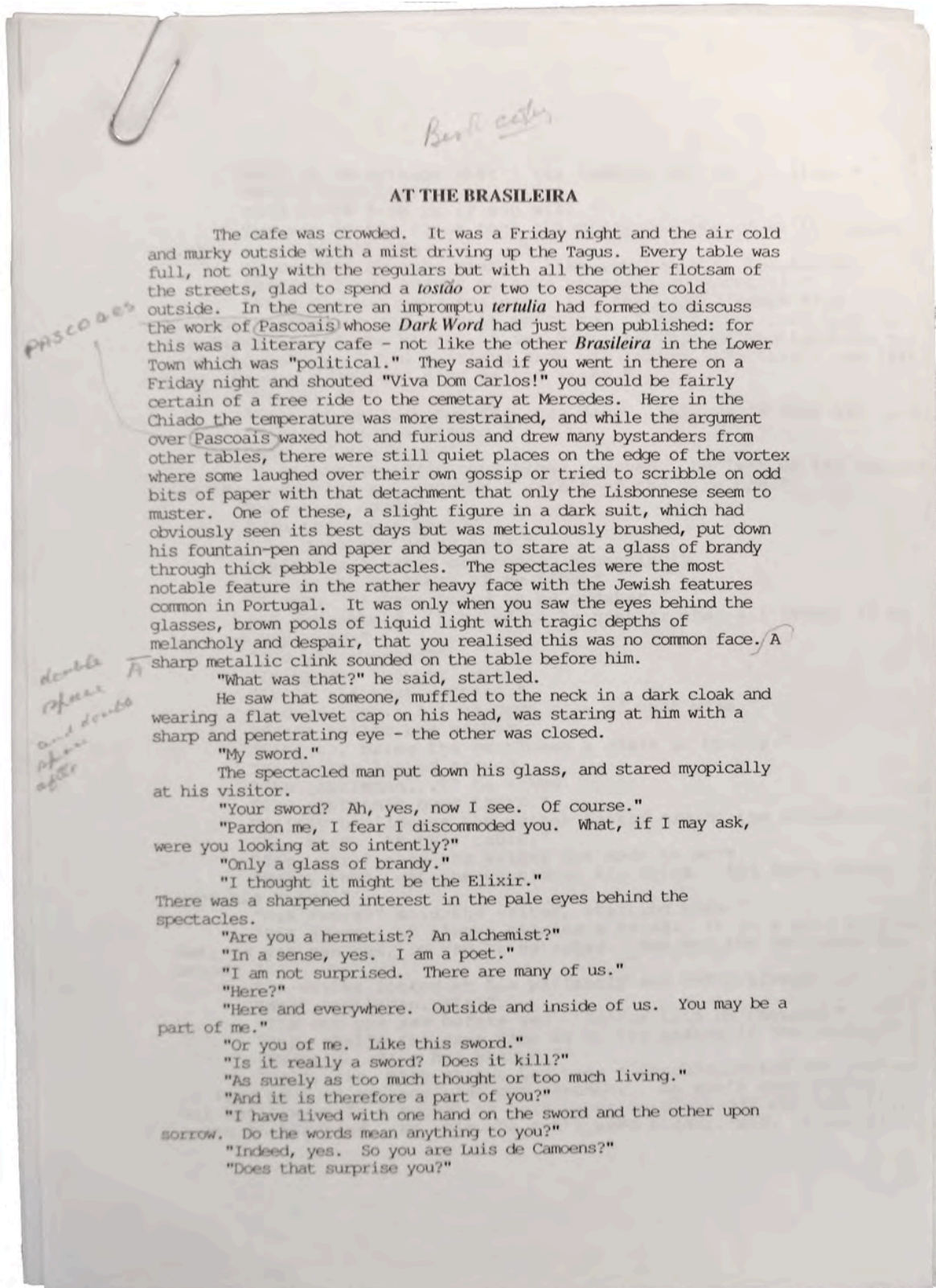
POET: For my part, I should like nothing better.



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<sup>27</sup> "speaks" in the document, a typo.

IV. Unpublished. Five pieces of paper (typed on one side), with a short story titled "At the Brasileira," by Hubert Jennings (this is the second of four different versions of the same story). Except for page two, all others contain handwritten notes. Found inside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. Datable to 1968 or later.



"No, it is perhaps what I was looking for in the glass."  
 "May I look too?"  
 "And drink from it if you will."  
 The man in the cloak took the glass and stared at it fixedly with his one bright eye.  
 "I can see someone there. Like you but more beautiful."  
 "Brandy lends beauty to some unpromising material."  
 "This man has your features, but the beauty comes from thought, suffering and a great yearning. I have seen that look in the faces of men who stared at far horizons when we ventured too far into the East.. I had a friend once who looked like this - and like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake."  
 "We all do."  
 "Yes, if we look too far, too deep. This man's name was ..."  
 "Sancho. Sancho Pessoa."  
 "How did you know?"  
 "I am his grandson many times removed. He left me the thought and the suffering and perhaps a little of the fire too."  
 The other nodded.  
 "You too are a poet?"  
 "The greatest of my time."  
 Again the cloaked man nodded approvingly.  
 "I was the greatest of my time."  
 "I know. I have tried to be greater."  
 "So you should. I tried to be greater than all others in my time or any time."  
 "Did you succeed?"  
 "In my own thought, yes."  
 "It is all that matters."  
 "Indeed, yes. Let us have more of that wine."  
 Pessoa called the waiter.  
 "Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy."  
 The waiter looked around.  
 "The gentleman...?" he asked.  
 "The gentleman over there."  
 Plainly bewildered the waiter looked around the crowded room.  
 "No, here. At this table."  
 "Yes, sir," said the waiter but made no move.  
 "Well, then, get the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword."  
 "His sword?" said the waiter, starting back."  
 "His sword. He always carries a sword. It is a part of him. But, as you can see, it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his brandy."  
 The waiter looked at him patiently and reflectively.  
 "What gentleman, sir?"  
 "The one you see before you. Senhor Luis de Camoens."  
 "Why, that's the same name as on the statue in the street!"  
 "Exactly. It's his statue."  
 "Well, sir, that statue has been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. He won't need brandy. All he'll want is a bucket of cold water to clean off the mess they leave on his head. No, sir, he don't need brandy, and, if you'll

excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you."

He was turning away to serve the other customers, when he heard in a voice of thunder:

"Bring it!"

The waiter, a little grey about the gills, looked back.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No, but you heard the order."

The waiter left hurriedly for the bar.

He came running back with a full glass which he set down on the table before the poets, of which he was only permitted to see one. He watched the glass being slowly lifted up, tilted back and then set down on the table top empty.

"Holy Virgin!" he yelled and ran full tilt for the door.

There was a sudden silence as the guests watched him. Then someone, remembering the tremor that had shaken the city a day or two before, said enquiringly, "Earthquake?" In a second, the word was taken up all round the room, "Earthquake! Terremoto!" And they too fled for the street, knocking over tables and chairs and one another in their haste.

"And now," said Camoens, "I suggest that we return to the pleasant conversation from which we were so rudely interrupted."

"For my part," said Pessoa, "I would ask for nothing better."

"Earthquakes, I see, may have their uses," the elder poet observed.

"They terrify me," admitted the other.

"They do us all, and this fair town has had plenty. But, surely, ever since Ulysses founded it, none was more illusory - unless it was that lying old swashbuckler himself!"

"It makes little difference to me and those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear."

"Not so, my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified."

"Terrified?"

"Terrified. For we know that unless we strike hard and strike first, the other terrified poltroon in front of us will do so and that will be the end of the matter for us."

"We meet on more even terms, then. But is it not true that the Unreal can be as terrifying as the Real?"

"More so for men of wit and imagination."

"And so we drift between the two, like a feather in a changing wind?"

"Or a ship lost at sea."

"Yes, you must have known that too."

"I was shipwrecked twice in the East, but the worst was a storm off the Cape..."

"Of Storms and Good Hope?"

"There was very little of the latter when we battered our way round it in the ship Sao Bento. It blew as it had not blown since Bartolomeu Dias first fought his way round it sixty-seven years before..."

"Was he real? Was your Adamastor real?"

"He was as real as terror and imagination could make anything. The sea poured over us in white floods of fury, took us in its mouth

How real is life? How real is hate that  
poisons life? and this was Hate itself, made visible  
to our eyes: as we shook with terror  
while the sea poured over us etc

and shook us like a dog with a rat. And all the while I saw him taking shape, the lightning became his eyes, the black thunder-clouds his wings and the wind his piercing scream; and all the time the great rocks on our lee bared their teeth to receive us. Yes, call him - or it - what you like, it was reality."

He drew himself up and pulled his cloak over his face as though to shut out the scene.

"I must go," he muttered through the folds. His voice had grown suddenly tired.

Pessoa caught him by the sleeve.

"No, tell me first what happened!"

"We...we faced him down, the helmsman and I..."

"Yes?"

"Drove him off. I was, like the <sup>other</sup>, clinging to what bits of rope I could find and calling on the Virgin and the saints, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw the helmsman fighting the wheel, white with terror and with trembling hands... Somehow I made my way back to him across the plunging, streaming deck. Together we held on... and screamed back at the thing..."

"And then?"

"It went. It drew back... began to squeak and gibber like a bat ... and fled. No more. *Nada mais*. I must go..."

When Pessoa looked up again, he saw he had been writing on the pad he always carried with him and that a crowd had gathered round the table, watching him. One of them took up the paper and began to read - he saw that it was his young friend, Almada de Negreiros...

The monster who lives at the end of the world  
Rose up in the dark of the night to fly;  
Three times around the ship he swirled  
And thrice was heard his screaming cry:  
"Who is this that dares to come and brave  
The dreadful vaults of my secret cave?"  
And the man at the helm trembling said:  
"The King Lord John the Second!"

"What sails invade my feeding ground,  
What keels are these I see and hear?"  
Three times he whirled the ship around  
And thrice with gross and filthy leer,  
Yelped out with a terrifying sound:  
"Who dares what I alone may dare,  
Who live where no other is found  
And from the sea pour fathomless fear?"  
The man at the helm trembled and said:  
"The King Lord John the Second!"

Thrice the wheel from his grip was shaken  
Thrice by his grasping hands retaken,  
Then after trembling three times more he cried:  
"Here at the helm I am more than I.  
I am a People seeking from you the wide  
Domain of land and sea, and though trembling I feel



Fear of the Monster and the darkening sky,  
Still the will holds me fast to the wheel  
Of the King Lord John the Second!"

Shaw ← Pessoa heard the murmurs of applause from the crowd: "Ah,  
Fernando!" and "Fernando indeed!"  
Then he saw Alberto the waiter, step forward, the white napkin  
on his arm:  
"Another drink, Sir?" he said.

AT THE BRASILEIRA<sup>28</sup>

The cafe was crowded. It was a Friday night and the air cold and murky outside with a mist driving up the Tagus. Every table was full, not only with the regulars but with all the other flotsam of the streets, glad to spend a *tostão* or two to escape the cold outside. In the centre an impromptu *tertulia* had formed to discuss the work of Pascoais[←Pascoaes] whose *Dark Word*<sup>29</sup> had just been published: for this was a literary cafe—not like the other *Brasileira* in the Lower Town which was “political.” They said if you went in there on a Friday night and shouted “Viva Dom Carlos<sup>30</sup>!” you could be fairly certain of a free ride to the cemetery at Mercedes. Here in the Chiado the temperature was more restrained, and while the argument over Pascoais[←Pascoaes] waxed hot and furious and drew many bystanders from other tables, there were still quiet places on the edge of the vortex where some laughed over their own gossip or tried to scribble on odd bits of paper with that detachment that only the Lisbonnese seem to muster. One of these, a slight figure in a dark suit, which had obviously seen its best days but was meticulously brushed, put down his fountain-pen and paper and began to stare at a glass of brandy through thick pebble spectacles. The spectacles were the most notable feature in the rather heavy face with the Jewish features common in Portugal. It was only when you saw the eyes behind the glasses, brown pools of liquid light with tragic depths of melancholy and despair, that you realised this was no common face. A sharp metallic clink sounded on the table before him.

“What was that?” he said, startled.

He saw that someone, muffled to the neck in a dark cloak and wearing a flat velvet cap on his head, was staring at him with a sharp and penetrating eye—the other was closed.

“My sword.”

The spectacled man put down his glass, and stared myopically at his visitor.

“Your sword? Ah, yes, now I see. Of course.”

“Pardon me, I fear I discommoded you. What, if I may ask, were you looking at so intently?”

“Only a glass of brandy.”

“I thought it might be the Elixir.”

There was a sharpened interest in the pale eyes behind the spectacles.

“Are you a hermetist? An alchemist?”

“In a sense, yes. I am a poet.”

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<sup>28</sup> Above the title, one reads “best copy” handwritten in pencil.

<sup>29</sup> *Verbo Escuro* is the original Portuguese title of Pascoes’s book, published in 1914.

<sup>30</sup> Carlos I, king of Portugal, crowned in 1889 and assassinated in 1908.

"I am not surprised. There are many of us."

"Here?"

"Here and everywhere. Outside and inside of us. You may be a part of me."

"Or you me. Like this sword."

"Is it really a sword? Does it kill?"

"As surely as too much thought or too much living."

"And it is therefore a part of you?"

"I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other upon sorrow. Do the words mean anything to you?"

"Indeed, yes. So you are Luis de Camoens?"

"Does that surprise you?"

[2] "No, it is perhaps what I was looking for in the glass."

"May I look too?"

"And drink from it if you will."

The man in the cloak took the glass and stared at it fixedly with his one bright eye.

"I can see someone there. Like you but more beautiful."

"Brandy lends beauty to some unpromising material."

"This man has your features, but the beauty comes from thought, suffering and a great yearning. I have seen that look in the faces of men who stared at far horizons when we ventured too far into the East... I had a friend once who looked like this—and like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake."

"We all do."

"Yes, if we look too far, too deep. This man's name was..."

"Sancho. Sancho Pessoa."

"How did you know?"

"I am his grandson many times removed. He left me the thought and the suffering and perhaps a little of the fire too."

The other nodded.

"You too are a poet?"

"The greatest of my time."

Again the cloaked man nodded approvingly.

"I was the greatest of my time."

"I know. I have tried to be greater."

"So you should. I tried to be greater than all others in my time or any time."

"Did you succeed?"

"In my own thought, yes."

"It is all that matters."

"Indeed, yes. Let us have more of that wine."

Pessoa called the waiter.

"Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy."

The waiter looked around.

"The gentleman...?" he asked.

"The gentleman over there."

Plainly bewildered[,] the waiter looked around the crowded room.

"No, here. At this table."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter but made no move.

"Well, then, get the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword."

"His sword?" said the waiter, starting back.

"His sword. He always carries a sword. It is a part of him. But, as you can see, it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his brandy."

The waiter looked at him patiently and reflectively.

"What gentleman, sir?"

"The one you see before you. Senhor Luis de Camoens."

"Why, that's the same name as on the statue in the street!"

"Exactly. It's his statue."

"Well, sir, that statue has been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. He won't need brandy. All he'll want is a bucket of cold water to clean off the mess they leave on his head. No, sir, he don't need brandy, and, if you'll [3] excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you."

He was turning to serve the other customers, when he heard in a voice of thunder:

"Bring it!"

The waiter, a little grey about the gills, looked back.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No, but you heard the order."

The waiter left hurriedly for the bar.

He came running back with a full glass which he set down on [t]he table before the poets, of which he was only permitted to see one. He watched the glass being slowly lifted up, tilted back and then set down on the table top empty.

"Holy Virgin!" he yelled and ran full tilt for the door. There was a sudden silence as the guests watched him. Then someone, remembering the tremor that had shaken the city a day or two days before, said enquiringly, "Earthquake?" In a second, the word was taken up all round the room, "Earthquake! Terremoto!" And they too fled for the street, knocking over tables and chairs and one another in their haste.

"And now," said Camoens, "I suggest that we return to the pleasant conversation from which we were so rudely interrupted."

"For my part," said Pessoa, "I would ask for nothing better."

"Earthquakes, I see, may have their uses," the elder poet observed.

"They terrify me," admitted the other.

"They do us all, and this fair town has had plenty. But, surely, ever since Ulysses founded it, none was more illusory—unless it was that lying old swashbuckler himself!"

"It makes little difference to me and to those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear."

"Not so,[←Not so,] my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified."

"Terrified?"

"Terrified. For we know that unless we strike hard and strike first, the other terrified poltroon in front of us[→you] will do so and that will be the end of the matter for us[→you]."

"We meet in more even terms, then. But is it not true that the Unreal can be as terrifying as the Real?"

"More so for men of wit and imagination."

"And so we drift between the two, like a feather in a changing wind?"

"Or a ship lost at sea."

"Yes, you must have known that too."

"I was shipwrecked twice in the East, but the worst was a storm off the Cape..."

"Of Storms and Good Hope?"

"There was very little of the latter when we battered our way round it in the ship São<sup>31</sup> Bento. It blew as it had not blown since Bartolomeu Dias first fought his way round it sixty-seven years before..."

"Was he real? Was your Adamastor real?"

<"He was as real as a terror and imagination could make anything. The sea poured over us in white floods of fury, took us in its mouth" [↓ How real is life? How real is hate that poisons life? And this was Hate itself, made visible to our eyes as we shook with terror.]

[,]while the sea poured over us \*etc [↓ The sea poured over] [4] and shook us like a dog with a rat. And all the while I saw him taking shape, the lightning became his eyes, the black thunder-clouds his wings and the wind his piercing scream; and all the time the great rocks on our lee bared their teeth to receive us. Yes, call him—or it—what you like, it was reality."

He drew himself up and pulled his cloak over his face as though to shut out the scene.

"I must go," he muttered through the folds. His voice had grown suddenly tired.

Pessoa caught him by the sleeve.

"No, tell me what happened!"

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<sup>31</sup> "Sao" in the document, lacking a tilde.

"We... we faced him down, the helmsman and I ..."

"Yes?"

"Drove him off. I was, like the other [←others], clinging to what bit of rope I could find and calling on the Virgin and the saints, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw the helmsman fighting the wheel, white with terror and with trembling hands... Somehow I made my way back to him across the plunging, streaming deck. Together we held on... and screamed back at the thing..."

"And then?"

"It went. It drew back... began to squeak and gibber like a bat...<sup>32</sup> and fled. No more. *Nada mais*. I must go..."

When Pessoa looked up again, he saw he had been writing in the pad he always carried with him and that a crowd had gathered round the table, watching him. One of them took up the paper and began to read—he saw that it was his young friend, Almada Negreiros<sup>33</sup>...

The monster who lives at the end of the world  
 Rose up in the dark of the night to fly;  
 Three times around the ship he swirled  
 And thrice was heard his screaming cry:  
 "Who is this that dares to come and brave  
 The dreadful vaults of my secret cave?"  
 And the man at the helm trembling said:  
 "The King Lord John the Second!"

"What sails invade my feeding ground,  
 What keels are these I see and hear?"  
 Three times he whirled the ship around  
 And thrice with gross and filthy leer,  
 Yelped out with a terrifying sound:  
 "Who dares what I alone may dare,  
 Who live where no other is found  
 And from the sea pour fathomless fear?"  
 The man at the helm trembled and said:  
 "The King Lord John the Second!"

Thrice the wheel from his grip was shaken  
 Thrice by his grasping hands retaken,  
 Then after trembling three times more he cried:  
 "Here at the helm I am more than I.  
 I am a People seeking from you the wide  
 Domain of land and sea, and though trembling I feel

---

<sup>32</sup> There is a note on the left margin of the document: "Space / dots to indicate lapse of time."

<sup>33</sup> "Almada de Negreiros" in the document.

[5] Fear of the Monster and the darkening sky,  
Still the wheel holds me fast to the wheel  
Of the King Lord John the Second"

Pessoa heard the murmurs of applause from the crowd: "Ah, Fernando!"  
and "Fernando indeed!"

Then he saw Alberto the waiter, step forward, the white napkin on his arm:  
"Another drink, Sir? he said.

V. Unpublished. Eight pieces of paper (typed on one side), with a short story titled "At the Brasileira," signed by Hubert Jennings (this is the third of four different versions of the same story); although this document was found loose, there was an almost identical copy (only with different spacing) found inside the folder "Stories—S1" which Jennings created for some of his papers. Datable to 1968 or later.

#### AT THE BRASILEIRA

The café was crowded. It was a Friday night and the air cold and murky outside with a mist driving up the Tagus. Every table was full, not only with the regulars but with all the other flotsam of the streets, glad to spend a *tostao* or two to escape the cold outside. In the centre an impromptu *tertulia* had formed to discuss the work of Pascoaes whose *Dark Word* had just been published: for this was a literary café - not like the other *Brasileira* in the Lower Town which was "political." They said if you went in there on a Friday night and shouted "Viva Dom Carlos!" you could be fairly certain of a free ride to the cemetery at Mercedes. Here in the Chiado the temperature was more restrained, and while the argument over Pascoaes waxed hot and furious and drew many bystanders from other tables, there were still quiet places on the edge of the vortex where some laughed over their own gossip or tried to scribble on odd bits of paper with that detachment that only the Lisbonnese seem to muster. One of these, a slight figure in a dark suit, which had obviously seen its best days but was meticulously brushed, put down his fountain-pen and paper and began to stare at a glass of brandy through thick pebble spectacles. The spectacles were the most notable feature in the rather heavy face with the Jewish features common in Portugal. It was only when you saw the eyes behind the glasses, brown pools of liquid light with tragic depths of melancholy and despair, that you realised this was no common face.

A sharp metallic clink sounded on the table before him.

"What was that?" he said, startled.



He saw that someone, muffled to the neck in a dark cloak and wearing a flat velvet cap on his head, was staring at him with a sharp and penetrating eye - the other was closed.

"My sword."

The spectacled man put down his glass, and stared myopically at his visitor.

"Your sword? Ah, yes, now I see. Of course."

"Pardon me, I fear I discommoded you. What, if I may ask, were you looking at so intently?"

"Only a glass of brandy."

"I thought it might be the Elixir."

There was a sharpened interest in the pale eyes behind the spectacles.

"Are you a hermetist? An alchemist?"

"In a sense, yes. I am a poet."

"I am not surprised. There are many of us."

"Here?"

"Here and everywhere. Outside and inside of us. You may be a part of me."

"Or you of me. Like this sword."

"Is it really a sword? Does it kill?"

"As surely as too much thought or too much living."

"And it is therefore a part of you?"

"I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other upon sorrow. Do the words mean anything to you?"

"Indeed, yes. So you are Luis de Camoens?"

"Does that surprise you?"

"No, it is perhaps what I was looking for in the glass."

"May I look too?"

"And drink from it if you will."

The man in the cloak took the glass and stared at it fixedly with his one bright eye.

"I can see someone there. Like you but more beautiful."

"Brandy lends beauty to some unpromising material."

"This man has your features, but the beauty comes from thought, suffering and a great yearning. I have seen that look in the faces of men who stared at far horizons when we ventured too far into the East.. I had a friend once who looked like this - and like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake."

"We all do."

"Yes, if we look too far, too deep. This man's name was ..."

"Sancho. Sancho Pessoa."

"How did you know?"

"I am his grandson many times removed. He left me the thought and the suffering and perhaps a little of the fire too."

The other nodded.

"You too are a poet?"

"The greatest of my time."

Again the cloaked man nodded approvingly.

"I was the greatest of my time."

"I know. I have tried to be greater."

"So you should. I tried to be greater than all others in my time or any time."

"Did you succeed?"

"In my own thought, yes."

"It is all that matters."

"Indeed, yes. Let us have more of that wine."

Pessoa called the waiter.

"Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy."

The waiter looked around.

"The gentleman...?" he asked.

"The gentleman over there."

Plainly bewildered the waiter looked around the crowded room.

"No, here. At this table."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter but made no move.

"Well, then, get the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword."

"His sword?" said the waiter, starting back.

"His sword. He always carries a sword. It is a part of him. But, as you can see, it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his brandy."

The waiter looked at him patiently and reflectively.

"What gentleman, sir?"

"The one you see before you. Senhor Luis de Camoens."

"Why, that's the same name as on the statue in the street!"

"Exactly. It's his statue."

"Well, sir, that statue has been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. He won't need brandy. All he'll want is a bucket of cold water to clean off the mess they leave on his head. No, sir, he don't need brandy, and, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you."

He was turning away to serve the other customers, when he heard in a voice of thunder:

"Bring it!"

The waiter, a little grey about the gills, looked back.

"Did you call, sir?"

"No, but you heard the order."

The waiter left hurriedly for the bar.

He came running back with a full glass which he set down on the table before the poets, of which he was only permitted to see one. He watched the glass being slowly lifted up, tilted back and then set down on the table top empty.

"Holy Virgin!" he yelled and ran full tilt for the door. There was a sudden silence as the guests watched him. Then someone, remembering the tremor that had shaken the city a day or two before, said enquiringly, "Earthquake?" In a second, the word was taken up all round the room, "Earthquake! Terremoto!" And they too fled for the street, knocking over tables and chairs and one another in their haste.

"And now," said Camoens, "I suggest that we return to the pleasant conversation from which we were so rudely interrupted."

"For my part," said Pessoa, "I ~~would~~ ask for nothing better."

"Earthquakes, I see, may have their uses," the elder poet observed.

"They terrify me," admitted the other.

"They do us all, and this fair town has had plenty. But, surely, ever since Ulysses founded it, none was more illusory - unless it was that lying old swashbuckler himself!"

"It makes little difference to me and those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear."

"Not so, my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified."

"Terrified?"

"Terrified. For we know that unless we strike hard and strike first, the other terrified poltroon in front of us will do so and that will be the end of the matter for us."

"We meet on more even terms, then. But is it not true that the Unreal can be as terrifying as the Real?"

"More so for men of wit and imagination."

"And so we drift between the two, like a feather in a changing wind?"

"Or a ship lost at sea."

"Yes, you must have known that too."

"I was shipwrecked twice in the East, but the worst was a storm off the Cape..."

"Of Storms and Good Hope?"

"There was very little of the latter when we battered our way round it in the ship *São Bento*. It blew as it had not blown since Bartolomeu Dias first fought his way round it sixty-seven years before..."

"Was he real? Was your Adamastor real?"

"How true is life? How real is Hate that poisons life? This was Hate itself and we were terrified. The sea poured over us in white floods of fury, took us in its mouth and shook us like a dog with a rat. And all the while I saw him taking shape, the lightning

became his eyes, the black thunder-clouds his wings and the wind his piercing scream; and all the time the great rocks on our lee bared their teeth to receive us. Yes, call him - or it - what you like, it was reality."

He drew himself up and pulled his cloak over his face as though to shut out the scene.

"I must go," he muttered through the folds. His voice had grown suddenly tired.

Pessoa caught him by the sleeve.

"No, tell me first what happened!"

"We...we faced him down, the helmsman and I..."

"Yes?"

"Drove him off. I was, like the others, clinging to what bits of rope I could find and calling on the Virgin and the saints, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw the helmsman fighting the wheel, white with terror and with trembling hands... Somehow I made my way back to him across the plunging, streaming deck. Together we held on... and screamed back at the thing..."

"And then?"

"It went. It drew back... began to squeak and gibber like a bat ... and fled.

.....

No more. *Nada mais*. I must go... "

When Pessoa looked up again, he saw he had been writing on the pad he always carried with him and that a crowd had gathered round

the table, watching him. One of them took up the paper and began to read - he saw that it was his young friend, Almada de Negreiros...

*The monster who lives at the end of the world  
Rose up in the dark of the night to fly;  
Three times around the ship he swirled  
And thrice was heard his screaming cry:  
"Who is this that dares to come and brave  
The dreadful vaults of my secret cave?"  
And the man at the helm trembling said:  
"The King Lord John the Second!"*

*"What sails invade my feeding ground,  
What keels are these I see and hear?"  
Three times he whirled the ship around  
And thrice with gross and filthy leer,  
Yelped out with a terrifying sound:  
"Who dares what I alone may dare,  
Who live where no other is found  
And from the sea pour fathomless fear?"  
The man at the helm trembled and said:  
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*Thrice the wheel from his grip was shaken  
Thrice by his grasping hands retaken,  
Then after trembling three times more he cried:  
"Here at the helm I am more than I.  
I am a People seeking from you the wide  
Domain of land and sea, and though trembling I feel  
Fear of the Monster and the darkening sky,  
Still the will holds me fast to the wheel  
Of the King Lord John the Second!"*

Pessoa heard the murmurs of applause from the crowd: "Ah,

Fernando!" and "Fernando indeed!"

Then he saw Alberto the waiter, step forward, the white napkin on his arm:

"Another drink, Sir?" he said.

*Hubert Jennings*

## AT THE BRASILEIRA

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[2] He saw that someone, muffled to the neck in a dark cloak and wearing a flat velvet cap on his head, was staring at him with a sharp and penetrating eye—the other was closed.

“My sword.”

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“Pardon me, I fear I discommoded you. What, if I may ask, were you looking at so intently?”

“Only a glass of brandy.”

“I thought it might be the Elixir.”

There was a sharpened interest in the pale eyes behind the spectacles.

“Are you a hermetist? An alchemist?”

“In a sense, yes. I am a poet.”

“I am not surprised. There are many of us.”

“Here?”

“Here and everywhere. Outside and inside of us. You may be a part of me.”



"Or you me. Like this sword."

"Is it really a sword? Does it kill?"

"As surely as too much thought or too much living."

"And it is therefore a part of you?"

"I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other upon sorrow. Do the words mean anything to you?"

"Indeed, yes. So you are Luis de Camoens?"

"Does that surprise you?"

[3] "No, it is perhaps what I was looking for in the glass."

"May I look too?"

"And drink from it if you will."

The man in the cloak took the glass and stared at it fixedly with his one bright eye.

"I can see someone there. Like you but more beautiful."

"Brandy lends beauty to some unpromising material."

"This man has your features, but the beauty comes from thought, suffering and a great yearning. I have seen that look in the faces of men who stared at far horizons when we ventured too far into the East... I had a friend once who looked like this—and like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake."

"We all do."

"Yes, if we look too far, too deep. This man's name was ..."

"Sancho. Sancho Pessoa."

"How did you know?"

"I am his grandson many times removed. He left me the thought and the suffering and perhaps a little of the fire too."

The other nodded.

"You too are a poet?"

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"I was the greatest of my time."

"I know. I have tried to be greater."

"So you should. I tried to be greater than all others in my time or any time."

"Did you succeed?"

[4] "In my own thought, yes."

"It is all that matters."

"Indeed, yes. Let us have more of that wine."

Pessoa called the waiter.

"Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy."

The waiter looked around.

"The gentleman...?" he asked.

"The gentleman over there."

Plainly bewildered the waiter looked around the crow[d]ed room.

"No, here. At this table."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter but made no move.

"Well, then, get the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword."

"His sword?" said the waiter, starting back."

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The waiter looked at him patiently and reflectively.

"What gentleman, sir?"

"The one you see before you. Senhor Luis de Camoens."

"Why, that's the same name as on the statue in the street!"

"Exactly. It's his statue."

"Well, sir, that statue has been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. He won't need brandy. All he'll want is a bucket of cold water to clean off the mess they leave on his head. No, sir, he don't need brandy, and, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you."

[5] He was turning to serve the other customers, when he heard in a voice of thunder:

"Bring it!"

The waiter, a little grey about the gills, looked back.

"Did you call, sir?"

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The waiter left hurriedly for the bar.

He came running back with a full glass which he set down on [t]he table before the poets, of which he was only permitted to see one. He watched the glass being slowly lifted up, tilted back and then set down on the table top empty.

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"They terrify me," admitted the other.

"They do us all, and this fair town has had plenty. But, surely, ever since Ulysses founded it, none was more illusory—unless it was that lying old swashbuckler himself!"

[6] "It makes little difference to me and to those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear."

"Not so, my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified."

"Terrified?"

"Terrified. For we know that unless we strike hard and strike first, the other terrified poltroon in front of us will do so and that will be the end of the matter for us."

"We meet in more even terms, then. But is it not true that the Unreal can be as terrifying as the Real?"

"More so for men of wit and imagination."

"And so we drift between the two, like a feather in a changing wind?"

"Or a ship lost at sea."

"Yes, you must have known that too."

"I was shipwrecked twice in the East, but the worst was a storm off the Cape..."

"Of Storms and Good Hope?"

"There was very little of the latter when we battered our way round it in the ship *São Bento*. It blew as it had not blown since Bartolomeu<sup>34</sup> Dias first fought his way round it sixty-seven years before..."

"Was he real? Was your Adamastor real?"

"How true is life? How real is Hate that poisons life? This was hate itself and we were terrified. The sea poured over us in white floods of fury, took us in its mouth and shook us like a dog with a rat. And all the while I saw him taking shape, the lightning [7] became his eyes, the black thunder-clouds his wings and the wind his piercing scream; and all the time the great rocks on our lee bared their teeth to receive us. Yes, call him—or it—what you like, it was reality."

He drew himself up and pulled his cloak over his face as though to shut out the scene.

"I must go," he muttered through the folds. His voice had grown suddenly tired.

Pessoa caught him by the sleeve.

"No, tell me what happened!"

"We... we faced him down, the helmsman and I..."

"Yes?"

"Drove him off. I was, like the others, clinging to what bit of rope I could find and calling on the Virgin and the saints, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw the helmsman fighting the wheel, white with terror and with trembling

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<sup>34</sup> "Bartólomeu," stressed in the document.

hands... Somehow I made my way back to him across the plunging, streaming deck. Together we held on... and screamed back at the thing..."

"And then?"

"It went. It drew back... began to squeak and gibber like a bat... and fled.

.....  
No more. *Nada mais*. I must go..."

When Pessoa looked up again, he saw he had been writing on the pad he always carried with him and that a crowd had gathered round [8] the table, watching him. One of them took up the paper and began to read—he saw that it was his young friend, Almada Negreiros<sup>35</sup>...

*The monster who lives at the end of the world  
Rose up in the dark of the night to fly;  
Three times around the ship he swirled  
And thrice was heard his screaming cry:  
"Who is this that dares to come and brave  
The dreadful vaults of my secret cave?"  
And the man at the helm trembling said:  
"The King Lord John the Second!"*

*"What sails invade my feeding ground,  
What keels are these I see and hear?"  
Three times he whirled the ship around  
And thrice with gross and filthy leer,  
Yelped out with a terrifying sound:  
"Who dares what I alone may dare,  
Who live where no other is found  
And from the sea pour fathomless fear?"  
The man at the helm trembled and said:  
"The King Lord John the Second!"*

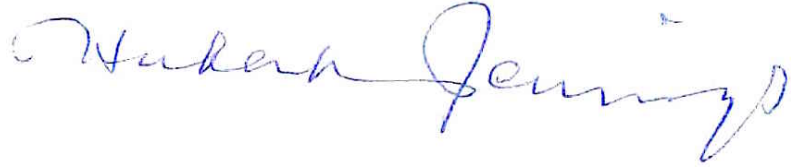
*Thrice the wheel from his grip was shaken  
Thrice by his grasping hands retaken,  
Then after trembling three times more he cried:  
"Here at the helm I am more than I.  
I am a People seeking from you the wide  
Domain of land and sea, and though trembling I feel  
Fear of the Monster and the darkening sky,  
Still the wheel holds me fast to the wheel  
Of the King Lord John the Second"*

---

<sup>35</sup> "Almada de Negreiros" in the document.

Pessoa heard the murmurs of applause from the crowd: "Ah, Fernando!" and "Fernando indeed!"

Then he saw Alberto the waiter, step forward, the white napkin on his arm: "Another drink, Sir? he said.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Hubert Jennings". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.

VI. Facsimiles of the cover and of six pages of the short story "At the Brasileira" published in Contrast #66, in 1988 (this is the fourth of four different versions of the same story); note this is the copy of Contrast #66 found in the Jennings library, and was annotated by Hubert Jennings himself, who made corrections and amendments to the published text.



## HUBERT JENNINGS

### At the *Basileira*

The café was crowded. It was a Friday night and the air cold and murky outside with a mist driving up the Tagus. Every table was full, not only with the regulars but with all the other flotsam of the streets, glad to spend a *tostão* or two to escape the cold outside. In the centre an impromptu *tertulia* had formed to discuss the work of Pascoais whose *Dark Word* had just been published: for this was a literary café — not like the other *Brasileira* in the Lower Town which was 'political'. They said if you went in there on a Friday night and shouted 'Viva Dom Carlos,' you could be fairly certain of a free ride to the cemetery at Mercedes. Here in the Chiado the temperature was more restrained, and while the argument over Pascoais waxed hot and furious and drew many bystanders from other tables, there were still quiet places on the edge of the vortex where some laughed over their own gossip or tried to scribble on odd bits of paper with that detachment that only the Lisbonnese seem able to muster. One of these, a slight figure in a dark suit, which had obviously seen its best days but was meticulously brushed, put down his fountain-pen and paper and began to stare with curious intensity at a glass of brandy through thick pebble spectacles. The spectacles were the most notable feature in the rather heavy face with the Jewish features common enough in Portugal. It was only when you saw the eyes behind the glasses, brown pools of liquid light with tragic depths of melancholy and despair, that you realised this was no common face. A sharp metallic clink sounded on the table before him.

'What was that?' he said, startled.

He saw that someone, muffled to the neck in a dark cloak and wearing a flat velvet cap on his head, was staring at him with a sharp and penetrating eye — the other was closed.

## 58 – HUBERT JENNINGS

'My sword.'

The spectacled man put down his glass, and stared myopically at his visitor.

'Your sword? Ah, yes, now I see. Of course.'

'Pardon me, I fear I discommoded you. What, if I may ask, were you looking at so intently?'

'Only a glass of brandy.'

'I thought it might be the Elixir.'

There was a sharpened interest in the pale eyes behind the spectacles.

'Are you a hermetist? An alchemist?'

'In a sense, yes,' replied the other, 'I am a poet.'

'I am not surprised. There are many of us.'

'Here?'

'Here and everywhere. Outside and inside of us. You may be a part of me.'

'Or you of me. Like this sword.'

'Is it really a sword? Does it kill?'

'As surely as too much thought or too much living.'

'And it is therefore a part of you?'

'I have lived with one hand on the sword and the other upon sorrow. Do the words mean anything to you?'

'Indeed, yes. So you are Luis de Camões?' *Camões*

'Does that surprise you?'

'No, it is perhaps what I was looking for in the glass.'

'May I look too?'

'And drink from it if you will.'

The man in the cloak took the glass and stared at it fixedly with his one bright eye.

'I can see someone there. Like you but more beautiful.'

'Brandy lends beauty to some unpromising material.'

'This man has your features, but the beauty comes from thought, suffering and a great yearning. I have seen that look on the faces of men who stared at far horizons when we ventured too far into the East. I had a friend once who looked like this — and like you. He was a Jew and died at the stake.'

'We all do.'

'Yes, if we look too far, too deep. This man's name was . . .'

*SANCHO*

'Samson. Samson Pessoa.'

'How did you know?'



## AT THE BRASILEIRA — 59

'I am his grandson many times removed. He left me the thought and the suffering and perhaps a little of the fire too.'

The other nodded.

'You too are a poet?'

'The greatest of my time.'

Again the cloaked man nodded approvingly.

'I was the greatest of my time.'

'I know. I have tried to be greater.'

'So you should. I tried to be greater than all others in my time or any time.'

'Did you succeed?'

'In my own thought, yes.'

'It is all that matters.'

'Indeed, yes. Let us have more of that wine.'

Pessoa called the waiter.

'Alberto, bring the gentleman a glass of brandy.'

The waiter looked around.

'The gentleman . . .?' he asked.

'The gentleman over there.'

Plainly bewildered the waiter looked around the crowded room.

'No, here. at this table . . .'

'Yes, sir,' said the waiter but made no move.

'Well, then, get the gentleman his drink. And don't knock over his sword.'

'His sword?' said the waiter, starting back.

'His sword. He always carries a sword. It is part of him.

But, as you can see, it can be detached. Now get the gentleman his brandy.'

The waiter looked at him patiently and reflectively.

'What gentleman, sir?'

'The one you see before you. Senhor Luis de Camões.'

'Why, that's the same name as on the statue in the street!'

'Exactly. It's his statue.'

'Well, sir, that statue has been a perching place for pigeons as long as I or anybody else can remember. He won't need brandy. All he'll want is a bucket of cold water to clean off the mess they leave on his head. No, sir, he don't need brandy, and, if you'll excuse me saying so, sir, neither do you.'

## 60 – HUBERT JENNINGS

'He was turning away to serve the other customers, when he heard in a voice of thunder:

'Bring it!'

The waiter, a little grey about the gills, looked back.

'Did you call, sir?'

'No, but you heard the order.'

The waiter left hurriedly for the bar.

He came running back with a full glass which he set down before the two poets, of whom he was only permitted to see one. He watched the glass being slowly lifted up, tilted back and then set down on the table top empty.

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'They terrify me,' admitted the other.

'They do us all, and this fair town has had plenty. But, surely, never since Ulysses founded it was one more illusory – unless it was that lying old swashbuckler himself!'

'It makes little difference to me and those like me, the fear is the same. But you are a soldier and valorous, you feel no fear.'

'Not so, my friend. On the contrary, on the field of battle we are terrified . . .'

'Terrified?'

'Terrified. For we know that unless we strike hard and strike first, the other terrified poltroon in front of us will do so and that will be the end of the matter for us.'

'We meet on more even terms then. But is it not true that the Unreal can be as terrifying as the Real?'

'More so, for men of wit and imagination.'

( AT THE BRASILEIRA — 61

'And so we drift between the two, like a feather in a changing wind?'

'Or a ship lost at sea.'

'Yes, you must have known that too.'

'I was shipwrecked twice in the East, but the worst was a storm off the Cape . . .'

'Of Storms and Good Hope?'

'There was very little of the latter when we battered our way round it in the ship *São Bento*. It blew as it had not blown since Bartólemeu Dias first fought his way round it sixty-seven years before . . .'

'Was he real? Was your Adamastor real?'

'He was as real as terror and imagination could make anything. The sea poured over us in white floods of fury, took us in its mouth and shook us like a dog with a rat. And all the while I saw him taking shape, the lightning became his eyes, the black thunder-clouds his wings and the wind his piercing scream; and all the time the great rocks on our lee bared their teeth to receive us. Yes call him — or it — what you like, it was reality.'

He drew himself up and pulled his cloak over his face as though to shut out the scene.

'I must go,' he muttered through the folds. His voice had grown suddenly tired.

Pessoa caught him by the sleeve.

'No, tell me first what happened!'

*ohet* ~~We~~ We faced him down, the helmsman and I . . .'

'Yes?'

'Drove him off. I was like the others clinging to what bits of rope I could find and calling on the Virgin and the saints, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw the helmsman fighting the wheel, white with terror and with trembling hands . . . Somehow I made my way to him across the plunging, streaming deck. Together we held on . . . and screamed back at the thing . . .'

'And then?'

'It went. It drew back . . . began to squeak and gibber like a bat . . . and fled. No more, *Nada mais*. I must go . . .'

When Pessoa looked up again, he saw he had been writing on the pad he always carried with him and that a crowd had gathered round the table, watching him. One of

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them took up the paper and began to read — he saw it was his young friend, Almada de Negreiros . . .

The monster who lives at the end of the world  
Rose up in the dark of the night to fly;  
Three times around the ship he swirled  
And thrice was heard his screaming cry:  
'Who is this that dares to come and brave  
The dreadful vaults of my secret cave?'  
And the man at the helm trembling said:  
'The King Lord John the Second!'

'What sails invade my feeding ground,  
What keels are these I see and hear?'  
Three times he whirled the ship around  
And thrice with gross and filthy leer,  
Yelped out with a terrifying sound:  
'Who dares what I alone may dare,  
Who live where no other is found  
And from the sea pour fathomless fear?'  
The man at the helm trembled and said:  
'The King Lord John the Second!'

Thrice the wheel from his grip was shaken  
Thrice by his grasping hands retaken,  
Then after trembling three times more he cried:  
'Here at the helm I am more than I.  
I am a People seeking from you the wide  
Domain of land and sea, and though trembling I feel  
Fear of the Monster and the darkening sky,  
Still the will holds me fast to the wheel  
Of the King Lord John the Second!'

Pessoa heard the murmurs of applause from the crowd:  
'Ah, Fernando!' and 'Fernando indeed!'

Then he saw Alberto the waiter, step forward, the white  
napkin on his arm:

'Another drink, Sir?' he said.

# From Michael and Teca: two unpublished letters to Hubert Jennings

Susan Margaret Brown\*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, correspondence, Pessoa's family, Henriqueta Madalena Nogueira dos Santos Rosa ("Teca"), Luiz Miguel Nogueira Rosa ("Michael"), Fernando Pessoa's estate.

## Abstract

What follows is the transcription of two letters written to Hubert D. Jennings, one by Pessoa's half-brother Michael (born Luiz Miguel) Nogueira Rosa, the other by Pessoa's half-sister Henriqueta Madelena Dias, known to her friends as "Teca." Together they offer the only evidence we have in the Jennings archive of a correspondence with Pessoa's family. Michael's letter is largely a response to Jennings's questions regarding his translations of Pessoa, Pessoa's English poems, and the prospect of Jennings's own book on the poet; Teca's is full of personal memories of time spent in South Africa and at the family residence on Rua Coelho da Rocha. The letters complement each other: one adds to our knowledge of how Pessoa's estate was managed; the other gives us an account of Pessoa's daily routine upon his return to Lisbon in 1905. A general introduction and explanatory notes accompany the transcription of the letters.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, correspondência, família Pessoa, Henriqueta Madalena Nogueira dos Santos Rosa ("Teca"), Luiz Miguel Nogueira Rosa ("Michael"), espólio de Fernando Pessoa.

## Resumo

Transcrevem-se aqui duas cartas endereçadas a Hubert D. Jennings, uma escrita por Michael (nascido Luiz Miguel) Nogueira Rosa e outra por Henriqueta Madelena Dias, conhecida por seus amigos como "Teca" – respectivamente irmão e irmã de Fernando Pessoa por parte de mãe. Em conjunto, essas cartas oferecem a única evidência no arquivo Jennings de uma correspondência com a família de Pessoa. A carta de Michael é, em grande parte, uma resposta às perguntas de Jennings sobre suas traduções de Pessoa, sobre poemas ingleses de Pessoa, e sobre o prospecto de um livro do próprio Jennings sobre o poeta; a carta de Teca é repleta de memórias pessoais sobre tempos passados na África do Sul e na residência da família na Rua Coelho da Rocha. As cartas complementam-se: uma acresce ao nosso conhecimento de como o espólio pessoano foi gerenciado; a outra dá-nos um testemunho sobre o dia-a-dia da família de Pessoa quando do seu regresso a Lisboa em 1905. Uma introdução geral e notas explicativas acompanham a transcrição das cartas.

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The two letters here reproduced and found among the Jennings papers are from Fernando Pessoa's two siblings: his half-brother Michael (nicknamed "Lhi") and his half-sister Henriqueta Madelena Dias (known to her friends as "Teca"). Both siblings were born in Durban: Teca, on October 22, 1898, and Michael two years later, on January 11, 1900. A third sibling, João Maria (aka "John"), was born on January 17, 1903. Pessoa left Durban to return to Portugal definitively in August of 1905, but his siblings remained in South Africa for another fifteen years. They continued to live in Durban until June 1911, when the family moved to Pretoria—where their father (Pessoa's stepfather) had been named consul general of Portugal—and where they remained until March 30, 1920, approximately six months after his death on October 7, 1919. At that point Teca returned to Portugal, married three years later and raised a family there; the two brothers went to London to continue their education, and eventually set up permanent residence in England. While most of the correspondence between Pessoa and his siblings while they were in Pretoria—and with Michael and John after they moved to London—is believed to be lost, a number of postcards and letters between Pessoa and his siblings do exist<sup>1</sup>, some of them still unpublished.

In order to contextualize the letters from Michael and Teca to Hubert Jennings, it is useful to recall why Jennings became interested in Pessoa in the first place. When, in 1959, Jennings began work on his history of Durban High School, he came across a letter from Roy Campbell (in London) to Bill Payn, his friend and teacher (in Durban). "Guess what," he wrote, "I have just discovered that Fernando Pessoa, the finest poet in any language of this half-century, had also gone to the Durban High School" (JENNINGS, 1979: 17). Unfortunately, Campbell would never know his revelation's impact on Jennings, for he had died tragically in a car accident in Setúbal, in 1957—two years before Jennings found the letter. We, on the other hand, can appreciate just how inspired Jennings must have felt by those words, how immediate and intense his interest in Pessoa became as a result of them. When Jennings's book on the Durban High School (DHS) appeared in 1966, it contained two whole chapters on Pessoa: a sensitive assessment of the poet in Chapter 14, entitled "That Long Patience which is Genius" (pp. 99-110) and a highly imaginative account of the poet as a young school boy in Chapter 15, "Judica Me Deus" (pp. 111-116). But this was just the beginning.

As Jennings confided in his 1979 essay "In Search of Fernando Pessoa," he and Alex Severino<sup>2</sup>—with whom he had begun a correspondence in 1964—agreed

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<sup>1</sup> See Manuela Nogueira's book, *Imagens de Uma Vida*, in the bibliography; the book contains a picture of Pessoa's three siblings in Pretoria (pp. 54-59), a number of postcards from Fernando to each of his siblings in Pretoria (pp. 55-58), two postcards (p. 73 & 92) and one letter (p. 76) from Michael to Pessoa, and one postcard (p. 72) plus one letter (p.86) from Teca to Pessoa (p. 72).

<sup>2</sup> Alex[andrino] Severino (1931-1993) completed his dissertation on Pessoa in South Africa at the University of São Paulo in 1966, the same year that Jennings published his history of the DHS.

that what was missing from each of their studies was “a sufficient and cogent word from the poet himself” (JENNINGS, 1979: 18). Even though they had found so little from the poet’s time spent in South Africa—no more than two poems in English, one poem in Portuguese, and a “brilliant and astonishingly adult” essay written in December 1904—neither was willing to believe, as João Gaspar Simões did, that all evidence of Pessoa’s life in Durban was to be found in South Africa. It was this determination to sift through all of Pessoa’s papers, in an effort to find more traces of his formative years, that led Jennings to spend eighteen months in Lisbon with a grant from the Gulbenkian Foundation, during the period of 1968-69. At the age of seventy-two, Jennings would learn Portuguese and attend lectures at the University of Lisbon, in order to be better equipped to immerse himself in the Pessoa archive, along with other Pessoaan scholars such as Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto do Prado Coelho (PESSOA, 1966; *see facsimiles after the bibliography*). This is why the four-year time frame of these two letters (1966-1970) is key here.

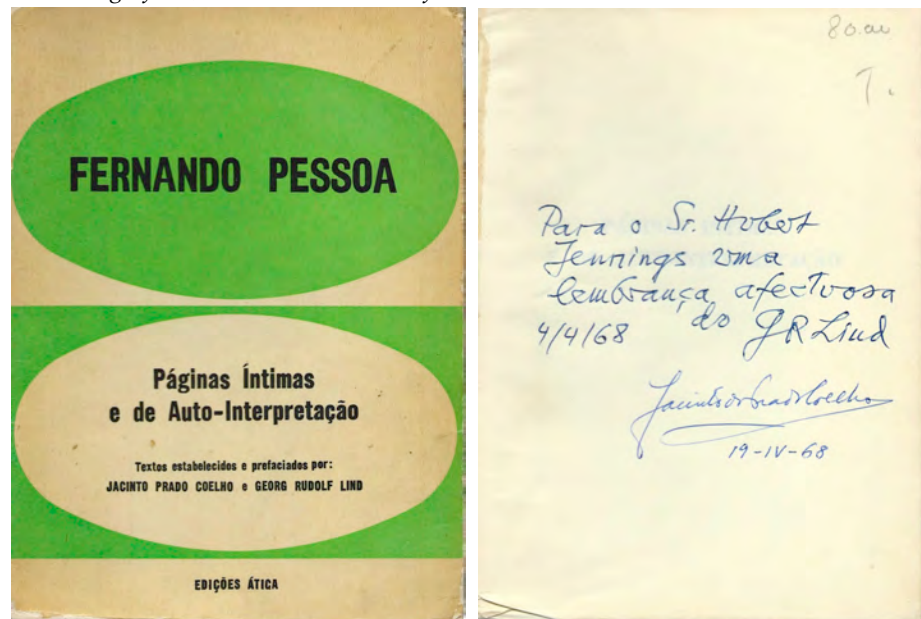
Already seventy years old when he wrote to Michael in November of 1966, Jennings was at the brink of something unforeseeable and new. He had learned enough about Pessoa to know that he wanted to find out more. Indeed, one can imagine Jennings at the time through the same lens with which he had seen Pessoa, as “an adventurer into the world of the spirit no less bold than Vasco da Gama had been into the physical world” (JENNINGS, 1966: 106).

By 1970, the year of Teca’s letter, Jennings has already met both her and her husband, Coronel Francisco Caetano Dias (known as “Chico”), who was curator of the *espólio* (Pessoa’s estate) at that time. Furthermore, Jennings had seen the contents of the trunk containing Pessoa’s papers and memorabilia, housed in Chico and Teca’s home—and he had spent a year and a half tirelessly investigating the contents of that chest: manuscripts, documents, scattered poems, stories, essays, plus a vast array of non-literary things—postcards, letters, newspaper cuttings, school reports, examination certificates, fragments of homework, games, tricks, puzzles, cricket scores...

The two letters presented here tend to complement each other. While the focus of Michael’s is primarily to provide Jennings with information that can facilitate further work on Pessoa, Teca’s focuses on the personal dimension, portraying an amusing man with a puckish sense of humor, who often chose to be aloof but also loved to read what he’d just written to other family members at the dinner table and who adored playing games with his niece and nephew (NOGUEIRA, 2015). One letter is replete with tender memories; the other, full of details on the earliest stages of Jennings’s scholarship within the archive. Read in tandem, these two documents offer new and often surprising details regarding Pessoa.

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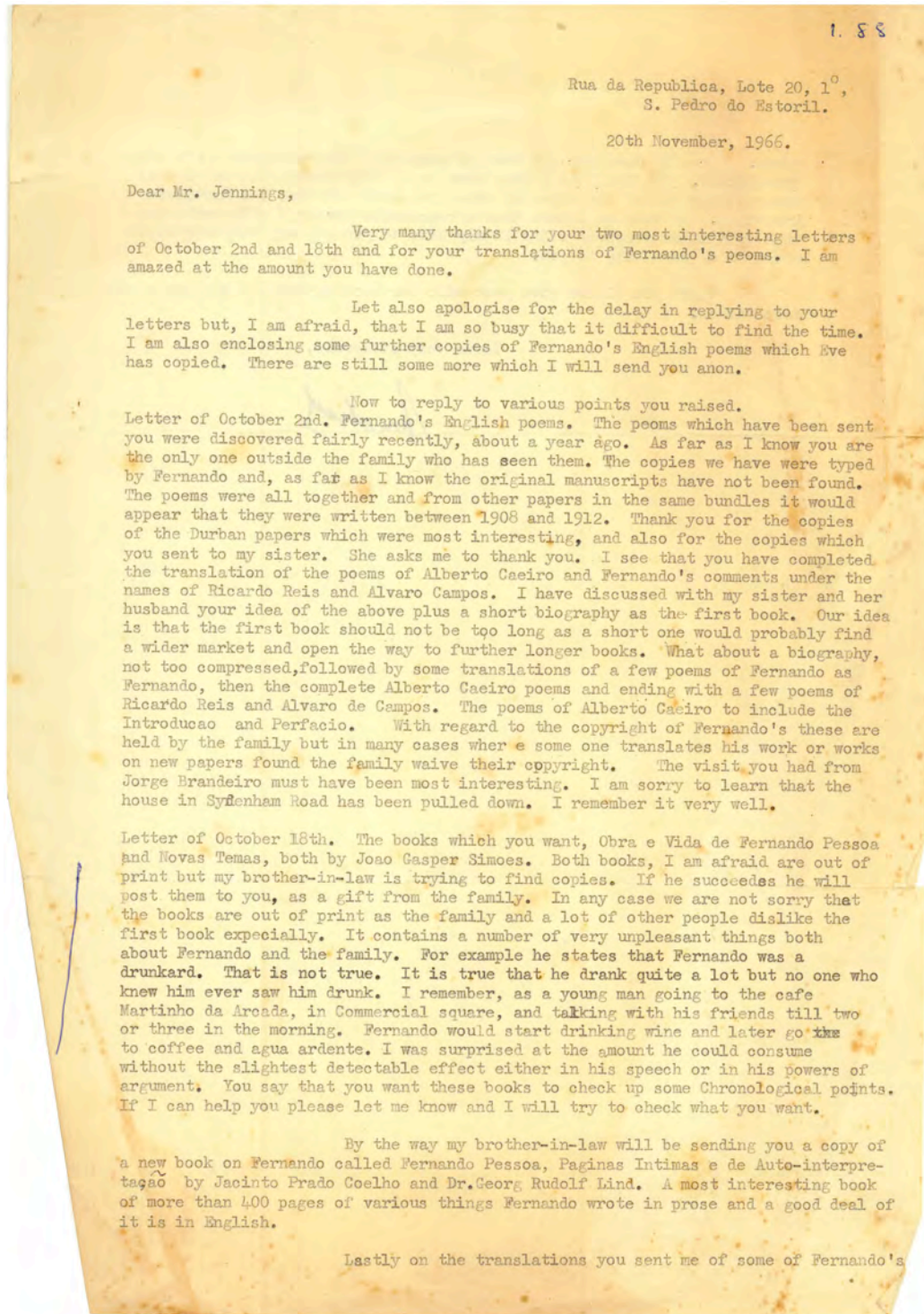


[Cover of PESSOA, 1966, and inscription from Lind & Coelho to Jennings, 1968]



## Documents

I. Unpublished letter. One piece of paper typed on both sides and signed by "Michael," Luiz Miguel Nogueira Rosa, half-brother of Fernando Pessoa. Typed in black ink, with the signature in blue ink, and the note "1-88" appended (probably by the receiver, Hubert Jennings) to the top of p. 1. Sent from S. Pedro do Estoril, Portugal. Dated "20<sup>th</sup> November 1966."



poems. I really have not got down to comparing the Portuguese with your translation. The few I have done seem to me to be very good and I must congratulate you at the speed at which you have mastered the Portuguese language. As soon as I have done a reasonable number I will write you with my opinion whatever value it may have to you and any comments which might be of some help to you.

Would you please give your wife our best wishes and Eve sends you her best wishes.

Yours very sincerely,

Michael

Rua da Republica, Lote 20, 1º,  
S. Pedro do Estoril.

20<sup>th</sup> November, 1966.

Dear Mr. Jennings,

Very many thanks for your two most interesting letters of October 2<sup>nd</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> and for your translations of Fernando's poems<sup>3</sup>. I am amazed at the amount you have done.

Let [me] also apologise for the delay in replying to your letters but, I am afraid, that I am so busy that it [is] difficult to find the time. I am also enclosing some further copies of Fernando's English poems which Eve has copied. There are still some more which I will send you anon.

Now to reply to various points you raised.

Letter of October 2<sup>nd</sup>. Fernando's English poems. The poems<sup>4</sup> which have been sent [to] you were discovered fairly recently, about a year ago. As far as I know you are the only one outside the family who has seen them.<sup>5</sup> The copies we have were typed by Fernando and, as far as I know the original manuscripts have not been found. The poems were all together and from other papers in the same bundles it would appear that they were written between 1908 and 1912. Thank you for the copies of the Durban papers which were most interesting, and also for the copies which you sent to my sister.<sup>6</sup> She asks me to thank you. I see that you have completed the translation of the poems of Alberto Caeiro<sup>7</sup> and Fernando's comments under the names of Ricardo Reis and Alvaro [de] Campos. I have discussed with my sister and her husband your idea of the above plus a short biography as the first book. Our idea is that the first book should not be too long[,] as a short one would probably find a wider market and open the way to further longer books. What about a biography, not too compressed, followed by some translations of a few poems of Fernando as Fernando, then the complete Alberto Caeiro poems and ending with a few poems of Ricardo Reis and Alvaro de

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<sup>3</sup> "peoms" in the document, a typo.

<sup>4</sup> "peoms" again, a typo.

<sup>5</sup> This may be true, but we cannot rule out the possibility that Georg Rudolf Lind had also seen those poems, as he had been working with the Pessoa archive since the early sixties and paying particular attention to Pessoa's English poems.

<sup>6</sup> The "Durban papers" is most likely a reference to documents Jennings found (on Pessoa's earliest years in South Africa) while writing his book on the history of the Durban High School; many of these documents appear in the Appendix of Jennings's 1984 book, *Os Dois Exílios* (pp.179-210).

<sup>7</sup> These unpublished translations of Caeiro's poems were found among the Jennings papers.

Campos.<sup>8</sup> The poems of Alberto Caeiro to include the *Introdução* and *Prefácio*<sup>9</sup>. With regard to the copyright of Fernando's these are held by the family but in many cases where some one translates his work or works on new papers found[,] the family waive their copyright. The visit you had with Jorge Brandeiro<sup>10</sup> must have been most interesting. I am sorry to learn that the house in Sydenham Road has been pulled down.<sup>11</sup> I remember it very well.

Letter of October 18<sup>th</sup>. The books which you want, *Obra e Vida de Fernando Pessoa* and *Novos Temas*<sup>12</sup>, both by João Gaspar Simões<sup>13</sup>. Both books, I am afraid are out of print but my brother-in-law is trying to find copies. If he succeeds<sup>14</sup> he will post them to you, as a gift from the family. In any case we are not sorry that the books are out of print as the family and a lot of other people dislike the first book especially<sup>15</sup>. It contains a number of very unpleasant things both about Fernando and the family. For example he states that Fernando was a drunkard. That is not true. It is true that he drank quite a lot but no one who knew him ever saw him drunk. I remember, as a young man going to the cafe Martinho da Arcada, in Commercial square<sup>16</sup>, and talking with his friends till two or three in the morning. Fernando would start drinking wine and later go to coffee and *agua ardente*<sup>17</sup>. I was surprised at the amount he could consume without the slightest detectable effect either in his speech or in his powers of argument. You say that you want these books to check up [on] some Chronological points. If I can help you please let me know and I will try to check what you want.

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<sup>8</sup> Jennings would eventually complete such a book by 1974, giving it the title *The Poet with Many Faces*. Due to events connected to the Carnation Revolution in Portugal, the book remained unpublished—but its proofs were found among the Jennings papers now at the John Hay library.

<sup>9</sup> "Introducao and Perfacio" in the original, with a typo and without cedilla or tilde. This could be a reference to the prefaces written by Pessoa himself, under the name of Ricardo Reis, to introduce the poems of Alberto Caeiro—texts which have been included in publications of Caeiro's poetry.

<sup>10</sup> In the initial lines of his essay "In Search of Fernando Pessoa" (1979: 16), Jennings describes a sketch of Pessoa by artist Jorge Brandeiro, who Jennings had met at an exhibition in Durban (see Haresnape's review of Jennings's *Contrast* articles in this same issue of *Plural*). Alexandrino Severino published a picture of the portrait in his book *Fernando Pessoa e o Mar Português* (1988: 118), with a plaque which reads: "Fernando Pessoa / Great Portuguese Poet / Durban High School 1899-1904 / Presented by Jorge Brandeiro in 1972."

<sup>11</sup> A street in Durban where the family of Pessoa lived, sometime between 1905 and 1911.

<sup>12</sup> "Novas Temas" in the original, a typo. Both books by Simões are in the bibliography.

<sup>13</sup> "Joao Gaspar Simoes" in the original, without tildes.

<sup>14</sup> "succeedes" in the document, a typo.

<sup>15</sup> "expecially" in the document, a typo.

<sup>16</sup> In Portuguese, it is known as "Praça do Comércio," normally translated as "Commerce Square."

<sup>17</sup> A strong alcoholic beverage often made from fermenting and then distilling sugar cane.

By the way my brother-in-law will be sending you a copy of a new book on Fernando called *Fernando Pessoa, Páginas Intimas e de Auto-interpretação* by Jacinto Prado Coelho and Dr. Georg Rudolf Lind.<sup>18</sup> A most interesting book of more than 400 pages of various things Fernando wrote in prose and a good deal of it is in English.

Lastly on the translations you sent me of some of Fernando's [2]<sup>19</sup> poems. I really have not got down to comparing the Portuguese with your translation. The few I have done seem to me to be very good and I must congratulate you at the speed<sup>20</sup> at which you have mastered the Portuguese language<sup>21</sup>. As soon as I have done a reasonable number I will write you with my opinion[,] whatever value it may have to you[,] and any comments which might be of some help to you.

Would you please give your wife our best wishes and Eve sends you her best wishes.

Yours very sincerely,



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<sup>18</sup> Jacinto Prado Coelho was one of Jennings's professors when he attended lectures at the University in Lisbon in 1968. Jennings worked closely with both him and Lind on their common pursuit of investigating the Pessoa archive. In his essay "In Search of Fernando Pessoa," Jennings writes the following about Lind: "I also met such enthusiasts as Georg Rudolf Lind who has probably collected more unpublished Pessoa texts than any other researcher and who made me a present of his collection of Pessoa's English poems which I helped to correct" (JENNINGS, 1979: 20).

<sup>19</sup> We indicate here where the second page starts, though the pages are not numbered.

<sup>20</sup> "spped" in the document, a typo.

<sup>21</sup> "languague" in the document, a typo.

II. Unpublished letter. Two leaves (four pages) in total, with the numbers "2" to "4" (no number on p. 1) on the top margins of each page. Handwritten in black ink, with the note "I-71" appended (probably by the receiver, Hubert Jennings) twice, in blue and red inks, to the top of the p. 1. Sent from Lisbon. Dated "May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1970." Signed by "Teca," Henriqueta Madalena Nogueira dos Santos Rosa, half-sister of Fernando Pessoa.

I 71

Lisbon, May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1970.

I 71

Dear Hubert,

So sorry to have kept you waiting so long for an answer to your letter, for which thank you very much. I've been trying to collect several details on Fernando's life which might interest you. They may not all fit in with your work, but that you must decide.

The years that Fernando lived in Portugal before we (Mother, Michael, John & I) arrived from South Africa, were spent mainly with relations at first (Grand aunts & his grand-mother, D. Dionisia, on his father's side) later periodically with a younger aunt (mother's sister, Ana Luisa & her two children Mário & Maria) to whom he was deeply attached. During the first years of his life in Portugal Mother & Father (his step-father) sent him regularly a pension until he could live on his own. When his grand-mother Dionisia Seabra Pessoa died, he came into some money - with it he let a small flat, bought some furniture & lived there for some time (I ignore how long, but know it was in Rua Gonçalves Crespo) with a house-keeper called Emilia & her ~~small~~ daughter. During those years he moved several times into other lodgings, but had somebody always to keep him tidy, (a char or dach) had meals at friends & relations very often but sometimes avoided them to their great distress because he was loved by all & enjoyed his company. He was the one who chose seclusion, even when living with others. In spite of all this, he was very fond of children & took great pains to amuse them. Manuela & Luiz Miguel still remember the stories & little poems

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He used to make up to amuse them. Manuela enjoyed pretending she was shaving F. so he would sit her on his knee, have his face smeared with soap-lather & scraped with some non-cutting implement. This took place very often, at Rua Coelho da Rocha, whenever she was inclined to do it & he was willing. He never shaved himself at home, always went to the barber. In this same street there was a man called Marnáças who he considered his friend & who shaved him daily for years.

When we arrived from South Africa, after my Father's death - Mother had had a stroke years before in Bitoria - her left side was paralysed. After a short stay at some relations we went to live ~~at~~ Rua Coelho da Rocha - 16 - 1<sup>st</sup> floor (not Lapa as you mention in your letter), which is very near the Estrela Cathedral in Estrela Square. Fernando, Mother & I lived there for many years. Michael & John stayed there with us for a very short time because they were going to England to continue their studies & were only waiting until all was arranged. These two were absent in England for 13 years, in fact Mother never saw them again. When I was married & went away for my honeymoon, Mother & F. remained at R. Coelho da Rocha with a housekeeper & her daughter. There was no separate entrance to this flat. Yes, Fernando did change his room & so did Chico & I because a wall had to be pulled down to enlarge the dining-room which was very small, larger furniture had to be put in & the family was larger. During the years at Rua C. da R. - during Fernando's life (because we still lived there several years after his death) Chico & I were absent for several periods of time - but wherever we went, first by a favour at Buraca, later Evora & then Estoril we always had a spare room for Fernando & he used to come

3

+ go whenever he pleased.  
 It is possible that Fernando must have spent many hours in the cafe's, both afternoon + evenings as that was the place he chose to meet some of his friends (mostly writers) being nearer + more at hand to the offices + places where he worked at.

When he lived with us, he had his meals always with us, of course, it was then he chose to read what he had written a few hours before. During a few months, when we were absent at a farm when we were firstly married - Tia Annica, her daughter Maria, her husband Paul with their 2 children Eduardo + ~~Maria~~ Helena stayed with Fernando in that flat.

All my children were born at Rua G. da Rocha - a first child named Maria Leonor, who died when she was 14 months of age, Manuela + Luiz Miguel, all in Fernando's time.

Fernando was very fond of playing tricks when he was a boy. He enjoyed dressing up with rather frightening paraphernalia to scare the servants. Amuse him self making up all sorts of living stories in which we (Michael, John + I) were the chief characters. All this took place at 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue in

Dearborn. He was very much afraid of thunder storms + used to hide in dark places <sup>to avoid the lightning</sup> <sup>cover his head not to hear the thunder.</sup> <sup>wish I could remember more that will</sup> be of any help to you.

I believe Alex Severino is coming to Portugal in July + August. At least that is what Michael told me.

Four women still come every afternoon to work on the inventory of F.'s papers. I haven't the slightest idea when it will all be over.



4.

If there is any more you would like to know or be in doubt about Fernando please let me know.

Did you ever read the article Manuel wrote on F. for the magazine "Flama"?

Eve + Michael were away in England for a fortnight very recently. Eve came back ill with something like jaundice + has been in bed ever since.

I hope you both managed to visit Lawrence Marques + enjoyed it. Try not to forget your Portuguese which was already marvellous.

Kindest regards from my family + my-self to you + Irene

Yours sincerely

Teca

Lisbon, May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1970.<sup>22</sup>

Dear Hubert,

So sorry to have kept you waiting so long for an answer to your letter, for which [I] thank you very much. I've been trying to collect several details on Fernando's life which might interest you. They may not all fit in with your work, but *that* you must decide.

The years that Fernando lived in Portugal before we (Mother, Michael, John & I) arrived from South Africa, were spent mainly with relations at first—(2 old aunts & his grandmother, D. Dionisia, on his father's side) later periodically with a younger aunt (Mother's sister, Ana Luisa & her two children Mário & Maria) to whom he was deeply attached. During the first years of his life in Portugal[,] Mother & Father (his step-father) sent him regularly a pension until he could live on his own. When his grand-mother Dionisia Seabra Pessoa died, he came into some money—with it he let a small flat, bought some furniture & lived there for some time (I ignore how long, but know it was in Rua Gonçalves Crespo) with a house-keeper called Emilia & her <small>/little\ daughter. During those years he moved several time[s] into other lodgings, but had somebody always to keep him tidy, (a char<sup>23</sup> or daily) had meals at friends & relations very often but sometimes avoided them to their great distress because he was loved by all & [they] enjoyed his company. He was the one who chose seclusion, even when living with others.<sup>24</sup> In spite of all this, he was very fond of children & took great pains to amuse them. Manuela & Luiz Miguel still remember the stories & little poems [2]<sup>25</sup> he used to make up to amuse them. Manuela enjoyed pretending she was shaving F. so he would sit her on his knee, have his face smeared<sup>26</sup> with soap-lather & scraped with some non-cutting implement—This took place very often at Rua Coelho da Rocha, whenever she was inclined to do it & he was willing. He never shaved himself at home, always went to the barber. In this same street there was a man called <m>/M\anáças who he considered his friend & who shaved him daily for years.

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<sup>22</sup> Note that Teca's letter is written shortly after Jennings had spent his eighteen months in Lisbon, which explains her remarks on his command of the Portuguese language (at the end of the letter).

<sup>23</sup> char: charwoman, a woman employed as a cleaner in a house or office.

<sup>24</sup> In Chapter 14 of his book on the history of Durban High School, Jennings had written the following: "To his sister who kept house for him, he [Pessoa] was a complete enigma. 'He never seemed to sleep,' she [Teca] told Miss [Maria da Encarnação] Monteiro, 'Either prowling about the house all night and not saying a word, or writing all night and throwing his writings into a large wooden coffer in the corner of the room'; and she resolved the matter in her own mind by deciding that he was mad." (JENNINGS, 1966: 105).

<sup>25</sup> The document presents the page numbers on the top right margins; we indicate the page numbers within brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the text flow.

<sup>26</sup> "smeered" in the letter, a typo.

When we arrived from South Africa, after my Father's death—Mother had had a stroke years before in Pretoria—her left side was paralysed. After a short stay at some relations we went to live at Rua Coelho da Rocha—16—1<sup>st</sup> floor (not Lapa as you mention in your letter), which is very near the Estrela Cathedral in Estrela Square. Fernando, Mother & I lived there for many years. Michael & John stayed there with us for a very short time because they were going to England to continue their studies & were only waiting until all was arranged. These two were absent in England for 13 years, in fact Mother never saw them again. When I was married & went away for my honey-moon, Mother & F. remained at R. Coelho da Rocha with a housekeeper & her daughter. There was no separate entrance to this flat. Yes, Fernando did change his room & so did Chico & I because a wall had to be pulled down to enlarge the dining-room which was very small, larger furniture had to be put in & the family was larger. During the years at Rua C. da R. & during Fernando's life (because we still lived there several years after his death) Chico & I were absent for several periods of time—but wherever we went, firstly a farm at Buraca, later Evora & then Estoril we always had a spare room for Fernando & he used to come [3] & go whenever he pleased.

It is possible that Fernando must have spent many hours in the cafés, both afternoon & evenings as that was the place he chose to meet some of his friends (mostly writers) being nearer & more at hand to the offices & places where he worked at.

When he lived with us, he had his meals always with us, of course, it was then he chose to read what he had written a few hours before. During a few months, when we were absent at a farm when we were firstly married—Tia Annica, her daughter Maria, her husband Raul with their 2 children Eduardo & Helena stayed with Fernando in that flat.

All my children were born at Rua C. da Rocha. A first child named Maria Leonor, who died when she was 14 months of age, Manuela & Luiz Miguel, all in Fernando's time.

Fernando was very fond of playing tricks when he was a boy. He enjoyed dressing up with rather frightening paraphernalia to scare the servants, amuse himself making up all sorts of living stories in which we (Michael, John & I) were the chief characters. All this took place at 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Durban<sup>27</sup>. [→ He was very much afraid of thunder storms & used to hide in dark places to avoid the lightening & cover his head not to hear the thunder.]

I wish I could remember more that will be of any help to you.

I believe Alex Severino is coming to Portugal in July & August. At least that is what Michael told me.

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<sup>27</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Durban is where the family first lived once in South Africa; later, after Pessoa had returned to Lisbon in Aug. 1905, they moved to Sydenham Road, mentioned in Michael's letter.

Four women still come every afternoon to work on the inventory of F.'s papers. I haven't the slightest idea when it will all be over.<sup>28</sup>

[4] If there is any more you would like to know or be in doubt about Fernando[,] please let me know.

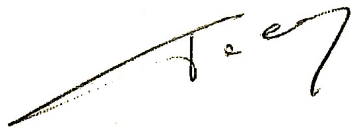
Did you ever read the article Manuela wrote on F. for the magazine "Flama"?

Eve & Michael were away in England for a fortnight very recently. Eve came back ill with something like jaundice & has been in bed ever since.

I hope you both managed to visit Lourenço Marques & enjoyed it. Try not to forget your Portuguese which was already marvellous.

Kindest regards from my family & my-self to you & Irene.

Yours sincerely,




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<sup>28</sup> The "four women" mentioned are most likely the first four librarians who worked on the initial inventory of Pessoa's literary estate: beginning work on November 14, 1969, Maria Laura Nobre dos Santos and Alexandrina Cruz were the first two archivists to formally catalogue Pessoa's papers, being joined, on January 11, 1970, by Rosa Maria Montenegro e Lídia Pimentel. The four worked on the inventory at Teca's house until August 1, 1970, when about four thousand documents were transferred to the Biblioteca Nacional de Portugal (BNP, National Library of Portugal), against the advice of the archivists. The work continued at BNP until December 31, 1970, when the initial inventorying was suspended, much to the surprise of the four librarians. Only in June 1971 would the work resume, led by a totally different group of archivists. Most of this information comes from SANTOS *et al* (1988: 199-213).

# Uys Krige and the South African afterlife of Fernando Pessoa

Stefan Helgesson\*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Roy Campbell, Armand Guibert, Hubert Jennings, Uys Krige, Afrikaans, the world republic of letters

## Abstract

Three letters to Hubert Jennings—two of them from the Afrikaans poet Uys Krige, one from the French poet Armand Guibert—prompt a reconsideration of the South African reception of Fernando Pessoa. Although this reception was and is clearly limited, Krige emerges here as a key individual connecting Jennings, Guibert, Roy Campbell and—by extension—Fernando Pessoa in a transnational literary network structured according to the logic of what Pascale Casanova has called “the world republic of letters” (*La République Mondiale des Lettres*). As such, however, this historical network has limited purchase on the contemporary concerns of South African literature. The letters alert us, thereby, not just to the inherent transnationalism of South African literature, but also to largely forgotten and, to some extent, compromised aspects of South African literary history.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Roy Campbell, Armand Guibert, Hubert Jennings, Uys Krige, Afrikaans, a república mundial das letras

## Resumo

Três cartas a Hubert Jennings – duas delas do poeta afrikaans Uys Krige, uma do poeta francês Armand Guibert – incitam uma reconsideração da recepção de Fernando Pessoa na África do Sul. Embora essa recepção tenha sido e ainda seja claramente limitada, Krige aqui emerge como indivíduo chave a conectar Jennings, Guibert, Roy Campbell e – por extensão – Fernando Pessoa, numa rede transnacional estruturada segundo a lógica que Pascale Casanova nomeou “república mundial das letras” (*La République Mondiale des Lettres*). Como tal, porém, essa rede histórica tem recebido limitada atenção nas preocupações contemporâneas da literatura sul-africana. As cartas alertam-nos, pois, não só para o transnacionalismo da literatura sul-africana, mas também para aspectos grandemente esquecidos e, de certo modo, comprometidos da história literária da África do Sul.

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We have here three letters that allow us to glimpse the effective life of a remarkably extensive literary network. All deal with Fernando Pessoa in a roundabout way, and Hubert Jennings himself—as the addressee—is their absent centre. My focus in this brief comment will however be on Uys Krige. It is Krige’s voice we hear in two of these letters, and, more importantly, Krige is the one individual connecting Jennings, Roy Campbell, and Armand Guibert. In this way, the letters provide us with a partly new picture of the South African reception of Fernando Pessoa. As such, they alert us not just to the inherent transnationalism of South African letters, but also to largely forgotten and, to some extent, compromised aspects of South African literary history, the relevance of which in our present moment is far from self-evident. I will soon explain what I mean by that.

In a recent article, I claimed that Pessoa has had an extremely limited readership in South Africa, and mentioned Campbell, Jennings, Stephen Gray and Charles Beaumont Eglington as some of the select few who had brought Pessoa’s work to the attention of Anglophone readers in South Africa (HELGESSION, 2015). I have no reason to revise my assessment of the paucity of Pessoa-reception, but Krige’s letters show that his name should have been added to my list.

This is not so very surprising. Conventional literary historiography will tell us that Uys Krige (1910-1987) belonged to the *Dertigers* (the generation of the 1930s), a group of writers who revitalised and consolidated Afrikaans literature in the 1930s and subsequent decades (OLIVIER, 2012: 308-315). As a Creole derived from Dutch, Afrikaans only became standardised and accepted as a language in its own right around 1900. Following the defeat of the Boers in the second Anglo-Boer war, the language itself—and thereby, in Herderian fashion, the creation of an Afrikaans literature—became a rallying cause for Afrikaner nationalism, which reached its political apotheosis with the electoral victory for the Nationalist Party in 1948 and the subsequent dark half century of apartheid in South Africa.

The Dertigers were inevitably absorbed into this nationalistic endeavour, but adopted individually distinct attitudes towards the politics of *volksnasionisme*. N. P. van Wyk Louw (1906-1970), the intellectual leader of the Dertigers, developed during the apartheid era an increasingly ambiguous policy of “lojale verset”, or “loyal resistance”, as has been discussed by Mark Sanders (2003: 57-92). Uys Krige was always more sceptical of nationalism but also more marginal in the Dertigers group. Instead, he cultivated an atypical interest in the romance cultures, especially Spanish poetry, which is what enables his affinities with Roy Campbell (1901-1957), Armand Guibert and Pessoa.

Campbell, of course, is the renegade *cause célèbre* of Anglophone South African—and Durban-based—modernism. Together with William Plomer, he entered the literary scene as the driving force behind the short-lived journal *Voorslag* (“Whiplash”) in 1926. In the 1930s he enjoyed a short period of high

celebrity among London's literary society, the afterlife of which is evident from the roll call of contributors to the memorial volume mentioned by Krige. The problem—and this is a problem that implicates also Pessoa—is that Campbell disgraced himself politically (much like Ezra Pound) by veering towards fascism and becoming a vocal supporter of Franco and Salazar. Towards the end of his life, when he had settled in Portugal, he had even “begun to regard apartheid as a balm against the decline of the West” (CHAPMAN, 1996: 182). To say that some aspects of Pessoa's oeuvre—the rhetoric of imperial grandeur in *Mensagem*, for example—could be made to resonate with such sentiments is, I hope, not completely reductive, and deserves to be explored further by Pessoa critics. My point is not to moralise over Pessoa's poetry. It is rather that the often contradictory intersections between his poetry and an imperial (western) distribution of power can convey critical insights concerning, not least, the changing structure of what Pascale Casanova (1999) has called the world republic of letters.

As I mention in my previous article, Campbell is the first and strongest connection between Pessoa and South African literary circles. He had been to the same Durban school as Pessoa; he translated a number of Pessoa's poems; he wrote about Pessoa in his later prose works. Above all—let's give him his due—being such a gifted, erudite and linguistically versatile lyrical poet himself, Campbell was able to appreciate Pessoa precisely as a poet, through the medium of poetry. This, in turn, is how Krige connects with Campbell. In the letter from 1960, Krige alludes to an article published in *English Studies in Africa* in 1958, where he examines closely the qualities of some of Campbell's poems but skirts completely Campbell's politics.

One way of reading these three letters is to see how they afford a glimpse of a small, Europe-centred—and conspicuously male and white – literary culture in South Africa that would be swept away by the tidal wave of history. Paris, represented by Armand Guibert, still enjoys here the centrality that Casanova accords it, and Pessoa is largely mediated via this version of Paris. At the same time, the local names and institutions that are invoked in the letters – Jennings, Jack Cope, the publisher Balkema, Wits University—testify to a national public sphere that is inescapably marked by the racialised citizen-subject split (see MAMDANI, 1996) of apartheid society, which in colonial fashion privileges European and Europe-derived culture as the norm.

The narrative of South African literary history has always been fraught and fragmented, conceived as an archipelago (GRAY, 1979), a condition of mutual non-influence (VAN WYK SMITH, 1996) or as a seam (DE KOCK, 2001). The three letters in question issue from one of the islands in Gray's “archipelago” and hardly engage with the “seam”, in De Kock's sense, which is the local site of contestation and difference—other than the gap between the English and the Afrikaners, in respect of which the letters show that Krige clearly was a bridge-builder. (Although

Guibert's postscriptum is a striking indication of another, African literary domain in the making.)

The letters resonate instead most powerfully with Van Wyk Smith's unhappy notion of non-influence. They confront us with a past that closes in on itself, at least when viewed from a contemporary South African vantage point. If we want to see where Pessoa's poetry might conceivably connect with a lyrical voice and a literary scene that is relevant also in the post-apartheid present, we should focus on the moment of Krige's second letter, i. e. 1973, and on the singular work of a poet who isn't mentioned here, Wopko Jensma. As a bilingual (Afrikaans and English) avant-garde poet whose work engaged in striking and unprecedented ways with the conflictual nature of South African society, he worked in a lyrical register far removed from Krige or Campbell. It is not evident that Jensma had read Pessoa—but it is clearly possible, given his sojourns in Mozambique, his knowledge of Portuguese, his friendship with the erudite Mozambican modernist Rui Knopfli and his familiarity with Brazilian modernist poetry (GRAY, 2014). It is also the case that the ventriloquising practice of Jensma's poetry, in which the speaking subject is frequently split as well as multiplied, bears an affinity with, if not necessarily the influence of, Pessoaan heteronymism.<sup>1</sup>

I need to be clear about what I am saying here: connecting Jensma with Pessoa is speculation and lies beyond the purview of the three letters. Still, it should be seen as an invitation to continue exploring the afterlife of Pessoa in Southern Africa. More obvious cases to be investigated would be Charles Beaumont Eglinton (as I have discussed elsewhere), Breyten Breytenbach<sup>2</sup> and Douglas Livingstone. What Jensma enables, perhaps, is a bridge between the lyrical universe of Pessoa and more contemporary concerns of South African writers.

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<sup>1</sup> See for example the traversing "I" in *I Must Show You My Clippings* (JENSMA, 1977).

<sup>2</sup> The author thanks Louise Viljoen for drawing Breytenbach to his attention.



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## Documents

I. Unpublished. Twelve numbered pages (six leaves written on both sides) of a letter handwritten by Uys Krige and sent to Hubert Jennings, found inside the folder "F— FAMILY HISTORY/Correspondence etc." in the Jennings literary estate (re-filed by us under "L—Letters"). Dated October 24<sup>th</sup>, 1960.

24/10/60 <sup>21</sup>  
 Sea-Point,  
 Beyond Beach,  
 Clifton - Cape Town.  
 Dear Mr. Jennings,  
 I was delighted to  
 receive your letter of  
 September 16. Please forgive  
 this delay - but I've been  
 caught up in a wel-  
 of lectures, talks & other  
 commitments. I am glad  
 you liked my article  
 on Roy Campbell.

<sup>21</sup>  
 as much of it as  
 you like. It was translated  
 into French and appeared  
 in a book in memory  
 of Roy, Hommage à  
Roy Campbell, which  
 appeared in France  
<sup>towards the end of</sup>  
 1958 x Hommage  
 contains a number of  
 articles & essays on Roy  
 by leading French  
 & English poets &

<sup>37</sup>  
 poets — including such  
 people as Richard Aldington,  
 Lawrence Durrell, Alan  
 Paton, Edith Sitwell,  
 Wyndham Lewis etc.  
 There was also in the  
 same year a smaller  
 book in Spanish,  
HOMENAJE A Roy Campbell,  
 also dedicated to  
 the work & life of  
 our friend.

<sup>41</sup>  
 when the French poet,  
 Armand GUIBERT, was  
 here in 1946 he & I  
 tried our best to contact  
 people who had known  
 the famous poet, Pessoa,  
 when he was still a  
 school boy in Durban.  
 We asked for information  
 in several newspapers  
 but there was no  
 reply. While lecturing

at the <sup>51</sup> MIT <sup>52</sup>waterland  
University in 1956 I  
met there a certain Dr  
— (I have forgotten  
his name) but he is  
in charge of the  
Portuguese section of  
the MITs University  
donated by the  
Oppenheimer family.  
He gave me a biography  
of Pessoa in 2 volumes

which had <sup>61</sup>recently <sup>62</sup>  
appeared in Lisbon. I had it  
in my possession for  
some time — and then  
sent it back to Dr —  
I think you would be  
able to get it from  
him. But can you read  
Portuguese?  
Pessoa's fame is  
spreading all the time.  
When I was in Paris

in November of last  
year ARMAND <sup>71</sup> <sup>72</sup>Guibert  
GUIBERT told me he had  
become the great authority  
on Pessoa in France,  
lecturing on him  
frequently & giving  
a whole series of talks  
on his work & life  
over the French radio,  
writing for various  
French journals on

him, etc. etc. They had  
even had <sup>81</sup> <sup>82</sup>special  
Pessoa evenings in Paris.  
— and a ~~new~~ volume  
of Pessoa's poems translated  
into French was about  
to be published by  
a leading Parisian  
éditeur. Armand's  
address is:  
80 QUAI D'ANJOU  
ILE SAINT LOUIS,  
PARIS

9) 9) Comrade,  
 You could write to him.  
 He is an old friend.  
 And speaks & writes fluent  
 English. Was at Cambridge.  
 Don't mention my name.  
 In the recent Oxford  
Book of Portuguese Verse  
 Pessoa's contribution  
 is only second in  
 length to the one  
 of the greatest epic  
 poets in literature,

10) 10)  
 Luis de Camoes.  
 Of course, in his prose  
 work, Portugal, he writes about  
 Pessoa. My sister spoke about  
 Bill Payne to me - so I was  
 glad to get his article. May  
 I keep the 2 papers on Pessoa  
 a little longer? Want to  
 read them again.  
 If you liked my translations  
 you might be interested  
 in my new book of verse,  
Ballade van die Good  
Reger which has just

11) 11)  
 been published by  
 Belkema in Cape Town.  
 Your library should  
 have it. It contains  
 about 25 "Coloured"  
 poems. The best of such  
 with your story of  
 the Durban High School.  
 Lach Lofe was also a  
 scholar there. We  
 share a language.

12) 12)  
 Have you read her new book  
 of short stories, The Tame Ox?  
 I consider it one of the  
 very best collections of short  
 stories by a P. African.  
 I think there should certainly  
 be a mention of him in your  
 "her long" since I am confident  
 Lach will be going from  
 strength to strength.  
 alles van die  
 penne  
 Ulys Krige  
 I am not quite sure of Lach's address, but  
 so worried me. Will get her address from a mutual friend.

24/10/60

Sea-Point,  
Second Beach  
Clifton – Cape Town

Dear Mr. Jennings,

I was delighted to receive your letter of September 16. Please forgive this delay—but I've been caught up in a web of lectures, talks & other commitments. I am glad you liked my article on Roy Campbell. [2] Use as much of it as you like. It was translated into French and appeared in a book in memory of Roy, *Hommage à Roy Campbell*, which appeared in France <in> [↑ towards the end of] 1958. *Hommage* contains a number of articles & essays on Roy by leading French & English poets & [3] writers – including such people as Richard Aldington, Lawrence Dürrell, Alan Paton, Edith<sup>3</sup> Sitwell, Wyndham Lewis etc. There was also in the same year a smaller book in Spanish, *HOMENAJE a Roy Campbell*, also dedicated to the work & life of our friend.

[4] When the French poet, Armand GUIBERT, was here in 1946 he & I tried our best to contact people who had known the famous poet, Pessoa, when he was still a school boy in Durban. We asked for information in several newspapers but there was no reply. While lecturing [5] at the Witwatersrand University in 1956 I met there a certain Dr □<sup>4</sup> (I have forgotten his name) but he is in charge of the Portuguese section of the Wits University donated by the Oppenheimer family. He gave me a biography of Pessoa in 2 volumes [6] which had [↑ recently] appeared in Lisbon<sup>5</sup>. I had it in my possession for some time—and then sent it back to Wits—I think you would be able to get it from him. But can you read Portuguese?

Pessoa's fame is spreading all the time. When I was in Paris [7] in November of last year ARMAND <Guibert> GUIBERT told me [↑ he] had become the great authority on Pessoa in France, lecturing on him frequently & giving a whole series of talks on his work & life over the French radio, writing for various French journals on [8] him, etc. etc. They had even had [↑ several] special Pessoa evenings in Paris—and a <new> volume of Pessoa's poems translated into French was about to be published by a leading Parisian *editeur*. Armand's address is:

80 QUAI <\*d>D'ANJOU  
ILE SAINT LOUIS  
PARIS

<sup>3</sup> "Édith" in the letter, with a French stress, although the poetess was British.

<sup>4</sup> We were not able to identify the professor of Portuguese mentioned by Krige.

<sup>5</sup> SIMÕES, João Gaspar (1950). *Vida e Obra de Fernando Pessoa - História Duma Geração*: Vol. 1, Infância e Adolescência; Vol. 2, Maturidade e Morte. Amadora: Bertrand.

[9] You could write to <him> [↑ Armand]. He is an old friend. And speaks & writes fluent English, was at Cambridge. Just mention my name.

In the recent *Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse*<sup>6</sup> Pessoa's contribution is only second in length to <th> one of the greatest epic poets in literature, [10] Luis de Camões.

Of course, in Roy's prose work, *Portugal*<sup>7</sup>, he writes about Pessoa. Roy often spoke about Bill Payn<sup>8</sup> to me—so I was glad to get his article. May I keep the 2 papers on Pessoa a little longer? Want to read them again.

If you liked my *Klopsdans*<sup>9</sup>, you might be interested in my new book of verse, *Ballade van die Groot Begeer*<sup>10</sup> which has just [11] been published by *Balkema* in Cape Town. Your library should have it ... It contains about 25 <co> "Coloured" poems.

The best of luck with your story of the *Durban High School*. Jack Cope was also a scholar there. We share a bungalow. [12] Have you read his new book of short stories, *The Tame Ox*<sup>11</sup>? I consider it one of the very best collections of short stories by a S. African. I think there should certainly be a mention of him in your "history", since I am confident Jack will be going from strength to strength

alles van die beste

Yours,



I am not sure of Armand's address. That so worries me. Will get his address from a mutual friend, [→ the French consul, here, over the week-end.]

<sup>6</sup> BELL, Aubrey F. G. & VIDIGAL, B. (Editors). (1952). *The Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

<sup>7</sup> CAMPBELL, Roy (1957). *Portugal*. London: Max Reinhardt.

<sup>8</sup> Bill Payn was a well-loved headmaster of the Durban High School, as chronicles Hubert Jennings in the chapter 20 of the book *The D.H.S. Story* (Durban: The Durban High School & Old Boy's Memorial Trust, 1966, pp. 195-209), a book which is dedicated "To Bill."

<sup>9</sup> A poem by Krige dedicated to the dance of the Klopse ("clubs" in Afrikaans), which takes place annually on January 2<sup>nd</sup>, in Cape Town, South Africa; the poem was published in *Ballade van die groot Begeer en ander gedigte*, pp. 64-68 (see note #9).

<sup>10</sup> KRIGE, Uys (1966). *Ballade van die groot Begeer en ander gedigte*. Kaapstad (Cape Town): Human & Rousseau.

<sup>11</sup> COPE, Jack (1960). *The Tame Ox: Stories*. London: Heinemann.

II. Unpublished. Two pages (one leaf typed on both sides, with handwritten signature and postscriptum) of a letter from Armand Guibert to Hubert Jennings, found inside the folder "F—FAMILY HISTORY/Correspondence etc." in the Jennings literary estate (re-filed by us under "L—Letters". Dated March 16<sup>th</sup>, 1961.

Armand Guibert  
 as if from : 5, Quai d'Anjou  
 Paris-4<sup>e</sup>  
 France

16 March '61  
 I 79

Dear Mr Jennings,

In spite of a very poor health and the terrific burden of correspondence I have to face, I am only too pleased, as a personal friend of the late Roy Campbell and Uys Krige, to answer your query about Fernando Pessoa - only regretting that lack of time should prevent me from tackling such a vast subject with the accuracy it calls for.

It is a pity you cannot read Portuguese - otherwise I should have directed you to Mr. João Gaspar Simões's book : VIDA E OBRA DE FERNANDO PESSOA, 2 vol., Livraria Bertrand, Lisbon, in which you could have found (Vol. I, pp. 47-54 and 63-70) valuable particulars of young Pessoa's early years in Durban.

It appears to me, though, that you are in a better position than anybody else in Europe to apply locally to the respective Registrars of the hereafter schools : West Street Convent School - that was run in the late nineties by a community of Irish nuns ; Durban High School ; and Durban Commercial School. You may be fortunate enough to be shown the records of Pessoa's achievements - which I was unable to secure when I visited Durban in 1946. I understand that one Mr Ormond, who was young Fernando's contemporary, may be still alive, but I don't know either his Christian name or address.

In Lisbon's F.P.'s half-sister's home I remember seeing the various prize-books won by F.P. when he studied at the Durban High School - among which the Queen Victoria Memorial Award. Incidentally, I have never been able to make out whether Fernando Pessoa ever actually attended the Cape University - which, owing to the age of 17 at which he left South Africa - I am disinclined to think he ever did.

Apart from Roy Campbell's few translations you have seen - presumably in his book PORTUGAL, The Bodley Head, two introductory pages 156-157 and four poems, two of which were reprinted in his COLLECTED POEMS, Vol. III - I do not know of any other English translation of F.P. Mrs Mary Campbell - Roy's widow - Casa da Serra, Linho, Sintra, Portugal, may be of greater help to you in this particular field : I seem to remember she is on friendly terms with an old teacher of the British Council in Portugal whose name I forget, who may have done some further translation work.

-2-

As regards the French language, it so happens that I know everything that has been done for the furtherance of Pessoa's fame - which ~~is~~ is entirely ascribable to my humble self. In the last few years, apart from a dozen lectures delivered on the topic - in Nice, Strasbourg, et and, only last month, at the "Collège Philosophique" - and various broadcasts, I have published quite a good many poems of Pessoa's penmanship in literary weeklies and monthlies, in addition to the following books :

ODE MARITIME (Editions Seghers, 228, Boulevard Raspail Paris - 14)

BUREAU DE TABAC (Ed. Caracteres) - out of print.

ODE TRIOMPHALE (Ed P.J.Oswald, 13, Rue Charles V, Paris

LE GARDEUR DE TROUPEAUX (Ed. Gallimard, 5, Rue Sébastien Bottin, Paris-7)

and

Armand Guibert : FERNANDO PESSOA (Ed. Seghers), this being an essay - biographical and critical - followed by a selection of F.P.'s poetical work.

Let me add that each of the above includes an introduction or preface. Having given away all the copies at my disposal, the only one I have pleasure in forwarding to you this day is the ODE TRIOMPHALE, a comparatively small but not unimportant collection of texts.

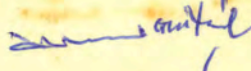
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But I am trying to break away from a work which has proved as overwhelming as it was engrossing and I am now engaged in quite a different book.

Trusting this scanty information may be of some help to you,

I am

Yours sincerely



P.S. I shall be to-morrow, for a month or more, in your continent - where my address will be  
 c/o President SENATOR  
 Palais de la République  
 DAKARA Sen



Armand Guibert  
 as if from: 5, Quai d'Anjou  
 Paris – 4<sup>e</sup>  
 France

16 March '61  
 [→ I 79]

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<sup>12</sup> See note #5.

<sup>13</sup> See note #7; Guibert indicates the publishing house of the complete works of Campbell.

<sup>14</sup> CAMPBELL, Roy (1960). *The Collected Poems of Roy Campbell*, Vol. III. London: The Bodley Head.

teacher of the British council in Portugal whose name I forget, who may <lo>/ha\ve done some further translation work.

[2] As regards the French language, it so happens that I know everything that h<o>/a\s been done for the furtherance of Pessoa's fame—which is entirely<sup>15</sup> ascribable t[o] my humble self. In the last few years, apart from a doze[n] lectures delivered on the topic—in Nice, Strasbourg, et[c.], and, only last month, at the “Collège Philosophique” —and various broadcasts, I have published a good many poems of <F>/P\essoa's penmanship in literary weeklies and monthlies, in addition to the following books:

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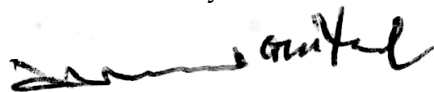
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Yours sincerely,



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c/o President SENGHOR

Palais de la République

DAKAR [S]éne[gal]

<sup>15</sup> “enterely” in the manuscript, as a typo.

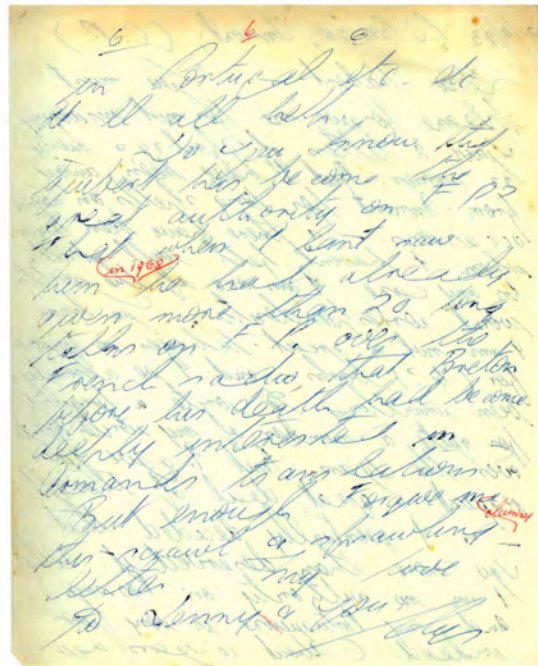
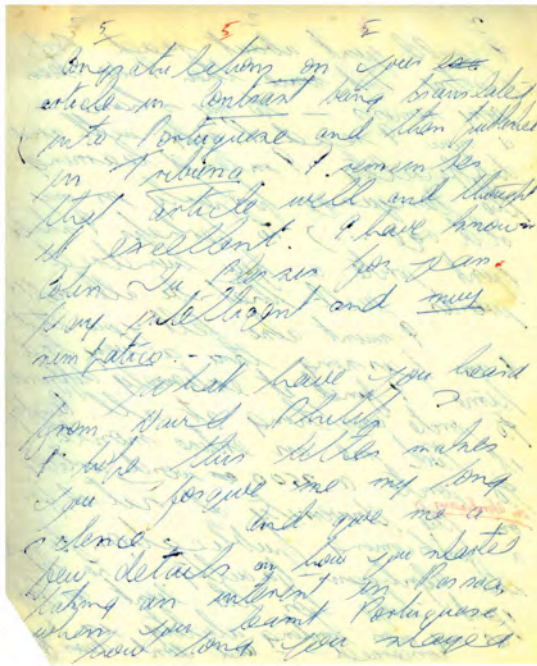
III. Unpublished. Six numbered pages (three leaves written on both sides) of a letter handwritten by Uys Krige and sent to Hubert Jennings, found inside the folder "F— FAMILY HISTORY/Correspondence etc." in the Jennings literary estate (re-filed by us under "L—Letters". Dated August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1973.

2/8/73 (W 2025; Annual; (C.S.))  
 Dear Hubert — You must  
 please forgive me for not answering  
 your 2 letters of April 24 & June  
 23 sooner. But I have been away  
 from Durban for long spells on several  
 occasions — a few have been times  
 when I haven't felt well at all  
 for any case. I am one of the world's  
 worst workaholics. You know  
 I am not a great believer in pressure  
 for (to?) things, and I've already  
 been unwilling to write a proposal  
 for quite a number of my written work  
 over the years. But I just give  
 up a great deal of thought  
 — I've eventually decided that  
 you more than deserved it. Well!  
 I am no authority on Portugal  
 and my Portuguese is very poor  
 indeed. (I should 10 years ago

I would just about read Portug.  
 pretty, but since then I've been  
 very nervous — to my home  
 & now I read it only with great  
 difficulty. I'm not learning  
 the language properly in my  
 old age... I'm perhaps I should  
 just write a few hundred  
 words just that to all right.  
 I must also tell you that  
 I am for any time a very bad  
 & find it extremely difficult  
 to write anything at all. Recently  
 it took me an entire month  
 to write a 2500 word article  
 on the language of a rural  
 a forthcoming publication of  
 the Department of Culture. It  
 just didn't go for the best as far  
 as my own writing ability is  
 concerned.

I told you much from me the other  
 I told you my heart — with the little  
 knowledge I have  
 you know I am very  
 happy about my journey with Command  
 to Durban in 1946.  
 By the way some eleven with the  
 along I thought of the Command  
 to the other side in Joburg  
 to try to get some information  
 about horses like their columns  
 that probably it was the hotel  
 Daily News that we went to  
 that I can't remember Command  
 in my own home in Durban  
 all more details please if  
 you have any. I have had  
 I put you in touch with Command  
 all I know is that Command  
 P.T.O.

have spoken quite often  
 to me about Per. when I  
 with him in 1944 and during those  
 home in 1944 and during those  
 eat few minutes of the way  
 in 1945 for I can't think  
 have spoken about him to  
 me too in London in 1946 that time  
 they know Portuguese quite well  
 and they had been at the  
 same school? He wrote about  
 him I remember perfectly in  
 his book Portugal  
 the Culture of a fine  
 book and wrote to I am surely  
 certain that in 1946 Command had  
 me access whatever to his room  
 had all that stuff he  
 know I am sure very little about her



21/8/73 P.O. Box 25, Onrust; (C. P.)<sup>16</sup>

Dear Hubert — You must please forgive me for not answering your 2 letters of April 24 & June 23 sooner. But I have been away from Onrust for long spells on several occasions—& there have been times when I haven't felt well at all. In any case, I am one the world's worst correspondents. You know, I am not a great believer in forewords for (to?) books—and I've already been unwilling to write a foreword for quite a number of my writer friends over the years. But I gave your request a great deal of thought—& I eventually decided that you more than deserved it although I am no authority on Pessoa, and my Portuguesee is very poor indeed. (About 10 years ago [2] I could just about read Port. poetry, but since then I've been very remiss—to my shame—& now I read P. only with great difficulty. I intend learning the language properly in my old age...) So perhaps I should just write a few hundred words. Will that be all right?<sup>17</sup>

I must also tell you that I am passing thru a very bad time. I find it extremely difficult to write anything at all. Recently it took me an entire month to write a 2500 <+> word article [↑ in Afrikaans] on the University of Natal for a forthcoming publication of their Afrikaans faculty. So let's just hope for the best as far as my own writing ability is concerned... And don't, dear \*friend, [3] expect much from me. I will do my best—with the knowledge I have.

<sup>16</sup> A seaside village in the Cape Province (C. P.).

<sup>17</sup> This would probably be the preface of *The Poet With Many Faces*, a book by Hubert Jennings, which, although intended for publication in 1974, still remains unpublished.

You know I am very hazy about my journey with Armand Guibert to Durban in 1946? Did we come down with Geof[frey] Long<sup>18</sup>? I thought I took Armand [↑ in 1946] to the *Star* people in Joh-burg to try to get some information about Pessoa thru their columns. But perhaps it was the *Natal Daily News* that we went to? But I can't remember Armand in my company in Durban [↑ in 1946] at all. More details please, if you have any. When did I put you in touch with Armand? All I know is that Armand [↓ P. T. O.]<sup>19</sup> must [4] have spoken quite often to me about Pes. when I met him frequently in Rome in 1944 [↑ 1944]. And during those last five months of the war in 1945 Roy Campbell must have spoken about him to me too [↑ in London]—as by that time Roy knew Portuguese quite well. And they had been at the same school! Roy wrote about him, if I remember rightly, in his book, *Portugal*<sup>20</sup>.

Yes, Octavio Paz is a fine poet and critic. Lo, I am <absolutely> certain that in 1946 Armand had no access whatsoever to Pessoa's papers. At that stage he knew, I am sure, very little about him. [5]

Congratulations on your <exc> article in *Contrast* being translated into Portuguese and then published in *Tribuna*. I remember that article well and thought it excellent. I have known Colin Du Plessis<sup>21</sup> for years. Very intelligent and *muy simpático*...

What have you heard from David Philip<sup>22</sup>? I hope this letter makes you forgive my long silence. And give me a few details on how you started taking an interest in Pessoa, when you learnt Portuguese, how long you stayed [6] in Portugal, etc. etc. It all helps.

Do you know that Guibert has become the great authority on FP? That when I last saw him [↑ in 1968] he had already given more than 20 long talks on F. P. over the French radio, that Breton<sup>23</sup> before his death had become deeply interested in Armand's translations?

But enough. Forgive me this scrawl & sprawling [↑ clumsy] letter. My love to Jenny & you




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<sup>18</sup> Possibly captain Geoffrey Kellet Long (1916-1961), who was appointed as an official war artist of South Africa in 1941.

<sup>19</sup> "P.T.O." stands for P[lease] T[urn] O[ver].

<sup>20</sup> See note #7.

<sup>21</sup> Perhaps Colin Du Plessis who worked at the South African Broadcasting Company (S.A.B.C.); the Du Plessis family goes far back into the 13<sup>th</sup> century.

<sup>22</sup> *David Philip Publishers* was established in 1971, with the aim of publishing "books that matter for Southern Africa".

<sup>23</sup> André Breton (1896-1966), best known as father of Surrealism in France.

# “Fernando Pessoa,” a document *not* by Fernando Pessoa

Filipa de Freitas\*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Jennings literary estate, Espólio 3, BNP/E3, Manuela Nogueira literary estate, authorship issues in Pessoa.

## Abstract

Here we present a typed and unsigned document found among the papers that constitute the literary estate of Manuela Nogueira, the niece of Fernando Pessoa. The text, an essay on Fernando Pessoa and his heteronymism, includes reflections on the heteronyms Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos and, to a lesser degree, Ricardo Reis. It also offers English translations of poems signed by Pessoa, Campos and Caeiro. Preceding the facsimile and transcription, an introduction analyzes characteristics of the document that point to Hubert Jennings as its author.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, espólio literário Jennings, Espólio 3, BNP/E3, espólio Manuela Nogueira, questões autorais em Pessoa.

## Resumo

Apresenta-se, aqui, um documento datilografado, sem autoria explícita, encontrado no espólio literário de Manuela Nogueira, sobrinha de Fernando Pessoa. O texto, um ensaio sobre Fernando Pessoa e seu heteronimismo, inclui reflexões sobre os heterónimos Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos e, em menor grau, Ricardo Reis; contém, ainda, traduções inglesas de poemas de Pessoa, Campos e Caeiro. Precedendo o facsímile e a transcrição, uma introdução analisa características do documento que apontam para Hubert Jennings como o seu autor.

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\* Universidade Nova de Lisboa.

The document that follows this introduction is titled “Fernando Pessoa” and, until the discovery of the Jennings literary estate, had no known author. It belongs to Pessoa’s family archives, which to date is *not* housed by the Biblioteca Nacional de Portugal (Portuguese National Library), where most of Pessoa’s papers are located. Some factors we will expose seem to point to Hubert Jennings as the author of the document.

The document consists of eleven pieces of paper (typed on one side, with blank versos), describing Fernando Pessoa’s life and heteronymous creations, and intending to give an introduction to the author’s work. It explains how the heteronymism appears on Pessoa’s life and how the main heteronyms—Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos and Ricardo Reis—can be understood as different points of view, different attempts of Pessoa to somehow fulfill his dramatic nature and a need to fictionalize his extraordinarily imaginative character. It seems, though, that this document was not complete, because it lacks an analysis of Ricardo Reis (while it contains one of Caeiro and Campos). We know that Jennings intended to write a book on Pessoa’s heteronymism, for he had a fellowship granted by Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, and spent almost two years in Lisbon contacting Pessoa’s family and consulting Pessoa’s original papers (*vide* JENNINGS, 1971). Could this unpublished document be a first attempt at the book Jennings had wished to produce? This is our hypothesis.

In the correspondence between Jennings and one of Pessoa’s half-brothers—Michael—there is one letter in which Michael speaks of some translations (made by Jennings), that he received, and gives some ideas for the book Jennings is preparing:

I see that you have completed the translation of the poems of Alberto Caeiro and Fernando Pessoa’s comments under the name of Ricardo Reis and Álvaro de Campos. I have discussed with my sister and her husband your idea of the above plus a short biography as the first book. Our idea is that the first book should not be too long as a short one would probably find a wider market and open the way to further long books. What about a biography, not too compressed, followed by some translations of a few poems of Fernando as Fernando, then the complete Alberto Caeiro poems and ending with a few poems of Ricardo Reis and Álvaro de Campos.

(*apud* BROWN, 2015)<sup>1</sup>

Could the document we are presenting be a sample of some ideas announced in this letter?

We must examine the structure of the text: the first paragraph offers a small biography of Pessoa’s life, followed by his connections with the literary movements of his time and the creation of heteronymism. The question of sincerity in Pessoa’s poetry is focused on, in order to justify the first translation that appears on the document—the poem titled “Isto” (This), under Fernando Pessoa’s

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<sup>1</sup> Susan Brown introduced and annotated the full letter for this issue of *Pessoa Plural*.

signature. After a brief description of Pessoa's interest in metaphysical and occultist ideas, a second English rendition of a poem under Pessoa's name is presented—the rendition of “Ela canta, pobre ceifeira” (She sings, poor reaping girl). A third Pessoa poem is then translated—“Ó sino da minha aldeia” (Oh church-bell of my village)—before the introduction of the first heteronym, Alberto Caeiro. After the heteronym's introduction, we have translations of two poems from *O Guardador de Rebanhos* (translated *The Shepherd*), under Caeiro's name. In the last part of the document, we find a long description of Álvaro de Campos and a complete translation of his poem “Tabacaria” (Tobacco Kiosk).

The scheme suggested by Michael in his letter to Jennings seems to correspond somewhat to the structure presented in the document in question. Only Reis was not contemplated, which could be explained if the document was merely a sample and not a definitive version Jennings sent to Pessoa's family.

Reading the document, which has no manuscript notes, we find another reference that points to Jennings as its author—the poet Roy Campbell, who translated many of Pessoa's poems and was also a pupil at Durban High School, though younger than the Portuguese poet: “It [Campos's poetry] is also a noisy attempt, particularly in the vast *Ode Marítima*<sup>2</sup>, which Roy Campbell called the noisiest poem ever written.” Among Jennings's papers, we have more than one reference to Campbell, namely: in articles published in the magazine *Contrast* (1971 & 1979), in his book *The Poet with Many Faces* (unpublished), and in another typed document titled “Campbell and Pessoa,”<sup>3</sup> where a similar idea concerning the *noise* of Campos's odes is expressed: “They did not understand this poem [the ‘Ode Triunfal’ (Triumphal Ode)] when it was published in Lisbon in 1914. Neither did Campbell when he translated part of it for his last book, *Portugal*, in 1957. He calls it ‘the loudest poem in literary history’.”

Another element of the unpublished text is significant: the translation of Caeiro's poem XXVIII from *O Guardador de Rebanhos*. The first time Jennings wrote about Pessoa was in his book *The DHS Story* (1966), where we can find a very similar translation of Caeiro's poem. The similarity between these two translations—in the book and in the document—strengthens our hypothesis that Jennings is the author of both. In fact, this specific poem never appears again in Jennings's subsequent published works.

Document, undated, p. 6	<i>The DHS Story</i> , 1966, p. 107
To-day I read almost two pages Of a book by a mystic poet, And I laughed like one who has wept.	Today I read almost two pages From the book of a mystic poet, And I laughed like one who has shed many tears.

<sup>2</sup> “Ode Marítima,” unstressed and without italics in the document. See Jennings's complete translation of that poem (*Maritime Ode* in English), studied by Filipa de Freitas in this issue.

<sup>3</sup> Pedro Marques introduced and annotated this document for this issue of *Pessoa Plural*.



Mystic poets are sick philosophers,  
 And philosophers are mad fools.  
 Because mystic poets say that flowers feel  
 And they say that stones have souls  
 And that rivers experience ecstasies in the  
 moonlight.

But if flowers could feel they would not be  
 flowers,  
 They would be people;  
 And if stones had souls, they would be alive,  
 and not be stones;  
 And if rivers experienced ecstasies in the  
 moonlight,  
 Rivers would be sick men.

He must be ignorant of what flowers and stones  
 and rivers are  
 Who speaks of their feelings.  
 To speak of the souls of flowers, of rivers,

Is to speak of oneself and of one's own false  
 thoughts.  
 Thanks be to God that stones are only stones  
 And that rivers are not other than rivers,  
 And that flowers are only flowers.

As for me, I write the prose of my poems  
 And am content,  
 Because I know I understand Nature from  
 outside;  
 And I do not understand her from inside  
 Because Nature has no inside;  
 Otherwise she would not be Nature.

Mystic poets are sick philosophers,  
 And philosophers are madmen.  
 For mystic poets say that flowers feel  
 And that stones have a soul  
 And that rivers swoon in the moonlight.

But if flowers felt they would not be flowers  
 They would be people;  
 If stones had a soul they would be living  
 things not stones;  
 And if rivers felt such ecstasies in the  
 moonlight,  
 Then rivers would be sick men.

Only one who does not know flowers, stones,  
 rivers,  
 Can speak of their feelings.  
 To talk of the soul of stones, flowers and  
 rivers  
 Is to speak of oneself and one's false  
 thoughts.  
 Stones, thank God, are nothing but stones.  
 And rivers only rivers,  
 And flowers can be nothing but flowers.

As for me, I write the plain prose of my verse  
 And am altogether content,  
 Because I know that I understand Nature  
 from without;  
 I do not understand it from within  
 Because Nature has no within,  
 Or how could it be Nature?

Another element strengthens our hypothesis: only two poems translated in the document never appear again in other works of Jennings—the poem “Isto” and the poem “Ó sino da minha aldeia.” The other translations of Caeiro’s and Campos’s poems are also published elsewhere (in articles or books) or are part of Jennings’s unpublished works. However, a comparison of the translations shows differences between them. Could the document present earlier versions of some of the published translations?

We have few clues that could help us date this document. The most concrete information we can extract from the text is the reference to two volumes of Pessoa’s poetry: “In the poetry written in his own name, and which, with the fairly

recent addition of two volumes of hitherto unpublished poems, constitutes the major part of his poetical works.”

Ática published six volumes of the *Obras Completas de Fernando Pessoa* (Complete Works of Fernando Pessoa), between 1942 and 1954. Then, in 1955 and 1956, the publishing house released two new volumes of Pessoa’s poetry under his own name, respectively: *Poesias Inéditas 1930-1935* and *Poesias Inéditas 1919-1930*; these were the seventh and eighth volumes of Ática’s editorial project for the works of Pessoa. In 1973, a third book of Pessoa’s unpublished poetry was brought to light by Ática: *Novas Poesias Inéditas*, the tenth volume of the series.

If the document references the two first volumes of Pessoa’s unpublished poetry (the ones from 1955 and 1956) as a “recent addition”, we can surmise that this document was written not long after 1960.

Due to the essay “In Search of Fernando Pessoa,” which Jennings wrote for *Contrast*<sup>4</sup> (1979: 17), we know that his interest in the Portuguese poet began in 1959, and that Jennings contacted Pessoa’s translators in the next few years. We are not sure when the contact with Pessoa’s family started, but it was before 1966—the date of Michael’s letter, in which Michael discusses having already received Jennings’s translations and sent (to Jennings) a copy of some poems by Pessoa. And, as we saw, Jennings’s 1966 book *The D.H.S. Story* contains a similar translation of the poem found in the document.

Because of all this, we can only estimate (but not be completely sure) that the document (if authored by Jennings) was written before 1966—for it could also have been sent (from Jennings to Michael) after Michael’s letter. Jennings’s translations published in 1971, in *Contrast*, have significant differences from the ones found here. Considering Jennings made revisions of his work (which led to different published translations), and the reference to the then recent publications of Pessoa’s poetry, we can trace the document to the 1960s.

Although the text is unsigned, incomplete, and cannot be dated, it reveals an attempt to define Pessoa’s heteronymism based on biographical information (Jennings had access to it through the studies about Pessoa already published, and especially through Pessoa’s family), and on the close reading of Pessoa’s poems (Jennings had a privileged contact with the poems, as Michael’s letter suggests). This document was written in English, and Jennings, being a foreign scholar learning Portuguese, intended to write a book in his native language. Analysis of these combined elements points to Hubert Jennings as the author.

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<sup>4</sup> See the review of Jennings’s *Contrast* essays by Geoffrey Haresnape, also in this issue.

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## Documents

I. Unpublished. Eleven numbered pages (eleven pieces of paper typed on one side, with blank versos), found under the label "avulsos" (loose papers) in the literary estate of Manuela Nogueira, niece of Fernando Pessoa. Datable to circa 1966.

FERNANDO PESSOA

Fernando Pessoa is one of the most complex figures in all literature. He was born in Lisbon in 1888. His father, a consumptive music critic, died when the future poet was very young, and, according to himself, Pessoa became a complete orphan when his mother re-married. His stepfather being a diplomat, young Fernando was transported from his beloved Lisbon at the age of seven and spent a number of years in Durban. He attended Durban High School, where he distinguished himself particularly in English, winning the Queen Victoria Essay Prize. At this time, and for some time even after his return to Portugal, English was the language he preferred and in which he wrote his first poetry. He spent a short time at Cape Town University, after which he was sent back to Portugal to study at Lisbon University. He did matriculate and begin a course at that University, but followed it for a very short time. His life after this was spent entirely in Portugal - except in his imagination - and was the factually uneventful and financially miserable one of commercial correspondent for various Lisbon businesses with foreign connections. He died in 1935 from alcohol poisoning, having published only one book, which won second prize in a national propaganda competition.

Fernando Pessoa first entered the Portuguese literary scene as the critical apologist of a group of poets known as the "saudosistas", whose movement had appeared just at the right time to fit in with the literary theories Pessoa was elaborating as part of his vision of a rebirth of the Portuguese nation. He soon realized that the poets of *A Águia* (the organ of "saudosismo") did not conceal in their ranks the "super-Camões" whose birth he had been announcing in his critical articles, and began to write poetry of his own to proclaim the new theories he had evolved. In the process he wrote the virtually untranslatable, and later disavowed, poem *País*, which gave its name to the abortive literary movement of which Sá-Carneiro, not Pessoa, was the chief and only natural exponent.

Soon afterwards occurred what was probably the most important single event in the poet's life: the birth of the first of his heteronyms, to whom he gave the name Alberto Caeiro. From letters which he wrote many years later, we learn of his childhood loneliness and his natural tendency to create and dramatize characters to entertain him. The mainspring of Pessoa's genius was, as he himself said, dramatic: but not dramatic in the usual sense. The characters he created did not appear in stage plays, instead they each produced a whole body of poetry. Much has been written about Pessoa's heteronyms and the problem of his sincerity, but this is not the time nor the place to go into what is a very complicated problem.

Page 2.

Personally—even taking into account the tendency to mystification inherent in Pessoa and his generation - I accept the fundamental sincerity of these creations, as Pessoa expressed it in a letter to his friend Armando Cortes-Rodrigues, when he wrote: "This is felt in the person of someone else; it is written dramatically, but it is sincere in the same way as what King Lear says is sincere, and he is not Shakespeare but a creation of his." Soon after the birth of Alberto Caeiro, Pessoa's main trio of heteronyms was completed by the appearance of Álvaro de Campos and Ricardo Reis. So real were these creations for Pessoa, that, like a novelist, he gave them complete physical and intellectual personalities. Each is equipped with a complete biography and background, an education and profession, and so successfully that, like their creator, we come to wonder which of them is the creator and which the creations! Pessoa's attitude to sincerity was basically that only artistic sincerity is important in the artist. His preoccupation with sincerity appears in many of his poems, and the poem *Isto* (This), which follows, is one of a number in which the poet attempts to summarize his attitude.

They say that all my poems  
Are lies or inventions. But no.  
It is simply that I feel  
With my imagination alone.  
I do not use my heart.

All that I dream or experience,  
All that I fail in or finish,  
Is like a terrace  
Onto something else, something further.  
That something is what has beauty.

For this in my writing I plunge  
Into that which is not close to me,  
Free from perturbed emotion,  
Serious about what is unreal.  
Feeling? That's for the reader!

In the poetry written in his own name, and which, with the fairly recent addition of two volumes of hitherto unpublished poems, constitutes the major part of his poetical works, Fernando Pessoa is basically a metaphysical poet. He passes through the phase of occultism in the sonnet sequence *Passos da Cruz*, where he introduces the idea that as a poet he is the medium of some hidden power. One of the problems the poet examines is that of consciousness, and here the influence of his first heteronym, Caeiro, is manifest. For Caeiro consciousness is evil, unconsciousness good. For Pessoa the problem is more complex. It is more one of happiness: happiness is to be found in unconsciousness, but it cannot be complete unless one can be conscious of one's unconsciousness! This he expresses in the following verses:

Page 3.

She sings, poor reaping girl,  
 And thinks herself happy perhaps;  
 She sings, and reaps, and her voice,  
 Breathing solitude, joyful, unnamed,

Undulates like the song of a bird  
 In the threshold-clean air of day,  
 And there are curves in the gentle maze  
 Of the sound which fills her song.

To hear her cheers and saddens,  
 In her voice are the fields and her toil,  
 And she sings as if she had  
 More reasons to sing than life.

Oh sing, sing without reasons!  
 What feels deep in me is thinking.  
 Pour, pour into my heart  
 Your uncertain wavering voice!

Oh, to be you, yet be myself!  
 Have your joyful unconsciousness,  
 And be conscious of it! O sky!  
 O field! O song! Knowledge

Is so heavy and life so short!  
 Enter into me, enter! Make  
 My soul the light shadow of you  
 And then, bearing me with you, pass on!

It is no surprise to find that childhood reminiscences are frequent in Pessoa's poetry, as also in that of Alvaro de Campos, the heteronym closest to him poetically. He aspires to a period of his childhood before his mother remarried and, as was the case with Baudelaire, "betrayed" him. He is aspiring to a complete unconscious happiness which he knows to be impossible.

It was probably Fernando Pessoa who introduced into Portuguese poetry the short poem which has since become so popular: to seize the passing moment, a sensation or an emotion fused into a sigh of the breeze, the scudding of clouds, a ripple on water, or anything the poet sees, hears, touches or tastes and which he intimately connects with some deeper sense within him. This fishing for moments, this playing with fragments, are natural in one whose poetry ultimately springs from what in Portuguese is called *tédio*. It is a physical and spiritual state of impotence resulting from the premature abandonment of the search for a faith, for something positive. In this fragmentary expression Pessoa takes up the traditional sources of imagery in Portuguese poetry, natural surroundings: the sky, the stars, the fields and trees, the sea, and aspects of village life.

Page 4.

But Pessoa is no sentimental bucolic, nor even a nature poet in the traditional sense of the term. The natural imagery he uses is, as it were, within himself, so that he is frequently able to achieve a fusion of concrete and abstract, of objective and subjective. A fine and wellknown example of this type of short poem is the poem *O sino da minha aldeia* (O church bell of my village), which expresses beautifully the poet's sense of loss and, in the slow unceasing clanging of the bell, the inevitable *tédio*.

O church-bell of my village,  
Aching in the calm afternoon,  
Each clang of your chimes  
Echoes deep in my soul.

And your ringing is so slow,  
So much as if tired of life,  
That even the first time you strike  
It sounds like a stroke repeated.

Close though you strike my ear,  
When I saunter past, lost in thought,  
For me you are like a dream,  
You sound distant in my soul.

At each of your echoing chimes  
Vibrating in the free sky,  
I feel the past more distant,  
And nostalgia nearer my heart.

Alberto Caeiro, Pessoa's first heteronym, appeared at a time when his creator was lost in a maze, and acted as a poetical purge. He represents for Pessoa an apprenticeship of unlearning. The poet's approach, according to Caeiro, has become confused by religious and literary traditions, by metaphysical over-subtleties. It is time to open the eyes and look around, to accept external appearances for what they are, and not make them into anything else. This is the attitude expressed by the now notorious phrase of Gertrude Stein "A rose is a rose is a rose," and the less well-known exhortation of the Spanish poet Jorge Guillén: "Mira! - Ves? Basta!" The world of the senses is the only one to be trusted - an attitude not alien to certain trends in twentieth-century philosophy; while hypostatic qualities, such as Beauty, are regarded from the point of view which we find in I.A. Richards's Principles of Literary Criticism, and which is summed up in Caeiro's lines:

Beauty is the name of something which does not exist  
Which I give to things in exchange for the pleasure they  
give me.

Page 5.

The tone of Caetano's poetry is anti-traditional, even anti-poetical, and his verse form is equally anti-traditional. It is in Caetano's poetry that free verse was first used systematically in Portuguese literature. All this is part of the plan, as it were. Caetano is described by Pessoa as a countryman of little education. Accordingly he uses a simple, limited vocabulary, intentionally free from abstract terminology. Throughout his poetry there is the insistence on external reality and an uncompromising rejection of metaphysics. This is explained at the outset in the second poem of the sequence *O Guardador de Rebanhos* (The Shepherd).

My gaze is as clear as a sun-flower.  
It is my habit to walk along roads  
Looking to right and to left,  
And sometimes looking behind...  
And what I see at each moment  
Is something I had never seen before,  
And I can observe this very well...  
I am capable of the essential spasm  
Which a new-born child would have, if, at birth,  
It could realize it had really been born...  
I feel myself being born at every moment  
Into the eternal novelty of the World...

I believe in the world as I do in a marigold,  
Because I see it. But I do not think about it  
Because to think is not to understand...  
The world was not made for us to think about it  
(To think is to have an affliction of the eyes)  
But for us to look at it and be in harmony with it...

I have no philosophy: I have senses...  
If I talk of Nature it is not because I know her,  
But because I love her, and I love her for this reason,  
Because to love is not to know one loves,  
Nor why, nor what love is...

Loving is eternal innocence,  
And the only innocence is not to think...

The purge operated on Pessoa by Caetano was directed specifically at the elements of *saudosismo* in Pessoa's own poetry, and serves also as a criticism of *saudosismo* by Pessoa. Caetano actually wrote four short poems in which he parodied the maudlin Franciscanism of those poets—four poems in which the tone is exactly that of *saudosista* poetry, except for a jarring note at the end which reveals the parody. The poem which follows (number XXVIII of *O Guardador de Rebanhos*) is a direct attack on *saudosista* poetry, and at the same time outlines some of the characteristics of their poetry.



Page 6.

To-day I read almost two pages  
Of a book by a mystic poet,  
And I laughed like one who has wept.

Mystic poets are sick philosophers,  
And philosophers are mad fools.

Because mystic poets say that flowers feel  
And they say that stones have souls  
And that rivers experience ecstasies in the moonlight.

But if flowers could feel they would not be flowers,  
They would be people;  
And if stones had souls, they would be alive, and not  
be stones;  
And if rivers experienced ecstasies in the moonlight,  
Rivers would be sick men.  
He must be ignorant of what flowers and stones and  
rivers are  
Who speaks of their feelings.  
To speak of the souls of flowers, of rivers,  
Is to speak of oneself and of one's own false thoughts.  
Thanks be to God that stones are only stones  
And that rivers are not other than rivers,  
And that flowers are only flowers.

As for me, I write the prose of my poems  
And am content,  
Because I know I understand Nature from outside;  
And I do not understand her from inside  
Because Nature has no inside;  
Otherwise she would not be Nature.

It may interest you to know that most of the forty-nine poems which make up the collection entitled *O Guardador de Rebanhos* were written at a single sitting - or rather standing, since Pessoa, in common with many earlier writers, often wrote in this position.

Almost immediately after this effort, Pessoa changed from an uncultured pagan into a highly educated, progress-mad city dweller, passing briefly through the first phase of the cultured paganism of Ricardo Reis, whom we shall consider below, and the *Ode Triunfal* of Alvaro de Campos was written on a typewriter with hardly a moment's pause. The free verse of Caeiro is carried further in the poetry of Campos, where it takes on very definite Whitmanian accents. Campos it was who introduced the poetry of Whitman to his fellow-countrymen. Campos it was who liberated Portuguese poetry in this technical respect, and made possible all the use of and experiments with free verse which Portuguese poets have since made. Campos is

Page 7.

undoubtedly the strongest of the four poetic personalities that constitute the genius of Fernando Pessoa. Much of his poetry is noisy, for one thing, and further he it was who signed the manifesto entitled *Ultimatum*, in which he proclaimed his revolutionary artistic theories. Like Caetano - whom he more than once calls his Master - Campos begins by making a clean sweep of the past, but not content with this includes the present also in his vast dismissal of what he calls the Mandarins of Europe. He starts afresh with a non-Christian, non-Aristotelian approach to art, the mainspring of which is FORCE, the exaltation of aggressive movement, as opposed to BEAUTY, the Aristotelian ideal. In the *Ode Triunfal* already mentioned, Campos begins to crystallize his theories, affirming the continuity and simultaneity of past, present and future, plunging into the diversity and multiplicity of life around him - people, machines, ships, cities; in short, all the manifestations of modern progress.

The poetry of Alvaro de Campos represents an attempt by Pessoa to escape from his natural tendency to *tédio* and *abulia* - a magnificent attempt, let it be said from the start, though it soon came to grief. It is also a noisy attempt, particularly in the vast *Ode Marítima*, which Roy Campbell called the noisiest poem ever written. This long poem is a symphony of gigantic proportions, expressing all the diversity and multiplicity of life which the poet desires to possess within himself, very much in the manner of Whitman. Unfortunately Campos is not Whitman, not God; he is not even a pirate, like those who symbolize force in the poem, before whom he bewails his miserable human existence. What for Whitman was a natural identification of himself with the world and all that is in it, is for a Campos a purely cerebral exercise. The slow movement of the poem, with its recollection of past happiness in his early childhood, the lost paradise which he cannot link to the present, despite all his theories, is the reality of Campos, the reality of Pessoa himself, and the germ of the failure of Campos to escape from himself and his *tédio*. After the *Ode Marítima* the decline of *sensacionismo* (Pessoa's name for his own brand of Futurism) is evident, and the cycle of poems in which the liberation was attempted comes to a premature end.

There follows a virtual silence of several years in the dates assigned to Campos's poetry, and we next encounter the post-sensacionista period. The poet's attitude has changed completely meanwhile: from the desire to identify himself with the world, he goes to the other end of the scale, to isolationism, the desire to be left alone, with his grief and his *tédio*. The basis of this is revealed in a poem with an English title *Lisbon Revisited* (1923): it is the need to live an ordinary working and social life which has led the poet to disillusionment. From this it is but a step to a full confession of failure, and this we find in the long poem *Tabacaria* (Tobacco Kiosk). It is a poem which exhales a long, all-embracing *tédio*, of which the tobacconist's kiosk, expressing reality and symbolizing the poet's failure, is representative.

Page 8.

I am nothing.  
 I shall never be anything.  
 I cannot wish to be anything.  
 This apart, I have in me all the dreams in the world.

Windows of my room,  
 Of this room of one of the world's millions whom no one  
 knows  
 (And if they knew, what would they know?),  
 You look onto the mystery of a street perpetually crossed  
 by people,  
 Onto a street inaccessible to every thought,  
 Real, impossibly real, certain, its certainty unknown,  
 With the mystery of things underneath stones and creatures,  
 With death putting damp on the walls and white hairs on  
 men's heads,  
 With Destiny pulling the cart of all along the street of  
 nothing.

To-day I am beaten, as if I knew the truth.  
 To-day I am lucid, as if I were about to die,  
 And had no more brotherhood with things  
 Other than a farewell, this house and this side of the  
 street  
 Becoming a line of carriages on a train, and a departure  
 signalled  
 By a whistle inside my head,  
 And a jerk of my nerves and a creaking of bones as the  
 train goes.

To-day I am confused, like one who has thought, found  
 truth and then forgotten.  
 To-day I am torn between the loyalty I owe  
 To the Tobacconist's across the street, as a thing of  
 external reality,  
 And to this feeling that all is a dream, as a thing of  
 internal reality.

I have failed in everything.  
 Since I had no purpose, perhaps it was all nothing.  
 The apprenticeship I was given,  
 I slipped down from it by the back window.  
 I went into the country with great intentions.  
 But all I found there was grass and trees,  
 And when there were people they were just like the others.  
 I leave the window, and sit down in a chair. What am I to  
 think about?

What do I know of what I shall be, I who do not know  
 what I am?  
 Be what I am in my thoughts? But I think of being so  
 many things!

Page 9.

And there are so many who dream of being the same thing  
 that they cannot all be it!  
 Genius? At this moment  
 A hundred thousand brains dream they are geniuses like  
 myself,  
 Yet history will perhaps not remember a single one,  
 They will only be the dung of many future conquests.  
 No, I do not believe in myself.  
 In every asylum there are mad fools with so many certainties!  
 I, who have no certainties, am I more or less certain?  
 No, not even in myself...  
 In how many attics and non-attics of this world  
 Are not self-styled geniuses dreaming?  
 How many lofty, noble, lucid aspirations-  
 Yes, truly lofty, noble and lucid-  
 And perhaps capable of realization,  
 Will never see real sunlight, will never find a hearing?  
 The world is for those born to conquer  
 And not for those who dream they can conquer-even though  
 they are right.  
 I have dreamt more than Napoleon did.  
 I have pressed to a hypothetical breast more humanities  
 than Christ.  
 I have formed philosophies in secret that no Kant ever wrote.  
 But I am, and perhaps shall always be, the man in the attic,  
 Even though I do not live in it;  
 I shall always be the one who was not born for this;  
 I shall always be just the one who had possibilities;  
 I shall always be he who waited for the opening of the door  
 by a wall without a door,  
 He who sang the song of Infinity in a hen-coop,  
 And heard the voice of God in a closed well.  
 Believe in myself? No, nor in anything else.  
 Let Nature pour onto my feverish head  
 Her sun, her rain, the wind that gets into my hair,  
 And the rest, let it come if it will, or has to come, or let it  
 not come.  
 Cardiac slaves of the stars,  
 We have conquered the whole world before getting out of bed;  
 But we woke up and the world is opaque,  
 We have got up and the world is foreign,  
 We have left the house and the world is the whole earth,  
 Plus the solar system and the Milky Way and Limitless Space.  
  
 (Eat your chocolates, little girl;  
 Eat your chocolates!  
 Chocolates are the only metaphysics of this world.  
 All the religions put together do not teach as much as a  
 sweet shop.  
 Eat, dirty little girl, eat!  
 If only I could eat chocolates with the same truth as you-do!

Page 10.

But I think, and when I unwrap the silver paper, which is  
only tinfoil,  
I throw the whole lot on the floor, just as I have thrown  
away my life.)

But at least I still have some of the bitterness of knowing  
I shall never be  
The rapid script of these lines,  
A broken gate onto the Impossible.  
But at least I devote to myself a tearless scorn,  
Noble at least in the broad gesture with which I throw  
The dirty washing which is me, without a laundry list, into  
the passage of things,  
And stay at home without a shirt.

(You, who console, who do not exist and thus console,  
Be you a Greek goddess, conceived as a statue that should live,  
Or a Roman dame, impossibly noble and ill-fated,  
Or a troubadours' princess, a gentle, vivid creature,  
Or an eighteenth-century marquise, décolletée and distant,  
Or a famous courtesan of our fathers' time,  
Or something very modern-I can't quite think what-  
All this, be what it may, be it, if it can inspire then let it  
do so!

My heart is an empty bucket.  
Just as those accustomed to invoke spirits invoke spirits I  
invoke  
Myself and find nothing.

I go to the window and see the street with stark lucidity.  
I see the shops, I see the pavements, I see the passing cars,  
I see clothed living beings who pass each other by,  
I see dogs which also exist,  
And all this is a burden to me, as if it were a banishment,  
And all this is foreign to me, like all things.)

I have lived, I have studied, I have loved, I have even believed  
And to-day there is not a single beggar I do not envy just  
because he is not me.

I see them all-their rags, their wounds, their untruth,  
And I think to myself: perhaps you never lived, studied,  
loved nor believed.

(Because one can do all these materially yet not do any of  
them);

Perhaps you have just existed, like a lizard whose tail is  
cut off

And is just a tail wriggling apart from the lizard.

I have made of myself what I could not,  
And what I might have made I did not.  
I put on someone else's fancy dress.

Page 11.

I was straightway recognized as who I was not, I did not lie  
 and was lost.  
 When I wanted to take off the mask,  
 It was stuck to my face.  
 When I pulled it off and saw myself in the mirror,  
 I had grown old.  
 I was drunk, I could no longer put on the fancy dress I had  
 never taken off.  
 I threw away the mask and slept in the cloakroom  
 Like a dog tolerated by the management  
 Because it is harmless  
 And I shall write this story to prove I am sublime.

Musical essence of my useless poems,  
 Could I but find you in something created by me,  
 Instead of always standing opposite the Tobacco Kiosk  
 across the road,  
 Treading under foot the consciousness of my existence,  
 Like a carpet on which a drunkard staggers  
 Or a worthless doormat stolen by gypsies.  
 But the owner of the Tobacco Kiosk has come to his door  
 and stands there.  
 I look at him with the discomfort of a half-turned head  
 And with the discomfort of a half-comprehending soul.  
 We will die and so shall I.  
 He will leave his signboard, I my poems.  
 Later the signboard will die too, and with it my poems.  
 Then later still will disappear the street where the signboard  
 hung,  
 And the language in which my poems were written.  
 Afterwards it will be the turn of the revolving planet in  
 which all this happened.  
 In other satellites of other systems something like people  
 will go on writing things like poems and living under things  
 like signboards,  
 Always one thing opposite the other,  
 Always one thing as useless as the other,  
 Always the impossible as stupid as reality,  
 Always the fundamental mystery as sure as the slumbering  
 mystery of the surface,  
 Always one thing or another or neither one nor the other.

But now a man has gone into the Tobacconist's (to buy  
 tobacco?),  
 And plausible reality falls suddenly upon me.  
 I half-stand up energetic, convinced, human,  
 And I shall try to write these lines in which I say the  
 contrary.  
 I light a cigarette as I think of writing them  
 And savour in the cigarette the liberation from all thoughts.

[1]<sup>5</sup>

## FERNANDO PESSOA

Fernando Pessoa is one of the most complex figures in all literature. He was born in Lisbon in 1888. His father, a consumptive music critic, died when the future poet was very young, and, according to himself, Pessoa became a complete orphan when his mother remarried. His stepfather being a diplomat, young Fernando was transported from his beloved Lisbon at the age of seven and spent a number of years in Durban. He attended Durban High School, where he distinguished himself particularly in English, winning the Queen Victoria Essay Prize. At this time, and for some time even after his return to Portugal, English was the language he preferred and in which he wrote his first poetry. He spent a short time at Cape Town University, after which he was sent back to Portugal to study at Lisbon University. He did matriculate and begin a course at that University, but followed it for a very short time. His life after this was spent entirely in Portugal—except in his imagination—and was the factually uneventful and financially miserable one of commercial correspondent for various Lisbon businesses with foreign connections. He died in 1935 from alcohol poisoning, having published only one book, which won second prize in a national propaganda competition.

Fernando Pessoa first entered the Portuguese literary scene as the critical apologist of a group of poets known as the “saudosistas”, whose movement had appeared just at the right time to fit in with the literary theories Pessoa was elaborating as part of his vision of a rebirth of the Portuguese nation. He soon realized that the poets of *A Águia*<sup>6</sup> (the organ of “saudosismo”) did not conceal in their ranks the “super-Camões” whose birth he had been announcing in his critical articles, and began to write poetry of his own to proclaim the new theories he had evolved. In the process he wrote the virtually untranslatable, and later disavowed, poem “Paúis,”<sup>7</sup> which gave its name to the abortive literary movement of which Sá-Carneiro, not Pessoa, was the chief and only natural exponent.

Soon afterwards occurred what was probably the most important single event in the poet’s life: the birth of the first of his heteronyms, to whom he gave the name Alberto Caeiro. From letters which he wrote many years later, we learn of his childhood loneliness and his natural tendency to create and dramatize characters to entertain him. The mainspring of Pessoa’s genius was, as he himself said, dramatic: but not dramatic in the usual sense. The characters he created did not appear in stage plays, instead they each produced a whole body of poetry. Much

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<sup>5</sup> From p. 2 onward, the document presents page numbers centered in the top margins; we indicate these numbers in brackets to avoid interrupting the text flow.

<sup>6</sup> Though not underlined in the document, here we italicized the name of this publication—as well as any book titles, whether in Portuguese or English.

<sup>7</sup> Differing from the document, we present any poem titles with quotation marks.

has been written about Pessoa's heteronyms and the problem of his sincerity, but this is not the time nor the place to go into what is a very complicated problem.

[2] Personally—even taking into account the tendency to mystification inherent in Pessoa and his generation—I accept the fundamental sincerity of these creations, as Pessoa expressed it in a letter to his friend Armando Cortes-Rodrigues, when he wrote: “This is felt in the person of someone else; it is written dramatically, but it is sincere in the same way as what King Lear says is sincere, and he is not Shakespeare but a creation of his.” Soon after the birth of Alberto Caeiro, Pessoa's main trio of heteronyms was completed by the appearance of Álvaro de Campos and Ricardo Reis. So real were these creations for Pessoa, that, like a novelist, he gave them complete physical and intellectual personalities. Each is equipped with a complete biography and background, an education and profession, and so successfully that, like their creator, we come to wonder which of them is the creator and which the creations! Pessoa's attitude to sincerity was basically that only artistic sincerity is important in the artist. His preoccupation with sincerity appears in many of his poems, and the poem “Isto” (This), which follows, is one of a number in which the poet attempts to summarize his attitude.

They say that all my poems  
Are lies or inventions. But no.  
It is simply that I feel  
With my imagination alone.  
I do not use my heart.

All that I dream or experience,  
All that I fail in or finish,  
Is like a terrace  
Onto something else, something further.  
That something is what has beauty.

For this in my writing I plunge  
Into that which is not close to me,  
Free from perturbed emotion,  
Serious about what is unreal.  
Feeling? That's for the reader!

In the poetry written in his own name, and which, with the fairly recent addition of two volumes of hitherto unpublished poems, constitutes the major part of his poetical works, Fernando Pessoa is basically a metaphysical poet. He passes through the phase of occultism in the sonnet sequence “Passos da Cruz,” where he introduces the idea that as a poet he is the medium of some hidden power. One of the problems the poet examines is that of consciousness, and here the influence of his first heteronym, Caeiro, is manifest. For Caeiro consciousness is evil, unconsciousness good. For Pessoa the problem is more complex. It is more one of



happiness: happiness is to be found in unconsciousness, but it cannot be complete unless one can be conscious of one's unconsciousness! This he expresses in the following verses:

[3] She sings, poor reaping girl,  
 And thinks herself happy perhaps;  
 She sings, and reaps, and her voice,  
 Breathing solitude, joyful, unnamed,  
  
 Undulates like the song of a bird  
 In the threshold-clean air of day,  
 And there are curves in the gentle maze  
 Of the sound which fills her song.  
  
 To hear her cheers and saddens,  
 In her voice are the fields and her toil,  
 And she sings as if she had  
 More reasons to sing than life.  
  
 Oh sing, sing without reasons!  
 What feels deep in me is thinking.  
 Pour, pour into my heart  
 Your uncertain wavering voice!  
  
 Oh, to be you, yet be myself!  
 Have your joyful unconsciousness,  
 And be conscious of it! O sky!  
 O field! O song! Knowledge  
  
 Is so heavy and life so short!  
 Enter into me, enter! Make  
 My soul the light shadow of you  
 And then, bearing me with you, pass on!

It is no surprise to find that childhood reminiscences are frequent in Pessoa's poetry, as also in that of Álvaro de Campos, the heteronym closest to him poetically. He aspires to a period of his childhood before his mother remarried and, as was the case with Baudelaire, "betrayed" him. He is aspiring to a complete unconscious happiness which he knows to be impossible.

It was probably Fernando Pessoa who introduced into Portuguese poetry the short poem which has since become so popular: to seize the passing moment, a sensation or an emotion fused into a sigh of the breeze, the scudding of clouds, a ripple on water, or anything the poet sees, hears, touches or tastes and which he intimately connects with some deeper sense within him. This finishing for moments, this playing with fragments, are natural in one whose poetry ultimately

springs from what in Portuguese is called *tédio*<sup>8</sup>. It is a physical and spiritual state of impotence resulting from the premature abandonment of the search for a faith, for something positive. In this fragmentary expression Pessoa takes up the traditional source of imagery in Portuguese poetry, natural surroundings: the sky, the stars, the fields and trees, the sea, and aspects of village life.

[4] But Pessoa is no sentimental bucolic, nor even a nature poet in the traditional sense of the term. The natural imagery he uses is, as it were, within himself, so that he is frequently able to achieve a fusion of concrete and abstract, of objective and subjective. A fine and well-known<sup>9</sup> example of this type of short poem is the poem “Ó sino da minha aldeia” (O church bell of my village), which expresses beautifully the poet’s sense of loss and, in the slow unceasing clanging of the bell, the inevitable *tédio*.

O church-bell of my village,  
Aching in the calm afternoon,  
Each clang of you chimes  
Echoes deep in my soul.

And your ringing is so slow,  
So much as if tired of life,  
That even the first time you strike  
It sounds like a stroke repeated.

Close though you strike my ear,  
When I saunter past, lost in thought,  
For me you are like a dream,  
You sound distant in my soul.

At each of your echoing chimes  
Vibrating in the free sky,  
I feel the past more distant,  
And nostalgia nearer my heart.

Alberto Caeiro, Pessoa’s first heteronym, appeared at a time when his creator was lost in a maze, and acted as a poetical purge. He represents for Pessoa an apprenticeship of unlearning. The poet’s approach, according to Caeiro, has become confused by religious and literary traditions, by metaphysical over-subtleties. It is time to open the eyes and look around, to accept external appearances for what they are, and not make them into anything else. This is the attitude expressed by the now notorious phrase of Gertrude Stein “A rose is a rose is a rose,” and the less well-known exhortation of the Spanish poet Jorge Guillén: “Mira!—Vas? Basta!” The world of the senses is the only one to be trusted—an

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<sup>8</sup> We italicize here any Portuguese words (except for proper names and words already in quotes).

<sup>9</sup> “wellknown” in the document.

attitude not alien to certain trends in twentieth-century philosophy; while hypostatic qualities, such as Beauty, are regarded from the point of view which we find in I. A. Richard's *Principles of Literary Criticism*, and which is summed up in Caetano's lines:

Beauty is the name of something which does not exist  
Which I give to things in exchange for the pleasure they give me.

[5] The tone of Caetano's poetry is anti-traditional, even anti-poetical, and his verse form is equally anti-traditional. It is in Caetano's poetry that free verse was first used systematically in Portuguese literature. All this is part of the plan, as it were. Caetano is described by Pessoa as a countryman of little education. Accordingly he uses a simple, limited vocabulary, intentionally free from abstract terminology. Throughout his poetry there is the insistence on external reality and an uncompromising rejection of metaphysics. This is explained at the outset in the second poem of the sequence *O Guardador de Rebanhos* (*The Shepherd*).

My gaze is as clear as a sun-flower.  
It is my habit to walk along roads  
Looking to right and to left,  
And sometimes looking behind...  
And what I see at each moment  
Is something I had never seen before,  
And I can observe this very well...  
I am capable of the essential spasm  
Which a new-born child would have, if, at birth,  
It could realize it had really been born...  
I feel myself being born at every moment  
Into the eternal novelty of the World...

I believe in the world as I do in a marigold,  
Because I see it. But I do not think about it  
Because to think is not to understand...  
The world was not made for us to think about it  
(To think is to have an affliction of the eyes)  
But for us to look at it and be in harmony with it...

I have no philosophy: I have senses...  
If I talk of Nature it is not because I know her,  
But because I love her, and I love her for this reason,  
Because to love is not to know one loves,  
Nor why, nor what love is...

Loving is eternal innocence,  
And the only innocence is not to think...

The purge operated on Pessoa by Caeiro was directed specifically at the elements of *saudosismo* in Pessoa's own poetry, and serves also as a criticism of *saudosismo* by Pessoa. Caeiro actually wrote four short poems in which he parodied the maudlin Franciscanism of those poets—four poems in which the tone is exactly that of *saudosista* poetry, except for a jarring note at the end which reveals the parody. The poem which follows (number XXVIII of *O Guardador de Rebanhos*) is a direct attack on *saudosista* poetry, and at the same time outlines some of the characteristics of their poetry.

[6] To-day I read almost two pages  
Of a book by a mystic poet,  
And I laughed like one who has wept.

Mystic poets are sick philosophers,  
And philosophers are mad fools.

Because mystic poets say that flowers feel  
And they say that stones have souls  
And that rivers experience ecstasies in the moonlight.

But if flowers could feel they would not be flowers,  
They would be people;  
And if stones had souls, they would be alive, and not be stones;  
And if rivers experienced ecstasies in the moonlight,  
Rivers would be sick men.  
He must be ignorant of what flowers and stones and rivers are  
Who speaks of their feelings.  
To speak of the souls of flowers, of rivers,  
Is to speak of oneself and of one's own false thoughts.  
Thanks be to God that stones are only stones  
And that rivers are not other than rivers,  
And that flowers are only flowers.

As for me, I write the prose of my poems  
And am content,  
Because I know I understand Nature from outside;  
And I do not understand her from inside  
Because Nature has no inside;  
Otherwise she would not be Nature.

It may interest you to know that most of the forty-nine poems which make up the collection entitled *O Guardador de Rebanhos* were written at a single sitting—or rather standing, since Pessoa, in common with many earlier writers, often wrote in this position.

Almost immediately after this effort, Pessoa changed from an uncultured pagan into a highly educated, progress-mad city dweller, passing briefly through

the first phase of the cultured paganism of Ricardo Reis, whom we shall consider below, and the “Ode Triunfal” of Álvaro de Campos was written on a typewriter with hardly a moment’s pause. The free verse of Caeiro is carried further in the poetry of Campos, where it takes on very definite Whitmanian accents. Campos it was who introduced the poetry of Whitman to his fellow-countryman. Campos it was who liberated Portuguese poetry in this technical respect, and made possible all the use of and experiments with free verse which Portuguese poets have since made. Campos is [7] undoubtedly the strongest of the four poetic personalities that constitute the genius of Fernando Pessoa. Much of his poetry is noisy, for one thing, and further he it was who signed the manifesto entitled “Ultimatum,” in which he proclaimed his revolutionary artistic theories. Like Caeiro—whom he more than once calls his Master—Campos begins by making a clean sweep of the past, but not content with this includes the present also in his vast dismissal of what he calls the Mandarins of Europe. He starts afresh with a non-Christian, non-Aristotelian approach to art, the mainspring of which is FORCE, the exaltation of aggressive movement, as opposed to BEAUTY, the Aristotelian ideal. In the “Ode Triunfal” already mentioned, Campos begins to crystallize his theories, affirming the continuity and simultaneity of past, present and future, plunging into the diversity and multiplicity of life around him—people, machines, ships, cities; in short, all the manifestations of modern progress.

The poetry of Álvaro de Campos represents an attempt by Pessoa to escape from his natural tendency to *tédio* and *abulia*—a magnificent attempt, let it be said from the start, though it soon came to grief. It is also a noisy attempt, particularly in the vast “Ode Marítima<sup>10</sup>,” which Roy Campbell called the noisiest poem ever written. This long poem is a symphony of gigantic proportions, expressing all the diversity and multiplicity of life which the poet desires to possess within himself, very much in the manner of Whitman. Unfortunately Campos is not Whitman, not God; he is not even a pirate, like those who symbolize force in the poem, before whom he bewails his miserable human existence. What for Whitman was a natural identification of himself with the world and all that is in it, is for a Campos a purely cerebral exercise. The slow movement of the poem, with its recollection of past happiness in his early childhood, the lost paradise which he cannot link to the present, despite all his theories, is the reality of Campos, the reality of Pessoa himself, and the germ of the failure of Campos to escape from himself and his *tédio*. After the “Ode Marítima” the decline of *sensacionismo* (Pessoa’s name for his own brand of Futurism<sup>11</sup> is evident, and the cycle of poems in which the liberation was attempted comes to a premature end.

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<sup>10</sup> “Marítima,” always unstressed in the document.

<sup>11</sup> The document displays the sign / after “Futurism,” probably a typo.

There follows a virtual silence of several years in the dates assigned to Campos's poetry, and we next encounter the post-*sensacionista* period. The poet's attitude has changed completely meanwhile: from the desire to identify himself with the world, he goes to the other end of the scale, to isolationism, the desire to be left alone with his grief and his *tédio*. The basis of this is revealed in a poem with an English title "Lisbon Revisited (1923)": it is the need to live an ordinary working and social life which has led the poet to disillusionment. From this it is but a step to a full confession of failure, and this we find in the long poem "Tabacaria" (Tobacco Kiosk). It is a poem which exhales a long, all-embracing *tédio*, of which the tobac[c]onist's kiosk, expressing reality and symbolizing the poet's failure, is representative.

[8] I am nothing.  
I shall never be anything.  
I cannot wish to be anything.  
This apart, I have in me all the dreams in the world.

Windows of my room,  
Of this room of one of the world's millions whom no one knows  
(And if they knew, what would they know?),  
You look onto the mystery of a street perpetually crossed by people,  
Onto a street inaccessible to every thought,  
Real, impossibly real, certain, its certainty unknown,  
With the mystery of things underneath stones and creatures,  
With death putting damp on the walls and white hairs on men's heads,  
With Destiny pulling the cart of all along the street of nothing,  
To-day I am beaten, as if I knew the truth.  
To-day I am lucid, as if I were about to die,  
And had no more brotherhood with things  
Other than a farewell, this house and this side of the street  
Becoming a line of carriages on a train, and a departure signalled  
By a whistle inside my head,  
And a jerk of my nerves and a creaking of bones as the train goes.

To-day I am confused, like one who has thought, found truth and then forgotten.  
To-day I am torn between the loyalty I owe  
To the Tobacconist's across the street, as a thing of external reality,  
And to this feeling that all is a dream, as a thing of internal reality.

I have failed in everything.  
Since I had no purpose, perhaps it was all nothing.  
The apprenticeship I was given,  
I slipped down from it by the back window.  
I went into the country with great intentions.  
But all I found there was grass and trees,  
And when there were people they were just like the others.  
I leave the window, and sit down in a chair. What am I to think about?

- What do I know of what I shall be, I who do not know what I am?  
 Be what I am in my thoughts? But I think of being so many things!  
 [9] And there are so many who dream of being the same thing that they cannot all be it!  
 Genius? At this moment  
 A hundred thousand brains dream they are geniuses like myself,  
 Yet history will perhaps not remember a single one,  
 They will only be the dung of many future conquests.  
 No, I do not believe in myself.  
 In every asylum there are mad fools with so many certainties!  
 I, who have no certainties, am I more or less certain?  
 No, not even in myself...  
 In how many attics and non-attics of this world  
 Are not self-styled geniuses<sup>12</sup> dreaming?  
 How many lofty, noble, lucid aspirations—  
 Yes, truly lofty, noble and lucid—,  
 And perhaps capable of realization,  
 Will never see real sunlight, will never find a hearing?  
 The world is for those born to conquer  
 And not for those who dream they can conquer—even though they are right.  
 I have dreamt more than Napoleon did.  
 I have pressed to a hypothetical breast more humanities than Christ.  
 I have formed philosophies in secret that no Kant ever wrote.  
 But I am, and perhaps shall always be, the man in the attic,  
 Even though I do not live in it;  
 I shall always be the one who was not born for this;  
 I shall always be just the one who had possibilities;  
 I shall always be he who waited for the opening of the door by a wall without a door,  
 He who sang the song of Infinity in a hen-coop,  
 And heard the voice of God in a closed well.  
 Believe in myself? No, nor in anything else.  
 Let Nature pour onto my feverish head  
 Her sun, her rain, the wind that gets into my hair,  
 And the rest, let it come if it will, or has to come, or let it not come.  
 Cardiac slaves of the stars,  
 We have conquered the whole world before getting out of bed;  
 But we woke up and the world is opaque,  
 We have got up and the world is foreign,  
 We have left the house and the world is the whole earth,  
 Plus the solar system and the Milky Way and Limitless Space.
- (Eat your chocolates, little girl;  
 Eat your chocolates!  
 Chocolates are the only metaphysics of this world.  
 All the religions put together do not teach as much as a sweet shop.  
 Eat, dirty little girl, eat!  
 If only I could eat chocolates with the same truth as you do!  
 [10] But I think, and when I unwrap the silver paper, which is only tinfoil,

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<sup>12</sup> “genuises” in the document, a typo.

I throw the whole lot on the floor, just as I have thrown away my life.)

But at least I still have some of the bitterness of knowing  
 I shall never be  
 The rapid script of these lines,  
 A broken gate onto the Impossible.  
 But at least I devote to myself a tearless scorn,  
 Noble at least in the broad gesture with which I throw  
 The dirty washing which is me, without a laundry list, into the passage of things,  
 And stay at home without a shirt.

(You, who console, who do not exist and thus console,  
 Be you a Greek goddess, conceived as a statue that should live,  
 Or a Roman dame, impossibly noble and ill-fated,  
 Or a troubadours' princess, a gentle, vivid creature,  
 Or an eighteenth-century marquise, décolletée and distant,  
 Or a famous courtesan of our fathers' time,  
 Or something very modern—I can't quite think what—,  
 All this, be what it may, be it, if it can inspire then let it do so!  
 My heart is an empty bucket.  
 Just as those accustomed to invoke spirits invoke spirits I invoke  
 Myself and find nothing.  
 I go to the window and see the street with stark lucidity.  
 I see the shops, I see the pavements, I see the passing cars,  
 I see clothed living beings who pass each other by,  
 I see dogs which also exist,  
 And all this is a burden to me, as if it were a banishment,  
 And all this is foreign to me, like all things.)

I have lived, I have studied, I have loved, I have even believed  
 And to-day there is not a single beggar I do not envy just because he is not me.  
 I see them all—their rags, their wounds, their untruth,  
 And I think to myself: perhaps you never lived, studied, loved nor believed.  
 (Because one can do all these materially yet not do any of them);  
 Perhaps you have just existed, like a lizard whose tail is cut off  
 And is just a tail wriggling apart from the lizard.

I have made of myself what I could not,  
 And what I might have made I did not.  
 I put on someone else's fancy dress.  
 [11] I was straightway recognized as who I was not, I did not lie and was lost.  
 When I wanted to take off the mask,  
 It was stuck to my face.  
 When I pulled it off and saw myself in the mirror,  
 I had grown old.  
 I was drunk, I could no longer put on the fancy dress I had never taken off.  
 I threw away the mask and slept in the cloakroom  
 Like a dog tolerated by the management  
 Because it is harmless  
 And I shall write this story to prove I am sublime.



Musical essence of my useless poems,  
Could I but find you in something created by me,  
Instead of always standing opposite the Tobacco Kiosk across the road,  
Treading under foot the consciousness of my existence,  
Like a carpet on which a drunkard staggers  
Or a worthless doormat stolen by gypsies.  
But the owner of the Tobacco Kiosk has come to his door and stands there.  
I look at him with the discomfort of a half-turned head  
And with the discomfort of a half-comprehending soul.  
He will die and so shall I.  
He will leave his signboard, I my poems.  
Later the signboard will die too, and with it my poems.  
Then later still will disappear the street where the signboard hung,  
And the language in which my poems were written.  
Afterwards it will be the turn of the revolving planet in which all this happened.  
In other satellites of other systems something like people  
Will go on writing things like poems and living under things like signboards,  
Always one thing opposite the other,  
Always one thing as useless as the other,  
Always the impossible as stupid as reality,  
Always the fundamental mystery as sure as the slumbering mystery of the surface,  
Always one thing or another or neither one nor the other.

But now a man has gone into the Tobacconist's (to buy tobacco?),  
And plausible reality falls suddenly upon me.  
I half-stand up energetic, convinced, human,  
And I shall try to write these lines in which I say the contrary.  
I light a cigarette as I think of writing them  
And savour in the cigarette the liberation from all thoughts.

# "Se te queres matar" & "Distante Melodia" in English: Jennings translates Sá-Carneiro

Ricardo Vasconcelos\*

## Keywords

Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Hubert D. Jennings, Álvaro de Campos, Se te queres matar, Distante Melodia.

## Abstract

This essay introduces two unpublished documents in Hubert Jennings's archive that are, in different ways, connected to the Portuguese writer Mário de Sá-Carneiro. The first is a translation of the poem "Se te queres matar, porque não te queres matar?" by Álvaro de Campos, which Jennings explicitly associates with Mário de Sá-Carneiro and his writings. The second is Jennings's translation of Sá-Carneiro's "Distante Melodia," a poem dated June 30, 1914, which was sent by Sá-Carneiro to his fellow Modernist Fernando Pessoa, first as a separate autograph copy and then in the notebook for *Indícios de Ouro*—besides having been published in the first issue of *Orpheu*, in 1915.

## Palavras-chave

Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Hubert D. Jennings, Álvaro de Campos, Se te queres matar, Distante Melodia.

## Resumo

Apresentam-se aqui dois documentos inéditos do arquivo de Hubert Jennings que, de modos diferentes, estão relacionados com Mário de Sá-Carneiro. O primeiro deles é uma tradução de "Se te queres matar, porque não te queres matar?", de Álvaro de Campos, que Jennings associa expressamente à figura e à obra de Sá-Carneiro. O segundo é a tradução feita por Jennings de "Distante Melodia", poema que Sá-Carneiro data de 30 de junho de 1914 e envia a Fernando Pessoa, primeiramente em folha separada, posteriormente no caderno de *Indícios de Ouro*—além de ter sido publicado no primeiro número de *Orpheu*.

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Transcribed on the back of three sheets of paper with the letterhead of the Progressive Party of South Africa, Hubert Jennings's translation of the poem with *incipit* "Se te queres matar, porque não te queres matar?" (translated "If you want to kill yourself, why do you not want to kill yourself?") by Álvaro de Campos, Fernando Pessoa's heteronym, is preceded by an important "Preliminary note." It is a valuable brief introduction because in it Jennings explicitly relates this poem—dated by Pessoa April 26, 1926, the tenth anniversary of the death of Mário Sá-Carneiro in Paris—both to Sá-Carneiro and to his writings. The recognition that ten years passed between the death of Sá-Carneiro and the date attributed by Pessoa to the aforementioned poem (which precisely deals with suicide as one of its main themes, and therefore the assumption that the poem somehow relates to Sá-Carneiro's demise) has been made throughout the past few decades, more recently repeated, and seems fairly unproblematic. However it is relevant, in the first place, to present Jennings's view on what he clearly considers to be a, so to speak, Sá-Carneirian inspiration for the poem "If you want to kill yourself." Secondly, it is worth noting that the translation of the poem Jennings specifically observes two intertextual dialogues between Campos's poem and Sá-Carneiro's general *œuvre*. In fact Jennings adds to the translation a few handwritten notes regarding textual coincidences that further bind together Campos's poem and Sá-Carneiro's works, and, thus, the dialogue between Pessoa and Sá-Carneiro as a whole.

The document is not dated, but of course was written after the late 1960s, when Hubert Dudley Jennings learned Portuguese. At the same time, having been written on sheets of paper from the Progressive Party of South Africa, the translation may or may not be related to the change of name of that party in 1975, and to the existence of possibly obsolete sheets.

It is worth quoting here the entire introductory note, for its insightful understanding of Campos's poem:

This meditation on suicide was written on April 26, 1926, exactly ten years after Pessoa's friend, Mario de Sá-Carneiro, drank six bottles of strychnine on the steps of the Hotel de Nice in Paris. For more than a month Sá-Carneiro had been writing febrile letters saying that he would end his life either by taking poison or throwing himself under the Metro. It would appear that Pessoa did not take him seriously for he wrote only two letters in reply, the second of which did not reach Mario for it was written on the day of his death. It is the only one preserved and is marvellously prosaic. In brief, he inferred that he had been absorbed in his own troubles, his mother in South Africa had just suffered a stroke. † The poem which follows is perhaps what he might have written had he known his friend really intended suicide, or what perhaps that side of him called Alvaro de Campos would have said.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Jennings seems to have had a less complete knowledge about the details of the death of Sá-Carneiro. But Sá-Carneiro does say, in the first letter cited by Jennings, dated April 17, 1916: "Recebi a sua carta e o seu postal. Não tenho nervos p[ar]a lhe escrever, bem entendido" (I received your letter and your postcard. I don't have the nervous balance to write you, of course) (2015: 491), despite, in fact, ending up writing a long letter and also sending stanzas of a poem. As for Pessoa, he says about his mother's disease, in his letter dated April 26, 1916: "Ella teve aquillo a que se

The last sentence is particularly relevant, since in it Jennings proposes his explanation for Álvaro de Campos's somewhat disconcerting interpellation to, in Jennings's view, Sá-Carneiro. First, the poem is perceived as an attempt to deter suicide, an eternally failed attempt, I would add, because it is made—and continually repeated at the literary level—after the *fait accompli*. In this sense, it can be inferred from Jennings's words that he conceives an intention and effort by Pessoa, in the timeless literary realm, to stop time and prevent what he once may have not imagined would be possible: a suicide. Secondly, Jennings seeks to explain the tone of the poem, reading it mostly as an option to provoke the reader, who is, at one level, Sá-Carneiro (and the posthumous nature of the dialogue makes sense, when integrated in the rhetoric of the epistolary exchange that Sá-Carneiro and Pessoa did maintain), and at the same time any reader in any age who engages with the poem.

According to Jennings's interpretation, the provoking of the reader is made in order to remember, above all, that after death humans will be "more dead than" they estimate, to paraphrase a verse from the poem in Jennings's version. The poem thus refuses the human illusion of wishing that death may guarantee at least some amiable and regular posthumous memories, and so it states, dryly, reminding the progressive pain of erasure: "Then, gradually, you are forgotten." Jennings still reminds his readers that the most provocative tone of the poem can be explained by the fact that it is signed by the heteronym Álvaro de Campos. It should be understood, however, that these two interpretations by Jennings are not conflicting but complementary, since the provocation by Campos still bears the goal of dissuasion from suicide.<sup>2</sup>

With regard to Jennings's interpretation of an influence by Sá-Carneiro in the poem "If you want to kill yourself," it should be emphasized, however, that equally important to recognizing the relationship between dates and the suicide theme is the fact that Jennings analyzes how the poem dialogues with Sá-

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chama vulgarmente um 'insulto apoplético' e ficou com uma paralisia em todo o lado esquerdo do corpo" (She had what is commonly called an 'apoplectic insult' and got paralyzed completely in the left side of her body) (SÁ-CARNEIRO, 2015: 507).

<sup>2</sup> Diverging slightly from Jennings's proposal, I would suggest another perspective on the poem. In addition to the dialogue with the image of Sá-Carneiro, in a tone that dissuades act(s) of suicide, when Campos reminds the reader that the *post mortem* is more silent than what he may imagine, and that human memory disappears faster than you can conceive in life—wouldn't this be Pessoa recognizing the erasure, in his own period of time, of the figure of Sá-Carneiro? That is, wouldn't Pessoa-Campos notice that, ten years after Sá-Carneiro's death, his memory (of the man and perhaps also of his literary works) had faded out faster than anyone (Sá-Carneiro and Pessoa himself) could have imagined in 1916? In addition to reading the verse "If you want to kill yourself, kill yourself..." as a somewhat nagging, even puerile, appeal that hypothetically infantilizes the one who makes it, as much as the recipient, I believe the poem inspired by Sá-Carneiro conveys the recognition of the deletion exercised by the passage of time upon the author's work.

Carneiro's work. His conclusion of intertextual relations is reflected in remarks Jennings writes by hand in blue ink on the third page of this document. In fact, Jennings connects Sá-Carneiro's poetry to a line from Campos, which he translates as "Disperse yourself, physico-chemical system" (from the original "Dispersa-te, systema physico-chimico"), by commenting:

Disperse yourself—reference to *Dispersão*, collection of poems by Sá-Carneiro.  
In one of the quatrains he writes prophetically:

E sinto que a minha morte—	And I <fell> [↑ feel] that my death
Minha dispersão total—	My total dispersion
Existe lá longe, ao norte	Exists there far away, in the north
Numa grande capital.	In a great capital city

(Quoted Simões Vol II p. 31)

The final parenthetical reference points to João Gaspar Simões's study *Vida e Obra de Fernando Pessoa—História duma Geração, vol. II—Maturidade e Morte*,<sup>3</sup> where in fact the stanza of *Dispersão* quoted above is explicitly mentioned on page 31. In turn, Jennings's annotation in the left margin of the third page, written vertically, "Letters p. 55 Vol. II," requires further clarification. I believe it is a likely reference to a passage in the second volume of Sá-Carneiro's *Cartas a Fernando Pessoa*,<sup>4</sup> published by Ática. In the letter dated August 10, 1915 (pp. 53-56 of that volume), specifically on page 55, Sá-Carneiro refers to the project of his novella "Mundo Interior" (Inner World). Jennings seems to associate this title with the verse "De que te serve o teu *mundo interior* que desconheces?" (my emphasis) of "If you want to kill yourself," which he translates as "What use to you is your interior world that you do not understand?"

One might say that Jennings actively seeks to find in the poem intertextual relations that could further support the interpretation of a relationship between the dates of Sá-Carneiro's suicide and Campos's poem. The analysis of these relations, as made by Jennings, makes sense, and could possibly be taken further. I should point out that the concept and phrase "mundo interior" used in Campos's poem, perhaps referencing the title of Sá-Carneiro's projected novella, is used by Sá-Carneiro in other contexts as well, including his poetry. In fact in "Taciturno" (Taciturn) Sá-Carneiro says: "No meu mundo interior cerraram-se armaduras" (In my inner world armors closed up) (2015, p. 260). And, in his correspondence with Pessoa, the concept is mentioned even before becoming the title of the projected novella. In a letter dated June 15, 1914, for example, Sá-Carneiro speaks of his return to Paris and of the "atmosfera sempre dolorosa do meu mundo interior"

<sup>3</sup> Translation: Life and Work of Fernando Pessoa—History of a Generation, vol. II—Maturity and Death.

<sup>4</sup> Translation: Letters to Fernando Pessoa.

(the always painful atmosphere of my inner world"). By July 27, 1914, Sá-Carneiro refers specifically to the novella, describing the project to Pessoa:

Lembrou-me agora, de subito, ao entrar p[ar]a casa q[ue], nesse volume, cabe tambem, pode ser, "O Mundo Interior" tratado doutra maneira: o narrador conhece um homem (o narrador aqui aparentemente "burguês", isto é: criatura sem complicações psicológicas—talvez um "professor" de matemática ou de física) trava conhecimento no Café com um homem que lhe fala só da sua alma e lhe conta como viaja no seu mundo interior. Um dia esse homem desaparece (como por exemplo desapareceu aquele meu amigo a q[ue] aludo na "Grande Sombra") e a unica explicação que o seu companheiro encontra em vista das buscas da policia improficuas, é esta: q[ue] êle terá desaparecido no seu mundo interior. Donde o inconveniente de ser complicado de mais, de ser "psicologia" a mais, de pensar de mais sobre si próprio... Não é verdade q[ue] esta novela podia caber no livro? Que lhe parece?<sup>5</sup>

(2015: 248-250)

In the letter mentioned by Jennings, from August 10, 1915, Sá-Carneiro explains that he is "pouco disposto a escrever agora o 'Mundo Interior'" (unwilling to now write the "Inner World") (2015, p. 348), and on the last day of that month, with regard to his contribution to the planned *Orpheu* 3, he states: "não vou agora escrever o 'Mundo Interior' de afogadilho" (I will not write the "Inner World" now, in hurry) (2015, p. 370).

Jennings has all the more reason to highlight the textual relationship in question as Pessoa had kept in mind the importance of the concept of "inner world" to Sá-Carneiro. In fact Pessoa had been concerned with the loss of the plausible manuscript of the novella. Among Pessoa's papers at the National Library in Lisbon, there is a draft of a letter to the manager of the Hôtel de Nice, which may or may not have been sent, in which Pessoa affirms:

Comme il s'agit de manuscrits d'une importance strictement et exclusivement littéraire, je vous serais bien reconnaissant si vous pouviez autoriser que mon ami, M. Carlos Ferreira, qui vous est connu, les retire de la malle, pour m'en faire envoi, lors de son prochain retour à Paris. [...] Pour votre gouverne, je puis vous dire que le manuscrit auquel je m'intéresse le plus, se compose de quelques pages (huit ou dix, tout au plus) avec le titre portugais "MUNDO INTERIOR".<sup>6</sup>

(2015: 537)

<sup>5</sup> Translation: It just occurred to me suddenly, on entering the house, that this volume could maybe include "The Inner World" addressed differently: the narrator meets a man (the narrator here seemingly "bourgeois," i.e. a creature with no psychological complications—perhaps a "professor" of mathematics or physics); becomes acquainted in a cafe with a man who talks about to him only about his soul and tells him how he travels in his inner world. One day this man disappears (as disappeared that friend of mine to whom I allude in "The Great Shadow") and the only explanation that his friend finds, considering the fruitless searches by the police, is this: that he must have disappeared in his inner world. Hence the drawback of being too complicated, of having too much "psychology," thinking too much about oneself... Wouldn't you say this novella could fit in the book? What do you think?

<sup>6</sup> Translation: As these are manuscripts of a strictly and exclusively literary importance, I would be greatly appreciative if you could authorize that my friend, Mr. Carlos Ferreira, who you know, could take them from the luggage<sup>6</sup> to send them to me, upon his next return trip to Paris. [...] For

As demonstrated, the value of this document in the Jennings archive, with regard to the relationship established between Campos and Sá-Carneiro, lies not only in the recognition of the coincidence of dates (of Sá-Carneiro's suicide and of the authorship of "If you want to kill yourself") and in Jennings's interpretation of this, but also in his (successful) attempt to identify intertextual relations between the discourses of Sá-Carneiro and Campos. In addition, I should highlight the quality of the translation proper, which we do not address here, given that this paper focuses on the traces of Sá-Carneiro in some of his documents—and the analysis of Jennings's translations does deserve a separate work.

Another document in the Jennings archive that pays particular attention to Sá-Carneiro is a translation of the latter's poem "Distante Melodia." In April 1915, this poem was discussed in a review of the first issue of *Orpheu* published in the Algarve magazine *Alma Nova*, a copy of which was kept in one of Sá-Carneiro and Pessoa's notebooks with press reviews. In this review, A. Bustorff (Antonio Júdice Bustorff Silva) highlighted some of the virtues of Sá-Carneiro's poetry presented in this volume. Bustorff said that the author revealed himself to possess

alma de poeta profundamente ritmica, sonhadora e musical nos sonetos "Salomé" e "Certa voz na noite, ruivamente..." — duas belas composições, cheias de ritmo e de harmonia, — na pequena poesia "Sugestão" e, principalmente nesse "A Inigualável," a pagina 16, de um sabor doentio mas nem por isso menos bela que qualquer das anteriores<sup>7</sup>

(BNP 155-12<sup>r</sup>)

At the same time, however, the reviewer, Bustorff, chastised an "excesso de Interseccionismo" (excessive Interseccionism) of some poetry that, in his view, led to "Charadismo" (Riddle-ism). In this regard, he said:

É ver a "Distante melodia" e, sobretudo, essa estranha *blague* (porque é *blague*, pois não, senhor Sá-Carneiro?) — 16 — cujos últimos versos são dum destrambelhamento tal que só pedem transcrição sem comentários. De resto estamos em crêr que apreciaremos por completo todos os poemas do senhor M. de Sá-Carneiro desde que alguma "alma iniciada" na sua esfingica terminologia nos inicie também.<sup>8</sup>

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your information, I can tell you that the manuscript that interests me the most is composed of a few pages (8 or 10 at the most) with the Portuguese title "MUNDO INTERIOR."

<sup>7</sup> Translation: a deeply rhythmic, dreaming, musical poet's soul in the sonnets "Salomé" and "Certa voz na noite, ruivamente..." (A voice in the night, red-headed...)—two beautiful compositions, full of rhythm and harmony—in the small poetry "Sugestão" (Suggestion) and especially in that "A Inigualável" (The Unrivaled), on page 16, of a sickly flavor but no less beautiful than any of the previous.

<sup>8</sup> Translation: It's the case of "Distante Melodia" [Distant Melody] and especially that odd *blague* (because it's a *blague*, right, Mr. Sá-Carneiro?)—16—whose last verses are so derailed that it only deserves a transcription without any comments. Moreover we believe that we will fully enjoy all the poems by Mr. M. de Sá-Carneiro, as long as some soul "initiated" in his sphinxlike terminology initiates us as well.

Such is the radical nature of their imagery, and perhaps so unexpected is their use of color, that Sá-Carneiro's poems presented in *Orpheu* 1 as "Para os 'Indícios de Ouro'" (*Orpheu*, vol. I, 2015: 7) brought about a very widespread rejection in the press of the time, possibly as strong as, or stronger than, that dedicated to any other author in *Orpheu*. These verses are characterized as "quasi incompreensíveis" (almost incomprehensible), to give here but the example of this review, and we can see that the poem "Distante Melodia," the sixth in a set of twelve written between November 1913 and February 1915 and published in this volume of the journal, is actually pointed out as an example of such.

Dated June 30, 1914, "Distante Melodia" was sent to Pessoa in a letter on the same day.<sup>9</sup> It is an important letter in the collection of correspondence to which it belongs, for several reasons. In it Sá-Carneiro expresses his total admiration for the work of Álvaro de Campos, from the outset, as he had read it for the first time the day before, when he had received "Ode Triumfal" in the mail. It is also a valuable letter because in it Sá-Carneiro affirms what apparently seems to him already an undeniable fact—that Pessoa was the leading figure of his generation:

Não sei em verdade como dizer-lhe todo o meu entusiasmo pela ode do Al[varo] de Campos que ontem recebi. É uma coisa enorme, genial, das maiores entre a sua Obra—deixe-me dizer-lhe imodesta mas m[ui]to sinceramente: do alto do meu orgulho, esses versos, são daqueles que me indicam bem a distancia que, em todo o caso, ha entre mim e você.<sup>10</sup>

(SÁ-CARNEIRO, 2015: 222)

And this is an important letter also in that it presents several considerations Mário de Sá-Carneiro makes on the relationship between the European avant-gardes and the voices that months later will be part of *Orpheu*:

Não tenho duvida em assegura-lo, meu Amigo, você acaba de escrever a obra-prima do Futurismo. Porque, apesar talvez de não pura, escolarmente futurista, o conjunto da ode é absolutamente futurista. Meu amigo, pelo menos a partir d'agora o Marinetti é um grande homem... porque todos o reconhecem como o fundador do futurismo, e essa escola produziu a sua maravilha. Depois de escrita a sua ode, meu querido Fernando Pessoa, eu creio q[ue] nada mais de novo se pode escrever para cantar a nossa época—serão tudo mais especializações sobre cada assunto, cada objecto, cada emoção que o meu amigo tocou genialmente.<sup>11</sup>

(2015: 223)

<sup>9</sup> With regard to the date when Sá-Carneiro sent "Distante Melodia" to Fernando Pessoa, see the respective endnote in SÁ-CARNEIRO (2015: 577-78).

<sup>10</sup> Translation: I really don't know how to convey to you all my enthusiasm for the ode that I received yesterday. It's a huge thing, genius, among the best of your *Oeuvre*—let me tell you immodestly but very sincerely: from the top of my pride, these verses are of the kind that show me the distance that, in any case, there is between me and you.

<sup>11</sup> Translation: I don't hesitate to assure you, my Friend, that you just wrote the masterpiece of Futurism. Because, although perhaps not purely, academically futuristic, the ode as a whole is absolutely futuristic. My friend, at least from now on Marinetti is a great man... because all recognize him as the founder of Futurism, and this school has produced your wonderful work.



With this background, Sá-Carneiro refers to his own poem sent attached, “Distante Melodia,” saying only:

Mando-lhe junto uma poesia minha. É bastante esquisita, não é verdade? Creia que traduz bem o meu estado d’alma actual—indeciso não sei de quê, “artificial”—morto—mas vivo “por velocidade adquirida”—capaz de esforços mas sem os sentir: artificiais, numa palavra.<sup>12</sup>  
(2015: 224-25)

“Odd” or not, the poem is sent in this letter and integrates the notebook of “Versos p[ara] os Indícios de Ouro” (BNP/E3, 154), sent by Sá-Carneiro to Pessoa, as its eighth poem. And odd or not, the poem caught the interest of Hubert D. Jennings, who translated it. It is not clear which printed version of “Distante Melodia” Jennings had contact with; whether hypothetically it was the volume of Sá-Carneiro’s *Poesias* (1946), published by *Ática*, or even *Orpheu*, or another publication. But as for the translation itself, one can see that in some more formal aspects Jennings strays slightly from the original, choosing to privilege a higher faithfulness to the imagery and the meaning.

This is visible, for example, in the fact that Jennings gives less importance to the expressive value of Sá-Carneiro’s use of ellipsis in the poem. Both in its first original printed version (*Orpheu* 1, p. 13), as well as in *Ática*’s (1946) edition, “Distante Melodia” uses ellipsis in the end of lines 8, 10, 12, 16, 18, 20, and 21 to 32 (the latter corresponding to all lines of the last three quartets). In his translation, however, Jennings uses an ellipsis only in the first verse of the eighth stanza. The exclusion of all other ellipsis suggests that, for Jennings, the more challenging imagery of the poem did not need the added effect of this punctuation. As a result, the translation loses some of the effect of distancing, or even detachment, that in the original is sharpened with the progress of the poem, given that all lines of the last stanzas end with that punctuation symbol. In the translation, even the break in the first decasyllable of the last stanza, which is achieved with the inclusion of an ellipsis after the fifth metric syllable, is expressed through the use of a dash.

Additionally, Mário de Sá-Carneiro’s very personal use of capital letters is also diluted in the translation. This is visible in the following cases, for example: *Iris* > iris; *Tempo* > time; *Inter-sonho e Lua* > between-sleep and moon; *Amar* > loving; *Templos* > temples; *ser-Eu* > myself; *Rei exilado* > exiled king. The translation only keeps the capital letters of “Outras distâncias,” translated as “Other distances,” besides the expected capitals in proper nouns.

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After your ode has been written, my dear Fernando Pessoa, I believe that nothing new can be written to sing our time—everything will be only a development of every theme, every object, every emotion that you, my Friend, addressed brilliantly.

<sup>12</sup> Translation: I send along a poem of mine. It’s rather odd, is it not? Please believe that it reflects well the current state of my soul—undecided I know not about what, “artificial”—dead—but alive “by acquired speed”—able to make efforts but without feeling them: artificial, in a word.

Similarly, Jennings is less focused on the original metric, preferring to centralize his attention on the imagery of the poem. The translator expresses in English the most Paulic (from *Paulismo*) or Interseccionist (from *Interseccionismo*) images, almost always achieving them fully. Two exceptions would be a quite acceptable poetic license when he translates “tempo-Asa” for “a time of wings” and the lesser accuracy in translating, in the eighth line, “Distancias que o segui-las era flôres” as “Distances where to follow *were* flowers” (my emphasis in the verb form, which should more accurately read *was*). Jennings finds valid parallels that make his translation faithful to that which is probably the key aspect of the poem, and that is its desired engagement of color. He understands well the symbols and metaphors implicit in the presentation of these colors, keeping them at all times in his translation, in which the subject is presented “Num sonho d’Iris, morto a ouro e brasa” (“In an iris dream, dead in gold and ashes”), recollects a “Tempo azul” (“azure time”), in which “Caía Ouro” (“Gold fell”) and the “horas corriam sempre jade” (“the hours, always jade, flowed on”), to give just a few examples.

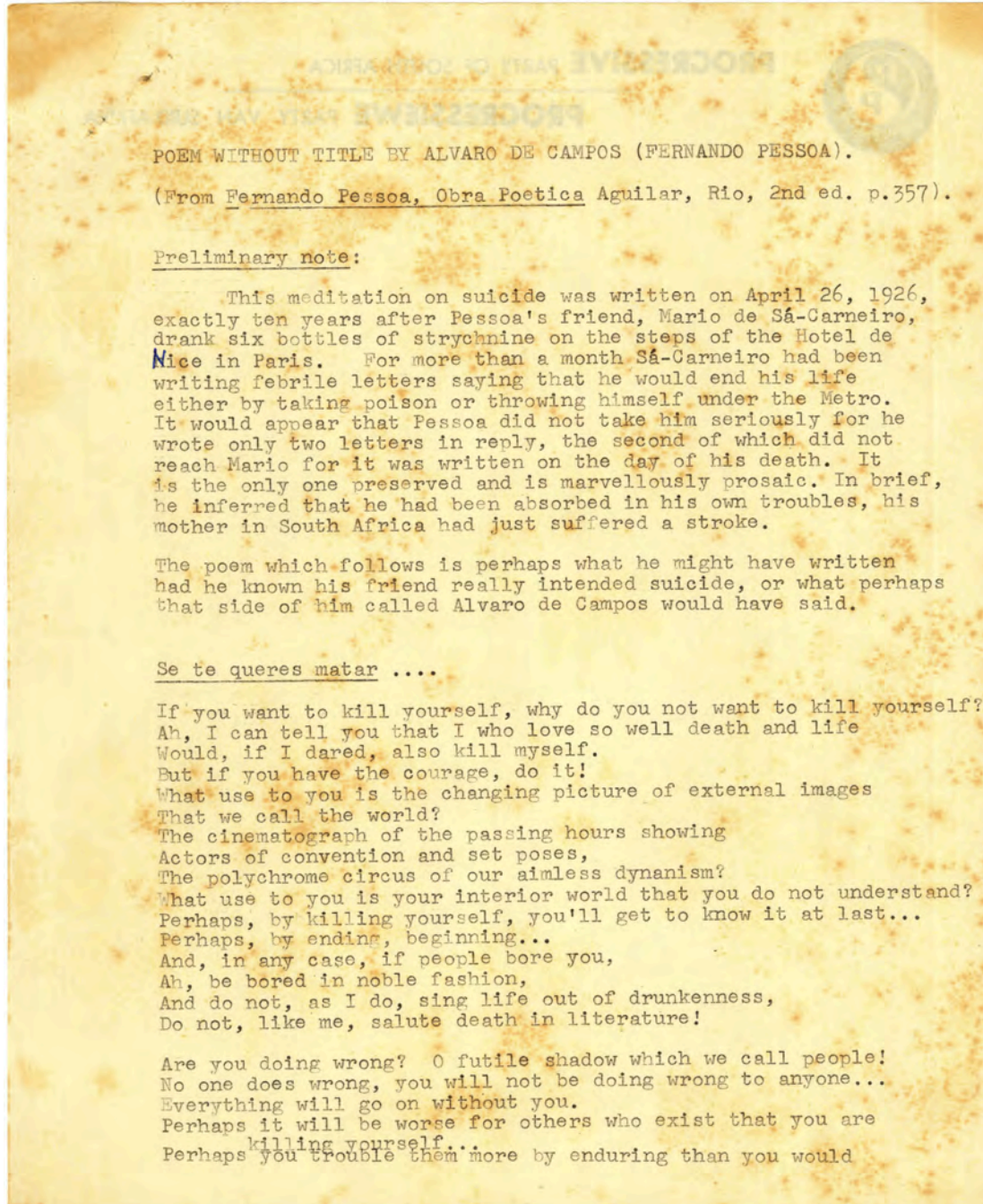
One can ask why this is the only poem by Sá-Carneiro translated by Jennings found in his archive. One hypothesis is that Jennings maintained a special interest in this type of imagery, or wanted to understand how it was developed by Sá-Carneiro. Especially because in another text he tells us that Sá-Carneiro, and not “Pessoa, was the masterchief and only natural exponent only” of Paulismo. Did Jennings see “Distante Melodia” as a clear example of this? Perhaps, although we can not know it for sure; as we cannot know, also, if the lesser importance given to formal aspects such as punctuation and capitalization, in his translation, was due to the fact this might have not been a final version, even if the document is a clean one, with no corrections. And I should also add that Jennings’s archive also contains a reproduction of this document with the translation of “Distante Melodia” which includes at the top of the page an inscription that could be read as a “II” or more likely as a “11.” We cannot ascertain whether it was an order number for a hypothetical series of translations of poems by Sá-Carneiro or, more likely, of several different authors. What we can surely say is that with this translation of “Distante Melodia,” Hubert Dudley Jennings is one of the first translators into English of Mário de Sá-Carneiro’s texts, and that, with excellent results, he finds parallels in English for a particularly challenging language, with an excellent rendition of the lexical richness and imagery of Sá-Carneiro’s poetics.

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## Documents

I. Unpublished. A typed translation of the poem "Se te queres matar, porque não te queres matar?," by Álvaro de Campos, on the back of three sheets of paper with the letterhead of the Progressive Party of South Africa, bearing the title "POEM WITHOUT TITLE BY ALVARO DE CAMPOS (FERNANDO PESSOA)." The translation is preceded by a "Preliminary note," and the third sheet includes handwritten corrections.



Se te queres matar... (2)

by ceasing to exist.

Others' sorrow? Are you feeling remorse before  
They weep for you?  
Relax: few will cry for you...  
Before long the vital impulse dries up our tears,  
When our own things are not concerned,  
When it is something that happens to others, especially death,  
Because it is a thing where nothing happens afterwards to  
other people.

At first it is anguish, the surprise coming from  
the mystery and the loss of your much spoken of life...  
Then the horror of the coffin, visible and material,  
And the men in black who exercise their profession by being there,  
Then the family who keep vigil, inconsolable and recounting  
the anecdotes,  
Lamenting the pity of your having died,  
And you, the mere accidental cause of all that mournfulness,  
You are well and truly dead, more dead than you reckon,  
Much more dead here than you reckon,  
Even if you are much more alive over there...

After the tragic withdrawal to the tomb or the hole,  
And after the first shock of death as they remember you,  
There is next in everyone an alleviation  
Of the rather boring tragedy of your having died...  
Then with each day the conversation becomes lighter  
And life for everyone returns to its usual way.

Then, gradually, you are forgotten.  
Only on two dates are you remembered, anniversarially;  
The day when you were born and the day you died.  
Nothing else, not a thing more, absolutely nothing more.  
Twice in the year they think of you.  
Twice in the year they will sigh for you, those who loved you,  
And once or twice when you happen to be spoken about.

Face the cold, and face the cold that we are...  
If you want to kill yourself, kill yourself...  
Don't have any moral scruples, those fears of the intelligence!...  
What scruples or fears has the mechanism of life?

What chemical scruples has the impulse that generates  
The saps, and the circulation of blood and love?

PROGRESSIVE PARTY OF SOUTH AFRICA  
PROGRESSIVE PARTY OF SOUTH AFRICA

(3)

Se te queres matar... <sup>careless</sup>  
 What memory of others has the <sup>cheerful</sup> rhythm of life?  
 Ah, poor vanity of flesh and bone called man,  
 Don't you see you have no importance whatever?

It is important for you, because it is yours that you feel.  
 It is all for you, because for you it is the universe,  
 It is your own universe and the others  
 Satellites of your objective subjectivity  
 It is important to you because only to yourself are you of  
 any importance. <sup>it</sup>  
 And if this is so, O myth, will not ~~the~~ <sup>for others</sup> others be the same?

Do you have, like Hamlet, a fear of the unknown?  
 But what is known? What do you know,  
 That you can call anything in particular unknown?

Do you, like Falstaff, have a fat love of life?  
 If you love materially like that, go on loving it materially!  
 Become a carnal part of earth and matter.  
 Disperse yourself, physico-chemical system  
 Of cells nocturnally conscious  
 Through the nocturnal consciousness of the unconsciousness  
 of bodies,  
 Through the great blanket covering nothing of appearances,  
 Through the greensward and grass of the proliferation of beings,  
 Through the atomic fog of things,  
 Through the swirling walls  
 Of the dynamic vacuum of the world...

Letters p. 55 Vol II

Disperse yourself - reference to Dispersão.  
 collection of poems by Sá-Carneiro  
 In one of the quatrains he writes, prophetically;  
 E sinto que a minha morte - and I <sup>feel</sup> that  
 minha dispersão total - my total dispersion -  
 Existe lá longe, ao norte. <sup>exists there far away.</sup>  
 Numa grande capital. <sup>in the north</sup>  
In a great capital  
city.  
 (Antes Rimas Vol II L. 31)

POEM WITHOUT TITLE BY ALVARO DE CAMPOS (FERNANDO PESSOA).  
(From *Fernando Pessoa, Obra Poetica*<sup>13</sup> Aguilar, Rio, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. p. 357).

*Preliminary note:*

This meditation on suicide was written on April 26, 1926, exactly ten years after Pessoa's friend, Mario de Sá-Carneiro, drank six bottles of strychnine on the steps of the Hotel de *Ice* in Paris. For more than a month Sá-Carneiro had been writing febrile letters saying that he would end his life either by taking poison or throwing himself under the Metro. It would appear that Pessoa did not take him seriously for he wrote only two letters in reply, the second of which did not reach Mario for it was written on the day of his death. It is the only one preserved and is marvellously prosaic. In brief, he inferred that he had been absorbed in his own troubles, his mother in South Africa had just suffered a stroke.

The poem which follows is perhaps what he might have written had he known his friend really intended suicide, or what perhaps that side of him called Alvaro de Campos would have said.

*Se te queres matar...*

If you want to kill yourself, why do you not want to kill yourself?  
Ah, I can tell you that I who love so well death and life  
Would, if I dared, also kill myself.  
But if you have the courage, do it!  
What use to you is the changing picture of external images  
That we call the world?  
The cinematograph of the passing hours showing  
Actors of convention and set poses,  
The polychrome circus of our aimless dynamism<sup>14</sup>?  
What use to you is your interior world that you do not understand?  
Perhaps, by killing yourself, you'll get to know it at last.  
Perhaps, by ending, beginning...  
And, in any case, if people bore you,  
Ah, be bored in noble fashion,  
And do not, as I do, sing life out of drunkenness,  
Do not, like me, salute death in literature!

Are you doing wrong? O futile shadow which we call people!  
No one does wrong, you will not be doing wrong to anyone...  
Everything will go on without you.

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<sup>13</sup> "Poetica," unstressed in the document.

<sup>14</sup> "dynamism" in the document, a typo.

Perhaps it will be worse for others who exist that you are killing yourself...  
 Perhaps you trouble them more by enduring than you would [2] by ceasing to exist.

Others' sorrow? Are you feeling remorse before  
 They weep for you?  
 Relax: few will cry for you...  
 Before long the vital impulse dries up our tears,  
 When our own things are not concerned,  
 When it is something that happens to others, especially death,  
 Because it is a thing where nothing happens afterwards to other people.

At first it is anguish, the surprise coming from  
 The<sup>15</sup> mystery and the loss of your much spoken of life...  
 Then the horror of the coffin, visible and material,  
 And the men in black who exercise their profession by being there,  
 Then the family who keep vigil, inconsolable and recounting the anecdotes,  
 Lamenting the pity of your having died,  
 And you, the mere accidental cause of all that mournfulness,  
 You are well and truly dead, more dead than you reckon,  
 Much more dead here than you reckon,  
 Even if you are much more alive over there...

After the tragic withdrawal to the tomb or the hole,  
 And after the first shock of death as they remember you,  
 There is next in everyone an alleviation  
 Of the rather boring tragedy of your having died...  
 Then with each day the conversation becomes lighter  
 And life for everyone returns to its usual way.

Then, gradually, you are forgotten.  
 Only on two dates are you remembered, anniversarially;  
 The day when you were born and the day you died.  
 Nothing else, not a thing more, absolutely nothing more.  
 Twice in the year they think of you.  
 Twice in the year they will sigh for you, those who loved you,  
 And once or twice when you happen to be spoken about.

Face the cold, and face the cold that we are...  
 If you want to kill yourself, kill yourself...  
 Don't have any moral scruples, those fears of the intelligence!...  
 What scruples or fears has the mechanism of life?

---

<sup>15</sup> Lowercase "the" in the document.

What chemical scruples has the impulse that generates  
The saps, and the circulation of blood and love?

- [3] What memory of others has the <cheerful> [↑ careless] rhythm of life?  
Ah, poor vanity of flesh and bone called man,  
Don't you see you have no importance whatever?

It is important for you, because it is yours that you feel.  
It is all for you, because for you it is the universe,  
It is your own universe and the others  
Satellites of your objective subjectivity  
It is important to you because only to yourself are you of any importance.  
And if this is so, O myth, will [↑ it] not <the others> be the same [↓ for others]?

Do you have, like Hamlet, a fear of the unknown?  
But what is known? What do you know,  
That you can call anything in particular unknown?

Do you, like Falstaff, have a fat love of life?  
If you love materially like that, go on loving it materially!  
Become a carnal part of earth and matter.  
Disperse yourself, physico-chemical system  
Of cells nocturnally conscious  
Through the nocturnal consciousness of the unconsciousness of bodies,  
Through the great blanket covering nothing of appearances,  
Through the greensward and grass of the proliferation of beings,  
Through the atomic fog of things,  
Through the swirling walls  
Of the dynamic vacuum of the world...

Disperse yourself—reference to *Dispersão*, collection of poems by Sá-Carneiro. In one of the quatrains he writes prophetically:<sup>16</sup>

E sinto que a minha morte—  
Minha dispersão total—  
Existe lá longe, ao norte  
Numa grande capital.

And to<sup>17</sup> <fell>[↑ feel] that my death  
My total dispersion  
Exists there far away, in the north  
In a great capital city

(Quoted Simões Vol II p. 31)

<sup>16</sup> We convey in a smaller font the handwritten notes at the end of the poem. Written vertically on the left side of the page, one also reads: "Letters p. 55 vol. II."

<sup>17</sup> "2" in the document, as shorthand.



II. Unpublished. One page with a poem titled "DISTANT MELODY," an English translation made by Hubert Jennings of Mário de Sá-Carneiro's poem "Distante Melodia." Undated.

## DISTANT MELODY

By MÁRIO DE SÁ-CARNEIRO

In an iris dream, dead in gold and ashes,  
Remembrances com back to me of another azure time  
Which rocked me and cradled me in veils of tulle -  
A time tenuous and light, a time of wings.

Then my senses were colours  
My desires were born in a garden.  
Within myself were Other distances,  
Distances which to follow were flowers.

Gold fell thinking itself stars.  
The moon lit up my otherness.  
Lagoons of night, how beautiful you were  
Under lily-terraces of memory!

Age wakens from between-sleep and moon,  
And the hours, always jade, flowed on  
To where the nebuline was a longing  
And light - desires of a nude princess.

Balusters of sound, arches of loving,  
Bridges of lustre, ogives of perfume,  
Inexpressible dominions of opium and flame  
In colours where I never more may live.

Carpets from other and more Orient Persias,  
Curtains from Chinas more ivory-like still;  
Aureate temples with rites of satin,  
Fountains that run sombrely, softly away.

Cupolaed pantheons of nostalgia,  
Cathedrals of myself from over the sea,  
Stairs of honours, which lead only to the air,  
New Byzantiums of the spirit, other Turkeys.

Fluid remembrance - ashes of brocade...  
Anile irreality which laps against myself -  
Within myself I am an exiled king,  
A vagabond from a siren's dream.

## DISTANT MELODY

By Mario<sup>18</sup> de Sá-Carneiro

In an iris dream, dead in gold and ashes,  
Remembrances com[e] back to me of another azure time  
Which rocked me and cradled me in veils of tulle—  
A time tenuous and light, a time of wings.

Then my senses were colours  
My desires were born in a garden.  
Within myself ere Other distances,  
Distances which to follow were flowers.

Gold fell thinking itself stars.  
The moon lit up my otherness.  
Lagoons of night, how beautiful you were  
Under lily-terraces of memory!

Age wakens from between-sleep and moon,  
And the hours, always jade, flowed on  
To where the nebulae were a longing  
And light—desires of a nude princess.

Balusters of sound, arches of loving,  
Bridges of lustre, ogives of perfume,  
Inexpressible dominions of opium and flame  
In colours where I never more may live.

Carpets from other and more Orient Persias,  
Curtains from Chinas more ivory-like still;  
Aureate temples with rites of satin,  
Fountains that run sombrely, softly away.

Cupolaed pantheons of nostalgia,  
Cathedrals of myself from over the sea,  
Stairs of honours, which lead only to the air,  
New Byzantiums of the spirit, other Turkeys.

Fluid remembrance—ashes of brocade...  
Anile reality which laps against myself—  
Within myself I am an exiled king,  
A vagabond from a siren's dream.

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<sup>18</sup> "MArio" in the document, a typo.

# Jennings on the Trail of Pessoa or dimensions of poetical music

Pedro Marques\*

## Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Roy Campbell, Peter Rickart, translation, versification, musicality, The thing that hurts and wrings, What grieves me is not, What saddens me is not.

## Abstract

Here we present two unpublished essays by Hubert Jennings about the challenges of translating the poetry of Fernando Pessoa: the first one of them, brief and fragmentary, is analyzed in the introduction; the second, longer and also covering issues besides translation, is presented in the postscript. Having as a starting point the Pessoaan poem “O que me doe” and three translations compared by Hubert Jennings, this presentation examines some aspects of poetic musicality in the Portuguese language: verse measurement, stress dynamics, rhymes, anaphors, and parallelisms. The introduction also discusses how much the English versions of the poem, which are presented by Jennings, recreate (or not) the musical-poetic dimensions of the original text.

## Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Roy Campbell, Peter Rickart, tradução, versificação, musicalidade, O que me doe, O que me dói.

## Resumo

Reproduzem-se aqui dois ensaios inéditos de Hubert Jennings sobre os desafios de se traduzir a poesia de Fernando Pessoa: o primeiro deles, breve e fragmentário, é analisado numa introdução; o segundo, mais longo e versando também sobre questões alheias à tradução, é apresentado em *postscriptum*. A partir do poema pessoano “O que me dói” e de três traduções comparadas por Hubert Jennings, esta apresentação enfoca alguns aspectos da música poética em língua portuguesa: medida do verso, dinâmica dos acentos, rimas, anáforas e paralelismos. A introdução também discute o quanto as versões do poema em língua inglesa, apresentadas por Jennings, refazem (ou não) os níveis músico-poéticos do texto original.

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Among Hubert Jennings's papers one may find a brief and fragmentary discussion – maybe a project for an essay – on the challenge of translating a poem by Fernando Pessoa, the poem with *incipit* “O que me doe não é” in the original Portuguese orthography (PESSOA, 1942: 168). In just four typed pages outlining technical problems with the transposition of musicality from one language to another, Jennings touches on some fundamental keynotes of metrified poetry.

Though not mentioned, the tension between accentual-syllabic versification (fixed meter and stress, common in English) and syllabic versification (fixed meter and variable stress, common in Portuguese) orbits the document written by Jennings. The border between these two metrical systems is genuine and slippery (RAMOS, 1959); for example, while a Sapphic sonnet, in Portuguese, tends to be accentual-syllabic; a madrigal, in English, tends to be syllabic. In any case, a translated text is always kept as accentual-syllabic if the rhythm of the original is to be reproduced. I underline, in this sense, the following aspects concerning the poem “O que me doe”:

- 1) metric and rhythmic characteristics (of the original text);
- 2) Jennings's positions on musicality;
- 3) metric and rhythmic characteristics of the different versions;
- 4) comparison of the formal models of the original text and its translations.

The intention is not to exhaustively study the complexity of these matters, but to explore how they were manipulated by the skilful hands of Pessoa and read by the unusual insight of Jennings.

In the first<sup>1</sup> paragraph of the typescript, Jennings confirms the traditional type of sonority of Pessoa's poem. Jennings does not cling to the technicalities of meter or stress, but speaks of rhymes and of a current of words that are woven into a structural harmony, a kind of naturalness of the text (“a little rivulet of verse,” as Jennings mentions in the first page of his essay). This kind of sound pattern, as Jennings perceives it, would not be very frequent, considering the poet's general production. At the same time, Jennings detects the impossibility of rendering the exact same effect of such musicality in another language.

In the second paragraph, it is assumed that the musicality of “O que me doe” contains something poignant (“the haunting music,” in Jennings's words).

We reproduce here the poem in the original spelling of Pessoa:

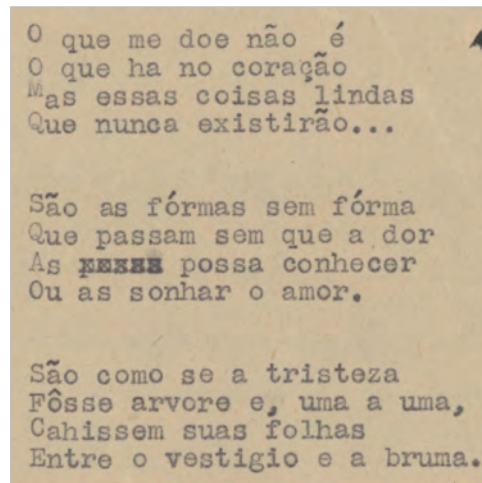
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<sup>1</sup> The first paragraph we have, since the text found in the Jennings's estate is fragmentary; see description of documents for more details.

O que me doe não é  
 O que ha no coração  
 Mas essas coisas lindas  
 Que nunca existirão...

São as fórmãs sem fórmula  
 Que passam sem que a dor  
 As possa conhecer  
 Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza  
 Fôsse árvore e, uma a uma,  
 Cahissem suas folhas  
 Entre o vestigio e a bruma.



[BNP/E3, 118-16<sup>r</sup>, detail; 1<sup>st</sup> publication in PESSOA, 1942: 168]

According to Jennings, Roy Campbell's English translation didn't manage to recreate the very noticeable lyricism of the original. The protagonism of the musical effects in a lyrical poem is, thus, attributed to sound. Let us observe, in a less impressionistic manner, how the music of Pessoa's text (besides its acoustic sonority) rests upon five points that, indeed, challenge the work of the translator. The following first two dimensions tend to be *abstract*; the third, *sonorous*; the fourth and fifth, *discursive*.

1. *Measure*. Each line of the poem has six syllables, counting up to the last tonic, according to the reform proposed by António Feliciano de Castilho in the nineteenth century. Between the pentasyllable (*redondilha menor*) and the heptasyllable (*redondilha maior*), the hexasyllable is a meter capable of enhancing orality. Its extension is comparable to the emission of a standard phrase. It is, actually, a phrasal measure commonly found in a conversation with a moderate pace, hence the pleasant way it sounds when pronounced or heard in the poem.

2. *Stress*. The verses operate as a fixed measure (six syllables) allowing for internal stress mobility. Stresses may fall on the second, third, or fourth syllables. The meter is established, but the prosodic nature is kept, with a particular intonation, owing to the syllabic versification that organizes most of the fixed forms of Portuguese poetry. Even (as opposed to odd) meters, due to their capacity for generating rhythmic symmetries (even when inexact), resemble the intonation of the spoken word, to the "recitative rhythm" (CARVALHO, 1991: 51).

3. *Sonorities*. Measures and stresses are rhythmical phenomena that are mainly musical; they are responsible for the regularity of the poetical tempo. This is the less accessible abstraction for the beginner reader/listener. As for the rhymes, though also abstract in one aspect, in another they operate the quality of the sound. For example, even children expect to hear the suffix *-inho*<sup>2</sup> after the word *pedacinho*

<sup>2</sup> The suffix *-inho* is a common diminutive in Portuguese.

in the Brazilian country rhyme: “Se meu coração partisse, / Eu te dava um pedacinho, / Como coração não parte, / Eu te dou ele inteirinho.” (AZEVEDO, 2008: 36). The endings of both words have identical timbre and stress in the heptasyllable. Rhymes generate *symmetrical sound patterns*, which are highly perceptible. In Pessoa’s poem, the rhymes, which are all consonant, always fall upon even lines; this fact and the brevity of the measure lead us to read two lines in a single breath or mental impulse. In the first two quatrains the rhymes are acute and dry. In the third, the poet prefers a grave rhyme; the dark timbre of the stressed vowel [u] underlines the conclusive tone.

Another sound phenomenon, audible even by one not too familiar with poetry, is the recurrence of vocalic and consonantal sounds; Pessoa uses them constantly, sometimes repeating the entire word (*fórmula, sem* or *uma*). I would highlight those instances in which both sound effects occur simultaneously, as with some verbs which, though different, repeat sounds. In lines six and seven, *passam* and *possa*, besides sounding almost identical, also occupy the same metrical foot, intimating the idea, as in Hamlet, that what passes (*passa*) implicates a potential of being and not being (*possa*). Something similar occurs in lines ten and eleven, with *fosse* and *cahissem*. Alliterations and assonances generate, thus, *asymmetrical sound patterns* that are generally perceptible.

4. *Anaphora*. The poem begins by doubling the expression “O que” in the first two lines, as if answering an unheard question made by the reader, something like: “O que mais te machuca, meu senhor?” (What is hurting you, sir?). The next two stanzas start with the verb *ser* (to be) in the same tense: *são* (they are). The first case gives an answer full of curves, an anti-emotional pain which prefers to aestheticize the inexistent or that which exists with no concrete reference. The second underlines, diving fully into the artificiality of poetry as an autonomous space, the state of “coisas que nunca existirão” (things that will never exist). The fifth line reinforces the aestheticism in the symbolist fashion—this is, it prefers the sterile in the world, as long as it is fertile in art—while also echoing the first part of T. S. Eliot’s *The Hollow Men* (1925) (“Shape without form, shade without colour”).

5. *Parallelism*. Pessoa does not use this dimension as a linguistic gesture linked to oral performances of rituals, choreographies, or songs. In cultivated poetry such as this, parallelistic patterns “têm mero efeito artístico, finalidade estética, visto que aquelas condições extra-poéticas desaparecem” (have a mere artistic effect, an aesthetic aim, because those extra-poetical conditions disappear) (SPINA, 2002: 76). Underlining the reflexive complexity of this poem, the resource is only used because syntax is written, mostly, in subordinative clauses. The relative pronoun *que* (that), by modifying the verbs *existir* (to exist) and *passar* (to pass)—both central to the poem—in the fourth and sixth lines, creates a kind of syntactic welding that is responsible for keeping all three stanzas intellectually embraced. It is more of a syntactical than a playful or sonorous parallelism.

Individually, each of these dimensions designs a musical pattern in any given poem. In some cases, music and discourse close a communicative circuit; in others, they short-circuit, crashing in hermeticisms that are not always intentional. In our specific case, Pessoa's poem arranges several layers simultaneously, but it does not abdicate from singing and flowing in this same plurality of sounds and senses. It is a unique symphony, difficult to translate, which evinces that multidimensional poetry does not fatally result in affectation or obscurity; this is so true, that the five levels are not recreated together in any of the versions presented in Jennings's typescript.

As we may verify in Jennings's essay, Roy Campbell privileges the first, second, and third dimensions, creating a text with a fluency that seems common to metrical poetry in English language. To compensate for the absence of dimensions 4 and 5, he even reinforces the system of rhymes, making the odd lines of the stanza rhyme with each other, which does not occur in the original. Hubert Jennings, in his turn, works on the fourth and fifth dimensions, privileging the sense and syntax of the source text, instead of simulating a poem as if it had been written in English by Pessoa himself. Still, in the two first stanzas, he keeps the beat of the six-syllable meter, partially contemplating the first dimension. Yet Peter Rikart conceives a version that mixes elements employed by Campbell and Jennings—he recreates dimensions 4 and 5 and, tangentially, 1, in a kind of multi-tempo meter that, potentially, stiffens and relaxes the breath in six syllables. It is this version that sounds favorable to me, because it brings out the English prosody instead of the Portuguese. In any case, the English reader, in the presence of all three translations here available, will have a vision well anchored on the original.

Proceeding with his essay, Hubert Jennings also mentions the absence of the word *vestigio*<sup>3</sup> (vestige) as a fault of Campbell's translation. According to Jennings, that keyword would contain all the tension of the poem, all the "coisas lindas que nunca existirão" (the beautiful things that will never exist). This is probably the most controversial part of the document. The word, in Portuguese, is a synonym of *rastro* (trail, track), *indício* (trace, evidence), *pista* (hint, clue), or *resto* (rest, remainder). It focuses on the temporal passing, on the unrestrainable river of actions and feelings such as grief and love, which *vestigio* contains. Neither of these two feelings, however, need to be understood in the poem (as Jennings implies they should be understood) as emotions with the same *status*. The grief may be from missing an ended love, or, speaking like Pessoa, of a love that never even came to be. Jennings's discomfort is noticeable because his musical "estratégia de compensação" (compensation strategy)—to use an expression of Paulo Henriques

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<sup>3</sup> Whenever we refer to a word from Pessoa's poem, we use the orthography preferred by the poet—even if such an orthography would be seen as incorrect today (for example, *vestigio* is now written with a stress, *vestígio*); in the transcriptions presented as annexes, we reproduce the orthography preferred by Jennings (who wrote *vestígio*), always opting to maintain the orthography of the documents being studied.

Britto (2012: 146), translator from English to Brazilian Portuguese—does not coincide with Campbell's. Each one of them tried to emphasize diverse dimensions, which are curiously complementary.

Finally, to miss what never was, alongside a symphonic musicality, brings to mind a certain symbolist or decadent atmosphere. There is, in that context, an idea that that which is sterile, missing, or useless gains aesthetic force. Thus, the turtle encrusted with precious jewels turned into an ornament: *À rebours* (*Against Nature*, Cap. IV) by J.-K. Huysmans. The kiss never given: "Another Fan of Mademoiselle Mallarmé" by Stephan Mallarmé. The burial of dead dreams: "Violões que Choram" (Moaning guitars) by Cruz e Souza. The "saudade for the present": "Tenho sonhos cruéis: n'alma doente" (I have cruel dreams: in the sick soul) by Camilo Pessanha. And this tree from Pessoa's poem, which is interesting because of its missing leaves. It could even be read as an image of scattered authorship, of Pessoa's heteronymism, whose traces, when put together, reveal not the creative subject, but the still polyhedral creation, a vigorous "estado de concreção poética" (state of poetic precision) (GAGLIARDI, 2010: 296). To a certain extent, all of these are "forms without forms," symbols pregnant with meaning precisely because of their nature of suggestive traces, thus open to the perceptive fabulation of the reader. "Entre o vestigio e a bruma," that is, between the footprint and the wind which sweeps the sand, we create a meter, a mark, an image of the foot. Jennings could have dissolved the jumble with the term "trace," used, for example, in the expression "mnemonic trace" or "memory trace"—English versions of the concept *Erinnerungsspur* developed by Freud in his *Interpretation of Dreams*. And, what else is transposed poetry, if not that trace of what could have been in one language, which contorts itself to dream as another?



## Postscript

As this text was being prepared, a second and longer typescript by Jennings was found, a separate text related to the fragmented essay I presented. With the title “Campbell & Pessoa,” the new document, consisting of ten pages, is not really an extended version of the first one, though they have points in common.

The first pages deal with the biographic and cultural similarities between the two characters mentioned in the title, the first being a translator into English of the second. The text unfolds several pieces of information, for example, the fact that both Campbell and Pessoa lived in Durban, South Africa, and dedicated themselves to alcohol and to a single respective true love in their respective lives.

Next, using the “Ode Triunfal” (Triumphal Ode) as a starting point, Jennings reflects on human decadence connected to the modern city and on certain cultural values on the verge of collapse, associating Fernando Pessoa’s poem with T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land*. And there are more drafts of interesting reflections, more or less fragmentary—leading us to believe that we have another unfinished text.

Jennings mentions the “cross-pollination of minds” (in the words of Laurens van der Post) to illustrate how much Pessoa is redefining (“rendering”), in quite a particular manner, notions taken from Teixeira de Pascoaes. Jennings also refers to the famous “objective correlative,” attributed to Eliot, in order to prove to what extent *art*, in Pessoa, can be an expression of cohesive thoughts, which, ciphered in images, live behind the poetical emotion.

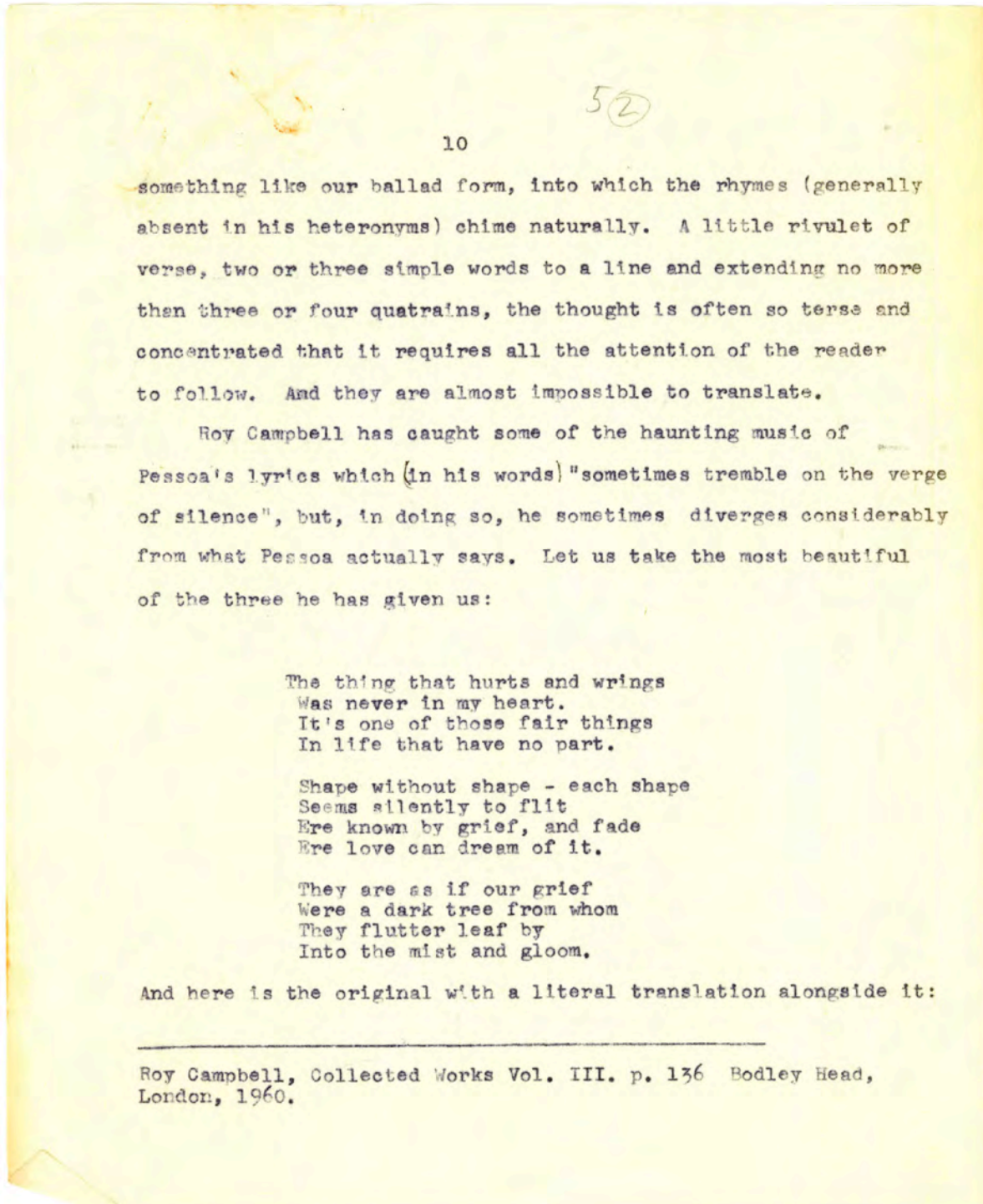
Of all the passages of this second typescript, the one that adds most to our discussion on translation is on pages eight and nine. There, Jennings offers more comments on Campbell’s translation praxis, which, he believes, alters the disposition of Pessoa’s style from a simple and Romance language (in the sense of Portuguese as a plastically oral language derived from Latin) to an excessively rigid and literary expression. It is as if the original demanded reading and listening and the translation, only reading. Exemplifying his argument with “O que me doe” (the central poem in the first document, but not in this second one), Jennings assures that Campbell’s version still intends to rigorously keep the exactitude of form and the unity of the original, without, though, reproducing the spirit—that is, the intention—of Pessoa. In this sense, maybe Jennings would agree with me in emphasizing, as I did above, Campbell’s capacity to recreate the first, second, and third dimensions of the original (as I have defined them).

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## Documents

I. Unpublished. Four pages of a typed essay by Hubert Jennings found inside the folder "Translations—T1" in the Jennings literary estate. Undated, but written after 1965 (as it cites a book from that year), probably also after 1968 (when Jennings started studying Portuguese in Lisbon). Incomplete, given the first page begins in the middle of a sentence. There is a related essay, "Campbell and Pessoa," which we transcribe as Document II.



53

O que me dói não é  
O que há no coração.  
Mas essas lindas coisas  
Que nunca existirão.

São as formas sem forma  
Que passam sem que a dor  
As possa conhecer  
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza  
Fosse árvore, uma a uma,  
Caissem suas folhas  
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

What pains me is not  
What is in my heart.  
But those beautiful things  
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without a shape  
Which pass without sorrow  
Coming to know them  
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness  
Was a tree which, one by one,  
Lest fall its leaves  
Between the vestige and the mist.

In the last line, the use of the word "vestige" strikes us as odd. It takes some little effort of the imagination to realize that Pessoa meant by it the bare trunk that was left when the leaves had fallen. But to leave out the word (as Campbell did) is to miss the key to the poem. For the purposes of his imagery, it is the momentary glimpse of the falling leaves that is important. The tree that remains is not. For the falling leaves represent for him those vague impressions that seem to float half-way in and half-way out of our consciousness and disappear before we can find out what they are. Grief or love can sharpen our sensibility but they remain for us "beautiful things which will never exist". We hear the call of a bird, and immediately something surges up within us which is, in effect, another song. But when we stop to listen, the bird and the two songs, its and our own, which joined in momentary chorus, have gone. We have become as desolate as Shakespeare's trees - "Bare, ruin'd choirs where once the wild birds sang".

Fernando pessoa.

P. 169 Obra poética  
(Rio, 2nd ed.)

O que me dói não é  
O que há no coração  
Mas essas coisas lindas  
Que nunca existirão.

São as formas sem forma  
Que passam sem que a dor  
As possa conhecer  
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza  
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,  
Caissem suas folhas  
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

Peter Rickart  
Fernando Pessoa  
Translated and edited by  
Peter Rickart.  
Univ. Press, Edinburgh  
p. 41

What grieves me is not  
What lies within my heart  
But those things of beauty  
Which can never be.

They are the shapeless shapes  
Which pass though sorrow  
Cannot know them  
Nor love dream them.

They are as though sadness  
Were a tree and, one by one,  
The leaves were to fall  
Half-outlined in the mist.

54  
Roy Campbell

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It's one of those fair things  
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape, each shape  
Seems silently to flit  
Ere known by grief and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by leaf  
Into the mist and gloom.

Literal translation. (H.J.)

What hurts me is not  
What there is in my heart  
But those lovely things  
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without shape  
Which disappear before sorrow  
Can get to know them  
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness  
Were a tree from which  
The leaves fall, one by one,  
Between the vestige and the  
mist.

(The "vestige" is the bare  
tree that is left when the leaves  
have fallen.)

5.5

O QUE ME DOI by Fernando Pessoa. (Obra poética, Aguilar, Rio de Janeiro, 1965.0  
p. 189)

Campbell's translation.

Original

Literal

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It's one of those fair things  
In life which have no part.

O que me doi nao e  
O que ha no coracao  
Mas essas coisas lindas  
Que nunca existirao...

What pains me is not  
What lies un my heart  
But those beautiful things  
Which can never exist...

Shapes without shape - each shade  
Seems silently to flit  
Ere known by grief, and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

Sao as formas sem forma  
Que passam sem a dor  
As possa conhecer  
Ou as sonhar o amor.

They are forms without form  
Which pass before sorrow  
Can know them  
Or love dream of them.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by leaf  
Into the mist and gloom.

Sao como se a tristeza  
Fossa arvore e, uma a uma,  
Caissem suas folhas  
Entre o vestigio e a bruma.

They are as if our sadness  
Were a tree, that, one  
by one,  
Lets fall its leaves,  
Between the vestige and  
the mist.

The vestige

What I feel sorry about is not  
Something that lies in my heart  
But those beautiful things  
Which will never exist.

What saddens me is not

They are forms without any form  
Which are gone before suffering  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Can get to know them  
Or love is able to dream them.

It is as if sadness ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
were a tree that, one by one  
Lets fall its leaves between  
The bare trunk and the mist.

something like our ballad form, into which the rhymes (generally absent in his heteronyms) chime naturally. A little rivulet of verse, two or three simple words to a line and extending no more than three or four quatrains, the thought is often so terse and concentrated that it requires all the attention of the reader to follow. And they are almost impossible to translate.

Roy Campbell<sup>5</sup> has caught some of the haunting music of Pessoa's lyrics which (in his words) "sometimes tremble on the verge of silence", but, in doing so, he sometimes diverges considerably from what Pessoa actually says. Let us take the most beautiful of the three he has given us:

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It's one of those fair things  
In life that have no part.

Shape without shape – each shape  
Seems silently to flit  
Ere known by grief, and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by [leaf]  
Into the mist and gloom.

And here is the original with a literal translation alongside it:

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<sup>4</sup> Given the incompleteness of the text, we indicate the page numbers as they appear in the original.

<sup>5</sup> Note by Jennings (unless indicated, all other transcription notes are from the editors): Roy Campbell, *Collected Works Vol. III*. p. 136 Bodley Head, London, 1960.

## 11 [→ 5③]

O que me dói não é  
 O que há no coração<sup>6</sup>  
 Mas essas coisas lindas<sup>7</sup>  
 Que nunca existirão.

What pains me is not  
 What is in my heart  
 But those beautiful things  
 Which will never exist.

São as formas sem forma  
 Que passam sem que a dor  
 As possa conhecer  
 Ou as sonhar o amor.

They are shapes without a shape  
 Which pass without sorrow  
 Coming to know them  
 Or love to dream of them.

São como se a tristeza  
 Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,  
 Caíssem suas folhas  
 Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

They are as if sadness  
 Was a tree which, one by one,  
 Lets fall its leaves  
 Between the vestige and the mist.

In the last line, the use of the word “vestige” strikes us as odd. It takes some little effort of the imagination to realize that Pessoa meant by it the bare trunk that was left when the leaves had fallen. But to leave out the word (as Campbell did) is to miss the key to the poem. For the purposes of his imagery, it is the momentary glimpse of the fallen leaves that is important. The tree that remains is not. For the falling leaves represent for him those vague impressions that seem to float half-way in and half-way out of our consciousness and disappear before we can find out what they are. Grief or love can sharpen our sensibilit[→y] but they remain for us “beautiful things which will never exist”. We hear the call of a bird, and immediately something surges up within us which is, in effect, another song. But when we stop to listen, the bird and the two songs, its and our own, which joined in momentary chorus, have gone. We have become as desolate as Shakespeare’s trees – “Bare, ruin’d choirs where once the wild birds sang”.

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<sup>6</sup> “corazão” in the text typed by Jennings, perhaps due to a lack of the symbol “ç” on the author’s keyboard.

<sup>7</sup> “lindas coisas” in the text typed by Jennings—an inversion that is corrected in the next pages.



Fernando Pessoa  
p. 169 *Obra poética*  
(Rio, 2nd ed.)

O que me dói não é  
O que há no coração  
Mas essas coisas lindas  
Que nunca existirão.<sup>8</sup>

São as formas sem forma  
Que passam sem que a dor  
As p[↑o]ssa conhecer  
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza  
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,  
Cáissem suas folhas  
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

Peter Rickart  
*Fernando Pessoa*  
Translated and edited by  
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p. 41

What grieves me is not  
What lies within my heart  
But those things of beauty  
Which can never be.

They are the shapeless shapes  
Which pass through sorrow  
Cannot know them  
Nor love dream them.

They are as though sadness  
Were a tree and, one by one,  
The leaves were to fall  
Half-outlined in the mist.

Roy Campbell

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It's one of those fair things  
In life that have no part.

Shape without shape, each shape<sup>9</sup>  
Seems silently to flit  
Ere known by grief, and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by leaf  
Into the mist and gloom.

Literal translation (H. J.)

What hurts me is not  
What there is in my heart  
But those lovely things  
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without shape  
Which disappear before sorrow  
Can get to know them  
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness  
Were a tree from which  
The leaves fall, one by one,  
Between the vestige and the mist.

(The “vestige” is the bare tree that is left  
when the leaves have fallen.)

<sup>8</sup> “existerão” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>9</sup> Note that this verse has a comma, while in the previous page it had a dash.

5,5<sup>10</sup>

O QUE ME DOI by Fernando Pessoa. (Obra poetica, Aguilar, Rio de Janeiro, 1965, p. 169)

<i>Campbell's translation.</i>	<i>Original</i>	<i>Literal</i>
The thing that hurts and wrings Was never in my heart. It's one of those fair things In life that have no part.	O que me dói não é O que há no coração <sup>12</sup> Mas essas coisas lindas Que nunca existirão...	What pains me is not What lies in <sup>14</sup> my heart But those beautiful things Which can never exist...
Shape without shape – each shape <sup>11</sup> Seems silently to flit Ere known by grief, and fade Ere love can dream of it.	São as formas sem forma Que passam sem a dor As possa conhecer Ou as sonhar o amor.	They are forms without form Which pass before sorrow Can know them Or love dream of them.
They are as if our grief Were a dark tree from whom They flutter leaf by leaf Into the mist and gloom.	São como se a tristeza Fosse <sup>13</sup> árvore e, uma a uma, Cáissem suas folhas Entre o vestígio e a bruma.	They are as if our sadness Were a tree, that, one by one, Let's fall its leaves, Between the vestige and the mist.

## The vestige

What I feel sorry about is not [→ What saddens me is not]  
Something that lies in my heart  
But those beautiful things  
Which will never exist.

They are forms without any form  
Which are gone before suffering  
<Can make them known to us> Can get t<+>/o\ know them  
Or love is able to dream them.

It is as if sadness <were a tree>  
were a tree that, one by one,  
Lets fall its leaves between  
The bare trunk and the mist.

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<sup>10</sup> The original displays a comma, though this could be a “55,” given the previous page number.

<sup>11</sup> “shade” in the text typed by Jennings, probably as a typo.

<sup>12</sup> “coração” in the text typed by Jennings—perhaps due to a lack of the symbol “ç” on the author’s keyboard; we also added all tildes and stresses in the transcription of this poem.

<sup>13</sup> “Fossa” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>14</sup> “un” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

II. Unpublished. Ten numbered pages of an essay titled "Campbell and Pessoa," typed by Jennings and found loose, i.e., outside the folder "Critical Essays—E2" which Jennings created for some of his papers. On pp. 8 & 9, this text studies the translation of the same Pessoaan poem examined by Jennings in Document I. Datable to 1968 or later.

CAMPBELL AND PESSOA

BY H. D. JENNINGS

It is one of the odder quirks <sup>of</sup> in literaty history that these two men, undeniably among the major poets of this century and yet so unlike in race, appearance and outlook, should have passed their boyhood and youth in the same city; and some will find it odder still that city should be Durban. The warm and humid city by the sea has its attractions for businessmen and for holidaymakers but few would envisage it as a nursery for poets, though there have always been some (notably Douglas Livingstone in the present time) to give that impression the lie.

Roy Campbell who was born there in 1902 did not love the place and was at no pains to hide it. He speaks ('In a town square') of 'the city so cheaply fine/ Its walls embalmed its festive <sup>ered</sup> soul', and 'the ghtly <sup>a</sup> Cenotaph' / That next the Lavatory looms'... 'Where blue-burnished angels settle / Like flies upon a slab of tripe' and, <sup>to pun up</sup> 'and, finally, <sup>adds</sup> the mist, . . . 'The subtle anaesthetic breath, / The vengeful sting that gives <sup>no pain!</sup> But deals around it worse than death / The palsied soul, the mildewed brain'.

*Ital*

Fernando Pessoa came to Durban in 1896 at the age of seven and left it in 1905 when he was seventeen and Roy only three. (His mother, a widow, had married the Portuguese consul.) What his impressions of the place were we do not know for only twice in all his writings does the word 'Durban' occur and then little more than the word itself. But this is not unusual. He is singularly lacking in what Armand Guibert called le sens du paysage. His landscapes (as he himself tells us in a prologue to poem Mensagem) were all interior). But he was not unhappy in Durban 'owing, perhaps, to the climate and the scholastic discipline' as he said in the second of these brief mentions of the town which I discovered; and he brought back with him to Portugal quite a ~~little~~ <sup>a</sup> hoard of little <sup>a</sup> articles, writings and other little boyhood treasures, silent witnesses to a busy and not unpleasant time. We know too that his first years on his return to Portugal were profoundly unhappy, reaching a point in June 1907 when he feared he would lose his reason. It was not until 1908 that he began to put down roots where they belonged, his native soil of Portugal. From then on he never left Lisbon, or had any desire to do so.

## CAMPBELL AND PESSOA

(2)

Campbell too was to spend little time in Durban after his school education was over. After Oxford, marriage and writing the 'Flaming Terrapin', he came back in 1924 for the Voorslag adventure, but left after two years and then was seen no more in his native city except for fleeting and infrequent visits. The rest of the time was spent successively in Britain, France, Spain, East Africa (during the war) and finally Portugal. Thus both Campbell and Pessoa belong to that vast number of writers who suffered (or enjoyed) transplantation from their native lands: among them are:- the Americans Eliot and Pound to England; the Englishman W.H. Auden to America; the German Rilke to France and Italy; the Irishmen James Joyce and Samuel Beckett to Paris; the Frenchman La Forge to Germany..... and many more.

There are other superficial resemblances between the two poets. Both came from conventional middle-class families and both forsook the comfortable life they were brought up in to follow their unremunerative art and both endured equably the most crushing poverty to do so. Both were heavy drinkers. (Pessoa died of cirrhosis of the liver.) Both had little faith in democratic government and, like Yeats, Pound and others, had some hankering after autocratic rule. Both men had (ostensibly, at least) only one woman in their lives.

But even as I write these things my sense of the difference between these two men widens. Every one of the statements given above requires some modification, vital to the proper understanding of each. Both were drinkers, but each wore his rue with a difference. Campbell stopped when he was composing as Alan Paton tells us (Contrast 37, p. 64). Pessoa, on the other hand, seems to have needed alcohol as a spur to his activities, and continued to write poems in typical lapidary form to the last days of his life when he was rapidly drinking himself to death. The importance of Mary Campbell in Roy's life and the crushing effect of her adventure with Vita Sackville West has been too well described by Paton to need further mention here. It took Pessoa precisely one year to discover that he could not continue with his work as a writer and his love affair with the young typist who was appropriately named Ophelia. He told her so. The two remained friends, but the break was final. Though both came from families of the same social standing - Pessoa had a grandfather and an uncle who were generals and Campbell had a father and two brothers who were respected doctors - there were patent differences.

Although the Pessoa family could boast armorial bearings with eight quarterings, the family could be traced back to the Jew, Sancho Pessoa, who was burned at the stake in 1708. It amused Pessoa as much as it would have horrified Campbell (not the burning but the 'race-taint'). Campbell made much

although

## CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA (3)

in his first autobiography of his supposed Scottish blood. The Scots, he claimed were twice the men that the English were because they had ten times as many bastards. When later he discovered that he stemmed not from a Scottish laird but from an Irish fiddler, he took it with commendable good humour though it must have dismayed him, particularly in view of the low illegitimacy rate in Ireland.

In this, as in all other aspects of his life and work, Campbell was a Romantic - both in its ordinary wide sense and in its more restricted literary sense. He chafed at the thought that he should have been born in so undistinguished a place as Durban, 'where I alone of all your sons am known'. He rails at 'his humble kinsfolk':-

His humble kinsfolk sicken to behold  
The monstrous changeling whom they schooled in vain  
Who brings no increase to their hoard of gold...

He did not, however, disdain to share in their 'hoard of gold' and indeed would not have been able to continue his poetizing without the aid (notably from his brother George) which he received from them. ✓

trans

In spite of his disdain for his native city and his contempt for his fellow-practitioners in the difficult trade he had chosen (as expressed in the Wayzgoose) Campbell was a typical South African. He never lost his accent, which Uys Krige noted with surprise when he met him in southern France, was 'even thicker than my own'; he had the national <sup>hankering after</sup> ~~sent~~ towards Kragdadigheid, the constant striving to appear larger than life, the turning towards some anodyne, sport or some other violent physical activity and alcohol, to heal the emptiness of life for those who ask too much or too little of it.

When we think of Pessoa it is obvious at once that we are dealing with a horse of a different colour - one, not less dark, but too wise (or too little interested) to try to throw any light upon himself. Pessoa was reticent about his personal life to the point of being secretive. In one of the Caeiro poems he wrote: "If anyone should seek to write my biography / Let him set down only the date of my birth and of my death. / All that lies between is mine." And that, in effect, is all that prefaces the Atica edition of his poems. He went to the same school as Campbell but, significantly under a different headmaster. The austere classical scholar Nicholas of his day was something other than the rumbustious Langley of the following decade when Campbell was there. Pessoa learned to speak English (as one of his schoolfellows avers) 'in the most academic manner' and that, indeed, is what is wrong with the considerable amount of English poetry he wrote. He showed in the Thirty-five Sonnets he could write a faultless imitation of the Tudor style and manner, but, as Campbell said, with some justice, they only come alive when translated into Portuguese; and, even the poems in modern style, tend to be slightly stilted. His English prose, however, is always

CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA

(4)

lucid and without any affectation. He seems to have used it more frequently than Portuguese when he wanted to resolve knotty points in his mind. His English manners and dress were frequently commented on by his contemporaries, as well as a very English sense of the absurd. 'Poeta da hora absurda',\* one of them called him. It was not for nothing that in the three brief allusions to his schooling (always laudatory) he spoke only of his 'English' and never of his 'South African' education.

But Pessoa could never be either English or South African. He was a Portuguese, and, moreover, of Jewish descent. He found it odd, he tells us, that descended originally from Jews on 'all four sides'<sup>he</sup> should not like Jews and sometimes be almost an anti-semitic, should yet remain 'morphologically always a Jew'. In this, as well as the other few brief estimates about himself, Pessoa made no mistake. He had the Jewish capacity to endure suffering - 'suffering is the badge of all our tribe' - he could endure patiently neglect, privation, even injustice ('I accept the existence of injustice as I do that of a stone' he wrote in another of the Caeiro poems) but he could on occasion flare forth with messianic fervour like any prophet of old.

Like Campbell he stirred up some hornets' nests but usually with quite opposite motives and quite different objects. When Pessoa launched his review Orpheu it caused more stir than when Campbell and his associates brought out Voorslag in Durban. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the critics fairly foamed at the mouth. It was not because they were treated to those waspish remarks with which Campbell and others stung their humbler competitors in the journalistic trade, it was because it was so new in its outlook that it left them perplexed and baffled and therefore angry. It would not be considered outré now, but it was then in 1914, particularly for Lisbon. They invented a new adjective for it rilhofolesca, a word derived from Rilhofoles, the name of a well-known lunatic asylum. It was a barbed <sup>shaft</sup> ~~missile~~ for it was known that Pessoa's grandmother had had to be treated there for dementia senilis just before her death. Lisbon is not a particularly moral city, but much moral indignation was poured out over some lines in the Triumphal Ode which Pessoa wrote under the name of Alvaro de Campos.

Ah, the common and dirty people, who are always the same,

\* Poet of the absurd moment. 'Hora absurda' (Absurd time) is the title of one of Pessoa's poems.

CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA

(5)

Who use swearwords with every breath,  
 Whose sons steal at the doors of grocers' shops  
 And whose daughters of eight years - and I think this fine and love it! -  
 Masturbate men of decent appearance on deserted stairways....

They did not understand this poem when it was published in Lisbon in 1914. Neither did Campbell when he translated part of it for his last book, Portugal, in 1957. He calls it 'the loudest poem in literary history', and marvels that Pessoa could conjure out of himself 'a thundering great extrovert' like Alvaro de Campos, the protagonist, and yet in other phases and other names write such delicate poems 'that they seem to tremble on the verge of silence'. And, let me confess at once, neither did I understand the Ode until I read Octavio Paz's brilliant exegesis (Pub. 1960). Nor, as far as I can ascertain did anyone else. It took forty-six years for someone to read the riddle.

Briefly, the theme is this. Alvaro de Campos, the half-Jewish engineer, is standing in a workshop or factory, gritting his teeth with fury and delight as he watches the machines like lascivious beasts in a tropical jungle. From there his mind wanders forth to a world permeated and dominated by machines. Machines carrying people aimlessly from place to place; machines pouring endless yellowbacked books, machines dealing out death on land and sea or in the hands of the sly political assassin; machine-like ministers concocting false budgets..... And so he goes on, twittering and chirping with enthusiasm like a child bringing out fresh toys. Then on to the human products of the god-like machines and he brings to our mind the scurrying crowds no longer moved by human passions and desires but given over to mindless and loveless aberrations and substitutes. So, with ostensible delight, he points out the pederast who passes with feline step, 'the over-accentuated presence of cocottes' and 'the playboys and harlots in the crowded car' who jeer at him as they pass. 'Oh, how I would like to be the pimp for all this!' he exclaims. And in another place he would like to peep like a voyeur into every house. He sees the workman coming home from his hated task and the boys and girls as we have already described. All a world indeed given over to 'masochism and machinism'. And then with renewed fury of longing back to the engines until he imagines he has become a part of them, a wheel or a cog or some other whirling part, until he seems to have lost all power of speech and the poem disintegrates in howls and shrieks and cries of 'houp-la' like a circus ringmaster and ends finally in a long z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

It was a lot for the poor Lisbonnese to stomach; and perhaps, only now, when we have seen the machines proliferate to an extent undreamed of by Pessoa - when men's minds are dominated by machine-made drama, music, and news; computers do our thinking for us and the atom bomb numbs all thought of

CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA (6)

of the future - can we see the truth of Pessoa's wild vision.

Certainly Campbell never guessed <sup>that</sup> ~~yet~~ when he fell upon the lesbians and homosexuals in England with such fury, ~~he did not realize~~ he was castigating the end-products not the system itself. Eliot looked upon the same spectacle as Pessoa and reacted to it in his own way in the Waste Land and Ash Wednesday. He too saw beyond the persons to the system but he ascribed it to a different cause - the decline in spiritual values. He does not seem to have asked what may have caused that decline, and Pessoa's thesis might well be at least one of the answers.

Pessoa never attacked people, only systems, institutions and ideas, and so stirred up some of the hornets' nests already mentioned. He attacked the Catholic church and invented a faith of his own; he defended the Free Masons, regarded as enemies of the Church, and when Alfredo Botto, a fairly harmless homosexual poet was denounced with fury by the Lisbon populace, Pessoa rushed to his aid but inmeasured dignified words without personal allusions. Campbell believed (in Portugal again) that 'the miracle of Fatima and <sup>"</sup>Sakazar had saved Portugal'. Pessoa dislike both but he wrote nothing scurrilous about either. The inclination 'to boast and to shock and to goad' which Paton has noticed in Campbell was not in Pessoa; and in passing we may note that in this same book Portugal performed the <sup>"</sup>most virtuous feat of crowding into a single paragraph no less than sixteen lies about Uys Krige' as Uys himself once pointed out to me. And the two had been close friends!

But all this is digression; and <sup>to</sup> get back to the heart of the matter and to seek further in the distinction which lies between these two great poets (with the ultimate hope, perhaps vain, that it will tell us something of the secret of poetry itself) I must quote two more poems.

The first shows how that strange thing we call poetry - the creative power or the Flaming Terrapin, if you will - can surge out of our being (if we are poets or creators) and drive out the poor, petty, carping, cowardly creature that usually reigns there.

I translate from a letter which Pessoa wrote to a friend in February 1913.

You know, I believe, that of the various phobias I have kept, the most infantile and the most terribly torturing is that of thunderstorms. The other day the sky threatened rain and I was on my way home on foot there being no tram at night. In the end there was no thunder, but it was imminent and it began to rain - great heavy drops, warm and spaced out - and I was still only halfway from the Baixa (the business quarter) and home. I hurried along with the pace nearest to running that I could make with a mental torture that you can imagine, all upset and worried. It was in this state that I found myself composing a sonnet - I finished it within a few steps of my home - a sonnet so suave and calm it might have been written during a sunset with a clear sky.

as near  
to running  
as I could  
manage.



CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA

(7)

This is the poem.

## ABDICAÇÃO

Toma-me, O Noite Eterno, nos teus braços  
E chama-me teu filho. Eu sou um rei  
Que voluntariamente abandonei  
O seu trono de sonhos e consaços.

Minhas espada, pesada a braços lassos,  
Em mãos viris e calmas entreguei!  
E meu ceptro e coroa - eu os deixei  
Na antecâmara, feitos em pedaços.

Minha cota de malha, tão inútil,  
Minhas esporas dum tinir tão fútil -  
Deixei-as pela fria escadaria.  
Despi a Realza, corpo e alma,  
E regresssei a Noite antiga e calma  
Como a paisagem ao morrer do dia.

Which may be Englished as follows:-

## ABDICACION

Take me, O Night Eternal, into your arms  
And call me your child. I am a King  
Who of his own free will has given up  
His throne of dreams and weariness.

My sword, too heavy for my tired arms,  
Into hands more virile and calm I delegated  
And my crown and sceptre - these I left  
In the outer chamber, broken in pieces.

My coat of mail, no longer needed,  
And my futile jingling spurs -  
On the cold steps I left them.  
Body and soul, I put off Reality  
And went back into the calm and ancient Night  
As the landscape does when the day dies.

The poem, although written before the author reached full maturity, is as characteristic of Fernando Pessoa as it is uncharacteristic of Roy Campbell. Roy could have pictured himself as a king <sup>well</sup> (~~or why should he have been called by a name that means king?~~) but he could not have imagined himself as a frightened rabbit at the same time; nor is it likely that he would have heard that inward voice that Pessoa heard telling him that this too was folly, for, in time, all his pretensions, real or imaginary, and indeed all he supposed to be real, would be swept away into oblivion, with the certainty that that tempestuous evening would be swallowed up in night. Roy never doubted the authenticity

CAMPBELL &amp; PESSOA

(8)

of Reality, as Pessoa did, even as a boy at school. Campbell believed that the world was real and that he was born to cut some figure in it, and it never occurred to him to laugh at himself for thinking so. Our delight in reading him (when he puts aside his boasting and rhodomontade) derives from the sensuous images, which though put together with skill and imagination are all based on visible tangible things. Too often in the intoxication of his splendid phrase-making, he forgets whatever construction he had in mind. Like his Albatross, he might bracket his purpose with the sun's' but he sometimes forgot what it was and <sup>found</sup> ~~find~~ the great imperial wings on which he had set out 'flapping the water like a sodden flag'.

In Pessoa's work, the jewelled quotable phrases, which decorate almost every line of Campbell's greater works, occur but rarely, but tight construction and unity of design are usually rigorously followed, but seldom apparent. In the sonnet just quoted every word falls into its place and the imagination is left free to wander over what Alan Paton calls 'concealed meanings'; in this case, the 'antechamber' and the 'cold steps' which suggest the vault and the tomb, and the 'unpoetic' word 'landscape' which brings out the unreality of what he sees - a picture, in fact. But never does he stop to explain, comment upon, or 'prettify' what he says.

Campbell has translated several of the poems of Pessoa, for whom he had a great admiration, but with this difference of temperament which we have already tried to describe it is not surprising that on at least one occasion he seems to have missed what (to me) Pessoa had clearly said.

The thing that hurts and wrings  
 Was never in my heart.  
 It's one of those fair things  
 In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape - each shape  
 Seems silently to flit  
 Ere known by grief and fade  
 Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
 Were a dark tree from whom  
 They flutter leaf by leaf  
 Into the mist and gloom.

On the surface, it makes rather an attractive poem. A friend - a Portuguese-American professor - once said to me he thought it was better than the original. This may be, but it is not what Pessoa said.



CAMPBELL & PESSOA

(10)

Here we have that 'cross-pollination of minds' which Laurens van der Post refers to (letter in Contrast 38). It is a process, however, that can only take place when flowers and minds are of the same species. Pessoa takes two disparate ideas of Pascoas and grafts them upon one of his own to make a completely original re-rendering. The kinship between the two minds is evident. Both men are preoccupied with the search for something beyond the superficial appearances of everyday life: the things we glimpse when sorrow, sickness or the exaltation of love seem to lend a new dimension to our thoughts.

What is this new dimension? It is something that does not belong to normal; it goes beyond reason and fringes upon the realm of dreams and even of madness. It is the quality we find in the Walpurgisnacht of Goethe's Faust and the utterances Shakespeare put into the mouths of fools and madmen because they went beyond our normal reasoning; they are what makes the music of Beethoven impossible to put into words. They are things in our normal experience which will never exist.

Poetry, like all other arts, is the expression of emotion, but emotion cannot be expressed in words which are the expression of the intelligence which is foreign to it. So, reasons Pessoa, we have to create analogous situations to hint at it.

Art, for me, is the expression of a thought behind the emotion, or in other words, of a general truth behind a particular lie".

And again:

All true emotion is a lie to the intelligence, because it not by that that it manifests itself. All true emotion is in consequence false expression. To express oneself is to say what one does not feel. To pretend therefore is to discover oneself..

A little later in the century, T. S. Eliot was to express very much the same idea.

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion. (Tradition and the individual talent. p. 124)

"I must wear a mask before I can express the truth," said Oscar Wilde. And so it must be for all creative minds. No one knew the truth of this better than Fernando Pessoa, whose name is only another form of the old Latin word for a mask - persona.

Is that finally the essential difference between these two poets - that Campbell could not wear a mask, or when he did, it slipped?

*Campbell and Pessoa*<sup>15</sup>

By H. D. Jennings

It is one of the odder quirks in [↑of] literary<sup>16</sup> history that these two men, undeniably among the major poets of this century and yet so unlike in race, appearance and outlook, should have passed their boyhood and youth in the same city; and some will find it odder still [that] that city should be Durban. The warm and humid city by the sea has its attractions for businessmen and for holidaymakers but few would envisage it as a nursery for poets, though there have always been some (notably Douglas Livingstone in the present time) to give that impression the lie.

Roy Campbell who was born there in 1902 did not love the place and was at no pains to hide it. He speaks ('In a town square'<sup>17</sup>) of 'the city so cheaply fine / Its walls embalmed its fest<ive>[↑ered] soul', and 'the gh[↑a]stly Cenotaph' / That next the Lavatory looms'... 'Where blue-burnished angels settle / Like flies upon a slab of tripe' / and <finally adds> [, to sum up,] 'the mist'... 'The subtle anaesthetic breath, / The vengeful sting that gives [→no pain /] But deals around it worse than death / The palsied soul, the mildewed brain'.

Fernando Pessoa came to Durban in 1896 at the age of seven and left it in 1905 when he was seventeen and Roy only three. (His [Pessoa's] mother, a widow, had married the Portuguese consul.) What his impressions of the place were we do not know for only twice in all his writings does the word 'Durban' occur and then little more than the word itself.<sup>18</sup> But this is not unusual. He is singularly lacking in what Armand Guilbert called *le sens du paysage*. His landscape (as he himself tell us in a prologue<sup>19</sup> to poem *Mensagem*) where all interior.<sup>20</sup> But he was not unhappy in Durban 'owing, perhaps, to the climate and the scholastic discipline' as he said in the second of these brief mentions of the town which I

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<sup>15</sup> Though the title appears on all pp., we omit its repetitions to avoid interrupting the text flow.

<sup>16</sup> "literaty" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>17</sup> Here we reproduce the quotation marks (single or double) as used by Jennings.

<sup>18</sup> This affirmation seems to date the essay from a time before 1984, for in that year Jennings published *Os Dois Exílios*, a book with an entire chapter (number VIII) dedicated to the direct and indirect presence of Durban in various papers found in the Pessoa archive.

<sup>19</sup> This is likely the text chosen by Maria Aliete Galhoz to serve as prologue of *Mensagem*, in *Obra Poética de Fernando Pessoa* (Rio de Janeiro: Aguilar, 1960); titled "Nota Preliminar," the prologue was not included by Pessoa in his 1934 edition of *Mensagem*.

<sup>20</sup> There seems to be a faded (and redundant) bracket closing the parenthesis—which we omit here.

discovered<sup>21</sup>; and he brought back with him to Portugal quite a <little> hoard of little <s>[↑a]rticles, writings and other little boyhood treasures, silent witnesses to a busy and not unpleasant time. We know too that his first years on his return to Portuga<t>/l\ were profoundly unhappy, reaching a point in June 1907 when he feared he would lose his reason. It was not until 1908 that he began to put down roots where they belonged, his native soil of Portugal. From then on he never left Lisbon, or had any desire to do so.

[2]<sup>22</sup> Campbell too was to spend little time in Durban after his school education was over, After Oxford, marriage and writing the 'Flaming <t>/T\errapin'<sup>23</sup>, he cam[→e] back in 1924 for the *Voorslag* adventure, but left after two years and then was seen no more in his native city except for fleeting and infrequent visits. The rest of the time was spent successively in Britain, France, Spain, East Africa (during the war) and finally Portugal. Thus both Campbell and Pessoa belong to that vast number of writers who suffered (or enjoyed) transplantation from their native lands: among them are:—the Americans Eliot and Pound to England; the Englishman W.H. Auden to America; the German Rilke to France and Italy; the Irishmen James Joyce and Samuel Beckett to Paris; the Frenchman La Forge to Germany..... and many more.

There are other superficial resemblances between the two poets. Both came from conventional middle-class families and both forsook the comfortable life they were bought up in to follow their unremunerative art and both endured equably the most crushing poverty to do so. Both were heavy drinkers. (Pessoa died of cirrhosis of the liver.) Both had little faith in democratic government and, like Yeats, Pound and others, had some hankering after autocratic rule. Both men had (ostensibly, at least) only one woman in their lives.

But even as I write these things my sense of the difference between these two men widens. Every one of the statements given above requires some modification, vital to the proper understanding of each. Both were drinkers, but each wore his rue with a difference. Campbell stopped when he was composing as Alan Paton tells us (*Contrast* 37, p. 64)<sup>24</sup>. Pessoa, on the other hand, seems to have needed alcohol as a spur to his activities, and continued to write poems in typical lapidary form to the last days of his life when he was rapidly drinking himself to

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<sup>21</sup> The last quote, translated by Jennings, comes from "a fragment in French purporting to be a report of a medico or psychiatrist on a patient called 'P' but unmistakably in Fernando Pessoa's writing" (JENNINGS: 1986, 21); the original was "le climat (je conjecture) et la discipline scolaire."

<sup>22</sup> Starting on p. 2, the author numbered each page on its top margin; we indicate the original page numbers within brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the text flow.

<sup>23</sup> A 75-verse poem written by Campbell, with *incipit* "How often have I lost this fervent mood."

<sup>24</sup> *Contrast*, *South African Quarterly*, a literary journal to which Jennings contributed essays, poetry and fiction; see, also in this issue, the review by G. Haresnape (former editor of *Contrast*) of two essays by Jennings.

death. The importance of Mary Campbell in Roy's life and the crushing effect of her adventure with Vita Sackville West has been too well described by Paton to need further mention here. It took Pessoa precisely one year to discover that he could not continue with his work as a writer and his love affair with the young typist who was appropriately named Ophelia. He told her so. The two remained friends, but the break was final. Though both [↑poets] came from families of the same social standing—Pessoa had a grandfather and an uncle who were generals and Campbell had a father and two brothers who were respected doctors—  
<g>/t\here were patent differences. A[→]though the Pessoa <coul>family could boast armorial bearings with eight quarterings, the family could be traced back to the Jew, Sancho Pessoa, who was burned at the stake in 1708. It amused Pessoa as much as it would have horrified Campbell (not the burning but the 'race-taint'<sup>25</sup>). Campbell made much [3] in his first autobiography of his supposed Scottish blood. The Scots, he claimed were twice the men that the English were because they had ten times as many bastards. When later he discovered that he stemmed not from a Scottish laird <b>but from an Irish fiddler, he took it with commendable good humour though it must have dis<t>/m\ayed him, particularly in view of the low illegitimacy rate in Ireland.

In this, as in all other aspects of his life and work, Campbell was a Romantic—both in its ordinary wide sense and in its more restricted literary sense. He chafed at the thought that he should have been born in so undistinguished a place as Durban, 'Where I alone of all your sons am known'. He rails at 'his humble kinsfolk':—

His humble kinsfolk sicken behold  
The monstrous changeling whom they schooled in vain  
Who brings no increase to their hoard of gold...<sup>26</sup>

He did not, however, disdain to share in their 'hoard of gold' and indeed would not have been able to continue his poetizing without the aid, which he received from them [→(notably from his brother George)].

In spite of his disdain for his native city and his contempt for his fellow-practitioners in the difficult trade he had chosen (as expressed in the *Wayzgoose*) Campbell was a typical South African. He never lost his accent, which Uys Krige<sup>27</sup> noted with surprise when he met him in southern France, was 'even thicker than my own'; he had the national <bent towards> [↑hankering after] *Kragdadigheid*, the constant striving to appear larger than life, the turning towards some anodyne,

<sup>25</sup> The author missed the closing single-quote, which we added here.

<sup>26</sup> This quote was also separated in the original, but the smaller font here is our formatting; note that the quote was typed over a faded version of itself, perhaps due to the tape running out of ink.

<sup>27</sup> See the letters from Krige to Jennings, introduced by S. Helgesson, also in this issue.

sport or some other violet physical activity and alcohol, to heal the emptiness of life for those who ask too much or too little of it.

When we think of Pessoa it is obvious at once that we are dealing with a horse of a different colour—one, not less dark, but too wise (or too little interested) to try to throw any light upon himself. Pessoa was reticent about his personal life to the point of being secretive. In one of the Caeiro poems he<sup>28</sup> wrote: “If anyone should seek to write my biography / Let him set down only the date of my birth and of my death. / All that lies between is mine.” And that, in effect, is all that prefaces the *Ática*<sup>29</sup> edition of his poems. He went to the same school as Campbell but, significantly[,] under a different headmaster. The austere classical scholar Nicholas of his day was something other than the rumbustious Langley of the following decade when Campbell was there. Pessoa learned to speak English (as one of his schoolfellows avers) ‘in the most academic manner’ and that, indeed, is what is wrong with the considerable amount of English poetry he wrote.<sup>30</sup> He showed in the *Thirty-five Sonnets* he could write a faultless imitation of the Tudor style and manner, but, as Campbell said, with some justice, they only come alive when translated into Portuguese; and, even the poems in modern style<sup>31</sup> tend to be slightly stilted. His English prose, however, is always [4] lucid and without any affectation. He seems to have used it more frequently than Portuguese when he wanted to resolve knotty points in his mind. His English manners and dress were frequently commented on by his contemporaries, as well as a very English sense of the absurd. ‘*Poeta da hora absurda*’,<sup>32</sup> one of them called him. It was not for nothing that in the three brief allusions to his schooling (always laudatory)<sup>33</sup> he spoke only of his ‘English’ and never of his ‘South African’ education.

But Pessoa could never be either English or South African. He was a Portuguese, and, moreover, of Jewish descent. He found it odd, he tells us, that[,] descended originally from Jews on ‘all four sides’[,] [↑he] should not like Jews and sometimes be almost an anti-semitic, should yet remain ‘morphologically always a Jew’. In this, as well as the other few brief estimates about himself<sup>34</sup>, Pessoa made no mistake. He had the Jewish capacity to endure suffering—‘suffering is the

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<sup>28</sup> “hew” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>29</sup> “Atica”, unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

<sup>30</sup> P. Ferrari & C. Pittella-Leite (2015) have argued against this assessment of Pessoa’s English poetry.

<sup>31</sup> There was a comma here in the original, which we removed.

<sup>32</sup> Note by Jennings (unless indicated, all other transcription notes are from the editors): Poet of the absurd moment. ‘*Hora absurda*’ (Absurd time) is the title of one of Pessoa’s poems.

<sup>33</sup> See footnote #18 about later findings by Jennings that would partially contradict this statement.

<sup>34</sup> “himseld” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.



badge of all our tribe'—he could endure patiently neglect, privation, even injustice ('I accept the existence of injustice as I do that of a stone' he wrote in another of the Caeiro poems) but he could on occasion flare forth with messianic fervour like any prophet of old.<sup>35</sup>

Like Campbell he stirred up some hornets' nests but usually with quite opposite motives and quite different objects. When Pessoa launched his review *Orpheu* it caused more stir than when Campbell and his associates brought out *Voorslag* in Durban.<sup>36</sup> It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the critics fairly foamed at the mouth. It was not because they were treated to those waspish remarks with which Campbell and others stung their humbler competitors in the journalistic trade, it was because it was so new in its outlook that it left them perplexed and baffled and therefore angry. It would not be considered *outré* now, but it was then in 1914, particularly for Lisbon. They invented a new adjective for it *rilhafolesca*, a word derived from *Rilhafoles*<sup>37</sup>, the name of a well-known lunatic asylum.<sup>38</sup> It was a barbed <missile> [↑shaft] for it was known that Pessoa's grandmother had had to be treated there for *dementia senilis* just before her death. Lisbon is not a particularly moral city, but much moral indignation was poured out over some lines in the *Triumphal Ode*<sup>39</sup> which Pessoa wrote under the name of Álvaro<sup>40</sup> de Campos.

Ah, the common and dirty people, who are always the same,  
[5] Who use swearwords with every breath,  
Whose sons steal at the doors of grocers' shops  
And whose daughters of eight years – and I think this fine and love it! –  
Masturbate men of decent appearance on deserted stairways....

They did not understand this poem when it was published in Lisbon in 1914. Neither did Campbell when he translated part of it for his last book, *Portugal*, in 1957. He calls it 'the loudest poem in literary history', and marvels that Pessoa could conjure out of himself 'a thundering great extrovert' like Álvaro de Campos, the protagonist, and yet in other phases and other names write such delicate poems 'that they see<t>/m\ t<l>/o\ tremble on the verge of silence'. And, let me confess at once, neither did I understand the Ode until I read Octavio Paz's

<sup>35</sup> This supposed anti-Semitism attributed to Pessoa has to be put in context, considering the extremely complex religious attitudes of the poet, who also imbibed mysticism from the Cabbala.

<sup>36</sup> *Orpheu* had two numbers, launched in Lisbon, in 1915, while *Voorslag* was published in Durban, in 1926 and 1927.

<sup>37</sup> "Rilhofoles" and "rilhofolesca," both as typos, in the text typed by Jennings.

<sup>38</sup> *Orpheu* 2 opened with poems by Ângelo de Lima, who was interned at *Rilhafoles*.

<sup>39</sup> Titled in Portuguese "Ode Triunfal," this poem was first published in *Orpheu* 1, 1915.

<sup>40</sup> "Alvaro", always unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

brilliant exegesis (Pub. 1960)<sup>41</sup>. Nor, as far as I can ascertain did anyone else. It took forty-six years for someone to read the riddle.

Briefly, the theme is this. Álvaro de Campos, the half-Jewish engineer, is standing in a workshop or factory, gritting his teeth with fury and delight as he watches the machines [→'writhing over one another] like lascivious beasts in a tropical jungle'. From there his mind wanders forth to a world permeated and dominated by machines. Machines carrying people aimlessly from place to place; machines pouring endless yellowbacked books, machines dealing out death on land and sea or in the hands of the sly political assassin; machines like<sup>42</sup> ministers concocting false budgets..... And so he goes on, wittering and chirping with enthuse*sm* like a child bringing out fresh toys. Then on to the human products of the god-like machines and he brings to our mind the scurrying crowds no longer moved by human passions and desires but given over to mindless and loveless aberrations and substitutes. So, with ostensible delight, he points out the pederast who passes with feline step, 'the over-accentuated presence of cocottes' and 'the playboys and harlots in the crowded car' who jeer at him as they pass. 'Oh, how I would like to be the pimp for all this!'<sup>43</sup> he exclaims. And in another place he would like to peep like a voyeur into every house. He seems the workman coming home from his hated task and the boys and girls as we have already described. All a world indeed given over to 'masochism and machinism'. And then with renewed fury of longing back to the engines until he imagines he has become a part of them, a wheel or a cog or some other whirling part, until he seems to have lost all power of speech and the poem disintegrates in howls and shrieks and cries of 'houp-la' like a circus ringmaster and ends finally in a long z-z-z-z-z-z.

It was a lot for the poor Lisbonnese to stomach; and perhaps, only now, when we have seen the machines proliferate to an extent undreamed of by Pessoa—when men's minds are dominated by machine-made drama, music, and news; computers do our thinking for us and the atom numbs all thought of [6] of the future—can we see the truth of Pessoa's wild vision.

Certainly Campbell never guessed [yet] [↑that] when he fell upon the lesbians and homosexuals in England with such fury, [he did not realize] he was castigating the end-products not the system itself.<sup>44</sup> Eliot looked upon the same spectacle as Pessoa and reacted to it in his own way in the *Waste Land* and *Ash*

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<sup>41</sup> Though dated 1960 here, this is probably Paz's 1962 landmark anthology of Pessoa's poems.

<sup>42</sup> "machine-like", with the "i" superimposed on the "l" in the text typed by Jennings.

<sup>43</sup> Jennings opens the quote with single and closes it with double quotation marks.

<sup>44</sup> Though Jennings here is criticizing Campbell's prejudices, Jennings's own view of homosexuality (*as a product of a system*) is a dated theory; G. Monteiro (1994: 130, footnote 30) also presented criticisms to Campbell's homophobia.

*Wednesday*. He too saw beyond the persons to the system but he ascribed it to a different cause—the decline in spiritual values. He does not seem to have asked what may have caused that decline, and Pessoa's thesis might well be at least one of the answers.

Pessoa never attacked people<sup>45</sup>, only systems, institutions and ideas, and so stirred up some of the hornets' nests already mentioned. He attacked the Catholic church and invented a faith of his own; he defended the Free Masons, regarded as enemies of the Church, and when Antonio<sup>46</sup> Botto, a fairly harmless homosexual poet was denounced with fury by the Lisbon populace, Pessoa rushed to his aid but in measured<sup>47</sup> dignified words without personal allusions. Campbell believed (in *Portugal* again) that 'the miracle of Fátima<sup>48</sup> and Salazar had saved Portugal'. Pessoa disliked both but he wrote nothing scurrilous about either.<sup>49</sup> The inclination 'to boast and to shock and to goad' which Paton notices in Campbell was not in Pessoa; and in passing we may note that in this same book *Portugal* performed the 'almost' virtuoso feat of crowding into a single paragraph no less than sixteen lies about Uys Krige' as Uys himself once pointed out to me. And the two had been close friends!

But all this is digression; and get back to the heart of the matter and to seek further in the distinction which lies between these two great poets (with the ultimate hope, perhaps vain, that it will tell us something of the secret of poetry itself) I must quote two more poems.

The first shows how that strange thing we call poetry—the creative power or the Flaming Terrapin<sup>50</sup>, if you will—can surge out of our being (if we are poets or creators) and drive out the poor, petty, carping, cowardly creature that usually reigns there.

I translate from a letter which Pessoa wrote to a friend in February 1913.<sup>51</sup>

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<sup>45</sup> This is not accurate, as Jennings himself would later discover at least one sonnet written by Pessoa (signed by Alexander Search) as a curse on Joseph Chamberlain (cf. JENNINGS, 1984: 96); to date, numerous poems mocking/attacking specific people have been found among Pessoa's papers.

<sup>46</sup> Antonio [Botto] is misnamed "Alfredo" by Jennings.

<sup>47</sup> "inmeasured", without space, in the original.

<sup>48</sup> "Fatima", unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

<sup>49</sup> Scurrilous texts by Pessoa, insulting both Fátima and Salazar, would eventually be found by J. Barreto; cf. «A Poesia Política de Fernando Pessoa», in *Abril 7* (Niterói: UFF, Apr. 2015).

<sup>50</sup> See footnote #23.

<sup>51</sup> Jennings is translating here the letter from Pessoa to Mário Beirão, dated 1 Feb. 1913; cf. PESSOA, F. *Páginas Íntimas e de Auto-Interpretação* (Lisbon: Ática, 1966, p. 29).

You know, I believe, that of the various phobias I have kept, the most infantile and the most terribly torturing is that of thunderstorms. The other day the sky threatened rain and I was on my way home on foot there being no tram at night. In the end there was no thunder, but it was imminent and it began to rain—great heavy drops, warm and spaced out—and I was still only halfway from the Baixa (the business quarter) and home. I hurried along with the pace nearest to running that I could manage [←as near to running as I could master] with a mental torture that you imagine, all upset and worried. It was in this state that I found myself composing a sonnet—I finished it within a few steps of my home—a sonnet so suave and calm it might have been written during a sunset with a clear sky.

[7] This is the poem.

ABDICAÇÃO<sup>52</sup>

Toma-me, Ó<sup>53</sup> Noite Eterna<sup>54</sup>, nos teus braços  
E chama-me teu filho. Eu sou um rei  
Que voluntariamente abandonei  
O meu<sup>55</sup> trono de sonhos e cansaços<sup>56</sup>.

Minha espada, pesada a braços lassos,  
Em mãos viris e calmas entreguei!  
E meu [←E meu] ceptro e coroa—eu os deixei  
Na antecâmara, feitos em pedaços.

Minha cota de malha, tão inútil,  
Minhas esporas dum tinir tão fútil—  
Deixei-as pela fria escadaria<sup>57</sup>.  
Despi a Realeza, corpo e alma,  
E regresssei à<sup>58</sup> Noite antiga e calma  
Como a paisagem ao morrer do dia.

Which may be Englished as follows:—

<sup>52</sup> Jennings does not reproduce the orthography used by Pessoa on doc. BNP/E3, 58-62<sup>v</sup>, which displays the sonnet in question organized in 4 stanzas (Jennings fuses the tercets into 1 sestet).

<sup>53</sup> “O”, unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

<sup>54</sup> “Eterno” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>55</sup> “seu” in the text typed by Jennings, who appears to be quoting from memory, hence the divergences from the original text by Pessoa.

<sup>56</sup> “consaço”, as a typo.

<sup>57</sup> “escadoria”, as a typo.

<sup>58</sup> The text typed by Jennings is missing the Portuguese *crase* (grave stress).



'unpoetic' word 'landscape' which brings out the unreality of what he sees—a picture, in fact. But never does he stop to explain, comment upon, or 'prettify' what he says.

Campbell has translated several of the poems of Pessoa, for whom he had a great admiration, but with this difference of temperament which we have already tried to describe it is not surprising that on at least one occasion he seems to have missed what (to me) Pessoa had clearly said.

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It's one of those fair things  
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape—each shape  
Seems silently to flit  
Ere known by grief and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by leaf  
Into the mist and gloom.

On the surface, it makes rather an attractive poem. A friend—a Portuguese-American professor—once said to me he thought it was better than the original. This may be, but it is not what Pessoa said. [9] What Pessoa said is put into such simple language that anyone with some knowledge of a Romance tongue should be able to follow it. What he meant may take a little more thought and need some knowledge of Pessoa and his contemporaries.

Here is the original with a literal English rendering alongside it.

O que me dói não é  
O que há no coração  
Mas essas coisas lindas  
Que nunca existirão<sup>59</sup>.

São as formas sem forma  
Que passam sem que a dor  
As possa conhecer  
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza  
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,  
Caíssem suas folhas  
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

What grieves me is not  
What's in my heart  
But those lovely things  
Which will never exist.

They are forms without form  
Which go before sorrow  
Can get to know them.  
Or love dream of them.

They are as if sadness  
Were a tree that, one by one,  
Lets fall its leaves  
Between the trunk and the mist.

<sup>59</sup> "existirão" in the text by Jennings, as a typo.

or, more literally:—  
Between the vestige and the fog.

Seen, as above, it soon becomes clear that Campbell has taken considerable liberties with the text and indeed some with grammar too in the use of 'have' for 'has' in the fourth line and 'whom' for 'which' in the tenth. The thing that hurts and '<t>/wrings\' is obviously an over-statement and moreover gives the impression that the speaker is not one to nourish resentment or some other bitter feeling in his heart, and from the two following lines one would gather he is rather glad about it. The second stanza is accurate enough but the reader has to make the bewildering change from the *one* thing in the first to *things* in the second<sup>60</sup>; and in the last Campbell leaves out all mention of the sad trunk that is left when the leaves have fallen.

The mistake, I believe, is based on a fundamental difference in temperament. The mind of <Pessoa> Campbell boggles at the thought of anyone being able to love things that do not exist so he scamped or muddled the first part of the poem, and concentrated on the visual metaphor that follows and should have explained it. Pessoa, as we have seen in the other earlier poem quoted, was following a familiar path. One, too, as I discovered quite recently, had already been trodden before him.

Teixeira de Pascoaes writes in *Verbo escuro* [→ (Dark word)] (pub. 1914):

Sing what does not exist. The rest is ashes.

<p3>(p.3)

And the later: [→ (p.52)]

The spirit <looks and laughs> [↑looks askance] at the intelligence which reason[→s] [↑ and mocks it.] It lives unmoved in the antechamber of the ideas. They fall and renew [ ]<sup>61</sup>

[10] Here we have that 'cross-pollination of minds' which Laurens van der Post refers to (letter in *Contrast* 38). It is a process, however, that can only take place when flowers and minds are of the same species. Pessoa takes two disparate ideas of Pascoaes and grafts them upon one of his own to make a completely original re-rendering. The kinship between the two minds is evident. Both men are preoccupied with the search for something beyond the superficial appearances of everyday life: the things we glimpse when sorrow, sickness or the exaltation of love seem to lend a new dimension to our thoughts.

What is this new dimension? It is something that does not belong to normal; it goes beyond reason and fringes upon the realm of dreams and even of

<sup>60</sup> The change (from a singular *thing* to the plural) seems to actually take place in the third stanza.

<sup>61</sup> The rest of this quote is unreadable in the facsimile (with its bottom margin cut short).

madness. It is the quality we find in the *Walpurgisnacht* of Goethe's *Faust* and the utterances Shakespeare put into the mouths of fools and madmen because they went beyond our normal<sup>62</sup> reasoning; they are what makes the music of Beethoven impossible to put into words. They are things in our normal experience which will never exist.

Poetry, like all other arts, is the expression of emotion, but emotion cannot be expressed in words which are the expression of the intelligence which is foreign to it. So, reasons Pessoa, we have to create analogous situations to hint at it.

Art, for me, is the expression of a thought behind the emotion, or in other words, of a general <+> truth behind a particular lie.

And again:

All true emotion is a lie to the intelligence, because it [is]<sup>63</sup> not by that that it manifest itself. All true emotion is in consequence false exp[r]ession. To express oneself is to say what one does not feel. To pretend therefore is to discover oneself..[.]

A little later in the century, T.S. Eliot was to express very much the same idea.

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion. (*Tradition and the individual talent*. p. 124)

"I must wear a mask before I can express the truth," said Oscar Wilde. And so it must be for all creative minds. No one knew the truth of this better than Fernando Pessoa, whose name is only another form of the old Latin word for a mask—*persona*.

Is that finally the essential difference between these two poets—that Campbell could not wear a mask, or when he did, it slipped?

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<sup>62</sup> "norjal" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

<sup>63</sup> Something seems to be mistyped or missing in the translated quote.



# **Bridging Archives: Twenty-Five Unpublished English Poems by Fernando Pessoa**

Patricio Ferrari\*

## **Keywords**

Fernando Pessoa, unpublished English poems, Hubert Jennings, archives.

## **Abstract**

Critical transcription preceded by a brief presentation of twenty-five unpublished English poems by Fernando Pessoa. The introductory text offers a historical background in regard to Hubert Jennings's pioneer work with Pessoa's English poems.

## **Palavras-chave**

Fernando Pessoa, poemas ingleses inéditos, Hubert Jennings, arquivos.

## **Resumo**

Transcrição crítica, precedida de uma breve apresentação, de vinte e cinco poemas ingleses inéditos de Fernando Pessoa. O texto introdutório oferece uma contextualização histórica do trabalho pioneiro de Hubert Jennings junto aos poemas ingleses de Pessoa.

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*If the Gods made me poet, they did me make  
Poet for poetry's sake.<sup>1</sup>*

Fernando Pessoa

To those who study and appreciate modernist European literature, the name Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935) evokes the experimental Portuguese writer of heteronyms (literary personae endowed with biographies, worldviews, writing styles, and projects of their own) and the author of one of the most radical, visionary prose works of the twentieth century, the posthumously published *Livro do Desassossego* (*The Book of Disquiet*).<sup>2</sup>

Only a small circle of readers may be aware that this multi-faceted, bookish, and prolific writer thought of himself early in his career as primarily an English poet. Amazingly enough, until the late 1910s Pessoa entertained the idea of achieving literary recognition in the language of his formative years spent in South Africa. Having learned English as a student in the British colonial city of Durban, he not only excelled in it but also became, in 1903—before his final voyage back to Lisbon two years later—the first winner of the Queen Victoria Memorial Prize given for best English essay.

Hubert D. Jennings—in 1923 the assistant master at Durban High School, the same school Pessoa had attended some twenty years earlier—was in a better position than anyone else to understand the underlying role of how this privileged education would have bearing on Pessoa's intellectual life.<sup>3</sup>

Mainly a poet's poet in Anglophone countries until the first translations of *The Book of Disquiet* in 1991, Pessoa had captured Jennings's attention decades earlier. And he had done so as a bilingual Portuguese-English poet. In point of fact,

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<sup>1</sup> Lines 3 and 4 of an unpublished English poem dated May 5, 1920. (Biblioteca Nacional de Portugal [National Library of Portugal] / Espólio 3 [Archive 3], 49A<sup>6</sup>-8<sup>r</sup>). The Pessoa archive is held at the National Library of Portugal, the Fernando Pessoa House, and by Pessoa's heirs in Lisbon. While most of the papers are found at the National Library of Portugal (henceforth indicated as [BNP/E3]), a large part of the Private Library is found at the Fernando Pessoa House. For the acquisition of Pessoa's papers by the Portuguese State in 1979, see Santos et al. (1988: 210). Regarding the Private Library, see PIZARRO, FERRARI, and CARDIELLO (2010). The Private Library is available online for free consultation at <http://casafernandopessoa.cm-lisboa.pt/bdigital/index/index.htm>.

<sup>2</sup> First published in 1982 (edited by Jacinto Prado Coelho in collaboration with Maria Aliete Galhoz and Teresa Sobral Cunha). The first critical edition under the responsibility of Jerónimo Pizarro appeared in 2010. The latest edition (also edited by Pizarro) was published in 2013 and derives from the critical edition.

<sup>3</sup> Pessoa completed his studies at Durban High School (DHS) in 1904. Jennings worked at DHS from 1923 until 1935, with an interruption in 1933 (see SEVERINO, 1969: 27).

had Jennings published “The Poet of Many Faces” in 1974,<sup>4</sup> as originally planned, he would have made the first contribution of a full-length study in English of Pessoa’s works.<sup>5</sup> Moreover, Jennings’s inclusion in that book of his transcriptions<sup>6</sup> of some English poems by Pessoa would have been instrumental in bringing to light some lines of unpublished verse, for decades left in total archival slumber.

While selecting pieces for the section entitled “Poems Under His [Pessoa’s] Own Name. English Poems,” Jennings had a wide range from which to choose. He selected poems from two of the three chapbooks Pessoa had self-published during his lifetime, *35 Sonnets* (Pessoa, 1918) and *English Poems I-II* (Pessoa, 1921),<sup>7</sup> as well as a few taken from *The Mad Fiddler* (Pessoa, 1999)—a collection of English verse that the London publisher Constable & Company Ltd. turned down in 1917. Remarkably, Jennings opted to include a handful of scattered English poems from the Pessoa archive: e.g., the typescript poems<sup>8</sup> “I Have Outwatched the Lesser Wain, and Seen” (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>6</sup>-49; Pessoa, 1995: 498) and “Trumpets Afar, Very Far in the Night...” (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>4</sup>-27 and 28; PESSOA, 2000: 216-220). It is noteworthy that he did not limit his anthology to typescript material. The opening stanza of “He Wrote Wonderful Verse” (Fig. 1) (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>7</sup>-12; PESSOA, 2000: 196 and 198), for instance, one of the last English poems penned by Pessoa (July 18, 1935) and included in “The Poet of Many Faces” (Fig. 2) attests to this:

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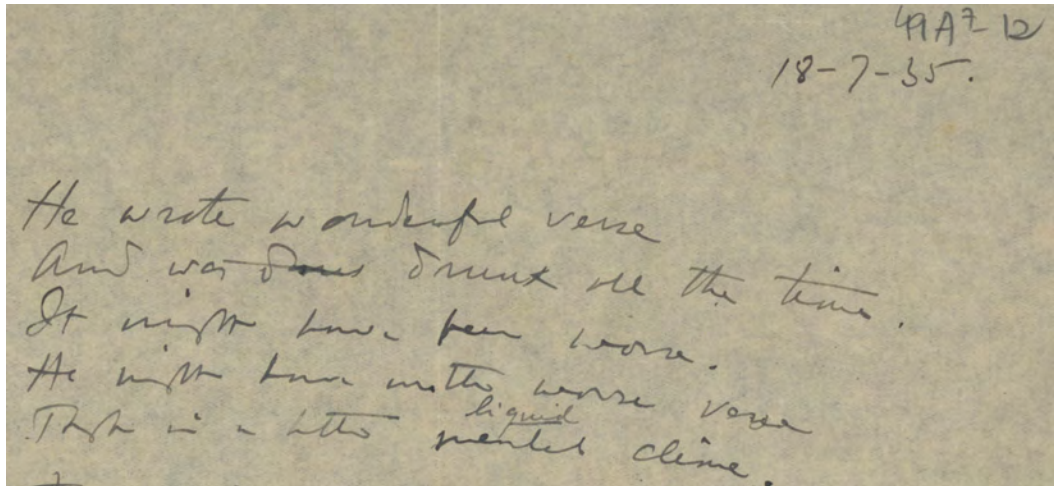
<sup>4</sup> “The Poet with Many Faces” remains unpublished and it is part of the Jennings literary estate, recently donated to Brown University by his son and daughter, Christopher Jennings and Bridget Winstanley. During his lifetime, Jennings published two books on Pessoa (actually, two versions of the same book), one in Portuguese and one in English (JENNINGS, 1984 and 1986). Prior to 1974, the most significant contribution to Pessoa studies in English was the selection and translation by the American poet and translator Edwin Honig (PESSOA, 1971). Other early translation endeavors featuring Pessoa’s poetry were the ones by Campbell (*Portugal*, 1957) and Quintanilha (*Sixty Portuguese Poems*, 1971).

<sup>5</sup> Alexandrino Severino’s book *Fernando Pessoa na África do Sul* (1969) was first submitted as his doctoral thesis in 1966, the same year Hubert Jennings published *The D.H.S. Story 1866-1966*, with two chapters devoted to Pessoa. Jennings’s MA dissertation, filed in England in 1977, has apparently been lost, but it likely became *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* (1986).

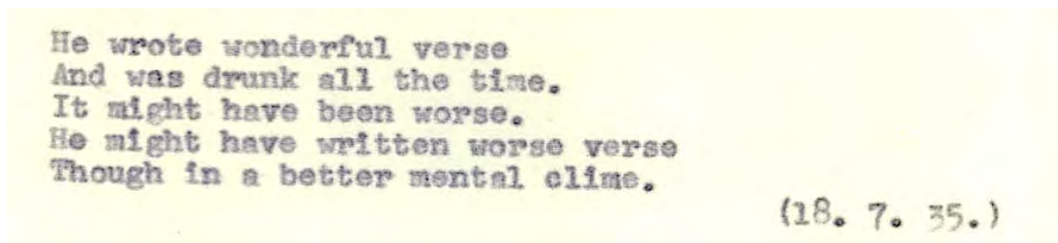
<sup>6</sup> Jennings went to Lisbon in 1968 and stayed for about eighteen months (see Hart’s biographical sketch of Jennings in this issue).

<sup>7</sup> *Antinous* (a long poem that celebrates the homoerotic love between Antinous and the Emperor Hadrian) and *35 Sonnets* (inspired by Shakespeare’s sonnet series) were self-published in Lisbon in 1918. Three years later, in 1921, Pessoa self-published *English Poems I-II*, which included a revised version of *Antinous* and *Inscriptions*, a series of epitaphs likely motivated by his reading of *The Greek Anthology*, translated into English by R. W. Paton and extant in Pessoa’s private library.

<sup>8</sup> The three archives consist of typescripts, manuscripts, typescripts with manuscript interventions, and books. At the time of Jennings’s transcriptions, the archive was still in the possession of Pessoa’s direct heir, Henriqueta Madalena (1896-1992), his half-sister. See note 1.

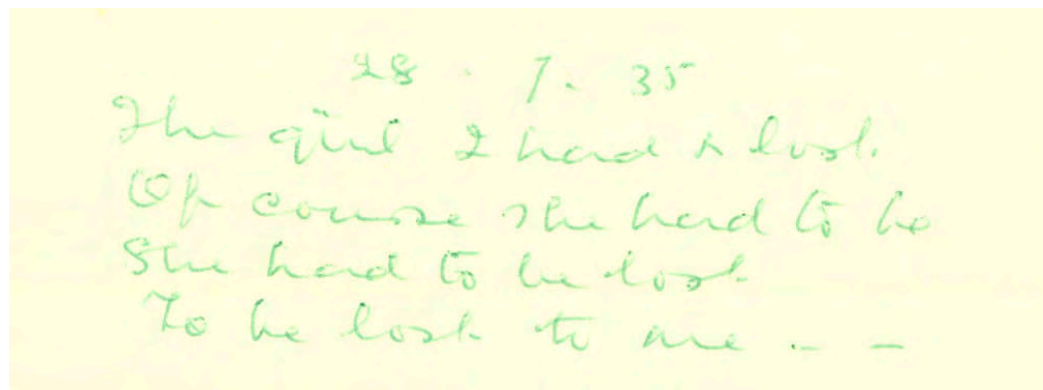


[Fig. 1. "He Wrote Wonderful Verse"; BNP/E3, 49A7-12, detail]<sup>9</sup>



[Fig. 2. "The Poet of Many Faces," p. 184, detail]

Also of note is that not all the poems Jennings transcribed found their way into his monograph. Among his papers<sup>10</sup> figure transcriptions of English verse dating from various periods of Pessoa's life: e.g., the famous opening of "The girl I had and lost...," dated June 28, 1935, an unfinished poem not published until 1989 (CRESPO, 1989: 19):

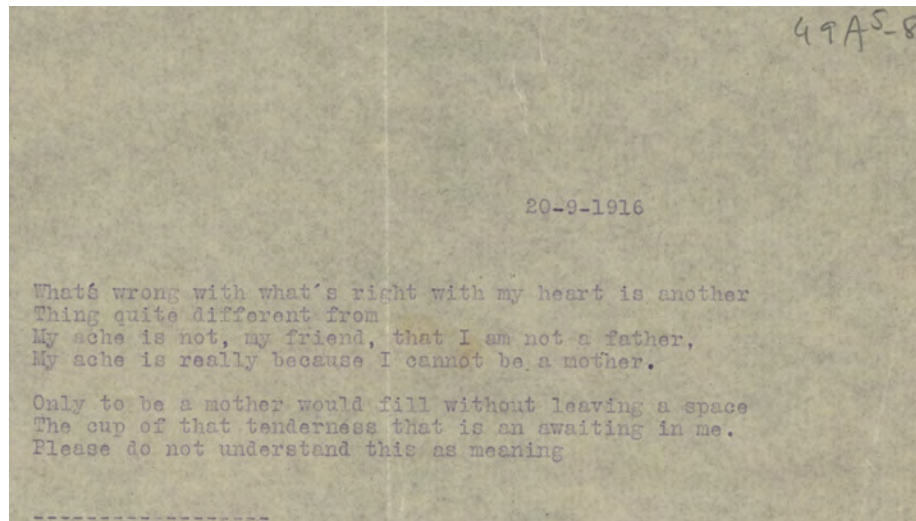


[Fig. 3. Jennings archive, Transcriptions File 2, p. 38, detail]

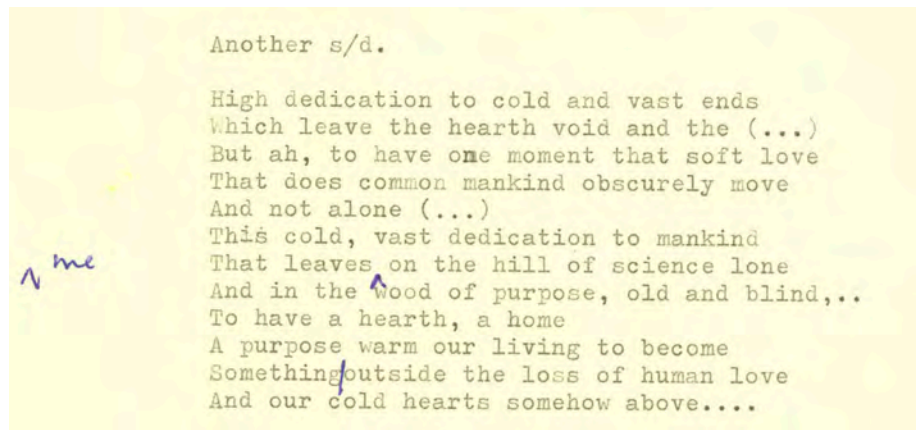
<sup>9</sup> Published by Luísa Freire (PESSOA, 2000: 196 & 198). The facsimile, along with a slightly different transcription, appeared in PESSOA (2015: 80-81).

<sup>10</sup> Regarding the Jennings literary estate, see note 4.

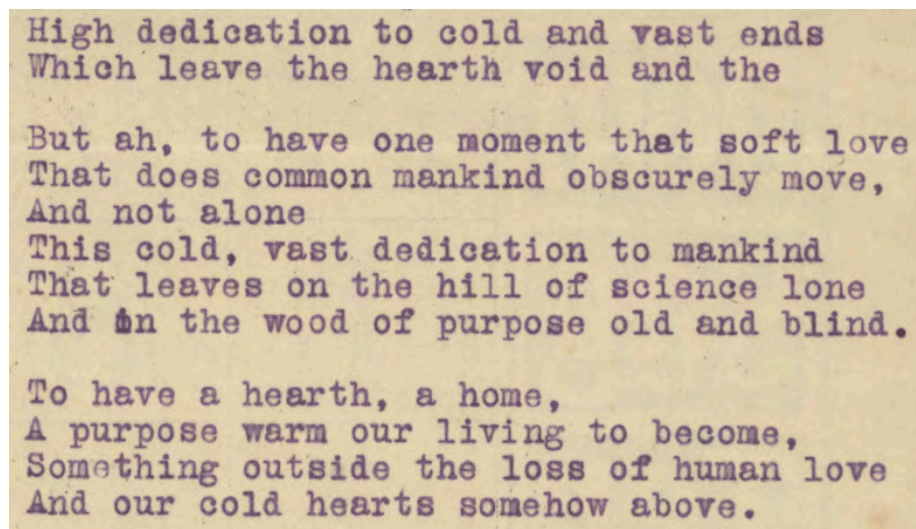




[Fig. 6. "What's Wrong With What's Right With My Heart Is Another"; BNP/E3, 49A<sup>5</sup>-8, detail]



[Fig. 7. Jennings archive, Transcriptions File 2, p. 38, detail]



[Fig. 8. "High Dedication To Cold And Vast Ends"; BNP/E3, 49B<sup>4</sup>-53, detail]

Although Pessoa wrote more than 2,000 poems in all three languages together (English, Portuguese, and French), he only published a small fraction of this sum during his life. Today, eighty years after his death, with the preparation of the complete works still under way, part of his poetic output remains to be published. While the complete French poetry appeared in France in 2014 and the publication of the complete Portuguese poetry is forthcoming,<sup>12</sup> the editorial status of the English poetry has lagged behind. With hundreds of poems still to be deciphered and annotated, the posthumous English poetry remains a vast *terra incognita* (see PIZARRO, 2012: 158; FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015: 228-229).

The twenty-five unpublished English poems presented here consist of the two poems initially transcribed by Jennings in 1968/1969 (Figs. 5 & 7) and twenty-three others, covering three decades of a fervent, heterogeneous production. Before turning to this small selection, I want to underscore the value of collaboration.

During the mid-1990s, while preparing the first critical edition of Alexander Search's poems,<sup>13</sup> the editor and scholar João Dionísio not only worked with the manuscripts and typescripts that Pessoa attributed to this fictitious English writer, but he also paid careful heed to the one hundred and eighty sheets entitled "POEMS (in English) | of | ALEXANDER SEARCH | (transcribed by Prof. G. Lind)," held at the Pessoa Archive in the National Library of Portugal in Lisbon (PESSOA, 1997: II, 19). Literary critic and translator Georg Rudolf Lind was the first scholar to seriously consider Pessoa's unpublished English poetry (FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015: 228). In spite of the shortcomings of Lind's editorial undertaking, it would prove to be most useful for Dionísio, as he himself pointed out in the introduction to his critical edition: "o inacabamento da sua transcrição, apesar de conspícuo em muitos lugares, não impediu que ela tivesse sido um auxiliar precioso nesta edição dos poemas do heterónimo inglês" (even though his transcriptions were incomplete at times, they proved enormously helpful in the edition of the poems of this English heteronym) (PESSOA, 1997: II, 21). In the same vein the Jennings Literary Estate contains transcriptions<sup>14</sup> that any future critical editor of Pessoa's English posthumous poetry cannot afford to ignore.

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<sup>12</sup> For Portuguese, see the critical edition directed by Ivo Castro (PESSOA, *Poemas de Fernando Pessoa*, Vol. I, tomes II-IV). The critical edition still has one tome of posthumous Portuguese poetry under way: poetry written until 1914 (tome I). The *Poesia 1902-1917*, edited by Manuela Parreira da Silva, Ana Maria Freitas, and Madalena Dine, and published in 2005 by Assírio & Alvim, does not include all the non-attributed, dated Portuguese poems, written by Pessoa during 1902-1917. For the French poetry, see PESSOA (2014).

<sup>13</sup> For a detailed description of this fictitious author created by Pessoa in 1906, see PESSOA (2013: 227-248).

<sup>14</sup> Not as many as Lind but equally important due to the pioneer aspect of Jennings's work.

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In a loose unpublished fragment datable to August 30, 1921, Pessoa wrote:

*O ritmo do verso é que junte o leitor ao estudo da lingua.*<sup>15</sup>  
(It is the rhythm of verse that binds the reader to the study of language.)

Concerned with metrics from an early age, preoccupations regarding versification in poetry never left him. Be it lyrical, philosophical, or political, he construed form as an extension of content.

In transcribing the documents and preparing this selection I have not restricted myself to finished or complete pieces.<sup>16</sup> Variety has been my underlying guide in regard to (1) period,<sup>17</sup> literary influence, subject matter, fixed/unfixed forms, meter, and rhythm; (2) materiality (i.e., manuscripts, typescripts, and typescripts with handwritten interventions); and (3) archives (the Pessoa papers held at the National Library of Portugal and those found in the Heirs' Private Collection; the Jennings Literary Estate).

As George Monteiro underscored in his seminal *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth Century Anglo-American literature* (2000), the influence of Pessoa's reading on his writing was enormous and therefore many Western canonical voices are discernable in his poetry. Organized chronologically, the present selection opens with an unattributed<sup>18</sup> ode ("Thou seest then how clear that mountain standeth now") datable to Pessoa's last year in Durban High School. Composed in unrhymed lines (a formal feature in accord with Latin poetry) in the Horatian contemplative manner, in this ode the young Pessoa tried his hand at accentual Alcaics in English.<sup>19</sup> The two sonnets featured here and transcribed in

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<sup>15</sup> BNP/E3, 14<sup>2</sup>-67<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> By complete I do not imply a finished poem but rather a composition without any apparent missing word(s) and/or lines of verse. Following this rationale, incomplete texts are those where blanks may be found. While brackets will be used to represent a missing word and/or words in a single line of verse, a square will stand for the cases in which it is unclear whether the author intended to write one or more verse instances.

<sup>17</sup> A possible date (twice preceded by the word *circa*) is assigned to the undated poems. The dating of all the documents here presented is based on the following: Pessoa's handwriting, type of paper used, text(s) that may have been written in the same document, poetic form, datable influence(s) and/or source text(s) regarding Pessoa as writer-reader, and theme, among others.

<sup>18</sup> None of the poems here presented are attributed or listed in lists attributed to fictitious poets to whom Pessoa assigned English poems.

<sup>19</sup> Like most attempts in the history of English literature it fails because the English reader cannot intuitively recognize the rhythms. The reason for this is that stress (unlike syllable weight, which is



collaboration with Carlos Pittella-Leite (“What is our independence? The mere sense” and “Being ourselves no will nor fate can solve”) are Shakespearean in form<sup>20</sup> and written in iambic pentameter.<sup>21</sup>

Some of the English poems presented here mix meters and rhythms. While in the song (“Sleep within thy little grave”), for instance, the meter is aptly simple and appealing (two trochaic tetrameters catalectic are followed by an iambic tetrameter and a lone iamb), the palinode titled “The Lover Consoled” seems, metrically speaking, a ragbag.<sup>22</sup> In summary, the versification of these poems indicates a poet who was more used to reading English than to speaking it.

In the most diverse tones and moods, themes and settings, the reader will find one of Pessoa’s earliest attempts in English to capture a Portuguese current political matter (“The revolution rolled along the streets”), a sixty-line accentual poem imbued with biblical allusions and woven around the mythical figure of King Sebastian (“King Sebastian sends me forth”), as well as some poems on questions of Self and identity dislocation (e.g., “The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...,” penned around the time of the creation of the heteronyms, in March 1914).

While certain poems exhibit archaic language (e.g., “Pale emerald tint of morn”), others reveal a Pessoa deliberately making English sound strange: wordplay (e.g., “Over the shining waters”), neologisms (e.g., “It spoke of love and spoke of joy”), and odd syntax (e.g., “High dedication to cold and vast ends”). Underexplored yet central to a more refined appreciation of Pessoa’s complex verbal art, let this new material invite scholars and others lovers of poetry to revisit that other Pessoa, the poet-between-languages—the outlandish Pessoa.

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used to pattern such verse in Latin and Greek) is relative, hierarchical, and variable. A famous example of English Alcaics and which Pessoa was certainly aware of is Tennyson’s “Milton.” A copy of *The Works of Alfred Tennyson* (1902), extant in Pessoa’s private library, was awarded in 1903 as the Queen Victoria Memorial Prize for best English essay. For a study of Tennyson’s quantitative verse in English, see DUFFELL (2013).

<sup>20</sup> Also known as English sonnet to distinguish from the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet, which, like Milton, Pessoa cultivated. The Shakespearean sonnet (except for three out of the 154 sonnets) has the following construction: three quatrains (four-line stanzas) and a couplet (two lines) with a rhyme scheme *ABAB CDCD EFEF GG*. The Petrarchan (or Italian) sonnet is composed of an octave (eight lines) and a sestet (6 lines) with the preferred rhyme scheme being *ABBA ABBA CDECDE* or *CDCCDC* (for other possible schemes in the sestet, see GASPAROV, 1996: 160). For Pessoa’s Petrarchan sonnets and the Miltonic influence, see Ferrari (2015). Originating in the Renaissance and employed in the Baroque, the sonnet reemerged with the Romantics. It is said that between Milton and Wordsworth this genre was not particularly employed (HOBBSBAUM, 1996: 191)

<sup>21</sup> There are unmetrical lines in both sonnets. See description preceding the critical text.

<sup>22</sup> Its fifty-five lines comprise thirty tolerable iambic pentameters, thirteen lines of other lengths (mostly with three or four beats and an iambic rhythm), and twelve deviant decasyllables.

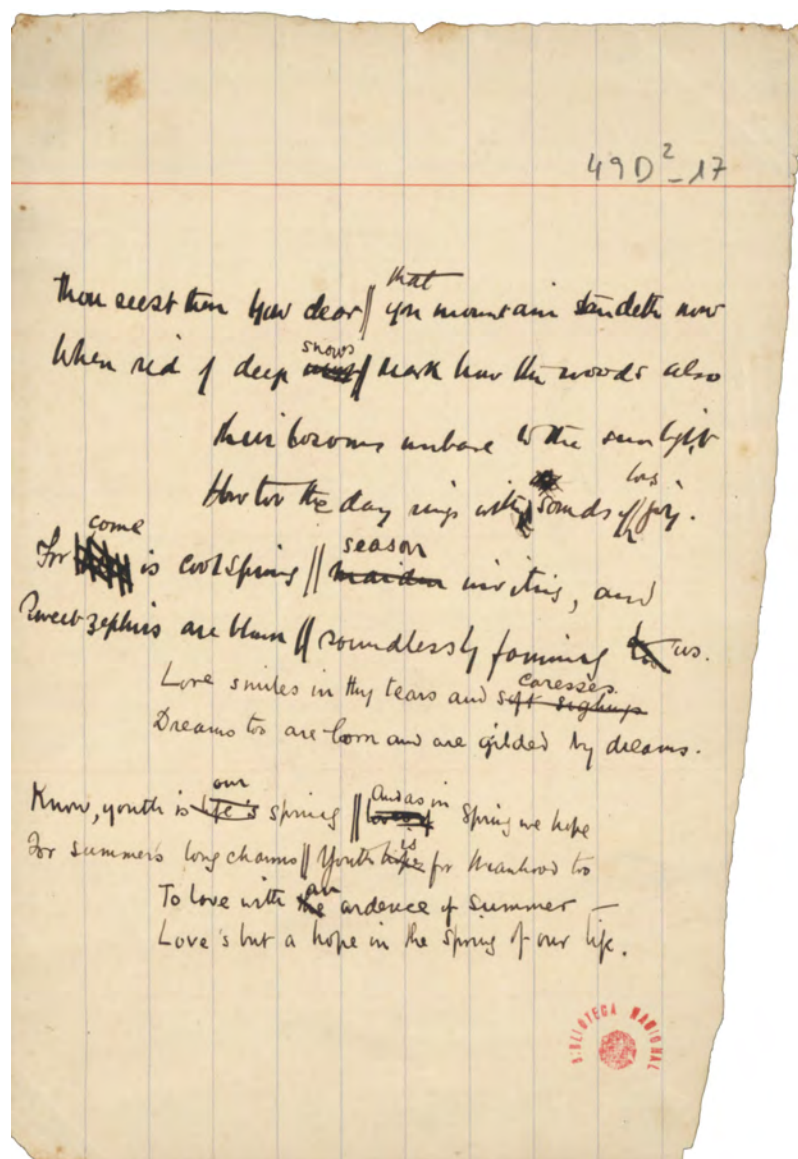
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Documents: Twenty-Five Unpublished English Poems by Fernando Pessoa<sup>23</sup>

I. [49D<sup>2</sup>-17]. Unpublished. Datable to circa 1904. Manuscript in blank ink on a torn piece of lined paper. Ode likely inspired by Horace's Odes 1.9. It reproduces the model of the Alcaic stanza in regard to the number of lines per stanza (four) and the number of syllables per line (lines 1-2, 11 syllables; line 3, 9 syllables; line 4, 10 syllables). In lines 1, 2, 5, 6, 9, and 10 of Pessoa's ode figure two vertical lines that serve to mark the place of the caesuras. The opening line also appears in one of his notebooks dating from the Durban years (153-38<sup>v</sup>; PESSOA, 2009: I, 132) (see Annex 1 below). On the verso of the manuscript (BNP/E3, 49D<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>v</sup>) appears the beginning of a letter to an unidentified "dear friend," as well as two signature trials ("Jerome Gaveston" and "Piers Gaveston") (see Annex 2 below), fictitious names to which Pessoa did not attribute any project or literary writing (PESSOA, 2013: 706). The face drawings also on the verso are likely connected to Pessoa's early interest in phrenology (PESSOA, 2006).



<sup>23</sup> Unless specified, variants adopted in the critical text are the last written by the author.

Thou seest then how clear that mountain standeth now  
 When rid of deep snow's mask how the woods also  
     Their bosoms unbare to the sun light  
     How too the day rings with sounds of long joy.

5 For come is cool Spring season inviting, and  
 Sweet zephyrs are blown soundlessly forming us.  
     Love smiles in thy tears and caresses.  
     Dreams too are loomed and are gilded by dreams.

10 Know, youth is our Spring and as in Spring we hope  
 For Summer's long charms youth is for manhood too  
     To love with an ardence of Summer—  
     Love's but a hope in the Spring of our life.

## Notes:

- 1     how clear | | yon [↑ that] mountain
- 2     <\*white> [↑ snow's] | | mask how ] *"snows" in the original without the apostrophe indicating the possessive.*
- 3     *"unbare" in the original; "sun light" in the original.*
- 4     with <+> [↑ <the>] sounds of [↑ long] joy.
- 5     For <the> [↑ come] is cool Spring | | <maiden> [↑ season] inviting,
- 6     zephyrs are blown | | soundlessly forming <too> [↑ us] *"zephyrs" in the original with an 'i'.*
- 7     and <soft sighings> [↑ caresses.]
- 8     *"loom" in the original; although the noun "loom" is grammatically correct, the author likely meant to write 'loomed'.*
- 9     youth is <life's> [↑ our] Spring | | <love of> [↑ and as in] Spring
- 10    charms | | youth <hopes> [↑ is] for
- 11    with <the> [↑ an] ardence] *"ardence" in the original.*

**Annex 1 [153-38<sup>v</sup> — manuscript]**

*Ode.*

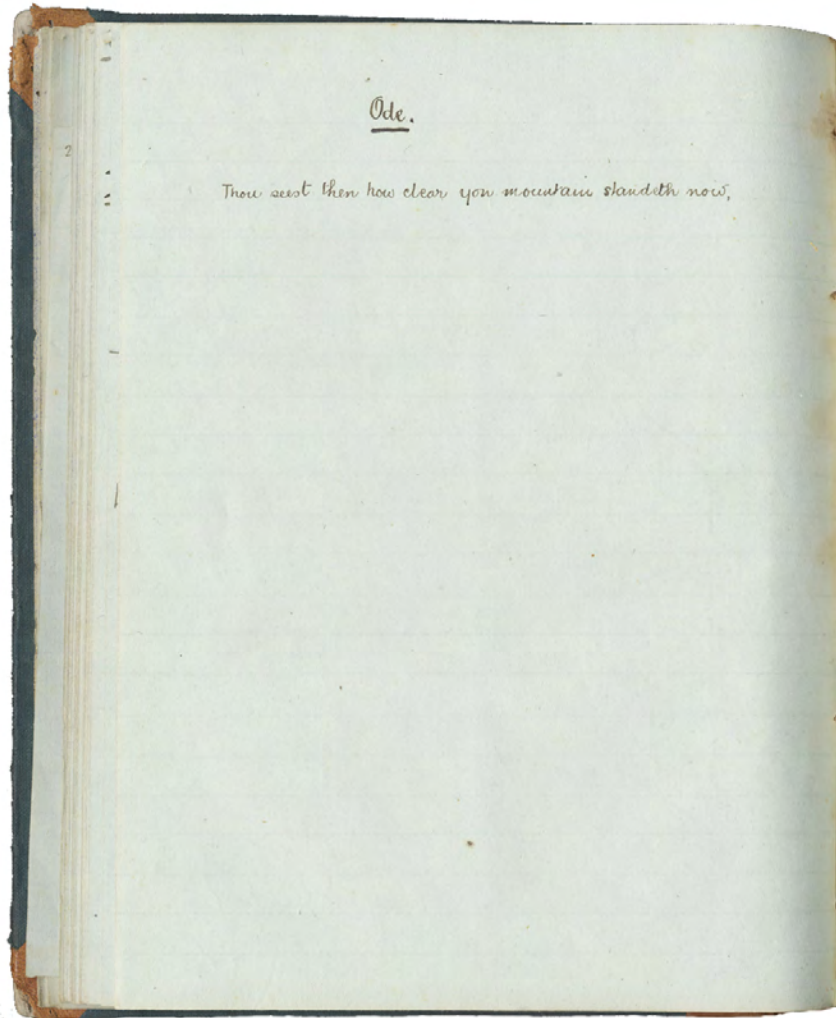
Thou seest then how clear yon mountain standeth now,

**Annex 2 [49D<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>v</sup> — manuscript]**

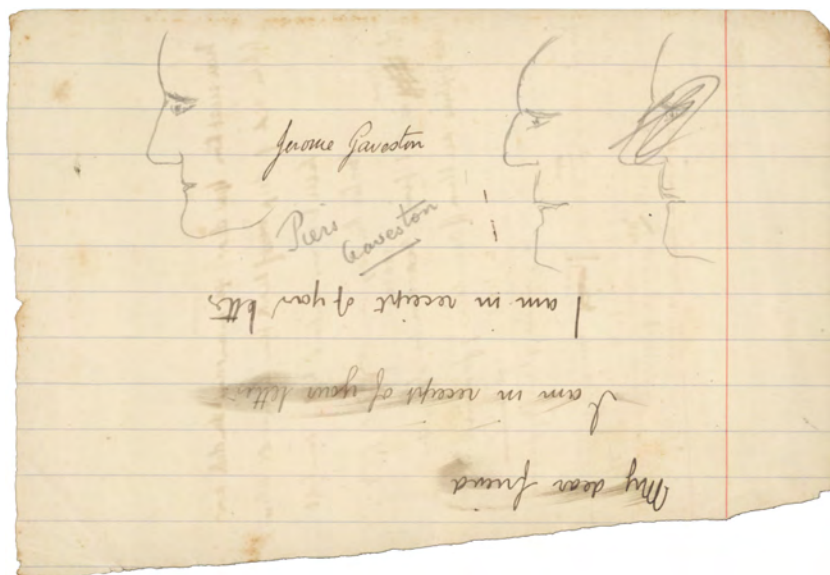
My dear friend

I am in receipt of your letter.

I am in receipt of your letter.

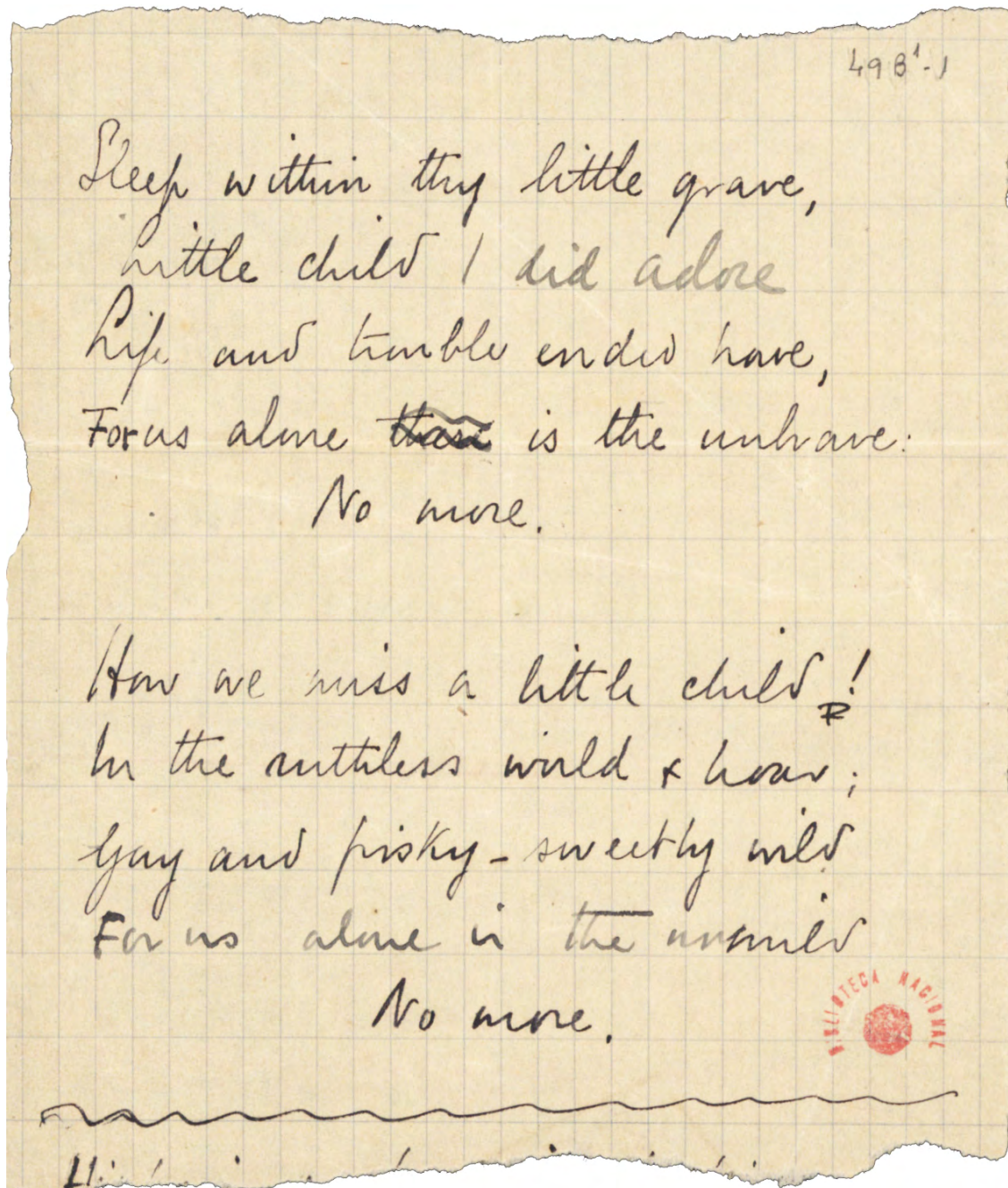


[BNP/E3, 153-38v]



[BNP/E3, 49D2-17v]

II. [49B<sup>1</sup>-1]. Unpublished. Datable to circa 1905. Manuscript in black ink on a torn piece of grid paper. Some additions in a different type of black ink. The horizontal line below the poem serves as a mark that this song was not intended to be longer. Its incipit appears in a document headed "SONGS AND SONNETS" with compositions dating between 1904 and 1907 (48C-7<sup>r</sup>; PESSOA, 1997: II, 255-256). On the verso figures only the beginning eleven lines of a charade written in Portuguese, due to the paper having been torn.



Sleep within thy little grave,  
 Little child I did adore  
 Life and trouble ended have,  
 For us alone is the unhave:  
 5           No more.

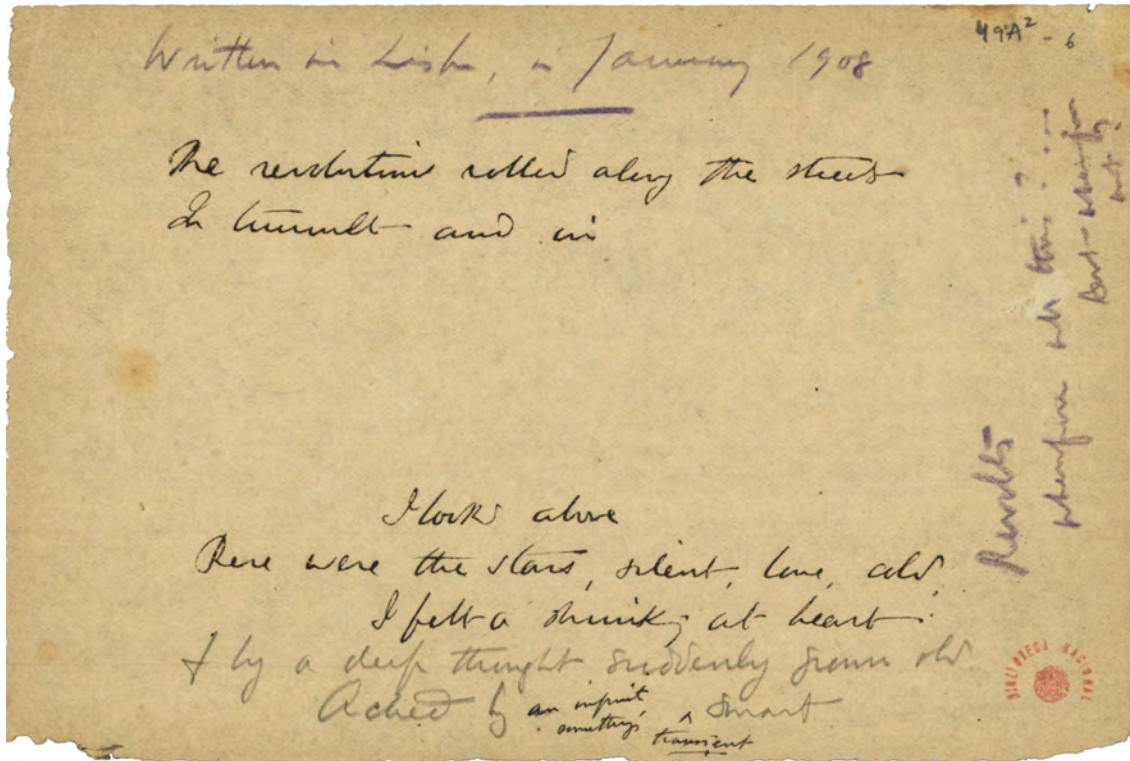
How we miss a little child!  
 In the ruthless world & hoar;  
 Gay and frisky—sweetly wild  
 For us alone is the unwild  
 10           No more.

## Notes:

- 2       [→ did adore] *different type of black ink.*  
 4       For us alone <there> is] *different type of black ink.*  
 6       a little child<,> [↑ !]  
 9       [→ For us alone in the un] *different type of black ink.*



III. [49A<sup>2</sup>-6]. Unpublished. Dated January 1908. Manuscript in black ink on a loose piece of paper. Additions in black ink, pencil, and purple pencil. At the top of the document figures a note in purple pencil: "Written in Lisbon, in January 1908." In the right margin, written vertically in purple pencil, there follow some notes intended for this unfinished poem: "Revolts | Wherefore all this?... | But wherefore not?" The "[r]evolts" refer to the Lisbon regicide (known in Portuguese as O Regicídio de 1908) of King Carlos I of Portugal and his heir apparent, Prince Royal Luís Filipe, Duke of Braganza by assassins sympathetic to republican and anti-monarchist interests. The event took place on February 1, 1908, in the Praça do Comércio a few yards from the banks of the Tagus River. It is likely that Pessoa had not begun the poem prior to this date.



The revolution rolled along the streets  
In tumult and in [                      ]

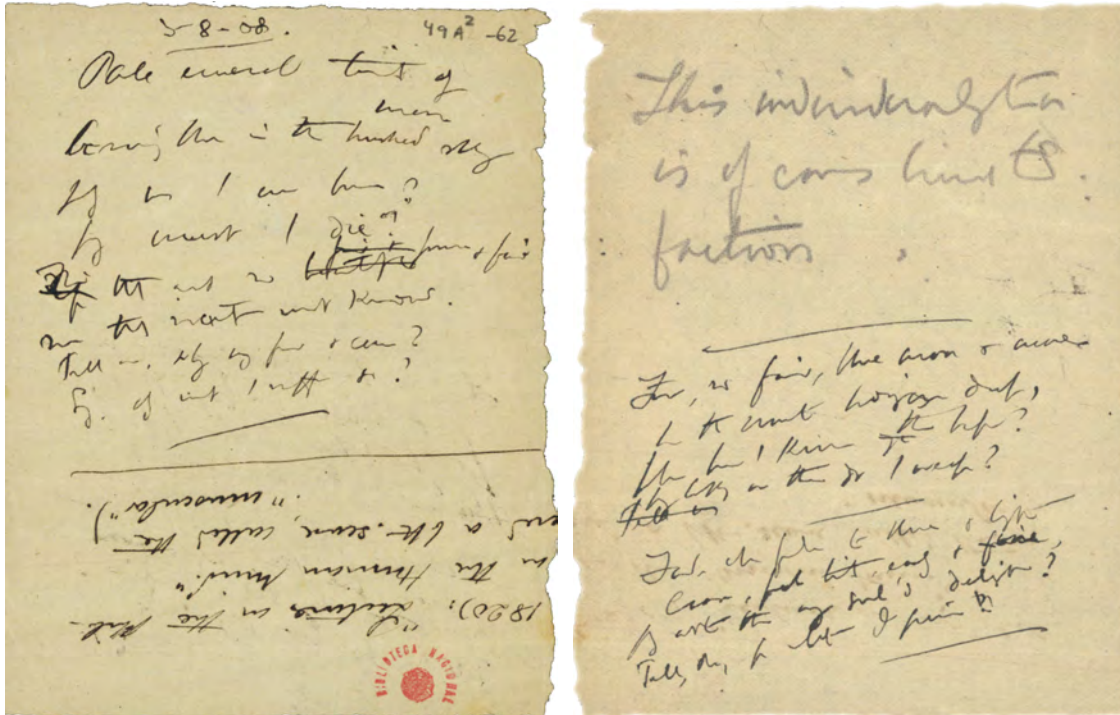
□

5                      I looked above  
There were the stars, silent, lone, cold,  
                        I felt a shrinking at heart  
& by a deep thought suddenly grown old  
                        Ached by something transient, smart.

Notes:

6-7                      <a>/an\ imprint, [↓ something /transient/] in black ink at a later time; the rest of these two lines  
was written in pencil.

IV. [49A<sup>2</sup>-62]. Unpublished. Dated August 3, 1908. Manuscript in black ink on a torn piece of paper. On the recto figure the last two stanzas of this poem as well as a bibliographical reference to Thomas Brown (1778-1820) jotted down previously: "Lectures on the Philo[sophy] on the Human Mind. [ ]ered a 6<sup>th</sup> sense, called the 'muscular.'" On the verso there is a note in pencil also written prior to the poem: "This individualization is of cases \*hired \*to faction."



Pale emerald tint of morn  
 Growing blue in the hushed sky  
 Why was I ever born?  
 Why must I die?

5           Thou that art so pure & fair  
 Sun that next must know.  
 Tell me, why my fear & care?  
 Say, why must I suffer so?

10           Far, so fair, blue more & more  
 In the mount horizon deep,  
 When have I known thee before?  
 Why looking on thee do I weep?

15           Far, oh pale to blue & light  
 Cross, pale tint, easy & fine,  
 Why art thou my soul's delight?  
 Tell, oh, \*how but I pine!

## Notes:

3           born<.>/?\

5           <If> [↑ Thou] that art so <beautiful> [↑ <fair &> pure & fair]

10          horiz<ons>/on\ deep,

11          <ye> [↑ thee]

12          <Tell me> [↑ Why looking] on thee do I weep?

14          <fair>/fine\,

16          pine<?>/!\



What should we love, what should we revere?  
 Life is not worth neither sigh nor tear  
 Not a shrug of shoulders, of disdain born,  
 But a mute, inflexible, empty scorn.  
 5 What do we deserve? What must we obey?  
 What is worth while to the soul to say?  
 It is idle to him, for we know not why  
 And idle een to wish to desire to die.

## Notes:

- 2 laugh [↑ sigh] nor tear  
 5 <\*must>/must\  
 6 worth while [↑ to] the soul] "*worth while*" in the original.  
 7 /i<d>/d\le/  
 8 And, een as wish, idle to [↓ idle een to wish to] *variant in purple pencil*.

VI. [49A<sup>2</sup>-41<sup>r</sup> to 42<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated May 15, 1910. Manuscript in black ink on two separate Portuguese calendar sheets for January 20-21, 1910. Emendations in black ink and pencil. The numbering of the nine stanzas that appears in the right margin was done in pencil. Between each stanza figures a short horizontal line in black ink serving as an indicator of stanza breaks. Below the last line of the seventh stanza Pessoa drew a short horizontal double line to indicate the end of the poem. Using the same ink, immediately or shortly afterwards, the author continued the poem underneath it. We find similar horizontal lines marking the end of the poem after the ninth stanza. The verse lines written in pencil below this final mark are not part of this poem. The first line reads "A mystery comes to touch."

15-5-10 49A<sup>2</sup>-41

Each ~~with~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>ember</sup>  
~~but~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>out</sup>,  
 Let us, my life, remember  
 on that's ~~it~~ <sup>my</sup> regret.

---

The ~~hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup>  
 like the ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~pane~~;  
 Now! our hearts ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~fill~~ <sup>fill</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup>  
 to ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~again~~!

---

Oh, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup>! Each ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ember~~ <sup>ember</sup>  
 To ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~!  
 Now! ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 (with ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~!)

3

MEMORANDUM

Sexta-feira

21

JANEIRO

That ~~eye~~ <sup>eye</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~enter~~ <sup>enter</sup>  
 At every ~~chance~~ <sup>chance</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup>!  
 Any ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~big~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup>  
 of all the ~~rest~~ <sup>rest</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~mine~~!

---

Worth ~~yet~~ <sup>yet</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ember~~ <sup>ember</sup>  
~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~!

---

How ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> 5-  
 the ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~regret~~!

---

MEMORANDUM

Sexta-feira

21

JANEIRO

49A<sup>2</sup>-42

3: The ~~wind~~ <sup>wind</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~higher~~ <sup>higher</sup>  
 all ~~round~~ <sup>round</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~horizon~~ <sup>horizon</sup>,  
 my ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>  
 My ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~silent~~ <sup>silent</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~say~~ <sup>say</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>!

---

Oh, ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup>! Each ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ember~~ <sup>ember</sup>  
 To ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~!

---

All ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~ember~~ <sup>ember</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~regret~~!  
 In ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~revel~~ <sup>revel</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~it~~!

---

Our ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 as ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~act~~ <sup>act</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~forget~~ <sup>forget</sup>!

---

A ~~word~~ <sup>word</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup>!  
 The ~~wind~~ <sup>wind</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> ~~glow~~ <sup>glow</sup>!  
 Oh ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~glow~~ <sup>glow</sup>!  
 Oh ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~glow~~ <sup>glow</sup>!

8

MEMORANDUM

Quinta-feira

20

JANEIRO

4  
 Could I ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~forget~~ <sup>forget</sup> (forget ~~ember~~ <sup>ember</sup>?)  
 to ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!  
 to ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> 9.  
 to ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

---

A ~~mystery~~ <sup>mystery</sup> ~~comes~~ <sup>comes</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~touch~~ <sup>touch</sup>  
 my ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~forget~~ <sup>forget</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>!

---

MEMORANDUM

Quinta-feira

20

JANEIRO

Each warm & shaded ember  
 Included the outer \*net;  
 Let us, my life, dismember  
 Our thoughts into regret.

5 The howling wind blows colder  
 Upon the wooden pane;  
 Alas! our hearts feel older,  
 In seeking to live again!

10 Oh, sad night! Each red ember  
 To hotter redness fret!  
 Alas! When I remember  
 I wish I could forget!

15 What vague & cold gusts enter  
 At every chime of door!  
 My soul is the living centre  
 Of all the dead no-more.

20 Stands yet now each ember  
 Makes things warm yet.  
 How easy it is to remember  
 When memory means regret!

The wailing wind is higher  
 All round \*my \*senses love.  
 My eyes leave into the fire  
 My hopes mutter & move

25 Cleft uselessly each ember!  
 All our soul is regret:  
 We regret what we remember  
 & regret what we forget.

30 A darkness takes each ember  
 Away from where I fret.  
 Our life is to remember  
 And our wish to forget.



35 A colder & wilder blowing  
 The wind through the dark gloom!  
 Oh the grave of my past is glowing  
 A red rose in full bloom.

Could I wish to forget dead ember!  
 Without pining or regret!  
 Or could I wish to remember  
 Without wishing to forget!

## Notes:

- 1 Each /hot/ [↑ warm] [↑ & <\*sensual> shaded] ember] “warm” in black ink, the rest of the emendation in pencil.
- 2 [→ Included] the /outer/ \*net;] “outer” doubted by the author; addition in pencil.
- 5 The /howling/
- 9 Oh/,\ cold [↑ sad] night<.>!\ Each /red/ ember] addition in pencil.
- 18 [→ <Make † † †> [↑ < Make † †>] [↓ Makes <† now> yet † Make things warm] yet.] variants in pencil.
- 20 When <it is to> [↓ memory /means/ regret!]
- 21 The [↑†] mind is higher ] added in pencil.
- 22 round <the>/†\ [↑ \*my \*senses] love.] addition in pencil.
- 23-24 [→ My eyes leave into the fire / My hopes mutter [↑ a † move] & move] due to an illegible variant I have opted for the earlier one.
- 25 [→ Cleft uselessly each ember!] added in pencil.
- 27-28 lines doubted by the author.
- 28-29 [→ A <†> darkness takes each ember / Away from where I fret.] added in pencil.
- 31 forget<.>/. \] in black ink.
- 36 /pale [↑ dead] ember!/] variant in pencil.

**VII. [49A<sup>2</sup>-53<sup>v</sup>].** Unpublished. Dated January 11, 1912. Manuscript in black ink with additions in different writing instruments: purple pencil, pencil, blue ink (eventually turning into red ink), and another type of black ink. Shakespearean or English sonnet (three rhyming stanzas followed by a final rhyming couplet). Some lines in this sonnet are unmetrical: line 2 (9M), line 4 (11M), line 8 (11M), line 10 (in order to be metrical "so is" needs to elide), line 14 (it violates the cumulative stress constraint, which states that if position 4 doesn't contain stress then position 6 must). For metrical rules concerning the English sonnet see DUFFELL (2008). For the use of Pessoa's iambic pentameter in the English sonnet, see FERRARI (2012: 207-216 & 305-322); for a brief discussion of Pessoa's unpublished English sonnets, see FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE (2015: 227-246). On the recto (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>2</sup>-53<sup>r</sup>) figures what may be an unfinished sonnet dated August 16, 1910, and which opens "The sense of greatness when it falls upon us."

Ap. 1. 1912

What is our independence? The new sun  
 of bright opportunities and flesh-planes  
 distinct, for a long time, and future  
 of having self by [ ] plane.  
 Giving more than [ ] [ ] soul in space  
 a soul looked by space.

But at community ~~of~~ with  
 other souls

Links of a chain whose links touch but mind  
 yet cannot sound in ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> whole  
 But not each other to be whole + linked together

These are hot words; hot souls are words of fire.  
 These are hot words, hot words, the words.  
 How close I stand + think in the shore  
 of mine own self, how do I see  
 For who can ~~see~~ <sup>see</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~there's~~ <sup>there's</sup> ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup>  
 A whole world with a soul infinity?

What is our independence? The mere sense  
 Of building apartness and flesh-place  
 Distinct, a body unto soul pretense  
 Of having more than a soul bodied by space.

5 But at community with other souls  
 Link of a chain whose links touch but mix not  
 Yet cannot severed be each from each, wholes  
 That need each other to be wholes & linked thought

These are but words; but souls are words of God.  
 10 These are but visages, but so is the world.  
 How where I stand & think on the abode  
 Of mine own self, here do I err [            ]

For who can know if there be not in me  
 A true-world with outer infinity?

## Notes:

- 3 Distinct, <from> a body unto
- 4 Of having self by [    ] grace. [↓ Of having more than a /mere/ [↑ lost] soul [↓ in] space [↓ a soul bodied by space.] *except for the last variant the additions were done in purple pencil.*
- 5 community <of> with other souls] *added in purple pencil.*
- 6 Link<s> of a chain whose links] *entire line in a finer black ink.*
- 7 severed be from each other [↑ each from each other] [→ , wholes] *initial version written with the same writing instrument as line 6; the variant "each from each" was written with a third type of fine black ink; "wholes," including the comma preceding it, was written in purple ink.*
- 8-12 *same purple ink as in line 7.*
- 13 can know /where/ [↑ if] there is [↑ be] not in me] *the purple ink turned into red ink; variants in black ink.*
- 14 A whole [↓ true-]world with /a real/ [↓ outer] infinity?] *same read ink as in line 13; variants in pencil.*

VIII. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated March 14, 1914. Manuscript in black ink on lined paper. Following the horizontal line, below the poem and written with the same black ink, figures the following bibliographical reference: "Competitor's Journal | Several □." The journal refers to a weekly tabloid founded in London in 1913, and which ran its last issue in 1959. The Competitor's Journal was the publication's name between 14 March 1913 and 18 April 1925. The rest of the front of the sheet was used for the composition of another English poem penned almost a year later (February 7, 1915) ("Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem," poem X).

14-3-1914. 49A<sup>3</sup>-45

The shadow of my last hope was a wise that this mind  
 My heart is colour of the dead fruit of my summer  
 The day of my being - myself is over at its dawn --  
 And my hope was for the really strain

---

Competitor's Journal.  
 Several

---

7-2-15

Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem  
 To have caught on the crest of the  
 A mountain peak the world...  
 There were no mountains - where is  
 All we men for, one life, the it's  
 Where is heaven's joy the us <sup>man's</sup> who  
 What is hidden for us the is earth?  
 What is the <sup>hand</sup> the <sup>world</sup> <sup>desires</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
 We can hear turn the corner of heaven's  
 And look the world of the <sup>Heaven's</sup>

The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...  
My heart is colour of the dead fruits of my sorrow...  
The day of my being-myself is ever at its morrow...  
And my helpless arms for some other reality strain.

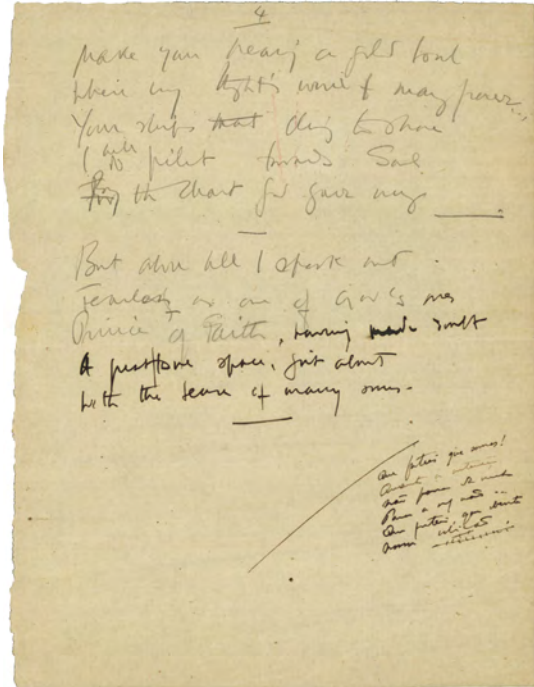
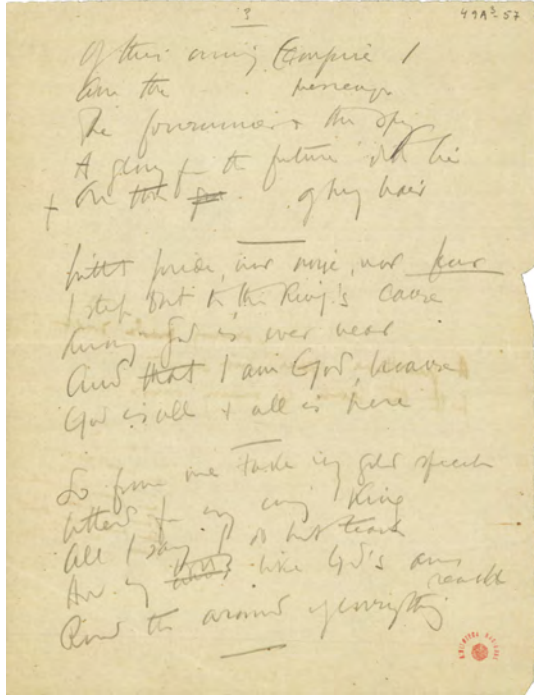
Notes:

- 1 my lost hopes <are> [↑is] a river
- 2 My heart is colour of the] *in the original*.

IX. [49A<sup>3</sup>-56<sup>r</sup> to 57<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated September 18, 1914. Manuscript in pencil on two loose pieces of paper with emendations in pencil and black ink. Below the end of the poem figures a poem (or the beginning of a poem) in Portuguese, written in the same ink that was used for the addition in lines 58-60. The Portuguese verse lines are in redondilha menor (five metrical syllables up to the last stressed syllable). (See Annex below). In regard to the English poem, it is interesting to notice that Pessoa turned to a Portuguese meter for a poem depicting a Portuguese matter. Except for the incomplete lines (lines 19-21, 33-35, 37) and lines 29, 31, 39, and 53, the poem seems to have been structured around the Portuguese redondilha maior (seven metrical syllables up to the last stressed syllable). On September 8, 1914, Pessoa wrote a letter to the notorious historian and nationalist writer José Pereira de Sampaio—better known as Sampaio Bruno—in which he stated his interest in the myth of the mystic return of King Sebastian of Portugal, who had disappeared after the battle of Alcacér-Quibir in 1578, leading to Portugal's loss of independence to Spain for almost sixty years (PESSOA, 2011: 53-54). In the letter Pessoa explained that his "natural aptitude toward the embellishments of simple things" seduces him into studying the "phenomenon" called Sebastianism, an essential part of Portuguese national identity and a token of a self-sustaining promise of future greatness and glory for the nation and its people. From a clearly Carlylian perspective, Pessoa seems to have believed, since very early on, that his own heroism as poet of the nation should be the pedestal on which he could raise his future literary fame. For many years he called on the figure of King Sebastian as a source of poetical imagery and wrote numerous texts in which that name is manifest. He did so until arriving at the most developed form of poetical recognition of his own heroic character in Mensagem, published at the end of 1934, less than a year before his death, and containing two poems explicitly dedicated to the King Sebastian. In an initial phase this poem was transcribed in collaboration with Jorge Uribe and Pedro Sepúlveda. (Note written in collaboration with Jorge Uribe).

18-9-14  
 King Sebastian send me  
 his word, full of his  
 And while he sits on  
 From of God to speak  
 have just after words  
 of the King up of  
 Men to take  
 Cupid in a way  
 in all peoples, the  
 Not a man attend  
 But as I, the one  
 and the one who  
 49A-56

Not an empire that all  
 In the present gather  
 But we want to  
 health or  
 seen or  
 humiliated spirit - Estetico  
 under the  
 that is mean of  
 in which  
 Looked upon by  
 God's own  
 No stream, his  
 But a dream  
 in the  
 No jump but  
 Complex  
 the only state



5 King Sebastian sends me forth  
 Into the Elohim ears to tell  
 There his word, full of his worth.  
 And which He doth encourage  
 From my soul to speak their birth.

10 These first uttered words do speak  
 Of the coming age of god  
 When the Portuguese shall make  
 Empire in a way \*natured  
 On all peoples, strong or weak.

15 Not an empire sword gained,  
 Not one uttered out on lands  
 But one by the Soul in-reined  
 A strong power made with hands  
 [ ]

20 Not an empire that will pass,  
 In the present gathered while...  
 Not one made to [ ] amass  
 Wealth or [ ] or control  
 Seas or [ ]

Unreligious spirit—stretches  
 Castled o'er with Mind & Thought  
 That no dream of seeing reaches.  
 Great seas rolling upon beaches  
 25 On which real seas are not.

Looked upon by not a son  
 But God's own Numen of being  
 No \*stances in that Empire seen  
 But a dream ever hymn  
 30 In the freed soul ever freeing.

No pomp but thoughts rich as  
 Complex feelings the only state  
 [  
 35 ]

Of this coming Empire I  
 Am the [ ] messenger  
 The forerunner & the spy  
 A glory for the future doth lie  
 40 On the [ ] of my heir

Without pride, nor noise, nor fear  
 I step out to the King's cause  
 Knowing God is ever near  
 And that I am God, because  
 45 God is all & all is here

So from me take my gold speech  
 Uttered for my coming King  
 All I say I do but teach  
 How my thoughts like God's arms reach  
 50 Round the around of everything

Make your hearing a gold bowl  
 Where my thought's wail to many pour...  
 Your ships that cling to shore



I will pilot towards Soul  
 55 By the chart God gave my [                      ].

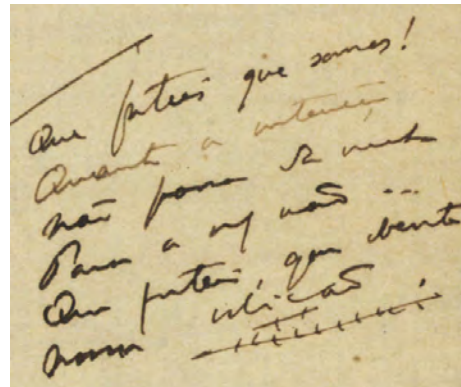
But above all I speak not  
 Fearless as one of God's ones  
 Prince of Faith, having made doubt  
 A quest to one space, gait almost  
 60 With the lease of many senses.

## Notes:

- 10 On all people/s\  
 11 Not <an> [↑ a] empire sword <maintained> [↑ gained],  
 12 Not <a> one  
 14 <From a † Castle not> [↑ A strong power] made with hands  
 15 [← <By an Emperor veiled & †>]  
 18 <But> [↑ Not] one  
 21 Unreligious spirit – <†> stretches  
 22 Castled <over> [↑ o'er] with Mind & <†> Thought  
 23 <Whose> [↑ That] <gr> [↑ no] dream  
 25 which <\*dreams> [↑ real] seas  
 32 <No> Complex feelings  
 36 <e>/E\mpire  
 40 /On the <†> [                      ] of my heir/]"hair" in the original.  
 41 nor /fear/  
 49 my <arms> [↑ thoughts] like  
 54 I do [↑ will] pilot  
 55 <For> [↑ By] the  
 57 Fearless<ly> as one of God's [→ ones]  
 58-60 Prince of Faith [→ , having made doubt | A quest to one space, gait almost  
 With the lease of many senses.] *addition in black ink.*

Annex [49A<sup>3</sup>-57<sup>v</sup> – manuscript; detail]

Que futeis que somos!  
 Quanto a intenção  
 Não passa da mente  
 Para a n[ossa] mão...  
 Que futeis, que doente  
 Nossa /volição/.



X. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated February 7, 1915. Manuscript in black ink on lined paper. Written on the same sheet of paper as "The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain..." (poem VIII).

L4-3-1914. 49A<sup>3</sup>-45

The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...

My heart is color of the dead fruit of my summer  
 The joy of my being - myself is gone at its name -  
 And my hope runs from the reality of strain


---

Competitor's Journal.

Several

7-2-15

Accidentally  
 sometimes, looking up, I seem  
 to have caught on the wings of the  
 south wind some of the words...  
 A sudden sense rises in me... where is it?  
 There were no words until now...  
 But in a moment I feel the presence of presence...  
 All as new for me, as if the it is  
 where is present from the words which  
 what is hidden from me the is words?  
 what is the ~~hand~~ the ~~subject~~ of the words?  
 he can hear turn the corner of his  
 but look to words of the.



Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem  
 To have caught on the empty form of things  
 Another aspect than the nonsense...  
 A sudden terror seizes me...  
 5 There were eyes in everything—where are things now?  
 There was a mysterious evil in the lifelessness of Presences...  
 All was more God, more Life, than it is now.  
 Where is hearing from this ever dawning when I looked up too [suddenly?  
 What is hidden from me that is everything?  
 10 What did the hand that suddenly clouded when I looked contain?  
 Or can men turn the corner of Seeing & Hearing  
 And look the mystery of things?

## Notes:

- 1 [↑ < Suddenly>] Sometimes, suddenly  
 8 Where is hearing from this ever <dawning> [↑ dawning] when I looked up too suddenly?  
 10 What <is> [↑ did] the <suddenly clouded hand> [↑ hand that suddenly clouded when I  
 looked<,> contain?]  
 12 *question mark missing; “look” not followed by a preposition and employed as a transitive verb  
 meaning ‘to seek’ or ‘to search for’ appears in other writers (e.g., Shakespeare’s “The Life of King  
 Henry the Fifth”: “To look our dead, and then to bury them;” Act 4, Scene 7).*

XI. [49A<sup>4</sup>-18]. Unpublished. Dated April 27, 1915. Manuscript in black ink on a torn piece of paper. Above line 1 and below the date of the poem figures a crossed-out line, which does not seem to be a variant since it does not fit the metric pattern nor the rhyme scheme of the poem: "<My heart is now asleep. The tears that lie>." Two short horizontal lines below the second stanza serve to indicate the end of the poem. Below them figures a longer horizontal line followed by what seems to be the beginnings of two unfinished poems that open thus: "I saw a Vision like a lake of gold" and "<Down> [↑ On] slopes of mighty hills in great far lands." Both of them are in the same ink as the poem penned above. On the verso (49A<sup>4</sup>-18<sup>v</sup>) and also in the same writing instrument, there is another unfinished English poem titled "The trees are visibly God."

49A4-18

27-4-1915

~~My heart is now asleep. The tears that lie~~

Sleep by my side in my dreams,  
 And never awake ...

My heart is with the sun & stars  
 And with heaven & earth.

The vision of my soul distresses  
 I despair & pain ...


My vision like a drunken day  
 My soul again ...

---

I saw a vision like a lake of gold  
 Whence a look of my own speed.  
 Towards that point of fate above  
 The unnumbered grandeur of repairs with the  
 And  
 better utter itself in Des

---

On  
 Down slopes of mighty hills in great far lands  
 Where God's great ground my spirit understands



Sleep by my side in my dreams,  
And never awake...  
My heart is with the sound of streams  
And with heather & hake.

5 The vision of my soul destroys  
Despair & pain...  
My vision like a drunkard cloys  
My sorrow again...

Note:

1 dreams<.>/,\

XII. [49A<sup>4</sup>-66<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. First transcribed in FERRARI (2012: 383-384). Dated May 14, 1915. Manuscript written in black ink on a loose piece of paper. The metrical pattern of the poem moves from iambic trimeter lines (lines 1-15) to a pair of iambic tetrameters (lines 16-17), closing with a pair of iambic pentameters (lines 18-19). The only line that does not scan as iambic tetrameter is line 9, "My arrival, my home."

The Port 49A<sup>4</sup>-66

Oh great port ~~that~~<sup>you</sup> the sea,  
 Oh to arrive in th' morn  
 At your hushed way-stay.  
 To feel you wake and shun  
 In the, ~~reign~~ sun reborn,  
 The ~~harmonic~~ <sup>harmonic</sup> sea divine,  
 Oh port, when shall I come  
 And find ~~my~~<sup>the</sup> hope await  
 My arrival, my home  
 of Sarcasms and ~~tests~~ <sup>play</sup> at last  
 In the it <sup>play</sup> ~~play~~ <sup>porting</sup>  
~~Oh great port the I come?~~  
 Oh it is 'e'er too late,  
 Let wish a no, Oh let  
~~say~~<sup>the</sup> ship come for my port  
 And let me part for all & go  
 And ~~in~~ <sup>on</sup> sea presence in  
 Sit  
 For this I let life my life as this  
 And ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup> in pain and <sup>desire</sup> ~~desire~~ in-  
 time.

14-9-15

*The Port*

Oh great port on the sea,  
 Oh to arrive in th' morn  
 At your hushed mystery.

To feel you wake and shine  
 5 In the [                    ] sun reborn,  
 The ancient dream divine,

Oh port, when shall I come  
 And find the hopes awaiting  
 My arrival, my home

10 Of dreams and thoughts at last  
 With its [        ] glory porting  
 My coming [                    ]

Oh it is e'er too late!  
 Life weighs on me, oh let  
 15 The ship come for my fate

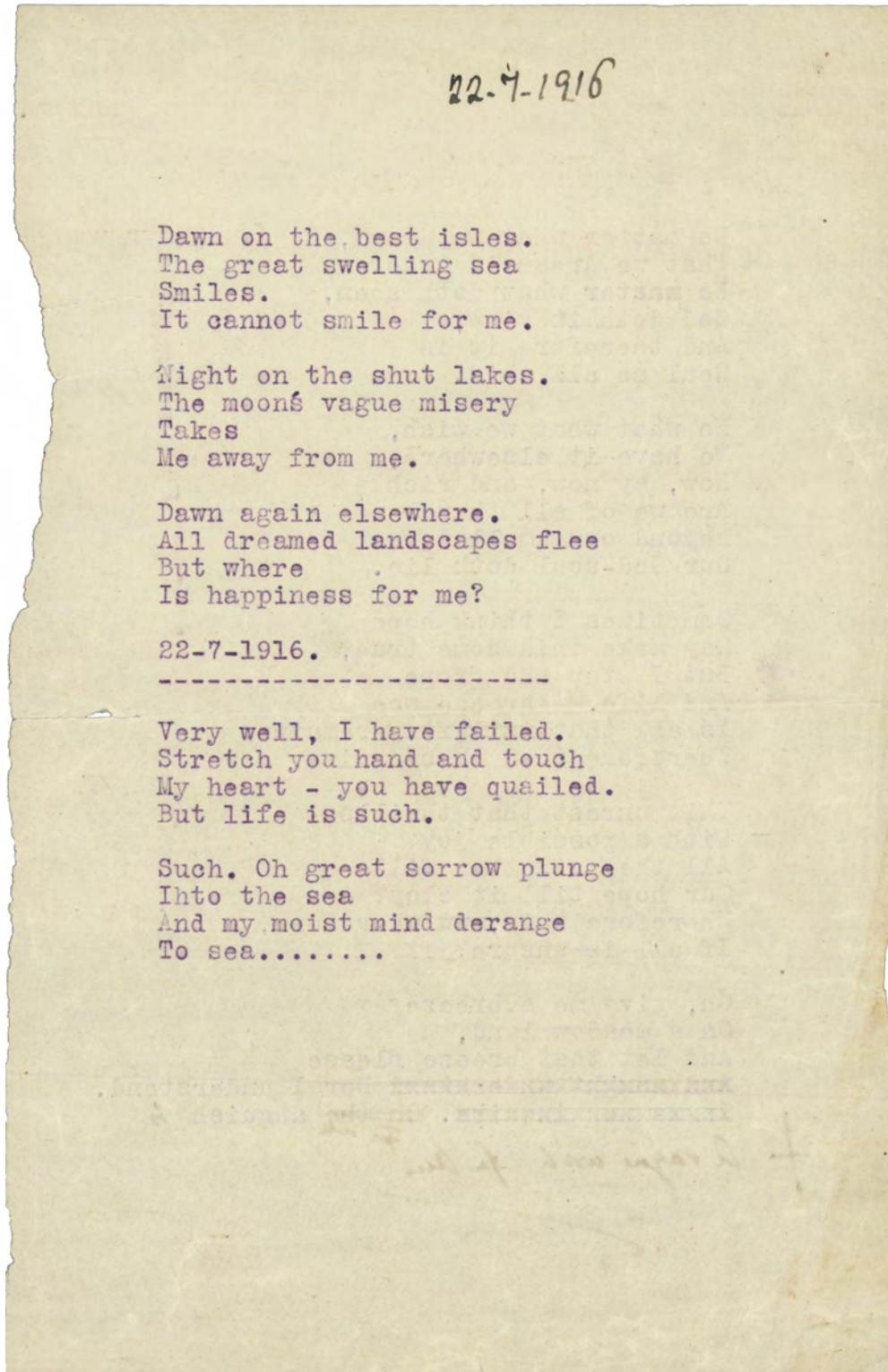
And let me part from all & go  
 And o'er seas of unconsciousness

From things yet lost before my life was this  
 And dreams were false and shining hopes untrue.

## Notes:

- 1 Oh great port <that> [↑ on] the sea,  
 5 In the <risen> [                    ] sun reborn, ]  
 6 The <lumin> [↑ ancient] dream divine,  
 8 And find <my> [↑ those] hopes  
 12 <The great port that I come...?> [↓ My coming] *after crossing out this line the author added "My coming" below it.*  
 15 <My> [↑ The] ship  
 16 for [↓ rom] all & go  
 17 And <in> [↑ o'er] sea <as> /s\ of  
 18 From things I [↑ yet] lost  
 19 And <were> [↑ dreams] were false and [↑ shining] hopes untrue.

XIII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-4<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated July 22, 1916. Typescript on a torn piece of paper. The date appears typewritten below the poem "Dawn on the best isles" (PESSOA, 2000: 96-98), which occupies the upper part of the sheet. Atop the paper also figures the same date written in black ink. On the recto (49A<sup>5</sup>-4<sup>v</sup>) appears an earlier version of "Episode" (PESSOA, 1999: III, 57), a poem included in *The Mad Fiddler*.





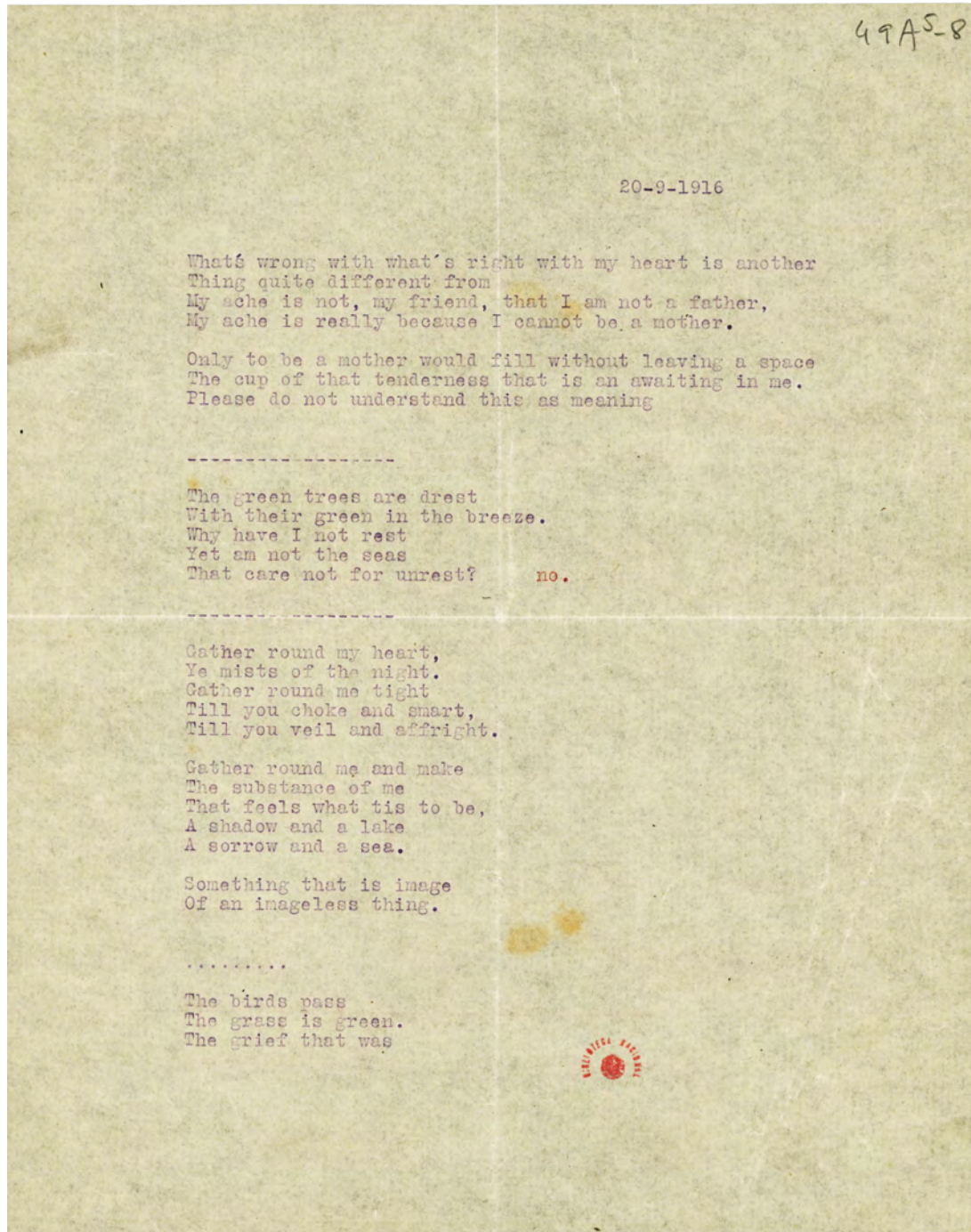
Very well, I have failed.  
Stretch your hand and touch  
My heart—you have quailed.  
But life is such.

5           Such. Oh great sorrow plunge  
              Into the sea  
              And my moist mind derange  
              To sea.....

Note:

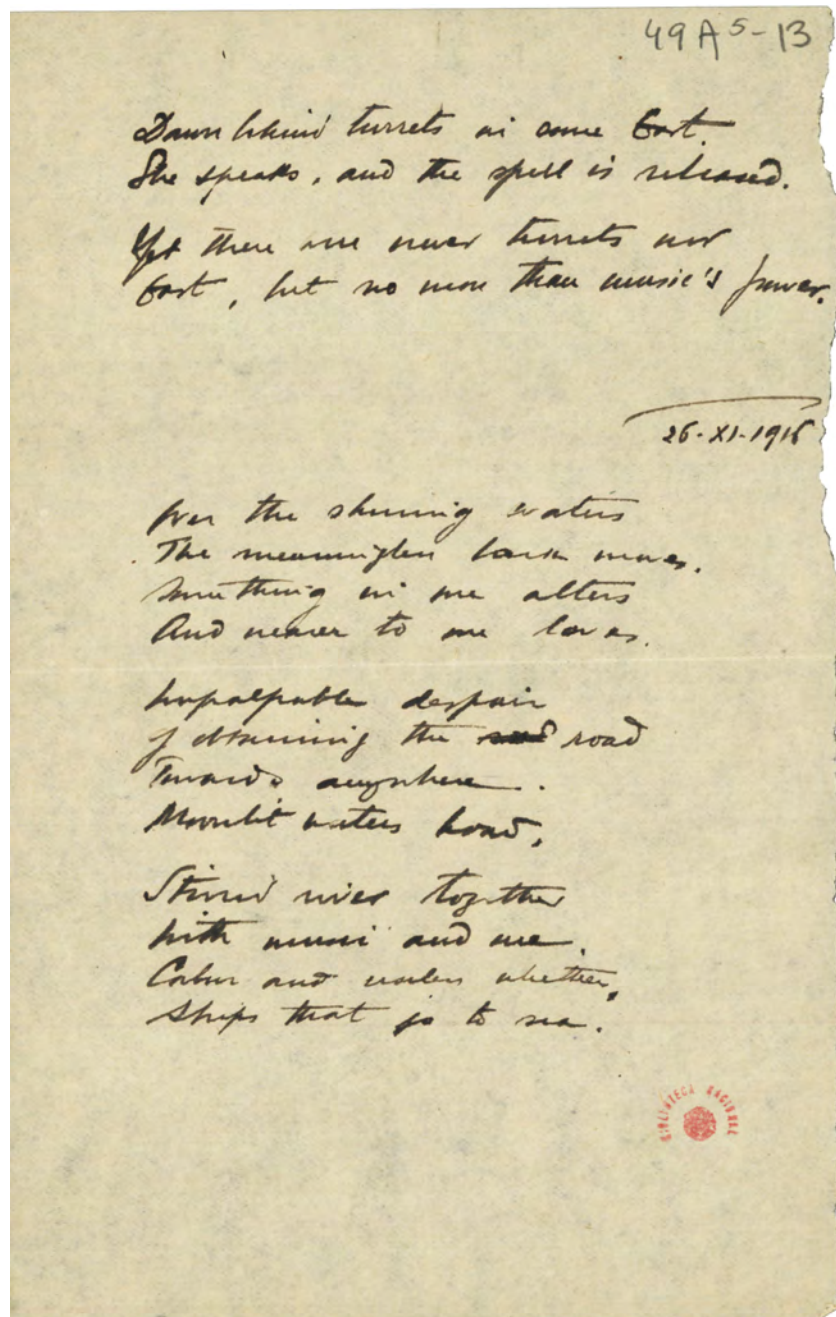
2           you] *in the original.*

XIV. [49A<sup>5</sup>-8]. Unpublished. Dated September 20, 1916. Typescript on a thin sheet of paper. Below the unfinished poem figures a horizontal line made of dashes. Since the author left enough space for one or two more lines of verse, I feel it necessary to indicate the possibility of a longer poem. The first six lines were initially transcribed by Hubert D. Jennings. On the same document there figure three other verse texts: "The Green Trees Are Drest" (PESSOA, 2000: II, 108 and 110), "Gather Round My Heart," (PESSOA, 2000: II, 110), and three lines from the beginning of an unfinished poem: "The birds pass / The grass is green. / The grief that was / □".





XV. [49A<sup>5</sup>-13<sup>6</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated November 26, 1916. The incipit was first published by Marcus Angioni and Fernando Gomes (PESSOA, 1999: III, 172). Manuscript in black ink, on the same side of the torn paper containing "Dawn behind turrets in some East," a poem written with the same ink and published by Angioni and Gomes: "Dawn behind turrets in some East. / She speaks, and the spell is released. // Yet there are never turrets nor / East, but no more than music's power." (PESSOA, 1999: III, 174). The line "Dawn behind turrets in some East" is partly found in the second stanza of "A Sensationist Poem | Her Fingers Toyed Absently With Her Rings," included in *The Mad Fiddler* and first published by Georg Rudolf Lind: "If I were to stretch my hand and touch yours that would be / Dawn behind the turrets of a city in some East. / The words hidden in my gesture would be moonlight on the sea / Of your being something in my soul like gaiety in a feast." (31-51; LIND, 1968: 230).



Over the shinning waters  
The meaningless bark moves.  
Something in me alters  
And nearer to me loves.

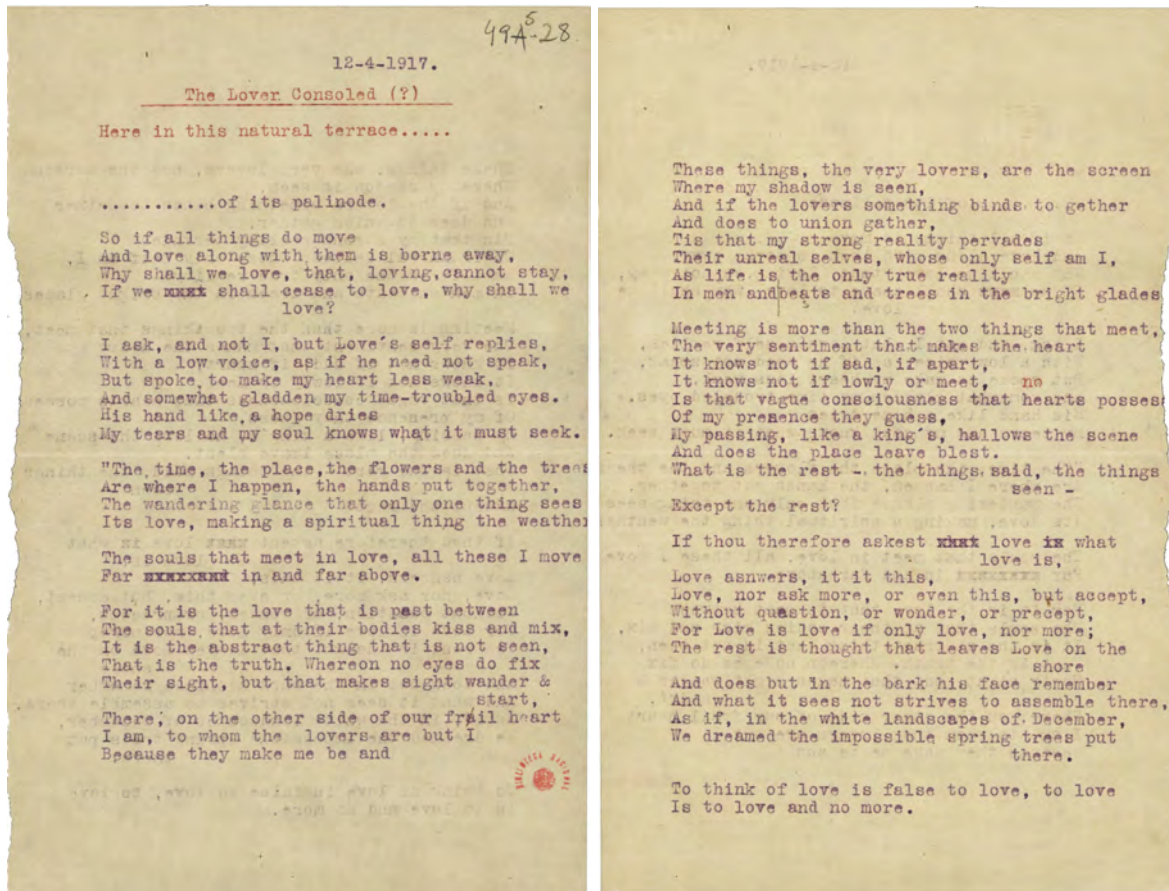
5     Impalpable despair  
      Of obtaining the road  
      Towards anywhere.  
      Moonlit waters broad,

10    Stirred river together  
      With music and me.  
      Calm and useless whether,  
      Ships that go to sea.

Notes:

- 6     Of obtaining the <\*road> road  
11    Calm and useless whether<.>/,\

XVI. [49A<sup>5</sup>-28]. Unpublished. Dated April 12, 1917. Typescript on two sheets of paper with the emendation of a typo in pencil. Title underlined and followed by a question mark indicating doubt. Both the title and line below it are typed in red ink. "Palinode" is the term used to refer to Stesichorus's recantation of his earlier myth in which Helen forsook Menelaus for Paris; according to Socrates in Plato's Phaedrus, "Stesichorus (c. 640-555 BC) was stricken blind and regained his sight on taking back his besmirchment of Helen's intentions, singing instead that she never went to Troy. Socrates uses the idea in recanting his own argument against passionate love. So thematically the word is at home in Pessoa's poem. Horace, an author Pessoa first encountered as a high school student, mentions the famous palinode in Epode 17. Although Pessoa attributed numerous Portuguese odes to the heteronym Ricardo Reis, his use of palinode here may be in the more abstract sense of a retraction.



*The Lover Consoled*

Here in this natural terrace.....

.....of its palinode.

So if all things do move  
 And love along with them is borne away,  
 Why shall we love, that, loving, cannot stay,  
 5 If we shall cease to love, why shall we love?

I ask, and not I, but love's self replies,  
 With a low voice, as if he need not speak,  
 But spoke to make my heart less weak,  
 And somewhat gladden my time-troubled eyes.  
 10 His hand like a hope dries  
 My tears and my soul knows what it must seek.

"The time, the place, the flowers and the trees  
 Are where I happen, the hands put together,  
 The wandering glance that only one thing sees  
 15 Its love, making a spiritual thing the weather

The souls that meet in love, all these I move  
 Far in and far above.

For it is the love that is past between  
 The souls that at their bodies kiss and mix,  
 20 It is the abstract thing that is not seen,  
 That is the truth. Whereon no eyes do fix  
 Their sight, but that makes sight wander & start,  
 There, on the other side of our frail heart  
 I am, to whom the lovers are but I  
 25 Because they make me be and [ ]

These things, the very lovers, are the screen  
 Where my shadow is seen,  
 And if the lovers something binds together  
 And does to union gather,  
 30 Tis that my strong reality pervades

Their unreal selves, whose only self am I,  
 As life is the only true reality  
 In men and beasts and trees in the bright glades

35 Meeting is more than the two things that meet,  
 The very sentiment that makes the heart  
 It knows not if sad, if apart,  
 It knows not if lowly or meet,  
 Is that vague consciousness that hearts possess  
 Of my presence they guess,  
 40 My passing, like a king's, hallows the scene  
 And does the place leave blest.  
 What is the rest – the things said, the things seen –  
 Except the rest?

45 If thou therefore askest love what love is,  
 Love answers, it is this,  
 Love, nor ask more, or even this, but accept,  
 Without question, or wonder, or precept,  
 For love is love if only love, nor more;  
 The rest is thought that leaves Love on the shore  
 50 And does but in the bark his face remember  
 And what it sees not strives to assemble there,  
 As if, in the white landscapes of December,  
 We dreamed the impossible spring trees put there.

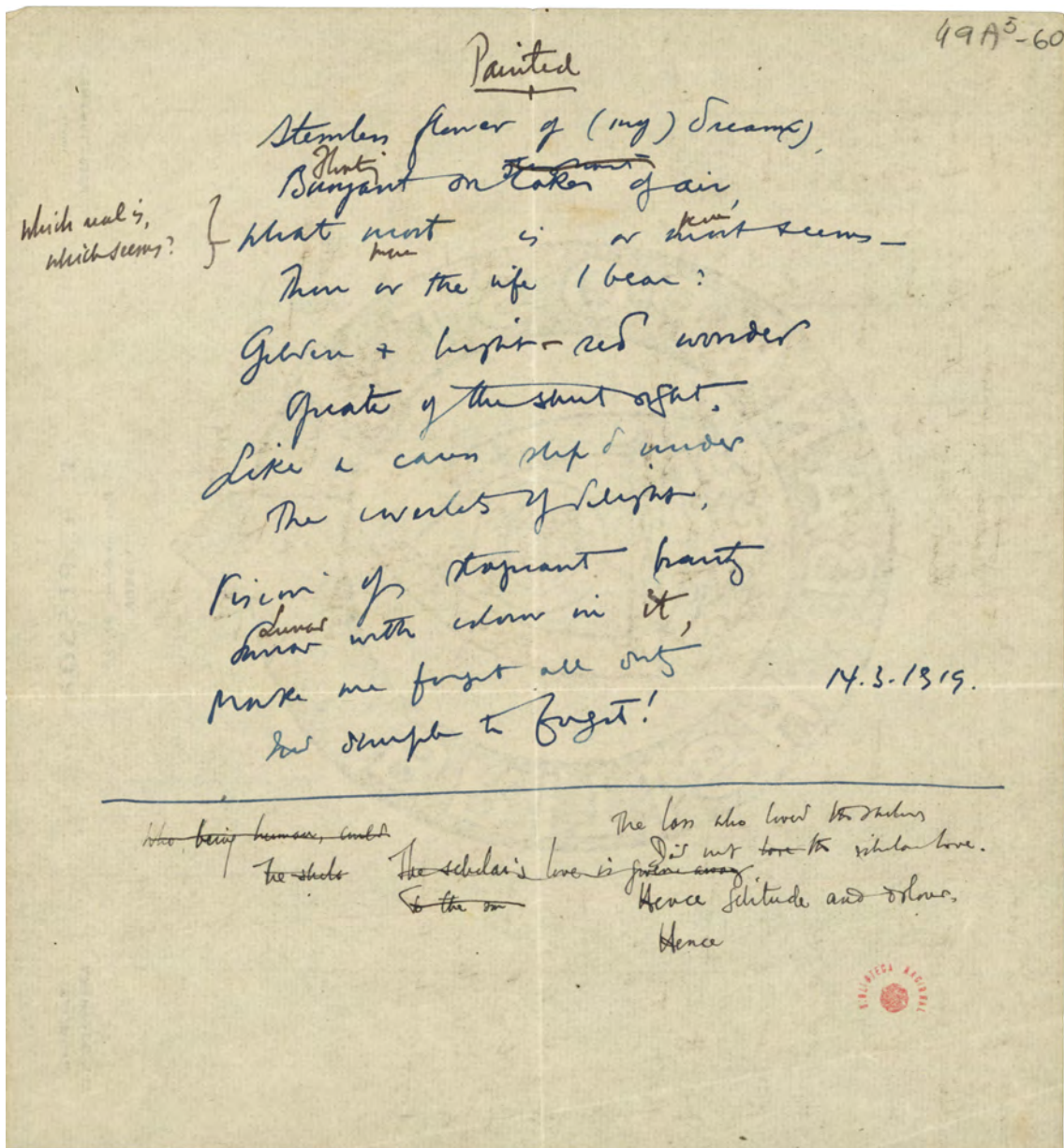
55 To think of love is false to love, to love  
 Is to love and no more.

## Notes:

- 5 If we <must> shall  
 12 *the quotation marks, which appear at the beginning of the line, were never closed.*  
 17 Far <over and> in  
 28 to gether] *in the original.*  
 33 and bea[↓s]ts ] *added in pencil.*  
 37 no ] *typescript in red to the right of this line.*  
 44 If thou therefore askest <what> love <is> what love is,  
 45 it it love] *one "it" is a typo.*



**XVII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-60].** Unpublished. Dated March 14, 1919. Manuscript in stationary paper with the heading F. A. PESSOA | RUA DO OURO, 87, 2.<sup>o</sup> | LISBOA and watermark BRITISH BANKPOST. Text in blue ink with additions and emendations in black ink. The firm F. A. PESSOA was created in mid-1917; in December of the same year it moved to Rua do Ouro, 87, 2.<sup>o</sup>. The firm was initially based at 41 Rua de S. Julião, 3.<sup>o</sup>. Numerous poems dated/datable to 1918 are found on this type of paper. Title added and doubted with a cross underneath it in black ink. Below the poem figures a horizontal line followed by some scattered verses. These following lines were likely inspired by Pessoa's reading of Matthew Arnold's "The Scholar-Gipsy": "<Who, being human, could> | <The schola> <The scholar's love is given away, / To the sun> || The lass who loved the scholar / Did not <love> the scholar's love. / Hence solitude and dolour, Hence [     ]." On the left side of the verso (49A<sup>5</sup>-60<sup>v</sup>) there are other lines of English verse difficult to decipher and that may be related to the latter loose lines. On the right side figures a fragmentary English poem that opens "Only the things born of the mind."



*Painted*

Stemless flower of my dreams,  
     Floating on lakes of air,  
 What more is or more seems—  
     Thou or the life I bear?  
 5 Golden & bright-red wonder  
     Opiate of the shut agate.  
 Like a caress slept under  
     The coverlets of delight,  
 Vision of stagnant beauty  
 10 Lunar with colour in it,  
 Make me forget all duty  
     Now simple to forget!

## Notes:

- 1 Stemless flower of /my/ dream/s/,
- 2 Buoyant [↑ Floating] on lakes [↑ <a thing-mount>] of air,] *the variant "Floating" and crossing out were done in black ink.*
- 3 What most [↓ more] is or most [↑ more] seems—] [← Which real is, / which seems?] *variants in black ink.*
- 5 bright/-\ red ] *added in black ink.*
- 7 slep d ] *in the original.*
- 10 Lunar [↑ Lunar] with colour in [→ it,] *added in black ink .*

XVIII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-69<sup>5</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated August 20, 1919. Manuscript in black ink on a loose torn piece of paper. Below line 18 figures a double horizontal line, which serves to indicate the end of the composition.

20/8/1919  
49A<sup>5</sup>-69

Friend, People! I have loved with, places where I  
 have been.  
 My is there this not stay number near  
 to my bed  
 Inhere near me, as was sleep?  
 I close my eyes + look at ~~some~~ <sup>the part of each</sup> ~~some~~  
 1 year of each from I have  
 I was there + fit but myself.  
 I am the holder of their having been, all I am  
 to an echo of the that have past by me, or  
 I love  
 Now near than there, hear the  
 One part of me, yet alone are being any  
 share in of same.  
 It is a word of phrase now and then I do I  
 move  
 It pass: I that pass, of the stay.  
 The meaning of their, purchase, is for people too.  
 The sum of their adventure is twice than  
 seeing.  
 I fear + I hope but I weep.  
 But the key has been but for the <sup>loss</sup> of the  
 over of me this.  
 The road is filled up with me, as to me  
 us, to bring  
 And in me, + for us, + they

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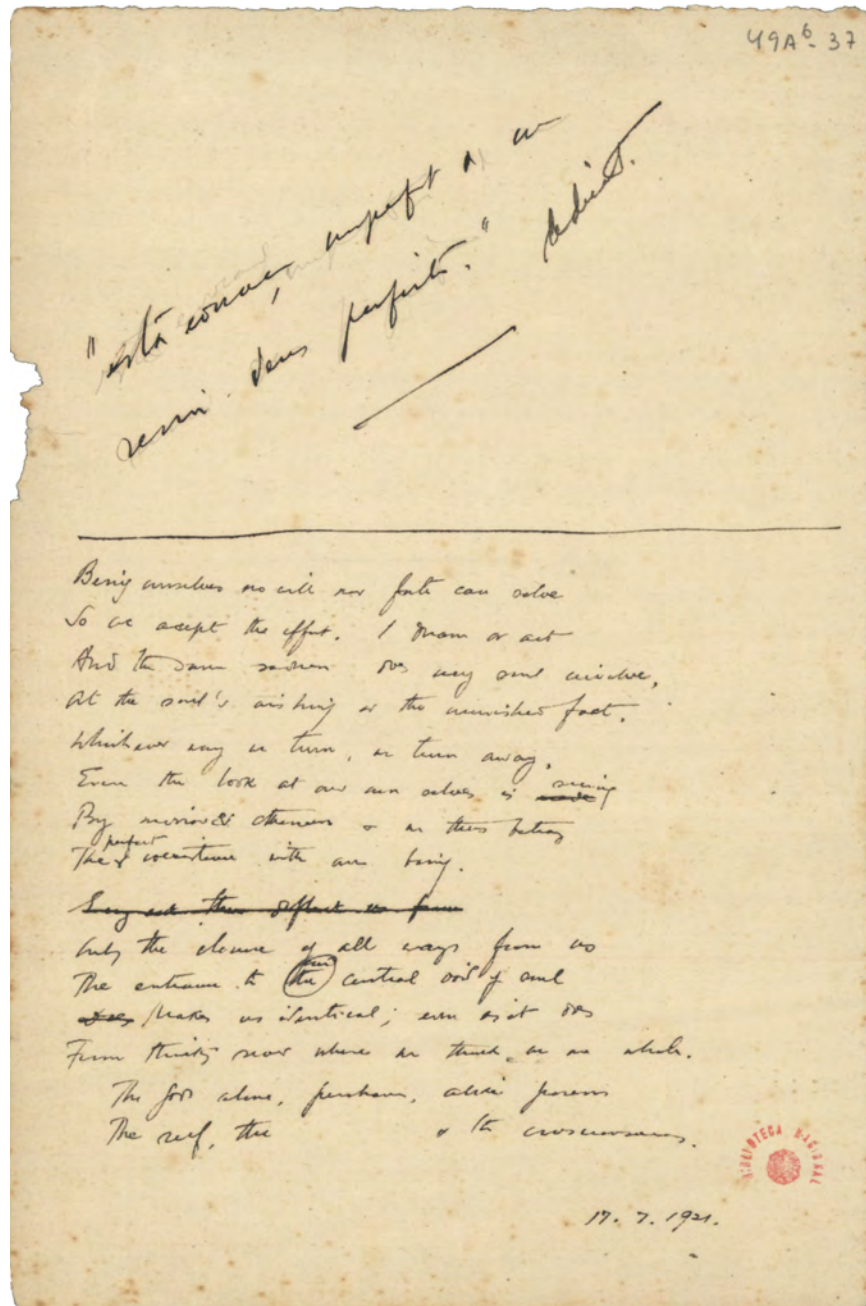


Friends, people I have lived with, places where I have been.  
 Why do these things not stay somewhere near to my bed  
     Somewhere near me, as on a shelf?  
 I close my eyes & look at the past of each scene  
 5 I yearn for each face I have  
     I seek them & find but myself.  
 I am the hollow of their having been, all I am  
 Is an echo of things that have past by me, & I live  
     Now more than them, because they  
 10 Are part of me, yet outside me like my shadow on my name,  
 It is a world of phantoms more real than I when I move.  
     It is I that pass, they that stay.  
 The meaning of things, perchance, is less painful than this.  
 The scene of this misadventure is truer than seeing.  
 15 I pain & I hope but I weep.  
 But the key has been lost for the locks of the door of our bliss.  
 The road is piled upon that one land, ere the soul was, to being  
     And we seek, & find not, & sleep.

## Notes:

- 1 /people/  
 4 at <each> [↑ the] past  
 8 "*past*" in the original instead of "*passed*."  
 12 It <pre> <is> [↑ is] I that pass, <for> they that stay.  
 16 for the <world> [↑ locks]  
 18 /sleep/

XIX. [49A<sup>6</sup>-37]. Unpublished. Dated July 17, 1921. Manuscript in black ink on the verso of the title page of Antinous, English chapbook Pessoa first published in Lisbon, in 1918, and republished with some differences in 1921. The title page dates from the former edition. At the top of the document, written first in pencil and then traced in black ink with the same writing instrument as the English sonnet below, we find the following note in Portuguese: "esta educação imperfeita de um semi-deus perfeito." Dedicat[oria]." ("this imperfect education of a perfect demi-god.' Dedication.") Some lines in this sonnet are unmetrical: line 1 (9M), line 7 (unless "oth'rness" or "& we" occupy position 7), line 11 (unless "ev'n"); line 2 is an iambic pentameter with a rare epic caesura. For metrical rules concerning the English sonnet see DUFFELL (2008). For the use of Pessoa's iambic pentameter in the English sonnet, see FERRARI (2012: 207-216 & 305-322); for a brief discussion of Pessoa's unpublished English sonnets, see FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE (2015: 227-246).



Being ourselves no will nor fate can solve  
 So we accept the effort. I dream or act  
 And the same sadness does my soul involve,  
 At the soul's wishing or the unwished fact,  
 5      Whichever way we turn, or turn away,  
        Even the look at our own selves is seeing  
        By mirrored otherness & we thus betray  
        The perfect coexistence with our being.  
 Only the closure of all ways from us  
 10     The entrance to our central void of soul  
        Makes us identical; even as it does  
        From thinking near where we think we are whole.  
            The gods alone, perchance, alike possess  
            The self, the [                      ] & the consciousness.

## Notes:

- 6      is <made> [↑ seeing]  
 8      The [↑ perfect] coexistence  
 9      <Every act thus deflects us from>  
 10     the [↑ our] central  
 11     <Does> Makes us identical; even as it does

XX. [49A<sup>6</sup>-50]. Unpublished. Dated May 17, 1924. Manuscript in back ink on a torn piece of lined paper. Title added in a lighter type of black ink. A short horizontal line figures at the end of the poem. Written during the time Jorge Luis Borges and his family were in Portugal. Much has been written about the affinities between Borges and Pessoa, and some literary critics have even speculated on the possibility of an encounter in Lisbon. The most recent issue of *Variaciones Borges* (n. 40, 2015) contains a dossier with five articles dedicated to Borges and Pessoa.

49A<sup>6</sup>-50

Overheard

What lethal pearl or  
accurate rain  
Shall in the closet  
shin  
And sparkle in the cups  
of life  
To the noon of the forbidden gift?  
The keys the gates of him & them,  
The rows as weather to  
stain  
And what in days  
of shadow  
to man  
Shall deeply in the lagoon.  
So, recurrent from <sup>light</sup> coil  
steps  
The wisdom of her half deep  
steps  
Last intervals over in seeing,  
Confluence between eates opening  
To silence, she in work & man  
For the hour thus the stand &  
are.  
(The song being ended, the  
she woman  
Came to continue the lagoon.)

17-5-1924.

*Overheard*

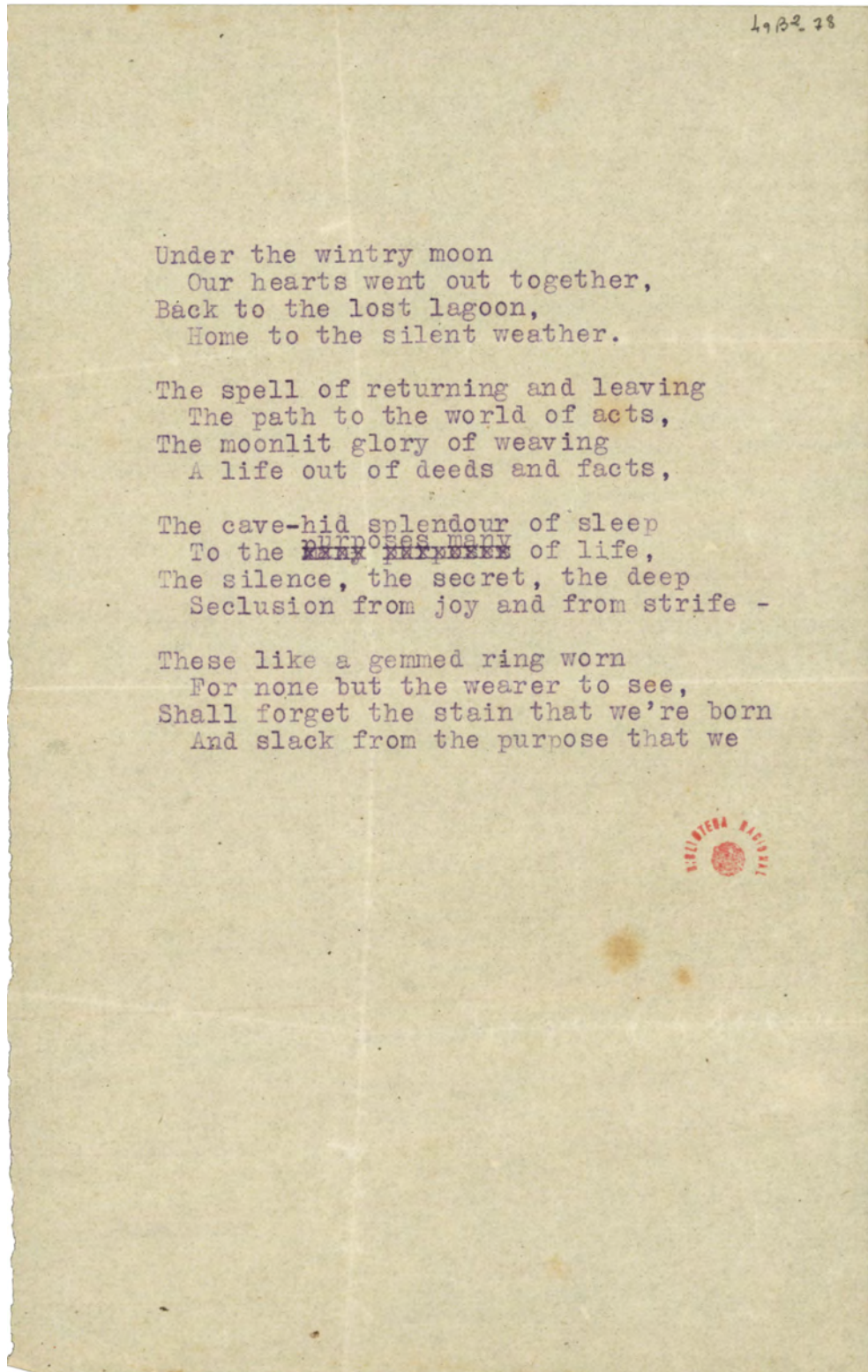
What lethal pearl or accurate wine  
 Shall in the closest bosom shine  
 And sparkle in the cups we lift  
 To the moon of the foregone gift?  
 5 She keeps the gates of Time & Chance,  
 She vows no wreaths to circumstance  
 And what she says elsewhere to moon  
 Shines sleepily on the lagoon.  
 Lo, recreant from bright curl slopes  
 10 The wisdom of her half sleep gropes  
 Lost intervals occur in seeing,  
 Confluence between extent agreeing  
 To silence, else we weep & care  
 For the mere things that stand & are.  
 15 (Her song being ended, the slow moon  
 Came to continue the lagoon).

## Notes :

- 4 foreborne [↑ gone]  
 9 <†> [↑ bright]



**XXI. [49B<sup>2</sup>-78].** Unpublished. Datable to post 1913. Typescript on thin paper. Given the syntax in line 16 and the lack of punctuation at the end of the line, it is likely that at least one or more stanzas would have followed.



Under the wintry moon  
 Our hearts went out together,  
 Back to the lost lagoon,  
 Home to the silent weather.

5 The spell of returning and leaving  
 The path to the world of acts,  
 The moonlit glory of weaving  
 A life out of deeds and facts,

10 The cave-hid splendour of sleep  
 To the purposes many of life,  
 The silence, the secret, the deep  
 Seclusion from joy and from strife—

These like a gemmed ring worn  
 For none but the wearer to see,  
 15 Shall forget the stain that we're born  
 And slack from the purpose that we

□

Note:

10 To the <many purposes> [↑ purposes many] of life,

XXII. [49B<sup>4</sup>-53]. Datable to post 1913. Typescript on a torn Portuguese calendar paper from TIP. «A EDITORA L.<sup>DA</sup>». First transcribed by Hubert D. Jennings.

49B<sup>4</sup>-53

High dedication to cold and vast ends  
Which leave the hearth void and the

But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
That does common mankind obscurely move,  
And not alone

This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
That leaves on the hill of science lone  
And in the wood of purpose old and blind.

To have a hearth, a home,  
A purpose warm our living to become,  
Something outside the loss of human love  
And our cold hearts somehow above.



High dedication to cold and vast ends  
Which leave the hearth void and the [            ]

But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
That does common mankind obscurely move,  
5 And not alone  
This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
That leaves on the hill of science lone  
And in the wood of purpose old and blind.

To have a hearth, a home,  
10 A purpose warm our living to become,  
Something outside the loss of human love  
And our cold hearts somehow above.

## Notes:

- 4     move] *Jennings' transcription.*  
5     And not alone (...)] *Jennings' transcription.*  
7     That leaves me on the hill of science lone] *Jennings' transcription.*  
8     <o>/i\n  
8     purpose, old and blind,..] *Jennings' transcription.*  
9     a home] *Jennings' transcription.*  
10    become] *Jennings' transcription.*  
12    above....] *Jennings' transcription.*

XXIII. [No call number]. Datable to post 1913. Typewritten on a loose piece of paper with emendations in pencil, black ink, and blue pencil. The document is in the possession of one of Pessoa's heirs, his niece Manuela Nogueira.

It spoke of love and spoke of joy  
 And I who felt in me the boy  
 Pass into you as the larva vile  
 Into the butterfly's colour-smile, *when life is a smile*  
 I saw with clearness eloquent  
 A future life all to beguile  
 The days of boyhood from their style  
 Carelessly innocent.

I dreamed and before me there came  
 Visions of fairness that made yearn  
 My heart for what it had to learn.  
 A thought, a prescience of a flame  
 Filled with mute warmth my soul as wine  
 A clear transparent cup divine.

Smiles and kisses and that passed  
 Through transitory forms of fair  
 Women and girls in luminous air;  
 Of them remained only the mood  
 Which I saw in their eyes disengaged  
 And even in dreams my soul did flood.

Soft words were breathed into mine ear  
 From mouths that changed, through many lips  
 But all were wonderfully fair.  
 Even as a *tree* that sips  
 The river's liquid beauty I *almost*  
 Was joyful in expectancy.

*Sips in a close expectancy*

It spoke of love and spoke of joy  
 And I who felt in me the boy  
 Pass in youth as the larva vile  
 Into the butterflies colour-smile,  
 5 I saw with clearness eloquent  
 A future life all to beguile  
 The days of boyhood from their style  
     Carelessly innocent.

I dreamed and before me there came  
 10 Visions of fairness that made yearn  
 My heart for what it had to learn.  
 A thought, a prescience of a flame  
 Filled with mute warmth my soul as wine  
 A clear transparent cup divine.

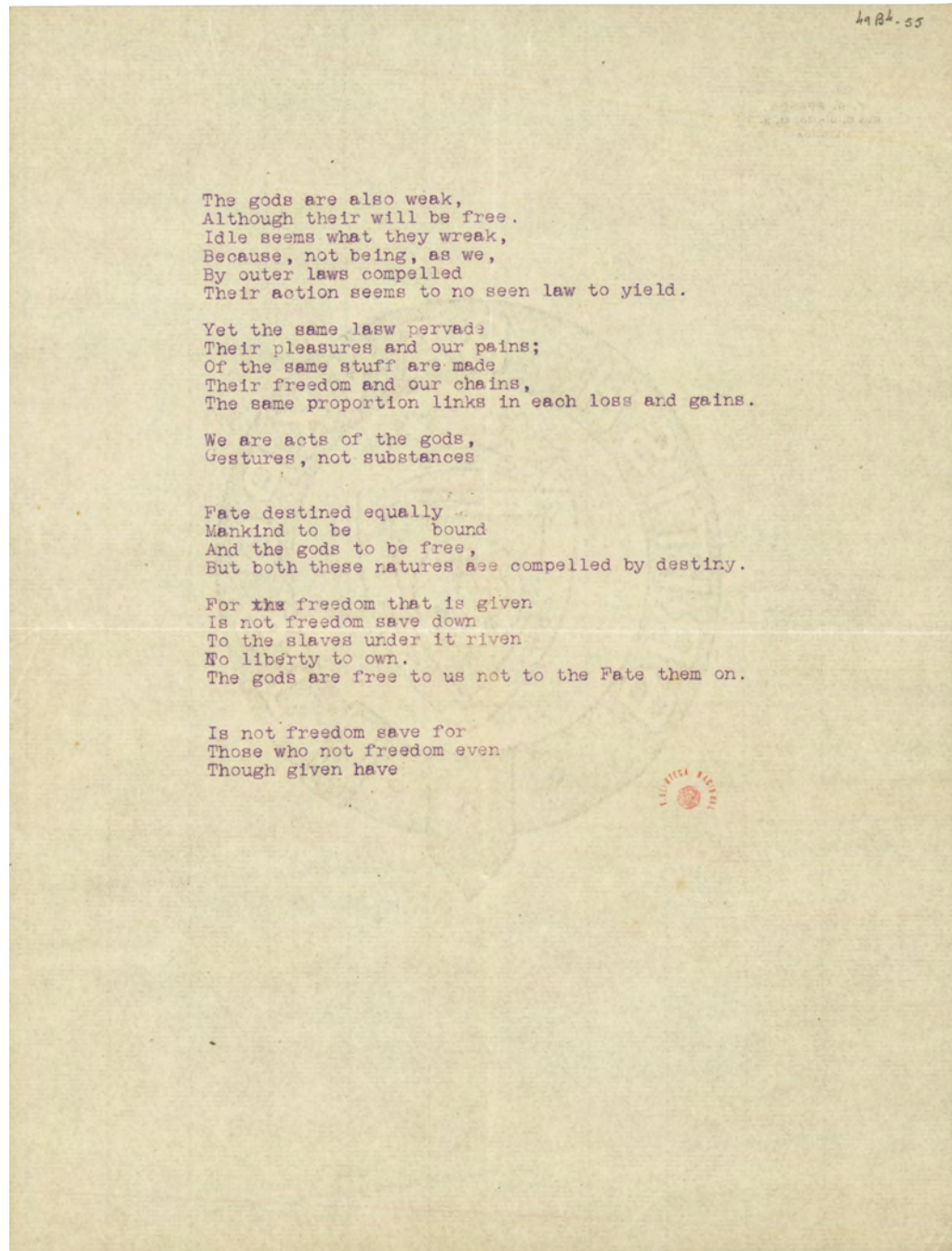
15 Smiles and kisses and [        ] that passed  
 Through transitory forms of fair  
 Women and girls in luminous air;  
 Of them remained only the mood  
 I saw in their eyes disenglassed  
 20 And even in dreams my soul did flood.

Soft words were breathed into mine ear  
 From mouths that changed, through many lips  
 But all were wonderfully fair.  
 Even as one tired that almost sips  
 25 The river's liquid beauty I  
 Joyed in a close expectancy.

## Notes:

- 3 in you/th\] *added in pencil.*  
 4 Into the butterfly<i>/y\es co<u>lour-smile, [↓ Whose life is [        ] a smile] *variant in black ink; given its incompleteness I have opted to leave the earlier version.*  
 9 the<ir>/re\  
 10 fa<u>/i\rness  
 18 remianed] *in the original.*  
 19 <Which> I saw] *word crossed out in black ink; disenglassed in the original.*  
 24 <Even> [↑ Even] as a [↑ one tired] that [↓ almost] sips] *first two words were added in black ink while the other two in pencil; next to this and the following two lines there figures a question mark indicating doubt.*  
 26 Was /joyful in expectancy/. [↓ Joyed in a <close>/close\ expectancy] *variant in blue pencil; "Close" traced in black ink.*

**XXIV. [49B<sup>4</sup>-55].** *Unpublished. Datable to 1918-1919. Typescript with one emendation in pencil on stationary paper with the heading F. A. PESSOA | RUA S. JULIÃO, 41, 3.º | LISBOA and watermark BRITISH BANKPOST. The firm F. A. PESSOA was created in mid-1917; in December of the same year it moved to Rua do Ouro, 87, 2.º. The firm was initially based at the previous address. Numerous poems written in 1918 are found in this same paper (e.g., poem XVII). After the first two stanzas, with rhyme schemes ABABCC and DEDEE, the author left the third stanza incomplete. Between the third and fourth stanzas there is enough space for two lines in the same stanza or one line and a stanza break; given the number of lines in the first two stanzas and their rhyme schemes, it is unclear whether the author intended to write a longer third stanza (i.e., eight lines) or a short one (i.e., three lines).*



The gods are also weak,  
 Although their will be free.  
 Idle seems what they wreak,  
 Because, not being, as we,  
 5 By outer laws compelled  
 Their action seems to no seen law to yield.

Yet the same laws pervade  
 Their pleasures and our pains;  
 Of the same stuff are made  
 10 Their freedom and our chains,  
 The same proportion links in each loss and gains.

We are acts of the gods,  
 Gestures, not substances

□

Fate destined equally  
 15 Mankind to be [ ] bound  
 And the gods to be free,  
 But both these natures are compelled by destiny.

For freedom that is given  
 Is not freedom save down  
 20 To the slaves under it riven  
 No liberty to own.  
 The gods are free to us not to the Fate them on.

[ ]  
 Is not freedom save for  
 25 Those who not freedom even  
 Though given have [ ]

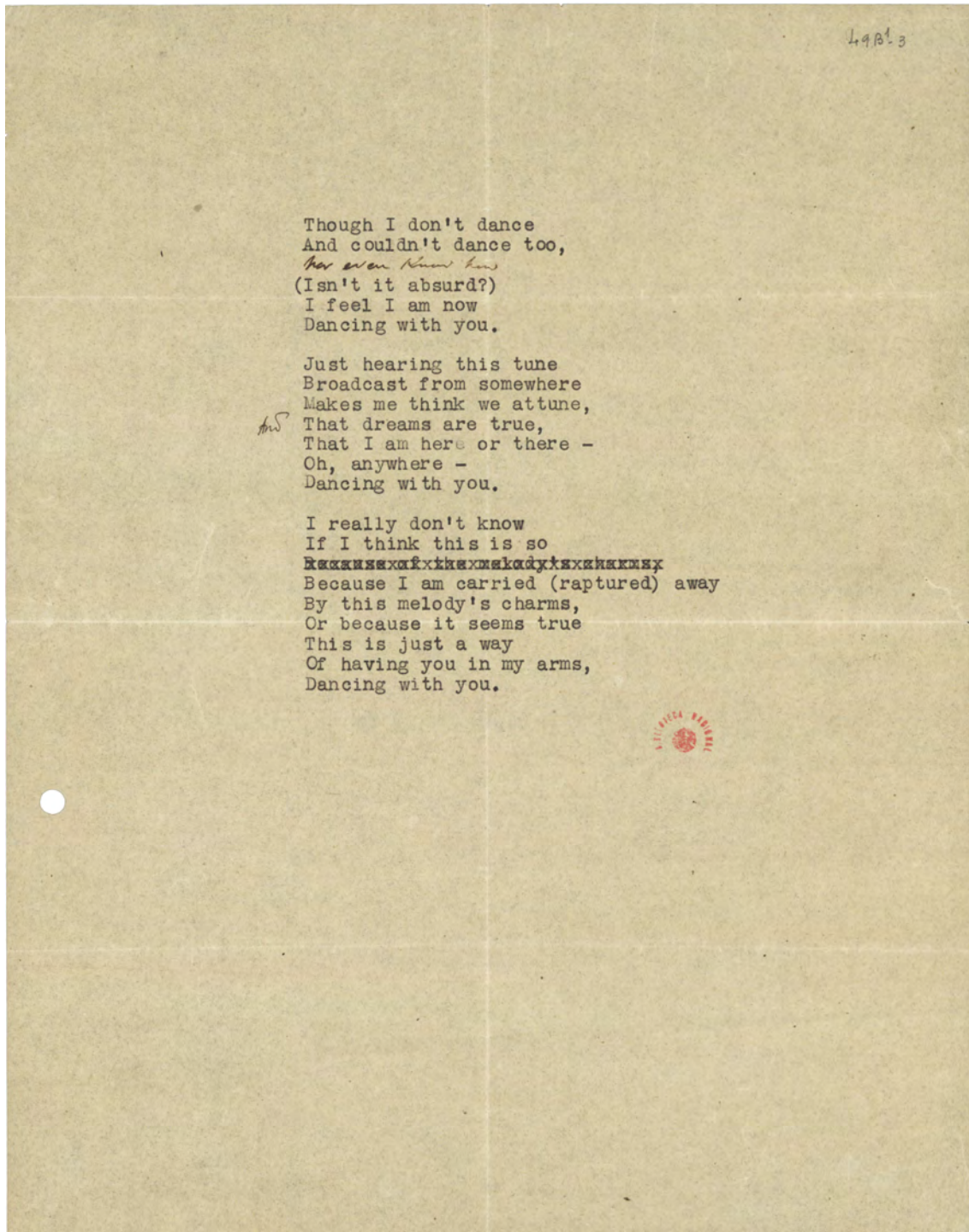
□

Notes:

- 18 For <the> freedom  
 21 <T>/N\o liberty to own.  
 22 the Fate them on.] *in the original.*



XXV. [49B<sup>1</sup>-3]. Datable to 1934-1935. Typscript on thin paper. Some variants in black ink.



Though I don't dance  
 And couldn't dance too,  
 Nor even know how  
 Isn't it absurd?  
 5 I feel I am now  
 Dancing with you.

Just hearing this tune  
 Broadcast from somewhere  
 Makes me think we attune,  
 10 And that dreams are true,  
 That I am here or there—  
 Oh, anywhere—  
 Dancing with you.

I really don't know  
 15 If I think this is so  
 Because I am raptured away  
 By this melody's charms,  
 Or because it seems true  
 This is just a way  
 20 Of having you in my arms,  
 Dancing with you.

## Notes:

- 3 [↑ Nor even know how] *added in black ink in a space previously left for an entire line between lines 2 and 4.*  
 4 /Isn't it absurd?/  
 10 [↑ And] That dreams are true,] *addition in black ink.*  
 16 <Because of the melody's charms,> [↓ Because I am carried (raptured) away] *"raptured" inside parenthesis serving as a variant.*

## Topographical Index

### Texts | Fernando Pessoa archival call number

1. [49D<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>r</sup>]; Annex 1 [153-38<sup>v</sup>]; Annex 2 [49D<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>v</sup>]
2. [49B<sup>1</sup>-1<sup>r</sup>]
3. [49A<sup>2</sup>-6<sup>r</sup>]
4. [49A<sup>2</sup>-62]
5. [49A<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>r</sup>]
6. [49A<sup>2</sup>-41<sup>r</sup> to 42<sup>v</sup>]
7. [49A<sup>2</sup>-53<sup>v</sup>]
8. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]
9. [49A<sup>3</sup>-56 and 57]; Annex 1 [49A<sup>3</sup>-57<sup>v</sup>]
10. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]
11. [49A<sup>4</sup>-18<sup>r</sup>]
12. [49A<sup>4</sup>-66]
13. [49A<sup>5</sup>-4<sup>v</sup>]
14. [49A<sup>5</sup>-8]
15. [49A<sup>5</sup>-13<sup>r</sup>]
16. [49A<sup>5</sup>-28]
17. [49A<sup>5</sup>-60<sup>r</sup>]
18. [49A<sup>5</sup>-69<sup>r</sup>]
19. [49A<sup>6</sup>-37<sup>r</sup>]
20. [49A<sup>6</sup>-50]
21. [49B<sup>2</sup>-78]
22. [49B<sup>4</sup>-53]
23. [No Archival Call Number; Heirs' Private Collection]
24. [49B<sup>1</sup>-3]
25. [49B<sup>4</sup>-55]

# Durban Years

Jorge Wiese-Rebagliati\*

JENNINGS, Hubert D. (1966). *The D.H.S. Story 1866-1966. A Great Book About a Great School.* Durban, Natal: The Durban High School and Old Boys' Memorial Trust, 323 pp.

With the empathy of one who knows an institution from within<sup>1</sup>, Hubert Dudley Jennings writes the story of the Durban High School (DHS), spanning a full century, from when it opened its doors (June 1, 1866) to the publication of the book here reviewed (1966). In twenty-five chapters (and a preface, a prologue, appendixes, and indexes), Jennings traces not only the "inner" story of the educational institution (professor and student anecdotes), but also the "outer" story: the historical context and its influence on the decisions made by the colonial authorities and the trustees of the school, the international academic and sporting achievements, and the services the "old boys" gave in both World Wars. To articulate his account reliably, Jennings interviewed old boys and headmasters, and worked with the documentation available in the school's archives.

When the chapters refer to a single person rather than a group, the characters developed are normally the administrators of the school: the headmasters (R. Russell, W. H. Nicholas, A. S. Langley, Bill Payn). Few chapters refer to the students of the school: one of them is dedicated to Ernest G. Jansen, who came to be the Governor-General of South Africa from 1950 to 1959 (chapter 13: "Governor-General"); another, to Roy Campbell (chapter 17: "Don Roy Quixote Campbell"); and two more (chapter 14: "That Long Patience which is Genius..." and chapter 15: "*Judica Me Deus*") to Fernando Pessoa, who attended the DHS, with an interruption in 1902 when he travelled to Portugal on a visit; at his return he matriculated for a short time in the Commercial School of West Street in Durban (p. 100, note 2).

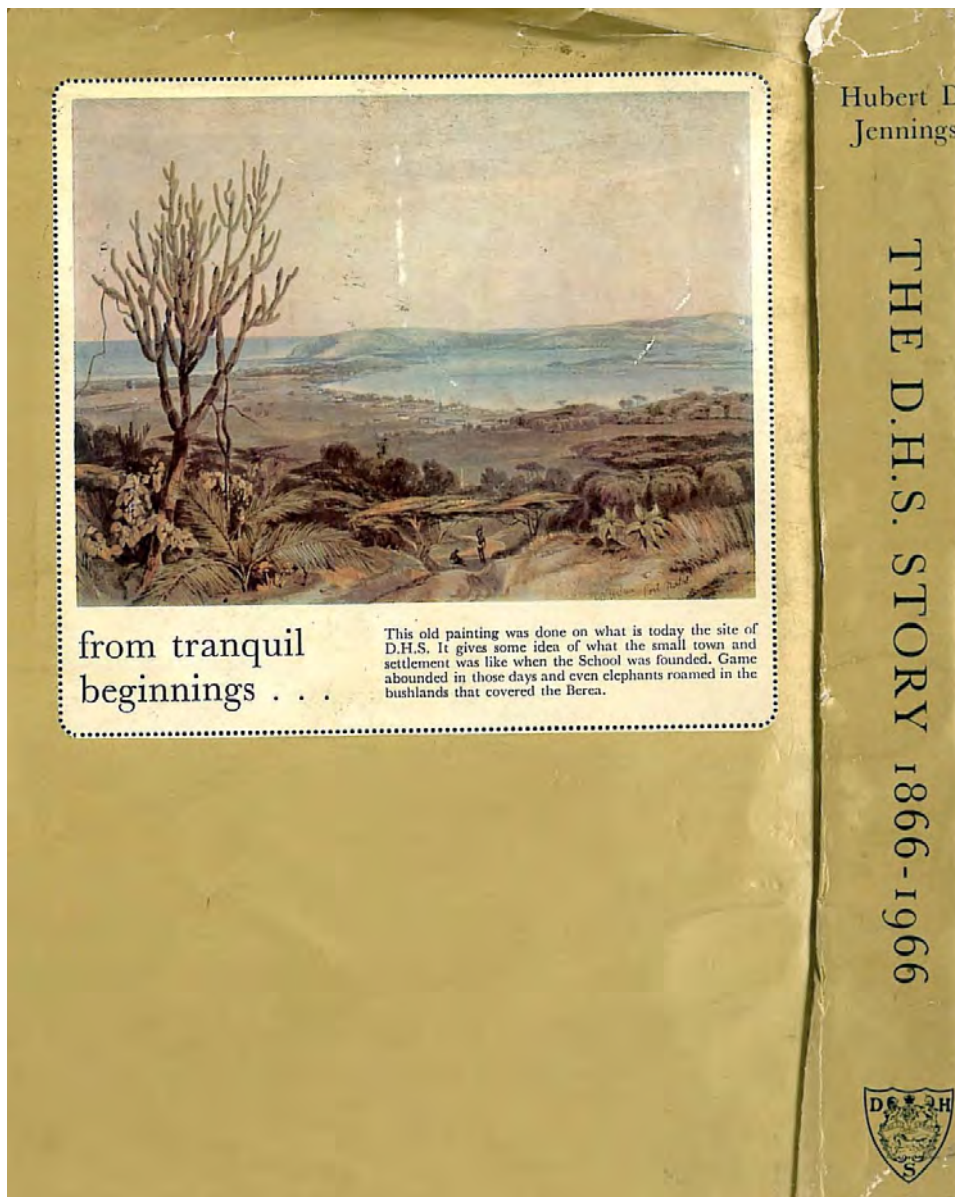
This emphasis on Pessoa seems strange if we are to consider that Pessoa was not part of any sports teams and that his identification with the "British way of life" was rather problematic. His classmates did not remember him (for example, the elder brothers of Roy Campbell, who studied with Pessoa, as Roy himself notes); or barely remembered him (like Dr. Norman Mann; p. 100); or they remembered the person well, but forgot his circumstances (as Clifford Geerdts). Clifford Geerdts used to sit beside Pessoa and was his greatest academic rival. In 1904, Geerdts won the award of the Cape Intermediate Examination. As a consequence, he went to Oxford and studied there. Fifty years later, when Geerdts

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\* Universidad del Pacífico.

<sup>1</sup> H. D. Jennings was an assistant to the headmaster of the DHS from 1923 to 1935.

was informed by Jennings that Fernando Pessoa had been “second” in that examination<sup>2</sup>, Geerdts was surprised: he had always believed that Pessoa did not sit for the examination, because, in his opinion, if he had, he would have obtained a higher grade (p. 103). In short, Pessoa appears in the collective imaginary of the DHS as a shadow, although a genius in the shadows.



[The D.H.S. Story – dust jacket back cover & spine]

<sup>2</sup> Actually, Pessoa obtained a higher grade than Geerdts, as Jennings discovered during the research for his second book (*Os Dois Exílios de Fernando Pessoa*, 1984). The reason Pessoa did not obtain the award was prosaic and bureaucratic, as Zenith observes: “uma das condições para a obtenção da bolsa era que o candidato tivesse frequentado uma escola do Natal nos quatro anos anteriores. Pessoa, devido à viagem da família a Portugal em 1901-1902, ausentara-se durante um ano” (*one of the conditions to obtain the grant was that the candidate had to have frequented a school in Natal during the four prior years. Pessoa, because of the family trip to Portugal in 1901-1902, left the school for a year*) (*Escritos Autobiográficos, Automáticos e de Reflexão Pessoal*. Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 2003: 440).



*D.H.S.— The frontage of the School familiar to many thousands*



# THE D.H.S. STORY *1866-1966*

A GREAT BOOK ABOUT A GREAT SCHOOL

[*The D.H.S. Story* – dust jacket front cover]

In chapter 14, Jennings refers extensively to the essay on Macaulay for which Pessoa won the Queen Victoria Memorial Prize in 1903. At the insistence of Maria da Encarnação Monteiro, in 1954, M. J. Armstrong (who was then the headmaster of the DHS) found Pessoa's essay in the 1904 issue of the school's magazine, of which Pessoa was an editor (Armstrong also found a page in the 1952 issue of the school magazine, written by Bill Payn, which contained information and opinions about Pessoa taken from a letter of Roy Campbell; p. 103).

Jennings admires Pessoa both for mastering the English language and for his profound and analytical mind. He also notes Pessoa's humor and a free, fresh, and unprejudiced attitude towards the established opinions, which was rare in young men aged fifteen—and really foreseeing of Pessoa's style and mature vital attitude.

Macaulay, who, according to Jennings, was treated with reverence during the Victorian period, is judged by Pessoa with the even-handedness—but also the strength—of an experienced critic, as the subtleties present in the introduction of the Pessoaan essay prove:

In this essay (on Milton) we see already Macaulay's virtues and faults. We note his initial grasp of the subject and his subsequent lack of depth and breath, and even of a certain constraint. And yet the insight of it and the discrimination is everywhere evident, as indeed are the studied abruptness of the style and the occasional felicity of the paragraph.

(pp. 101-102)

The irony of the following judgment shows an achieved writer, with expressive resources that go far beyond the bare use of correct English:

We have yet to refer to Macaulay's ballads. Of these Mrs. Browning wrote to Richard Hengist Horne that he was very right in admiring Macaulay and that one could not read him and keep lying down. Many critics seem to think that not only is it possible to read him lying down but also to go to sleep doing so.

(p.102)

Regarding the judgment above, Jennings states: "A daring touch this for a boy in those days!" (p. 102). In my opinion, it is this free-mindedness united with an exquisite sensibility towards the prosodic and musical aspects of language that is astonishing about the young Pessoa:

It was the same lack of the perception of harmony that lead Macaulay to break up his style into short sentences, which he thought would be more impressive. So at first they were. But as we read more and more, and we get nearer and nearer to the heart of him, the abruptness and snap of his sentences become painfully apparent. Their rattle may be compared, and this, I hope not inaptly, to the discharge of musketry, which, when we are distant, does not seem to us very harsh or unpleasing, but on our approaching nearer and nearer to the scene of the action the rattle of the volleys becomes more and more unpleasant and abrupt, while having arrived at the very spot of engagement we find it difficult to

believe that this once could sound otherwise than rough, though somewhat irregular, and startling.

(p. 102)

This final image is an extra which we may thank, because it completes the idea with elegance and implies the martial, thick, rough and even provincial regularity of Macaulay's rhythm.

Continuing the chapter, Jennings informs us about the originality of the Portuguese poet, while addressing the South African readers of 1966, most of whom, surely, were old boys of the DHS, unaware of Fernando Pessoa and his invention of "heteronyms" (the most well-known: Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis, Álvaro de Campos), even though Jennings does not use that term. We are also informed about the strange prestige of someone who revealed, through the few works he published during his lifetime (the "Ode Marítima" – "Naval Ode" – is described by Roy Campbell as: "the loudest poem ever written"), a somewhat bohemian and aristocratic lack of interest in receiving the recognition of others. Jennings ends the chapter with Campbell's translation of a poem by Pessoa, "A morte chega cedo" ("Death comes early"):

Death comes before its time,  
Life is so brief a stay.  
Each moment is the mime  
Of what is lost for aye.

Life scarcely had begun,  
Nor the idea diminished,  
When he whose task was done  
Knew not what he had finished.

This, doubting Death presumes  
To cancel and to cut  
Out of the book of dooms,  
Which God forgot to shut.

A morte chega cedo,  
Pois breve é toda vida  
O instante é o arremedo  
De uma coisa perdida.

O amor foi começado,  
O ideal não acabou,  
E quem tenha alcançado  
Não sabe o que alcançou.

E a tudo isto a morte  
Risca por não estar certo  
No caderno da sorte  
Que Deus deixou aberto

[PESSOA, *Poesias*. Lisboa: Ática, 1942, p. 177; detail]

Chapter 15 is a fantasy, the only one Jennings allows himself in an otherwise historical text. In it, W. H. Nicholas, "Old Nick," after some speeches and greetings in a ceremony, remembered times gone:

When was it?...when that young Portuguese was there...what was his name? Fernando something...Fernando Pessoa...

(p. 113)



Euripides's *Alcestis* was being read. Suddenly, the magnificent final chorus overtook Nicholas's imagination, taking him to unexpected places. When his thoughts returned to the class, he noticed only one or two of his students were paying attention. All the rest were uneasy, expecting the school bell to ring. Old Nick gave them an assignment:

"Now take out your books", he said abruptly, "And write what you can of it in English."  
(p. 113)

Mann and Geerdt's obediently set to work, scribbling away. Others stared at the roof and chewed at their pencils. Only Pessoa remained quiet, looking out the window as if he had not heard the order. "Pessoa!" Nicholas called him. Only then did he pull out his notebook and start scrawling hurriedly, without looking at what he wrote. The bell rang. The students started to leave the classroom (Pessoa among them). "Pessoa!" Nicholas called anew, "Let me see what you have written." Pessoa handed him his notebook, which contained the following text:

Dawn chasm hard by  
Yawns fathomless deep,  
What availeth to cry  
To the gods, or to heap  
Their altars with costly oblations,  
Or to plead against the slaughter of sheep?

I have mused on the words of the wise  
Of the mighty in song;  
I have lifted mine heart to the skies;  
But naught more strong  
Than fate I have found, there is naught  
In the tablets of Thrace,  
Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught  
Nor in all, that Apollo brought  
To Asclepius' race  
When the herbs of healing he severed  
And out of anguish delivered  
The pain distraught.

Nicholas recognized the text: it was Way's translation. Nevertheless, there was something wrong with it. Nicholas called Pessoa's attention to it:

"Very interesting," he rasped scathingly, "But your memory has failed you in one respect. It should be 'to plead *with* the slaughter of sheep' not '*against* the slaughter of sheep'."  
(p. 115)

Pessoa assented without objection. Nicholas then perceived an intention he had not noticed right away:

Old Nick lowered his eyes again, feeling curiously abashed. The change, he saw now, was deliberate. We were the sheep. Confound the boy! He was mocking him. No, not him, Euripides. There was indeed something spurious in Euripides high-flown harangues, not like Aeschylus, or Sophocles at his best. No wonder Aristophanes would always laugh at him. But how could he, this boy of sixteen know that. We were the sheep, eh? "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods!"

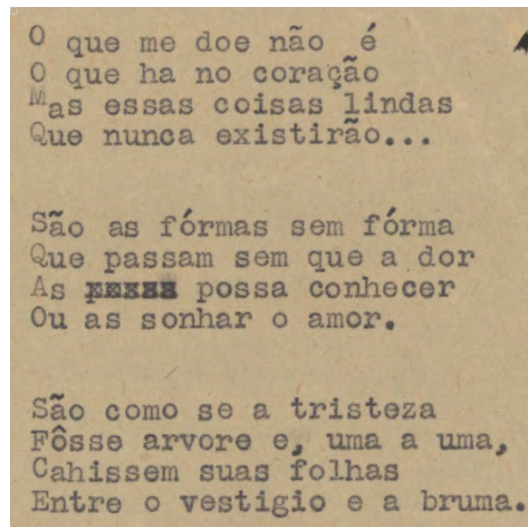
(p. 115)

He flipped the page of Pessoa's notebook and found the following poem (p. 115):

The thing that hurts and wrings  
Was never in my heart.  
It is one of those fair things  
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shapes—each shade  
Seems silently to fit  
Ere known by grief, and fade  
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief  
Were a dark tree from whom  
They flutter leaf by leaf  
Into mist and gloom<sup>3</sup>.

[PESSOA, BNP/E3, 118-16<sup>r</sup>; detail]

Nicholas was deeply moved by the beauty of the lines and the pertinence of the commentary on Euripides:

"And where", he said, quite gently, "does this come from?"

"Oh, from the Portuguese", the boy answered, "A friend of mine wrote it."

Old Nick handed the book back.

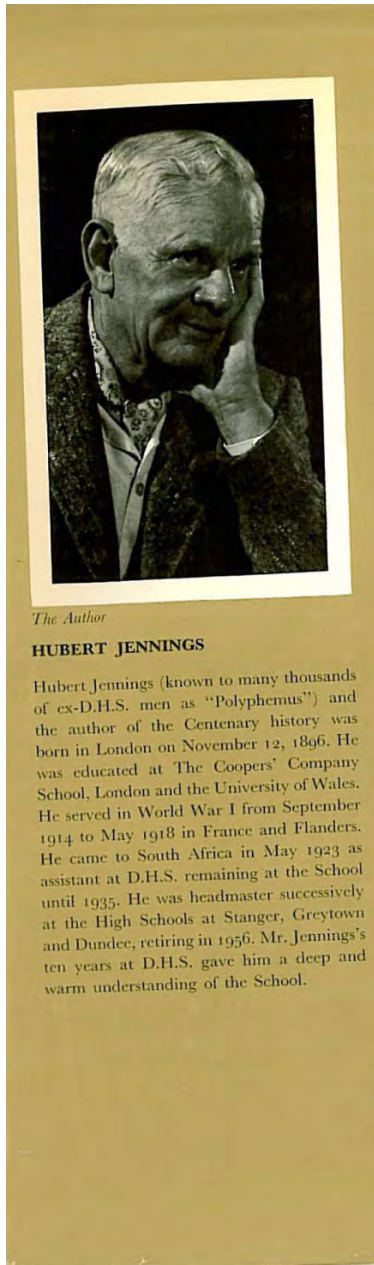
"Tell your friend", he said drily, "that he has a great poetic gift. Far better than Arthur Way's. But not better than Euripides, although you may not believe it now."

(p. 115)

We do not know how consciously Jennings was thinking of Pessoa's heteronyms, but, in that final dialog, the reference to the "friend" may serve for all of them.

<sup>3</sup> The poem cited above is Way's translation of Euripides's *Alcestis*, modified. This poem is Pessoa's "O que me dói não é" (PESSOA. *Poesias*. Lisboa: Ática, 1942, p. 168), in Roy Campbell's translation (p. 116 of Jennings's book; see footnote).

Finally, it is notable how often, throughout the book, the names of Fernando Pessoa and Roy Campbell coincide. The Iberian destiny of the two best poets that tired out the DHS classrooms should not be ignored. Campbell lived in Spain and translated, among other texts, San Juan de la Cruz's *Cántico Espiritual* (*Spiritual Canticle*); Campbell's commentary is used by George Steiner in *After Babel* (Oxford-New York: Oxford University Press, 1992, p. 327) to illustrate the stage of translation in which the translator surrenders to the original, with the intent of fusion.



[The *D.H.S. Story*—dust jacket front flap & coat of arms of p. 3]

# The Primacy of the Imagination: Jennings, Pessoa and *Contrast* magazine

Geoffrey Haresnape\*

JENNINGS, Hubert D. (1979). "In Search of Fernando Pessoa," in *Contrast* 47, *South African Quarterly*. Cape Town: S. A. Literary Journal Ltd., Jun. 1979, Vol. 12, No. 3, pp. 16-25.

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\_\_\_\_\_ (1971). "The Many Faces of Pessoa," in *Contrast* 27, *South African Quarterly*. Cape Town: S. A. Literary Journal Ltd., Nov. 1971, Vol. 7, No. 3, pp. 51-64.

*Contrast*, which has since 1990 been styled *New Contrast*, is South Africa's oldest, and one of its most respected, literary magazines. The 170<sup>th</sup> issue has recently appeared. When the first issue appeared in the summer of 1960, South African English poets of reputation—like Anthony Delius and Sydney Clouts—and the Afrikaans poet Uys Krige<sup>1</sup> were present on the editorial masthead. These were all men who were individualistic in their pursuit of verbal art and whose work would not be entrapped in political agendas of any kind. From the outset, and for twenty years thereafter, the editing of the magazine would be headed by the novelist and poet Jack Cope. It was he who noted in the foreword to *Contrast* 1 that "to true artists nothing remains concealed and no heart is completely closed" (p. 11). Up until the time that Cope relinquished the editorship in 1980, he did his best to maintain for his authors a room for manoeuvre, and to remain as open as possible in the largely closed ambience of a country given over to apartheid ideology.

It was Cope who published during the 1970s two articles on Fernando Pessoa submitted by Hubert Jennings—the first entitled "The Many Faces of Pessoa" (*Contrast* 27) and the second "In Search of Fernando Pessoa" (*Contrast* 47).<sup>2</sup> There is a gap of eight years between the two pieces, a time during which Jennings continued the work on the Portuguese poet which he had begun during the 1960s. From their titles, one might have thought that the order of the articles should have been the other way round. One might have assumed that a "search" would be followed by a discovery of "the many faces." Such an assumption has no traction with a poet of Pessoa's extraordinary qualities. Jennings got the sequence of the titles entirely right. When one is in pursuit of a talent which fragments itself in a myriad of heteronyms (Pessoa had more than 130 of them), the further one penetrates his work the more difficult the terrain becomes.

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<sup>1</sup> See the letters from Uys Krige to H. Jennings, introduced by S. Helgesson in this issue of *Plural*.

<sup>2</sup> Facsimiles of both *Contrast* articles by Jennings are included in the image gallery of *Plural* n.º 8.



[Cover of *Contrast* 27, 1971; Jennings literary estate]

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When Cope published “The Many Faces of Pessoa” in 1971, Jennings was able to bring to the attention of the *Contrast* readership an international talent who had spent eight and a half formative years in Durban, a coastal city in the then British dependency of Natal. Pessoa came to South Africa at the age of seven with his mother and step-father, a military man and Portuguese diplomatic representative to the Colony. The years in Natal taught the young boy English, established an Anglophile tendency, and exposed him to the loneliness of a human consciousness when it is exiled from its core culture. In the period 1899-1904<sup>3</sup> which he spent in part at the prestigious Durban High School, Pessoa was already developing the technique by which he extended his imaginative self into *personae* or alter egos and wrote with their identities. David Merrick, Charles Robert Anon, Horace James Faber and Alexander Search were among these. To the average reader, this might seem like the use of pseudonyms or pen-names, but for Pessoa the whole affair would become more complex and, indeed, vital to his existence as a poet.

It was only after his return alone to Lisbon in 1905 (his family stayed on in South Africa for some years) that the heteronyms gained overwhelming importance in his life as an author. In “The Many Faces of Pessoa,” Jennings sees the centrality of this issue to the poet’s work. He quotes from Michael Hamburger’s description of Pessoa as “the most extreme case of multiple personality and self-division in modern poetry” (*Contrast* 27, p. 52) and then proceeds to lay out details of three of the most important heteronyms whom Pessoa evolved—or perhaps one should rather say who emerged from a source to which Pessoa acted as a kind of middleman or medium. First up is Álvaro de Campos, the man “with the monocle” (p. 52) who experiences alienation wherever he may be living. Jennings notes: “According to Pessoa’s auto-mythology he was half-Jewish, half-Portuguese, a marine engineer trained in Scotland, a drug addict and a homosexual” (p. 54). Second is Ricardo Reis, described as “medico, self-exiled in Brazil for political reasons, a Latinist and semi-Hellene” (p. 57). The third, Alberto Caeiro, came to Pessoa—Jennings explains—“on the night of 8<sup>th</sup> March 1914 when, standing up [...] at a high chest of drawers, he wrote at a stretch the first thirty or so of the poems” (p. 59) claimed by this heteronym<sup>4</sup>.

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<sup>3</sup> Pessoa studied at the Durban High School (DHS) from Aug. 1899 to Jan. 1904, with an interruption when the poet went back to Portugal with his family in 1901 and, upon returning to South Africa in 1902, joined the Commercial School before re-enrolling at DHS.

<sup>4</sup> This date of 8<sup>th</sup> March 1914 was first presented as a Pessoaan mythology (and not reality) by Ivo Castro, in 1986 (*O manuscrito de “O guardador de rebanhos” de Alberto Caeiro*; Lisboa: Dom Quixote); Castro showed that many drafts of Caeiro’s poems existed previous to 1914.

Jennings shows how Pessoa's use of heteronyms creates complications for the reader's understanding of the poet's own everyday name. There is a distinction—perhaps even more than one distinction—to be drawn between Fernando Pessoa, the natural person, and the Fernando Pessoa who writes, and lends his name to, particular poems. The reason for this is that the natural person embraces both himself and his heteronyms, whereas the entity writing as Fernando Pessoa has a particular perspective which excludes the perspectives of the heteronyms. According to Jennings, "Fernando Pessoa is the mystic in the poetic family [...] He is also the lyricist, the poet of the fleeting moment" (p. 62).

Many of *Contrast's* South African readers would have been familiar with the use of *personae* made by Roy Campbell and William Plomer, two of the country's leading English language poets of the early 20<sup>th</sup> Century. In the first issue of the influential *Voorslag* magazine (1926), the duo had contributed work as Mary Ann Hughes ("Tolstoy and Dostoevsky") and as Pamela Willmore ("The Strandloopers") in addition to writing under their own names. But, before the appearance of Jennings's article, most *Contrast* readers would not have been aware that there was anything as complex as Pessoa's personal pantheon of heteronyms. Pessoa died when not yet fifty, with only four slim books in English and one in Portuguese published, a mere fraction of the vast accumulation of manuscripts which he left behind. If his footprint on the global stage was small, the ignorance which long clouded his reputation in the country of his childhood and education was profound.

Cope prefixed "The Many Faces of Pessoa" with an allusion to "the powerful and enigmatic poet of Portugal, now held by many to be among the most significant voices of our age" (*Contrast* 27, p. 51). This was in itself an indirect tribute to Jennings and to the service he rendered to South African literature by bringing Pessoa and his work to public notice. In his article, Jennings not only identifies and describes Campos, Reis and Caeiro—plus the oronymic Pessoa; he also provides samples of their work in his own translations.

In the Álvaro de Campos selection the reader senses the marine-engineer's personal fragmentation: "My soul has been broken like an empty vase" ("A Note", p. 54). His isolationism is stressed: "Don't take me by the arm! | I don't like anyone taking my arm. I like to be alone" ("Lisbon Revisited 1923," p. 56). A bitter statement concerning lack of transcendental meaning is found in certain lines of "That old Anguish": "If I could believe in any kind of fetish—| Jupiter, Jehovah, Humanity—| Whichever is convenient, | For what are they all except what we think they are?" (p. 57). Jennings's translation of "Three Odes" by Ricardo Reis manages the stylistic formality which Pessoa so admired in the Portuguese original: "I rest secure on the firm pillar | of the verses in which I live | Nor fear the unnumbered future influences of time and oblivion" (p. 58).

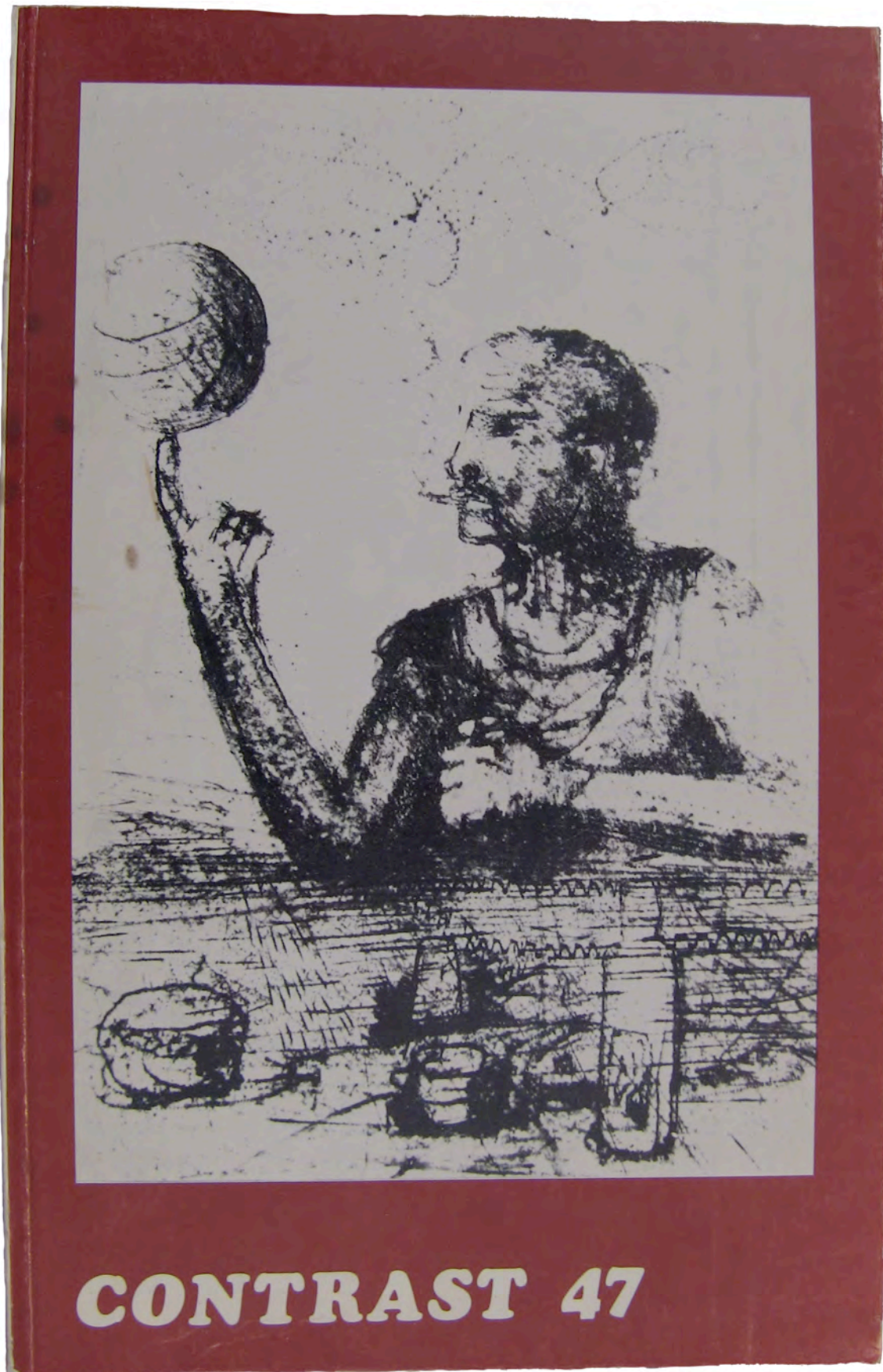
As “the poet of primeval innocence” (p. 59), Alberto Caeiro takes over Pessoa’s pen to produce “Five Poems” translated by Jennings. Caeiro is empirical, sensationalist, and without the tendency to pre-judge: “what I see every moment is something | I never saw before” (p. 59). He confesses “I feel myself born every minute | into a world that is eternally new” (p. 59). His approach appears to lead to the following conclusion: “To be complete it is enough to exist” (p. 61). The oronymic Fernando Pessoa is the last of the poets from whose work Jennings makes a selection for translation. Pessoa’s tendency to plangent nostalgia and his use of bold images are clearly suggested. Bravely, Jennings tackles the poem entitled “Initiation” which is both the evocation of a death experience and also an approach towards the elusive self. “The night comes which is death; | The unreal shadow ends. | You go into the night the mere shape | Of what though unwished was you” (p. 64).

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Knowing the blueprint of Pessoa’s poetic technique and reading samples of his work is only the beginning. Contemplating the poet’s “many faces” invites a process of diving down into the significations and contradictions which are unfolded. “You will never get to the bottom of Fernando Pessoa. There are too many of him,” writes Carmela Ciuraru (2011), an expert on the *nom de plume*, in “Fernando Pessoa and his Heteronyms.” Jennings seems to have been in just this position when he contributed his second article on the poet to *Contrast* 47. “In search of Fernando Pessoa” is written in a very different way to the first piece. Whereas the style of “The Many Faces...” is schematic and relatively impersonal, that of the “In Search...” is involute, tentative at times and as much about Jennings himself as it is about his admired poet.

Jennings first encountered Pessoa when writing a history of the Durban High School in which he had served many years as a master. *The DHS Story* (1966) devoted a chapter to the poet alumnus who was introduced as “that rarest of the human species, a genius.” From this moment the search which was to last a lifetime was on. By the time he wrote the articles for *Contrast*, Jennings had contacted Uys Krige who put him in touch with Armand Guibert in France, had corresponded with a Pessoa scholar, Alexandrino Severino, at the University of São Paulo in Brazil, and had finally travelled to Lisbon on funding from the Gulbenkian Foundation to study his hero at first hand. In Lisbon, he had also learned Portuguese, which put him in an obvious position to make his own translations of the original texts.





[Cover of *Contrast 47*, 1979; Jennings literary estate]

The nub of Jennings's 1979 article—if so mercurial a piece can be said to have a nub—is that Pessoa is super-elusive, the poet who “retreats from mask to mask” (*Contrast* 47, p. 17) and to explain what he is about might be to tantamount to answering “the whole problem of life and man” (p. 17). Jennings allows himself to consider the descriptions of Pessoa and his work offered by others. For a start, there is the description of a “curious sketch” (p. 16) by the artist, Jorge Brandeiro, which he keeps in the rondavel that serves as his study. This drawing depicts “a long melancholy face topped by a ridiculously conventional trilby hat”; it also encompasses “dark, myopic, unseeing” eyes, a “smudge of a moustache”, a “long curved nose” and a “hatchet chin” with the remainder “a mere whirl of lines and wash like old illustrations of the genie emerging from the bottle” (p. 16). There are also the other literati. For Armand Guibert, Pessoa is a “*Janus quadrifrons* [...] a non-situate man” (p. 16). To the Mexican Octavio Paz, he is “an inventor of other poets and destroyer of himself” (p. 17).

Equally as interesting is Jennings's own response to Pessoa. The poet's inscrutability has the effect of galvanizing him into the boldest speculations about the creative process—speculations in which the transcendental, the psychological and the pathological all have their place. Jennings compares Pessoa and his heteronyms to the New Testament madman possessed by “tormented selves” (p. 24). The madman's demons, when liberated, took up their residence in the Gadarene swine. In Pessoa's case, no Christ figure is needed to resolve the nexus—the author himself has “changed his [demons] into poets” (p. 24). This leads Jennings to reflect on the creativity of poets generally. He cites *inter alia* Walt Whitman who claimed “I am large. I contain multitudes” (p. 25), Ezra Pound who asserted “in becoming no one I begin to live” (p. 25) and the symbolist, Arthur Rimbaud who uttered the contradiction “je est un autre” (*I is another*) (p. 25).

In a two-lined addendum to this paragraph of citations, Jennings offers his own intriguing suggestion concerning dramatic poetry. He implies that dramatic poets generally have much in common with a creator of heteronyms. “From Sophocles to Shakespeare” they have produced characters who are “released selves” (p. 25). And those “released selves” emanate from the auditors as much as from the authors. They are “ours and theirs” (p. 25).

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At first sight it seems surprising that a bluff schoolmaster and academic administrator should have been so powerfully drawn by an introverted and polymorphic Portuguese *flâneur* who was for the most part an autodidact. Jennings, people said, was a straight-up-and-down disciplinarian devoted to the conventional educational system. Pessoa, on the other hand, was intrigued by alternative studies—esotericism, occultism, hermetism, numerology and alchemy,

not to mention neopaganism, theosophy, rosicrucianism and freemasonry. One's surprise at the attraction leaves out of account the fact that Jennings had an inner life, too, which moved beneath the carapace of the pedagogue.

The details of how this inner Jennings was discovered have been written up elsewhere. It suffices to mention here that his traumatic experiences as a young combatant in World War I, plus a hidden life of innocent romantic encounters, did much to open up and to soften his personality. In addition to being a lover of poetry written by others, he was also a writer of poetry himself.

Some years after his death, a box was discovered by the husband of Jennings's granddaughter in the rafters of his Johannesburg garage. It contained an archive of papers and books. These included much work on Pessoa, and *Cracked Record*, a secret 697-page autobiography which came from the author's hand when he was in his early 90s. This—according to his biographer—was “a sometimes anguished chronicle that streams along... in a torrent of recollection.” The box in the rafters is an uncanny analogue to the chest with the dome-shaped lid that contained the unpublished papers of Fernando Pessoa, to which Jennings had once been given access on his Gulbenkian Foundation expedition to Lisbon.

Both the poet and his disciple were driven men who felt the need to keep much of themselves hidden. Both left large caches of unpublished material. Both had left Europe to experience the sub-tropical ambience of the same South African city. Both had spent parts of their lives in the same Durban High School. On reflection, the bond between them seems not so surprising after all. The summation of Jennings's published work on Pessoa was, perhaps, his *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* (1986).

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This essay now returns to *Contrast* magazine. During the era of apartheid it was a constant struggle for Jack Cope and Geoffrey Haresnape, the editor who succeeded him, to maintain the open space which could properly be called a writers' forum. The threat to freedom of expression and its dire adjuncts—the tapped telephone, the intercepted letter and the plain-clothes policeman—were always looming. When Haresnape retired as editor in 1990, *Contrast* was restyled *New Contrast*, in part due to the promise of a political thaw. When the transition finally came in 1994, so much which was restrictive fell away. *New Contrast* could breathe more freely, and its contributing writers could find new wings with which to fly.

It is, however, clear that freedom of expression will always need to be jealously defended. The new South Africa has inexorably developed its own problems created by corruption, ignorance, and commercial greed. There has also been a recent political bid to curb the freedom of the press. These matters have

been touched on—usually indirectly—in the poetry and fiction represented in recent issues of the magazine.

In April 2015, there was mounted on Fernando Pessoa's bronze statue in Durban an attack which flies in the face of everything that Jennings had sought to promote in his lifetime. Red paint was used to deface the poet's image together with the legend, also scrawled in red: "EFF response" (PAYET, 2015). Vusi Khoza, a representative of Economic Freedom Fighters, the political party named in the legend, disavowed party responsibility for the act, but added these words. "We support the destruction, defacing and dismantling of apartheid symbols... We agree with what has been done". It is a sad irony the Pessoa of all people should have been targeted for this act. Given the nature of his life and work, his reduction to "apartheid symbol" is totally wide of the mark. From vandalising statues to proscribing books is only a short step. *New Contrast's* current leadership will no doubt be aware of the dangerous currents which are moving in the new South Africa and move to preserve an "open space" for free creativity.

The last word goes to "Homage to Fernando Pessoa", a four-part poem printed in *Contrast 16* (1967, pp. 16-18) and re-issued in *Seismograph*—both before the appearance of the Jennings articles. In this, Charles Eglington considers the trope of exploration in relation to a Portuguese mariner like Bartholomew Diaz and to a navigator of the psyche like the eponymous poet. Both men have experienced "the ache for unknown things" (*Seismograph*, p. 40)<sup>5</sup>. For Eglington, the outer and inner worlds are equally important. Subtextually, the poem is paying homage to the primacy of the imagination. Jennings and Cope would have agreed with that priority. Would the protean Pessoa have concurred? Perhaps.

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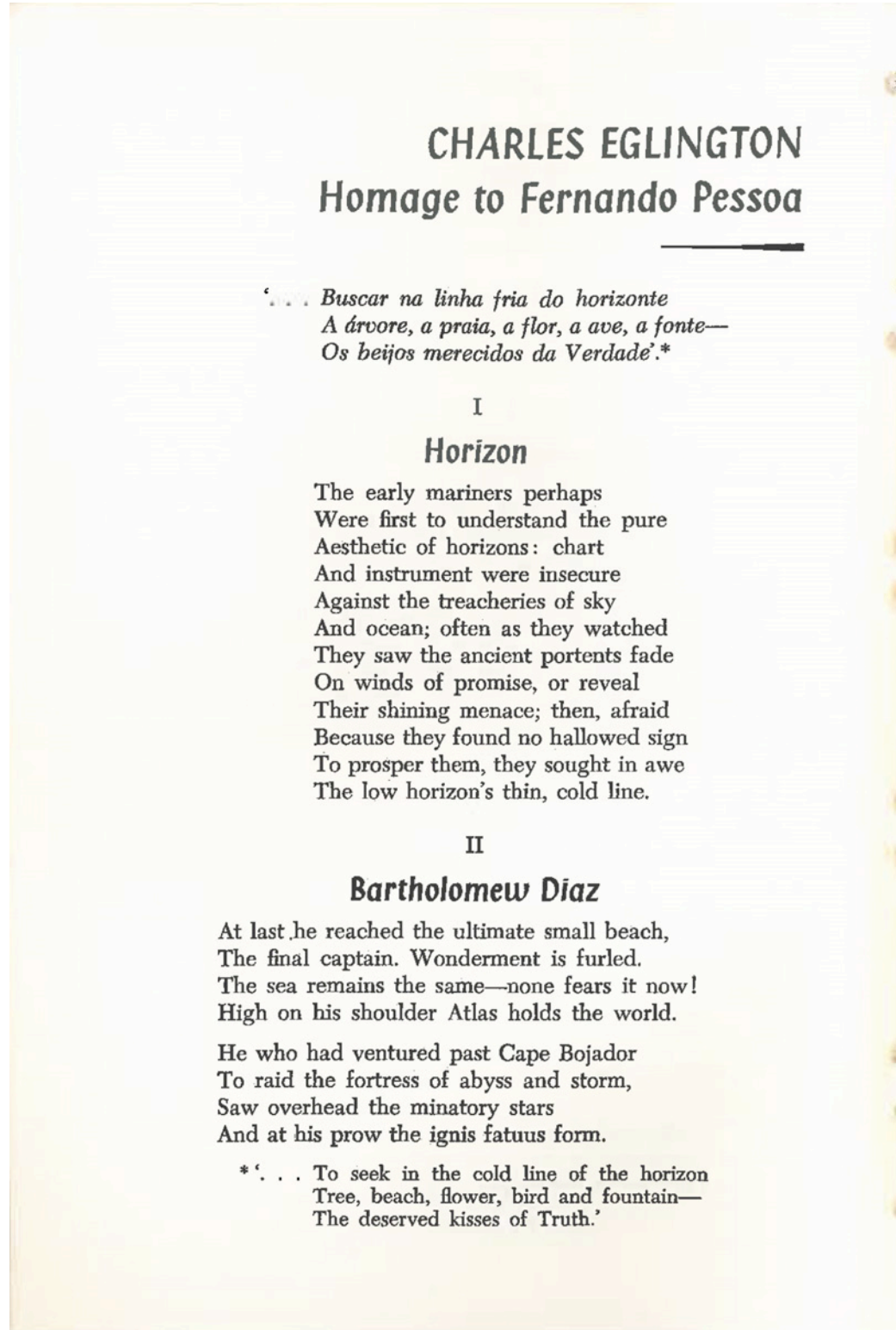
<sup>5</sup> In the *Seismograph* version, Eglington has made a considered change, replacing *Contrast 16's* "the fear of unknown things" with the version quoted. See *Contrast's* version as Annex I.

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## Annexes

I. Four pages of the poem "Homage to Fernando Pessoa," written by Charles Eglington and published in the journal *Contrast* 16, South African Quarterly (Cape Town: S. A. Literary Journal Ltd., June 1967, Vol. 4, No. 4, pp. 16-19).



## HOMAGE TO FERNANDO PESSOA

17

Horizons that deceived with sensitive  
 Configurations, till at last a tower  
 Rose on the sky, a bird cried out and land  
 Burst through a mist of longing into flower.

And when, returning, he sailed past the cape  
 Whose saurian menace he had met and spurned,  
 The Tagus flowed to meet him in a light  
 That from the once-dark headland brightly burned.  
 Now distances have fountains, trees and birds;  
 Each cold horizon is the silver beach  
 That shelters him—for which he dared the seas  
 And sailed past all extremities to reach.

## III

## Fever

The fever to explore  
 Remains, Fernando: now  
 We like Diogo Cão,  
 Navigator,  
 Launch beacons on the huge  
 And possible ocean  
 Where stellar tides begin  
 To lap infinitude.  
 In that eternal calm  
 No final earthly port—  
 Like his, from God—is sought:  
 Our fever seeks its balm  
 In knowledge that can still  
 The fear of unknown things:  
 How brightly darkness rings  
 The astral terminal!

## Lourenco Marques

*'Ó mar salgado, quanto do teu sal  
 São lágrimas de Portugal'*

Once, grave laodicean profiteer,  
 This harbour welcomed neutral ships

And warring secrets: enemies,  
 Remote from where fierce, fatal loyalties  
 Strode armed with death, strolled casually  
 And mingled with shut faces and tight hearts  
 In this pacific city, open then  
 To an ocean menaced by their conflict.  
 In still blue waters of flamboyant shade  
 Intrigue and treason, treachery and hate  
 Fermented like paludal slime. In febrile dreams  
 The city shared the strangers' destiny.

Yet, in that tense neutrality  
 There was a brooding innocence:  
 The war was far away and though the sea  
 Might wash a blaze of fire from the night,  
 The city knew the probabilities;  
 Its lassitude was old and wise;  
 The ocean it confronted was  
 (As backward-looking, sad Pessoa knew)  
 Salt with the tears of Portugal;  
 The mother-country's wars had all been fought—  
 How could there ever come a time  
 For guilt, expatiation and remorse?

Now (many years have passed) I sit  
 In still blue waters of flamboyant shade  
 And muse as sad Pessoa never could:  
 I lack blood knowledge of those bitter tears,  
 Those centuries when caravels  
 Caught storms of hazard in their sails  
 And left, in spastic writing on all maps,  
 Directions to the unknown worlds of earth;  
 The city, grown and prosperous,  
 Exalts in me no backward-looking thoughts—  
 It has the future's brooding innocence.  
 I sense another taut neutrality.  
 Its world, though growing old, is young,  
 Its rooted heritage is germinal:  
 Behind its tall, proud back a continent  
 Throws out a challenge, like the oceans once.



## HOMAGE TO FERNANDO PESSOA

19

A note: Fernando Pessoa was born in Lisbon on June 13, 1888, and died there on September 30, 1935. He came to South Africa at the age of five and returned to Portugal about 12 years later. He lived in Durban and his education was entirely in English—Roy Campbell mentions that Pessoa was at the Durban Boys' High School with one of his elder brothers—and during his lifetime he published four small volumes of poetry in English, but only one slim volume in Portuguese (MENSAGEM, 1935). Yet he is numbered among the greatest Portuguese poets and it can certainly be claimed for him that he ranks with the greatest poets of the 20th century.

He was a prodigious poet, in fact. Although he died at the comparatively early age of 47, he wrote hundreds of poems, most of which were not published until after his death. His range and his command of styles and forms were remarkable in the highest degree. After his death all his poems were collected and published in a scholarly edition of eight volumes. While alive he published his verse in a number of Portuguese literary journals, and was a powerful influence in Portuguese poetry for nearly three decades. He published his work under three heteronyms, as well as under his own name. Five volumes of the collected edition bear his own name; each of the other three bears one of the heteronyms: Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis and Alvaro de Campos.

Pessoa used the heteronyms to express different aspects of his complex personality—and the differences are astonishing. In my HOMAGE I am concerned only with 'Fernando Pessoa', and especially with the poems he wrote between 1918 and 1934 which are contained in MENSAGEM (Message). They deal with the Portuguese past, with the age of the great princes and captains, with the great mariners and discoverers. He dwells also—in a subtle and sublime mood of hope—on the decline of that age. These poems represent the backward-looking Pessoa—who could miraculously co-exist with the forward-looking, futuristic, avant-garde Alvaro de Campos. They are among the purest, the most mysterious and magical, of his lyrics.

My poems are not translations, nor are they 'after Pessoa'. But their *prima anima* is to be found in the MENSAGEM poems, and more particularly in a number of phrases, images and concepts which are central to them.

C. E.

# Pessoa in Durban: the making of a poet.

Margaret Jull Costa\*

JENNINGS, Hubert D. (1986). *Fernando Pessoa in Durban*. Durban: Durban Corporation, 188 pp.

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(1984). *Os Dois Exílios. Fernando Pessoa na África do Sul*. Porto: Fundação Eng. António de Almeida / Centro de Estudos Pessoaanos, 214 pp.

The author of *Fernando Pessoa in Durban*, Hubert Jennings, was born in England in 1896, joined the army at 16, was wounded in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battle of Ypres, sent home, but returned to France where he was wounded again and lost an eye. Invalided out of the army, he went to study at Aberystwyth University, qualified as a teacher and moved to South Africa in 1923, where he joined the teaching staff at Durban High School. On his retirement, he was commissioned to write the history of Durban High, whose former students included Roy Campbell and Fernando Pessoa. Jennings had never previously heard of Pessoa, but became particularly interested in him after reading a letter written by Roy Campbell to a mutual friend and in which Campbell wrote: "I have just discovered that Fernando Pessoa, the finest poet in any language in this century, also went to Durban High School." Jennings then went on to learn Portuguese, spent time in Lisbon doing further research, and was awarded an MA from Aberystwyth University at the age of 80. His MA thesis forms the basis for his biography of the Portuguese poet, charting the nine years that Pessoa spent in Durban, South Africa, and providing an insight into the young Pessoa and his early and enduring fascination with language and literature.

Pessoa arrived in Durban in 1896, when he was seven. His widowed mother had remarried, and his stepfather was the Portuguese consul. Jennings disputes João Gaspar Simões's theory that Pessoa's whole introverted personality was shaped by the trauma of losing his father when he was only 5, being uprooted from Lisbon and transplanted to Durban, and, in a sense, 'losing' his mother to her new husband and new siblings (SIMÕES, 1951: 55). Jennings provides evidence that the stepfather was very kind and welcoming, and that Pessoa was very fond of his siblings, who recall him telling them stories and making up puzzles for them.

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\* Literary translator.

# FERNANDO PESSOA IN DURBAN



BY H.D. JENNINGS

[Cover of *Pessoa in Durban*]

Pessoa arrived in Durban knowing no English at all, and made astonishing progress as a student, rapidly becoming fluent in English and French. His family visited Portugal between 1901 and 1902, but little is known of that period. On his return, Pessoa enrolled at the Commercial School, where he won first prize for an essay on Macaulay (whose work lacks genius, he said, because Macaulay was too sane!) and spent his spare time reading and writing voluminously. His reading diary for June 1903 includes such writers as Byron, Keats, Edgar Allen Poe, Espronceda, Molière, Voltaire, Shelley, Tolstoy, Shakespeare and Aristotle. Pessoa was clearly not an average student. A fellow pupil described him as:

a shy and likeable boy, of pleasant character, extremely intelligent, intent on speaking and writing English in the most academical form possible.

(JENNINGS, 1986: 17)

When that same pupil, a Mr Ormond, was told that his former schoolfellow was now considered to be a great Portuguese poet, he commented:

Although I was very young at the time, I remember feeling that no matter what came of it he was a genius... [he] was then a lively fellow, happy, good-humoured and of attractive appearance: I felt myself attracted to him as a piece of iron is attracted to a magnet.

(JENNINGS, 1986: 17)

Another pupil, Mr Geerds, described Pessoa thus: "A little fellow with a big head. He was brilliantly clever but quite mad." He also mentioned that when he left Durban to study at Oxford University, he received a letter from Pessoa, with whom he had remained friends. The letter purported to come from a doctor in Lisbon, but Geerds was sure it had been written by Pessoa himself. Geerds had not kept the letter, but Jennings later found a fragment written in French among Pessoa's many papers, and which he believed to be a draft of that letter to Geerds. In this document, Pessoa describes "the patient P":

[la vie mentale de P.] n'est pas absolument normal [...] Plus, à sept ans P montre déjà ce caractère réservé—nonenfantile—mais une pondération (non la pondération du bon-sens tout-à-fait bourgeois, mais la pondération mélancolique et intellectuelle), une sérieux qui étonnent. S'isole déjà, il aime jouer seul, à lire, à écrire (il l'apprit lui-même). C'est un solitaire, on le voit bien! Et à tout celà il faut joindre beaucoup de rage impulsive (...) beaucoup de peur. On peut résumer le caractère—précocité intellectuelle, imagination prématurément intense, méchanceté, besoin d'isolement. C'est un neuropath en miniature.

[the mental life of P.] was not absolutely normal. [...] Again, at seven years P. was showing that reserved character—unchildlike—and a ponderation (not that sensible, completely middle-class ponderation, but a melancholy and intellectual ponderation), and an astonishing *seriousness*. He is already isolating himself, he loves to play alone, to read, to write (*he learned to do so by himself*). He is a solitary, that is quite plain! And to all this must be added plenty of impulsive anger... plenty of fear. His character can be summarised as—

intellectual precocity, prematurely intense imagination, naughtiness, fear, need to be alone. It is miniature *neuropathy*.)

(translation and italics by JENNINGS, 1986: 23)

He also comments that:

Ayant vécu dans un pays (le Natal) loin de l'influence corruptrice de la civilisation, il n'a pas de dépuçelage mental; à cette époque il garde mentalement (à ce que je crois) une virginité d'imagination parfaite.

Having lived in a land (Natal) far from the corruptive influence of civilization, he had not lost his mental purity; at that time he still kept mentally (as far as I can tell) a perfect virginity of imagination.

(translation based on the one by JENNINGS, 1986: 23-24)

This description does perhaps support Simões's view of Pessoa as a wounded soul, but, more interestingly, it also provides an early example of Pessoa splitting off from "Pessoa ele mesmo" (*Pessoa himself*) and creating another self like himself but not himself.

Pessoa began writing very early on—stories, poems and pastiches. He also created word and logic puzzles that were good enough to be published in the local newspapers and to which we can perhaps trace his "detective" novels—*Quaresma*, *Decifrador*—which are really more puzzle than novel. The slightly stilted and old-fashioned English poems he wrote at the time are clearly (and unsurprisingly) the work of a young man under the influence of all the many writers he was reading. Jennings notes João Gaspar Simões's comment about Pessoa's ten years in South Africa:

One thing is certain that in all his work there is not a single word about that remote home – the distant land where he spent nearly ten years...

[*apud* and translation by JENNINGS, 1986: 27]

Jennings seconds this, noting that, despite Durban's great natural beauty, there is virtually no mention of this in any of Pessoa's early writings, almost as if Durban did not exist, as if it were less real than the literary world in which the poet was immersed. The brief account of Jennings's own life in Douglas Livingstone's introduction (and which I summarise at the beginning of this review) reminds one of what we consider to be a normal life full of incident and is in marked contrast to Pessoa's life which is lived almost entirely through poetry, puzzles and fictions.

In Part 2 of *Pessoa in Durban*, Jennings deals with the many literary influences on Pessoa's work. The poet was immersed in the work of English-language authors, but dismissed the work of Hugo, Musset and Lamartine as "constructive monstrosities" adding that "The French spirit is the apotheosis of the second rate." (PESSOA, s/d: 142-3). He felt quite differently about the classics. He learned Latin at school in Durban and was particularly drawn to the poems of

Horace, an interest that found an outlet in his heteronym Ricardo Reis. As Jennings writes:

Ricardo Reis frequently paraphrases not only the wording but sometimes the themes which Horace uses, but adding always his own marked and individual touch.

(JENNINGS, 1986: 75)

Pessoa never learned Greek, but had read most of the Greek tragedies and had, for his own amusement, translated into Portuguese some of W.R. Paton's *Greek Anthology* (PESSOA, 1965: 637). The impression one gets is of a man constantly in search of knowledge, but also someone already in search of other personae. Citing Octavio Paz's summation of Pessoa's work (PESSOA, 1962): "Su obra es un paso hacia lo desconocido. Una pasión" ("His work is a step towards the unknown. A passion."), Jennings in turn remarks:

It was a passion tempered by the Greek spirit of speculation and scepticism: things he had learned in South Africa, when, with fine prescience, he had taken for himself the name of Alexander Search.

(JENNINGS, 1986: 94-95)

The book concludes with a selection of translations by Jennings of poems by Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos, Ricardo Reis and Fernando Pessoa *himself*. There is also a series of photos of Durban, Durban High School and of Pessoa at the ages of 8, 11, 13, 19, 27, as well as the famous one of him striding along in the Baixa, and the last one taken in 1935. In all of them one sees the same wariness, the same withheldness, which may simply be explained as the way people posed for photos long before the age of the beaming selfie. It is hard, though, not to interpret them all as Pessoa-the-façade behind which seethe all those many other lives. This is particularly true of the last photo, in which he looks cautiously at the photographer and at us or at some point just beyond. He seems to find it almost painful to be seen at all.

Whatever the roots of Pessoa's intense introversion—whether it was the early loss of his father, his mother's remarriage, being transplanted to another culture and another language and another family when only seven years old—what comes across in this brief biography is that even from that very young age he was recognisably Pessoa, trying out different languages and voices and personalities and already creating a personal universe to be peopled with his many alternative selves, a universe existing in parallel to the real world. Jennings's thesis was, oddly enough, first published in Portuguese in Portugal under the title *Os Dois Exílios*, a reference to four painful and enigmatic poems by Pessoa. The first line of the second of these poems seems to sum up the Pessoa of that last photograph:

Doe viver, nada sou que valha ser.

(PESSOA, 1956: 49)



Fernando Pessoa - last portrait, 1935.

*From the Pessoa and Rosa Family Collection.*

[reproduced in JENNINGS, 1986: last page of photos]

And yet this is the same man who concluded “Ode Triunfal” (*Triumphal Ode*) with the words:

Ah não ser eu toda a gente e toda a parte!

(PESSOA, 1915: 83)

What one takes from this biography is a sense of a man who wanted simultaneously to be no one and to be everyone.

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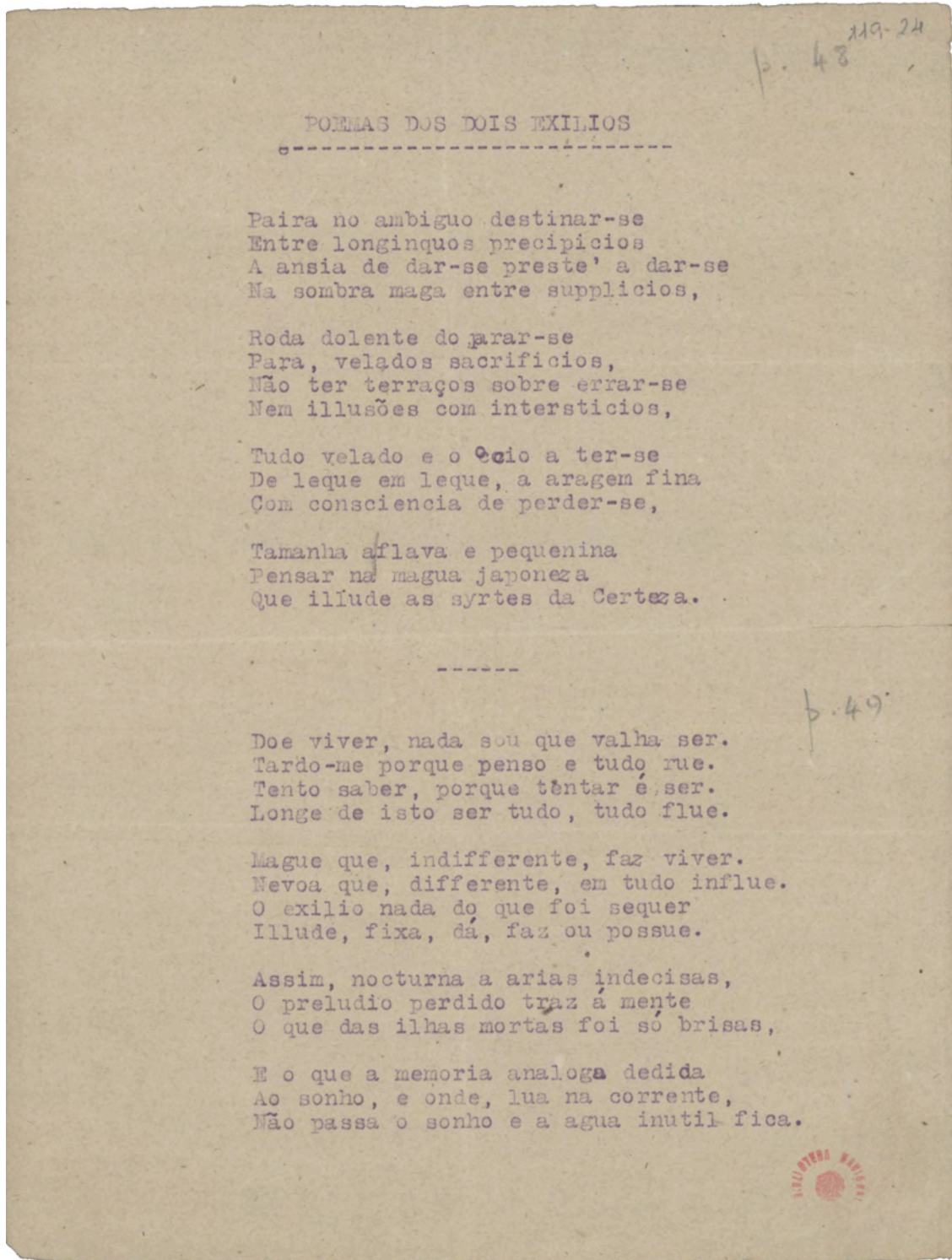




[Cover of *Os Dois Exílios*, Portuguese version of *Pessoa in Durban*]

## Annexes

I. [BNP/E3, 119-24] *Four poems (or one four-part poem) by Fernando Pessoa, typed on both sides of a loose paper, under the title "Poemas dos Dois Exílios." Some parts of this text had different titles in manuscripts that preceded the typed version: 119-21<sup>r</sup> (Loucura 2), 119-22<sup>r</sup> (Loucura 3), 119-23<sup>r</sup> (Loucura 1) and 119-22<sup>v</sup> (untitled); these mss. are dated 24 Sept. 1923. First published in Poesias Inéditas, 1919-1930 (Lisboa: Ática, 1956).*



Análogo começo,  
Unissono me peço,  
Gaia sciencia o assomo -  
Falha no ultimo tomo.

f. 50

Onde prolixo ameaço  
Paralelo transpasso;  
O entreaberto haver  
Diagonal a ser.

E interludio vernal,  
Conquista do fatal,  
Onde, velludo, afaga  
A ultima que alaga.

Timbre do vespertino,  
Alli, caricia, o hymno  
Outomnou entre preces  
Antes que, agua, comeces.

-----

f. 51

Doura o dia. Silente, o vento dura.  
Vérde as arvores, molle a terra escura,  
Onde flores, vazia a alea e os bancos.  
No pinhal herba cresce nos barrancos.  
Nuvens vagas no perfido horizonte.  
O moinho longinquo no ermo monte.  
Eu alma, que contempla tudo isto,  
Nada conhece e tudo reconhece.  
Nestas sombras de me sentir existo,  
E é falsa a teia que tecer me tece.

POEMAS DOS DOIS EXILIOS

Paira no ambiguo destinar-se  
Entre longinquos precipicios,  
A ansia de dar-se preste' a dar-se  
Na sombra vaga entre supplicios,

5     Roda dolente do parar-se  
      Para, velados sacrificios,  
      Não ter terraços sobre errar-se  
      Nem illusões com intersticios,

9     Tudo velado e o ocio a ter-se  
10    De leque em leque, a aragem fina  
      Com consciencia de perder-se,

Tamanha a flava e pequenina  
Pensar na magua japoneza  
Que illude as syrtes da Certeza.

-----

15    Doe viver, nada sou que valha ser.  
      Tardo-me porque penso e tudo rue.  
      Tento saber, porque tentar é ser.  
      Longe de isto ser tudo, tudo flue.

19    Magua que, indifferente, faz viver.  
20    Nevoa que, diferente, em tudo influe.  
      O exilio nada do que foi sequer  
      Illude, fixa, dá, faz ou possue.

Assim, nocturna, a arias indecisas,  
O preludio perdido traz á mente  
25    O que das ilhas mortas foi só brisas,

26    E o que a memoria analogica dedica  
      Ao sonho, e onde, lua na corrente,  
      Não passa o sonho e a agua inutil fica.

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Analogo começo,  
 30 Unissono me peço,  
 Gaia sciencia o assomo—  
 Falha no ultimo tomo.

Onde prolixo ameaço  
 Paralelo transpasso,  
 35 O entreaberto haver  
 Diagonal a ser.

37 O interludio vernal,  
 Conquista do fatal,  
 Onde, velludo, afaga  
 40 A ultima que alaga.

Timbre do vespertino,  
 Alli, caricia, o hymno  
 Outomnou entre preces  
 Antes que, agua, comeces.

-----

45 Doura o dia. Silente, o vento dura.  
 46 Verde as arvores, molle a terra escura,  
 Onde flores, vazia a alea e os bancos.  
 No pinhal herva cresce nos barrancos.  
 Nuvens vagas no perfido horizonte.  
 50 O moinho longinquo no ermo monte.  
 Eu alma, que contempla tudo isto,  
 Nada conhece e tudo reconhece.  
 Nestas sombras de me sentir existo,  
 E é falsa a teia que tecer me tece.

Notes:

- 5 <a>/p\ arar-se  
 9 <co>/oc\ io  
 19 Mague *in the original, certainly as a typo; the ms. BNP/E3, 119-22<sup>r</sup> displays Magua.*  
 26 dedi<d>/c\ a  
 35 entre<ba>/ab\ erto  
 37 interludi<p>/o\  
 46 V<d>/e\ rde

# We'll Put Our Muzzles to the Lake: the passionate inner life of Hubert Jennings

Matthew Hart\*

## Keywords

Hubert Jennings, Jennings family history, World War I, Benoni, South African Poetry, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa in Durban, Os Dois Exílios.

## Abstract

This introduction to the life of Hubert Dudley Jennings (1896-1991), one of the first biographers of Fernando Pessoa, includes his early years in England, his experiences in World War I, and his teaching at Durban High School, the same school where Pessoa had studied while in South Africa. This sketch relies in part on *A Cracked Record*, a memoir consisting of four notebooks penned when Jennings was in his nineties—697 handwritten pages, revealing a writerly and romantic imagination. A fragmentary fifth instalment of this memoir—a 21-page typescript—is discussed elsewhere in this issue of *Pessoa Plural*.

## Palavras-chave

Hubert Jennings, história da família Jennings, Primeira Guerra Mundial, Benoni, Poesia Sul-Africana, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa em Durban, Os Dois Exílios.

## Resumo

Esta introdução à vida de Hubert Dudley Jennings (1896-1991), um dos primeiros biógrafos de Fernando Pessoa, inclui sua infância na Inglaterra, suas experiências na Primeira Guerra Mundial e seu magistério na Durban High School, a mesma escola onde Pessoa tinha estudado quando na África do Sul. Este esboço baseia-se em parte em *A Cracked Record*, um memorial escrito em quatro cadernos por Jennings aos seus noventa anos—697 páginas manuscritas, revelando uma imaginação romântica e literária. Um quinto volume fragmentário dessas memórias—um datiloscrito de 21 páginas—é apresentado alhures neste número da *Pessoa Plural*.

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\* Matthew Hart is a veteran writer and journalist, and the author of eight books, including *Diamond: the History of a Cold-blooded Love Affair*, which won a Barnes & Noble “Discover” award, was translated into eight languages, and described the work of Hubert’s son, Christopher Jennings, as a diamond explorer. Dr. Jennings and his wife Jeanne, née Nel, later commissioned Hart to write a history of the Jennings-Nel family, to be published privately in 2016, and also to help organize and dispose of the literary archive that became the “Jennings gift,” donated to the John Hay Library at Brown University in October, 2015.

*In a thousand thousand years  
 We'll creep back, the gemsbok and I,  
 And stamp our feet o'er the rifled earth,  
 Where miles of red-brick ruins lie;  
 And go down to the lake by the white silt  
 Where a rusting crane like a starved bird  
 Creaks wearily in the moonlight, and there  
 We'll put our muzzles to the lake,  
 And taste its waters, bitter still with tears.*

(Hubert Jennings, "Benoni"<sup>1</sup>)

In these lines the poet expresses a classic theme—the solitariness and pain of life. He was at heart a solitary man himself, with an intensely romantic inner life steeped in the rhythms of literary speech. He must have kept an inner door shut against intrusion, because he displayed to the world instead that bluff authority that it takes to keep a classroom in order.

Hubert Jennings spent his formal working years in that teeming world, yet his colleagues understood so little of him that his obituary in the journal of the Natal Teachers' Society, a group he once headed, failed to mention the most singular achievement of his life: a body of scholarship on one of the most enigmatic literary figures of the twentieth century. *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* was written when Hubert was almost eighty. The Portuguese version, *Os Dois Exílios*, was published when he was eighty-eight!

When I first set out to write about Hubert Jennings, these facts seemed only charming and bizarre, evidence of an accidental passion ignited in retirement and indulged by a man with a restless mind, a good pension, and plenty of spare time. I had no inkling of either the extent of the Pessoa world, or of Hubert's place in it. For it wasn't Hubert's world that I was chronicling, but his son's, an intellectual terrain as arcane as Hubert's own. And although father and son were in many ways dissimilar, they shared a quality of implacability, or single-mindedness, that drove each of them in the pursuit of an elusive quarry: for the one, a great poet, and for the other, the secrets of the Earth. But I had better start at the beginning.

\*

In 1991 explorers discovered diamonds in the Canadian Arctic. The discovery sparked the greatest staking rush in history. A territory the size of western Europe was staked into mineral claims, and the ensuing mines made Canada the third largest diamond producer in the world. A crucial mover of these events—indeed, the prime mover—was Hubert's son, Chris Jennings.

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<sup>1</sup> *South African Poetry: a New Anthology*, London: Collins, 1948. p 133. See annex.

In my book about the hunt for Arctic diamonds<sup>2</sup>, I detailed the decades-long process of reflection and discovery, of suspicion and experiment, of rising optimism and dashed hopes that began in the Kalahari Desert and ended in a breathless, almost desperate campaign of exploration across the vast reaches of Canada's Northwest Territories.

All this made for an engrossing tale (if I say so myself!). But a reporter wants to know what made his character who he is, and this brought me to Hubert. Hubert was the wellspring of his son's love of the outdoors. When they lived at Greytown, in the Natal Midlands, and later at Dundee, father and son would trek up into the foothills of the Drakensberg to fish for trout in the mountain streams. Everything around them caught the attention of the boy—the rocks, the insects, and the animals that thronged the countryside. "Every call of a bird brings back the small boy who loved birds so much and taught us to love them," Hubert wrote to Chris, when the 'small boy' was almost forty and the father seventy-eight. "Such little things, my son, but they are the very stuff of life, and as I came into the rondavel to write this, I found myself hoping that when you too reach the evening of life you will have as many pleasant little things around you."

But of course, that was not all that Hubert was writing in the rondavel. For by then—the year was 1974—he was already an active member of the scholarly community devoted to Pessoa. Yet of this life his family knew little, and my own portrayal of Hubert was threadbare. To be frank, all I really wanted was to account for his emigration to South Africa and the production of a son. Once I'd wrung those details out of Hubert's life, I could head off on what I saw as my real story. Even Hubert's war service—injured three times in the First World War—was there to support a hardy trope: the imperial Englishman, complete with animus towards the Boers, the Afrikaans-speaking descendants of South Africa's original Dutch settlers, against whom Britain had fought a series of discreditable wars. In this case Hubert's role was to provide the model of contemporary prejudice that his son could shatter by crossing enemy lines, so to speak, and marrying into a prominent Afrikaner family, a marriage that Hubert did not like and never warmed to. So there he stood, in what is after all the common fate of parents: yoked by posterity to the harness of someone else's narrative, until a day in May, 2013, when Peter Ibbotson, the husband of Hubert's granddaughter, Jeannine, discovered a large box stowed in the rafters of his Johannesburg garage.

The box contained an archive of Hubert's papers and books, enough to fill a small trunk. That material fell into two quite different parts. One was a mass of literary papers, correspondence, and the typescript of an unpublished book about Pessoa. This edition is devoted to those papers, which provide further evidence of Hubert's importance to the early years of Pessoa studies.

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<sup>2</sup> *Diamond: a Journey to the Heart of an Obsession*, New York: Walker & Company, 2001 (published in paperback, and in the UK, as *Diamond: the History of a Cold-Blooded Love Affair*).



The other part of the archive consisted of four hardcover notebooks. Called *A Cracked Record* and numbered one to four in Roman numerals, these holograph documents were not included in the preliminary inventory prepared by Carlos Pittella-Leite<sup>3</sup>, as Hubert's heirs had not yet decided to include them with his other papers in a planned gift to Brown University (they have since decided to include them). A 21-page typescript called *Cracked Record V*, wholly unlike the preceding handwritten volumes in tone, was included in the inventory.

*A Cracked Record* was a titanic production for someone of Hubert's years. Beginning a month before his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, he embarked on a chronicle that streams along page after page, margin to margin, in a torrent of recollection that lasted 33 months. He did not stop writing until he had filled 697 pages and was staring his 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday in the face. Much of the following account is taken from its pages.

### Early Life

Hubert Dudley Jennings was born November 12, 1896, in the parish of Tetherdown, in the old borough of Hornsey, County of Middlesex. Hornsey survives today as a north London neighbourhood, part of the borough of Haringey. In those days the metropolis had not entirely swallowed Tetherdown; it was still a semi-rural precinct, with woods and a pond. Hubert was the baby of the family, the last of seven children. One had died in infancy.

His father William was a travelling salesman for a London department store called Maple's. He was a distant figure in his son's life. He wrote in a "beautiful, clerkly hand," had a good head for sums, and that's about all we hear of him. Hubert's mother, Alice White, was "a bright, cherry-cheeked woman about five feet tall, but with immense restless energy and with twice the force of character of my father."

Both Hubert's grandfathers were craftsmen. His paternal grandfather, a blacksmith in Honiton, Devon, specialized in monumental iron gates for the gentry's country houses. His mother's father, Arthur White, made the stylish top boots favoured by the London dandies of the day. "He sold them for a guinea a pair," wrote Hubert, "enough for him to live in considerable estate for a week."

Tetherdown lies in a part of London called Muswell Hill, a leafy neighbourhood that even today is somewhat off the beaten track. Its famous feature is the Alexandra Palace, a sprawling, hilltop pleasure dome that Londoners fondly call the Ally Pally, and where the Jennings family often went for picnics.

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<sup>3</sup> Editor's note: since the preliminary inventory was prepared, besides the memoir *A Cracked Record*, various other documents, photos and books were found by the family and added to the Jennings literary estate; Brown University's John Hay library is preparing the final inventory.

When William lost his job at Maple's, the family had to move from Muswell Hill. Hubert remembers stopping strangers in the road to tell them plaintively that "we are poor."

They let the maid go and moved to Leigh-on-Sea, a hamlet on the Essex coast, on the north side of the Thames estuary. It was a lonely, weather-swept place, with no other houses nearby, a fact that doomed the little store that was part of the house, and that Alice ran by herself. William commuted to London for work, returning to the family only on weekends.

"It was always my mother who dominated the household," Hubert wrote. "No Victorian father could have exerted more discipline than she. A switch was kept on the table to enforce good manners—and she was not too slow to use it, particularly on Will, who was as quick-tempered as she was." On Sundays, when not at church, "we were only allowed to sit and draw, or in the case of the girls, sew."

When the store failed, William moved his family back into London, into a terrace house in East Ham, a suburb of identical, bow-windowed, yellow-brick houses, the homes of people with a toehold in the middle class. Not far away lay Dagenham, now the site of the Ford motor company's European engine plant, but in those days a quaint village. Hubert and his sister, Doris, would roam the nearby fields with jam pots and nets, scouring the ditches that drained the marshy plain on the lookout for tadpoles and newts.

The local school was, to a young boy, a forbidding pile. There were the usual rites of passage—scuffles and fistfights in the playground—and for Hubert, the discovery that he was smart. Academic standing was publicly marked by classroom seat assignment. As top of the class—a position he held for his whole time at the school—Hubert occupied the leftmost desk in the front row.

At 13, Hubert's parents sent their bright son to The Coopers' Company School, one of London's ancient guild schools, an academy founded in 1536. In Hubert's day the school was located in Tredegar Square at Mile End. With their tradition of scholarships and modest fees, and rooted as they were in the venerable and powerful trade associations of London, the guild schools offered a standard of education otherwise reserved to the children of the upper class. It was at Cooper's that Hubert acquired the facility in French that he kept all his life.

When his parents could no longer afford the modest two-guinea annual fee (more than £1,000 in today's money), Hubert cycled rapidly through a number of jobs—office boy, payroll clerk in a piano factory, trainee at a real-estate agent's—until he landed in the shop of Harcombe Cuff, a pharmacist. Not a simple employee, he was now an apprentice, "or more grandly, pharmaceutical student," as he recalled. "I felt it was a privilege, and enjoyed the changing scene, the generally respectful customers, and the sense of being gradually initiated into the mysteries of an ancient and occult craft."

He remembered the summer of 1914 as an idyll of contentment, riding his bicycle through nearby woods and, at work, settling into a pleasurable routine serving the customers and learning his profession. All this came to an end on June 28, 1914, when the crown prince of Austria, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife, Sophie, were shot dead by an assassin as they rode in an open carriage through the streets of Sarajevo.

The murder of the imperial couple by a Balkan nationalist was the spark that ignited European war, unleashing tensions that had been building for decades. In swift succession: Austria declared war on Serbia; Russia took a stand against Austria; the Germans and Turks made a pact against France; Germany invaded Belgium; Britain declared war on Germany. The halcyon world that Hubert had been pedalling through disappeared into smoke, and into that acrid cloud he marched.

## **The Crucible**

He was 17 years old. The prospect of an orderly transition from boyhood to adult life vanished into the distant roar of artillery. Hubert volunteered.

Apparently he looked even younger than he was: the first regiments he tried to enlist in refused him. One month after the declaration of war he was accepted into the 12<sup>th</sup> London Regiment, the Rangers. He reported to a marshalling depot at the White City in west London, and later, as winter deepened, was posted to an encampment in Ashdown Forest, an area of open heath and wooded hills in the High Weald, a swath of English countryside that embraces parts of Surrey, Kent, and West Sussex.

In April, with the war already chewing its way through the ranks, the regiment asked for volunteers, and Hubert sailed for le Havre. After a stormy night crossing of the English Channel they entered the River Seine and made a slow ascent upriver through the farms and villages of Normandy. The war seemed far away.

“Sometimes a few peasants would wave to us from the [bank] or raise a small cheer, but mostly we had the river and the rich, smiling countryside to ourselves.”

The troops disembarked at Rouen, and began a march through the Pas-de-Calais. The landscape became steadily drearier and more foreboding as they neared the front. They reached the town of Saint-Omer and crossed into Belgium. Now they filed through villages battered by war. They stopped at a camp three miles from the Flemish town of Ypres, a name made infamous in the annals of war by the sheer scale of the carnage on its battlefields. The 17-year-old chemist's apprentice and his equally untested comrades arrived in the midst of one of the most savage of those contests, the Second Battle of Ypres.



[Hubert Jennings at enlistment, 1914; courtesy of the Jennings family]

At Ypres the Germans were making a determined drive towards the Channel ports, a strategic objective that, if reached, would put them on England's doorstep. As the fighting raged back and forth across the muddy ground, it took a hideous toll. The Germans used poison gas for the first time in the history of war. In a single charge at the German line a Canadian force lost seventy-five per cent of its men. Into this hell went Hubert's battalion.

The regulation issue of equipment and arms weighed 60 pounds, and most of the soldiers carried extra supplies—food from home, a writing case, warm clothing knit by loving hands. All around them the night seemed to be on fire as vast explosions tore up the battlefield. Machine guns made their deadly chatter, and for the first time they heard the unnerving, murderous whiz of bullets passing close.

"At length we came to a high railway embankment and here we found the battalion living like troglodytes in caverns they had hollowed out into a massive interior. A piece of sacking was cautiously lifted and we saw the red glow of a brazier inside.

"'Shut that bleeding thing!' someone said in the dark inside. 'What do you want?'

"'We're from the Second Batt,' a corporal said meekly.

"'Christ! How many of you?'

"'Half a platoon.'

"'No room!' they shouted, but we barged in and edged our way towards the brazier, dropping our burdens as we went.

"There we stayed some days. How we survived with braziers of coke going all the time and no ventilation except through the sacking door, I do not know. Perhaps there was some chalk in the filling of that embankment that absorbed or neutralized the carbon dioxide."

The work exhausted them.

"For hours we toiled with our spades digging vast heaps of clay and throwing them on either side and quite often we came upon a heap of corpses from previous battles, and the stench would reduce us to vomiting. When day began to dawn we were ordered back and were so utterly played out that we leaned against one another, and as soon as we got to the open road and were able to do so, marched on asleep, waking by fits and starts to get our bearings. Then we lay down in the dugout by the poisonous brazier, not knowing whether we were dead or alive—or caring!"

Not long after, they moved up to the front line. The enemy was thirty yards away. Hubert wrote that they could not see the enemy position without standing up on the firing step and peering through the wire, and that a blanket of silence lay over the battlefield. This interlude did not last long.

On the afternoon of April 22, Hubert's battalion was ordered onto the firing platform and told to empty their magazines at the enemy.

"We did so hastily and then dodged back to recharge the magazines, and then fire again, taking care as we were doing so not to reappear at the same place. There was little reply from the other side. They just kept their heads down and waited."

What the enemy were waiting for was their own artillery to find the range of Hubert's line, and soon they did. A German shell landed squarely in an ammunition store in a nearby trench, and the world exploded.

"I was suddenly wrapped up in fire, noise and smoke, and probably senseless. What I first became aware of was the painful throbbing in my ears, and standing in semi-darkness. 'I must be hit,' I thought, 'and probably dead.' Slowly I began to feel and look at myself. The first I saw was a small hole through the webbing of my equipment, just above my heart. I probed the hole with my finger and found it stopped short of my grey army [under]shirt. Then exploring slowly downward, I saw the left leg of my trousers in tatters and blood soaking the ragged ends, and on my puttees. 'It must be hanging by a thread,' I thought, and shook my leg to see if it would fall off. It didn't, so I used it to move away from the smoke and acrid stench that still filled the trench. Rounding a revetment, I saw dead men on the ground, one with his scalp taken off and the white brains scattered. It was, I saw, a man who had, it seemed, a grudge against me, and used to taunt me. But I had no other feeling except that I was alive and he was dead."

Hubert was injured three times in the war, and was invalided out for the last time in May, 1917. A year later, in 1918, he left the Army and enrolled in the B.A. program at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, now Aberystwyth University.

At Aberystwyth he struck up a friendship with Belgian sisters named de Saedeleer, and their father, Valerius, a well-known landscape painter. On weekends Hubert often walked the three miles from Aberystwyth to the de Saedleers' country house. Battered by war as the young man was, the painter's peaceful habits struck him as an ideal way of life.

He was also attracted by the women.

The de Saedeleer household teemed with girls. At 22, Hubert was alive to their charms. Elizabeth had "pale gold hair, blue eyes and a milk-white skin," and Marie-Jozef, "or Chefke as we called her, was a mischievous and slight young imp with dark black hair and brooding dark eyes."

Nevertheless, a streak of ambivalence marked his relations with these nubile teenagers; in later life, one of them ridiculed him for impotence. He himself characterized it as a "brother and sister" relationship; his memoir tells a more nuanced story. More frankly electric was the charge between Hubert and Gabrielle

Grandsire—Bielle—a young Belgian friend of the family who arrived in Wales on a visit.

“Bielle and I soon struck up a lively exchange of banter which did not escape the notice of the de Saedeleer children and of my fellow students. Austin christened her “Yum-Yum,” and the name seemed to take on, and when we appeared at football matches or any other public occasion they seemed to regard us as a kind of peep-show, and they would be rewarded by seeing her shout ‘Oh, I ate them’ when the other side scored, or turn round and bite my ear if the reverse occurred. At a dance when she appeared, the game was to leave the floor to us, and I can still see her pirouetting around in a short, black dress dotted with white moons with a bar across them.”

On a country walk, they “dawdled and ran and kissed and clashed and shivered and ran and fell into one another’s arms again while the wind sang (sobbed, I said afterwards) in the trees above us, just as generations had done before us. At length we reached the house, dark, silent, sleeping. Bielle gave me the huge key and I unlocked the door. We stood a moment in the hall. Silently, we kissed again and then she fled upstairs. Quietly, I went out and closed the door.”

## Claire

In 1920 Hubert spent a summer in Strasbourg to improve his French, and became infatuated with a fellow student. To the young Englishman, Claire Rauche was an exotic and tantalizing creature, reserved and aloof.

Slowly, they became friends. She would allow him to walk her to the tram, “but no further.”

“After about a month the pressure eased. We would meet sometimes and have tea at the shop in the Rue de la Mésange [...] Then later I would meet her under a stipulated lamp post at one end of the Place Kléber or Place Gutenberg. She was usually five or ten minutes late, and when I had almost given her up she would materialise beside me as if by magic.”

Their intimacy increased. On the surface they must have looked like any young couple in the midst of a flirtation; but for Claire, much more powerful emotions had taken hold, as Hubert discovered to his consternation when Claire had an errand in Nancy, some two hours away by train, and he went with her.

“After a while we had the carriage to ourselves and I put an arm around her and kissed her lightly on the cheek. It was not the first time but the effect this time was electric.

“She pushed me away and said in English ‘Do you want me to let myself go? Do you want me to let myself go?’ It was said in a fierce intense whisper as though it was something that had been simmering for a long time. And utterly different from our normal airy persiflage.

“It was an invitation, a challenge to throw ourselves over the moon and to make what the French would call a ‘declaration.’ But the young man that I was then did no such thing, but held back, disconcerted and ill at ease. She must have seen it because she quickly resumed our usual light chatter and so it remained the rest of the day. She did her business at the consulate. We took a brief look at the historic city which had been somebody or other’s capital, had lunch on the *pavé* outside a restaurant in the Grand Place, and an excellent bottle of Sauvignon Blanc, and then contentedly took the train back.”

But it was not “contentedly” at all, not for Claire.

They never consummated their affair. Sailing home to the United States, Claire poured out her love in a series of desperate letters.

“I must end this,” Hubert wrote seven decades later. He meant his own regretful gaze back down the years at the young man who would not return Claire’s love. “On the 10<sup>th</sup> September, Claire wrote a letter which after all these years shames and depresses me. It is the shortest of her letters and begins “*Hubert! Pourquoi ce silence?*” and ends with another cry, ‘*Hubert! Hubert!*’ Why had I not written just one little word to say that I was ‘*bien portant?*’ She waited and waited every morning, and nothing came.”

On graduation from the University of Wales Hubert took a teaching job at the Tideswell Grammar School, in the Peaks district of Derbyshire, arriving in time for a bitter winter. The Tideswell school had been founded in 1560 “by some enemy of the human race,” as Hubert liked to say. “It had stone walls, stone floors, a resident ghost, and a deep, penetrating chill everywhere.”

In 1923 he left the chill behind for good, and sailed to Natal.

### **D.H.S., Eleanor, and Peggy**

Of the three love affairs to follow here, the first was the most enduring – the one with Durban High School. D.H.S., as it was always known, was one of the leading boys’ schools in the country. When Hubert arrived at the establishment on the Berea where his life in South Africa began, it was love at first sight. Founded in 1866 with an enrolment of seven boys, D.H.S. had grown into a splendid school, with a redbrick Victorian façade that surveyed an expanse of lawns and sporting grounds. It was a far cry from the frigid purgatory of a northern English winter. Among the newly arrived young master’s duties were the school’s sports, and cricket and rugby were his passions.

In his account, *The D.H.S. Story, 1866-1966*, Hubert chronicled the school’s first century. The writing of the book must have raked up vivid memories. A boys’ school is not like other experiences in men’s lives. In its closed, masculine world, the emotions of young life blaze away without the presence of mothers or sisters. Although their times at the school did not coincide, D.H.S. was a special bond for



father and son, and in the flyleaf of the copy of the history that he gave to Chris, Hubert wrote of “happy memories of your own fine record at this school to which we both owe so much.”

Even at the end of his life, Hubert remembered his fellow masters in Dickensian detail. C.E. Carpenter—“Chaka” to the boys—was “a lean, cadaverous man with hooded eyes [who] hated anyone to cough in his presence or even passing his room, and was even said by one boy to have chased him along the dormitory verandahs and down the fire-escape stairs with a revolver in his hand.”



[D.H.S. 1<sup>st</sup> Rugby team, 1927; Hubert centre back row; Jennings archive]

At the summer break in July, Hubert took the rugby team on tour, first to East Griqualand. One morning, out riding with the boys, “we came upon a party of young girls of about the same age as my boys, obviously home from boarding school. The boys stopped, of course, to chat with them. Then one of them detached herself from the others, came up and took my horse by the bridle-rings and looked up at me with an impish, smiling face and began to talk to me. I saw then that though one of the smaller there, she was older and more maturely dressed, and I thought I caught a glimpse of a gold ring on her finger. She was, in fact, two years younger than I. After a moment or two of laughing talk, she informed me that she

was coming riding with me the next morning, pulled the horse's nose towards her, kissed it on the velvety lip and then ran back to her companions."

Eleanor Perry was a 25-year-old married woman from Yorkshire. The next morning she came to fetch Hubert at his hotel in Matatiele, riding her horse up onto the verandah and calling in through the doors of the billiard room where he was watching a game.

"Are you ready?" she shouted.

And apparently he was, for he mounted the horse she'd brought for him and off they went, riding through the cold, crisp air of a highveld morning into an affair that would last five years.

But what exactly was the nature of this liaison? Hubert describes a dance at the Imperial Hotel in Matatiele soon after they met, when she emerged from a "knot of young men who had formed a solid phalanx around her" and advanced to him across the floor, her arms outstretched. She wore "a dazzling blue frock [that] went perfectly with her reddish-gold hair coiled round her head—I was to find out later that uncoiled it reached to her waist."

Another time he watches "moonlight creep in through the honeysuckle fronds on the window and run over her sleeping by my side, touching her face with the fringe of dark lashes, her river of red-gold hair."

Rapturous prose, yet they were never physical lovers. She told him "that an accident while she was a young girl had brought about a fallen womb, so we slept in one another's arms in the honey-suckle covered rondavel, but no more. I accepted it, glad in one way since it saved me, as I suffered from betraying [her husband] Harry whom I liked. And perhaps she thought something of the same, but we were never quite easy because we knew that we were taking away love that properly belonged to another, even if there was no consummation."

Uterine prolapse—a 'fallen womb'—would have made sex almost impossible, as no doubt Harry already knew. This may account for his apparent indifference to his wife's friendship with Hubert. It was a risky attachment anyway. They were flouting convention. The assumption would be that the affair was physical. She was a married woman and Hubert a schoolmaster whose charges' parents would look ill at such an association. You could say that Eleanor offered Hubert all the downside of an affair and none of the upside. That it lasted five years is more a testament to imagination than to lust.

Eleanor's successor, Peggy Bangley, was "distant, aloof, dignified, the very opposite of the prattling child who had so engrossed me for five years. She accepted my attentions in her slightly amused, detached way [...] And now for the next five years, I spent all my holidays with Peggy instead of with Polly [as Eleanor was sometimes called]."

And so the writer sets sail upon another well described but ultimately fruitless voyage.

"By driving to Maritzburg after school on Friday, I could catch the night train and we would spend the day together swimming in the Boksburg Lake and the evening dancing at the 12 o'clock Club in Johannesburg. She was a great clubwoman and the most athletic of all my women companions.

"We climbed mountains, bounded like goats over the rocks in gullies, swam in icy mountain lakes or warm ocean waters, danced till the small hours and played golf, where she always won."

Peggy's sister was married to Hubert's friend A.G. Goldwater, also a master at D.H.S., and Hubert says that his intention when he courted Peggy was to marry her. But Peggy's was not an affectionate nature.

"Tall, dignified, slightly sardonic, always unimpressed, she had impeccable manners and dignity. When we entered a room for a dinner or a dance, it was evident that all eyes were on us. But after our impressive entry to the dining rooms of the best hotels, the meal was often a mournful experience. Peggy would treat the waiter with exquisite charm and then fall into a musing fit of her own."

By the time this passionless fixation crumbled from its own inertia, Hubert was 37. Leaving aside the de Saedeleer girls and Gabrielle Grandsire, he'd had romantic connections with three women: Claire, Eleanor, and Peggy. The first he did not consummate, although he seems to have had the opportunity, and the other two were also, for different reasons but with his compliance, physically incomplete. No matter the romantic lens through which he viewed these relationships in his memoir decades later, at heart they were barren. Nothing makes this clearer than what happened next, when he met a young schoolteacher named Irene Kennedy—a golfer and musician, a woman not only beautiful, but emotionally available. The overwrought suitor of the past vanished into a man of purpose. In the twinkling of an eye Hubert had a wife; 10 months later, a son; and two years after that a daughter. Into a closet that he would not open for 50 years he placed the cool disdain and musing fits of one relationship, the creeping moonlight of another, the tormented letters and tristesse of a third. The door clicked shut on them. Here instead was life.

## **Irene**

"Irene rescued me," wrote Hubert, "and brought me back to normal."

He met her on a trip with the school rugby team to play a match in Dundee, a coal-mining town 200 miles north of Durban. She was a tall, fair-skinned young woman with green eyes "flecked with gold," as her daughter would later describe them.

Irene was the daughter of the district police commander, Alexander Angus Kennedy, always called A.A., a New Zealander of Scotch descent, and of his wife, Theodora Barnard, an Afrikaans-speaking South African of Dutch and British

ancestry. The Kennedys covered both sides of the law: Irene's father upheld it, and her infamous, dashing uncle, Cecil Barnard, broke it. He was a notorious ivory poacher whose exploits inspired the 1954 potboiler *The Ivory Trail*, by T.V. Bulpin, a prolific South African spinner of adventure tales.



[Mule cart in the Transvaal; c. 1901-1910; courtesy of the Jennings family]

Irene's early life was an adventure too. In a family memoir, Bridget Winstanley, Irene and Hubert's daughter, described the discovery of an old photograph, hidden among her mother's things, that brought back in a flash the stories that Irene had told her, of a time spent roaming the northern Transvaal wilderness with her parents. The photograph had been used as backing for another picture. When she discovered it, Bridget peeled it off, and immediately recognized the scene as one her mother had often described. The picture showed a mule cart on a trail through deep grass, and the people in the picture were Irene's parents. The photograph dated from the first decade of the twentieth century, at about the time Irene was born, when A.A., a young officer in the British South African Police, had been put in charge of a huge territory in the Transvaal.

"Their method of transport," Bridget wrote, "was by mule cart. Horses were not used because they were susceptible to mosquito-borne horse sickness, a fatal disease of horses, but not of donkeys and mules. My mother told me that they would often be halted for days at a time, when travelling, by vast herds of antelope and zebra."

In his own memoir, Hubert recalled the first time he met the family at their home in Dundee.

"I had already met the mother—a large and formidable old lady, who was by no means besotted with her daughter's choice. She wanted her to marry the local dentist, whom she regarded (rightly!) as being a much more profitable proposition and who had the added advantage of being, like herself, an Afrikaner. The old lady subjected me to quite a barrage to try to persuade me to withdraw. But Irene gently but firmly would have none of it. Irene's father [...] had no visible objections. He had retired [...] and was greatly enjoying himself as the popular secretary of the local club. Irene's three sisters and three brothers were prepared, apparently, to take me in their stride."

Hubert and Irene were married at St. James's church in Dundee in April 1933. The groom was flush with the proceeds of a profitable flutter in gold shares the year before, and in the midst of the Great Depression was able to splash out on a lavish honeymoon.

At Durban they boarded the German liner *Ussukuma*, and sailed up the east coast of Africa and into the Red Sea. They transited the Suez Canal, and took time out to visit Cairo. In the Egyptian capital they stayed at one of the most famous hotels in the world, Shepherd's—a palatial watering hole on the banks of the Nile, the haunt of movie stars and millionaires. Hubert took his bride to Giza to see the pyramids and the Sphinx. They travelled on to Venice, where they drifted through the twisting waterways in a gondola. At last they crossed the Alps, journeyed down the Rhine, and crossed to England, where Hubert introduced his glowing South African bride to her new relations. Then they headed north.

“The day we crossed the border into Scotland constantly comes back into my memory. I can see Irene bounding about getting ready for our lunch on the road with an air of happiness and fulfilment about her. It was the first time either of us had been in Scotland, but for her it was the land of romance, the home of her ancestors, Walter Scott and what not else [...] mildly undulating green meadows and a little wood with bluebells in it, not the bluebells of Scotland, which I’m told were really what we call harebells, but the wild hyacinth common in England and which we only saw in this one place in Scotland.

“But it was Scotland! Not ‘Caledonia, stern and wild,’ but a calm, pleasant, welcoming place. Windy, and we had to light our primus in the shelter of the boot, but it still remains the day that comes back with photographic clearness to my memory. Dear Irene! How often does this simple scene come back to me!”

On their return to Durban Hubert bought a house in Windermere Road, near the school. Chris was born on February 15, 1934. The next year, Hubert accepted the headship at the school in Stanger<sup>4</sup>, a town forty miles up the coast from Durban. Bridget was born in October 1936, while the family was living at the Stanger schoolhouse. A picture of Hubert, Irene and their children in the shade of their garden dates from about this time.



[Family on the lawn at Stanger schoolhouse; courtesy of the Jennings family]

<sup>4</sup> In the time of the Zulu war-king Shaka, the townsite was a royal cantonment called KwaDukuza. When Shaka’s brothers assassinated him in 1828, the whole place was burned to the ground. Europeans built a town on the same site in 1873, naming it for William Stanger, the Surveyor-General of Natal. The present government has restored the name KwaDukuza.

In 1941 Hubert took over the high school at Greytown, a flourishing farming centre in the heart of the Natal midlands, where my first interest in him ended. At Greytown Hubert's son Chris met Jeanne Nel, his future wife, the daughter of a landowning family of Huguenot descent, and my storyline went plunging off in pursuit of the life they made together. I had got from Hubert all I needed. I suppose that's just as well, for I was not qualified to judge his passionate engagement with Pessoa. Fortunately, there are such people, and many of them are writing in these pages.

## Annexes

I. *Three poems by Hubert Jennings published in the South African Poetry: a New Anthology (London: Collins, 1948. pp 133-135).*

## HUBERT JENNINGS

## THE PROMISE

O who shall love you as I do? I cried,  
 As at the love-long day's unwearied close  
 I lifted up her face—a dew-drenched rose  
 The evenlight had paled and sanctified.  
 Then in a riot of exultant pride  
 Whispered: Or whom shall you love more than me?  
 And challenged with my eyes; and slowly she  
 Returning from some twilight dream, replied:

“None other, love, none other . . . yet” and paused;  
 Then in the gathering dusk I heard, “save one . . .”  
 And while I mused and puzzled, shadow-fraught,  
 She, reading in my eyes the pain she caused,  
 Breathed out the promise of her secret thought,  
 And slowly added two words more: “Your son!”

## BENONI

In a thousand thousand years  
 We'll creep back, the gemsbok and I,  
 and stamp our feet o'er the rifled earth,  
 Where miles of red-brick ruins lie;  
 And go down to the lake by the white silt  
 Where a rusting crane like a starved bird  
 Creaks wearily in the moonlight, and there  
 We'll put our muzzles to the lake,  
 And taste its waters, bitter still with tears.

[ 133 ]





## HUBERT JENNINGS

Ah, who can say with what unearthly brush,  
 Steeped in unearthly dews, she whiter limned  
 Half-shrouded grace of you than white foam dimmed  
 By whiter breasts, as thrilling on the hush  
 Of dawn's loth waking, Nereids soft-hymned  
 Still whiter beauties where the pearly flush  
 Of Venus' form amazed the Paphian shore,  
 While the caressing wavelets round her pour.

O ancient world that slumbers lost in dream!  
 O morning-world whose dawn-dewed visions rise  
 Ever again when love unclouds the eyes!  
 Lo! Cytherea here in yet lovelier guise  
 Lies lapped in the coverlets' foamy gleam . . .  
 Rich flotsam on the shores of present cast  
 By seas enchanted of the sunset past.

Lo! Cytherea in loveliness arrayed  
 Of moonlight tissue, whose opaline smoulder  
 Runs rippling o'er the rhythms of hip and shoulder,  
 Glistens in the hair's down-tumbling cascade,  
 Which daintiest of robes doth soft enfold her;  
 While see! her eyes their dusky fringe have laid  
 On fair pale cheeks, and clasped across her breast  
 Her lax pale hands enshrine ambrosial rest.

# The Hubert We Knew: a daughter and son remember

Bridget Winstanley & Christopher Jennings\*

## Keywords

Hubert Jennings, Jennings Family Memoir, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa, First World War, South Africa.

## Abstract

This tribute to the life of Pessoaan scholar Hubert Jennings was written by Bridget Winstanley and Christopher Jennings, the daughter and son of Hubert and Irene Jennings. Bridget and Christopher wrote down their memories of a Hubert known only to them; Bridget edited the two texts into a single and somewhat chronological memoir about their father. The resulting text starts with an introduction in the first-person plural by both authors, then switches to the first-person singular—the voice of Bridget, which oftentimes quotes the memories of her brother Christopher, while presenting anecdotes of Hubert’s life across various topics: First World War, love of nature, Hubert as a schoolmaster, religion, encounter with Pessoa, life in England, and Hubert’s own memoir handwritten when he was already ninety years old.

## Palavras-chave

Hubert Jennings, Memórias da Jennings Family, Durban High School, Fernando Pessoa, Primeira Guerra Mundial, África do Sul.

## Resumo

Este tributo à vida do estudioso pessoano Hubert Jennings foi escrita por Bridget Winstanley e Christopher Jennings, a filha e o filho de Hubert e Irene Jennings. Bridget e Christopher escreveram suas memórias individuais de um Hubert que só eles conheceram; Bridget editou os dois textos, transformando-os num único memorial algo cronológico sobre o seu pai. O texto resultante principia por uma introdução em primeira pessoa do plural dos dois autores, passando à primeira pessoa do singular—a voz de Bridget, que freqüentemente cita as memórias do seu irmão Christopher, enquanto apresenta passagens da vida de Hubert percorrendo vários tópicos: Primeira Guerra Mundial, amor pela natureza, Hubert como professor, religião, encontro com Pessoa, vida na Inglaterra e o próprio memorial de Hubert, manuscrito quando ele já contava noventa anos de idade.

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\* Bridget Winstanley & Christopher Jennings are the daughter and son of Hubert & Irene Jennings.

We are delighted to have been given this opportunity to express our thanks to Brown University for accepting our father's unpublished work on Fernando Pessoa with such grace and enthusiasm. It is a great comfort to us to have his literary heritage made available to others. We are grateful too for the invitation extended to us to write a few words in his memory in this publication.

Matthew Hart has produced an admirable sketch of Hubert Jennings elsewhere in this journal so we have no need to repeat this. Our purpose is to say a few words about Hubert Jennings seen through the eyes of his two children. Our memories of him have been highlighted, augmented, and taken in entirely new directions by the recent discovery of detailed and revealing memoirs of his life written with remarkable clarity and beauty in the last decade of his long life, begun shortly before his 90th birthday.



[Hubert & his dog Monty, in Dundee, c. 1950-1955; courtesy of the Jennings family]

Hubert was approaching forty when his two children were born in his adopted land of South Africa. We grew up with very little knowledge of his childhood on the edges of London, nor of his experiences in the First World War. Of course we knew that we had a grandmother and aunts in England—indeed these relatives did their very best to keep in touch with us, and Hubert's regular correspondence with them throughout their lives has been preserved. But we did not meet our aunts and cousins until we were adults. He spoke very little of his service in the First World War, although the absence of his left eye was known to be the result of a wound sustained in this war. This disablement was felt by him to be a disfigurement (this was confided to me in a throwaway remark in his old age) but to anyone meeting him, his appearance was always that of a fine looking and well-presented man, despite the glass eye which became obvious on closer inspection.

"I can't ever recall his talking about his experiences in WWI," my brother says, "but can clearly remember him saying to me 'Son, I don't ever want you to fight in a war.'"

When he married in 1933, Hubert had been not only through the experiences of service in WW1 and University education, but he had spent the previous ten years as a housemaster in the boarding establishment of a boys' school, the Durban High School. Hubert was a man of great complexity, as is clear from all his writing, but he was a totally loving father whose passions for literature, education, animals, nature and wildlife greatly enriched his children's lives.

### **Love of nature**

Hubert's love of nature and wildlife began as a very small child living on the outskirts of London, where ponds, streams, woods and meadows could still be found. When he disembarked in South Africa, he found himself in Paradise. Durban was surrounded by thick subtropical woodland, full of birds and animals. Not far away were the Drakensberg Mountains with trout streams and spectacular landscapes. This love of nature and the natural environment were his legacy to his children. He took huge delight in Christopher's interest in ornithology, as he did later in his scientific pursuits. Both of us were taken on camping trips into the wilds, and he and Christopher had a shared interest in fishing mountain streams.

Love of domestic animals, too, was part of our childhood richness, inherited from and encouraged by Hubert. He writes evocatively about the string of wounded or lost birds, dogs and ponies I brought home. Christopher was alive to these feelings too:

I remember Dad listening to the robins singing with the same rapture, I think, of his first hearing a nightingale sing under very different circumstances (see his poem *Hospital Train* [Annex I]). I recall, too, climbing a terrifyingly huge eucalyptus tree to look at the eggs of herons and egrets nesting in the tree, with moral support from Dad on the ground.

Once, when I was about ten, Christopher and Dad sent me along a narrow ledge at the top of Indumene, a mountain near Dundee in Northern Natal, to look into an eagle's nest, to see whether there were any eggs or chicks. I was the only one of us small enough to fit on to the ledge and there was a dizzying drop below. I was terrified but so proud of being part of the Top Team (Christopher and Dad!) that I never thought of refusing.

"Yes, I clearly remember that," Christopher wrote when I prompted him about it:

These magnificent Black Eagles as they were then called (now Verreaux's) were very rare (and even more rare today). We did not of course realize that they could be very aggressive towards anyone approaching a nest with chicks and could have caused huge damage to you with their talons.

No comfort then!

Another important feature of our early lives was Dad's Ford V8. I think he bought it in 1939 just before the war, and there were no new cars available until several years after the war ended. I think we walked up every hill in Natal, following that steaming, gurgling monster which had to have its load lightened in order to have any chance of getting up the hill.

"That's right," said Christopher, who added:

I remember camping at the foot of Shuter's Hill when our exhausted Ford could not reach the summit because its radiator was boiling over. [see Annex II]

Another vivid memory I have about Dad was his deep love for our fox terrier Monty, who I looked after in my last year at University—the only dog allowed to stay at the University Residence!

Christopher is right: he adored his dogs. Dad told me once that he imagined that, when he died, all his beloved dogs—Stranger, a large Irish terrier type dog who came as a stray and was a feature of our earliest life, and Monty, and numerous others he remembered from his boyhood—would come leaping and running to meet him.

## **The Schoolmaster**

Hubert's life was spent in education, as a teacher and headmaster. He was never tempted by expensive private schools, either for himself or for his children, but sought out the best-run state schools with the highest educational standards for both his children. This involved boarding, which he believed in as good

discipline and as a prelude to independence. As a headmaster, he was highly authoritarian and enforced the strictest discipline in a way that is certainly now completely out of fashion. This severe and disciplinarian persona was never seen at home.

Christopher reminds me that Dad's model, whom he deeply admired, was the head of DHS in the years 1910-1930, A.S. Langley. Langley was a fierce disciplinarian, and his son Noel (who achieved fame in Hollywood as the writer of the screenplay of *The Wizard of Oz*) is said to have been beaten by his father just as frequently and ferociously as any other pupil at DHS whose misdeeds came to his attention.

Hubert never achieved his ambition to become head of his beloved Durban High School, but retained links with it that led to his selection, after retirement, to write its centenary history, *The DHS Story*.

"I had two difficult years at Dundee High School when Dad was headmaster," Christopher recalls:

As a twelve- and thirteen-year-old I was physically bullied by some of the eighteen-year-olds because I was the headmaster's son. Although I never complained, my parents probably saw some of my bruises and decided to send me to DHS, where I spent four happy years.

I too spent two years at Dad's school before going to boarding school. But unlike Christopher, I was quite happy. I remember one occasion of a school dance in the hall when, much to my surprise, Dad—the Headmaster!—approached me to dance the first dance with him. Everyone else on the dance floor withdrew and we held the limelight, even doing some jiving, or jitterbugging, as I think we called it, at which I am sure we were both equally bad.

Christopher recalls:

I remember returning to DHS only a few years ago and finding to my surprise that, for most of my father's tenure there, he was the school sports master for their two main sports—cricket and rugby. Although Bridget and I were both excellent swimmers and, in my case, I played rugby at a very high level, I can't remember him actively urging us to greater sporting heights or even coaching us. He really left us to be our own persons.

Christopher mentions yet another memory:

Dad patiently teaching me to play chess and many quiet games, when I realised he was a superb chess player... I later found out that he was seldom beaten in his lifetime.



[Irene, Christopher, Hubert & Bridget Jennings, in Stanger, c. 1940; courtesy of the Jennings family]



## Hubert and God

Hubert and his siblings had been brought up in a strongly religious family. I am not sure whether this was Methodist or conventional Anglican. His eldest sister and her husband, as well as his youngest sister, were devout Methodists while the middle sister was an Anglican of the 'high church' (i.e. Anglo-Catholic variety). He was certainly a regular churchgoer in our childhood and ensured that we were both confirmed in the Anglican church. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Bible. But I remember clearly his reading of Strauss's *Life of Jesus Critically Examined* and having long, long private sessions with the vicar at Dundee. By the time he came to live in England in the 1980s, he had lost his faith. I overheard him saying to the vicar who had brought communion to Irene (our mother) at home because she was too ill to go to church, "You don't really believe in this superstition, do you?" I believe that this loss of belief was a crisis deeply felt and deeply thought through.

## Encounter with Pessoa

It was the writing *The D.H.S. Story* that led to Hubert's life-changing encounter with the works of the great poet Fernando Pessoa, who had attended the school in the years 1899 to 1904. The opening paragraph of the chapter on Pessoa is perhaps worth quoting in full:

It now falls to our lot to describe a personage who is not only quite unlike any other in the pages of this book, but can also justly be claimed to be unique in the history of literature not only in this but in any other country. Few who saw Fernando Pessoa when he attended the school in the brilliant years, 1899—1904, realised that they were looking at that rarest of the human species, a genius. It is a claim which is made for no one else in this book, and one which the writer would not dare to make in this instance without the strongest evidence and confirmation from the most informed sources.

(JENNINGS, 1966: 99)

Hubert was in his sixties when he first encountered the works of Pessoa, and it is true to say that the poet became his inspiration and almost his obsession until his death at age ninety-four. Hubert himself was an accomplished poet and short-story writer, but, although his writing was occasionally published, he never received the recognition he would probably have enjoyed, had he had the time during a busy working life in education to produce a larger volume of work. Retirement was followed, within very few years, by the commission to write the school history, and this work of more than 300 pages absorbed him totally. His discovery of Fernando Pessoa in the course of writing the history set him on a path which would occupy much of the rest of his long life.

Christopher had more to say about this aspect of Hubert's life:

I remember Dad's frequent reference to his long association, correspondence and friendship with Alexandrino Severino, first by mail, then meetings in person with him, and being invited by Severino to present a paper on Pessoa at the Second International Symposium on Pessoa at Nashville. Mum and Dad called in to stay with us in Oakville (near Toronto, Canada), before Dad went on to the Symposium. I believe some of Dad's research on Pessoa's early days in Durban was passed on to Severino for his doctoral thesis. I remember that he was surprised at being given a standing ovation at the end of the presentation. He thought he was probably the oldest person presenting a paper at the symposium. At the colloquium on Pessoa organised by Patricio Ferrari at Brown University, in April 2015, I was surprised to find out from George Monteiro that he clearly remembered my father presenting a paper at the First Symposium on Pessoa, also held at Brown.

## Return to England

Living in South Africa for all of us was a life of ease and privilege, and, until the late 1940s, Hubert was not unduly worried about the lack of opportunity for all of South Africa's peoples, believing that a process of evolution of political rights for all would take place. The picture was changed utterly by the result of the 1948 election, which saw Jan Smuts and his United Party removed from power and the election of the National Party. I remember him sitting up all night listening to the results coming in on the wireless. And I remember clearly his stony-faced but silent distress, as more and more parliamentary seats were lost by the United Party to that of D.F. Malan's Nationalists, who had won on a pledge to introduce apartheid. He was deeply worried by this and foresaw the deterioration of life in South Africa. His poem *Benoni*, reproduced at the beginning of Matthew Hart's biographical paper, reflects this. His hatred of nationalism in any form was frequently expressed. It was his sadness with the increasingly unhappy and turbulent civil and political life in South Africa, exacerbated by Irene's deteriorating health, that contributed to their decision to come to England and live with me in 1981.

## Hubert's Memoirs

Hubert's recently revealed memoir, discovered with the archive of material on Pessoa, came as a surprise, even a shock, to Christopher and me. Not only are we introduced in detail to parts of his life that we knew little about, but a man with a deeply complex emotional life emerges. He was not a promiscuous man, but several acutely felt love affairs, both before and after his marriage, are described. It is difficult not to feel, through these descriptions, our mother's pain and distress. But no one who witnessed Irene's last years of physical pain and disability at close quarters can doubt Hubert's love and devotion to her in the end, or hers to him. The inscription on her memorial stone, chosen by him, reads 'Her ways are ways

of pleasantness and all her paths are peace' (Proverbs 3, 17). It was this quality of gentleness and sweetness which trumped all others for him. Christopher writes:

The recent unearthing of his autobiography and his considerable amount of material on Pessoa came as a huge surprise, with insights to aspects of Dad that I knew little or nothing about. Some of it has been quite difficult for me.

His wartime experiences, which he never spoke about, must have been particularly harrowing, and I wonder whether his complex character had not been influenced by traumatic stresses suffered in the wartime trenches. No recognition or treatment of posttraumatic stress in those days! There was a stark contrast between life in the trenches and that back in England (London) while recuperating from his war wounds.

His love for dancing and a party were surprises, as was my realisation as to how beautifully he wrote, and that he was a true classical scholar and a gifted translator helped by his own ability as a writer and poet. Some of his short-stories written for my children and probably Bridget's were delightful, as well as some of those found in his archives. I knew, of course, that he had devoted the latter years of his life to a study of Pessoa but was pleasantly surprised at the reaction and interest of some of today's Pessoaan scholars to Dad's work.

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## Annexes

I. Unpublished. Three pages containing the sonnet "Leafy Lanes" and the poem "Hospital Train," written by Hubert Jennings and inserted into vol. I of his memoir *A Cracked Record*, between pp. 57 and 58 (Jennings Archive, John Hay Library, Brown University).

~~ANDERSON~~  
LEAFY LANES

Hill Sixty's a flaming furnace on the right;  
Behind there's Ypres' gaunt old tower aflare  
And all a shrieking growling spurting glare  
From Poel-Capelle to Kemmel's blood-stained height.  
Scream on, you harrowing shells, snarl and bite!  
Yell your demoniac laughter through the air!  
Nearer they come.... a chill's in my hair ....  
And then cold fury, yelling spite for spite!

Shivering somewhat .... was it mine that groan?  
There is blood on my puttees .... some my own...  
Quietly lying with an oozing thigh,  
Watching the shrapnel plume the darkening sky....  
One thought above the ear-drums' throbbing drone:  
"The leafy lanes of England by and by!"

1915

THE HOSPITAL TRAIN

Jarring upon the monotonous drone  
Of the hospital train, the rasp of brakes  
Brought us to standstill. Someone near me makes  
His coat a pillow to rest a shattered bone:  
Another yells out "Gas!" and choking wakes,  
Mutters a moment and then with a drowsy groan,  
He like the rest crawls back to sleep's eclilse,  
As, all unheeded, down a rattling window slips.

War poured into that train its bitter lees,  
The air was rank with tang of drying blood,  
Sweat, disinfectant, trench's fetid mud  
And taint of mutilation and disease;  
When through the open window came a flood  
Of freshness, resin-sweet from new-leaved trees...  
Spring .... and whoever thought on the war-torn plain  
That we should ever see the spring again?

2

(Hospital Train - continued)

Then breaking the silence fresh sounds grew...  
 The muffled moans of others still awake  
 Mixed with the murmur leaves new-budded make:  
 Then, slowly, a new sound filters through:  
 Soft, at first, as the chime of cataract dew,  
 Swelling now louder to thrill and shake  
 The heart-strings with its passionate ecstasies...  
 Spring's found a voice, and all her magic frees.

Sobbing... sobbing made ethereal.... throes  
 Of song-birth, softer, softer than the tears  
 That fall from a mouldered fount of bygone years;  
 Higher, higher, pregnant with fire it grows,  
 Bursts, bursts, as the buds burst when April nears  
 Into the red blaze of the may-month rose...  
 The nightingale that can tears with fire compound  
 And turn the rainbow's glory into sound.

Tears have no voice nor water any hue,  
 Sunlight no colour has nor laughter words,  
 And joy no meaning has till grief touch the chords...  
 But when the sun, God's great good laugh, goes through  
 The wan and pallid rain, a splendour girds  
 The earth and lights the new-washed plains of blue,  
 Where joining tears and laughter in its essence,  
 Swells out like song the heavenly iridescence.

Falters now and fails that dream-like spell....  
 For while the tremors from that golden throat  
 Still from the wood in raptured phrases float,  
 Soft as the bubbling from a haunted well,  
 Suddenly there breaks a sharp demented note,  
 Shattering the night with its pitiful yell.  
 And then from bunk and stretcher groan on groan  
 Arose, telling how well that voice was known.

"One knife, fork, spoon!" A voice on the other side  
 Screams out the jargon of the company store.  
 "Pants, jacket and boots! Shut that door!  
 No, it's my head. Who left it open wide? "....  
 He groaned and still was groaning more and more  
 Until he scratched his bandaged head and sighed,  
 As though puzzled: "I must have chats galore,  
 Or else some bugger got a driving pile  
 ... and heavy on the tile!"

3

(Hospital train - contd.)

The engine shrills, the madman's frenzied flight  
Dies in the rising clamour of the train....  
Fades like a dream with the nightingale's strain,  
And war that paused in its pitiless might  
Hurries on the blind caravan of pain:  
A song, a dream, a raving in the night....  
Then the machine moves on and all is drowned  
In the unrelenting meaningless sound.

o - o- o-o

<A DIRECT HIT> [↑LEAFY LANES]

Hill Sixty's a flaming furnace on the right;  
 Behind there's Ypres' gaunt old tower aflare  
 And all a shrieking growling spurting glare  
 From Poel-Capelle to Kemmel's blood-stained height.  
 5   Scream on, you harrowing shells, snarl and bite!  
 Yell your demoniac laughter through the air!  
 Nearer they come.... A chill's in my hair....  
 And then cold fury, yelling spite for spite!

Shivering somewhat .... Was it mine that groan?  
 10   There is blood on my puttees .... some my own...  
 Quietly lying with an oozing thigh,  
 Watching the shrapnel plume the darkening sky....  
 One thought above the ear-drums' throbbing drone:  
 "The leafy lanes of England by and by!"

1915

#### THE HOSPITAL TRAIN

Jarring upon the monotonous drone  
 Of the hospital train, the rasp of brakes  
 Brought us to standstill. Someone near me makes  
 His coat a pillow to rest a shattered bone:  
 5   Another yells out "Gas!" and choking wakes,  
 Mutter's a moment and then with a drowsy groan,  
 He like the rest crawls back to sleep's eclipse<sup>1</sup>,  
 As, all unheeded, down a rattling window slips.

War poured into that train its bitter lees,  
 10   The air was rank with tang of drying blood,  
 Sweat, disinfectant, trench's fetid mud  
 And taint of mutilation and disease;  
 When through the open window came a flood  
 Of freshness, resin-sweet from new-leaved trees...  
 15   Spring .... and whoever thought on the war-torn plain  
 That we should ever see the spring again?

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<sup>1</sup> "eclilse" in the original, a typo.

Then breaking the silence fresh sounds grew...  
 The muffled moans of others still awake  
 Mixed with the murmur leaves new-budded make:  
 20 Then, slowly, a new sound filters through:  
 Soft, at first, as the chime of cataract dew,  
 Swelling now louder to thrill and shake  
 The heart-strings with its passionate ecstasies...  
 Spring's found a voice, and all her magic frees.

25 Sobbing... sobbing made ethereal.... throes  
 Of song-birth, softer, softer<sup>2</sup> than the tears  
 That fall from a mouldered fount of bygone years;  
 Higher, higher, pregnant with fire it grows,  
 Bursts, bursts, as the buds burst when April nears  
 30 Into the red blaze of the may-month rose...  
 The nightingale that can tears with fire compound  
 And turn the rainbow's glory into sound.

Tears have no voice nor water any hue,  
 Sunlight no colour has nor laughter words,  
 35 And joy no meaning has till grief touch the chords...  
 But when the sun, God's great good laugh, goes through  
 The wan and pallid rain, a splendor girds  
 The earth and lights the new-washed plains of blue  
 Where joining tears and laughter in its essence,  
 40 Swells out like song the heavenly iridescence.

Falters now and fails that dream-like spell...  
 For while the tremors from that golden throat  
 Still from the wood in raptured phrases float,  
 Soft as the bubbling from a haunted well,  
 45 Suddenly there breaks a sharp demented note,  
 Shattering the night with its pitiful yell.  
 And then from bunk and stretcher groan on groan  
 Arose, telling how well that voice was known.

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<sup>2</sup> so<d>/f\ter



“One knife, fork, spoon!” A voice on the other side  
 50 Screams out the jargon of the company store.  
 “Pants, jacket and boots! Shut that door!  
 No, it’s my head. Who left it open wide? ” ....  
 He groaned and still was groaning more and more  
 Until he scratched his bandaged head and sighed,  
 55 As though puzzled: “I must have chats galore,  
 Or else some bugger got a driving pile  
 [†]<sup>3</sup> and heavy on the tile!”

The engine shrills, the madman’s frenzied flight  
 Dies in the rising clamour of the train....  
 60 Fades like a dream with the nightingale’s strain,  
 And war that paused in its pitiless might  
 Hurries on the blind caravan of pain:  
 A song, a dream, a raving in the night....  
 Then the machine moves on and<sup>4</sup> all is drowned  
 65 In the unrelenting meaningless sound.

o – o – o – o

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<sup>3</sup> A fragment of the original paper is missing (although we can’t see enough to decipher the beginning of the v. 57, we can see enough to know the poem was complete).

<sup>4</sup> a<†>/n\d

II. Unpublished. Two pages of a short-story titled "Shuter's Hill," written by Hubert Jennings and inserted (without the initial page) into vol. III of his memoir *A Cracked Record*, between pp. 53 and 55 (Jennings Archive, John Hay Library, Brown University).

## Shuter's Hill.

2

With her nose turned downhill, petrol once more flowed into her vitals and life came into the old car again. Hopefully, we turned her up the hill again. Once more she jibbed at the last steep rise. With many a hard word, we repeated the process again but this time we went right to the bottom and pitched camp near a clear and lovely stream. We had arrived there at three o'clock and it was then half-past five. With the tent up, and a meal of black bass, bully beef and tinned pears inside us, we felt better. A light drizzle was falling but we determined to explore a little before dusk. We followed the ~~wxk~~ stream through the wet grass to a little waterfall that chimed in our ears all night and then up the hill to a wattle plantation where we found plenty of dry wood under the trees. Back at our camp, we made a fire and, taking off our wet shoes and stockings, roasted our toes and more literally some potatoes. The warbling of numbers of small birds, the tinkle and sigh of the waterfall, intensified by that odd muting quality of the mist, made the evening a memorable one. Petty worries, chagrins, frustrations, slipped away. It was good to be alive and the birds sang on well after dark had fallen.

The next day, I intended to leave Christopher at the camp and travel light into Nottingham Road to have the pump attended to, or even to buy an electric one, if such was procurable so deep in the country. <sup>After</sup> ~~at~~ a few miles, during which the car went splendidly, and remembering other occasions when heat and overwork had produced the same protest, I decided to return and carry on. Christopher was not sorry to have his lonely vigil ended so soon and we loaded up the car and were soon watching with some <sup>e</sup>~~t~~repidation her performance up the hill. She went up it, however, without a falter.

Round the winding bends of the Inzinga and over the hill to Garter's, she went without a murmur, refreshed after her night's rest and delighting in the cool misty air. Mrs. Carter

3

opened the gate for us. She and another lady (her mother, we found) were going to get the post from the tin box by the main road but Christopher had thoughtfully saved <sup>them</sup> the trouble by collecting it on our way.

They gave us a simple hearty welcome. We intended to stay for tea only but stayed for lunch and finally for the night. Fred, Chris and I went to the Inzinga at Reg Brooks's place to fish but caught nothing. Drought it was thought had depopulated the river. We spent a pleasant evening discussing Christopher's favourite subject - birds, about which both Fred and Mr Bunting, his father-in-law, were very knowledgeable. As usual, we sat around the fire. The Cater's farm is 6000 feet up and though we have made several visits there at all seasons of the year, I never remember a time when we did not have a fire and were glad of it.

On January 3rd, we left in the mist and were speeding down the road to the Loteni. At the store, we had a few words with that picturesque old ruffian, Jack Christie, while getting petrol and then were soon looking at the Loteni, beautiful as ever, and remembering happy times on its banks. Then up through the cutting and down to the Umkomaas, the valley greener than usual. All the streams, Umzi~~ku~~kulwana, Polela, etc., were clear and low. We knew, however, from report that they were hopeless for fishing.

After Underberg, we came into undiscovered country. The Ingwangane was the most beautiful stream we had seen, full and clear. We could not help stopping there and, if we had not been reasonably sure that the drought had decimated the fish, we would have cast a line there, in spite of the notice, "No fishing."

[Fragment on a fishing trip with Christopher aged 14 or so]

**Shuter's Hill.**

[2]<sup>5</sup> With her nose turned downhill, petrol once more flowed into her vitals and life came into the old car again. Hopefully, we turned her up the hill again. Once more she jibbed at the last steep rise. With many a <a>hard word, we repeated the process again but this time we went right to the bottom and pitched camp near a clear and lovely stream. We had arrived there a[-t] three o'clock and it was then half-past five. With the tent up, and a meal of black bass, bully beef and tinned pears inside us, we felt better. A light drizzle was falling but we determined to explore a little before dusk. We followed the <weL>stream through the wet grass to a little waterfall that chimed in our ears all night and then up the hill to a wattle plantation where we found plenty of dry wood under the trees. Back at our camp, we made a fire and, taking off our wet shoes and stockings, roasted our toes and more literally some potatoes. The warbling of numbers of small birds, the tinkle and sigh of the waterfall, intensified by that odd muting quality of the mist, made the evening a memorable one. Petty worries, chagrins, frustrations, slipped away. It was good to be alive and the birds sang on well after dark had fallen.

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Round the winding bends of the Inzinga and over the hill to <c>/C\arter's, she went without a murmur, refreshed after her night's rest and delighting in the cool misty air. Mrs. Carter [3] opened the gate for us. She and another lady (her mother, we found) were going to get the post from the tin box by the main road but Christopher had thoughtfully saved [↑them] the trouble by collecting it on our way.

They gave us a simple hearty welcome. We intended to stay for tea only but stayed for lunch and finally for the night. Fred, Chris and I went to the Inzinga at Reg Brooks's place to fish but caught nothing. Drought it was thought had depopulated the river. We spent a pleasant evening discussing Christopher's favourite subject—birds, about which both Fred and Mr Bunting, his father-in-law, were very knowledgeable. As usual, we sat around the fire. The Ca[↑r]ter's

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<sup>5</sup> In the document, the pages are numbered on the top margin; here we indicate those numbers within straight brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the text flow. Note our first number is #2, since one page of the short story is missing.

farm is 6000 feet up and though we have made several<sup>6</sup> visits there at all seasons of the year, I never remember a time when we did not have a fire and were glad of it.

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[Fragment on a fishing trip with Christopher aged 14 or so]

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<sup>6</sup> "several" in the original, a typo.