

**Love and Fame  
in Fernando Pessoa**



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in Fernando Pessoa**  
George Monteiro

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Let us be multiple but masters  
of our multiplicity.  
(Sejamos múltiplos, mas senhores  
da nossa multiplicidade.)

*Fernando Pessoa*



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## Introduction

Sex, love, and fame—all eluded Fernando Pessoa. Each of the five chapters of this book looks at the way these themes—eternal or universal—are embodied in writing that has a modernist genetic relationship to certain writers in English letters—such as William Shakespeare, Edgar Allan Poe, Arthur Hugh Clough and Ernest Dowson—the last two seldom if ever mentioned in the same breath with Pessoa or Álvaro de Campos, the most “English” of his major heteronyms.

Pessoa predicted that modern poetry would be the poetry of the dream. His poetry, since he, too, was a modern poet, would be no exception. Indeed, virtually all his work, the practice of heteronymy being the example par excellence, comes into sharp focus, when one sees it as the dream of a hard-thinking rationalist—rationalism itself being, perhaps, the greatest dream of all. Joseph Addison, whose *Spectator* papers were not unknown to Pessoa, anticipates this global view of modern poetry in his writing about how what passes in dreams—“that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas”—works to give us “a very high idea of the nature of the soul.” What Addison would remark of the soul is that “wonderful power” of “producing her own company [...]. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder.”<sup>1</sup>

On October 25, 1818, John Keats wrote to George and Georgiana Keats. Smarting from attacks on his work published in the *Chronicle*, he calls attention to two letters in his defense published in the *Chronicle* and one in the *Examiner*, and then gives the matter a positive turn. “Even as a Matter of present interest the attempt to crush me in the Quarterly has only brought me more into notice and it is a common expression among book men ‘I wonder the Quarterly should cut its own throat.’” Supporting Keats in all of this was his prediction, as hopeful as it was confident, that,

as he confided in the same letter, “I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death.” So, too, did Fernando Pessoa think, I believe, at some point in his life. Although he did not say it in so many words, he, too, thought he would be “among the English Poets.” Keats’s place among the luminaries of the English poetic tradition has long been assured, but Pessoa has never had much of a hearing, and that, though he made extraordinary efforts to gain recognition for his ‘second’ language poetry. While his coeval Constantine Cavafy eschewed publication—printing only a few copies of his poems for distribution among a handful of friends—Pessoa courted public notice and recognition by distributing the poetry he had printed at his own expense in Lisbon and distributing it to newspapers, journals and libraries in London and other cities throughout Great Britain. Although Pessoa had to be disappointed at the modest reception of chapbooks, *35 Sonnets* and *Antinous*, in the land of his ‘second’ language, he was nevertheless sufficiently encouraged by this show of a few hands to put the same game into play a few years later, in 1921, once again presenting *Antinous*, accompanied by first appearances of *Epithalamium* and “Inscriptions,” with the printing and publication done this time at Olisipo, his own print shop. He would not try it again, though, for this time there were even fewer notices. In the mid-1920s, it would seem, he abandoned his efforts to gain a place in contemporary English poetry—besides sending out the chapbooks, he had tried to place a book of lyric poems, *The Mad Fiddler*, with Constable, the London press that would issue the first collective edition of Herman Melville’s work in 1922. Indeed his only English-language publication in Britain was “Meantime,” a belatedly Decadent poem, which in 1920 appeared in the *Athenaeum*, one of the few journals that reviewed his chapbooks, in 1919. Although his dream of being recognized as an ‘English poet’ receded over the years, he never stopped writing prose and composing poetry in English, a practice that lasted to the end of his life in 1935. It is not without importance that this long history of composition in English was initiated by the emergence, well before Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis, and Álvaro de Campos, Pessoa’s great triumvirate of heteronyms, of Charles Robert Anon and Alexander Search, two late-Victorian heteronyms, the latter the author of enough poems to fill a substantial volume in the collective works of Pessoa. Although there is no doubt that it is his writing in the Portuguese language that has made Pessoa into the

international figure he is today, it must also be recognized that he, too, like Keats and many, many other poets of all stripe, is to be admitted to the rolls of the English poets; this, despite the singular nature of his desire and the odd circumstances of his ambitious campaign to be heard in London, Glasgow and Dublin. It was part of his woe, as was his love life, such as it was. For it is cosmically fitting, I think, that Pessoa, himself born on a Wednesday (June 13, 1888) and thus, as the folk rhyme has it, “a child full of woe”—chose to give Álvaro de Campos a birth date—October 15, 1890—that also falls on a Wednesday.



## 1. Shakespeare

Shakespeare is worth more than all the saints.

Fernando Pessoa<sup>2</sup>

This initial chapter falls into three parts, unequal in length. In the first part, the longest of the three—“Super Camões? No, Super Shakespeare”—I will say something about Fernando Pessoa’s recognition of his own large and determinant affinities with Shakespeare as the great poet of England’s Elizabethan Age. In the second part—“All that poets feign of bliss and joy”—I will look at instances of Pessoa’s indebtedness to Shakespeare for lines and scenes focused on sincerity and poetry in the plays *As You Like It* and *The Tempest*. And in the third part, the shortest of the three—“All the world’s a stage”—I will take a summary look at Pessoa’s (and his heteronym Álvaro de Campos’s) sympathies with Hamlet (the character) as a player and a poet of (and in) his own drama.

### 1. Super Camões? No, Super Shakespeare

I am tempted to say that in Pessoaan studies Shakespeare is very nearly (to borrow Emily Dickinson’s phrase) the “missing All.” Let me explain. Given the fact that Fernando Pessoa’s entire formal education, excepting the short time he spent at the University of Lisbon, was exactly the education given a British colonial, it should surprise no one that he read William Wordsworth before he read Cesário Verde, that he studied history with Thomas Babington Macaulay well before he encountered Oliveira Martins, that he learned about the construction and amplitude of the epic from Milton before he read Camões, and that he was taken with the plays and poems of William Shakespeare before signing on to the *saudosismo* of Teixeira de Pascoaes. In fact, it is in what might be called Pessoa’s first

significant professional publication that Shakespeare emerges for him as the great writer of England's primary period of empire, the Elizabethan age. In Teixeira de Pascoaes's journal *A Águia*, in April 1912, the twenty-three year old Pessoa, published the first installment of his sweeping essay of historical and cultural analysis that is a manifesto paving the way for a new Portuguese literature. He called this installment "A nova poesia portuguesa sociologicamente considerada," to be followed by a second installment, entitled "A nova poesia portuguesa no seu aspecto psicológico," later in the same year. In presenting his theory of the succession of the four empires of Western history, he singled out the literature of the age of Elizabeth the First as not only the highpoint in England's literary history but as the greatest literary age the West had yet seen.

Pessoa's argument is rather straightforward. Literature is the highest artistic expression of a country or age. The greatest eras are marked by their quality of spirit, particularly by their contribution to the evolution and heightening of matters spiritual. Such ages can be measured by considering their culminant literary representative. In Elizabethan England that culminant spirit was William Shakespeare. In fact, Shakespeare is one of the two most creative literary geniuses (the other being Homer) in the life of humankind.<sup>3</sup> Pessoa concludes:

Only in the Renaissance does there appear that culminant figure, Shakespeare, whose measure is superior to Homer's. This indicates that the Renaissance marks a real evolution in the human spirit, the attainment of creative power of the degree of the super-Greek. Thus that no one has yet appeared since the Renaissance, of whom it can be said that he is superior to, or even equal to Shakespeare, compels one to conclude that humankind, if it has already entered into a period of true spiritual advance beyond the Renaissance, it has not yet reached the culmination achieved in this period.<sup>4</sup>

Of course, what is important here, for our purposes, is that it is Shakespeare and the Elizabethan era that are being set up as standards or benchmarks in the spiritual and literary evolution of societies and nations in Western history—standards or benchmarks that any twentieth-century nation or society might strive to match. Here is where all talk of the *quinto império*—Portugal's time of her time—may come to the fore. But Portugal

has had her time, historians of any stripe—professional or amateur—might argue, Luís Vaz de Camões among them—and that very time anticipated the Elizabethan era with its similar religious and political changes. What needs to be noted further is that in choosing the English Elizabethan period Fernando Pessoa is denying primacy, even within Portuguese history, to Portugal’s portion in the age of the Discoveries, as well as, implicitly rejecting Camões, Portugal’s great Renaissance writer, along with his great epic poem *Os Lusíadas*. It will be recalled that it is in these same essays, intended as contributions to the emerging theory supporting the ideological movement that Teixeira de Pascoaes and others were calling the *nova renascença* (New Renaissance) that Fernando Pessoa brings up the question of the potential greatness of Portugal’s so-called new poetry. He writes predictively:

Our poetry marches toward its apogee: the great Poet of the near future who will embody that apogee will realize the maximum equilibrium of subjectivity and objectivity [...]. I call him the Super-Camões, and so he shall be called, even though the implicit comparison seems overly favorable to him; it actually underrates his genius which will be not merely greater in degree but of a superior order to that of our still-primary poet [—that is to say, Camões].<sup>5</sup>

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Needless to say, there is much to ponder in these two sentences. Camões is, at least to this point, still our ‘first’ poet. But he will be displaced or superseded by the Super-Camões (or Supra-Camões) of Portugal’s new poetry. And the work of that great poet of the future will “bring about the maximum equilibrium of subjectivity and objectivity.” In fact, “our new Portuguese poetry shall be purely and thoroughly metaphysical.” “That’s why,” continues Pessoa, “there’ll be no love poets, ‘social’ poets, or the like, or any others of the non-metaphysical kind. In the new Portuguese poetry all love will be meta-love, and all Nature, meta-Nature.”<sup>6</sup> Here he seems to be setting aside somewhat Camões’s social poem *Os Lusíadas* as well as Camões’s *lírica*—at least when those poems are seen as expressions of ordinary life as Camões might have lived it.

If Fernando Pessoa would thus displace Camões (though never entirely or permanently), the question still remains: how does he justify his allegiance to the greater greatness of Shakespeare? After all, the poet Shakespeare was subsumed in the dramatist Shakespeare. Much of the answer to this

question lies in what Pessoa meant when he talked about the great poet's need to bring equilibrium to his subjectivity and objectivity.

What is the Renaissance attitude toward life and the universe? To the Renaissance what essentially is Real? It is the soul and the soul alone. The Renaissance has no sense of Nature. Let's take a look. What are the Renaissance's poetic forms? Either love poems (Petrarch) or poems of human action (the epic poems) or plays (Shakespeare and the dramatists of his day). All three are forms of poetry of the soul, and only the soul—given that they deal with either the sentiment that links souls—love—or of human actions, the actions of souls thus; or, in the Renaissance's culminant poet, Shakespeare, even more completely souls in action. As for Nature, the poets of the Renaissance do not feel it, for all the clarity with which they see it. Thus the most observant of all of them, Shakespeare, is no poet of Nature; he's simply an observer. He describes what he sees in marvelous poetry; but no sympathy links him to that Nature he sees so clearly.<sup>7</sup>

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There are implications here for reinterpreting the poetry of Alberto Caeiro as that of a neo-Elizabethan philosopher of nature as well as the embodiment of paganism itself. Notably, in his preface to Eliezer Kamenezky's *Alma errante* in 1932, Pessoa refers to "*Ariel* by that pagan Shakespeare."<sup>8</sup> Such re-thinking might show how Alberto Caeiro fits in with Pessoa as English-language poet, the one who re-created the prototypical Elizabethan sonnet sequence—*35 Sonnets*—published in Lisbon in 1918.

There are even more important implications in Pessoa's description of Shakespeare as the Renaissance's "culminant poet," the poet whose plays are the most complete expressions of "souls in action" (*almas em ação*). Here we have, of course, a close analogue to what Fernando Pessoa would soon be about himself—not in plays<sup>9</sup>—but in his masque of the heteronyms, what he called his "drama within persons" (*drama em gente*). In the surviving, undoubtedly earlier, draft of the now-famous letter Pessoa addressed to Adolfo Casais Monteiro regarding his heteronyms, the "Super-Camões" writes:

Since childhood I have always had the need to populate the world with fictitious personalities, dreams rigorously constructed, envisioned with photographic clarity, understood to the marrow of their souls. I was no



older than five, an isolated child and not wanting anything different, I already had with me some figures from my dreams—a Captain Thibeaut, a Chevalier de Pas and others I have forgotten, and the loss of which, like the imperfect memory of the others, is one of the great regrets of my life.

The incipient poet did not need real dolls—material, physical—he continues, for his conception of his figures was so clear that they were constantly, visibly before him. Indeed, the physicality of any such dolls would have made it all unreal, for these figures were, to him, entirely real in their imaginary state. To return to Pessoa's words:

Moreover, this tendency did not disappear with the passing of infancy, but evolved further during adolescence, took root with such growth, and turned itself finally into the natural form of my spirit. Now I no longer have any personality of my own. What there is in me that is human I divide among the various authors of whose work I have become the executor. I am now the gathering place of a small collection of human beings that are solely my own. I am thus my own medium [...]. I am, therefore, less real than those others, less unified, less personal, eminently susceptible to the influence of those others [...]. In short, it is simply a case of the dramatic temperament elevated to the maximum: writing instead of dramas in acts of action, dramas in souls [...].

I do not deny, therefore—I even favor it—the psychiatric explanation: but it must be understood that all superior activity of the spirit, because it is abnormal, is equally susceptible to psychiatric interpretation. It doesn't bother me to admit that I may be insane, but I insist that it be understood that my insanity is no different from Shakespeare's, whatever the relative merits of the products of the sane side of that insanity.<sup>10</sup>

That Pessoa saw himself as Portugal's Shakespeare, the "Super-Camões" of the *quinto império*, seems to me beyond questioning. As we have seen, the notion was behind his eleventh-hour explanations of the genesis of his heteronyms and descriptions of how Caeiro, Reis, Campos, and Pessoa himself were inter-related and carried on their heady and sometimes passionate dialogues over exigencies of space and seemingly reversible time. Writing to João Gaspar Simões, late in 1931, after having read and carefully

mulled over Gaspar Simões's psychoanalytical study of the poetry of the master (as the then young critic and the other editors of the journal *presença* called him), Fernando Pessoa explained:

In my view [...] the function of the critic should concentrate on three points: (1) to study the artist exclusively as an artist, and not bringing in study of the man more than is strictly necessary to explain the artist; (2) to search out what we can call the central explanation of the artist (lyric type, dramatic type, elegiac lyric type, dramatic poetic type, etc.); (3) understanding the essential inexplicability of the human soul, to envelope these studies and these searches with a light poetic aura of willful misunderstanding [...].

Then, by way of example, he turns conveniently to a consideration of himself:

The central point of my personality as an artist is that I am a dramatic poet: I have continually in mind, in everything I write, both the intimate exaltation of the poet and the depersonalization of the dramatist [...]. From the human point of view [...] I am an hysteroneurasthenic with a predominance of the hysterical element in emotions and the neurasthenic element in intelligence and will [...]. From the moment that the critic discerns, therefore, that I am essentially a dramatic poet, he has the key to my personality, in what might be of interest to him [...]. Provided with this key, he can open slowly all the locks on my expression. He knows that, as a poet, I feel: that, as a dramatic poet, I feel detaching myself from myself; that, as a dramatist (without the poet), I translate automatically what I feel into an expression apart from what I felt, constructing in the emotion an inexistent person who would feel it truly, and would therefore feel, in derivation, other emotions that I, purely I, forgot to feel.<sup>11</sup>

Again, this excerpt from Pessoa's letter to Gaspar Simões is fraught with implications for understanding Pessoa's own view of his work, ranging from his notions of sincerity in poetry to the way drama brings to the fore the objectivity of subjectivity. But it is Pessoa's warning to the young critic to leave the life alone (for only the work matters) that I would turn to, briefly.

Pessoa's identification with Shakespeare was profound, lasting over a lifetime. Following the lines of his own shadowy theories of psychology,

he analyzed Shakespeare's psychological and temperamental makeup at length, concluding:

Shakespeare was then (1) by nature, and in youth and early manhood, a hysteric; (2) later and in full manhood, a hystero-neurasthenic; (3) at the end of his life, a hystero-neurasthenic in a lesser degree; he was also of a frail constitution and of deficient vitality, but not unhealthy.<sup>12</sup>

Obviously, Pessoa might have been describing himself. Even his fortunes, he thought, ran parallel to those of the Elizabethan dramatist. When he lamented to Gaspar Simões in 1931, on the occasion of the publication of Gaspar Simões's second book, *O mistério da poesia*, that he (Pessoa) had published no books himself, he took solace in the fact that during his lifetime Shakespeare had also published no books: "I await with great interest your new book. I only wish that some day (it is another kind of waiting) I too will be able to say that I am awaiting a book of my own. But my confrere William Shakespeare, a person of some worth in the eyes of the Gods, suffered from the same sickness of the soul."<sup>13</sup>

19

## 2. "All that poets feign of bliss and joy"

In 1935, the year of Pessoa's early and untimely death, his heteronym Álvaro de Campos reached this puzzling conclusion in the pages of his fellow artist Almada Negreiros's new journal, *Sudoeste*: "Shakespeare was essentially and structurally factitious: and that is why his constant insincerity becomes a constant sincerity, from which fact comes his greatness."<sup>14</sup> It was only three years earlier, in 1932, that Pessoa sent his self-identified disciples at *presença*—they, the second generation of Modernists, had placed him at the head of Modernist poets in Portugal—a short lyric he attributed to himself (*êle-mesmo*) and not to one of his heteronyms, least of all, perhaps, Álvaro de Campos. "Autopsicografia" appeared in the Coimbra-based journal in 1932. Here is the poem, first in the original, then followed by a translation.

O poeta é um fingidor.  
Finge tão completamente  
Que chega a fingir que é dor  
A dor que deveras sente.

E os que lêem o que escreve,  
Na dor lida sentem bem,  
Não as duas que êle teve,  
Mas só a que êles não têm.

E assim nas calhas de roda  
Gira, a entreter a razão,  
Esse comboio de corda  
Que se chama o coração.<sup>15</sup>

Now here is “Autopsicografia” in Jean Longland’s English translation:

The poet is a feigner.  
So completely does he feign  
that the pain he truly suffers  
he even feigns as pain.

20

And those who read his writings  
will feel the printed pain,  
not the two that he has suffered  
but the one that they must feign.

And so around its trackage  
the little clockwork train  
we call the heart, goes spinning  
to entertain the brain.<sup>16</sup>

Here, as he often does, Pessoa associates poetry with the things of childhood, things that are never, seemingly, to be put off for adulthood. Emotions course through the body, like the wound-up toy train that circles its tracks. While Pessoa focuses on the hurt and pain that the poet must feign, in *Henry VI*, Part 3, Shakespeare has Richard speak, not of pain but of pleasure (Act I, scene ii, lines 29-31): “How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; / Within whose circuit is Elysium/ And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.”

If the editors of *presença* understood that “Autopsicografia” was virtually a manifesto aimed at their credo of spiritual and psychological sincerity in literary expression, they did not say so, then or later. If the message

conveyed in Pessoa's little poem is 'truthful'—always a troublesome word, but it will do for now—then the speaker of the poem (or Pessoa as himself or, as Jorge de Sena suggests, Pessoa as still another heteronym) is being deceitful. If, however, the poet is speaking sincerely, then the message of the poem is an untruth. "All Cretans are liars," said the Cretan.

Although I do not owe the insight to the poet Paul Muldoon or to the Brazilian critic Osmar Pimentel, I am happy to have their corroboration that the idea about poetry and sincerity that Pessoa expresses in "Autopsicografia" has its source in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.<sup>17</sup> The passage in *As You Like It* that both Muldoon and I have in mind comes from Act III, scene iii, lines 12-25, in which Touchstone and Audrey spar with words:

Touchstone: [...] Truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey: I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone: No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey: Do you wish, then, that the gods had me poetical?

Touchstone: I do truly for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey: Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone: No truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

While no one will insist that the view that poetry is always a form of feigning is exclusively Shakespeare's—Sir Francis Bacon calls poetry feigned history as did Sir Philip Sidney, and Plato long before either of them insisted that all poets are liars—Pessoa's understanding of the way feigning actually works is Shakespearean. Early on, in a letter to his fellow poet Armando Côrtes-Rodrigues, written on January 19, 1915, less than a year after the emergence of Pessoa's three major heteronyms, Pessoa reveals something about the nature of his heteronymic project:

It is still my plan, of course, to launch pseudonymically the works of Caieiro-Reis-Campos. It makes up an entire literature that I have created and lived,

sincere because it is felt, and constituting a current with possible influence, incontestably beneficial, in the souls of others. What I call insincere literature is not analogous to that of Alberto Caeiro or Ricardo Reis or Álvaro de Campos (the man, this last one, of poetry about afternoon and night). This is felt in the person of the other: it is written dramatically, but it is sincere (in my grave sense of the word) just as sincere as what is said by King Lear, he who is not Shakespeare himself but a Shakespearean creation.<sup>18</sup>

And yet, as he wrote on another occasion, in an unpublished and incomplete manuscript in English titled “Essay on Intuition”—and the seeming contradiction is also vintage Pessoa—“The creative faculty of character (of the poet) is composed of imagination and introspection; a poet is selfish, he builds others from himself. Falstaff is Shakespeare as truly as Pudita—[an obvious misreading of the manuscript for “Perdita”]—Iago, Othello, Desdemona are Shakespeare. Great minds know mankind through knowledge of themselves, whereas little minds must have experience to know men.”<sup>19</sup>

Pessoa then immediately turns to pondering the larger issue of what it is that humankind can ever know, culminating in a quotation from a Shakespeare play—this time *The Tempest*:

Considering existence deeply, we cannot but allow that, outside the fact that we live, scarcely anything can be known. We wander in such a maze that we may be excused asking if we exist. True, the further thought doth go, are those lines of Shakespeare [and here Pessoa quotes Prospero’s lines to Ferdinand in the presence of Miranda, Act IV, scene i, lines 156-58]

We are *such stuff*

As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

The deeper thought goes, the more our hearts are torn as the strangeness of life is evident. We are beings of intuition, and if we know it, it is because we know that we know. Not a million Haeckels can contest that.<sup>20</sup>

Pessoa’s reading of *The Tempest* contributed, not to a hopeful view of the nature of man, but to his deeply personal sense of the tragic nature of the sea, as that sense is embodied in Campos’s realistic visions of the “Ode marítima,” the dreams of the watchers of the dead in Pessoa’s static play

*O marinheiro*, and surely throughout the history reflected in the collection of elegies published in *Mensagem*.

In the mid-1920s Pessoa wrote extensively toward a piece in prose that, like so much else, he never got around to publishing. In the midst of the text that survives, Pessoa writes this: “Each man has very little to express, and the sum of a whole life of feeling and thought can sometimes bear total in an eight-line poem. If Shakespeare had written nothing but Ariel’s song to Ferdinand, he would not indeed have been the Shakespeare he was—for he did write more—but there would have been enough of him to show that he was a greater poet than Tennyson.”<sup>21</sup> Here is “Ariel’s Song” (Act I, scene iii, lines 387-404):

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
 Ding dong—Ding dong bell.

23

As Pessoa reminds us, “each of us has perhaps much to say, but there is little to say about that much. Posterity wants us to be short and precise. Faguet says excellently that posterity likes only short writers.”<sup>22</sup> By which, I take it, Pessoa did not mean to exclude tall writers. You will recall, incidentally, that T. S. Eliot quotes the line from Ariel’s song—“Those are pearls that were his eyes”—twice in *The Wasteland*, both in “The ‘Burial of the Dead,’” the opening section, and “A Game of Chess,” the second section.

### 3. “All the world’s a stage”

There is a famous sketch of Pessoa, credited to João Abel Manta, in which Pessoa, wearing his customary gray gabardine coat, gray fedora with the dark headband, and black bow tie, has a sword at his side and in his right hand holds a human skull. Nothing less than a twentieth-century, citified, Hamlet looking down at what is left of Yorick. There are no gravediggers around, and it is not clear just where this Portuguese Hamlet is supposed

to be standing—the Baixa, the Chiado, or the Cemitério dos Prazeres (Cemetery of Pleasures), where Pessoa was himself buried until his remains were removed to the Mosteiro dos Jerónimos. Pessoa suffered from a Hamlet complex, sometimes using the Prince of the Danes as a touchstone for himself.<sup>23</sup> An alternate version of the penultimate poem of *35 Sonnets* is a case in point.

Happy the sick, the maimed, the mad, the blind,  
 All who, stamped ill in body or wild show,  
 Owe no duty's allegiance to mankind  
 Nor stand a weighing in the scales we know!  
 For those whom Fate did in the soul curtail  
 Without distress or visible mischance,  
 Must bear accusing eyes where'er they fail,  
 Fixed in the orbits of men's ignorance.  
 I, whose sick will is maimed and blind and mad,  
 Who in mine act or action am but found  
 In act but thought, in action never made  
 In the unseen steps of purpose e'er postponed,  
 Can I complain aloud that men should be  
 Such as do Hamlet love and despise me?<sup>24</sup>

24

Although Pessoa attributed his Elizabethan sonnets to himself, it is useful to consider the proposition that in voice they anticipate or are coeval with the voice of the heteronym Álvaro de Campos. In the complaint just quoted, for instance, I hear much of the voice of Campos in “Soneto já antigo,” “Barrow-on-Furness,” “Ah, um soneto,” “Clearly Non-Campos!” and, preeminently, “Tabacaria.” All the poems I have just named stem from Álvaro de Campos's hours and days bordering on what William Styron, borrowing Milton's words for his memoir on madness, has described as “darkness visible.”<sup>25</sup>

To return to the sonnet, its argument is basically that what in Hamlet others find worthy of their love is only cause for derision in the case of the poet who speaks this poem. We know that Hamlet ridicules, satirizes, assaults and attacks (verbally and physically), feigns madness, spurns love, lacks charity and forgiveness, hesitates to act, deliberates over suicide, intends to murder



deliberately but hesitates only to murder impetuously, inadvertently, almost off-handedly. Yet (or, perhaps, therefore) he is loved; while the Campos-like speaker of Pessoa's sonnet, who sees himself as suffering from the same disease of the soul as Hamlet, encounters disdain and scorn.

Like his creator, Álvaro de Campos also suffers from a Hamlet complex. Like Pessoa and Campos, Hamlet puts on masks, taking on personalities, mindsets, stances, and outlooks. He devises scenarios, stages plays, deliberately confounds and confuses reality with appearance, theatricalizes experience, plays out scenes of life conceived as part of a drama to be played out on the stage that is the world.

Which brings us back around to *As You Like It*. "All the world's a stage," said Shakespeare (or, rather, Jacques), and Pessoa took him at his word, that is, literally, and eliminated any sort of Globe Theatre from his world, thereby freeing his actors (especially his heteronyms), their actions and their words, from the constraints of theatrical time and space. The metaphor, which antedates Shakespeare's use of it, becomes Jacques's own, when he holds forth, in Act II, scene vii, lines 139-42:

All the world's a stage  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts[.]

Besides being an actor on the world's stage (as well as a coach of actors for the play within the play), Hamlet is a poet. Take away the dramatic context and isolate some of his speeches and they are, of course, poems. It is customary to attribute that poetry to Shakespeare and not to Hamlet, but our sense of Shakespeare's depersonalization (his disappearing into his characters) is imperfect when we fail to attribute the spoken poetry to those characters that speak it. Hence Pessoa's creation of the heteronyms, whose detailed lives are intended to make certain that what they say (write) is attributed to them and not to Pessoa himself. In the poetry of Alberto Caeiro, for instance, we have poetry presented without dramatic context; it grows out of him and contributes to no play or stage other than that of the life Pessoa has detailed for him. The same thing could be done for Shakespeare's characters; look in the usual dictionaries of quotations (even when

such poems are attributed to Shakespeare and not to the characters who speak them, to that extent misleading us, as I see it) and consider them as uncluttered, free-standing poems.

What I have offered thus far is but a beginning to the complex and rich story of what it might mean to enter into, explore and chart the still merely glimpsed country of Pessoa's complex and sometimes mysterious forays into all things and matters pertaining to Shakespeare, ranging from poetics and biographical puzzles to creative identities and characters. For Pessoa's relationship to Shakespeare is that of an equal in the republic of letters—and, paradoxically, of one equally peerless.

## 2. Edgar Poe

Poe had genius. Poe had talent for he has great reasoning powers, and reasoning is the formal expression of talent.

Pessoa (no date)<sup>26</sup>

His philosophical ability was a fiction, got out of dreams, and this is shown by his incapacity to reason clearly on philosophical matters, in spite of his admirable reasoning powers. His criticism, too, is false; it is built out of reasoning, as in his celebrated self-delusion of the building of “The Raven,” no very remarkable poem, by the bye.

Pessoa, *Erostratus*<sup>27</sup>

And who is interesting without a little madness? Isn't Ophelia the most fascinating creation in the drama?

Anne Warwick (1911)<sup>28</sup>

Setting the record straight on the literature that influenced him, Fernando Pessoa explains to João Gaspar Simões in a postscript to a letter dated December 11, 1931:

I wish to take up simply the matter of what influence [Camilo] Pessanha had on Sá-Carneiro. None. On me, yes, because everything influences me; but it is useful not to see Pessanha's influence in everything in my poems that recalls Pessanha. I have certain elements, naturally similar to elements in Pessanha; and certain English poetical influences, which I incurred long before I ever heard of the existence of a Pessanha, work on me the same way that he does.<sup>29</sup>

Among those many English-language influences, it serves our purposes here to single out Edgar Allan Poe. *The Choice Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (1899), with Charles Baudelaire's famous essay included by way of an introduction, was one of the five volumes Pessoa chose as his prize for coming in first in a competition in South Africa. That the work did not languish unread on his bookshelves, we know from Pessoa's markings and first attempts at translating Poe's poems, as well as the records he left of his programmatic reading.<sup>30</sup> Indeed, it can be safely said that Poe was one of those literary influences that manifested itself in Pessoa's poetry and prose, as well as, in his remarkable courtship *interruptus* and twin dismissals of Ofélia Queiroz.

In this chapter I shall consider several ways in which Poe's audacious and still quite remarkable essay, "The Philosophy of Composition," served Pessoa, not only as a source of metaphors or images or single words and phrases, but in the deeper ways of thematic and structural indebtedness or influence. In the last pages of this chapter, I shall address the strange way in which Pessoa emulated Poe in the conduct of his love life.

28

To begin with, here are two observations recorded by Pessoa on a scrap of paper now among his papers at the Biblioteca Nacional in Lisbon. 1. "The tendency to brevity in modern literature—poetry—(Poe)." 2. "Our aesthetic sense is less keen than that of the ancients, but our intellectual sense keener."<sup>31</sup> Set down, one after the other, with no indication as to just how they go together, they naturally call out to the reader to relate them to each other and both of them to Poe's work.

Fernando Pessoa insisted that Poe was not a great poet. "There are not many poems by Edgar Poe," he wrote, "and among those few there are not many good ones."<sup>32</sup> Even Poe's masterpiece, "The Raven," Pessoa found to be "no very remarkable poem."<sup>33</sup> If Poe had written only a very few good poems, Pessoa offered an explanation as to why this was so.

Why did Poe write little poetry? Because the critical faculty was developed at the same time as the poetic propensity. He wrote verse with ease while at college, but then neither his true imagination nor his intellect were developed. These were developed at the same time. Hence the critical faculty, the analytic mind, being ever on the watch, allowed not inspiration to take its free course.<sup>34</sup>

## The Long Poem

It will be recalled that in “The Philosophy of Composition” Poe wrote famously against the possibility that any Modern could write a long poem, given the requisite of a poem’s achieving a single effect creating in the reader a single impression through uninterrupted reading at a single sitting.

What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the “Paradise Lost” is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.<sup>35</sup>

Think now of *Mensagem*. There is now a voluminous bibliography devoted to the one book Pessoa managed to publish during his lifetime. Pessoa’s decision to make his book debut with *Mensagem*, countervailing his several different plans over the years to start out his serious adult poetic career (my words) with individual books devoted to the poetry he had assigned to his major heteronyms—Campos, Caeiro, Reis—brought him, as we all know, a serious rebuke from his young admirer, the poet-critic Adolfo Casais Monteiro. Pessoa had done his reputation a disservice, accused Casais Monteiro, by failing to start out with the heteronymic volumes that showed him at his best as a poet. *Mensagem*, he implied, was a second-rate book featuring only lesser (and uncharacteristic) work. Pessoa defended himself as best he could under the circumstances, though his case carried little conviction since he too considered his heteronymic poetry superior to the poetry he ascribed to himself (*êle-mesmo*). He did not mention, of course, that he needed the money that went with the just-instituted Antero de Quental prize for a book-length poem on a nationalist theme, and thus was willing to cobble together a “poem” (of at least a hundred pages, as the Secretariado Nacional de Informação’s [SNI] guidelines stipulated), made up of short poems written over the years with no clear indication that they were meant to be a part of a larger, single work, unlike, for example, the fragments he designated for *The Book of Disquiet*. Even when, earlier,

he published a few of those poems under the rubric “Mar portuguez,” he gave no sign that he considered them to be part of a longer work. In fact, if it had not been for the requirement that each entry be a long poem, it is doubtful, I think, Pessoa would have presented his poems as a single poem. Once Pessoa saw the necessity of presenting his work to the prize jury as a long poem, however, he went about it with ingenuity if not genius. He provided an artificial, deductive scheme by organizing his poems into a system of sections and sub-sections. The traditional Portuguese escutcheon provided him with the semblance of pre-planned structure (or scaffolding) that his ‘single poem’ called for, as well as contributing several much-needed pages to the length of the book-length poem. It should give us pause that Pessoa was never able to organize his fragments and thereby bring structure to his other long poem—*Fausto*—or to his one finished play—*O marinheiro* (which he described as “static,” a play without movement and therefore not needing any developed structure)—or that his successful long poems—such as “Ode marítima” or “Tabacaria”—depend upon the first-person lyrical voices of a heteronym to give them drama, structure and movement. It should give us pause, I repeat, when we contemplate the possibility that Pessoa was capable of a well-structured long poem or, aiming still higher (since *Mensagem* is often considered to be an epic) a poem in the tradition of Homer, Virgil, Milton or Camões. (“The worst part of an epic poem,” Pessoa said, “is that it is generally a bad novel.”)<sup>36</sup> The truth, according to Pessoa, is that he, like Shakespeare, lacked the talent to “construct.” In no way, *Mensagem* could be compared with Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, a consummate poem of construction. As Pessoa wrote of Goethe and Shakespeare, “these two poets are those who, among the world’s greatest poets, are the least artists. Both are bad makers of wholes.”<sup>37</sup> Add Pessoa to the short list. It is in that spirit that we are to understand, I think, Pessoa’s comment on Ariel’s song in Shakespeare’s play, *The Tempest*:

Each man has very little to express, and the sum of a whole life of feeling and thought can sometimes bear total in an eight-line poem. If Shakespeare had written nothing but Ariel’s song to Ferdinand, he would not indeed have been the Shakespeare he was—for he did write more—but there would have been enough of him to show that he was a greater poet than Tennyson. Each of us has perhaps much to say, but there is little to

say about that much. Posterity wants us to be short and precise. Faguet said excellently that posterity likes only concise writers.<sup>38</sup>

It is hardly a cause for wonder that he agreed with Edgar Allan Poe that there was no such thing as a long poem, only an accumulation of short poems, in Pessoa's case, under a single title passing for a constructed long poem. It was in this spirit that Pessoa added a prophecy to Poe's argument regarding the long poem.

Our age is not that of long poems, for the sense of proportion and construction are the qualities. Our age is the age of small poems, of short lyrics, of sonnets and of songs. Our permanent legacy to succeeding ages will most probably be in the form of Song Books, as those where the troubadours of Provence and the courtly poets of Portugal are kept for survival. All that will remain of several ages of our poetry will be (the great names like Dante and Milton excepted), for each nation, a collection of poems like *The Greek Anthology*, finally more an embodiment of a general spirit than the summation of many poems of many individuals—to all intents an anonymous publication.<sup>39</sup>

31

But it will be said that even if it is admitted that *Mensagem* is not a long poem, it cannot be denied that, individually, Álvaro de Campos's odes are examples of the long poem. I would counter this argument by suggesting that it was the problem posed by Poe regarding the age's inability to bring forth the long poem that lies behind Pessoa's inventing the engineer-poet Álvaro de Campos, a poet who would solve the problem of the long poem in his way. Those long poems—such as the haze-dominated “Opiário,” the odes, especially the rollicking “Ode marítima,” and the sadly meditative “Tabacaria”—were worked out not by successfully carrying out the conceit of an extended narrative constructed by a disembodied voice, undramatized or untheatricalized, as in Homer or Milton or, for that matter, Camões (though some readers took the poet for a sailor on Gama's ship), but in the same way that Poe conceived for the narration of his best stories, such as “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “The Tell-Tale Heart,” and “The Cask of Amontillado,” a solution that carried over into the writing of “The Raven” (which Poe analyzes as a poetic narrative). His solution was to construct

the story that would be quintessentially the ruminations and sequentially the narration of a single characterized mind. This is what the poet-critic Richard Wilbur had in mind, when he observed that “the typical Poe story occurs within the mind of a poet.”<sup>40</sup> Note that Wilbur says ‘a’ poet, not ‘the’ poet, for it is the dramatized mind of ‘a’ poet that Poe offers the reader, not biographical Poe. I do not deny, of course, that Poe’s poems can be mined for insights into Poe’s own psyche or even his quotidian biography. After all, he addressed “For Annie,” as well as the famous “To Helen,” to women he knew and courted, in the case of “To Helen” re-gifting the poem more than once.<sup>41</sup> My second observation regarding Wilbur’s insight into how the typical Poe story works is that his insight has been insufficiently applied to his memorializing poems, like “For Annie,” “Annabel Lee,” “Ulalume,” “The Haunted Palace,” and “The Raven.”<sup>42</sup> In “The Raven” it is as if the narrator, who cannot keep himself from questioning the bird that comes tapping, tapping at his door, is like Orpheus. The Orpheus I have in mind is the one who, sometime after he has bungled Eurydice’s escape from death back to life—a life, presumably, with her poet-lover—must now face the fact that she is lost forever. In “The Raven” the traditional craftsman in Poe looked back to the literary ballad with its thrust of narrative and echoing refrain, while the innovator looked forward to the Tennysonian and Browningsesque dramatic monologue with its first-person speaker narrating a story of when he held a colloquy with a talking raven. The raven is the obligatory other person in the dramatic monologue, a listener who barely speaks. Indeed, the poem parodies the form it anticipates, for this bird says only the one word, which the speaker interprets as answering the questions that the speaker carefully frames to make sense, given the bird’s limited vocabulary. All this enables the speaker to wallow in his misery over the lost Lenore.

Pessoa’s difficulty in sustaining the effective dramatization of a single presiding consciousness is one reason, in my opinion, why neither Ricardo Reis nor Alberto Caeiro are able to construct successfully a long poem in accordance with Poe’s theories. This is not to deny that they are realized poets, especially when their work in the aggregate is taken into consideration. Whatever unity one constructs for *O guardador de rebanhos* taken as a single work—and it is the reader who wishes to do so who creates a “unity”—it cannot be said that intrinsically his clutch of poems possesses the particular unity Poe finds missing in so-called long poems or



narratives. In this regard it is closer, perhaps, to *Mensagem* (a bevy of short poems linked artificially if not always arbitrarily to the familiar themes of Portuguese history) than it is to Campos's odes or "Tabacaria." Closer to Whitman's "Song of Myself," Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or T. S. Eliot's "Wasteland," all lacking what Poe called unity, being in reality collections of poems—a series of effects, if you will—that modern readers have been schooled to accept as adding up to a single long poem producing what is, as often as not, an undefined feeling that is taken for an effect. Perhaps, it is just that, as Pessoa said, "each of us has perhaps much to say, but there is little to say about that much. Posterity wants us to be short and precise."<sup>43</sup>

### The Raven

We can now turn to one of the most famous paragraphs in all Poe. It, too, appears in "The Philosophy of Composition." Poe asks himself three questions (aping the narrator in "The Raven," who also asks three questions—one in the form of a request) and then answers them.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" Death was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy topic most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."<sup>44</sup>

Forget the much debated question of whether this question-and-answer drama ever took place before Poe composed "The Raven" or whether it is just a conventional way of disguising the fact that the rationale for the poet's choices came after the poem was written. More interesting for my purpose is Poe's "discovery" of a link between melancholy and the death of a beautiful woman.

Poe had already availed himself of this connection in stories and poems: “Ligeia,” “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “Annabel Lee” and “Lenore,” to name only a few examples. To make it explicit in “The Philosophy of Composition,” however, was to point not only to the importance of his narrators in the story and poem but to set the limits to what he would do with his theme of the death of a beautiful woman, or rather what he would not do. Above all, and perhaps exclusively so, death was most poetical when allied to beauty. Consequently, I will argue, Poe did not go near—never, so far as I can determine—one of the great love stories of the Western world, one that enjoyed a great vogue in Poe’s own time: the story of Inês de Castro. English-language readers had long been familiar with the story, told at length in *Os Lusíadas* in the sixteenth century as well as the translations of Camões’s poem by Sir Richard Fanshawe in the seventeenth century and William J. Mickle in the eighteenth. But it was told and retold in English poetry by Felicia Hemans, among others, and in prose by numerous writers during Poe’s lifetime. The culturally literate would have had no difficulty understanding Madame de Stael’s point, in 1816, when she characterized her annoyance at the spread of superstition in her time by referring to Dom Pedro’s extravagant act of having “Inez de Castro exhumed, to crown her after her death.”<sup>45</sup>

34

The sad story of Pedro and Inês is one of kingly power, romantic love, and fierce revenge. The king disapproves of his son’s involvement with Inês and schemes to have her murdered. The assassins carry off the charge and get away. The bereaved Prince vows revenge, but cannot carry out his threat until he has succeeded his father on the throne. When his father dies a decade later, the Prince, now King, hunts down the two remaining assassins and after horrific torture, which culminates in having their hearts pulled out of their bodies while they are still alive consigns them to a huge pyre. He next “disinterred the corpse of Ines, attired her in magnificent robes, set his crown upon her livid and disfigured brows, and compelled the grandees of his Court to come and render her homage.”<sup>46</sup> In a gruesome ceremony the bereaved widower compels “shuddering nobles” to honor the posthumously crowned queen by—each in turn—touching the “fleshless hand” of this “breathless corpse.”<sup>47</sup> “Time, place, and circumstance,” it is said, “all conspired to make the spectacle one of splendid horror.”<sup>48</sup>

Among Poe’s explanations of why he had made certain decisions in the writing of “The Raven,” is his rationale for settling on a refrain and choosing

‘nevermore’ as its culminating term. “The sound of the refrain being thus determined [that is, the desirability of “the long ‘o’ as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with ‘r’ as the most producible consonant”], it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word ‘nevermore.’ In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.” He was not, however, to use the word and its nearest neighbors that way. “The word ‘nevermore’ is commonplace in English poetry,” Thomas O. Mabbott reminds us, listing instances of its use in Shelley, Tennyson, and Mrs. Hemans (who, anticipating Poe’s “The Raven,” rhymed “Lenore” with “nevermore”).<sup>49</sup> It will do no harm to mention that the word was also used in a poem about Pedro on the day he crowned the exhumed corpse of Inês. The poem was first published in the *London Literary Gazette and Journal of Belle Lettres* in June 1825 and reprinted in the United States several weeks later in the *Boston Atheneum* and the *Providence Gazette*.

He looks on one whose frame hath risen from pall and shroud,  
And he calls her softly by her name—he calls and weeps aloud;  
Oh, Ignez never more thy voice shall pour its mellow strain,  
How would my grieving soul rejoice to hear thee speak again.<sup>50</sup>

Logically, the next step would be to take up Pessoa’s treatment of the story of Inês and Pedro, but unfortunately although Pessoa lists “Inês de Castro” as one of his projects, he ran out of time and never got to it.

### **Not Inês, But Who?**

There is ample circumstantial evidence to indicate that Poe was aware of the Inês de Castro story. For example, he expressed the highest regard for Felicia Hemans’s poetry in several places. The “Queen of English song,”<sup>51</sup> as Poe once described her, she was the author of poems about Portugal’s King Sebastian and, preeminently, “The Coronation of Inez de Castro.” So, if not Inês, then who?

Informing “The Raven,” the tapestry that expresses the poet’s conscious realization of his self-critic’s notion that the death of a beautiful young woman is the “most poetical” of all possible subjects for poetry,<sup>52</sup>

I would suggest, is the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is still considered to be “the most famous of romantic myths.”<sup>53</sup> In its most common form this greatly influential Greek myth tells the love story, as does “The Raven,” of ‘nevermore.’ Death has deprived Orpheus, the singer and poet, of his loved one, but he descends to the Underworld with the hope that his music will make his case for releasing his wife back to the land of the living. The case he makes, through word and music, persuades Hades to acquiesce, but with a proviso: Eurydice will follow Orpheus back to the land of the living, but during the journey back Orpheus must never look back to see if she is still following him. Close to the end of the journey, Orpheus falls to the temptation to look back on her—with the fatal result that she disappears back into the underworld—this time forever more.<sup>54</sup>

There will be no second chance for Orpheus to redeem his pledge not to look back. Interestingly, in the oldest form of the myth Orpheus is successful, bringing Eurydice back to the upper world, and thus suggesting the power of his song over death itself.<sup>55</sup> But this is not the version told by Virgil and Ovid, the one that has taken root in the Western mind, and thus not the one that Poe draws on in “The Raven.” Needless to say, there is every indication that Poe rejected the part of the version told by Ovid that has Eurydice united with Orpheus in Elysium. Given his commitment to the permanently tragic sense of Lenore’s permanent absence, it is fitting that in his commonplace collections of quotations from Shakespeare he should have copied out, from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III, ii, the line: “For Orpheus’ lute was strung with poet’s sinews.” He will wallow in his grief, in his loss. It is also as if the raven is an emissary from Hades, entrusted to deliver the message that death is final. Poe’s poet-narrator pretty much says as much, when he queries the bird as to what its name might be “on the Night’s Plutonian shore.” The raven—death link appears elsewhere in Poe’s time. There is, for instance, a short story about an unloved daughter whose father, named Simon Raven, is an undertaker. “The Raven Family,” as the story is called, appeared in 1844, shortly before Poe wrote “The Raven.”<sup>56</sup> This sort of literalizing, I imagine, stems from the notion of the raven as scavenger in the folk ballad “Twa Corbies” or, as one eighteenth-century journalist puts it, scavenger writers who “smell” out “Deaths and Burials” as “successfully as ravens or undertakers.”<sup>57</sup>

A sidebar. The appearance in 1915 of the journal *Orpheu*, edited largely by Pessoa, would seem to suggest that through the Orpheus myth one might

forge another link between Pessoa and Poe. It is true that *Orpheu* came by its name not through the offices of Pessoa but those of Luis de Montalvor, a fellow editor, who during an earlier stay in Brazil, had planned, in conjunction with Ronald de Carvalho, to found a journal with that title, and since *Orpheu* did not materialize while he was in Brazil, Montalvor was free to propose his title to the small group in Lisbon planning and hatching their new journal in 1914.<sup>58</sup> The appropriateness of the Orphic myth to those Portuguese modernists *avant la lettre* who published *Orpheu* is suggested by one scholar, who writes:

The key to an interpreting of the myth, which would have justified the choice of name for their journal and their movement, resides in the notable instance of inverse love: with the death of Eurydice, Orpheus descends into Hades to bring her back, not out of compassion for her, but because he finds existence insufferable without the presence of his loved one. That inversion of love's priority, that is, the shifting of focus to himself at the expense of the other, is legitimized by modernity and by vanguard ideas of Pessoa and Mário de Sá-Carneiro.<sup>59</sup>

37

This interpretation of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth—that Orpheus's action is based not on compassion but selfishness—does not seem entirely alien to the psychological makeup of Poe's narrator in "The Raven."

### **Raven, Monster**

In the Pessoa canon there is no poem that mirrors "The Raven," at least not at first glance, which is to say, superficially. But let us for the moment go beyond surfaces and look at a poem that I think has certain things in common with Poe's poem: "O Mostrengo," collected in *Mensagem*. Pessoa's monster of the Cape of Torments circles the Portuguese ships that will invade his lion's share of this part of the world and asks questions of the helmsman who has steered the Portuguese into these dark seas. The sea monster poses three questions:

1. "Who is he that dared to penetrate / My inmost chambers still undisclosed,  
/ My blackest roofs at the world's end?"<sup>60</sup> (Quem é que ousou entrar / Nas  
minhas cavernas que desvendo, / Meus tectos negros do fim do mundo?)

2. “Whose sails are these which now I touch / And whose the prows I see and hear?” (De quem são as velas onde me roço? / De quem as quilhas que vejo e ouço?)
3. “Who comes daring that which only I may dare, / I who live where none has spied me yet, / Draining the fears of the bottomless sea?” (Quem vem poder o que só eu posso, / Que moro onde nunca ninguém me vise / E escorro os medos do mar sem fundo?)

To each of the three questions the helmsman gives the same answer: “El-Rei D. João Segundo!” (The King John the Second!) His answer to the last question, however, is prefaced with these words: “At this helm here am I greater than myself: / A People am I, wanting the sea you own; / And greater than the monster frightening my heart / And circling at the world’s dark end / Is the commanding will, lashing me to the helm, / Of the King Don John the Second!” (Aqui ao leme sou mais do que eu: / Sou um Povo que quer o mar que é teu / E mais que o mostrengo, que me a alma teme / E roda nas trevas do fim do mundo, / Manda vontade, que me ata ao leme, / De El-Rei D. João Segundo!) Indeed, the monster has asked the right questions, for the helmsman’s answers to them will reveal what any of the rational, thinking mariners would themselves ask. Why am I doing this? Why am I here? What is the good of all this danger and fear? It is all for the king. A good enough answer in the fifteenth century; maybe a not so good answer in the twentieth century.

In Poe’s poem it is the raven who is asked three questions (two of them in the form of requests or commands) but all of them requesting information or action:

1. “Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
2. “Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, / It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore— / Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
3. “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore! / Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken! / Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door! / Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!” Notice that in this instance—the command to the raven to leave the premises—is in

the form of a triple request—including evocations of Tantalus’s plight and the ‘*twa corbies*’ feasting on the eyes and vulnerable supine corpse of the young knight.

What are the major Poesque (that is “Raven-like”) aspects of Pessoa’s poem? First of all, it is elegiac, not for the irrecoverable loss of a beautiful woman, but for a lost history of discovery and empire (given its value by its human daring and immeasurable cost: the *naufragios*, the tragedy of shipwreck that followed from this historical moment).<sup>61</sup> Second, Pessoa’s poem employs a similar framing device: questions and answers, but with a reversal since in “O Mostrengo” it is the sea monster that asks the questions and the helmsman who answers whereas in “The Raven” it is the poet-narrator who asks the questions and the bird who answers. Third, both poets employ a ballad-like refrain (something even rarer in Pessoa than Poe). Fourth, Poe’s virtually compulsive tripling—in rhyme (“door,” “door,” “nothing more,” for example), along with his tripling of request-commands in the penultimate stanza is echoed, I think, in Pessoa’s keeping his poem to three stanzas, containing the three questions, along with the three appearances of the refrain. Poe’s first refrain, lasting for six of the first seven stanzas is “nothing more” (the second stanza, anticipating the raven’s one word, is “for evermore”), while his second refrain, always mostly spoken by the raven, concludes the last eleven stanzas of the poem. Fifth, these two poems of fear and terror take place “in the pitch-black of night” (*na noite de breu*). If it is notable that Pessoa has his monster “leap up in flight” (*ergueu-se a voar*) rather than standing or hovering over the waters (in contrast to Poe’s raven, which “stepped” into the room and “perched above a bust of Pallas”). That Pessoa’s monster flies bird-like is a vestige—and this is important—of an earlier version of the poem published in 1922.<sup>62</sup> When it was first published in 1922 its title was “O Morcego” (The Bat), a mammal capable, like Poe’s raven, of flying and perching—evermore. But intervening between Pessoa’s two creatures—an *éminence grise*—is a different figure in Poe. It is the mysterious figure in his *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket*, a narrative Pessoa knew, one that ends abruptly in uncharted seas with these words: “and now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human

figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men.”<sup>63</sup> Had Pessoa morphed or melded his “morcego” and his “mostrengo,” he would have been the inventor of “Batman.”

And what would Pessoa have made the Inês de Castro story? Permit me to begin by reading the traditional story of Inês de Castro as itself a parody of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth. If that is allowed, it can be seen that it follows the myth in its most common form—that is, Eurydice is lost twice (the second time, without being restored to the upper world)—but also the less popular form in which she is restored and lives out her given-back life with Orpheus. But the Inês who is “restored” is not brought back from the land of the dead; but it is her corpse that is brought back from the grave and will soon return, after serving Pedro’s needs, to the grave. (In Portuguese history, the story of Inês becomes a great love story only, I would surmise, when both Pedro and Inês are entombed together in Alcobaça. In his own good time, Pedro has joined Inês in Hades. We do not know that the Orpheus story has any such outcome. In fact, he is torn apart by the women with a grudge against him.) It is a macabre parody of not only the better known version of the Orpheus myth, but of the more cheerful version as well. In fact, the realism of the story seems to have been too macabre even for the author of “Berenice,” a tale in which a dead woman, disinterred so that her necrophilic suitor may extract her teeth, is found to be still alive, who passed on it, leaving it for William Faulkner’s Emily and Alfred Hitchcock’s Norman Bates to play modern variations on the “corpse-life” theme of the Inês de Castro story.

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### **Ofélia’s Lover**

In 1924-25, Pessoa published three of his own translations of Poe’s poems—“The Raven,” “Annabel Lee” and “Ulalume”—in *Athena*, a journal that he co-edited with the artist Ruy Vaz. All three poems deal in one way or other with the death of a beautiful young woman. It was not only Poe as poet, however, that Pessoa attended to. He knew him as a critic, of course, but also as a writer of fiction, both the ratiocinative and puzzle tales (which resulted in experiments of his own along similar lines) and his stories of love and horror. In 1924, for instance, he published a Portuguese translation of “The Masque of the Red Death,” and a year later, versions of “The Gold Bug” and “Ligeia.”



“Ligeia” had been on his mind for some time. As early as 1916, the legend “Ligeia” had appeared on a list of Pessoa’s projects, including works of theory, poetry and original prose. And it had emerged in still another way a year earlier: as a short poem that would not achieve publication until 1956 when it was included in *Poesias Inéditas* (1919-1930). Unrhymed and composed as a single stanza, Pessoa’s “Ligeia” reads:

I do not want to go where there is no light,  
 Beneath the useless earth, never to see  
 Flowers and flowing rivers in the sun,  
 Or the seasons renewing themselves  
 As they reiterate the land. Already  
 The hollow fear of being nothing weighs  
 On my trembling eyelids, of no longer  
 Having the ability to see and taste,  
 Feel warmth and love, life’s good, life’s bad.<sup>64</sup>

Pessoa’s title instructs us to read the lines dramatically. The voice might have been that of Poe’s dark heroine had he given her a voice. Poe’s tale is also told in the first-person but the narrator is one who has first married Ligeia and then, after her death, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena. It is this male narrator who retells retrospectively the story of his passion for Ligeia, which, after the death of his second wife, leads to Ligeia’s “hideous drama of revivification”<sup>65</sup> in which she returns by usurping the body of the Lady Rowena. Never in Poe’s story are we made privy to Ligeia’s thoughts, her wishes, or, for that matter, her fears, as we are in Pessoa’s poem. Poe’s Ligeia is described as “tall, somewhat slender, and, in her latter days, even emaciated,” with hair that is “blacker than the raven wings of midnight.” But the narrator’s obsession is with her eyes—eyes not made for the dark tomb to which she must descend even, perhaps, before her death. Pessoa’s poem gives Ligeia the opportunity to speak of her fears, this side of interment, that Poe and his narrator have denied her. It permits Ligeia to define what she dreads, what it is that impels her, in Poe’s story, to return from the tomb “where there is no light.”

In 1919-20, just about midpoint in that stretch of eight years between his first mention of Ligeia and the writing of the poem, Pessoa went through

the first phase of his only documented affair of the heart. How often did the specter of Poe, his young cousin, and her early death occur to Pessoa in those months of courtship, especially when he met his Ofélia outside her place of employment, the offices of the firm Dupin? Or when he signed his letters “Ibis” and incestuously called his lover “Ibis” as well? And was he not condemning to the tomb, if not his corporeal lover herself, at least his image of their love when, feigning madness (or merely using his genuine madness), he wrote Ofélia that last letter bringing their affair to a close? He did not consign her to a nunnery, as Hamlet did Ophelia, but it is notable that he commanded Ofélia not to talk about him (as she acknowledged decades after his death). It seems not entirely coincidental, for that matter, that she remained unmarried until well after her lover’s death.

For a decade after their separation in 1920, Pessoa and Ofélia had no direct contact. But there would be a second phase in their relationship. It lasted only a few months, from September 1929 until January 1930. Yet it reached its own high pitch. In one letter, directed to the “Terrible Baby,” he admits, in a mixture of lover’s prattle and rather deadly serious self-revelation, “I feel sad, and I’m crazy, and nobody likes me [...] and I’d like to kiss you on the mouth, right on the mark, voraciously, and eat up your mouth, and eat up all those kisses you’ve got hidden in there [...]”<sup>66</sup> Discernible here is the obsessed lover’s desire for vampire-like fusion with his beloved. The lover’s vampirism was now closer to the surface than it had been a decade earlier when Pessoa had taunted Ofélia with the notions that she was a “small pink pillow just right for planting kisses (what foolish talk!)” and that his “Baby” was “good for biting!”<sup>67</sup>

When Pessoa decided to bring his renewed courtship to its close, this time for good, he again resorted to playing on his fear of renewed (or constant) madness. “The old automobile crank I carry around in my head,” he warned, “and my mind, which was no longer in existence, went r-r-r-r-r.”<sup>68</sup> This time Pessoa chose to dismiss not only their chances for marriage but even the mere continuation of some sort of relationship. He sent her a poem, just composed, that would go a long way toward certifying that he was mentally unstable.

White House—Claypit A  
(Trough poem)

Everyone with cold hands  
Should put them into the troughs.  
Trough number One,  
For those who mess with their ears before breakfast.  
Trough number Two,  
For those who drink their beefsteaks.  
Trough number Three,  
For those who sneeze only half a time.  
Trough number Four,  
For those who flare their nostrils at the theatre.  
Trough number Five,  
For those who eat the latchkey.  
Trough number Six,  
For those who comb themselves with cake.  
Trough number Seven,  
For those who sing until the roof melts.  
Trough number Eight,  
For those who crack nuts when it's daring.  
Trough number Nine,  
For those who look like collard greens.  
Trough number Ten,  
For those who stick stamps to their toenails.  
And, since the hands are no longer cold,  
Cover the troughs!

HUSH\*

Silence in the station ‘  
at the customer's pleasure.<sup>69</sup>

“Cover the troughs,” indeed, and directed by the customer no longer interested in the custom. And as if the poem were not sufficient to get Pessoa's point across—that he has washed his hands of her and her threatening love—he had the temerity to instruct her: “This poem should be read at night and in an unlit room.”<sup>70</sup> He could not have gone much deeper for evidence of his subliminal death wish for Ofélia or even for her premature burial, like Ligeia's—a wish

that just a few weeks earlier had surfaced unmistakably, if in different form. “I’d like it if my Baby were a doll, and I would do with it as a child would,” he writes; “I’d undress it, and that part ends right here. It seems impossible that this has been written by a human being, but it was written by me.”<sup>71</sup>

Pessoa left us an epitaph of sorts to his love for the death of his love for the beautiful young woman—his Ofélia, his “Baby,” his Ligeia. On August 26, 1930, he set down a simple quatrain, that if not disingenuous is at least psychologically vexed:

Let there be a tomb  
Or dusty attic.  
Baby has gone away.  
My soul is all alone.<sup>72</sup>

This quatrain is troublesome, I would argue, because Fernando Pessoa’s hunger for love, like Poe’s, as both of them knew, had been unrealizable; and that was the way, down deep, Pessoa had always wanted it to be.

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The fact, moreover, is that “Baby” had not gone away. Even after their first break in 1920, and a hiatus of nearly ten years, Ofélia was apparently still willing to resume their courtship. In both instances it was Fernando Pessoa who orchestrated the courtship but it was Álvaro de Campos who engineered the rupture. Beginning with a mere mention and waxing to the point that Campos would actually write to Ofélia, Pessoa’s most faithful heteronym served him as the agent for getting out of his relationship with Ofélia both in 1920 and in 1930. Ofélia feared that “bad” Álvaro de Campos and Fernando Pessoa played on that fear to extricate himself from the love affair that he no longer cared enough to continue. In his letters to Ofélia he quoted Campos and he deferred to him, sometimes announcing that what he was doing at the time he did with Campos’s permission. Indeed, there is a direct ratio between the decline of Pessoa’s interest in continuing his relationship with Ofélia and the growing presence of Campos in the correspondence, beginning as early as the fifth of April 1920, less than three weeks after Pessoa’s first letter to Ofélia, with a parenthetical mention of “Álvaro de Campos.” His heteronym authorizes his not having a third reason for the fact that his handwriting in this particular letter is somewhat strange. “Don’t be surprised that my handwriting is a bit funny,” he writes.

There are two reasons for it. The first one is that the paper (the only one available at this time) is very slick and my pen passes over it very quickly; the second is that I have discovered here in the house a splendid port wine, a bottle of which I have opened and of which I have already drunk half. The third reason is that there are only two reasons, and therefore there is no third reason. (Álvaro de Campos, engineer).<sup>73</sup>

It is interesting that Álvaro de Campos should make his first appearance in these love letters just at the time that Pessoa has confessed to having drunk half a bottle of port. Would Pessoa have surmised in some oblique way that intoxication and Campos went well together, especially in those times when he would not pursue his courtship of Ofélia with the innocence (feigned or not) of his first letter?<sup>74</sup> Was there operative somewhere in his subconscious the example of Edgar Allan Poe, who also had employed his drunkenness to break off an amorous alliance? Baudelaire privileged the information that Poe “went hopelessly drunk to scandalize the neighbourhood of her who should have been his wife, having this recourse to his vice to disembarass himself of a perjury towards that poor dead spouse whose images always haunted his mind [...]”<sup>75</sup> Pessoa knew the story.

But it is not just that Campos’s presence makes itself felt increasingly, but that Fernando Pessoa fades away as Álvaro de Campos takes over his thoughts, his feelings, his very body. It is as if Pessoa dies (temporarily) as Campos comes to life. This uncanny usurpation is revealed in the letter of October 15, 1920, the penultimate letter in the first phase of the Fernando/Ofélia courtship:

My little baby:

You have thousands—you have millions—of reasons for being angry, irritated, offended. But the blame has hardly been mine; it has been the fault of that fate which has just condemned my brain, I shall not say permanently, but to a state, at least, that calls for careful treatment such as I am not sure I can get.

I intend (without now invoking the celebrated decree of May 11) to go to a mental hospital next month to see if I can find there a certain treatment that will enable me to resist this black wave that is falling over my spirit. I don’t know how the treatment will turn out—that is, I cannot foresee what good it might do me.

Never wait for me; if I show up it will be in the morning, when you are  
on your way to the office, on Poço Novo.

Don't worry.

After all, what was it? I was exchanged for Álvaro de Campos!

Always very much yours,  
Fernando<sup>76</sup>

In his place—that is, Fernando Pessoa's—stands Álvaro de Campos. It is as if Pessoa has died away before the vampiric emergence of Álvaro de Campos, the engineer-poet who is also love's executioner.

On October 21, 1935, just over a month before Pessoa's own death, Campos wrote what may well have been his last poem. It was also a final word on his involvement in the Fernando/Ofélia affair, which by all rights, should be described as the liaison between Ofélia and Fernando Pessoa—Álvaro de Campos—a weird three-way, one for the ages.

All love letters  
Are ridiculous.  
They would not be love letters if they  
Were not ridiculous.  
In my time I too wrote love letters,  
Like the others,  
Ridiculous.....  
Love letters, if there is love,  
Have to be  
Ridiculous.  
But, finally,  
It is only children who have never written  
Love letters  
That are  
Ridiculous.  
Oh how I wish I were back in the time  
When I wrote (without being aware  
Of it) ridiculous  
Love letters.  
The truth of it is that today

It is my memory  
 Of those love letters  
 That is  
 Ridiculous.  
 (All singular words,  
 Like singular feelings,  
 Are naturally  
 Ridiculous.)<sup>77</sup>

Although Fernando Pessoa had initiated the affair with Ofélia, it will be recalled, it was Álvaro de Campos who broke it off both times; and it is Campos who has the last word on the matter. He, too, claims to have written love letters—not that he has written them for himself will he assert (that matter remains ambiguous) but merely that having written them, he knows what he is talking about. Had Campos, in the last years of the poet's life, once again taken over his thoughts, his feelings, his body? Had he, in short, replicated the vampire's triumph of Poe's Ligeia over the Lady Rowena? As Poe's narrator says, "I shrieked aloud, 'can I never—can I never be mistaken—these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the Lady—of the Lady Ligeia.'"<sup>78</sup> It is merciful, no doubt, that Ofélia Queiroz was at last spared that final vision of the complete takeover of her beloved Fernando by the very "bad" Álvaro.

This chapter has a post-script. In the *Jornal de Letras* for November 12-18, 1985, Maria da Graça Queiroz published a most interesting interview with Ofélia. Therein, in Ofélia's own words, appears an account of the way in which Fernando Pessoa's courtship of Ofélia was renewed in 1929, a decade after it was first broken off. The story had been told originally in *Cartas de amor*, but as she acknowledges, it bears repeating:

In 1929, as I have already told the story, we began again by way of a photograph that my nephew brought home. It was he, drinking at Abel Pereira da Fonseca's place. I found it very amusing and told Carlos that I too would like to have one. A few days later I actually received a photograph with an inscription: "Fernando Pessoa in *flagrante delitro*." I wrote him a letter of thanks, he replied, and thus we resumed our 'courtship.' This second phase is well described in the book *Cartas de amor* and as I said,

F[ernando] was very much different. He was much older and nervous. He drank a great deal.<sup>79</sup>

Scarcely hidden here, in the anecdote regarding the photograph of Pessoa drinking, is Ofélia's own attraction to the Pessoa who was Álvaro de Campos, the 'bad' one who had usurped the more innocent lover's very being at the end of the first phase of their courtship in 1920. Finally clear is the message Pessoa sent Ofélia in the inscription to the photograph: "Fernando Pessoa in *flagrante delitro*." She was amply forewarned. As Pessoa, in the very first letter of this second phase—that of November 9, 1929—asked perceptively: "So, a drunken shadow occupies space in your memories?"<sup>80</sup> Once again their relationship was doomed from the outset.<sup>81</sup> "She never was quite a human creature to him. She was an instrument, from which he got his extremes of sensation. His *machine à plaisir*, as somebody says." This was not said of Fernando and Ofélia. Rather it was said of Ligeia by D. H. Lawrence, who reads Poe's story as the story of Poe himself.<sup>82</sup>



### 3. Hadrian

They might have put on his tombstone WALT WHITMAN:

HE HAD HIS NERVE.

He is the rashest, the most inexplicable and unlikely—the most impossible,  
one wants to say—of poets.

Randall Jarrell, “Some Lines from Whitman” (1953)<sup>83</sup>

Principally because of their subject matter, particularized in uncommonly sensual detail—still a risky proposition in the first decades of the twentieth century—Fernando Pessoa’s two major English-language poems have been commonly ignored in mainstream scholarship on Portugal’s great modernist poet. There are major exceptions to this generalization: Jorge de Sena’s introductory essay to Pessoa’s *Poemas ingleses* (1974), Catarina T. F. Edinger’s monograph *A metáfora e o fenómeno amoroso nos poemas ingleses de Fernando Pessoa* (1982), and Yara Frateschi Vieira’s study *Sob o ramo da bétula: Fernando Pessoa e o erotismo vitoriano* (1989).<sup>84</sup>

Sena’s richly historical introduction to the English poems Pessoa published during his lifetime remains the starting point for investigations into the varied contexts of this portion of Pessoa’s work and what that signifies for our understanding of Pessoa and his times. His analysis of the ways in which John Addington Symonds’s pioneering, if cautious and evasive, essay on Antinous can be used to shed light on Pessoa’s poem can be enhanced by taking into account additional literary references to Hadrian’s young lover, including Symonds’s own little-known poem “The Lotus-Garland of Antinous.”<sup>85</sup> Pessoa’s characteristic language of love and lust—its metaphors and images—is the thrust of Edinger’s more narrowly aesthetic study. Vieira searches into the sado-masochistic aspects—especially flagellation—inherent in the kind of education Pessoa received in South Africa (along with his reading of Swinburne’s sado-masochistic poem “Dolores” and Oscar Wilde’s

story “The Portrait of Mr. W. H.”) as informative glosses on Pessoa’s erotic or obscene poems. Vieira’s study does not carry into the 1890s, not to the scarcely veiled homosexuality dramatized in Wilde’s novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891)—with its off-handed reference to the Antinous of sculpture—or the public spectacle of Wilde’s two trials in 1895 and their aftermath. Brian Reade has written that “1894 could be described as a golden year for homosexuals in England, for the very reason that it was the last year for a long time in which they could take shelter in public ignorance or tolerance to propagate a non-hostile climate of taste and opinion.”<sup>86</sup> Given the strongly conservative moral dictates of England’s “established orders”<sup>87</sup> that prevailed in the two decades following the exposure of Wilde in the courts, Pessoa’s attempt to disseminate a poem that speaks openly of “the love that dare not speak its name,” not to mention necrophilia, can only be seen as an act of daring and defiance.<sup>88</sup>

There is no gainsaying either that the writing and publication of *Antinous* and *Epithalamium* pose singular questions for anyone trying to understand Pessoa’s early sense of himself as a poet, for in choosing to bring out those poems, along with *35 Sonnets*, when he did, Pessoa was staking an early claim for recognition as a poet working within (and expanding) English literary traditions.<sup>89</sup> His motive, both in the writing of these poems and in his decision to publish and disseminate them when and where he did, was calculated, pragmatic. For this reason, if for no other, the subject deserves another and closer look.

Like Shakespeare, who started out his poetic career with two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, Pessoa began his career (as an English poet) with the two narrative poems, *Antinous* and *Epithalamium*. And if, like Shakespeare’s poems, his, too, could have been described as “obscene” and “immoral,”<sup>90</sup> they nevertheless might have merited consideration, again like Shakespeare’s, as “high works of art which are, not only immoral, but frankly apologetic for some species of immorality.”<sup>91</sup> In a draft for an essay on Shakespeare that he seems never to have brought to completion, Pessoa claimed: “I have a feminine temperament and a masculine intelligence.” Two paragraphs later, building on a reference to the subject of “mild sexual inversion,” he wrote of Shakespeare and Rousseau: “And fear of the descent into the body of this inversion of the spirit—I’m bothered by the contemplation of how in these two it descended—completely in the former into pederasty; uncertainly in the latter into a vague masochism.”<sup>92</sup>

In 1990 Teresa Rita Lopes published for the first time four paragraphs of Pessoa's prose, in English, under the title, in Portuguese, of "O amor como 'conceito do mundo'" [Love as a Concept of the World]. The text, incomplete, appears to have been intended as part of a preface to a book of poems that was never realized. Pessoa writes that the volume will be made up of five poems, but describes only three of them, *Antinous*, *Epithalamium*, and *Prayer to a Woman's Body*, the last of which he seems not to have written. "The first poem, 'Antinous,' represents the Greek concept of the sexual world. Like all primitive concepts, it is elaborate; like all innocent concepts, it is substantially perverse. That it may show up as primitive, the emotion depicted is purposely a non-primitive one; that it may blossom as innocent, it is developed into a metaphysics, but, as is right in innocence, the metaphysics is added to, not put into, the substance of the main theme."<sup>93</sup> None of this is obvious, however—it can be ventured—when one looks at the poem itself. Like Pessoa's static drama, *O marinheiro* [The Mariner], *Antinous* dramatizes a wake. In this case, however, it is established that the wake is, Poe-like, for the sensual body of a beautiful lover: "bare female male-body."<sup>94</sup> *Antinoüs: A Tragedy*, an obscure play from the early 1890s, ends with a stage direction for the grieving Hadrian—"throws himself down by bier"—which is exactly where the drama enacted in Pessoa's poem begins.<sup>95</sup>

Antinous's corpse has been "denuded whole" by the mourning Hadrian. Its living attributes, its lively gestures, and its sensual movements are all accounted for by their absence from this final scene:

O hands that once had clasped Hadrian's warm hands,  
 Whose cold now found them cold!  
 O hair bound erstwhile with the pressing bands!  
 O eyes half-diffidently bold!  
 O bare female male-body such  
 As a god's likeness to humanity!  
 O lips whose opening redness erst could touch  
 Lust's seats with a live art's variety!  
 O fingers skilled in things not to be told!  
 O tongue which, counter-tongued, made the blood bold!

Hadrian remembers pleasurable movements, moments of love and lust, on the “memoried bed” on which Antinous now lays—a figure of “human ice no way of heat can move.” In that place,

There was he wont thy dangling sense to cloy,  
And uncloy with more cloying, and annoy  
With newer uncloying till thy senses bled.  
His hand and mouth knew games to reinstall  
Desire that thy worn spine was hurt to follow.  
Sometimes it seemed to thee that all was hollow  
In sense in each new straining of sucked lust.  
Then still new turns of toying would he call  
To thy nerves’ flesh, and thou wouldst tremble and fall  
Back on thy cushions with thy mind’s sense hushed.

Hadrian manages to imagine his lover alive in “a memory of lust.” As Jorge de Sena has noticed, “these are not scenes of tenderness or love that he evokes, but the sexual abilities of his favorite.”<sup>96</sup> But this selfish, self-serving memory of “that love they lived as a religion” will not, and does not, last.

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So he half rises, looking on his lover,  
That now can love nothing but what none know.  
Vaguely, half-seeing what he doth behold,  
He runs his cold lips all the body over.  
And so ice-senseless are his lips that, lo!  
He scarce tastes death from the dead body’s cold,  
But it seems both are dead or living both  
And love is still the presence and the mover.  
Then his lips cease on the other lips’ cold sloth.

This moment in the poem is followed by Hadrian’s resolve to immortalize Antinous.

I shall build thee a statue that will be  
To the continued future evidence  
Of my love and thy beauty and the sense  
That beauty giveth of divinity.

Hadrian continues in this vein, until he has an epiphany:

Thy death has given me a higher lust—  
 A flesh-lust raging for eternity.  
 On mine imperial fate I set my trust  
 That the high gods, that made me emperor be,  
 Will not annul from a more real life  
 My wish that thou should'st live for e'er and stand  
 A fleshly presence on their better land,  
 More lovely yet not lovelier, for there  
 No things impossible our wishes mar  
 Nor pain our hearts with change and time and strife.

In short, the Emperor Hadrian will eternalize Antinous into what he is already (personally) to him—a god. And we know, historically, that for a time Hadrian's plan succeeded. But not for long, for, as everyone knows, the half-god Antinous disappeared with the triumph of Jesus of Nazareth.

Rich as this story of Pessoa's *Antinous* is, there is an even greater yield when one takes up the matter of what the poem might reveal about the biographical Pessoa. Not surprisingly, in Pessoa's description of Hadrian's necrophilia, some readers have seen evidence that Pessoa's own sexual experience went beyond his imaginings or hallucinations.<sup>97</sup> Admittedly, the biographer's use of works of the imagination is a tricky matter, dangerous to the unwary or the reckless. A poem in English like the only recently published "Le Mignon," cast in the voice of Hadrian addressing the living Antinous, says nothing more definite about Pessoa's sexual proclivities than it does about the poet's dramatic ability to write poetry in the voice of an historical figure.<sup>98</sup> Yet Pessoa's decision in the famous poem "O menino da sua mãe"—a protest against the war (1914-18)—to focus on the young soldier's body rotting in the hot sun enables him to echo the necrophilic and, less explicitly, homoerotic strains of *Antinous*. That the poet 'notices' that the corpse gives off the smell of rot reveals something of the nature of the poem's sublimated necrophilia.<sup>99</sup>

In the act of writing *Antinous*, no less than in the event depicted therein—Hadrian's grieving over the death of his minion—it is plausible to think that Pessoa was expressing, in a relatively safe form, his own usually

sublimated eroticism. If his homosexuality were to descend from his brain to his body, he worried, transforming what was safely mental to something dangerously physical, it would be disastrous.<sup>100</sup> The alternative to giving in to his body's sensual needs is clear. "Let's make the receptivity of our senses purely literary," as his semi-heteronym Bernardo Soares writes in *Livro do desassossego* (The Book of Disquiet) "and let's convert our emotions, when they stoop to becoming apparent, into visible matter that can be sculpted into statues with fluid, glowing words."<sup>101</sup> And if it can be complained that words do not sculpt statues, it cannot be denied that words create images in the minds of those who read or hear them. Then it is possible to think that the statue of Antinous that Hadrian, channeling his grief, will install over and again throughout his empire has its counterpart, in a small way and in a different medium, in Pessoa's own effort to channel into his poem emotions unacceptable to his society no less than to himself. Just as he did later with the flesh-and-blood poet António Botto and his explicitly homosexual poetry, Pessoa in this poem about antiquity's (the classical world's) last God, "embodied" his own, reined-in physical sexuality in "others" (historical personages, this time) in a dramatic narrative—a poem similar to those poems Robert Browning called his dramatic monologues or, more precisely, perhaps, his dramatic poems. Incidentally, as much as Pessoa admired Browning, he deplored the fact that the Victorian poet had denigrated Shakespeare for his pederasty ("If so the less Shakespeare he," Browning's words quoted by Pessoa).<sup>102</sup> Elsewhere Pessoa calls attention to Shakespeare's "sexual inversion" and the fact that, along with Walt Whitman, he was a "paederast."<sup>103</sup>

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In publishing *Antinous* when he did, Pessoa might have been hoping to contribute to the literary culture of his time. For his poem could be seen as a substantial example on a subject that was largely taboo in traditional English-language literature. After all, readers consulting a standard reference work such as Oskar Seyffert's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*, based on the best German scholarship and first translated into English in 1891, for information on Antinous would have had to have been satisfied with the following discreet entry:

A beautiful youth of Claudiopölis in Bithynia, a favourite and travelling companion of the emperor Hadrian. He drowned himself in the Nile, probably from melancholy. The emperor honoured his memory by placing

him among the heroes, erecting statues and temples, and founding yearly games in his honour, while the artists of every province vied in portraying [sic] him under various forms, human, heroic, and divine; e.g. as Dionysus, Hermes, Apollo. Among the features common to the many surviving portraits of Antinous are the full locks falling low down the forehead, the large, melancholy eyes, the full mouth, and the broad, swelling breast. Some of these portraits are among the finest works of ancient art, for instance, the colossal statue in the Vatican, and the half-length relief at the Villa Albani. There is also a fine bust in the Louvre.<sup>104</sup>

The same readers might have learned something different, but no less evasive, from Arthur Symons, apologist for the Symbolist poets and, closer to home, the Decadents of Victorian England and Ireland. In 1897 in the London periodical *Cosmopolis*, he concluded:

[W]e find the one really satisfying work in sculpture left by the Romans to be the Antinous, repeated over and over again, in an almost mechanical carrying out of the will of Hadrian, but coming, at its best, to a kind of perfection. Antinous is the smile of the eternity of youth, and the smile is a little sad, for all its gracious acceptance of the sunlight. It is sad with youth's sensitive consciousness of the first cold breath of wind which comes to trouble that sunlight; a wistfulness which is the wistfulness of animals, and in which the soul and its regrets have no part. Perfect bodily sensitiveness; the joy and sadness which are implicit in mere human breathing; a simplicity of sensation which comes at once into the delightful kingdom of things which we are so painful in our search for, and thus attains a sort of complexity, or its equivalent, without knowing it; life taken on its own terms, and without preference of moment to moment: it is all this that I find in the grave, and smiling, and unthinking, and pensive head of Antinous, in that day-dream of youth, just conscious enough of its own felicity for so much the more heightened an enjoyment of that passing moment.<sup>105</sup>

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Symons just will not name what it is that lies behind that “perfect bodily sensitiveness” of Hadrian's Antinous—flesh or stone.

Equally evasive were the poets or the writers of fiction. One obscure versifier of the 1890s writes as directly of Hadrian's love as he will dare:

The great lord loved Antinoüs the most.  
 There was no warrior chief in all his host,  
 No maid of all the fragrant singing bands  
 That tended him, the choice of many lands,  
 He loved so much. Antinoüs returned  
 His love so greatly that he scarcely yearned  
 For love of women.<sup>106</sup>

In 1907 Montague Summers published *Antinous and Other Poems*. In the lead poem, this future student of demonology and witchcraft addresses the boy-god over the centuries:

Antinous! Mysterious prototype  
 Of psychical desires which aye have burned  
 Within our bosom hold.<sup>107</sup>

And he touches upon the nature of Hadrian's feelings for his boy-lover:  
 "Effeminately was mourned by Adrian."

However, most references to Hadrian's boy-lover, common enough in stories or poems, occurred in passing. A notable exception is Oscar Wilde's allusion in "The Sphinx," a poem begun during the poet's days at Oxford but not finished for years:

Sing to me of that odorous green even when couching by the marge  
 You heard from Adrian's gilded barge the laughter of Antinous  
 And lapped the stream and fed your drouth and watched with hot and hungry  
 stare  
 The ivory body of the rare young slave with his pomegranate mouth!<sup>108</sup>

As Jorge de Sena affirms, "in its esthetic ardor" this passage "anticipates much of the atmosphere of Pessoa's poem."<sup>109</sup> What it lacks, of course, is the detailed description of necrophilia that is the feature of Pessoa's poem.

English poems published in Pessoa's time are receptive now to a reading of their sublimated erotic readings. A case in point is one of A. E. Housman's best-known poems, "To an Athlete Dying Young," published in *A Shropshire Lad* in 1896. Pessoa's graphic description of the male body



contrasts with Housman's calculated depiction, ventured only in the final stanza, and only in the most subdued of conventional terms:

And round that early-laurelled head  
 Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,  
 And find unwithered on its curls  
 The garland briefer than a girl's.<sup>110</sup>

Through synecdoche—the clichés of laurels and garland—Housman manages to transfer the (public) task of viewing the corpse in naturalistic terms to the private realm of the reader's imagination. This "English" evasion stands out when contrasted with the descriptions of the corpse in those Portuguese poets known to Pessoa. Here, for example, is one of Camilo Pessanha's descriptions of the body, the corpse of Venus, "Putrid the belly, blue and glutinous."<sup>111</sup>

Wilde notwithstanding, the Victorians more commonly referred to Antinous in his embodiment as a statue or as the figure on a medallion, religious or artistic, than as, biographically or historically, Hadrian's boy-lover. One of Edith Wharton's Jamesian gentlemen, for example, in a story titled "The Eyes," describes a young man: "slender and smooth and hyacinthine, he might have stepped from a ruined altar—one to Antinous, say."<sup>112</sup> Henry James himself, in "The Last of the Valerii," an early story, refers to the possibilities of excavating statuary. "It may be," says the narrator, "that some marble masterpiece is stirring there beneath its lightening weight of earth! There are as good fish in the sea—I may be summoned to welcome another Antinous back to fame,—a Venus, a faun, an Augustus!"<sup>113</sup> How such "another Antinous" might appeal to him, one is permitted to infer from what James had written in his own, appreciative voice just two months earlier, in "From a Roman Note-Book":

The collection of marbles in the Casino (Winckelmann's) admirable, and to be seen again. The famous Antinous crowned with lotus, a strangely beautiful and impressive thing. One sees something every now and then which makes one declare that the Greek manner, even for purely romantic and imaginative effects, surpasses any that has since been invented. If there be not imagination in the baleful beauty of that perfect young profile, there's none in "Hamlet" or in "Lycidas."<sup>114</sup>

It was John Addington Symonds, however, an author known best for his studies of the Italian Renaissance, who first wrote unmistakably, if guardedly, about Antinous, Hadrian, and the love that dared not speak its name, bringing the matter to the fore in the Victorian world. Symonds published a long poem on Antinous as well as a two-part essay.

As Jorge de Sena recognized, Symonds is the important precursor in English literature for Pessoa, particularly in the way he treats the “forbidden” subject of Hadrian’s sexual love for Antinous.<sup>115</sup> Even with the protection afforded by self-publication, presenting the poem “The Lotus-Garland” in 1871 took courage. Symonds expressed his fears to friends before and after publication, though, as it turned out, his poem received little attention and caused no scandal.<sup>116</sup> Silence from his few readers probably encouraged him to go further, for he did make the poem available to a larger public by including it in *Many Moods: A Volume of Verse*, issued in London by the reputable trade publisher Smith, Elder, in 1878. But he took the precaution of appending to the poem a substantial historical endnote identifying Antinous, neutrally, as only a “court-favourite.”<sup>117</sup> It is not without interest that at the same time, Symonds confessed to Edmund Gosse: “I have collected a vast mass now of Antinous information; wh[ich] I hope some time to put into shape,” adding ruefully, “I regret the publication (now rendered inevitable by the printing press) of the poem I wrote years ago upon Antinous, before I knew as much as I do now. I think I might have ventured on a far more heroic treatment than I then thought possible.”<sup>118</sup>

It is of course understandable that Symonds was fearful that the public would reject or dismiss his poem about Hadrian and Antinous. His risk begins with the narrator’s description of the young lover:

[W]hat tongue shall tell the orient glow  
Of those orbed breasts, smooth as dawn-smitten snow;  
The regal gait, processional and grand,  
As of a god; the sunny-marble hand,  
Grasping a silk-enwoven cedar-wand?—

Symonds elevates the risk when Antinous characterizes himself, as he prepares to take his life:

A slave—the toy and bauble of a king,  
 Picked from the dust to play with—a cheap thing,  
 Irksome as soon as used—a cup to sip,  
 Then fling with loathing from the sated lip!—

When the body is discovered, the narrator has one final opportunity to describe directly the body of his boy-lover but chooses instead to detail the trappings of an imminent deification. Thus ‘the perfect body of the boy’ is

Raised on their petals, pillowed tenderly,  
 And curtained with fresh leaves innumerable,  
 Smile like a god, whom errands amorous  
 Lure from Olympus, and coy Naiads find  
 Sleeping, and in their rose love-wreaths bind.<sup>119</sup>

Nearly forty years after Symonds’s justified edginess about what his readers would make of his poem and think of him for taking such a great risk in making it public, Pessoa had similar concerns about his own poem. He, too, worried about how English readers would greet his more explicit treatment of the sexual and sensuous nature of Hadrian’s relationship to Antinous. To the publisher John Lane he offered, in October 1915, a collection of his shorter poems. “I have indeed longer poems written in English,” he revealed, in what was, perhaps, a testing of the waters, “but these could not be printed in a country where there is an active public morality; so I do not think of mentioning them in this respect—that is to say, in respect of a possibility of their being published in England.”<sup>120</sup> Pessoa refers to the phenomenon in Edwardian England of what has been called “The Organization of Morality”: the actions of groups such as the Social Purity Alliance and the Friends’ Purity Committee.<sup>121</sup> Most probably he was also aware that in Great Britain libel law made the printer, in addition to the author and publisher, liable to legal action. What this meant, of course, was that in practice printers exercised “a private censorship” of the things they were asked to set, rather than risk the chance of fine or imprisonment.<sup>122</sup> It is no coincidence, I think, that three years later one of the factors in Pessoa’s decision to have his poems printed in Lisbon was that he would thus avoid the risk of being censored by any printer under British jurisdiction.<sup>123</sup>

In the same year that he wrote to John Lane, Pessoa also wrote to Frank Palmer, hoping to interest him in an “English number” of the literary journal *Orpheu*. Beginning with a warning—“our review contains certain poems and prose works which are ‘objectionable’ from a strictly moral standpoint. In the present number the central part of Álvaro de Campos’s ‘Marine Ode’ (Ode marítima) is in this case”—he explains: “The worst which the English number of the review would have is the poem of mine, written in English, called ‘Antinous’ of which I send you a copy herewith (to avoid lengthy and unsatisfactory explanations). Could a review be sold in England with a poem like this inserted?” Then he adds to his case: “Fundamentally, it is really not quite as ‘bad’ as Shakespeare’s sonnets, but no one ever sees anything fundamentally.” However, there are legal matters here that Pessoa would like to have answered before the editors of *Orpheu* could decide whether or not to publish an “English supplement.”

Suppose a review or book were really published or introduced into England bearing such a composition, what could happen? I ask this because I am not familiar with proceedings (legal) possible on this line. Here in Portugal, though a fairly stringent law exists on this and kindred subjects, yet only political writers, and that only at periods of great excitement, run any risk. From the moral standpoint, almost any kind of literature can be published, even going into the clearly obscene.<sup>124</sup>

There is no record of Pessoa’s having received an answer—one way or the other—to his questions; but there was to be no English supplement to *Orpheu*.

In *Antinous* Pessoa tackled the subject of Hadrian’s love for his minion openly and straightforwardly, doing so in English in a poem that he ascribed not to any of his heteronyms, but, significantly, to himself. And although not fearing any official intervention in Portugal (as we have seen), he distributed his Lisbon-printed poem (along with his emulative Elizabethan sonnet sequence) to newspapers, journals, and selected libraries throughout the British Isles. To put his temerity in so braving the British Lion into perspective, one need only recall that the conviction and incarceration of Oscar Wilde in the mid-1890s for “committing acts of gross indecency in private” turned them unspeakable.<sup>125</sup> Even the Bloomsbury Group’s E. M. Forster, who wrote his explicitly homosexual novel *Maurice* in 1913-14

(just about when Pessoa wrote *Antinous*), did not dare publish it during his lifetime. Forster's suppression of *Maurice* is only one instance of the ways in which "modern English literature was significantly affected by the conviction of Wilde in 1895," as has been observed, "for it established the pattern of persecution that forced homosexuals to go underground for more than seventy years."<sup>126</sup> Indeed, as it has been put recently, "many of the English poems [of Pessoa] have a homoerotic explicitness that Pessoa's post-Wilde English counterparts scarcely dared."<sup>127</sup>

Pessoa was undoubtedly disappointed in the reception his work received in England and Scotland. His English poems—35 *Sonnets* and *Antinous*—received not "eulogistic reviews," the claim made in one reference work, but a somewhat mixed press with even the praise muted.<sup>128</sup> The *Times Literary Supplement* found *Antinous* not "a poem that will appeal to the general reader in England; although the reflections of Hadrian over the dead body of his minion are interesting for what we should now call this Renaissance style and atmosphere, and the poetry is often striking." The *Athenaeum* characterized the theme of *Antinous* as "repellent." The *Glasgow Herald* employed the same term in commenting on the poem. Responding, in all probability, to the homosexual necrophilia of the poem, it saw in *Antinous* "what we might term a repellent theme, repellent at times in its treatment; yet it is never weak, and out of mere fleshly lust grows a true vision of eternal beauty"; while the *Scotsman* found Pessoa's sonnets, as well as his *Antinous*, "often too Southern both in expression and in feeling to be likely to please a strictly English taste."<sup>129</sup> (The code word here is "Southern," which stands for illicitly "sensuous" or, more specifically, "homosexual.")<sup>130</sup> A measure of just how extraordinary it was at the time for Pessoa to depict homosexual necrophilia in his poem can be gleaned from the fact that as late as the 1970s the famous psychoanalyst Erich Fromm was defining "sexual necrophilia" as "a man's desire to have sexual intercourse or any other kind of sexual contact with a *female* corpse."<sup>131</sup> It is also noteworthy that in Pessoa's own day, in the whole of the renowned Havelock Ellis's four-volume *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* there are no more than a half-dozen or so references to necrophilia and not one of those runs longer than a sentence or two.<sup>132</sup>

When Pessoa sent copies of his English poems to the erstwhile editor of the short-lived *Portuguese Monthly*, a British citizen with whom

the poet had corresponded as early as 1915, he received what must have been an unexpected and disappointing response. “And ‘Antinous?’” asked William A. Bentley,

I am not so absolute prude [sic]; but, couldn't you find a worthier subject than such a pitiful playing around the most ignoble vices. Health is so infinitely grander and should be more beautiful and attractive than disease, and health of the soul more even than that of the body. Frankly I'm sorry that you should prostitute the capability for really fine and noble poetry with such ignoble sources for inspiration. Your people want helping to finer, nobler ideals than those of these last centuries. You can help them but not by stooping to sow the germs of real poetry in such loathsome soil.<sup>133</sup>

Bentley's reaction to the subject of Hadrian's love for Antinous does not differ materially from the position taken on the same theme, eighty years earlier, by the vigilant, morally conservative *Spectator*: “Antinous, and other celebrities of ancient times, were supported by the imperial power, to whose vices they administered.”<sup>134</sup> But taking no cognizance of the irony that Antinous's lover was also the Roman Emperor who built the so-called Hadrian's Wall to separate the Romans from the Brittunculi (wretched Britons),<sup>135</sup> Bentley offers an admonishment, issuing from a self-righteous assumption of moral superiority—England's over Portugal's, the living Empire's over the defunct Empire's—in his conviction that *Antinous* is socially unhealthy and, as such, detrimental to the potential “regeneration” of a politically and socially decadent Portugal. It is possible that, subconsciously, Pessoa's determination to present his English poems to an English audience constituted a paradoxical gesture of defying British imperialist attitudes towards Portugal by celebrating “decadence” and foisting that celebration on such a readership. If so, then *Antinous* was intended to do the same basic work, as I have suggested elsewhere, that was done by “O menino da sua mãe,” a poem condemnatory of the bootless sacrifices made by Portugal on England's behalf during the Great War.<sup>136</sup> It is an ironic touch, I suspect, that Pessoa sees Antinous, as he does the mother's young son, as blond, a reflection of “an Anglo-Saxon conception of masculine beauty,” as Jorge de Sena has suggested.<sup>137</sup>

If Bentley's negative reaction to his poems fazed Pessoa, it did not do so for long. In 1921 he tried again to reach an English audience. In *English*

*Poems I-II* he reprinted *Antinous*, revised, along with a series of bits modeled on the Greek Anthology collected as “Inscriptions.” (At the same time he issued *English Poems III*, which presented *Epithalamium*, like “Inscriptions,” for the first time.) For the record, presumably, but also for the benefit of those few who knew the first version of *Antinous*, Pessoa added an explanatory note: “An early and very imperfect draft of *Antinous* was published in 1918. The present one is meant to annul and supersede that, from which it is essentially different.”<sup>138</sup> Many of those revisions are stylistic, but some seem to be differently motivated. For instance, in changing the characterization of the boy-lover’s amorous skills (line eighteen) from “soiled art’s variety” in the first edition to “live art’s variety” in the second, Pessoa removes the adjective opening the way to adverse moral judgment and replaces it with one that is temporally descriptive and morally neutral. His motivation is similar when he replaces the judgmental phrase “of love’s arts most unholy” (line eighty) by the more neutral phrase “that art, that makes love captive wholly.” Again, in 1921, as he had three years earlier, he sent review copies of his English poems abroad; but this time they attracted even fewer notices. Now this second attempt to attract attention in the British Isles had, just like the first one, a crucial fault. No one could buy the book; Pessoa had made little effort, if he tried at all, to entice booksellers to stock his publications. Even if the few and spare notices had piqued the interest of the English reader (and there is no evidence that they did), the curious reader had no simple or easy way to purchase copies. Of course, since the poems had been printed in Lisbon, there was also no way for the authorities to clamp down on Pessoa by intimidating printers or booksellers—had they wanted to (or even known about the poems), that is.

Jorge de Sena has pointed out that John Addington Symonds applies the classical adage that “they die young whom the Gods love” to Antinous and that Pessoa employs the same phrase in writing about Mário Sá-Carneiro after his suicide.<sup>139</sup> (It should be noted that Ricardo Reis also says about Alberto Caeiro, “You died young as the Gods will for those they love.”<sup>140</sup>) Pessoa had already written his poem about Hadrian’s lament for Antinous by 1915, within a year of Sá-Carneiro’s suicide—a poem Pessoa hoped to publish, it will be recalled, in an “English supplement” to the third issue of *Orpheu*. But the journal did not make it beyond its second issue, the projected third issue surviving only in proof. That proof offers a clue, in

this echo of Menander and Symonds, as to how Pessoa was taking, over the long haul, the suicide of the poet-friend who had died young—at twenty-six—in Paris. If Hadrian had attempted to install his favorite Antinous as a God, in competition with Jesus, Pessoa would make of the deceased Sá-Carneiro a great poet of modern Portugal. In this sense, Pessoa played Hadrian, if you will, to Sá-Carneiro's Antinous, just as, in a much more playful way, he played some sort of Platonic Hadrian to the flamboyant Antonio Botto's whimsical Antinous.

Functioning as Sá-Carneiro's literary executor, Pessoa carefully managed the posthumous publication of his most intimate friend's poems. He began by publishing three of Sá-Carneiro's last poems from Paris in *Portugal Futurista* in 1917. He continued next with *Athena*, the journal Pessoa co-edited with the artist Ruy Vaz. In its second issue Pessoa chose to lead off with his own belated eulogy of Sá-Carneiro, followed by six poems identified as his friend's "last" poems. Next came *Contemporânea*, with two poems by Sá-Carneiro in 1922, and another in 1924. More of Sá-Carneiro's poems followed in *presença* in 1927, 1928, 1931, and 1933—enough, certainly, to keep his name alive until the publication of a projected collective works. And along the way, in November 1928, *presença* published, as the first in a series, a "Tábua bibliográfica" of Sá-Carneiro's work, for which Pessoa supplied the bibliographical details.<sup>141</sup> Just as Hadrian worked to turn the memory of his favorite Antinous into a myth. Pessoa, who wished "to be a creator of myths, the highest mystery at which any human being can work," did his best to create for Sá-Carneiro a major, if posthumous, literary reputation.<sup>142</sup>

Usually taken to be a companion piece to *Antinous*, *Epithalamium* was written in 1913. Pessoa's major precursor in this venture was the English poet Edmund Spenser. "No one (perhaps not even Spenser) ever read the 'Faerie Queene' with a thorough thoroughness," ventured Pessoa, but he knew Spenser's *Epithalamion* (1595) well enough to re-work it in brutally naturalistic terms.<sup>143</sup> In fact, in tenor Pessoa's poem of the marriage-bed, unpublished until 1921, evokes not Spenser but the Swinburne who says of the Gods:

Have strewed one marriage-bed with tears and fire,  
For extreme loathing and supreme desire.<sup>144</sup>



As any handbook of literary terms will tell you, the epithalamium has its origins in the wedding song sung on the threshold of the bridal chamber. As a genre it flourished among the Latin poets, including Catullus, and took one of two main forms or styles: that of the elevated ceremonial or that of the private and lyrical. Common elements were an invocation to the Muses, the bringing home of the bride, singing and dancing at the wedding party, and preparation for the wedding night. Just as Pessoa did in *Antinous*, which begins where most accounts or poems dealing with the subject stop—Antinous’s death and Hadrian’s presence at the wake that follows—his marriage poem begins with the preparations being made for the wedding night but focuses on the realities of sexual consummation. And whereas in *Antinous* Pessoa focuses solely on Hadrian and his grieving thoughts, in *Epithalamium* he attends, in turn, to the thoughts and reactions of the bride, her maids, the groom, and even the wedding guests on this “great muscled day.” Its vision of love, lust, and violence, is harsh, brutal, and crude, outdoing even the Elizabethans—possibly John Donne and most assuredly Shakespeare—whose poetic language and syntax are broadly and generically parodied. Its vision is that of “the man who feels and who is, in that feeling, two beings”—the “odi et amo of Catullus,” as Pessoa noted in reviewing António Botto’s poems.<sup>145</sup>

Between her and the ceiling this day’s ending  
 A man’s weight will be bending.  
 Lo! with the thought her legs she twines, well knowing  
 A hand will part them then;  
 Fearing that entering in her, that allowing  
 That will make softness begin rude at pain.  
 If ye, glad sunbeams, are inhabited  
 By sprites or gnomes that dally with the day,  
 Whisper her, if she shrink that she’ll be bled,  
 That love’s large bower is doored in this small way.  
 [...]  
 Now is she risen. Look how she looks down,  
 After her slow down-slid night-gown,  
 On her unspotted while of nakedness  
 Save where the beast’s difference from her white frame

Hairily triangling black below doth shame  
Her to-day's sight of it, till the caress  
Of the chemise cover her body. Dress!<sup>146</sup>

Even the children, ignorant of their own sexuality, will rise to great excitement on this day:

Shout, even ye children, little maid and boy  
Whose belly yet unfurred yet whitely decks  
A sexless thing of sex!

This day will bring forth guests and friends, an eager, voyeuristic, prurient, molesting horde:

The sun pours on the ordered rout,  
And all their following eyes clasp round the bride:  
They feel like hands her bosom and her side;  
Like the inside of the vestment next her skin,  
They round her round and fold each crevice in;  
They lift her skirts up, as to tease or woo  
The cleft hid thing below;  
And this they think at her peeps in their ways  
And in their glances plays.

Here is the anxious, restless, lusty, anticipating bridegroom:

The bridegroom aches for the end of this and lusts  
To know those paps in sucking gusts,  
To put his first hand on that belly's hair  
And feel for the lipped lair,  
The fortress made but to be taken, for which  
He feels the battering ram grow large and itch.  
The trembling glad bride feels all the day hot  
On that still cloistered spot  
Where only her nightly maiden hand did feign  
A pleasure's empty gain.

While this public scene—one of “Flesh pinched, flesh bit, flesh sucked, flesh girt around, / Flesh crushed and ground”—there is the common behavior of the groundling:

Now seem all hands pressing the paps as if  
 They meant them juice to give!  
 Now seem all things pairing on one another,  
 Hard flesh soft flesh to smother,  
 And hairy legs and buttocks balled to split  
 White legs mid which they shift.

[...]

Now are skirts lifted in the servants' hall,  
 And the whored belly's stall  
 Ope to the horse that enters in a rush,  
 Half late, too near the gush.  
 And even now doth an elder guest enmesh  
 A flushed young girl in a dark nook apart,  
 And leads her slow to move his produced flesh.  
 Look how she likes with something in her heart  
 To feel her hand work the protruded dart!

67

Pessoa was twenty-five when he wrote this naturalistic yet hallucinated poem. His vision of a hellacious day he can only call the ‘day of pomp and heat’ is, oddly, not that of a Blakean heroine such as the virginal Thel shrinking away from an entrance into sexual experience, but of the still-uninitiated young who both fear and welcome the ceremonies of licensed rutting. Pessoa’s account of this wedding day, the Walpurgisnacht of wedding nights, reaches its nadir in what are nearly the final lines of the poem:

Teach them these things, O day of pomp of heat!  
 Leave them in thoughts such as must make the feat  
 Of flesh inevitable and natural as  
 Pissing when wish doth press!

Its title and putative subject matter notwithstanding, Pessoa’s *Epithalamium* recalls Spenser less than it does, say, Jonathan Swift, whose “excremental

vision” extended to those he loved. (“Oh! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia shits,” as he so famously put it.) In the second of the two known notices of *Epithalamium*, the *Aberdeen Journal* called Pessoa’s poem a “bridal paeon more disgustingly lascivious than was even Donne in his more voluptuous moments.”<sup>147</sup>

It is important to recall that *Epithalamium* was composed in 1913 and was available, therefore, for publication in 1918 when Pessoa published *Antinous* and *35 Sonnets*. But it was passed over at the time. When Pessoa finally decided to make *Epithalamium* public, his action came the year after he decided to break off his love affair with the young Ofélia Queiroz. Given the possible biographical implications of the radically imagined violence of *Epithalamium*, it is small wonder that Pessoa’s real-life affair could not go much beyond the stage of the discrete meeting or the cloying, not always entirely sincere, love letter—no matter how many times these gestures were replicated.<sup>148</sup> In this vein, Armand Guibert, Pessoa’s early French translator, even goes so far as to ask whether we are not to take Pessoa’s act—the publication of *Epithalamium*—as one of revenge. In any case, as he notes, “It is difficult to conceive of a contrast more radical than that between the real-life sentimental affair and the sexual situation imagined” in the poem.<sup>149</sup> One can only imagine Ofélia’s reaction to a poem she probably never encountered, “Ode marítima,” particularly to those lines in which Álvaro de Campos—“flesh torn, ripped open, disemboweled, the blood pouring out”—cries out his desire:

To let my passive body be the grand sum-total-woman of all women  
 Who were raped, killed, wounded, torn apart by pirates!  
 To be, in my bondage, the woman having to serve them all!  
 And feel it all—feel all these things at once—through to the backbone!<sup>150</sup>

Now back to my epigraph. Why do I think that, like Walt Whitman, Fernando Pessoa “had his nerve”? The short answer is that he chose to make his debut as an English-language poet by publishing and distributing what might be taken to be a pornographic poem. If he hedged his bet by publishing and distributing at the same time a faux-Elizabethan sonnet sequence, it was *Antinous*, a poem of homosexual love and necrophilia, that he led with as his trump. Understandably disappointed in the reception of his poems he must surely have been; yet just a few years later, he

tried again, this time adding to the mix his sado-masochistic wedding poem *Epithalamium*. But even pornography did not bring him notoriety, let alone fame. (Perhaps he would have done better had he written and placed his own reviews in English newspapers and journals, as did Whitman in 1855 with his *Leaves of Grass*. But then Whitman had connections among the editors of New York City newspapers, while Pessoa knew virtually no one in the British Isles.) And when, in 1921, Pessoa re-issued his English-language poems he attached a price in English shillings to his chapbooks, he failed at distribution, that is, to make his work available to those who had the price to buy them.

Pessoa thought that he had found a niche for his work in the English poetic tradition, but no one noticed what he was attempting to do, or, if they did, cared enough to take up his cause.



## 4. Clough

And I have known many Englishmen  
Who say that I know English perfectly. [...]  
I, who was always a bad student [...]  
I pretended that I studied engineering.  
I lived in Scotland. I visited Ireland.  
(E tenho conhecido gente inglêsa  
Que diz que eu sei inglês perfeitamente. [...]  
Eu, que foi sempre um mau estudante [...]  
Eu fingi que estudei engenharia.  
Vivi na Escócia. Visitei a Irlanda.)  
Álvaro de Campos, “The Opium-Smoker” (“Opiário”) (1915)<sup>151</sup>

Rome is better than London, because it is other than London.  
Arthur Hugh Clough, *Amours de voyage* (1849)

In *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (2000) I focused on Pessoa’s interest in and borrowings from writers such as Wordsworth, Thomas Gray, Keats, Byron, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ruskin, Alice Meynell, Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, and Caroline Norton. My survey of influences and literary relationships could have been extended, I acknowledged, to include considerations of William Blake, Coleridge, Shelley, Carlyle, Edward Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson.<sup>152</sup> I neglected to include in this list Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861), the first of the English poets, as has been said, “to recognize and use as the matter for modern poetry the state of mind that is symptomatic of our time and informs the greatest art of the twentieth century, from Picasso and

Giacometti to Joyce and Eliot and Pinter.”<sup>153</sup> How and to what extent Pessoa’s work reflects elements of Clough’s major poetry, in particular the remarkable *Amours de voyage* and the undervalued *Dipsychus*, is my subject.<sup>154</sup>

Clough failed to achieve the kind of worldly success that was expected of him. As “the favorite student of Dr. [Thomas] Arnold at Rugby, Clough was marked out to be the great man of his generation at a time when the mantle of greatness was handed down like a crown from generation to generation.”<sup>155</sup> But at the time of his death, it was noted, he had managed to bring out only two books, one of single authorship, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Fuossich* in 1848, the second, *Ambarvalia*, a joint production. Left behind, unpublished in book form, were his two most ambitious and what turned out to be his most critically acclaimed works, *Amours de voyage* (archived in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then a fledgling magazine published in Boston) and the unfinished *Dipsychus*.

When Clough died at the relatively early age of forty-two, his perceived failure, many thought, could be attributed to an “overactive sensitivity and hyperactive consciousness [that] inhibited his ability to get things done.”<sup>156</sup> Others, following Matthew Arnold’s take in “Thyrsis,” his self-serving ‘monody’ commemorating his friend, saw things differently. While Arnold confided to a friend that “there is much in Clough (the whole prophet side, in fact) which one cannot deal with in this way,” giving him “the feeling, if one reads the poem as a memorial poem, that not enough is said about Clough in it,”<sup>157</sup> readers of Clough’s “prophetic” poetry—*Amours de voyage* and *Dipsychus*—may well have agreed that the failure of Clough’s later poetry, as Arnold insisted, resulted from his abandonment of his early “rustic flute” for “a stormy note / Of men contention-tost,” a decision that “task’d” and tired the poet, until his voice “fail’d,” and he fell “mute!”<sup>158</sup>

Clough had “few readers in his lifetime,” according to his modern editor, and not many in the years subsequent to his death in 1861.<sup>159</sup> A major edition of his poems, published in 1910, “took some twenty years to sell out.”<sup>160</sup> Gradually, however, there occurred a corrective reaction to Arnold’s damaging assessment of Clough’s career such that he ultimately became one of “the favourite poets of the last forty years of the Victorian era.”<sup>161</sup> Typical of Clough’s high rating, perhaps, is Barbara Hardy’s view. Writing in 1969, Hardy finds Clough to be “too impassioned, and too uncertain to be praised as an ironist. To call him an ‘intellectual poet’ is as misleading



as to call him a verse-novelist.” What he is, she concludes “is a feeling analyst, a writer of lyrical narrative, an ironist who moves beyond irony, an intellectual both sensuous and passionate.”<sup>162</sup> Clough’s major biographer, Robindra Kumar Biswas decides, simply, that “Clough is an important poet,” and “it is as a poet that he is important.”<sup>163</sup> Even the vexed question of Clough’s employment of hexameters, often ridiculed in his lifetime, has become a source of praise. In *Poetry* magazine in 2006, Michael Hofmann calls Clough’s hexameters in *The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich* and *Amours de voyage* “one of the great natural sounds of English.”<sup>164</sup>

It took a long while for Clough’s acceptance as a “modern” voice, one strikingly prescient of what Joseph Wood Krutch once called “the modern temper” when writing about the first few decades of the twentieth century. In *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, an influential textbook published in 1959, Walter Houghton and G. Robert Stange put the case for Clough’s modernity by comparing him to John Donne, a favorite among the poets reflective of the early twentieth-century’s “modern temper”:

A period which has liked and imitated the verse of Donne, with its argumentative structure, its preference for precise denotation in diction rather than multiple connotation, its use of the elaborate, extended simile, its employment of living rather than poetic idioms and rhythms, the alliance of levity and seriousness, the poised awareness of ambivalent emotions, and the whole intellectual cast of its art, may find Clough’s poetry more like the *Satires* and the *Songs and Sonnets*, and closer to its own taste, than the work of any other Victorian.<sup>165</sup>

Behind this assertion lies, of course, the age’s acceptance of T. S. Eliot’s recognition of the English metaphysical poets and espousal of many of their attitudes and practices. Eliot’s own early poetry, the major examples of which are “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” and “Gerontion,” for all of their indebtedness as dramatic monologues to examples offered by Tennyson (mainly “Ulysses” and “Tithonus”) and Browning (“My Last Duchess” and “The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed’s Church,” among others), hark back to Clough’s brilliant *Amours de voyage*, a poem in five cantos, unprecedented in structure and theme in Clough’s earlier work or, for that matter, in the body of English literature. In a long poem described as a

novel in epistolary form, it is the relationship between letter and monologue that the poet exploits. It enables Clough to express his fictional letter-writer's satiric vein, even as he undermines his central figure's authority over his own story. In Pessoa that double vein of satire in the early poems Pessoa attributes to Campos results in monologue-like sonnets replete with the undercutting of Campos himself. In 1915 Ezra Pound offered an instructive account of the genealogy of texts culminating in the twentieth-century monologues of T. S. Eliot (and Pessoa, it can be ventured, had he known about his heteronyms):

Browning in his *Dramatis Personae* and in his *Men and Women* developed a new form of poem which had lain dormant since Ovid's *Heroides* or since Theocritus. Ovid's poems are, to be sure, written as if they were letters, from Helen to Paris, from Paris to Oenone, etc. In Theocritus (IV.2 I think) we have a monologue comparable to those of Browning [...]. The Anglo Saxon Seafarer and Rihaku's *Exile's Letter* are also poems of this sort. Nevertheless, Browning's poems came as a new thing in their day. In my own first book I tried to rid this sort of poem of all irrelevant discussion, of Browning's talk *about* this, that and the other, to confine my words strictly to what might have been the emotional speech of the character under such or such crisis. Browning had cast his poems mostly in Renaissance Italy, I cast mine in medieval Provence, which was a change without any essential difference. T. S. E[liot] has gone farther and begun with the much more difficult job of setting his "personae" in modern life, with the discouragingly "unpoetic" modern surroundings.<sup>166</sup>

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Missing from this tracing of the evolution of a genre is Clough's epistolary poetry in *Amours de voyage*—and, of course, much of Pessoa's poetry, like T. S. Eliot's early poems, is written in the voices of contemporary figures of his own invention to convey, in Pound's words, "the emotional speech of the character under such or such crisis." But whereas Eliot pretty much abandoned this project with "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "Gerontion" Pessoa carried through with his ambitious and far-reaching project of heteronymy.

*Amours de voyage* was first published in the United States—in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858, the journal's first year—but, significantly, not

reprinted in Clough's lifetime. Written in the form of a series of letters (most of them attributed to Claude, the work's central figure), this long poem begins, as would some of Eliot's early poems—from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" to *The Waste Land*—with suggestive epigraphs. In Clough's poem they come from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (Malvolio's "self-love" and "distempered appetite"), a French novel ("He doubted everything even love"), a so-called "Solutio Sophismatum" ("It is explained by walking"), and Horace ("He sang his plaintive strains of love in simple measure"), one of which is given in French, two in Latin, and all of them, if attached to "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," would make perfect sense as a part of Eliot's poem. Especially interesting in this regard is the invitation Eliot's love-sick, doubting, and perhaps feigning narrator issues to the unidentified, unspecified someone to walk with him.<sup>167</sup> One of the reasons why one is so often reminded of Eliot's early poetry when reading the poetry Pessoa attributes to Álvaro de Campos is that the two poets share Clough as a precursor in common but one that goes unacknowledged.

Among the handful of critics who admired Clough's *Amour de voyage* in his day was John Addington Symonds, who, it will be recalled, was one of the few English writers of the nineteenth-century to dedicate a poem to the theme of Hadrian's love for Antinous. His essay, "Arthur Hugh Clough," in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1868 is a measured look at the poet's life and poetic accomplishment.<sup>168</sup> He pays considerable attention to *Amours de voyage*, Clough's highest achievement. In its mock-epic five cantos, the poem covers, he writes, "three distinct subjects: the criticism of Rome from a traveller's point of view, involving many religious and aesthetical reflections; politics and the event of the siege; and the love-story of an over-refined and irresolute spirit."<sup>169</sup> Always interested in anything Roman, past or present, Symonds nevertheless makes his major contribution in his analysis of the poem's mock-hero, Claude. In this "many-sided man" Symonds discovers "the skeptical hero": "a young English gentleman, well born and well connected, but naturally shy and rather satirical. His education has rendered him fastidious; and he is by temperament inclined to dream and meditate and question rather than to act. We soon find that he has the trick of introspection, and of nineteenth-century yearning after the impossible."<sup>170</sup>

In Claude (as in Clough himself, perhaps) Symonds sees embodied "the *maladie du siècle*—the nondescript *cachexy*, in which aspiration mingles

with disenchantment, satire and skepticism with a childlike desire for the tranquility of reverence and belief—in which self-analysis has been pushed to the verge of monomania, and all springs of action are clogged and impeded by the cobwebs of speculation.”<sup>171</sup> He has been called worse: “a self-centered” and “self-conscious prig.”<sup>172</sup>

Clough himself called his hero Claude “the unfortunate fool of a hero,” while, in his own time, Clough was sometimes referred to as “the Hamlet of the age”—even as his creation Claude has been called a “Hamlet in modern dress.”<sup>173</sup> But no one has improved on Symonds’s account of Clough’s achievement in *Amours de voyage*:

Clough shows us in the character of Claude the effect of a speculative intellect acting upon the instincts and affections. We can scarcely wonder that Clough is not more generally read and admired, because the problems with which he is occupied are rare and remote. There are but few characters like Claude in the world. Indeed, it might be wondered, whether it is worth while commemorating those perplexed and skeptical conditions of the consciousness in verse. Ought a poet not rather to lead the world, and to show the ultimate truth, than to represent the waverings of a discontented spirit ill at ease? Clough’s vindication, however, lies in this: first, that it is the poet’s function to hold up a mirror to his age, as well as to lead it; and secondly, that we still admire Hamlet and Faust. Claude belongs to the same race as these princes of metaphysical perplexity. However exceptional, his skepticism is natural to himself, and to the temper of his century. In painting him, Clough reproduced the experience which he obtained from commerce with the world, and drew a picture of his times.<sup>174</sup>

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In short, it has been plausibly argued, “Clough, a hundred-odd years before he gained general currency, is the creator of the anti-hero.”<sup>175</sup>

It is at this point that Álvaro de Campos can be introduced. Of Pessoa’s numerous heteronyms, major or minor, it is perhaps Álvaro de Campos who has taken on the most of what might be called “reality” or, better still, “historicity” beyond his presence in individual poems as if he had a life outside of those poems. Pessoa had the prescience to endow him with a biography, with key facts and precise dates and names of places, one that on occasion his readers have been all-too-eager to flesh out. Contributing to that

fuller biographical picture are the clothing and gestures Almada Negreiros provided for him (and the other major heteronyms) in the etched lines of a striding Campos on the façade of the Faculdade de Letras in Lisbon; as well as the photographs in Maria José de Lancastre's *Fernando Pessoa, uma fotobiografia*, one of Tavira, Campos's birthplace, and another that foregrounds the docks of Glasgow, the city where the poet is said to have studied naval engineering.<sup>176</sup> Others, too, have contributed to Campos's extended biography—to those persons who appear in Campos's poetry. In the mid-1980s the poet Eugénio de Andrade, for one, fills us in on the "boy" who pleased Álvaro, as Campos tells us in "Soneto já antigo," while his friend stars in José Sasportes's *Daisy: um filme para Fernando Pessoa* (1986), and she is shown the city in *Lisboa, livro de bordo* (1997), José Cardoso Pires's fetching personal guide to the city.

Beyond such speculation, however, there is, naturally, the question, since there is evidence that Pessoa did not create him *ex nihilo*, who are Álvaro de Campos's precursors? A significant one, I propose, is the figure of Claude, the letter-writer hero of Clough's *Amours de voyage*, who shares his own forerunners with Campos. Like Clough's Claude, Álvaro de Campos recalls aspects of Shakespeare's Hamlet and Goethe's Faust as one of "these princes of metaphysical perplexity" even as he denies the company of all princes, especially those of the heroic variety. Campos addresses their ilk in "Poem—Straight to the Point" (Poema em linha recta): "Ó príncipes, meus irmãos, / Arre, estou farto de semi-deuses! / Onde é que há gente no mundo?" Campos, like Claude, is "an heroic hero who was critical of heroism"; indeed, "were there any heroes in the past—or the present? Were there any causes worthy of heroic self-sacrifice?"<sup>177</sup>

The additional indication, in my view, that Pessoa was familiar with Clough's work resides in certain telling parallels in language and syntax between Campos's poetry, especially his "Poema em linha recta," and Clough's *Amours de voyage*. The next three passages are from Clough's poems, the fourth from Pessoa's.<sup>178</sup>

Is it contemptible, Eustace—I'm perfectly ready to think so,—  
 Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people?  
 I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is, if disgraceful,  
 That for the first time in life I am living and moving with freedom.

I, who never could talk to the people I meet with my uncle,—  
 I, who have always failed,—I trust me, can suit the Trevellyns;  
 I, believe me,—great conquest,—am liked by the country bankers.  
 And I am glad to be liked, and like in return very kindly.

In this second passage from *Amours de voyage* Claude talks about the fate of the “poor little Roman Republic”:

What do the people say, and what does the government do?—you  
 Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favour your hopes; and  
 I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems to describe it.  
 I, who nor meddle nor make in politics,—I who sincerely  
 Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot,  
 Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a  
 New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of heaven  
 Right on the Place de la Concorde,—I nevertheless, let me say it,  
 Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the gates, shed  
 One true tear for thee, thou poor little Roman Republic!

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And in this third excerpt Claude tries to analyze himself and his failure at love:

Utterly vain is, alas! this attempt at the Absolute,—wholly!  
 I, who believed not in her, because I would fain believe nothing,  
 Have to believe as I may, with a willful, unmeaning acceptance.  
 I, who refused to enfasten the roots of my floating existence  
 In the rich earth, cling now to the hard, naked rock that is left me.—

In “syntactical strength,”<sup>179</sup> structure and dramatic tone, it seems to me, these excerpts from *Amours de voyage* anticipate Pessoa’s own practice in Campos’s “Poem—in a Straight Line”:

And I, who have so often been shabby, filthy, contemptible,  
 So often unaccountably parasitic,  
 Inexcusably dirty,  
 I, who so often have not had the patience to take a bath,  
 I, who so often have been ridiculous, absurd,

Who have in public stumbled over the rugs of etiquette,  
 Who have been grotesque, niggardly, submissive and arrogant,  
 Who have silently suffered insults,  
 Who when I have broken my silence have behaved even more ridiculously;  
 I, who have been viewed comically by the hotel maid,  
 I, who have known that knowing wink of porters;  
 I, who have been shameless in money matters, borrowing and not repaying,  
 I, who, when it was the moment to take the blow, have cowered out of  
 reach;<sup>180</sup>  
 I, who have suffered anguish at small, ridiculous things,  
 I testify that in these matters I have in this world no peer.  
 [...]

And I, who have been ridiculous without suffering betrayal,  
 How can I talk to my betters without faltering?  
 I, who have been contemptible, literally contemptible,  
 Contemptible in the meanest sense, and infamously vile.<sup>181</sup>

(E eu, tantas vezes reles, tantas vezes porco, tantas vezes vil,  
 Eu tantas vezes irrespondivelmente parasita,  
 Indesculpavelmente sujo,  
 Eu, que tantas vezes não tenho tido paciência para tomar banho,  
 Eu, que tantas vezes tenho sido ridículo, absurdo,  
 Que tenho enrolado os pés publicamente nos tapetes das etiquetas,  
 Que tenho sido grotesco, mesquinho, submisso e arrogante,  
 Que tenho sofrido enxovalhos e calado,  
 Que quando não tenho calado, tenho sido mais ridículo ainda;  
 Eu, que tenho sido cómico às criadas do hotel,  
 Eu, que tenho sentido o piscar de olhos dos moços de fretes,  
 Eu, que tenho feito vergonhas financeiras, pedido emprestado sem pagar,  
 Eu, que, quando a hora do soco surgiu, me tenho agachado  
 Para fora da possibilidade do soco;  
 Eu, que tenho sofrido a angústia das pequenas coisas ridículas,  
 Eu verifico que não tenho par nisto tudo neste mundo.  
 [...]

E eu, que tenho sido ridículo sem ter sido traído,  
 Como posso eu falar com os meus superiores sem titubear?

Eu, que tenho sido vil, literalmente vil,  
 Vil no sentido mesquinho e infame da vileza.)

To my knowledge it is only in poems attributed to Álvaro de Campos that Pessoa employs repeated lines in sequence beginning with the appositional construct “I, who” (eu, que). One other example is interesting, partly because while its putative subject is the American Carrie Nation, the fearsome destroyer of saloons, its real subject is the Clough-like speaker’s confession that he is a failure in everything he does:

I, who never did anything in the world,  
 I, who was always the absence of my will,  
 I salute you...

(Eu, que nunca fiz nada no mundo,  
 Eu, que fui sempre a ausência de minha vontade,  
 Eu te saúdo...)<sup>182</sup>

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It is interesting to note that in “Poema em linha recta” Campos employs the simple and direct rhetoric of Clough’s familiar letter in *Amours de voyage*, with its many starts and abrupt changes in direction, as well as the uncommon first-person appositional syntax of the individual line. One might even venture the experiment of grouping and arranging Campos’s poems to form a sort of epistolary (mock) epic resembling *Amours de voyage*. Towards the beginning one might place “Opiário,” the record of Campos’s own voyage, written aboard ship in the Suez Canal, to the Egypt that Clough’s hero tells us is his own next destination. (“Eastward, then, I suppose, with the coming of winter, to Egypt” are the last words of Claude’s last letter.) But before “Opiário” might come the “Sonetos de Álvaro de Campos,” as they are called in the Berardinelli edition of Campos’s poetry. There, too, I would include the now well-known poem first published in 1922 as “Soneto já antigo.” It was written by Campos, according to a note on the manuscript of the poem, “aboard ship four months before sailing for the Orient” (a bordo do navio em que se embarcou para o Oriente, uns 4 meses antes do “Opiário”).<sup>183</sup>



Look here, Daisy. When I die you must tell my friends in London that you conceal the enormous pain my death has caused you, even if you do not feel any pain. You must hike yourself from London to York, your birthplace (you claim... but I believe nothing you say), break the news to that poor young boy who gave me so many hours of mirth, even if you don't know it, that I have passed on... though to him, who had so much love for me, I thought, it will be of no importance... Then carry the message to Cecily that odd one who thought I would achieve grandeur. God damn this life and all those who wander into it.<sup>184</sup>

(Olha, Daisy: quando eu morrer tu hás-de dizer aos meus amigos aí de Londres, Embora não o sintas, que tu escondes A grande dor da minha morte. Irás de Londres pra York, onde nasceste [dizes... Que eu nada que tu digas acredito], Contar àquele pobre rapazito Que me deu tantas horas tão felizes, Embora não o saibas, que morri... Mesmo ele, a quem eu tanto julguei amar, Nada se importará... Depois vai dar A notícia a essa estranha Cecily Que acreditava que eu seria grande... Raios partam a vida e quem lá ande!)<sup>185</sup>

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Pessoa tells us that Campos composed his sonnet “(aboard the ship on his way to the Orient, some four months before ‘The Opium-Eater’ therefore December 1913”) ([a bordo do navio em que embarcou para o Oriente; uns quarto meses ante do “Opiário” portanto] Dezembro 1913).<sup>186</sup>

The Campos of these poems—“Poema em linha recta” and “Soneto já antigo” (and surely as the speaker of “The Tobacco Shop” [Tabacaria])—would find in Claude a fellow spirit, especially when he bursts forth:

Hang this thinking, at last! what good is it? oh, and what evil!  
 Oh, what mischief and pain! like a clock in a sick man's chamber,  
 Ticking and ticking, and still through each covert of slumber pursuing.  
 What shall I do to thee, O thou preserver of Men? Have compassion;  
 Be favorable, and hear! Take from me this regal knowledge;  
 Let me, contented and mute, with the beasts of the field, my brothers,  
 Tranquilly, happily lie,—and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar!

Or when Claude declares his cowardice:

But it is over, all that! I have slunk from the perilous field in  
 Whose wild struggle of forces the prizes of life are contested.  
 It is over, all that! I am a coward, and know it.  
 Courage in me could be only factitious, unnatural, useless.

Campos need not have said it any better, though he did, in “The Tobacco Shop,” for example: “I am nothing. / I shall always be nothing. / I can never want to be anything but nothing. / Apart from this, I have within me the world's dreams” (Não sou nada. / Nunca serei nada. / Não posso querer ser nada. / À parte isso, tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo.)<sup>187</sup>

At his death Clough left behind his long, unfinished poem, *Dipsychus*, comprised of a series of debates between an idealist, “Dipsychus” (double-minded), and a figure of common sense and worldly values and rationalistic arguments called “Spirit.” In some senses, this poem can be seen as an up-to-date version of the popular mediaeval debate between “body” and “soul.” But with the Faust literary tradition in mind, Clough had originally identified the speakers of his poem as “Faustulus” and “Mephisto.”<sup>188</sup> Pessoa, it will be recalled, also had a profound and long-lasting interest in the Faustian literary cultural tradition. Working at those materials over the length of his career, Pessoa left his *Fausto* unfinished at his death, a collection of parts and fragments that only long after the poet's death were assembled and arranged for publication.<sup>189</sup>

Although it can be argued that it is their mutual indebtedness to Goethe's *Faust* that enables us to see resemblances between them, there is something in Pessoa that suggests that he had read Clough's *Dipsychus*. It is curious, too, that at the end of *Dipsychus* the voice “within” tempts him,

encouragingly: “Fear not, my lamb, whate’er men say, / I am the Shepherd; and the Way”—a speech countered by Spirit (Mephistopheles), who calls himself a shepherd hoping to find his one lost sheep—one out of a hundred, he says—but who also calls Dipsychus a “Little Bo Peep” who has “lost her sheep / And knew not where to find them,” the first line of which is repeated as the penultimate line of the piece.<sup>190</sup> Here Clough has in mind, not only that Bo Peep has lost her flock, but that when she does find them, her sheep have lost their tails. Then the rhyme becomes a tale about the fate of sheep tails:

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray  
 Into a meadow hard by,  
 There she espied their tails side by side,  
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
 And over the hillocks went rambling,  
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
 To tack again each to its lambkin.<sup>191</sup>

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For Clough’s Dipsychus the loss is one of lost beliefs and discredited thoughts that otherwise, intact—not having lost their “tails,” so to speak—might have sustained him.

Surely these images of shepherd and flock, serving Clough’s satiric purposes, as they do, recall, too, the “music of the rustic flute,” the (faux) version of an (already artificial) pastoral tradition, the loss of which Arnold laments, may have served as an ironic precedent for Pessoa’s metaphor for Caetano’s *The Keeper of Sheep* (O guardador de rebanhos), one that he explains right off:

I never kept sheep.  
 But it is as if I had kept them  
 My soul is like a herder,  
 It knows wind and sun  
 And it moves within the hand of the seasons  
 Going along and looking.

(Eu nunca guardei rebanhos,  
 Mas é como se os guardasse.  
 Minha alma é como um pastor,  
 Conhece o vento e o sol  
 E anda pela mão das Estações  
 A seguir e a olhar.)<sup>192</sup>

As for what Caeiro's shepherd tends, we learn shortly thereafter: "I am a keeper of sheep. / Herding my thoughts" (Sou um guardador de rebanhos. / O rebanho é os meus pensamentos).<sup>193</sup>

If, however, Caeiro, who is quick to tell us that he has never literally kept sheep, proclaims at the beginning that he is nevertheless the keeper of his own thoughts (that is, one presumes, he accounts for them, keeps them together in an orderly fashion, and serves as their protector), Clough the ever wary skeptic sees his keeper as a keeper of "bad thoughts"—those of a "speculating brain."<sup>194</sup> Elsewhere Clough had characterized such a being as "self-wrung, self-strung, sheathe- and shelterless," someone in whom "thoughts against thoughts in groans grind."<sup>195</sup> If the latter is the Bo Peep of the lost sheep, Caeiro is the successful shepherd, all sheep accounted for.

To take one more example of how Caeiro can be read in the light of Clough, here is Dipsychus's disillusionment with a new day:

Let it be enough  
 That in our needful mixture with the world,  
 On each new morning with the rising sun  
 Our rising heart, fresh from the seas of sleep,  
 Scarce o'er the level lifts his purer orb  
 Ere lost and sullied with polluting smoke—  
 A noonday coppery disk. Lo, scarce come forth,  
 Some vagrant miscreant meets, and with a look  
 Transmutes me his, and for a whole sick day  
 Lepers me.<sup>196</sup>

Here is a succinct counter-statement attributed to Caeiro: "A rainy day is as beautiful as a sunny day. / Both exist; each one as it is" (Um dia de chuva é tão belo como um dia de sol. / Ambos existem; cada um como

é).<sup>197</sup> And here is Caieiro's longer, more nuanced counter-statement to Dipsychus's lines:

This morning, early, I went out  
Because I had awakened even earlier  
And I had nothing I wanted to do.

I didn't know which way to go  
But the wind was blowing hard,  
Sweeping along in one direction,  
And I went off that way, with the wind at my back.

That's how it has always been in my life,  
And that's the way I want it to be—  
I'll go where the wind takes me and I  
Have no need to be thinking.

(Hoje de manhã saí muito cedo,  
Por ter acordado ainda muito mais cedo  
E não ter nada que quisesse fazer...

Não sabia que caminho tomar  
Mas o vento varria para um lado,  
E segui o caminho para onde o vento me soprava nas costas.

Assim tem sido sempre minha vida,  
E assim quero que possa ser sempre—  
Vou onde o vento me leva  
E então não preciso pensar.)<sup>198</sup>

Interestingly, the variants for the word “preciso” (need) in the last line are “deixo” (allow), “sinto” (feeling), “capaz” (capable) and “desejo” (desire). Taken in the aggregate, these terms, which range from volition, will, emotion, and determinism, offer a “reply” to Clough's grinding “thoughts against thoughts.”

And finally, there is Caieiro's “Last Poem” (with its title in English), lines “dictated by Caieiro on the day of his death” (ditado pelo poeta no dia da sua morte):

This could be the last day of my life.  
I saluted the sun, raising my right hand.  
But I did not salute it to say good-bye.  
I signaled to indicate that I liked still being able to see him,  
nothing else.

(É talvez o ultimo dia da minha vida.  
Saudei o sol, levantando a mão direita,  
Mas não o saudei, para lhe dizer adeus.  
Fiz sinal de gostar de o ver ainda, mais nada.)<sup>199</sup>

Of course, while Clough's protesting figure is encouraged by a "rising sun" to expect something good and beneficent from his day, but whose day is soon "sickened" by "polluting smoke" and, worse, "leper[ed]" by the sight of a "vagrant miscreant," Caieiro greets the sun simply and directly with no expectations or illusions. After all, as he says elsewhere, "The Universe is not one of my ideas. / It is my idea of the Universe that is one of my ideas" (O Universo não é uma ideia minha. / A minha ideia do Universo é que é uma ideia minha).<sup>200</sup> When Clough's Mephistopheles figure advises: "see things simply as they are," his words anticipate Caieiro's simple statement of his great theme—"Thinking is a disease of the eyes" (Pensar é estar doente dos olhos).<sup>201</sup>

## 5. Dowson

Unlike the death of Alberto Caeiro, which, as Pessoa tells us, happened decades earlier, or that of Ricardo Reis, which, as determined by the novelist José Saramago and others, occurred later, the disappearance of Álvaro de Campos, it is generally assumed, took place on Saturday—November 30, 1935—the day that Pessoa himself died. Readers of Portuguese newspapers read the news, but no British newspaper reported Pessoa's death. But there was one death notice in the London *Times* that has caught my attention. On the very day that Pessoa (and presumably Campos) died in Lisbon, John Drew Cormack, born on May 15, 1870, also died—in Glasgow. *The Times* obituary reads, in part:

Dr. J. D. Cormack, D.Sc., Regius Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in Glasgow University since 1913, died at Park Terrace, Glasgow, on Saturday, at the age of 65. [...] After being educated at Dumbarton Academy and at Glasgow University, he was appointed in 1892 lecturer in electrical Technology at the Yorkshire College, Leeds. [...] His first appointment as a professor was in 1901, when he became professor of Mechanical Engineering at University College, London. He remained in England in that post until 1913, when he returned to Glasgow to take up the appointment which he held at his death.<sup>202</sup>

As Pessoa's readers know, of course, Álvaro de Campos, the mechanical engineer turned naval engineer, received his training at the University of Glasgow. Although the precise dates of his attendance at that institution have gone unrecorded, the date of his birth—1890—makes it plausible that his studies in Glasgow date from the early to mid-years of the second decade of the twentieth century. The thing about this coincidence is that Cormack was a retired professor of engineering at the University of

Glasgow, having once served as President of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders. Cormack was eighteen years older than Fernando Pessoa and twenty years older than Álvaro de Campos. There is no doubt that the news of Professor Cormack's death would have interested Pessoa, not to mention Álvaro de Campos.

"Barrow-in-Furness" is a short sonnet sequence that Pessoa attributes to Campos. The fiction behind these five poems is that this Lisbon-born and Glasgow-trained naval engineer has been working in the shipyards of Barrow-in-Furness but is now about to return to Lisbon. Earlier, in a letter published in *Contemporanea* in October 1922, Campos, writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne, declares: "Querida mandar-lhe também colaboração. Mas, como lhe disse, não escrevo. Fui em tempos poeta decadente; hoje creio que estou decadente, e já o não sou."<sup>203</sup> His claim is that he has written his letter only to complain about Pessoa's tiresome, illogical defense of António Botto, published in the previous issue.

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What is most interesting in this letter is not what Campos says about Pessoa's singular argument or his point that Botto needs no partisan defender, but the hint as to how we should take Campos's poetry. If his great conversion came on the day he discovered the poetry of his Master Caeiro—the oblique evidence of that conversion being Pessoa's anachronistic writing of the "decadent" poem "Opium-Eater" (Opiário) to show us what Campos was up to in his pre-Caeiro days—then Campos's poetry after that date is to be seen as having swerved away from concerns, themes, and language of the decadent poets. But the matter is not that simple. To understand how he might have ceased being a decadent poet without ceasing to be a decadent person, one might look at the English-language poetry Pessoa wrote under his own name and gathered as *The Mad Fiddler*, a collection that he failed to place with a publisher, as well as the Portuguese-language poetry attributed to Campos and dated after the date he assigned to "Opiário." From different aspects, both bodies of poetry show qualities present in the "decadent" poetry of the English 1890s, particularly Ernest Dowson's. My notion is that while Pessoa himself made an unsuccessful bid to be included (belatedly) among the earlier English decadents—it is no accident that he offered *The Mad Fiddler*, with its echoes of Yeats's "Fiddler of Dooney" and Dowson's "madder music," to John Lane, the publisher par excellence of the "decadents"—it was only when he 'translated' decadent themes into



Campos's audacious lines that he succeeded in writing his own brand of decadent verse. In fact, I would go so far as to suggest that Dowson, to some extent, is a grey eminence for Pessoa and his major heteronyms. That he was well-aware of Dowson's life and work there is no doubt. In his letter to the London publisher John Lane, dated October 23, 1915, for instance, Pessoa notes that the collection of poems he is offering him will make a book the size of "your edition of Ernest Dowson's poems."<sup>204</sup> The fifth reprinting of *The Poems of Ernest Dowson* appeared in 1913. Arthur Symons's elegiac piece in 1900 was included thereafter in most editions of Dowson's poems, and Victor Plarr's memoir of Dowson appeared in 1914—the year before, Pessoa claimed, the major heteronyms came to him in one fell swoop. As late as the mid-1920s Pessoa still had plans to translate Dowson's work. As we shall soon see, there are touches here and there of Dowson's life and work that Pessoa incorporated in the biographies he constructed for his heteronyms.

Unlike Pessoa, who wrote both poetry and prose in English and who considered himself (at least in part) to be a poet in the English tradition, the English-speaking Campos limits himself in the main to writing poetry in Portuguese. He does, however, affect English titles for his poems, such as "Lisbon Revisited (1923)," "Lisbon Revisited (1926)," "Oxfordshire," "The Times," "Clearly non-Campos," and "The Beginning of Álvaro de Campos." Other poems contain references to putative English friends and reminiscences of places visited or inhabited. One such poem is famously addressed to a woman who plays a singular role in Campos's poetry and remains a mysterious presence in his life:

Look here, Daisy. When I die you must  
 tell my friends in London that you conceal  
 the enormous pain my death has caused you,  
 even if you do not feel any pain. You must  
 hike yourself from London to York, your  
 birthplace (you claim... but I believe nothing  
 you say), break the news to that poor young  
 boy who gave me so many hours of mirth,  
 even if you don't know it, that I have passed  
 on... though to him, who had so much love  
 for me, I thought, it will be of no importance...

Then carry the message to Cecily that odd one  
 who thought I would achieve grandeur. God damn  
 this life and all those who wander into it.<sup>205</sup>

I see *saudade*, a deliciously hopeless longing couched in irony, in this decadent poem, a *saudade* that is not unlike Dowson's familiar sentimentalism. Dowson "refined grief to homesickness—a sickness for what home one does not know," it was said; "it was a *nostalgie de nostalgie*, a longing for some longing that should have a definite object."<sup>206</sup> No one would have had to explain that sentiment to the Portuguese poet who was also Campos.

There is no evidence that the Pessoa everyone recognized when he walked the streets of the lower city ever claimed to have met either Reis or Caeiro. But he did claim an almost-daily intimacy with Campos. This extroverted, manic-depressive poet of his imagination was close enough to him to undertake various tasks for him. Sometimes he became the poet's alter ego, intervening in public debates with letters and articles in the Lisbon newspapers. Sometimes he took on unpleasant tasks, such as writing to Ofélia Queiroz to inform her that Fernando was mentally ill and that he could not see her, his lover, as planned. On at least one occasion Ofélia implored Pessoa not to send "that bad boy" (mauzinho) Álvaro de Campos to visit her. So intrusive was Campos that she wished banishment for him to the "Mouth of Hell." And if he would not go there, she implored her Fernandinho at least to send "Mr. Eng. A. C." off "to England for a long stay." Nor was Ofélia the only one to suffer the slights and sarcasm characteristic of Campos in certain moods. After a first meeting with Pessoa in a Lisbon café, two young editors of the journal *presença*, João Gaspar Simões and Adolfo Casais Monteiro, who were championing Pessoa as Portugal's greatest modern poet, convinced themselves that they had been in the presence, not of Pessoa, but of the acerbic Campos. They were primed to swallow whole what may have been Pessoa's greatest *blague*: his explanation of how and when his major heteronyms had come into being, buttressed by biographical sketches of those heteronyms.

Álvaro de Campos was born in Tavira on 15 October 1890 (at 1:30 in the afternoon, Ferreira Gomes tells me, and it is true, for when his horoscope is worked out for that hour it comes out right.) He, as you know is a naval

engineer (a graduate of Glasgow), but is now inactive and living here in Lisbon. Caeiro is of average height, and fragile in health (he died of tuberculosis). [...] Campos is tall (1.75 meters—two centimeters taller than I), thin, with a tendency to stoop. All three are clean-shaven—Caeiro is fair, with blue eyes; Reis is of a somewhat darker hue; Campos, somewhere in between dark and paled skin, looking somewhat like a Portuguese Jew, with straight hair normally parted on the side, and a monocle. [...] Campos, who had a normal secondary education, was sent to Scotland to study engineering—first mechanical, then naval. He once vacationed in the Orient, one result of which was the poem “Opium-Eater.” He learned his Latin from a priest, an uncle from the Beiras.<sup>207</sup>

By the time Pessoa elaborated these descriptions, January 1935, Caeiro was long since dead, Reis had gone off to Brazil decades earlier, and Pessoa’s many other lesser heteronyms had slipped away into the shadows. But his friend Campos remained. Since the unmarried Pessoa had made it readily apparent that the unmarried Campos was bisexual, some readers have inferred, superciliously, I think, that the relationship between the two poets—creator and creation—must have been homosexual, at least latently so, and that it was jealousy of Ofélia that motivated Campos’s disruptive and destructive behavior when Pessoa was trying to conduct his one love affair. But there may have been other reasons. Perhaps Pessoa had wearied of Ofélia. Perhaps she had become too mature for him, too “old” for his taste, which ran, I think, to young women or girls. Such thoughts of Ofélia recall Dowson, his fado-like songs of lost nights of love, “wine and roses,” and the young lovers to whom Dowson gave such dramatic attention and sometimes fierce and bootless loyalty.

Check through accounts of Dowson’s work and days and you will turn up other details and facts that recall (sometimes match) Pessoa’s ‘facts’ about Campos, as well as, here and there, details that suggest Caeiro and Reis. For instance, *A Comedy of Masks*, a novel Dawson co-authored with his friend Arthur Moore, opens with a description of an old London ship-building and repairing concern called “Blackpool Dock,” long owned by the Raiments. In such a place the services of the naval engineer Álvaro de Campos might have found employment. The similarities between Campos and the young Raiment (read Dowson) are suggestive, extending

beyond the novel and into the details of the English poet's life. Campos is a naval engineer; the ship-builder's son describes himself as "a mender of ships." Campos composes a sonnet sequence on the docks of Barrow-in-Furness; Dowson writes most of his early "exquisite and wan little songs" by his father's dock.<sup>208</sup> Not Campos but Caeiro died of consumption, as did Dowson, the former at the age of thirty-three, the latter at twenty-six. Like Dowson, Ricardo Reis is devoted to the poetry of Horace. Like Dowson, who keeps his father's books, Bernardo Soares is a bookkeeper. Like Dowson, whose great love is a twelve-year-old girl (the last of several such girls) working in her father's Soho restaurant and who was fated to marry one of her father's waiters, Campos, the naval engineer who lolled around the docks where ships were taken in for repair, seems to have liked young girls (see his letter from England where he talks about his stay in "Barrow-in-Furness").<sup>209</sup> Dowson's "cynical publisher" wears a "monocle", as does Campos, but it is Dowson himself who, foreshadowing Campos, is "the fantastic poet, who had the face of a demoralised Keats, curiously accentuated by a manner that was exquisitely refined."

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As Reis says of Caeiro, "he was not a pagan; he was paganism," echoing Dowson's claim that he was raised "a pagan." According to Pessoa, Reis is "a formally trained Latinist" ("latinista por educação alheia"), while in Campos's case he "learned his Latin from a priest, an uncle from the Beiras." Dowson, we discover, "had learnt Latin from an Italian priest in a mountain village in Italy."<sup>210</sup> Dowson's drug of choice was hashish, Campos's opium. Dowson writes letters and poems to his young girl. Campos addresses a valedictory poem to a mysterious "Daisy," while Pessoa himself, as we have seen, becomes infatuated with a small, youngish Ofélia (a nineteen-year-old becomes this thirty-one year-old-would-be lover's version of Dowson's thirteen-year-old), with whom he breaks off (does he do so because the "baby" [bébé] has "aged" in his imagination, leaving behind his image of the youthful, pedophilic ideal?). Notably, Dowson wishes to marry his nymphet (presumably before she grows much older; "the two little twins" that he and his friend Moore had so much admired, he tells us, "are grown into ugly and farouche girls of twelve"<sup>211</sup>). But there is much to keep him dallying: illness, improvidence, self-questioning of ideals, and doubts about the girl's (Adelaide Foltinowicz's) innocence. Had history repeated itself? In an earlier affair of the heart, involving a sixteen-year-old (a "Mlle

Lena”) Dowson compared himself to the confused Frederick Winterbourne of Henry James’s story, who is never able to decide whether or not Daisy Miller is “innocent” or “experienced.” Is this sort of plaguing suspicion part of the back-story of “An Old Sonnet” (Soneto já antigo), the poem Campos addresses to Daisy? And toward the end of it all, Dowson sets down lines that constitute, in the opinion of some, his epitaph as a poet: “I was not sorrowful, but only tired / Of every thing that ever I desired.”<sup>212</sup> With Campos’s “Daisy” in mind, I now turn to “Adelaide,” to whom Dowson dedicated his first book of poetry, *Verses*, in 1896.

To you, who are my verses, as on some very future day, if you ever care to read them, you will understand, would it not be somewhat trivial to dedicate any one verse, as I may do, in all humility, to my friends? Trivial, too, perhaps, only to name you even here? Trivial, presumptuous? For I need not write your name for you at least to know that this and all my work is made for you in the first place, and I need not to be reminded by my critics that I have no silver tongue such as were fit to praise you.<sup>213</sup>

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Shades of the depressive Campos, feeling sorry for himself, and sitting down to write a love-sick sonnet to Daisy.

There are still other hints linking Dowson to Campos. Dowson “let heedlessness develop into a curious disregard of personal tidiness”<sup>214</sup>; Campos confesses, in “Poem—Straight to the Point” (Poema em linha recta): “And I, who have so often been shabby, filthy, contemptible, / Inexcusably dirty.”<sup>215</sup> In “Tripe, Porto Style” (Dobrada à moda do Porto), domesticating and localizing the dish in consideration for his Portuguese readers, Campos writes: “In a restaurant, out of space and time, / They brought me love in a plate of cold tripe.”<sup>216</sup> Dowson takes rooms directly over the restaurant owned by his lover’s father so that he can eat his every meal there, tolerating the restaurant’s indifferent food, for whatever cold comfort the pubescent Adelaide’s casual company affords him.

Let me now turn, briefly, to two or three different matters. The first such matter is “The Tobacco Shop” (Tabacaria), Campos’s fine poem about decadence, the second involves a curious coincidence in behavior between Dowson and Pessoa, and the third is a late, unpublished poem by Campos that harks back, I think, to Daisy and “An Old Sonnet” (Soneto já velho).

“Tabacaria” is an ode to dejection, self-deprecation, self-loathing, and fin de siècle ennui, talking, predicatively, of total cultural, historical, even material decline—not merely of the West, as Oswald Spengler had written—but of mankind and mankind’s works and cultural achievements. It has echoes of Horace and Lucretius. That the symbol of all this is a tobacconist’s shop is particularly appropriate to the case I would make since the smoke shop is the locus of fire and smoke—“It all went up in smoke”—and of “smoking”—which Pessoa, following Freud, associates with masturbation and the masturbatory temper—perfect for Campos. “The parceling out of the self is a phenomenon in a great number of masturbation cases,” wrote Pessoa in an undated note.<sup>217</sup> As for young girls—besides the little girl who eats her chocolate—consider two lines from Campos’s “Triumphal Ode” (Ode triunfal) for the light they shed on this corner of Álvaro de Campos’s makeup: “The common, dirty people... whose eight-year-old daughters—and I find this to be beautiful and I love it so—masturbate decent-looking men on steps and stairways.”<sup>218</sup>

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The second of these last matters involves the legend that Dowson was an “inebriate.” Hoping to set the record straight, that his friend was not habitually drunk, Victor Plarr offers in evidence a curious anecdote:

Personally, in eight years or so, I remember only a trifling aberration from the path of temperance, when he leant, smiling meditatively, against a lamp-post, exactly where the Irving statue now stands. He manifestly required support. A lady, who had been mercifully blind to his condition, was being shown into a cab, and I shall never forget—I see the scene now vividly—how he leapt from his dream—he had been standing storklike, one leg crossed over the other—and presented the lady, or the cabby, with her fare. It was done in a flash of lightning, with a dreamy delicacy quite incomparable. She is dead of consumption, poor thing, so this trifling reminiscence hurts no one! He took out a florin and I wondered at the time that he had so much money in his pocket. Everybody is, in these pallid days, called “drunk” if he is ever so little elated, but when I was a small boy, in St. Andrews in Fifeshire, only those were called drunk who lay in the gutter on their backs.<sup>219</sup>

Now consider the following tidbit about a rare but playful bit of behavior on Pessoa’s part, as reported by Pessoa’s half-brother, João Maria Nogueira Rosa:

He used to joke in a way that was a bit disconcerting. When we went out walking with him in Lisbon, on a busy thoroughfare he would stop suddenly and say “Now I will be an ibis,” balancing himself on one leg and sticking one hand out forward and the other backwards to signify a beak and a tail and he would hold himself there for a few seconds, an act that greatly surprised those walking by and caused us some embarrassment. But it was just a bit of play, and he would then continue to walk normally.<sup>220</sup>

Perhaps it is not coincidental that “Ibis” was one of the poet’s pet names for Ofélia.

The third and final matter are two poems, left unpublished, one in which Campos speculates fecklessly on whether he should have married “that English girl” and a second one in which he imagines an inquisitorial dialogue conducted with “Margarida.”

Ah, Margaret,  
 If I should give you my life,  
 What would you do with it?  
 —I would take my earrings from the nail,  
 Marry a blind man  
 And go to Estrela to live.  
 But Margaret  
 If I should give you my life,  
 What would your mother say?  
 —(She knows me through and through.)  
 That there’s many a fool in the world,  
 And you were a fool, too.  
 And, Margaret,  
 If I were to give you my life  
 In the sense of dying?  
 —I would go to your funeral,  
 But would think that it was wrong  
 To want to love without living.  
 But, Margaret,  
 If this gift to you of my life  
 Were nothing but poetry?

—Then, my boy, nothing goes.  
It would all come to nothing.  
In this shop nothing to be had on credit.<sup>221</sup>

Appended to this poem, in which Margarida is Daisy's avatar, is an explanation that may suggest that Campos has reinvented his English "Daisy" into a Portuguese "Margaret": "Communicated by Mr. Alvaro de Campos, Naval Engineer, in a state of alcoholic in-conscience."<sup>222</sup>

The other poem, growing out of the strange situation in which Campos finds himself—when even the act of repentance is repented—evokes his English girlfriend of yesteryear. I take her to be Daisy.

That English girl, so blonde, so young, so good  
who wanted to marry me...  
What a pity I did not marry her...  
I'd have been happy  
but how do I know that I'd have been happy?<sup>223</sup>

Too late. But then, given his character, it is certain that marriage was never in the cards for the elusive and ever slippery Álvaro.



## Notes

<sup>1</sup> *The Spectator*, No. 487, in *The Works of the Right Honourable Joseph Addison*, 6 vols., ed. Richard Hurd, rev. ed. Henry G. Bohn (London and New York: George Bell, 1892), 4:3. See also Jorge Luis Borges, who recalled “the belief that when one sleeps, one becomes everyone, or, better said, one is no one, or if one is oneself, one sees oneself in the third person. One is, as Addison said, the actual theater, the spectators, the actors, the author of the drama, the stage—everything simultaneously” (*Twenty-Four Conversations with Borges Including a Selection of Poems: Interviews by Roberto Alifano 1981-1983* [Housatonic, MA: Lascaux, 1984], 28).

<sup>2</sup> “Shakespeare vale mais que os santos todos.” *Escritos sobre génio e loucura*, ed. Jerónimo Pizarro, Vol. VII, book 1, *Edição crítica de Fernando Pessoa* (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 2006), 75.

<sup>3</sup> In 1916 to an unidentified English editor, however, Pessoa wrote that he “tended ever more and more to put Milton above Shakespeare as a poet” (*Correspondência 1905-1922*, ed. Manuela Parreira da Silva [Lisboa: Assirio & Alvim, 1999], 235). But it was as a dramatist, not a poet, of course, that Shakespeare’s work spoke most often and most significantly to Pessoa.

<sup>4</sup> Fernando Pessoa, “A nova poesia portuguesa no seu aspecto psicológico,” in *Textos de crítica e de intervenção* (Lisboa: Ática, 1980), 61. My translation.

<sup>5</sup> Pessoa, “Nova poesia,” 55.

<sup>6</sup> Pessoa, “Nova poesia,” 55.

<sup>7</sup> Pessoa, “Nova poesia,” 82.

<sup>8</sup> Fernando Pessoa, “Prefácio,” in *Ultimatum e páginas de sociologia política*, organized, with an introduction, by Joel Serrão (Lisboa: Ática, 1980), 355. My translation.

<sup>9</sup> The play *O marinheiro*, although published in the first issue of *Orpheu* (1915), was a dead end for Pessoa, and his *Faust*, the fragments of which he worked on for decades, never came together.

<sup>10</sup> *Cartas entre Fernando Pessoa e os directores da presença*, edited, with a study, by Enrico Martines (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1998), 280-81. My translation.

<sup>11</sup> Martines, *Cartas entre Fernando Pessoa*, 178.

<sup>12</sup> *Páginas de estética e de teoria e crítica literárias*, edited by Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto do Prado Coelho (Lisboa: Ática, 1967), 300-01.

<sup>13</sup> Martines, *Cartas entre Fernando Pessoa*, 164.

<sup>14</sup> Álvaro de Campos, “Nota ao acaso,” *Sudoeste* (Nov 1935), 3: 7. My translation.

<sup>15</sup> “Autopsicografia,” *presença*, no. 36 (Nov 1932), 9.

<sup>16</sup> *Fernando Pessoa: A Galaxy of Poets: 1888-1935* (London, 1985), 52.

<sup>17</sup> Paul Muldoon, “In the Hall of Mirrors: ‘Autopsychography’ by Fernando Pessoa,” *New England Review* (Fall 2002), 23: 38-52; I quote from page 39. Osmar Pimentel, “Expêriencia em poesia,” in *A lâmpada e o passado* (São Paulo: Conselho Estadual de Cultura, Comissão de Literatura, 1968), 95-98. Present in Pessoa’s personal library now at the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon are *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1891; *The Oxford Shakespeare*); *The Tempest* (London, Paris, New York, Toronto & Melbourne: Cassell, 1908); and *The Tempest* (Cambridge: The University Press, [1921]).

<sup>18</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Cartas a Armando Côrtes-Rodrigues*, introduction by Joel Serrão (Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1985), 46. My translation.

<sup>19</sup> Teresa Rita Lopes, *Pessoa por conhecer: Textos para um novo mapa* (Lisboa: Estampa, 1990), 238.

<sup>20</sup> Lopes, *Pessoa por conhecer*, 239.

<sup>21</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 208.

<sup>22</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 208.

<sup>23</sup> It is worth noting, although it opens out to another line of speculation, that Pessoa in a manuscript entitled “Aspectos” arguing the question of “existence” for his heteronyms, invokes Shakespeare: “To affirm that these men (or heteronyms)—all of them different, each one of them well-defined—who corporeally crossed through the author’s being, do not exist is something that the author of these books (Pessoa himself) cannot do because he does not know what it is to exist, or which is the more real—Hamlet or Shakespeare—or if either, in reality, is real” (*Páginas íntimas e de auto-interpretação*, ed. Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto Prado Coelho [Lisboa: Ática, 1966], 97). My translation.

<sup>24</sup> *Poemas ingleses*, Tomo I, Volume V of *Edição Crítica de Fernando Pessoa*, Série Maior, ed. João Dionísio (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1993), 84.

<sup>25</sup> William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness* (New York: Random House, 1990). The expression “darkness visible” is from *Paradise Lost* by Jon Milton.

<sup>26</sup> *Escritos sobre génio e loucura*, *Edição crítica de Fernando Pessoa*, VII, Book 1, ed. Jerónimo Pizarro (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda), 417.

<sup>27</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Heróstrato e a busca da imortalidade*, ed. Richard Zenith (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 2000), 185-86.

<sup>28</sup> Anne Warwick, *Compensation—A Novel of Washington Society*, in (Portland) *Morning Oregonian* (Sept 24, 1911), 2.

<sup>29</sup> “Quero referir-me simplesmente à influência que o Pessanha pudesse ter tido sobre o Sá-Carneiro. Não teve nenhuma. Sobre mim teve, porque tudo tem influência sobre mim; mas é conveniente não ver influência do Pessanha em tudo quanto,

de versos meus, relembre o Pessanha. Tenho elementos próprios, naturalmente semelhantes a certos elementos próprios do Pessanha; e certas influências poéticas inglesas, que sofri muito antes de saber sequer da existência do Pessanha, actuam no mesmo sentido que ele” (*Cartas de Fernando Pessoa a João Gaspar Simões*, ed. João Gaspar Simões [Lisbon: Europa-América, 1957], 104).

<sup>30</sup> See, for instance, *Génio e loucura*, 619.

<sup>31</sup> Fernando Pessoa Papers, Biblioteca Nacional, Lisboa, 14 D-3.

<sup>32</sup> Fernando Pessoa Papers, Biblioteca Nacional.

<sup>33</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 194.

<sup>34</sup> Fernando Pessoa Papers, Biblioteca Nacional, 146-51.

<sup>35</sup> Edgar Allan Poe, “The Philosophy of Composition,” in *Selected Writings of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Edward H. Davidson (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1956), 455.

<sup>36</sup> *Heróstrato*, 196.

<sup>37</sup> *Heróstrato*, 175-76.

<sup>38</sup> *Heróstrato*, 179.

<sup>39</sup> *Heróstrato*, 242.

<sup>40</sup> “The House of Poe,” in *Poe: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Robert Regan (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1967), 117.

<sup>41</sup> It is said that Baudelaire “was forever dedicated to loving a woman. The woman’s name changed, but the experience is inevitably ecstatic and devastating” (William Barnstone, “Introduction to Charles Baudelaire,” *Selected Poems from Les Fleurs du mal*, a bilingual edition, English renderings and notes by Norman R. Shapiro, engraving by David Schorr [Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1998], xv). This was also true of Poe, though in several instances the given name remained the same.

<sup>42</sup> These poems constitute the group Pessoa chose to translate and, in the instances of “Annabel Lee,” “Ulalume” and “The Raven,” to publish in *Athena*, which he co-edited in 1924-25.

<sup>43</sup> *Heróstrato*, 179.

<sup>44</sup> Poe, “Philosophy of Composition,” 458.

<sup>45</sup> “Unpublished Correspondence of Mme. De Stael with Thomas Jefferson,” intro. Marie G. Kimball, *North American Review* (July 1918): 208: 70.

<sup>46</sup> *Saturday Evening Post* (June 12, 1830), 9: 1.

<sup>47</sup> “The Disinterred,” *Anglo-American* (Oct 19, 1844), p. 611; Alaric A. Watts, “King Pedro’s Revenge,” *Casket* (Mar 1829), 3: 108.

48 “Disinterred,” 611.

49 *Collected Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, Volume I, Poems, ed. Thomas Ollive Mabbott (Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1969), 372, note 48. See also p. 331.

50 C. S---n, “Ignez de Castro,” *London Literary Gazette and Journal of Belle Lettres*, no. 438 (June 11, 1825), 380; *Boston Atheneum* (Sept 1, 1825), 3: 436; and *Providence Gazette* (Sept 3, 1825), 1. It is notable that in 1848 Poe’s friend, Elizabeth J. Eames, published a poem entitled “Pedro and Inez,” in which the following lines echo “The Raven”:

Never more shall Inez answer to that fond familiar call—  
Of the lovely bride left sleeping, bleeding clay is all—  
Of a fiendish hate the victim lies she, wrapt in gory pall.  
Never more from that dread hour was Prince Pedro seen to smile!  
Never more did chase or revel his still agony beguile—  
But he walked in the shadow of dark thoughts the while!  
(*Graham’s American Monthly Magazine* [Nov 1848], 33: 277)

51 *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. James A. Harrison (New York: T. Y. Crowell, 1902), X, 100. See also VIII, 124-25, and X, 1974.

52 According to Paulo Leminski, the late-twentieth-century Brazilian poet, “The Raven” is “the first rational poem of the Modern Age” (*Leia* [Oct 1886], 7: 24).

53 Michael Grant and John Hazel, *Who’s Who in Classical Mythology* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), 250.

54 This is Robert Graves’s version of the story: “He [Orpheus] used the passage which opens at Anorum in Thesprotis and, on his arrival, not only charmed the ferryman Charon, the Dog Cerberus, and the three Judges of the Dead with his plaintive music, but temporarily suspended the tortures of the damned; and so far soothed the savage heart of Hades that he won leave to restore Eurydice to the upper world. Hades made a single condition: that Orpheus might not look behind him until she was back safely in the light of the sun. Eurydice followed Orpheus up through the dark passage, guided by the sounds of his lyre, and it was only when he reached the sunlight again that he turned to see whether she were still behind him, and so lost her forever” (*The Greek Myths* [New York: George Braziller, 1957], I, 112).

55 Grant and Hazel, *Classical Mythology*, 250-51.

56 Horatio King, “The Raven Family,” *Hudson River Chronicle* (Sing-Sing, NY) (Aug 13, 1844), 1-2. The setting for the story is the town of “Greystone,” which, it is explained, is a corruption of “Gravestone.” The story is credited to the *Portland American*.

57 “Of News-Writers,” *Boston Evening-Post* (Sept 17, 1750), p. 1, and *New-York Evening Post* (Oct 1, 1750), p. 1; see also *Boston Evening-Post* (Oct 10, 1757), p. 1.

<sup>58</sup> Maria Aliete Dores Galhoz, “O momento poético do *Orpheu*,” in *Orpheu*, I, 4<sup>th</sup> ed. (Lisboa: Ática, 1984), xv.

<sup>59</sup> “A chave de interpretação do mito, que seria a justificativa para a escolha do nome da revista e do movimento, reside na passagem notável do avesso amoroso: com a morte de Eurídice, Orfeu desce ao Hades para buscá-la, não por compaixão, mas por considerar insuportável uma existência sem a presença da amada. Essa inversão de prioridade amorosa, isto é, o deslocamento do foco para si mesmo em detrimento do outro, é legitimado pela modernidade e pelas ideias vanguardistas de Pessoa e Mário de Sá-Carneiro” (Vera Helena Pancotte Amatti, “Marcas de Presença de Fernando Pessoa,” *Estudos pessoanos e outros temas*, no. 22 [2007], 58).

<sup>60</sup> English translations of poems from *Mensagem* come from *Poems of Fernando Pessoa*, trans. Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown (New York: Ecco Press, 1986), 170–71.

<sup>61</sup> “One wonders if Milton realized the irony: that the epic would always be written in political exile. His *Paradise Lost* was composed under the autocratic rule of Charles II, not the government of Cromwell. John Dryden would only translate *The Aeneid* after James II was forced to cede the British throne to William III. Alexander Pope put *The Iliad* into English at a time when the king couldn’t even speak the language. James McPherson’s forged epic poem *Fingal*, by Ossian was launched after Culloden, when the Gaelic it was supposedly written in was being actively suppressed. Epic, for the British poet, is always tinged with elegy” (Stuart Kelly, *The Book of Lost Books: An Incomplete History of All the Great Books You’ll Never Read* [New York: Random House, 2005], 173). But not only the English; think of Camões’s *Os Lusíadas*, written at a time when all Portuguese were about to be exiled from their country as a separate entity, as well as Pessoa’s “O Mostrengo,” which I see as the self-exiled Pessoa’s version of Portugal’s national epic—compressed, in miniature.

<sup>62</sup> “Mar português: IV: O morcego,” *Contemporanea* (Oct 1922), 2: 19–11.

<sup>63</sup> Pessoa, *Génio e loucura*, 623.

<sup>64</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Obra poética*, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Maria Aliete Galhoz (Rio de Janeiro: Aguilar, 1969), 505. My translation.

<sup>65</sup> *Selected Writings of Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Edward H. Davidson (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1956), 95.

<sup>66</sup> *Cartas de amor de Fernando Pessoa*, edited with a postface and notes by David Mourão-Ferreira (Lisboa: Ática, 1978), 157.

<sup>67</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 66 and 78.

<sup>68</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 157.

<sup>69</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 162-63.

<sup>70</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 161.

<sup>71</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 155-56. Y. K. Centeno argues that Pessoa's "horror of sex" kept him from seeing Ofélia as anything more than as a child, one who as such would pose no sexual threat ("Ofélia—bébézinho ou o horror do sexo," in *Fernando Pessoa: O amor, a morte, a iniciação* [Lisbon: A Regra do Jogo, 1985], 11-21).

<sup>72</sup> *Obra poética*, 534.

<sup>73</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 77-78.

<sup>74</sup> That the courtship from beginning to end was an elaborate act of characteristic feigning is argued by José Augusto Seabra, "Amor e fingimento," in *O heterotexto pessoano* (Lisbon: Dinalivro, 1985), 61-76. See also Antonio Tabucchi, who asserts that in this courtship Pessoa, as always, was living out his "life in literature" ("Um Fausto mangas-de-alpaca: as 'Cartas de amor' de Pessoa," in *Pessoana mínima* [Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1984], 51-59).

<sup>75</sup> Charles Baudelaire, "Edgar Allan Poe: His Life and Works," in *The Choice Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1902), 18.

<sup>76</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 129.

<sup>77</sup> *Obra poética*, 399-400.

<sup>78</sup> "Ligeia," *Selected Writings*, 94.

<sup>79</sup> Maria da Graça Queiroz, "Ofélia Queiroz: O mistério duma pessoa," *Jornal de Letras* (Nov 12-18, 1985), 4.

<sup>80</sup> *Cartas de amor*, 137.

<sup>81</sup> My understanding of Pessoa's courtship of Ofélia Queiroz and its melancholy consequences, although fundamentally different from theirs, is indebted to João Gaspar Simões's *Vida e obra de Fernando Pessoa: História duma geração* (1950), especially the chapter "Único amor" (4<sup>th</sup> ed., Lisbon: Livraria Bertrand, 1980, 485-508), Alexandrino Severino and Hubert D. Jennings's "In Praise of Ofélia: An Interpretation of Pessoa's Only Love" (unpublished paper, International Symposium on Fernando Pessoa, Brown University, Providence, RI, Oct 7-8, 1977), and David Mourão-Ferreira's "Estas 'cartas de amor' de Fernando Pessoa," in *Cartas de amor*.

<sup>82</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923) (Garden City, NY: Doubleday Anchor, 1955), 78.

<sup>83</sup> *Poetry and the Age* (New York: Vintage, 1953), 118.

<sup>84</sup> Jorge de Sena, "O heterónimo Fernando Pessoa e os poemas ingleses que publicou," in Fernando Pessoa, *Poemas ingleses*, ed. Jorge de Sena (Lisboa: Ática, 1974), 11-87; Catarina T. F. Edinger, *A metáfora e o fenómeno amoroso nos poemas*

*ingleses de Fernando Pessoa* (Porto: Brasília, 1982); and Yara Frateschi Vieira, *Sob o ramo da bétula: Fernando Pessoa e o erotismo vitoriano* (Campinas: Editora da Unicamp, 1989).

<sup>85</sup> J. A. Symonds, "Antinous," *Cornhill Magazine*, 39 (Feb 1879): 200-12; (Mar 1879): 343-58; collected in his *Sketches and Studies in Italy* (London: Smith, Elder, 1879). "The Lotos-Garland of Antinous," in *Many Moods: A Volume of Verse* (London: Smith, Elder, 1878), 121-34.

<sup>86</sup> Brian Reade, "Introduction," in *Sexual Heretics: Male Homosexuality in English Literature from 1850 to 1900: An Anthology* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1970), 53; quoted in Jeffrey Meyers, *Homosexuality and Literature, 1890-1930* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1977), 12-13.

<sup>87</sup> In Samuel Hynes's discussion, the plural phrase "established orders" refers to "those members of the Church, the peerage, the Tory party, and Society, who styled themselves the ruling class of England" (*The Edwardian Turn of Mind* [Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1968], 11).

<sup>88</sup> Quoted by Oscar Wilde in his testimony in court, the phrase comes from "Two Loves," a sonnet by Lord Alfred Douglas (Meyers, *Homosexuality*, 6 and 165n).

<sup>89</sup> Taking up the question of what language one might chose to write in were the Iberian Peninsula broken up into independent nations—Castilian, Catalan, etc.—Pessoa writes tellingly: "Unamuno put the case: why not write in Castilian? If it comes to that, I prefer to write in English, which will give me a wider public than Castilian; and I am as much Castilian as I am English in blood and much more English than Castilian since my education is English" (*Ultimatum e páginas de sociologia política*, ed. Maria Isabel Rocheta and Maria Paula Morão [Lisboa: Ática, 1980], 193).

Why Pessoa self-published his English poems when he did is not entirely clear. Perhaps his automatic writing offers a clue to his decision. "Henry More, the spirit who is Pessoa's most assiduous 'astral correspondent' (Zenith's characterization, in this volume) tells him: 'In 1917 you enter fame.'" (Fernando Pessoa, *Escritos autobiográficos, automáticos e de reflexão pessoal*, ed. Richard Zenith with Manuela Parreira da Silva [Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 2003], 210, 280.) But Pessoa did not achieve fame in 1917, even though he did try to place his collection of poems *The Mad Fiddler* with the London publisher Constable. (The letter of rejection is dated 6 June 1917; see Anne Terlinden, *Fernando Pessoa: The Bilingual Portuguese Poet: A Critical Study of The Mad Fiddler* [Bruxelles: Publications des Facultés universitaires Saint-Louis, 1990], 189). Then, setting aside *The Mad Fiddler*, Pessoa had *Antinous* and *35 Sonnets* printed in Lisbon for distribution to reviewers and libraries in the British Isles. If it was fame that he sought at the time, this venture, as everyone knows, brought him none.

<sup>90</sup> Pessoa also called Shakespeare's two poems works of "immature beauty" (*Páginas de estética*, 58, 287).

<sup>91</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 58.

<sup>92</sup> "[S]ou um temperamento feminino com uma inteligência masculina"; "e o meu receio da descida ao corpo dessa inversão do espírito—radica-mo a contemplação de como nesses dois desceu—completamente no primeiro, e em pederastia; incertamente no segundo, num vago masoquismo" (Fernando Pessoa, *Páginas íntimas e de auto-interpretação*, ed. Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto do Prado Coelho [Lisboa: Ática, 1966], 27-28).

<sup>93</sup> *Pessoa por conhecer. Vol. II: Textos para um novo mapa*, ed. Teresa Rita Lopes (Lisboa: Estampa, 1990), 62.

<sup>94</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Poemas ingleses. Tomo I: Antinous, Inscriptions, Epithalamium, 35 Sonnets*, ed. João Dionísio (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1993), 41. All quotations from *Antinous* come from this volume.

<sup>95</sup> Abbie Carter Goodloe, *Antinoüs: A Tragedy* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1891), 134.

<sup>96</sup> "[N]ão são cenas de ternura e paixão as que ele evoca, mas as habilidades sexuais do favorito" (Sena, "O heterónimo," 46).

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<sup>97</sup> See, for instance, José Férrez Kuri, "Introducción," *Antinoo*, trans. Cayetano Cantú and José Férrez Kuri (Colonia Santa Úrsula Xitla, México: Ácrono, 1999), 14; Wayne Dynes, "The Masks of Consciousness of Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935): An Essay-Review," *Gay Books Bulletin*, I (Summer 1979): 20-22; and Robert Howes's entry on Pessoa in the *Encyclopedia of Homosexuality*, ed. Wayne R. Dynes et al. (New York and London: Garland, 1990), 2: 977-78. Of singular importance in the debate over Pessoa's sexuality are two of Richard Zenith's essays, "Fernando Pessoa's Gay Heteronym?" in *Lusosex: Gender and Sexuality in the Portuguese-Speaking World*, ed. Susan Cauty Quinlan and Fernando Arenas (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2002), 35-56; and "Automatic Romance: Pessoa's Mediumistic Writings as Sexual Theater," in *Embodying Pessoa: Corporeality, Gender, Sexuality*, ed. Anna Klobucka and Mark Sabine (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2007). In the first of these pieces, Zenith prints (for the first time) an untitled "fragmentary gay poem," which he takes to be a somewhat direct self-revelation on Pessoa's part. Yet taking the poem is problematic, I think, especially since Zenith elsewhere ("Automatic Romance") concludes (puzzlingly, in view of what he has decided about the biographically factual status of the "fragmentary gay poem" he has discovered): "Ofélia Queiroz, I contend, was a species of counterheteronym, a real-life character with whom Pessoa lived a fiction."

<sup>98</sup> Fernando Pessoa, "Le Mignon," in *Poesia inglesa II*, ed. Luísa Freire (Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 2000), 88.



<sup>99</sup> See Erich Fromm, *The Anatomy of Human Destructiveness* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1973), 326, 332-33, 334.

<sup>100</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas íntimas*, 27-28.

<sup>101</sup> “Tornar puramente literária a receptividade dos sentidos, e as emoções, quando acaso inferiorizem aparecer, convertê-las em matéria aparecida para com ela estátuas se esculpirem de palavras fluidas e lambentes” (Fernando Pessoa, *The Book of Disquiet*, ed. and trans. Richard Zenith [New York: Penguin Books, 2003], 322; *Livro do desassossego*, ed. Richard Zenith [Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 1998], 350).

<sup>102</sup> “[E]ntão ele é menos Shakespeare!” (*Cartas de Fernando Pessoa a João Gaspar Simões*, 97-98).

<sup>103</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 134, 212.

<sup>104</sup> Oskar Seyffert, *A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*, rev. and ed. Henry Nettleship and J. E. Sandys (New York: Meridian Books, 1956), 36. Seyffert’s work first appeared in 1882.

<sup>105</sup> Arthur Symons, *The Memoirs of Arthurs Symons—Life and Art in the 1890s*, ed. Karl Beckson (University Park and London: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1977), 98-99.

<sup>106</sup> Hugh McCulloch Junior, “Antinoüs,” in *The Quest of Heracles and Other Poems* (Cambridge and Chicago: Stone and Kimball, 1894), 49-50.

<sup>107</sup> Montague Summers, “Antinous,” in *Antinous and Other Poems* (London: Cecil Woolf, 1995), 36, 37.

<sup>108</sup> Oscar Wilde, “The Sphinx,” in *Oscar Wilde (The Oxford Authors)*, ed. Isobel Murray (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989), 542.

<sup>109</sup> “[T]recho que, na sua ardência esteticista, antecipa muito da atmosfera do poema de Pessoa” (Sena, “O heterónimo,” 65).

<sup>110</sup> A. E. Housman, *A Shropshire Lad* (New York: Heritage Press, 1951), 46.

<sup>111</sup> “Pútrido o ventre, azul e aglutinoso,” in *Clepsidra e outros poemas de Camilo Pessanha* (Lisboa: Ática, 1969), 195. For examples from other sources, see Alfredo Margarido, “Necrophilia in Portuguese Poetry: From the Eighteenth Century to the Present,” trans. T. F. Earle, *Portuguese Studies*, 4 (1988): 99-116.

<sup>112</sup> Edith Wharton, “The Eyes,” in *Collected Short Stories*, ed. R. W. B. Lewis (New York: Scribner’s, 1968), 2: 123.

<sup>113</sup> Henry James, “The Last of the Valerii,” *Atlantic Monthly*, 33 (Jan 1874): 74.

<sup>114</sup> Henry James, “From a Roman Note-Book,” *Galaxy*, 16 (Nov 1873): 684.

<sup>115</sup> A copy of John Addington Symonds’s *Shelley* (1884), bearing Pessoa’s signature, underlining, checkmarks, and annotations, survives among Pessoa’s books at

the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon (Jaime Silva, "Appendix A: Fernando Pessoa's Library," unpublished. See also "Biblioteca de Fernando Pessoa: Lista bibliográfica," *Tabacaria*, 0 (Feb 1996), 90 (no. 8-532).

<sup>116</sup> *The Letters of John Addington Symonds*, ed. Herbert M. Schueller and Robert L. Peters (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1967), 2: 118, 166, 522-23.

<sup>117</sup> Symonds, "The Lotus-Garland of Antinous," 252-53.

<sup>118</sup> Symonds, *Letters*, 2: 541.

<sup>119</sup> Symonds, "The Lotus-Garland of Antinous," 123-24, 132, and 134.

<sup>120</sup> Pessoa, *Correspondência 1905-1922*, 175.

<sup>121</sup> Hynes, *Edwardian Turn*, 254-306.

<sup>122</sup> Hynes, *Edwardian Turn*, 271.

<sup>123</sup> As Hynes observes, "The tendency to organize in the cause of morality is a characteristic of the whole of the nineteenth century in England, from the Society for the Suppression of Vice, through whose efforts publishers of obscenities were sentenced to the pillory in the early years of the century, to the National Vigilance Association at the end; but this sort of activity seems to have reached unusual heights during Edward's reign. Through the years before the war, organizations dedicated to the improvement of other people's morals had so proliferated that by 1910 there were enough in London alone to be collectively organized as the Conference of Representatives of London Societies Interested in Public Morality" (*Edwardian Turn*, 279-80).

<sup>124</sup> Pessoa, *Correspondência 1905-1922*, 190.

<sup>125</sup> Meyers, *Homosexuality*, 5.

<sup>126</sup> Meyers, *Homosexuality*, 9.

<sup>127</sup> Donald N. Mager, "Pessoa, Fernando (1888-1935)," in *Gay Histories and Cultures: An Encyclopedia*, ed. George E. Haggerty (New York and London: Garland, 2000), 681.

<sup>128</sup> Anonymous, "Fernando Pessoa," in *Grande enciclopédia portuguesa e brasileira* (Lisboa and Rio de Janeiro: Editorial Enciclopédia, 1950), 21: 488.

<sup>129</sup> *Times Literary Supplement*, no. 870 (Sept 19, 1918): 403; *Athenaeum*, no. 4637 (Jan 1919), 36; *Glasgow Herald* (Sept 19, 1918); and *The Scotsman* (Aug 15, 1918), 2.

<sup>130</sup> For "the myth of the homoerotic South" and "the call of the South," see Robert Aldrich, *The Seduction of the Mediterranean: Writing, Art and Homosexual Fantasy* (London and New York: Routledge, 1993), x, 88.

<sup>131</sup> Fromm, *Anatomy*, 325. Emphasis added.

<sup>132</sup> Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, 4 vols. (New York: Random House, 1936). Ellis has much less to say about necrophilia, in fact, than did W. A.

F. Browne, sixty years earlier, in his anecdotal account “Necrophilism,” *Journal of Mental Science*, 92, n.s. 56 (Jan 1875): 551–60.

<sup>133</sup> William A. Bentley to Fernando Pessoa, Aug 3, 1918, in Pessoa, *Correspondência inédita*, ed. Manuela Parreira da Silva (Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1996), 208.

<sup>134</sup> “Captain Jesse’s Life of Brummell,” *Littell’s Living Age*, 1 (June 22, 1844): 333.

<sup>135</sup> Nicholas A. Basbanes, *A Splendor of Letters: The Permanence of Books in an Impermanent World* (New York: HarperCollins, 2003), 56.

<sup>136</sup> George Monteiro, “Webs of Empire: Caroline Norton, Rimbaud, and Others,” in *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2000), 129–44.

<sup>137</sup> “[U]ma concepção anglo-saxónica da beleza masculina” (Sena, “O heterónimo,” 70n).

<sup>138</sup> Quoted in Fernando Pessoa, *English Poems I-II-III, Poemas ingleses, 35 Sonnets, Sonetos* (Lisboa: n. p., 1975), 166.

<sup>139</sup> Sena, “O heterónimo,” 45n. In 1878, Symonds wrote to Edmund Gosse: “Has anyone, German or other, written a monograph on the story of Antinous & the relics of Sculpture that bear his name?” (*Letters*, 2: 518). Symonds’s essay, “Antinous,” appeared shortly thereafter. His linking of Antinous with the early death of those whom the Gods love also appears in a story by a now little-known American writer. Here is some dialogue from Ellen Olney Kirk’s “A Florentine Episode” (*Atlantic Monthly*, 70 [Aug 1892]: 174):

“No; at this moment you are like Raphael’s St. John in the Tribuna. I was thinking about beauty—beauty. What is beauty in a face? What does it mean? What does it interpret? I know a man whose soul is so lovely he ought to be more beautiful than the Antinous, yet he is homely, common-looking, without a fine feature. I was thinking whether I wished he might look like the Antinous. But I do not. Antinous always seems half sulky.”

“It is not often,” said Keith, “that I have an idea, but I have an idea about the Antinous. When I look at him, I say to myself that I understand him.”

“Is it a secret between you two?”

“I don’t mind telling you. The presentiment of his early death is imposed from on high. He feels the stirring in him of great powers, but Fate lays her finger on his hope and withers it, like blasted fruit on a green bough. All his victory is to be victorious over death. People quarrel, too, with Achilles for sulking in his tent when he ought to be fighting; but I always pitied Achilles when he said to his mother that, since Jove had made his life so brief, he ought to have crowned it with happiness and honor.”

“Did he say that?” said Phillis, her pencil busy. “Whom the gods love die young.”

Keith flung up his arms. "Love me not too well, O ye gods!" he cried. "I would not die young."

"Do not move, for the world. I want that pose!" she cried eagerly.

<sup>140</sup> "Morreste jovem como os deuses querem / Quando amam" (Fernando Pessoa, *Poemas completos de Alberto Caeiro*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha [Lisbon: Editorial Presença, 1994], 153).

<sup>141</sup> See Pessoa's letters to José Régio of May 3, 1928 and Nov 15, 1928, in *Cartas entre Fernando Pessoa*, 67, 70.

<sup>142</sup> "Desejo ser um criador de mitos, que é o mistério mais alto que pode obrar alguém da humanidade" (Pessoa, *Páginas íntimas*, 100).

<sup>143</sup> Pessoa, *Páginas de estética*, 191.

<sup>144</sup> Quoted in John Addington Symonds, *A Problem in Modern Ethics* (London, 1896; reprinted by Benjamin Blom, New York, in 1971), 109. Symonds quotes Swinburne to illustrate the question posed by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs: "With regard to the dignity of man, is there, asks Ulrichs, anything more degrading to humanity in sexual acts performed between male and male than in similar acts performed between male and female. In a certain sense all sex has an element of grossness which inspires repugnance."

<sup>145</sup> "[O] homem sente que, ao sentir, é dois. É o odi et amo de Catulo" (Fernando Pessoa, "Ciúme, de António Botto," in *Crítica: Ensaios, artigos e entrevistas*, ed. Fernando Cabral Martins [Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 2000], 517).

<sup>146</sup> All quotations from *Epithalamium* come from Pessoa, *Poemas ingleses*, 54-65.

<sup>147</sup> Quoted in Pessoa, *Poemas ingleses*, 27.

<sup>148</sup> In a recently published diary, kept in English, Pessoa, under the date November 29, 1915 (the year he wrote *Antinous* and in which he planned to publish the poem in *Orpheu* 3), Pessoa writes, "At night with Aunt Lisbela at hotel, very pleasant; made eyes with a rather interesting girl, who seemed to like me. Felt myself agreeable to them (her and perhaps a sister), though I said little... The Emperor, alas!..." (168). Richard Zenith, who included Pessoa's diary in *Escritos autobiográficos* (2003), takes these sentences as evidence of Pessoa's heterosexual desires and, less directly, his bent toward homosexuality as well. He is attracted to this woman ("made eyes") but his heterosexual feelings are impeded by homosexual feelings indicated here by his reference to "The Emperor." To understand this sentence, according to Zenith, one only need recognize that by "Emperor" Pessoa means the Emperor Hadrian, who, it can be assumed, was still on the mind of the poet who had only recently written a lengthy poem on the subject of Hadrian's love for Antinous ("Notas para uma biografia factual," in Pessoa, *Escritos*, 463).

<sup>149</sup> “Il est difficile de concevoir contraste plus radical entre une affaire sentimentale vécue et une situation sexuelle imagine” (Armand Guibert, “Fernando Pessoa: Poète de langue anglais,” in *Antinoüs*, trans. Armand Guibert (Paris: Fata Morgana, 1979), 22.

<sup>150</sup> “[A] carne rasgada, a carne aberta e estripada, o sangue correndo”; “Ser o meu corpo passivo a mulher-tôdas-as-mulheres / Que foram violadas, mortas, feridas, rasgadas pelos piratas! / Ser no meu ser subjugado a fêmea que tem de ser dêles! / E sentir tudo isso—tôdas estas coisas duma só vez—pela espinha!” (Álvaro de Campos, “Ode marítima,” in *Obra poética*, 326, 325; “Maritime Ode,” in Honig and Brown *Poems of Fernando Pessoa*, 57).

<sup>151</sup> The lines from Campos’s poem have been rearranged.

<sup>152</sup> George Monteiro, *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2000), 149.

<sup>153</sup> Evelyn Barish Greenberger, *Arthur Hugh Clough: The Growth of a Poet’s Mind* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970), 130. Greenberger continues: “In expressing this conscious hopelessness, in becoming aware of his loss of a sense of his own reality and of the significance of the world about him, in expressing, in short, his alienation, he was making himself one of the first English poets to discover and seriously explore a theme that has become basic to the art and philosophy of our age.”

<sup>154</sup> If not even earlier, Pessoa would have encountered Clough’s poetry in Arthur Quiller-Couch’s *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* (1900). Pessoa’s copy of this much reprinted book—dated 1912—is now in the Pessoa collection at the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon.

<sup>155</sup> Stefanie Markovits, *The Crisis of Action in Nineteenth-Century English Literature* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2006), 50.

<sup>156</sup> Markovits, *Crisis*, 49.

<sup>157</sup> Quoted in *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, ed. Walter Houghton and G. Robert Stange (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1959), 468-69. In the same note the editors take issue with Arnold, who “did not like Clough’s poetry,” and, in their opinion, “criticized it unfairly.” “So far as Clough had a ‘rustic flute,’” they continue, its note “was inferior to the stormy and satirical note of the prophet; nor did his later verse task his pipe too sore or tire his throat.”

<sup>158</sup> Matthew Arnold, “Thyrsis,” in Houghton and Stange, *Victorian Poetry*, 468-69.

<sup>159</sup> A. L. P. Norrington, “Introduction” to *The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough*, ed. A. L. P. Norrington (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), viii.

<sup>160</sup> Norrington, *Poems*, viii-ix.

<sup>161</sup> Norrington, *Poems*, viii.

<sup>162</sup> Barbara Hardy, *The Major Victorian Poets: Reconsiderations*, ed. Isobel Armstrong, 1963, 273; quoted in the Introduction to *Clough: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Michael Thorpe (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1972), 23-24.

<sup>163</sup> Robindra Kumar Biswas, *Arthur Hugh Clough: Towards a Reconsideration* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), 1.

<sup>164</sup> Philip Hofmann, "Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819-1851," *Poetry*, 187 (Mar 2006), 495-96. Jorge de Sena refers to Clough's mastery in handling 'homeric' hexameters in verse novels, as in *Amours de voyage*" (a maestria com que êle manejou o hexâmetro "homérico" em romances em verso, como *Amours de voyage*)—*A literatura inglesa: Ensaio de interpretação e de história* (São Paulo: Cultrix, 1963), 295.

<sup>165</sup> Houghton and Stange, *Victorian Poetry*, 339.

<sup>166</sup> Quoted in Louis Menand, *Discovering Modernism: T. S. Eliot and His Context*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), 97-98.

<sup>167</sup> For Clough as a precursor of T. S. Eliot, see Michael Roberts, Introduction to the *Faber Book of Modern Verse* (London: Faber and Faber, 1936), 11-14; Masao Miyoshi, "Clough's Poems of Self-Irony," *Studies in English Literature*, 5 (1965), 700; Frederick Bowers, "Arthur Hugh Clough: The Modern Mind," *Studies in English Literature*, 6 (Autumn 1966), 709-16; Michael Timko, *Innocent Victorian: The Satiric Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1966), 140; Greenberger, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, 178; James R. Locke, "Clough's *Amours de voyage*: A Possible Source for 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,'" *Western Humanities Review*, 29 (Winter 1975), 55-66; and Walter E. Houghton, *The Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough: An Essay in Reevaluation* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1963), 124.

<sup>168</sup> John Addington Symonds, "Arthur Hugh Clough," *Fortnightly Review*, 24 (Dec 1, 1868), 589-617; reprinted in Thorpe, *Critical Heritage*, 219-49.

<sup>169</sup> Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 231.

<sup>170</sup> Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 232.

<sup>171</sup> Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 232.

<sup>172</sup> Timko, *Innocent Victorian*, 138, 140.

<sup>173</sup> See Houghton, *Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough*, 126, 349-50.

<sup>174</sup> Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 235.

<sup>175</sup> David Williams, *Too Quick Despairer: A Life of Arthur Hugh Clough* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1969), 157.

<sup>176</sup> Maria José de Lancaster, *Fernando Pessoa, uma fotobiografia*, 3rd edition (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda / Centro de Estudos Pessoaanos, 1984), 161-62.

<sup>177</sup> Houghton, *Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough*, 129, 132.

<sup>178</sup> Quotations from Clough refer to *Amours de voyage*, in Norrington, *Poems*, 175-220; those from Pessoa refer to “Poema em linha recta,” in *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, ed. Cleonice Berardinelli (Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 1999), 234-35.

<sup>179</sup> The phrase “syntactical strength” appears in Williams, *Too Quick Despairer*, 154.

<sup>180</sup> In *Dipsychus* Clough writes: “It may be I am somewhat a poltroon. / I never fought at school” (Norrington, *Poems*, 261).

<sup>181</sup> Pessoa, “Poem—Straight to the Point,” in *Self-Analysis and Thirty Other Poems*, trans. George Monteiro (Lisbon: Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, 1988), 43, 45.

<sup>182</sup> Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 253. Campos’s Clough-like theme is taken up elsewhere, again featuring appositional construction: “I, who in everything saw roads and byways of shade” (Eu, que via em tudo caminhos e atalhos de sombra); “I, the madman who makes phrases because he cannot make his fortune. / I, the ghost of my desired redeemer, a cold mist... (Eu, o louco que faz frases porque não pode fazer sorte, / Eu, o fantasma do meu desejo redentor, névoa fria... ); and “I, the ‘modern’ that I am not, I who consist... / I, unfit and without hope” (E eu, o moderno que o não sou, eu que consisto... / Eu, incongruente e sem esperanças...).

<sup>183</sup> Lancastre, *Fotobiografia*, 230.

<sup>184</sup> Fernando Pessoa, “An Instantly Venerable Sonnet,” in Monteiro, *Self-Analysis*, 39.

<sup>185</sup> Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 7-8. It is not usually noted that Daisy is addressed elsewhere in Campos’s poetry, along with Lídia and Celimène, in the poem beginning “A vida é para os inconscientes” (343), another letter-like piece.

<sup>186</sup> Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 8.

<sup>187</sup> Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 135.

<sup>188</sup> Norrington, note to “Dipsychus,” in *Poems*, 309.

<sup>189</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Primeiro Fausto*, ed. Duílio Colombini (São Paulo: Epopeia, 1986); and *Fausto: Tragédia subjectiva (fragmentos)*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha (Lisboa: Presença, 1988). See also Teresa Sobral Cunha, *Fausto: leitura em 20 quadros* (Lisboa: Relógio D’Água, 1994).

<sup>190</sup> Norrington, *Poems*, 275, 289, 292, 294.

<sup>191</sup> *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*, ed. Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955), 64.

<sup>192</sup> Pessoa, *Poemas completos de Alberto Caeiro*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha (Lisbon: Editorial Presença, 1994), 41.

<sup>193</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 58. Between Clough's notion of "sheep" as "thoughts" and Caetano's lies Alice Meynell's explicit use of the metaphor. Meynell's poem as one of Caetano's sources, first noted by Charles David Ley, is discussed in Monteiro, *Fernando Pessoa*, 79-82, 161.

<sup>194</sup> Norrington, *Poems*, 226, 232.

<sup>195</sup> Quoted in Biswas, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, 384.

<sup>196</sup> Norrington, *Poems*, 236.

<sup>197</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 127.

<sup>198</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 149.

<sup>199</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 152.

<sup>200</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 135.

<sup>201</sup> Cunha, *Poemas*, 44.

<sup>202</sup> "Professor of Engineering at Glasgow," *London Times*, Dec 2, 1935, 2.

<sup>203</sup> Álvaro de Campos, "Álvaro de Campos escreve à *Contemporânea*," *Contemporânea*, II (Oct 22, 1922), 4.

<sup>204</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Correspondência inédita*, ed. Manuela Parreira da Silva (Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1996), 31.

<sup>205</sup> Pessoa, *Self-analysis*, 39.

(Olha, Daisy: quando eu morrer tu hás-de  
 Dizer aos meus amigos aí de Londres,  
 Embora não o sintas, que tu escondes  
 A grande dor da minha morte. Irás de  
 Londres pra York, onde nasceste (dizes...  
 Que eu nada que tu digas acredito),  
 Contar àquele pobre rapazito  
 Que me deu tantas horas tão felizes,  
 Embora não o saibas, que morri...  
 Mesmo ele, a quem eu tanto julguei amar,  
 Nada se importará... Depois vai dar  
 A notícia a essa estranha Cecily  
 Que acreditava que eu seria grande...  
 Raios partam a vida e quem lá ande!)  
 (Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 7-8.)

<sup>206</sup> A. L. H., "A Ghost of the Nineties," *Athenaeum*, no. 4667 (Oct 10, 1919), 996.

<sup>207</sup> My translation. ("Álvaro de Campos nasceu em Tavira, no dia 15 de Outubro de 1890 (à 1.30 da tarde, diz-me o Ferreira Gomes e é verdade, pois, feito o horoscopo para essa hora, está certo). Este, como sabe, é engenheiro naval (por Glasgow), mas



agora está aqui em Lisboa em inactividade. Caeiro era de estatura media, e, embora realmente fragil (morreu tuberculoso) [...]. Campos é alto (1m, 75 de altura—mais 2 cm. do que eu), magro e um pouco tendente a curvar-se. Cara rapada todos—o Caeiro louro sem côr, olhos azues; Reis de um vago Moreno mate; Campos entre branco e Moreno, typo vagamente de judeu portuguez, cabelo porém liso e normalmente apartado ao lado, monóculo [...]. Campos teve uma educação vulgar de lyceu; depois foi mandado para a Escocia estudar engenharia, primeiro mechanica e depois naval. Numas ferias fez a viagem ao Oriente de onde resultou o ‘Opiario.’ Ensinou-lhe latim um tio beirão que era padre.”—Adolfo Casais Monteiro, *A poesia de Fernando Pessoa*, ed. José Blanco (Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1985), 234.

<sup>208</sup> S. M. Ellis, “Current Literature,” *Fortnightly Review*, 113 (Apr 1923), 690.

<sup>209</sup> Álvaro de Campos, “Carta-resposta de Álvaro de Campos ao inquérito de Augusto Ferreira Gomes,” *A Informação*, I (Sept 17, 1926).

<sup>210</sup> Victor Plarr, *Ernest Dowson 1888-1897: Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia* (London: Elkin Matthews, 1914 / New York: Laurence J. Gomme, 1914), 21.

<sup>211</sup> Plarr, *Dowson*, 116.

<sup>212</sup> Hugh Kingmill, “Literary Notes,” *English Review* (Jan 1935), 106.

<sup>213</sup> *The Poems of Ernest Dowson*, with a memoir by Arthur Symons (London: John Lane, 1905), xxxvii.

<sup>214</sup> Symons, *Poems of Ernest Dowson*, 8.

<sup>215</sup> *Self-analysis*, 43. (“E eu, tantas vezes reles, tantas vezes porco, tantas vezes vil, / Eu tantas vezes irrespondivelmente parasita, / Indesculpavelmente sujo”)—Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 234.

<sup>216</sup> *Self-analysis*, 53. (“Um dia, num restaurante, fora do espaço e do tempo, / Serviram-me amor como dobrada fria”)—Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 335.

<sup>217</sup> (“O desdobramento do eu é um phenomeno em grande numero de casos de masturbação”)—Teresa Rita Lopes, *Pessoa por conhecer II* (Lisboa: Estampa, 1990), 477. With “Tabacaria” in mind, I find it intriguing that Dowson had “une petit affaire” with one “Miss Cigarettoitch.” “The tart is aged 15<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>,” he writes, “& belongeth to a tobacconist of Piccadilly who apparently views his paternal responsibilities lightly” (*The Letters of Ernest Dowson*, ed. Desmond Flower and Henry Maas [London: Cassell, 1967], 116-18).

<sup>218</sup> (“A gente ordinária e suja, cujas filhas aos oito anos—e eu acho isto belo e amo-o!— / Masturbam homens de aspecto decente nos vãos de escada”)—Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 25.

<sup>219</sup> Plarr, *Dowson*, 14-15.

<sup>220</sup> (“Costumava pregar uma partida que era um pouco desconcertante. Quando saíamos em Lisboa com ele, numa rua bastante movimentada parava de repente e dizia ‘Agora vou ser um ibis’ e equilibrava-se numa perna e punha uma mão para a frente e a outra atrás para significar um bico e uma cauda e ficava assim durante alguns segundos o que surpreendia bastante os transeuntes e nos causava um leveiro embaraço. Mas era apenas uma espécie de brincadeira, e depois continuava a andar normalmente.”)—João Maria Nogueira Rosa, “Fernando Pessoa—Como eu o conheci,” *Ocidente*, 77 (Nov 1969), 232. My translation.

<sup>221</sup> My translation.

(Ai, Margarida,  
 Se eu te desse a minha vida,  
 Que farias tu com ela?  
 —Tirava os brincos do prego,  
 Casava c’um homem cego  
 E ia morar para a Estrela.  
 Mas, Margarida,  
 Se eu te desse a minha vida,  
 Que diria tua mãe?  
 —(Ela conhece-me a fundo.)  
 Que há muito parvo no mundo,  
 E que eras parvo também.  
 E, Margarida,  
 Se eu te desse a minha vida  
 No sentido de morrer?  
 —Eu iria ao teu enterro,  
 Mas achava que era um erro  
 Querer amar sem viver.  
 Mas, Margarida,  
 Se este dar-te a minha vida  
 Não fosse senão poesia?  
 —Então, filho, nada feito.  
 Fica tudo sem efeito.  
 Nesta casa não se fia.)  
 (Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 250-51).

<sup>222</sup> “Comunicado pelo Engenheiro Naval Sr. Álvaro de Campos em estado de inconsciência alcoólica.” My translation.

<sup>223</sup> In the original: A rapariga inglesa, tão loura, tão jovem, tão boa / Que queria casar comigo... / Que pena eu não ter casado com ela... / Teria sido feliz / Mas como é que eu sei se teria sido feliz? (Berardinelli, *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, 288).



