

# Imperial Nostalgia: Jennings in the Footsteps of Pessoa

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## Keywords

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

## Abstract

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 An unpublished short story by Jennings and Chapter V of his memoirs are presented as annexes.

## Palavras-chave

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

## Resumo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(DHS: 116)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(BR-IV: 95-96)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

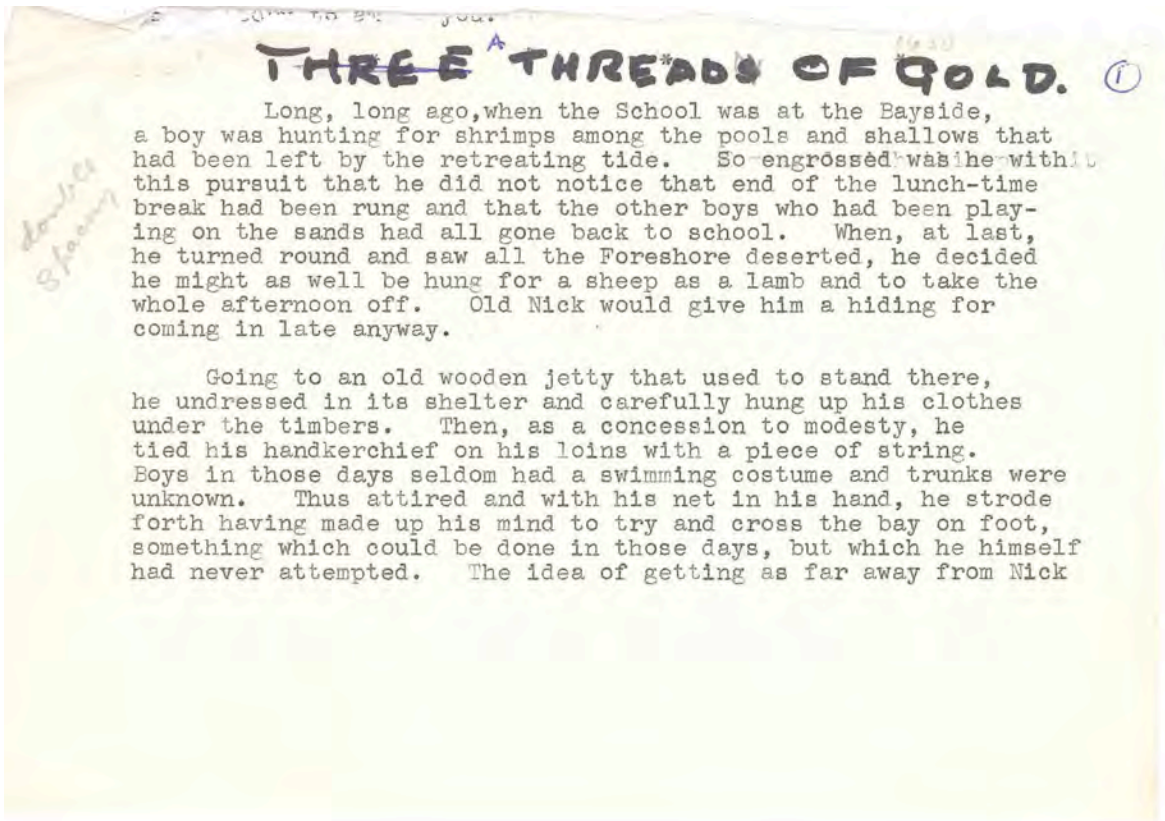
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## Annexes

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



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as possible also had its attractions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All right!"

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

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

3

Cupping his hands, he called out again:

"What are you doing?"

"Dreaming. Sleeping. What are you?"

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

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

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

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

"Bill!"

She laughed the word back to him.

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

"Galatea!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4

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

"How did you manage that?"

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

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

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

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

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

He shot up, suddenly aware of his nakedness.

"Give it to me," he said.

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

He looked up, as unconcerned as she was.

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

"Take it," she said.

Obediently he took it and wound it round his waist.

"And here is something to tie it with."

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

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

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

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

"Galatea, I know some Greek."

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



5

"Zoe mou sas 'agapo!"

He halted and stumbled over the unfamiliar Greek words.

She laughed and repeated them with a lilting accent.

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

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

"Of course," she answered.

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

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

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

The girl laughed softly but said nothing.

"But do you know what it means?"

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

Her calmness dismayed him.

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

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

He looked at her blankly.

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

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

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

"Not much! Two or three years perhaps."

"Thousands of years!"

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

He could not finish.

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

"Never mind where! I hate him!"

6

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

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

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

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

'Yes,' said the girl softly.

'The same one?'

'Yes.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She held up a green scarf.

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

And she held up <sup>a</sup> ~~these~~ golden hairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All right!"

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

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

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

"What are you doing?"

"Dreaming. Sleeping. What are you?"

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

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

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

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

"Bill!"

She laughed the word back to him.

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

"Galatea!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"How did you manage that?"

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"Give it to me," he said.

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

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"Thousands of years!"

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

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

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

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

She held up a green scarf.

'And <these> [↑ this]?'

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

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

## Cracked Record

## CRACKED RECORD V

## THE D.H.S. STORY

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

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

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

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



## Cracked Record

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

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

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

- 2 -

\* In Fernando Pessoa in Durban: by <sup>H.D.</sup> Herbert Jennings. p 16  
Durban. 1986

## Cracked Record

## THE VOYAGE

Thursday, February 15th 1068. On board the Principe Perfeito.

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

Friday February 16th 1968

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

Saturday February 17, 1968

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

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

Cracked Record

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

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

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

Wednesday February 21st 1968

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

*sketch  
plot*

*to one  
another  
in quotes*

Thursday February 22nd 1968

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

Friday February 23rd 1968.

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

*one of  
the 70  
in next  
page.*

Saturday February 24th 1968

## Cracked Record

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

Sunday February 25th 1968

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

Monday February 26th 1968

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

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

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

## Cracked Record

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

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

Tuesday, February 27th 1968

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

*Comma*

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

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

Wednesday February 28th 1968

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

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

Thursday February 29th 1968

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

## Cracked Record

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

Friday, March 1st 1968

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

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

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

Or was I?

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## LIFE IN LISBON

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

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

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

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

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

## Cracked Record

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

## CRACKED RECORD V Part 2)

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

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

March 6th 1968

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

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



## Cracked Record

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

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

Thursday March 7th 1968

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

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

March 8th 1968

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

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

Sunday March 10th 1968

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

## Cracked Record

Monday March 11th 1968

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

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

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

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

Tuesday March 12th 1968

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

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

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

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

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

Wednesday March 13th 1968.

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

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

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

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

Thursday March 14th 1968

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

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

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

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

Friday March 15th 1968

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

## Cracked Record

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

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

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

March 16th 1968

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

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

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

Sunday March 17th 1968

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

Monday March 18th 1968

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

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

*young man*

Tuesday March 19th 1968

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

Evening with José again.

Wednesday March 20th 1968

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

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

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

Thursday March 21st 1968

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

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

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

*Aulas não*

Friday March 22nd 1968

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

Saturday March 23rd 1968

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

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

Sunday 24th March 1968

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

Monday March 25th 1968

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

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

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

## Cracked Record

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

Tuesday March 26th 1968

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

Wednesday March 27th 1968

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

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

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

Tuesday March 28th 1968.

## Cracked Record

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

Friday March 29th 1968

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

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

## Saturday March 30th 1968

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

\*F.P. in the poem Trapo.



## Cracked Record

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

Sunday March 31st 1968

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

Monday April 1st 1968

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

Tuesday April 2nd 1968

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

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

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

## Cracked Record ✓

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

Wednesday April 3rd 1968

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

I never saw her again and cannot remember her name.

(Five days with nothing of consequence happening.)

Monday April 8th 1968

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

Tuesday AApril 9th 1968

## Cracked Record

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

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

Wednesday April 10th 1968

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

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

Thursday April 11th 1968

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

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

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

What on earth could be the meaning of this?

## Cracked Record

Friday April 12th 1968

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

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

hull ea

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

Saturday April 13th 1968

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

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

CRACKED RECORD V  
THE D.H.S. STORY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[3] THE VOYAGE

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

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

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

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

Saturday February 17, 1968

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or was I?

[8] LIFE IN LISBON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### CRACKED RECORD V Part 2)

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

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

March 6<sup>th</sup> 1968

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

March 8<sup>th</sup> 1968

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

March 16<sup>th</sup> 1968

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Evening with José again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I never saw her again and cannot remember her name.

(Five days with nothing of consequence happening.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What on earth could be the meaning of this?

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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