

Jennings on the Trail of Pessoa or dimensions of poetical music

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Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Roy Campbell, Peter Rickart, translation, versification, musicality, The thing that hurts and wrings, What grieves me is not, What saddens me is not.

Abstract

Here we present two unpublished essays by Hubert Jennings about the challenges of translating the poetry of Fernando Pessoa: the first one of them, brief and fragmentary, is analyzed in the introduction; the second, longer and also covering issues besides translation, is presented in the postscript. Having as a starting point the Pessoa poem “O que me doe” and three translations compared by Hubert Jennings, this presentation examines some aspects of poetic musicality in the Portuguese language: verse measurement, stress dynamics, rhymes, anaphors, and parallelisms. The introduction also discusses how much the English versions of the poem, which are presented by Jennings, recreate (or not) the musical-poetic dimensions of the original text.

Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Hubert Jennings, Roy Campbell, Peter Rickart, tradução, versificação, musicalidade, O que me doe, O que me dói.

Resumo

Reproduzem-se aqui dois ensaios inéditos de Hubert Jennings sobre os desafios de se traduzir a poesia de Fernando Pessoa: o primeiro deles, breve e fragmentário, é analisado numa introdução; o segundo, mais longo e versando também sobre questões alheias à tradução, é apresentado em *postscriptum*. A partir do poema pessoano “O que me dói” e de três traduções comparadas por Hubert Jennings, esta apresentação enfoca alguns aspectos da música poética em língua portuguesa: medida do verso, dinâmica dos acentos, rimas, anáforas e paralelismos. A introdução também discute o quanto as versões do poema em língua inglesa, apresentadas por Jennings, refazem (ou não) os níveis músico-poéticos do texto original.

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Among Hubert Jennings's papers one may find a brief and fragmentary discussion – maybe a project for an essay – on the challenge of translating a poem by Fernando Pessoa, the poem with *incipit* “O que me doe não é” in the original Portuguese orthography (PESSOA, 1942: 168). In just four typed pages outlining technical problems with the transposition of musicality from one language to another, Jennings touches on some fundamental keynotes of metrified poetry.

Though not mentioned, the tension between accentual-syllabic versification (fixed meter and stress, common in English) and syllabic versification (fixed meter and variable stress, common in Portuguese) orbits the document written by Jennings. The border between these two metrical systems is genuine and slippery (RAMOS, 1959); for example, while a Sapphic sonnet, in Portuguese, tends to be accentual-syllabic; a madrigal, in English, tends to be syllabic. In any case, a translated text is always kept as accentual-syllabic if the rhythm of the original is to be reproduced. I underline, in this sense, the following aspects concerning the poem “O que me doe”:

- 1) metric and rhythmic characteristics (of the original text);
- 2) Jennings's positions on musicality;
- 3) metric and rhythmic characteristics of the different versions;
- 4) comparison of the formal models of the original text and its translations.

The intention is not to exhaustively study the complexity of these matters, but to explore how they were manipulated by the skilful hands of Pessoa and read by the unusual insight of Jennings.

In the first¹ paragraph of the typescript, Jennings confirms the traditional type of sonority of Pessoa's poem. Jennings does not cling to the technicalities of meter or stress, but speaks of rhymes and of a current of words that are woven into a structural harmony, a kind of naturalness of the text (“a little rivulet of verse,” as Jennings mentions in the first page of his essay). This kind of sound pattern, as Jennings perceives it, would not be very frequent, considering the poet's general production. At the same time, Jennings detects the impossibility of rendering the exact same effect of such musicality in another language.

In the second paragraph, it is assumed that the musicality of “O que me doe” contains something poignant (“the haunting music,” in Jennings's words).

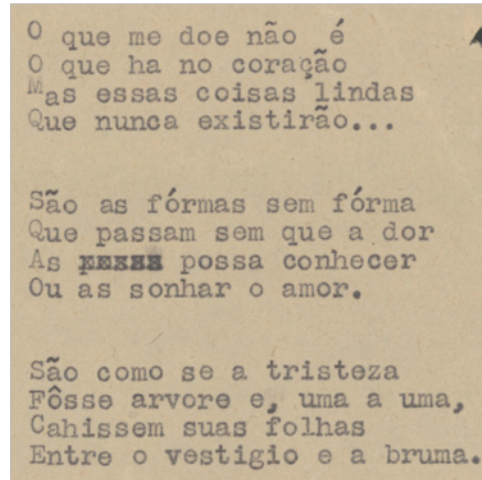
We reproduce here the poem in the original spelling of Pessoa:

¹ The first paragraph we have, since the text found in the Jennings's estate is fragmentary; see description of documents for more details.

O que me doe não é
 O que ha no coração
 Mas essas coisas lindas
 Que nunca existirão...

São as fórmias sem fóma
 Que passam sem que a dor
 As possa conhecer
 Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
 Fôsse arvore e, uma a uma,
 Cahissem suas folhas
 Entre o vestigio e a bruma.



O que me doe não é
 O que ha no coração
 Mas essas coisas lindas
 Que nunca existirão...

São as fórmias sem fóma
 Que passam sem que a dor
 As ~~possa~~ possa conhecer
 Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
 Fôsse arvore e, uma a uma,
 Cahissem suas folhas
 Entre o vestigio e a bruma.

[BNP/E3, 118-16^r, detail; 1st publication in PESSOA, 1942: 168]

According to Jennings, Roy Campbell's English translation didn't manage to recreate the very noticeable lyricism of the original. The protagonism of the musical effects in a lyrical poem is, thus, attributed to sound. Let us observe, in a less impressionistic manner, how the music of Pessoa's text (besides its acoustic sonority) rests upon five points that, indeed, challenge the work of the translator. The following first two dimensions tend to be *abstract*; the third, *sonorous*; the fourth and fifth, *discursive*.

1. *Measure*. Each line of the poem has six syllables, counting up to the last tonic, according to the reform proposed by António Feliciano de Castilho in the nineteenth century. Between the pentasyllable (*redondilha menor*) and the heptasyllable (*redondilha maior*), the hexasyllable is a meter capable of enhancing orality. Its extension is comparable to the emission of a standard phrase. It is, actually, a phrasal measure commonly found in a conversation with a moderate pace, hence the pleasant way it sounds when pronounced or heard in the poem.

2. *Stress*. The verses operate as a fixed measure (six syllables) allowing for internal stress mobility. Stresses may fall on the second, third, or fourth syllables. The meter is established, but the prosodic nature is kept, with a particular intonation, owing to the syllabic versification that organizes most of the fixed forms of Portuguese poetry. Even (as opposed to odd) meters, due to their capacity for generating rhythmic symmetries (even when inexact), resemble the intonation of the spoken word, to the "recitative rhythm" (CARVALHO, 1991: 51).

3. *Sonorities*. Measures and stresses are rhythmical phenomena that are mainly musical; they are responsible for the regularity of the poetical tempo. This is the less accessible abstraction for the beginner reader/listener. As for the rhymes, though also abstract in one aspect, in another they operate the quality of the sound. For example, even children expect to hear the suffix *-inho*² after the word *pedacinho*

² The suffix *-inho* is a common diminutive in Portuguese.

in the Brazilian country rhyme: “Se meu coração partisse, / Eu te dava um pedacinho, / Como coração não parte, / Eu te dou ele inteirinho.” (AZEVEDO, 2008: 36). The endings of both words have identical timbre and stress in the heptasyllable. Rhymes generate *symmetrical sound patterns*, which are highly perceptible. In Pessoa’s poem, the rhymes, which are all consonant, always fall upon even lines; this fact and the brevity of the measure lead us to read two lines in a single breath or mental impulse. In the first two quatrains the rhymes are acute and dry. In the third, the poet prefers a grave rhyme; the dark timbre of the stressed vowel [u] underlines the conclusive tone.

Another sound phenomenon, audible even by one not too familiar with poetry, is the recurrence of vocalic and consonantal sounds; Pessoa uses them constantly, sometimes repeating the entire word (*fórmula*, *sem* or *uma*). I would highlight those instances in which both sound effects occur simultaneously, as with some verbs which, though different, repeat sounds. In lines six and seven, *passam* and *possa*, besides sounding almost identical, also occupy the same metrical foot, intimating the idea, as in Hamlet, that what passes (*passa*) implicates a potential of being and not being (*possa*). Something similar occurs in lines ten and eleven, with *fossem* and *cahissem*. Alliterations and assonances generate, thus, *asymmetrical sound patterns* that are generally perceptible.

4. *Anaphora*. The poem begins by doubling the expression “O que” in the first two lines, as if answering an unheard question made by the reader, something like: “O que mais te machuca, meu senhor?” (What is hurting you, sir?). The next two stanzas start with the verb *ser* (to be) in the same tense: *são* (they are). The first case gives an answer full of curves, an anti-emotional pain which prefers to aestheticize the inexistent or that which exists with no concrete reference. The second underlines, diving fully into the artificiality of poetry as an autonomous space, the state of “coisas que nunca existirão” (things that will never exist). The fifth line reinforces the aestheticism in the symbolist fashion—this is, it prefers the sterile in the world, as long as it is fertile in art—while also echoing the first part of T. S. Eliot’s *The Hollow Men* (1925) (“Shape without form, shade without colour”).

5. *Parallelism*. Pessoa does not use this dimension as a linguistic gesture linked to oral performances of rituals, choreographies, or songs. In cultivated poetry such as this, parallelistic patterns “têm mero efeito artístico, finalidade estética, visto que aquelas condições extra-poéticas desaparecem” (have a mere artistic effect, an aesthetic aim, because those extra-poetical conditions disappear) (SPINA, 2002: 76). Underlining the reflexive complexity of this poem, the resource is only used because syntax is written, mostly, in subordinative clauses. The relative pronoun *que* (that), by modifying the verbs *existir* (to exist) and *passar* (to pass)—both central to the poem—in the fourth and sixth lines, creates a kind of syntactic welding that is responsible for keeping all three stanzas intellectually embraced. It is more of a syntactical than a playful or sonorous parallelism.

Individually, each of these dimensions designs a musical pattern in any given poem. In some cases, music and discourse close a communicative circuit; in others, they short-circuit, crashing in hermeticisms that are not always intentional. In our specific case, Pessoa's poem arranges several layers simultaneously, but it does not abdicate from singing and flowing in this same plurality of sounds and senses. It is a unique symphony, difficult to translate, which evinces that multidimensional poetry does not fatally result in affectation or obscurity; this is so true, that the five levels are not recreated together in any of the versions presented in Jennings's typescript.

As we may verify in Jennings's essay, Roy Campbell privileges the first, second, and third dimensions, creating a text with a fluency that seems common to metrical poetry in English language. To compensate for the absence of dimensions 4 and 5, he even reinforces the system of rhymes, making the odd lines of the stanza rhyme with each other, which does not occur in the original. Hubert Jennings, in his turn, works on the fourth and fifth dimensions, privileging the sense and syntax of the source text, instead of simulating a poem as if it had been written in English by Pessoa himself. Still, in the two first stanzas, he keeps the beat of the six-syllable meter, partially contemplating the first dimension. Yet Peter Rikart conceives a version that mixes elements employed by Campbell and Jennings—he recreates dimensions 4 and 5 and, tangentially, 1, in a kind of multi-tempo meter that, potentially, stiffens and relaxes the breath in six syllables. It is this version that sounds favorable to me, because it brings out the English prosody instead of the Portuguese. In any case, the English reader, in the presence of all three translations here available, will have a vision well anchored on the original.

Proceeding with his essay, Hubert Jennings also mentions the absence of the word *vestigio*³ (vestige) as a fault of Campbell's translation. According to Jennings, that keyword would contain all the tension of the poem, all the "coisas lindas que nunca existirão" (the beautiful things that will never exist). This is probably the most controversial part of the document. The word, in Portuguese, is a synonym of *rastro* (trail, track), *indício* (trace, evidence), *pista* (hint, clue), or *resto* (rest, remainder). It focuses on the temporal passing, on the unrestrainable river of actions and feelings such as grief and love, which *vestigio* contains. Neither of these two feelings, however, need to be understood in the poem (as Jennings implies they should be understood) as emotions with the same *status*. The grief may be from missing an ended love, or, speaking like Pessoa, of a love that never even came to be. Jennings's discomfort is noticeable because his musical "estratégia de compensação" (compensation strategy)—to use an expression of Paulo Henriques

³ Whenever we refer to a word from Pessoa's poem, we use the orthography preferred by the poet—even if such an orthography would be seen as incorrect today (for example, *vestigio* is now written with a stress, *vestígio*); in the transcriptions presented as annexes, we reproduce the orthography preferred by Jennings (who wrote *vestígio*), always opting to maintain the orthography of the documents being studied.

Britto (2012: 146), translator from English to Brazilian Portuguese—does not coincide with Campbell's. Each one of them tried to emphasize diverse dimensions, which are curiously complementary.

Finally, to miss what never was, alongside a symphonic musicality, brings to mind a certain symbolist or decadent atmosphere. There is, in that context, an idea that that which is sterile, missing, or useless gains aesthetic force. Thus, the turtle encrusted with precious jewels turned into an ornament: *À rebours* (*Against Nature*, Cap. IV) by J.-K. Huysmans. The kiss never given: "Another Fan of Mademoiselle Mallarmé" by Stephan Mallarmé. The burial of dead dreams: "Violões que Choram" (Moaning guitars) by Cruz e Souza. The "*saudade* for the present": "Tenho sonhos cruéis: n'alma doente" (I have cruel dreams: in the sick soul) by Camilo Pessanha. And this tree from Pessoa's poem, which is interesting because of its missing leaves. It could even be read as an image of scattered authorship, of Pessoa's heteronymism, whose traces, when put together, reveal not the creative subject, but the still polyhedral creation, a vigorous "*estado de concreção poética*" (state of poetic precision) (GAGLIARDI, 2010: 296). To a certain extent, all of these are "forms without forms," symbols pregnant with meaning precisely because of their nature of suggestive traces, thus open to the perceptive fabulation of the reader. "Entre o vestigio e a bruma," that is, between the footstep and the wind which sweeps the sand, we create a meter, a mark, an image of the foot. Jennings could have dissolved the jumble with the term "trace," used, for example, in the expression "mnemonic trace" or "memory trace"—English versions of the concept *Erinnerungsspur* developed by Freud in his *Interpretation of Dreams*. And, what else is transposed poetry, if not that trace of what could have been in one language, which contorts itself to dream as another?

Postscript

As this text was being prepared, a second and longer typescript by Jennings was found, a separate text related to the fragmented essay I presented. With the title “Campbell & Pessoa,” the new document, consisting of ten pages, is not really an extended version of the first one, though they have points in common.

The first pages deal with the biographic and cultural similarities between the two characters mentioned in the title, the first being a translator into English of the second. The text unfolds several pieces of information, for example, the fact that both Campbell and Pessoa lived in Durban, South Africa, and dedicated themselves to alcohol and to a single respective true love in their respective lives.

Next, using the “Ode Triunfal” (Triumphal Ode) as a starting point, Jennings reflects on human decadence connected to the modern city and on certain cultural values on the verge of collapse, associating Fernando Pessoa’s poem with T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land*. And there are more drafts of interesting reflections, more or less fragmentary—leading us to believe that we have another unfinished text.

Jennings mentions the “cross-pollination of minds” (in the words of Laurens van der Post) to illustrate how much Pessoa is redefining (“rerendering”), in quite a particular manner, notions taken from Teixeira de Pascoaes. Jennings also refers to the famous “objective correlative,” attributed to Eliot, in order to prove to what extent *art*, in Pessoa, can be an expression of cohesive thoughts, which, ciphered in images, live behind the poetical emotion.

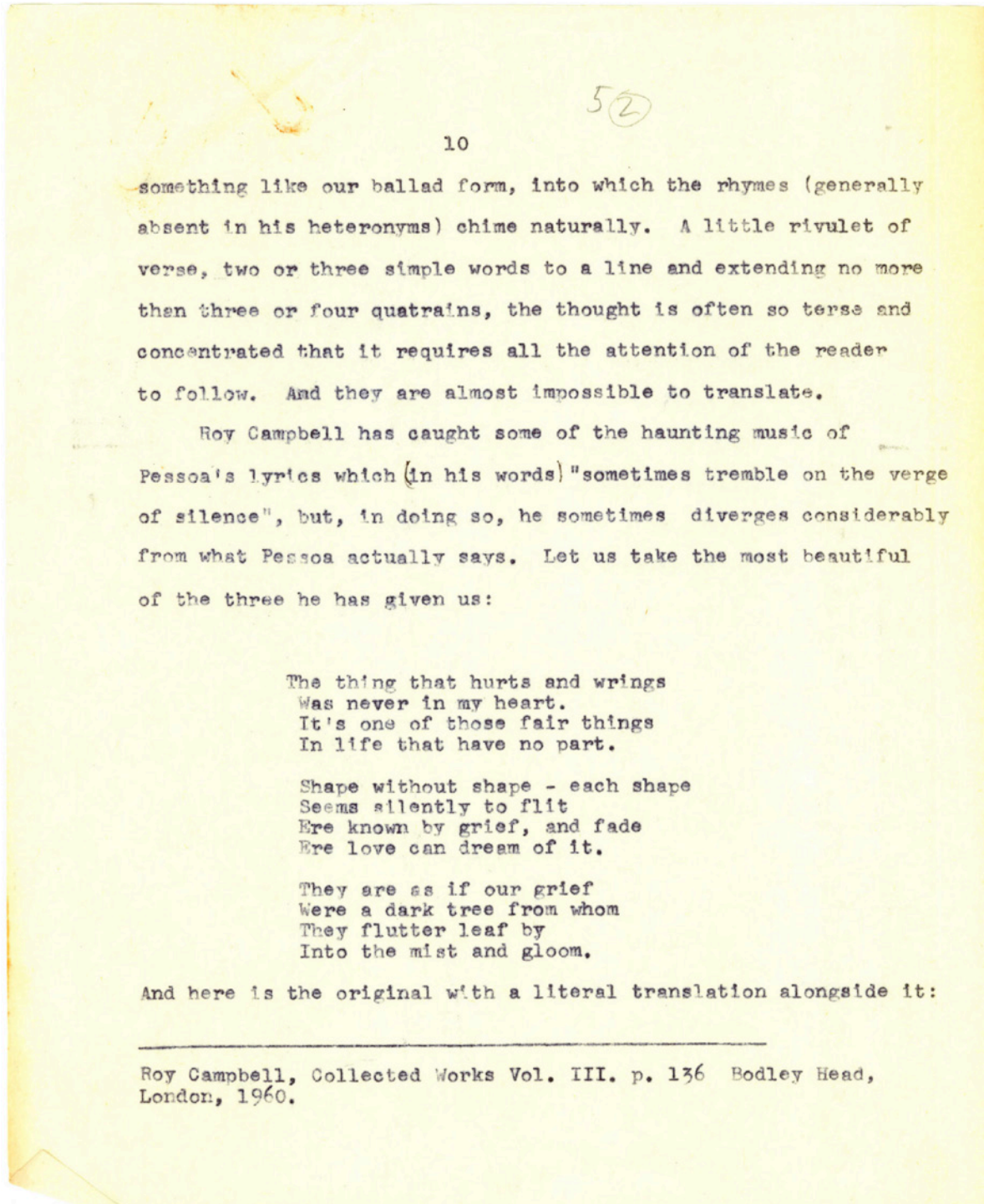
Of all the passages of this second typescript, the one that adds most to our discussion on translation is on pages eight and nine. There, Jennings offers more comments on Campbell’s translation praxis, which, he believes, alters the disposition of Pessoa’s style from a simple and Romance language (in the sense of Portuguese as a plastically oral language derived from Latin) to an excessively rigid and literary expression. It is as if the original demanded reading and listening and the translation, only reading. Exemplifying his argument with “O que me doe” (the central poem in the first document, but not in this second one), Jennings assures that Campbell’s version still intends to rigorously keep the exactitude of form and the unity of the original, without, though, reproducing the spirit—that is, the intention—of Pessoa. In this sense, maybe Jennings would agree with me in emphasizing, as I did above, Campbell’s capacity to recreate the first, second, and third dimensions of the original (as I have defined them).

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Documents

I. Unpublished. Four pages of a typed essay by Hubert Jennings found inside the folder "Translations—T1" in the Jennings literary estate. Undated, but written after 1965 (as it cites a book from that year), probably also after 1968 (when Jennings started studying Portuguese in Lisbon). Incomplete, given the first page begins in the middle of a sentence. There is a related essay, "Campbell and Pessoa," which we transcribe as Document II.



53

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração.
Mas essas lindas coisas
Que nunca existirão.

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore, uma a uma,
Caíssem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

What pains me is not
What is in my heart.
But those beautiful things
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without a shape
Which pass without sorrow
Coming to know them
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness
Was a tree which, one by one,
Lest fall its leaves
Between the vestige and the mist.

In the last line, the use of the word "vestige" strikes us as odd. It takes some little effort of the imagination to realize that Pessoa meant by it the bare trunk that was left when the leaves had fallen. But to leave out the word (as Campbell did) is to miss the key to the poem. For the purposes of his imagery, it is the momentary glimpse of the falling leaves that is important. The tree that remains is not. For the falling leaves represent for him those vague impressions that seem to float half-way in and half-way out of our consciousness and disappear before we can find out what they are. Grief or love can sharpen our sensibility but they remain for us "beautiful things which will never exist". We hear the call of a bird, and immediately something surges up within us which is, in effect, another song. But when we stop to listen, the bird and the two songs, its and our own, which joined in momentary chorus, have gone. We have become as desolate as Shakespeare's trees - "Bare, ruin'd choirs where once the wild birds sang".

54

Fernando pessoa.

Roy Campbell

P. 169 Obra poética
(Rio, 2nd ed.)

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração
Mas essas coisas lindas
Que nunca existirão.

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,
Caíssem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

Peter Rickart
Fernando Pessoa
Translated and edited by
Peter Rickart.
Univ. Press, Edinburgh
p. 41

What grieves me is not
What lies within my heart
But those things of beauty
Which can never be.

They are the shapeless shapes
Which pass though sorrow
Cannot know them
Nor love dream them.

They are as though sadness were
Were a tree and, one by one,
The leaves were to fall
Half-outlined in the mist.

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It's one of those fair things
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape, each shape
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by leaf
Into the mist and gloom.

Literal translation. (H.J.)

What hurts me is not
What there is in my heart
But those lovely things
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without shape
Which disappear before sorrow
Can get to know them
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness
Were a tree from which
The leaves fall, one by one,
Between the vestige and the
mist.

(The "vestige" is the bare
tree that is left when the leaves
have fallen.)

5,5

O QUE ME DOI by Fernando Pessoa. (Obra poetica, Aguilar, Rio de Janeiro, 1965.0 p. 189)

Campbell's translation.OriginalLiteral

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It's one of those fair things
In life which have no part.

O que me doi nao e
O que ha no coracao
Mas essas coisas lindas
Que nunca existirao...

What pains me is not
What lies un my heart
But those beautiful things
Which can never exist...

Shapes without shape - each shade
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief, and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

Sao as formas sem forma
Que passam sem a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

They are forms without form
Which pass before sorrow
Can know them
Or love dream of them.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by leaf
Into the mist and gloom.

Sao como se a tristeza
Fossa arvore e, uma a uma,
Caissem suas folhas
Entre o vestigio e a bruma.

They are as if our sadness
Were a tree, that, one
by one,
Lets fall its leaves,
Between the vestige and
the mist.

The vestige

What I feel sorry about is not
Something that lies in my heart
But those beautiful things
Which will never exist.

What saddens me is not

They are forms without any form
Which are gone before suffering
~~xxxxxxkxxxxxxkxxxxxxkxxxxxx~~ Can get to know them
Or love is able to dream them.

It is as if sadness ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
were a tree that, one by one
Lets fall its leaves between
The bare trunk and the mist.

10 $[\rightarrow 5 \textcircled{2}]^4$

something like our ballad form, into which the rhymes (generally absent in his heteronyms) chime naturally. A little rivulet of verse, two or three simple words to a line and extending no more than three or four quatrains, the thought is often so terse and concentrated that it requires all the attention of the reader to follow. And they are almost impossible to translate.

Roy Campbell⁵ has caught some of the haunting music of Pessoa's lyrics which (in his words) "sometimes tremble on the verge of silence", but, in doing so, he sometimes diverges considerably from what Pessoa actually says. Let us take the most beautiful of the three he has given us:

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It's one of those fair things
In life that have no part.

Shape without shape – each shape
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief, and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by [leaf]
Into the mist and gloom.

And here is the original with a literal translation alongside it:

⁴ Given the incompleteness of the text, we indicate the page numbers as they appear in the original.

⁵ Note by Jennings (unless indicated, all other transcription notes are from the editors): Roy Campbell, *Collected Works Vol. III*, p. 136 Bodley Head, London, 1960.

11 [→ 5③]

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração⁶
Mas essas coisas lindas⁷
Que nunca existirão.

What pains me is not
What is in my heart
But those beautiful things
Which will never exist.

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

They are shapes without a shape
Which pass without sorrow
Coming to know them
Or love to dream of them.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,
Caíssem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

They are as if sadness
Was a tree which, one by one,
Lest fall its leaves
Between the vestige and the mist.

In the last line, the use of the word “vestige” strikes us as odd. It takes some little effort of the imagination to realize that Pessoa meant by it the bare trunk that was left when the leaves had fallen. But to leave out the word (as Campbell did) is to miss the key to the poem. For the purposes of his imagery, it is the momentary glimpse of the fallen leaves that is important. The tree that remains is not. For the falling leaves represent for him those vague impressions that seem to float half-way in and half-way out of our consciousness and disappear before we can find out what they are. Grief or love can sharpen our sensibilit[→y] but they remain for us “beautiful things which will never exist”. We hear the call of a bird, and immediately something surges up within us which is, in effect, another song. But when we stop to listen, the bird and the two songs, its and our own, which joined in momentary chorus, have gone. We have become as desolate as Shakespeare’s trees – “Bare, ruin’d choirs where once the wild birds sang”.

⁶ “coração” in the text typed by Jennings, perhaps due to a lack of the symbol “ç” on the author’s keyboard.

⁷ “lindas coisas” in the text typed by Jennings—an inversion that is corrected in the next pages.

Fernando Pessoa
p. 169 *Obra poética*
(Rio, 2nd ed.)

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração
Mas essas coisas lindas
Que nunca existirão.⁸

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As p[↑o]ssa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,
Caíssem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

Peter Rickart
Fernando Pessoa
Translated and edited by
Peter Rickart.
Univ. Press, Edinburgh
p. 41

What grieves me is not
What lies within my heart
But those things of beauty
Which can never be.

They are the shapeless shapes
Which pass through sorrow
Cannot know them
Nor love dream them.

They are as though sadness
Were a tree and, one by one,
The leaves were to fall
Half-outlined in the mist.

Roy Campbell

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It's one of those fair things
In life that have no part.

Shape without shape, each shape⁹
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief, and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by leaf
Into the mist and gloom.

Literal translation (H. J.)

What hurts me is not
What there is in my heart
But those lovely things
Which will never exist.

They are shapes without shape
Which disappear before sorrow
Can get to know them
Or love to dream of them.

They are as if sadness
Were a tree from which
The leaves fall, one by one,
Between the vestige and the mist.

(The "vestige" is the bare tree that is left
when the leaves have fallen.)

⁸ "existirão" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

⁹ Note that this verse has a comma, while in the previous page it had a dash.

5,5¹⁰

O QUE ME DOI by Fernando Pessoa. (Obra poetica, Aguilar, Rio de Janeiro, 1965, p. 169)

<i>Campbell's translation.</i>	<i>Original</i>	<i>Literal</i>
The thing that hurts and wrings Was never in my heart. It's one of those fair things In life that have no part.	O que me dói não é O que há no coração ¹² Mas essas coisas lindas Que nunca existirão...	What pains me is not What lies in ¹⁴ my heart But those beautiful things Which can never exist...
Shape without shape – each shape ¹¹ Seems silently to flit Ere known by grief, and fade Ere love can dream of it.	São as formas sem forma Que passam sem a dor As possa conhecer Ou as sonhar o amor.	They are forms without form Which pass before sorrow Can know them Or love dream of them.
They are as if our grief Were a dark tree from whom They flutter leaf by leaf Into the mist and gloom.	São como se a tristeza Fosse ¹³ árvore e, uma a uma, Caíssem suas folhas Entre o vestígio e a bruma.	They are as if our sadness Were a tree, that, one by one, Let's fall its leaves, Between the vestige and the mist.

The vestige

What I feel sorry about is not [→ What saddens me is not]
Something that lies in my heart
But those beautiful things
Which will never exist.

They are forms without any form
Which are gone before suffering
<Can make them known to us> Can get to know them
Or love is able to dream them.

It is as if sadness <were a tree>
were a tree that, one by one,
Let's fall its leaves between
The bare trunk and the mist.

¹⁰ The original displays a comma, though this could be a "55," given the previous page number.

¹¹ "shade" in the text typed by Jennings, probably as a typo.

¹² "coração" in the text typed by Jennings—perhaps due to a lack of the symbol "ç" on the author's keyboard; we also added all tildes and stresses in the transcription of this poem.

¹³ "Fossa" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

¹⁴ "un" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

II. Unpublished. Ten numbered pages of an essay titled "Campbell and Pessoa," typed by Jennings and found loose, i.e., outside the folder "Critical Essays—E2" which Jennings created for some of his papers. On pp. 8 & 9, this text studies the translation of the same Pessoa poem examined by Jennings in Document I. Datable to 1968 or later.

CAMPBELL AND PESSOA

BY H. D. JENNINGS

It is one of the odder quirks in literary history that these two men, undeniably among the major poets of this century and yet so unlike in race, appearance and outlook, should have passed their boyhood and youth in the same city; and some will find it odder still that city should be Durban. The warm and humid city by the sea has its attractions for businessmen and for holidaymakers but few would envisage it as a nursery for poets, though there have always been some (notably Douglas Livingstone in the present time) to give that impression the lie.

Roy Campbell who was born there in 1902 did not love the place and was at no pains to hide it. He speaks ('In a town square') of 'the city so cheaply fine/ Its walls embalmed its festive ^{ered} soul', and 'the ghostly Cenotaph' / That next the Lavatory looms'... 'Where blue-burnished angels settle / Like flies upon a slab of tripe' and, ^{to puny} ~~finally~~ ^{adds} 'the mist, --' 'The subtle anaesthetic breath, / The vengeful sting that gives ^{no pain} / But deals around it worse than death / The palsied soul, the mildewed brain'.

Fernando Pessoa came to Durban in 1896 at the age of seven and left it in 1905 when he was seventeen and Roy only three. (His mother, a widow, had married the Portuguese consul.) What his impressions of the place were we do not know for only twice in all his writings does the word 'Durban' occur and then little more than the word itself. But this is not unusual. He is singularly lacking in what Armand Guibert called le sens du paysage. His landscapes (as he himself tells us in a prologue to poem Mensagem) were all interior). But he was not unhappy in Durban 'owing, perhaps, to the climate and the scholastic discipline' as he said in the second of these brief mentions of the town which I discovered; and he brought back with him to Portugal quite a ~~little~~ ^a hoard of little ^a articles, writings and other little boyhood treasures, silent witnesses to a busy and not unpleasant time. We know too that his first years on his return to Portugal were profoundly unhappy, reaching a point in June 1907 when he feared he would lose his reason. It was not until 1908 that he began to put down roots where they belonged, his native soil of Portugal. From then on he never left Lisbon, or had any desire to do so.

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Campbell too was to spend little time in Durban after his school education was over. After Oxford, marriage and writing the 'Flaming Terrapin', he came back in 1924 for the Voorslag adventure, but left after two years and then was seen no more in his native city except for fleeting and infrequent visits. The rest of the time was spent successively in Britain, France, Spain, East Africa (during the war) and finally Portugal. Thus both Campbell and Pessoa belong to that vast number of writers who suffered (or enjoyed) transplantation from their native lands: among them are:- the Americans Eliot and Pound to England; the Englishman W.H. Auden to America; the German Rilke to France and Italy; the Irishmen James Joyce and Samuel Beckett to Paris; the Frenchman La Forge to Germany..... and many more.

There are other superficial resemblances between the two poets. Both came from conventional middle-class families and both forsook the comfortable life they were brought up in to follow their unremunerative art and both endured equably the most crushing poverty to do so. Both were heavy drinkers. (Pessoa died of cirrhosis of the liver.) Both had little faith in democratic government and, like Yeats, Pound and others, had some hankering after autocratic rule. Both men had (ostensibly, at least) only one woman in their lives.

But even as I write these things my sense of the difference between these two men widens. Every one of the statements given above requires some modification, vital to the proper understanding of each. Both were drinkers, but each wore his rue with a difference. Campbell stopped when he was composing as Alan Paton tells us (Contrast 37, p. 64). Pessoa, on the other hand, seems to have needed alcohol as a spur to his activities, and continued to write poems in typical lapidary form to the last days of his life when he was rapidly drinking himself to death. The importance of Mary Campbell in Roy's life and the crushing effect of her adventure with Vita Sackville West has been too well described by Paton to need further mention here. It took Pessoa precisely one year to discover that he could not continue with his work as a writer and his love affair with the young typist who was appropriately named Ophelia. He told her so. The two remained friends, but the break was final. Though both came from families of the same social standing - Pessoa had a grandfather and an uncle who were generals and Campbell had a father and two brothers who were respected doctors - there were patent differences. Although the Pessoa family could boast armorial bearings with eight quarterings, the family could be traced back to the Jew, Sancho Pessoa, who was burned at the stake in 1708. It amused Pessoa as much as it would have horrified Campbell (not the burning but the 'race-taint'). Campbell made much

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in his first autobiography of his supposed Scottish blood. The Scots, he claimed were twice the men that the English were because they had ten times as many bastards. When later he discovered that he stemmed not from a Scottish laird but from an Irish fiddler, he took it with commendable good humour though it must have dismayed him, particularly in view of the low illegitimacy rate in Ireland.

In this, as in all other aspects of his life and work, Campbell was a Romantic - both in its ordinary wide sense and in its more restricted literary sense. He chafed at the thought that he should have been born in so undistinguished a place as Durban, 'Where I alone of all your sons am known'. He rails at 'his humble kinsfolk':-

His humble kinsfolk sicken to behold
The monstrous changeling whom they schooled in vain
Who brings no increase to their hoard of gold...

He did not, however, disdain to share in their 'hoard of gold' and indeed would not have been able to continue his poetizing without the aid (notably from his brother George) which he received from them. ✓

In spite of his disdain for his native city and his contempt for his fellow-practitioners in the difficult trade he had chosen (as expressed in the Wayzgoose) Campbell was a typical South African. He never lost his accent, which Uys Krige noted with surprise when he met him in southern France, was 'even thicker than my own'; he had the national ^{hankering after} ~~sent~~ towards Kragdadigheid, the constant striving to appear larger than life, the turning towards some anodyne, sport or some other violent physical activity and alcohol, to heal the emptiness of life for those who ask too much or too little of it.

When we think of Pessoa it is obvious at once that we are dealing with a horse of a different colour - one, not less dark, but too wise (or too little interested) to try to throw any light upon himself. Pessoa was reticent about his personal life to the point of being secretive. In one of the Caeiro poems he wrote: "If anyone should seek to write my biography / Let him set down only the date of my birth and of my death. / All that lies between is mine." And that, in effect, is all that prefaces the Atica edition of his poems. He went to the same school as Campbell but, significantly under a different headmaster. The austere classical scholar Nicholas of his day was something other than the rumbustious Langley of the following decade when Campbell was there. Pessoa learned to speak English (as one of his schoolfellows avers) 'in the most academic manner' and that, indeed, is what is wrong with the considerable amount of English poetry he wrote. He showed in the Thirty-five Sonnets he could write a faultless imitation of the Tudor style and manner, but, as Campbell said, with some justice, they only come alive when translated into Portuguese; and, even the poems in modern style, tend to be slightly stilted. His English prose, however, is always

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lucid and without any affectation. He seems to have used it more frequently than Portuguese when he wanted to resolve knotty points in his mind. His English manners and dress were frequently commented on by his contemporaries, as well as a very English sense of the absurd. 'Poeta da hora absurda', * one of them called him. It was not for nothing that in the three brief allusions to his schooling (always laudatory) he spoke only of his 'English' and never of his 'South African' education.

But Pessoa could never be either English or South African. He was a Portuguese, and, moreover, of Jewish descent. He found it odd, he tells us, that descended originally from Jews on 'all four sides' ^{he} should not like Jews and sometimes be almost an anti-semite, should yet remain 'morphologically always a Jew'. In this, as well as the other few brief estimates about himself, Pessoa made no mistake. He had the Jewish capacity to endure suffering - 'suffering is the badge of all our tribe' - he could endure patiently neglect, privation, even injustice ('I accept the existence of injustice as I do that of a stone' he wrote in another of the Caeiro poems) but he could on occasion flare forth with messianic fervour like any prophet of old.

Like Campbell he stirred up some hornets' nests but usually with quite opposite motives and quite different objects. When Pessoa launched his review Orpheu it caused more stir than when Campbell and his associates brought out Voorslag in Durban. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the critics fairly foamed at the mouth. It was not because they were treated to those waspish remarks with which Campbell and others stung their humbler competitors in the journalistic trade, it was because it was so new in its outlook that it left them perplexed and baffled and therefore angry. It would not be considered outré now, but it was then in 1914, particularly for Lisbon. They invented a new adjective for it rilhofolesca, a word derived from Rilhofoles, the name of a well-known lunatic asylum. It was a barbed ^{shaft} ~~missile~~ for it was known that Pessoa's grandmother had had to be treated there for dementia senilis just before her death. Lisbon is not a particularly moral city, but much moral indignation was poured out over some lines in the Triumphal Ode which Pessoa wrote under the name of Alvaro de Campos.

Ah, the common and dirty people, who are always the same,

* Poet. of the absurd moment. 'Hora absurda' (Absurd time) is the title of one of Pessoa's poems.

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Who use swearwords with every breath,
 Whose sons steal at the doors of grocers' shops
 And whose daughters of eight years - and I think this fine and love it! -
 Masturbate men of decent appearance on deserted stairways....

They did not understand this poem when it was published in Lisbon in 1914. Neither did Campbell when he translated part of it for his last book, Portugal, in 1957. He calls it 'the loudest poem in literary history', and marvels that Pessoa could conjure out of himself 'a thundering great extrovert' like Alvaro de Campos, the protagonist, and yet in other phases and other names write such delicate poems 'that they seem to tremble on the verge of silence'. And, let me confess at once, neither did I understand the Ode until I read Octavio Paz's brilliant exegesis (Pub. 1960). Nor, as far as I can ascertain did anyone else. It took forty-six years for someone to read the riddle.

Briefly, the theme is this. Alvaro de Campos, the half-Jewish engineer, is standing in a workshop or factory, gritting his teeth with fury and delight as he watches the machines like lascivious beasts in a tropical jungle. From there his mind wanders forth to a world permeated and dominated by machines. Machines carrying people aimlessly from place to place; machines pouring endless yellowbacked books, machines dealing out death on land and sea or in the hands of the sly political assassin; machine-like ministers concocting false budgets..... And so he goes on, twittering and chirping with enthusiasm like a child bringing out fresh toys. Then on to the human products of the god-like machines and he brings to our mind the scurrying crowds no longer moved by human passions and desires but given over to mindless and loveless aberrations and substitutes. So, with ostensible delight, he points out the pederast who passes with feline step, 'the over-accentuated presence of cocottes' and 'the playboys and harlots in the crowded car' who jeer at him as they pass. 'Oh, how I would like to be the pimp for all this!' he exclaims. And in another place he would like to peep like a voyeur into every house. He sees the workman coming home from his hated task and the boys and girls as we have already described. All a world indeed given over to 'masochism and machinism'. And then with renewed fury of longing back to the engines until he imagines he has become a part of them, a wheel or a cog or some other whirling part, until he seems to have lost all power of speech and the poem disintegrates in howls and shrieks and cries of 'houp-la' like a circus ringmaster and ends finally in a long z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

It was a lot for the poor Lisbonese to stomach; and perhaps, only now, when we have seen the machines proliferate to an extent undreamed of by Pessoa - when men's minds are dominated by machine-made drama, music, and news; computers do our thinking for us and the atom bomb numbs all thought of

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of the future - can we see the truth of Pessoa's wild vision.

Certainly Campbell never guessed ^{that} ~~yet~~ when he fell upon the lesbians and homosexuals in England with such fury, ~~he did not realise~~ he was castigating the end-products not the system itself. Eliot looked upon the same spectacle as Pessoa and reacted to it in his own way in the Waste Land and Ash Wednesday. He too saw beyond the persons to the system but he ascribed it to a different cause - the decline in spiritual values. He does not seem to have asked what may have caused that decline, and Pessoa's thesis might well be at least one of the answers.

Pessoa never attacked people, only systems, institutions and ideas, and so stirred up some of the hornets' nests already mentioned. He attacked the Catholic church and invented a faith of his own; he defended the Free Masons, regarded as enemies of the Church, and when Alfredo Botto, a fairly harmless homosexual poet was denounced with fury by the Lisbon populace, Pessoa rushed to his aid but in measured dignified words without personal allusions. Campbell believed (in Portugal again) that 'the miracle of Fatima and ^{"Salazar"} ~~Sakazar~~ had saved Portugal'. Pessoa dislike both but he wrote nothing scurrilous about either. The inclination 'to boast and to shock and to goad' which Paton has noticed in Campbell was not in Pessoa; and in passing we may note that in this same book Portugal performed ^{"almost"} the ~~most~~ virtuoso feat of crowding into a single paragraph no less than sixteen lies about Uys Krige' as Uys himself once pointed out to me. And the two had been close friends!

But all this is digression; and ^{to} get back to the heart of the matter and to seek further in the distinction which lies between these two great poets (with the ultimate hope, perhaps vain, that it will tell us something of the secret of poetry itself) I must quote two more poems.

The first shows how that strange thing we call poetry - the creative power or the Flaming Terrapin, if you will - can surge out of our being (if we are poets or creators) and drive out the poor, petty, carping, cowardly creature that usually reigns there.

I translate from a letter which Pessoa wrote to a friend in February 1913.

You know, I believe, that of the various phobias I have kept, the most infantile and the most terribly torturing is that of thunderstorms. The other day the sky threatened rain and I was on my way home on foot there being no tram at night. In the end there was no thunder, but it was imminent and it began to rain - great heavy drops, warm and spaced out - and I was still only halfway from the Baixa (the business quarter) and home. I hurried along with the pace nearest to running that I could manage with a mental torture that you can imagine, all upset and worried. It was in this state that I found myself composing a sonnet - I finished it within a few steps of my home - a sonnet so suave and calm it might have been written during a sunset with a clear sky.

as near
to running
as I could
manage.

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This is the poem.

ABDICAÇÃO

Toma-me, O Noite Eterno, nos teus braços
E chama-me teu filho. Eu sou um rei
Que voluntariamente abandonei
O seu trono de sonhos e consaços.

Minha espada, pesada a braços lassos,
Em mãos viris e calmas entreguei!
E meu ceptro e coroa - eu os deixei
Na antecâmara, feitos em pedaços.

Minha cota de malha, tão inútil,
Minhas esporas dum tinir tão fútil -
Deixei-as pela fria escadaria.
Despi a Realza, corpo e alma,
E regresssei a Noite antiga e calma
Como a paisagem ao morrer do dia.

E meu

Which may be Englished as follows:-

ABDICATION

Take me, O Night Eternal, into your arms
And call me your child. I am a King
Who of his own free will has given up
His throne of dreams and weariness.

My sword, too heavy for my tired arms,
Into hands more virile and calm I delegated
And my crown and sceptre - these I left
In the outer chamber, broken in pieces.

My coat of mail, no longer needed,
And my futile jingling spurs -
On the cold steps I left them.
Body and soul, I put off Reality
And went back into the calm and ancient Night
As the landscape does when the day dies.

I placed in
hands more
virile & calm

The poem, although written before the author reached full maturity, is as characteristic of Fernando Pessoa as it is uncharacteristic of Roy Campbell. Roy could have pictured himself as a king ^{well} (or why should he have been called by a name that means king?) but he could not have imagined himself as a frightened rabbit at the same time; nor is it likely that he would have heard that inward voice that Pessoa heard telling him that this too was folly, for, in time, all his pretensions, real or imaginary, and indeed all he supposed to be real, would be swept away into oblivion, with the certainty that that tempestuous evening would be swallowed up in night. Roy never doubted the authenticity

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of Reality, as Pessoa did, even as a boy at school. Campbell believed that the world was real and that he was born to cut some figure in it, and it never occurred to him to laugh at himself for thinking so. Our delight in reading him (when he puts aside his boasting and rhodomontade) derives from the sensuous images, which though put together with skill and imagination are all based on visible tangible things. Too often in the intoxication of his splendid phrase-making, he forgets whatever construction he had in mind. Like his Albatross, he might bracket his purpose with the sun's' but he sometimes forgot what it was and ^{found} ~~find~~ the great imperial wings on which he had set out 'flapping the water like a sodden flag'.

In Pessoa's work, the jewelled quotable phrases, which decorate almost every line of Campbell's greater works, occur but rarely, but tight construction and unity of design are usually rigorously followed, but seldom apparent. In the sonnet just quoted every word falls into its place and the imagination is left free to wander over what Alan Paton calls 'concealed meanings'; in this case, the 'antechamber' and the 'cold steps' which suggest the vault and the tomb, and the 'unpoetic' word 'landscape' which brings out the unreality of what he sees - a picture, in fact. But never does he stop to explain, comment upon, or 'prettify' what he says.

Campbell has translated several of the poems of Pessoa, for whom he had a great admiration, but with this difference of temperament which we have already tried to describe it is not surprising that on at least one occasion he seems to have missed what (to me) Pessoa had clearly said.

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It's one of those fair things
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape - each shape
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by leaf
Into the mist and gloom.

On the surface, it makes rather an attractive poem. A friend - a Portuguese-American professor - once said to me he thought it was better than the original. This may be, but it is not what Pessoa said.

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What Pessoa said is put into such simple language that anyone with some knowledge of a Romance tongue should be able to follow it. What he meant may take a little more thought and need some knowledge of Pessoa and his contemporaries.

Here is the original with a literal English rendering alongside it.

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração
Mas essas coisas lindas
Que nunca existirão.

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,
Caissem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

What grieves me is not
What's in my heart
But those lovely things
Which will never exist.

They are forms without form
Which go before sorrow
Can get to know them
Or love dream of them.

They are as if sadness
Were a tree that, one by one,
Lets fall its leaves
Between the trunk and the mist.

or, more literally:-
Between the vestige and the fog.

Seen, as above, it soon becomes clear that Campbell has taken considerable liberties with the text and indeed some with grammar too in the use of 'have' for 'has' in the fourth line and 'whom' for 'which' in the tenth. 'The thing that hurts and ~~spings~~ is obviously an overstatement and moreover gives the impression that the speaker is not one to nourish resentment or some other bitter feeling in his heart; and from the two following lines one would gather he is rather glad about it. The second stanza is accurate enough but the reader has to make the bewildering change from the one thing in the first to things in the second; and in the last Campbell leaves out all mention of the sad trunk that is left when the leaves have fallen.

The mistake, I believe, is based on a fundamental difference in temperament. The mind of ~~XXXXXX~~ Campbell boggles at the thought of anyone being able to love things that do not exist so he scamped or muddled the first part of the poem, and concentrated on the visual metaphor that follows and should have explained it. Pessoa, as we have seen in the other earlier poem quoted, was following a familiar path. One, too, as I discovered quite recently, had already been trodden before him. "Teixeira de Pascoaes writes in Verbo escuro (Dark word) (pub. 1914) :

Sing what does not exist. The rest is ashes. (p. 3)

And then later: (p. 52)

The spirit ~~looks askance~~ and laughs at the intelligence which reasons
It lives unmoved in the antechamber of the ideas. They fall and renew

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Here we have that 'cross-pollination of minds' which Laurens van der Post refers to (letter in Contrast 38). It is a process, however, that can only take place when flowers and minds are of the same species. Pessoa takes two disparate ideas of Pascoas and grafts them upon one of his own to make a completely original rerendering. The kinship between the two minds is evident. Both men are preoccupied with the search for something beyond the superficial appearances of everyday life: the things we glimpse when sorrow, sickness or the exaltation of love seem to lend a new dimension to our thoughts.

What is this new dimension? It is something that does not belong to normal; it goes beyond reason and fringes upon the realm of dreams and even of madness. It is the quality we find in the Walpurgisnacht of Goethe's Faust and the utterances Shakespeare put into the mouths of fools and madmen because they went beyond our normal reasoning; they are what makes the music of Beethoven impossible to put into words. They are things in our normal experience which will never exist.

Poetry, like all other arts, is the expression of emotion, but emotion cannot be expressed in words which are the expression of the intelligence which is foreign to it. So, reasons Pessoa, we have to create analogous situations to hint at it.

Art, for me, is the expression of a thought behind the emotion, or in other words, of a general truth behind a particular lie".

And again:

All true emotion is a lie to the intelligence, because it not by that that it manifests itself. All true emotion is in consequence false expression. To express oneself is to say what one does not feel. To pretend therefore is to discover oneself..

A little later in the century, T. S. Eliot was to express very much the same idea.

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion. (Tradition and the individual talent, p. 124)

"I must wear a mask before I can express the truth," said Oscar Wilde. And so it must be for all creative minds. No one knew the truth of this better than Fernando Pessoa, whose name is only another form of the old Latin word for a mask - persona.

Is that finally the essential difference between these two poets - that Campbell could not wear a mask, or when he did, it slipped?

*Campbell and Pessoa*¹⁵

By H. D. Jennings

It is one of the odder quirks in [↑of] literary¹⁶ history that these two men, undeniably among the major poets of this century and yet so unlike in race, appearance and outlook, should have passed their boyhood and youth in the same city; and some will find it odder still [that] that city should be Durban. The warm and humid city by the sea has its attractions for businessmen and for holidaymakers but few would envisage it as a nursery for poets, though there have always been some (notably Douglas Livingstone in the present time) to give that impression the lie.

Roy Campbell who was born there in 1902 did not love the place and was at no pains to hide it. He speaks ('In a town square'¹⁷) of 'the city so cheaply fine / Its walls embalmed its fest<ive>[↑ered] soul', and 'the gh[↑a]stly Cenotaph' / That next the Lavatory looms'... 'Where blue-burnished angels settle / Like flies upon a slab of tripe' / and <finally adds> [, to sum up,] 'the mist'... 'The subtle anaesthetic breath, / The vengeful sting that gives [→no pain /] But deals around it worse than death / The palsied soul, the mildewed brain'.

Fernando Pessoa came to Durban in 1896 at the age of seven and left it in 1905 when he was seventeen and Roy only three. (His [Pessoa's] mother, a widow, had married the Portuguese consul.) What his impressions of the place were we do not know for only twice in all his writings does the word 'Durban' occur and then little more than the word itself.¹⁸ But this is not unusual. He is singularly lacking in what Armand Guilbert called *le sens du paysage*. His landscape (as he himself tell us in a prologue¹⁹ to poem *Mensagem*) where all interior.²⁰ But he was not unhappy in Durban 'owing, perhaps, to the climate and the scholastic discipline' as he said in the second of these brief mentions of the town which I

¹⁵ Though the title appears on all pp., we omit its repetitions to avoid interrupting the text flow.

¹⁶ "literaty" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

¹⁷ Here we reproduce the quotation marks (single or double) as used by Jennings.

¹⁸ This affirmation seems to date the essay from a time before 1984, for in that year Jennings published *Os Dois Exílios*, a book with an entire chapter (number VIII) dedicated to the direct and indirect presence of Durban in various papers found in the Pessoa archive.

¹⁹ This is likely the text chosen by Maria Aliete Galhoz to serve as prologue of *Mensagem*, in *Obra Poética de Fernando Pessoa* (Rio de Janeiro: Aguilar, 1960); titled "Nota Preliminar," the prologue was not included by Pessoa in his 1934 edition of *Mensagem*.

²⁰ There seems to be a faded (and redundant) bracket closing the parenthesis—which we omit here.

discovered²¹; and he brought back with him to Portugal quite a <little> hoard of little <s>[↑a]rticles, writings and other little boyhood treasures, silent witnesses to a busy and not unpleasant time. We know too that his first years on his return to Portuga<t>/l\ were profoundly unhappy, reaching a point in June 1907 when he feared he would lose his reason. It was not until 1908 that he began to put down roots where they belonged, his native soil of Portugal. From then on he never left Lisbon, or had any desire to do so.

[2]²² Campbell too was to spend little time in Durban after his school education was over, After Oxford, marriage and writing the 'Flaming <t>/T\errapin'²³, he cam[→e] back in 1924 for the *Voorslag* adventure, but left after two years and then was seen no more in his native city except for fleeting and infrequent visits. The rest of the time was spent successively in Britain, France, Spain, East Africa (during the war) and finally Portugal. Thus both Campbell and Pessoa belong to that vast number of writers who suffered (or enjoyed) transplantation from their native lands: among them are:—the Americans Eliot and Pound to England; the Englishman W.H. Auden to America; the German Rilke to France and Italy; the Irishmen James Joyce and Samuel Beckett to Paris; the Frenchman La Forge to Germany..... and many more.

There are other superficial resemblances between the two poets. Both came from conventional middle-class families and both forsook the comfortable life they were bought up in to follow their unremunerative art and both endured equably the most crushing poverty to do so. Both were heavy drinkers. (Pessoa died of cirrhosis of the liver.) Both had little faith in democratic government and, like Yeats, Pound and others, had some hankering after autocratic rule. Both men had (ostensibly, at least) only one woman in their lives.

But even as I write these things my sense of the difference between these two men widens. Every one of the statements given above requires some modification, vital to the proper understanding of each. Both were drinkers, but each wore his rue with a difference. Campbell stopped when he was composing as Alan Paton tells us (*Contrast* 37, p. 64)²⁴. Pessoa, on the other hand, seems to have needed alcohol as a spur to his activities, and continued to write poems in typical lapidary form to the last days of his life when he was rapidly drinking himself to

²¹ The last quote, translated by Jennings, comes from "a fragment in French purporting to be a report of a medico or psychiatrist on a patient called 'P' but unmistakably in Fernando Pessoa's writing" (JENNINGS: 1986, 21); the original was "le climat (je conjecture) et la discipline scolaire."

²² Starting on p. 2, the author numbered each page on its top margin; we indicate the original page numbers within brackets, in order to avoid interrupting the text flow.

²³ A 75-verse poem written by Campbell, with *incipit* "How often have I lost this fervent mood."

²⁴ *Contrast*, *South African Quarterly*, a literary journal to which Jennings contributed essays, poetry and fiction; see, also in this issue, the review by G. Haresnape (former editor of *Contrast*) of two essays by Jennings.

death. The importance of Mary Campbell in Roy's life and the crushing effect of her adventure with Vita Sackville West has been too well described by Paton to need further mention here. It took Pessoa precisely one year to discover that he could not continue with his work as a writer and his love affair with the young typist who was appropriately named Ophelia. He told her so. The two remained friends, but the break was final. Though both [↑poets] came from families of the same social standing—Pessoa had a grandfather and an uncle who were generals and Campbell had a father and two brothers who were respected doctors—
 <g>/t\here were patent differences. A[→]lthough the Pessoa <coult>family could
 boas armorial bearings with eight quarterings, the family could be traced back to the Jew, Sancho Pessoa, who was burned at the stake in 1708. It amused Pessoa as much as it would have horrified Campbell (not the burning but the 'race-taint'²⁵). Campbell made much [3] in his first autobiography of his supposed Scottish blood. The Scots, he claimed were twice the men that the English were because they had ten times as many bastards. When later he discovered that he stemmed not from a Scottish laird but from an Irish fiddler, he took it with commendable good humour though it must have dis<t>/m\ayed him, particularly in view of the low illegitimacy rate in Ireland.

In this, as in all other aspects of his life and work, Campbell was a Romantic—both in its ordinary wide sense and in its more restricted literary sense. He chafed at the thought that he should have been born in so undistinguished a place as Durban, 'Where I alone of all your sons am known'. He rails at 'his humble kinsfolk':—

His humble kinsfolk sicken behold
 The monstrous changeling whom they schooled in vain
 Who brings no increase to their hoard of gold...²⁶

He did not, however, disdain to share in their 'hoard of gold' and indeed would not have been able to continue his poetizing without the aid, which he received from them [→(notably from his brother George)].

In spite of his disdain for his native city and his contempt for his fellow-practitioners in the difficult trade he had chosen (as expressed in the *Wayzgoose*) Campbell was a typical South African. He never lost his accent, which Uys Krige²⁷ noted with surprise when he met him in southern France, was 'even thicker than my own'; he had the national <bent towards> [↑hankering after] *Kragdadigheid*, the constant striving to appear larger than life, the turning towards some anodyne,

²⁵ The author missed the closing single-quote, which we added here.

²⁶ This quote was also separated in the original, but the smaller font here is our formatting; note that the quote was typed over a faded version of itself, perhaps due to the tape running out of ink.

²⁷ See the letters from Krige to Jennings, introduced by S. Helgesson, also in this issue.

sport or some other violet physical activity and alcohol, to heal the emptiness of life for those who ask too much or too little of it.

When we think of Pessoa it is obvious at once that we are dealing with a horse of a different colour—one, not less dark, but too wise (or too little interested) to try to throw any light upon himself. Pessoa was reticent about his personal life to the point of being secretive. In one of the Caeiro poems he²⁸ wrote: “If anyone should seek to write my biography / Let him set down only the date of my birth and of my death. / All that lies between is mine.” And that, in effect, is all that prefaces the *Ática*²⁹ edition of his poems. He went to the same school as Campbell but, significantly[,] under a different headmaster. The austere classical scholar Nicholas of his day was something other than the rumbustious Langley of the following decade when Campbell was there. Pessoa learned to speak English (as one of his schoolfellows avers) ‘in the most academic manner’ and that, indeed, is what is wrong with the considerable amount of English poetry he wrote.³⁰ He showed in the *Thirty-five Sonnets* he could write a faultless imitation of the Tudor style and manner, but, as Campbell said, with some justice, they only come alive when translated into Portuguese; and, even the poems in modern style³¹ tend to be slightly stilted. His English prose, however, is always [4] lucid and without any affectation. He seems to have used it more frequently than Portuguese when he wanted to resolve knotty points in his mind. His English manners and dress were frequently commented on by his contemporaries, as well as a very English sense of the absurd. ‘*Poeta da hora absurda*’,³² one of them called him. It was not for nothing that in the three brief allusions to his schooling (always laudatory)³³ he spoke only of his ‘English’ and never of his ‘South African’ education.

But Pessoa could never be either English or South African. He was a Portuguese, and, moreover, of Jewish descent. He found it odd, he tells us, that[,] descended originally from Jews on ‘all four sides’[,] [↑he] should not like Jews and sometimes be almost an anti-semiter, should yet remain ‘morphologically always a Jew’. In this, as well as the other few brief estimates about himself³⁴, Pessoa made no mistake. He had the Jewish capacity to endure suffering—‘suffering is the

²⁸ “hew” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

²⁹ “Atica”, unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

³⁰ P. Ferrari & C. Pittella-Leite (2015) have argued against this assessment of Pessoa’s English poetry.

³¹ There was a comma here in the original, which we removed.

³² Note by Jennings (unless indicated, all other transcription notes are from the editors): Poet of the absurd moment. ‘*Hora absurda*’ (Absurd time) is the title of one of Pessoa’s poems.

³³ See footnote #18 about later findings by Jennings that would partially contradict this statement.

³⁴ “himseld” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

badge of all our tribe'—he could endure patiently neglect, privation, even injustice ('I accept the existence of injustice as I do that of a stone' he wrote in another of the Caeiro poems) but he could on occasion flare forth with messianic fervour like any prophet of old.³⁵

Like Campbell he stirred up some hornets' nests but usually with quite opposite motives and quite different objects. When Pessoa launched his review *Orpheu* it caused more stir than when Campbell and his associates brought out *Voorslag* in Durban.³⁶ It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the critics fairly foamed at the mouth. It was not because they were treated to those waspish remarks with which Campbell and others stung their humbler competitors in the journalistic trade, it was because it was so new in its outlook that it left them perplexed and baffled and therefore angry. It would not be considered *outré* now, but it was then in 1914, particularly for Lisbon. They invented a new adjective for it *rilhafolesca*, a word derived from *Rilhafoles*³⁷, the name of a well-known lunatic asylum.³⁸ It was a barbed <missile> [↑shaft] for it was known that Pessoa's grandmother had had to be treated there for *dementia senilis* just before her death. Lisbon is not a particularly moral city, but much moral indignation was poured out over some lines in the *Triumphal Ode*³⁹ which Pessoa wrote under the name of Álvaro⁴⁰ de Campos.

Ah, the common and dirty people, who are always the same,
 [5] Who use swearwords with every breath,
 Whose sons steal at the doors of grocers' shops
 And whose daughters of eight years – and I think this fine and love it! –
 Masturbate men of decent appearance on deserted stairways....

They did not understand this poem when it was published in Lisbon in 1914. Neither did Campbell when he translated part of it for his last book, *Portugal*, in 1957. He calls it 'the loudest poem in literary history', and marvels that Pessoa could conjure out of himself 'a thundering great extrovert' like Álvaro de Campos, the protagonist, and yet in other phases and other names write such delicate poems 'that they see<t>/m\ t<l>/o\ tremble on the verge of silence'. And, let me confess at once, neither did I understand the Ode until I read Octavio Paz's

³⁵ This supposed anti-Semitism attributed to Pessoa has to be put in context, considering the extremely complex religious attitudes of the poet, who also imbibed mysticism from the Cabbala.

³⁶ *Orpheu* had two numbers, launched in Lisbon, in 1915, while *Voorslag* was published in Durban, in 1926 and 1927.

³⁷ "Rilhfoles" and "rilhofolesca," both as typos, in the text typed by Jennings.

³⁸ *Orpheu* 2 opened with poems by Ângelo de Lima, who was interned at *Rilhafoles*.

³⁹ Titled in Portuguese "Ode Triunfal," this poem was first published in *Orpheu* 1, 1915.

⁴⁰ "Alvaro", always unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

brilliant exegesis (Pub. 1960)⁴¹. Nor, as far as I can ascertain did anyone else. It took forty-six years for someone to read the riddle.

Briefly, the theme is this. Álvaro de Campos, the half-Jewish engineer, is standing in a workshop or factory, gritting his teeth with fury and delight as he watches the machines [→'writhing over one another] like lascivious beasts in a tropical jungle'. From there his mind wanders forth to a world permeated and dominated by machines. Machines carrying people aimlessly from place to place; machines pouring endless yellowbacked books, machines dealing out death on land and sea or in the hands of the sly political assassin; machines like⁴² ministers concocting false budgets..... And so he goes on, wittering and chirping with enthusiasm like a child bringing out fresh toys. Then on to the human products of the god-like machines and he brings to our mind the scurrying crowds no longer moved by human passions and desires but given over to mindless and loveless aberrations and substitutes. So, with ostensible delight, he points out the pederast who passes with feline step, 'the over-accentuated presence of cocottes' and 'the playboys and harlots in the crowded car' who jeer at him as they pass. 'Oh, how I would like to be the pimp for all this!'⁴³ he exclaims. And in another place he would like to peep like a voyeur into every house. He seems the workman coming home from his hated task and the boys and girls as we have already described. All a world indeed given over to 'masochism and machinism'. And then with renewed fury of longing back to the engines until he imagines he has become a part of them, a wheel or a cog or some other whirling part, until he seems to have lost all power of speech and the poem disintegrates in howls and shrieks and cries of 'houp-la' like a circus ringmaster and ends finally in a long z-z-z-z-z-z.

It was a lot for the poor Lisbonnese to stomach; and perhaps, only now, when we have seen the machines proliferate to an extent undreamed of by Pessoa—when men's minds are dominated by machine-made drama, music, and news; computers do our thinking for us and the atom numbs all thought of [6] of the future—can we see the truth of Pessoa's wild vision.

Certainly Campbell never guessed <yet> [↑that] when he fell upon the lesbians and homosexuals in England with such fury, <he did not realize> he was castigating the end-products not the system itself.⁴⁴ Eliot looked upon the same spectacle as Pessoa and reacted to it in his own way in the *Waste Land* and *Ash*

⁴¹ Though dated 1960 here, this is probably Paz's 1962 landmark anthology of Pessoa's poems.

⁴² "machine-like", with the "i" superimposed on the "l" in the text typed by Jennings.

⁴³ Jennings opens the quote with single and closes it with double quotation marks.

⁴⁴ Though Jennings here is criticizing Campbell's prejudices, Jennings's own view of homosexuality (as a product of a system) is a dated theory; G. Monteiro (1994: 130, footnote 30) also presented criticisms to Campbell's homophobia.

Wednesday. He too saw beyond the persons to the system but he ascribed it to a different cause—the decline in spiritual values. He does not seem to have asked what may have caused that decline, and Pessoa's thesis might well be at least one of the answers.

Pessoa never attacked people⁴⁵, only systems, institutions and ideas, and so stirred up some of the hornets' nests already mentioned. He attacked the Catholic church and invented a faith of his own; he defended the Free Masons, regarded as enemies of the Church, and when Antonio⁴⁶ Botto, a fairly harmless homosexual poet was denounced with fury by the Lisbon populace, Pessoa rushed to his aid but in measured⁴⁷ dignified words without personal allusions. Campbell believed (in *Portugal* again) that 'the miracle of Fátima⁴⁸ and Salazar had saved Portugal'. Pessoa disliked both but he wrote nothing scurrilous about either.⁴⁹ The inclination 'to boast and to shock and to goad' which Paton has noticed in Campbell was not in Pessoa; and in passing we may note that in this same book *Portugal* performed the 'almost' virtuoso feat of crowding into a single paragraph no less than sixteen lies about Uys Krige' as Uys himself once pointed out to me. And the two had been close friends!

But all this is digression; and [↑to] get back to the heart of the matter and to seek further in the distinction which lies between these two great poets (with the ultimate hope, perhaps vain, that it will tell us something of the secret of poetry itself) I must quote two more poems.

The first shows how that strange thing we call poetry—the creative power or the Flaming Terrapin⁵⁰, if you will—can surge out of our being (if we are poets or creators) and drive out the poor, petty, carping, cowardly creature that usually reigns there.

I translate from a letter which Pessoa wrote to a friend in February 1913.⁵¹

⁴⁵ This is not accurate, as Jennings himself would later discover at least one sonnet written by Pessoa (signed by Alexander Search) as a curse on Joseph Chamberlain (cf. JENNINGS, 1984: 96); to date, numerous poems mocking/attacking specific people have been found among Pessoa's papers.

⁴⁶ Antonio [Botto] is misnamed "Alfredo" by Jennings.

⁴⁷ "inmeasured", without space, in the original.

⁴⁸ "Fatima", unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

⁴⁹ Scurrilous texts by Pessoa, insulting both Fátima and Salazar, would eventually be found by J. Barreto; cf. «A Poesia Política de Fernando Pessoa», in *Abril* 7 (Niterói: UFF, Apr. 2015).

⁵⁰ See footnote #23.

⁵¹ Jennings is translating here the letter from Pessoa to Mário Beirão, dated 1 Feb. 1913; cf. PESSOA, F. *Páginas Íntimas e de Auto-Interpretação* (Lisbon: Ática, 1966, p. 29).

You know, I believe, that of the various phobias I have kept, the most infantile and the most terribly torturing is that of thunderstorms. The other day the sky threatened rain and I was on my way home on foot there being no tram at night. In the end there was no thunder, but it was imminent and it began to rain—great heavy drops, warm and spaced out—and I was still only halfway from the Baixa (the business quarter) and home. I hurried along with the pace nearest to running that I could manage [←as near to running as I could master] with a mental torture that you imagine, all upset and worried. It was in this state that I found myself composing a sonnet—I finished it within a few steps of my home—a sonnet so suave and calm it might have been written during a sunset with a clear sky.

[7] This is the poem.

ABDICAÇÃO⁵²

Toma-me, Ó⁵³ Noite⁵⁴, nos teus braços
 E chama-me teu filho. Eu sou um rei
 Que voluntariamente abandonei
 O meu⁵⁵ trono de sonhos e cansaços⁵⁶.

Minha espada, pesada a braços lassos,
 Em mãos viris e calmas entreguei!
 E meu [←E meu] ceptro e coroa—eu os deixei
 Na antecâmara, feitos em pedaços.

Minha cota de malha, tão inútil,
 Minhas esporas dum tinir tão fútil—
 Deixei-as pela fria escadaria⁵⁷.
 Despi a Realeza, corpo e alma,
 E regresssei à⁵⁸ Noite antiga e calma
 Como a paisagem ao morrer do dia.

Which may be Englished as follows:—

⁵² Jennings does not reproduce the orthography used by Pessoa on doc. BNP/E3, 58-62^v, which displays the sonnet in question organized in 4 stanzas (Jennings fuses the tercets into 1 sestet).

⁵³ “O”, unstressed, in the text typed by Jennings.

⁵⁴ “Eterno” in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

⁵⁵ “seu” in the text typed by Jennings, who appears to be quoting from memory, hence the divergences from the original text by Pessoa.

⁵⁶ “consaço”, as a typo.

⁵⁷ “escadaria”, as a typo.

⁵⁸ The text typed by Jennings is missing the Portuguese *crase* (grave stress).

ABDICATION

Take me, O Night Eternal, into your arms
And call me you child. I am a King
Who of his own free will has given up
His throne of dreams and weariness.

My sword, too heavy for my tired arms,
 <Into hands more virile and calm I <delivered>/delegated\>
 [←I placed in hands more virile & calm]
 And my crown and sceptre—these I left
 In the outer chamber, broken in pieces.

My coat of mail, no longer needed,
And my futile jingling spurs—
On the cold steps I left them.
Body and soul, I put off Reality
And went back into the calm and ancient Night
As the landscape does when the day dies.

The poem, although written before the author reached full maturity, is as characteristic of Fernando Pessoa as it is uncharacteristic of Roy Campbell. Roy could [↑well] have pictured himself as a king <(or why should he have been called by a name that means king?)> but he could not have imagined himself as a frightened rabbit at the same time; nor is it likely that he would have heard that inward voice that Pessoa heard telling him that this too was folly, for, in time, all his pretensions, real or imaginary, and indeed all he supposed to be real, would be swept away into oblivion, with the certainty that that tempestuou[s] evening would be swallowed up in [↑the] night. Roy never doubted the authenticity [8] of Reality, as Pessoa did, even as a boy at school. Campbell believed that the world was real and that he was born to cut some figure in it, and it never occurred to him to laugh at himself for thinking so. Our delight in reading him (when he puts aside his boasting and rhodomontade) derives from the sensuous images, which though put together with skill and imagination are all based on visible tangible things. Too often in the intoxication of his splendid phrase-making, he forgets whatever construction he had in mind. Like his Albatross, he might bracket his purpose with the sun's but he sometimes forgot what it was and <find> [↑found] the great imperial wings on which he had set out 'flapping the water like a sodden flag'.

In Pessoa's work, the jewelled quotable phrases, which decorate almost every line of Campbell's greater work, occur but rarely, but tight construction and unity of design are usually rigorously followed, but seldom apparent. In the sonnet just quoted every word falls into its place and the imagination is left free to wander over what Alan Paton calls 'concealed meanings'; in this case, the 'antechamber' and the 'cold steps' which suggest the vault and the tomb, and the

‘unpoetic’ word ‘landscape’ which brings out the unreality of what he sees—a picture, in fact. But never does he stop to explain, comment upon, or ‘prettify’ what he says.

Campbell has translated several of the poems of Pessoa, for whom he had a great admiration, but with this difference of temperament which we have already tried to describe it is not surprising that on at least one occasion he seems to have missed what (to me) Pessoa had clearly said.

The thing that hurts and wrings
Was never in my heart.
It’s one of those fair things
In life that have no part.

Shapes without shape—each shape
Seems silently to flit
Ere known by grief and fade
Ere love can dream of it.

They are as if our grief
Were a dark tree from whom
They flutter leaf by leaf
Into the mist and gloom.

On the surface, it makes rather an attractive poem. A friend—a Portuguese-American professor—once said to me he thought it was better than the original. This may be, but it is not what Pessoa said. [9] What Pessoa said is put into such simple language that anyone with some knowledge of a Romance tongue should be able to follow it. What he meant may take a little more thought and need some knowledge of Pessoa and his contemporaries.

Here is the original with a literal English rendering alongside it.

O que me dói não é
O que há no coração
Mas essas coisas lindas
Que nunca existirão⁵⁹.

São as formas sem forma
Que passam sem que a dor
As possa conhecer
Ou as sonhar o amor.

São como se a tristeza
Fosse árvore e, uma a uma,
Caíssem suas folhas
Entre o vestígio e a bruma.

What grieves me is not
What’s in my heart
But those lovely things
Which will never exist.

They are forms without form
Which go before sorrow
Can get to know them.
Or love dream of them.

They are as if sadness
Were a tree that, one by one,
Lest fall its leaves
Between the trunk and the mist.

⁵⁹ “existirão” in the text by Jennings, as a typo.

or, more literally:—
Between the vestige and the fog.

Seen, as above, it soon becomes clear that Campbell has taken considerable liberties with the text and indeed some with grammar too in the use of 'have' for 'has' in the fourth line and 'whom' for 'which' in the tenth. The thing that hurts and <t>/wrings\' is obviously an over-statement and moreover gives the impression that the speaker is not one to nourish resentment or some other bitter feeling in his heart, and from the two following lines one would gather he is rather glad about it. The second stanza is accurate enough but the reader has to make the bewildering change from the *one* thing in the first to *things* in the second⁶⁰; and in the last Campbell leaves out all mention of the sad trunk that is left when the leaves have fallen.

The mistake, I believe, is based on a fundamental difference in temperament. The mind of <Pessoa> Campbell boggles at the thought of anyone being able to love things that do not exist so he scamped or muddled the first part of the poem, and concentrated on the visual metaphor that follows and should have explained it. Pessoa, as we have seen in the other earlier poem quoted, was following a familiar path. One, too, as I discovered quite recently, had already been trodden before him.

Teixeira de Pascoaes writes in *Verbo escuro* [→ (Dark word)] (pub. 1914):

Sing what does not exist. The rest is ashes.

<p3>(p.3)

And the later: [→ (p.52)]

The spirit <looks and laughs> [↑looks askance] at the intelligence which reason[→s] [↑ and mocks it.] It lives unmoved in the antechamber of the ideas. They fall and renew []⁶¹

[10] Here we have that 'cross-pollination of minds' which Laurens van der Post refers to (letter in *Contrast* 38). It is a process, however, that can only take place when flowers and minds are of the same species. Pessoa takes two disparate ideas of Pascoaes and grafts them upon one of his own to make a completely original rereading. The kinship between the two minds is evident. Both men are preoccupied with the search for something beyond the superficial appearances of everyday life: the things we glimpse when sorrow, sickness or the exaltation of love seem to lend a new dimension to our thoughts.

What is this new dimension? It is something that does not belong to normal; it goes beyond reason and fringes upon the realm of dreams and even of

⁶⁰ The change (from a singular *thing* to the plural) seems to actually take place in the third stanza.

⁶¹ The rest of this quote is unreadable in the facsimile (with its bottom margin cut short).

madness. It is the quality we find in the *Walpurgisnacht* of Goethe's *Faust* and the utterances Shakespeare put into the mouths of fools and madmen because they went beyond our normal⁶² reasoning; they are what makes the music of Beethoven impossible to put into words. They are things in our normal experience which will never exist.

Poetry, like all other arts, is the expression of emotion, but emotion cannot be expressed in words which are the expression of the intelligence which is foreign to it. So, reasons Pessoa, we have to create analogous situations to hint at it.

Art, for me, is the expression of a thought behind the emotion, or in other words, of a general <+> truth behind a particular lie.

And again:

All true emotion is a lie to the intelligence, because it [is]⁶³ not by that that it manifest itself. All true emotion is in consequence false exp[r]ession. To express oneself is to say what one does not feel. To pretend therefore is to discover oneself..[.]

A little later in the century, T.S. Eliot was to express very much the same idea.

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion. (*Tradition and the individual talent*. p. 124)

"I must wear a mask before I can express the truth," said Oscar Wilde. And so it must be for all creative minds. No one knew the truth of this better than Fernando Pessoa, whose name is only another form of the old Latin word for a mask—*persona*.

Is that finally the essential difference between these two poets—that Campbell could not wear a mask, or when he did, it slipped?

⁶² "norjal" in the text typed by Jennings, as a typo.

⁶³ Something seems to be mistyped or missing in the translated quote.