

## Alberto Caeiro and the "Poetic Fallacy"

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Influenced by the German aesthetician F.W.J. von Schelling, the English philosopher-poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge defines art "as the mediatress between, and reconciler of, nature and man." It is, therefore, he continues, "the power of humanizing nature, of infusing the thoughts and passions of man into everything which is the object of his contemplation."<sup>1</sup> The American bucolic poet Robert Frost went a step or two further, recording in a notebook in 1910 his conviction that "inside things" there is a "secret."<sup>2</sup> Whether or not the orthonymic Fernando Pessoa—that is to say, the poet himself—would have agreed with Schelling, Coleridge or Frost, it is clear that his heteronym Alberto Caeiro would not have done so. Nor, for that matter, would he have agreed with Frost's transcendent conviction, when late in life, endorsing science, the American poet wrote that "the whole, the great enterprise of life, of the world, the great enterprise of our race, is our penetration into matter, deeper and deeper; carrying the spirit deeper into matter."<sup>3</sup> Seemingly born fully formed in idea and artifice, Alberto Caeiro held a contrary, if not contradictory, position. In the thirty-ninth poem of *O Guardador de Rebanhos*, he writes:

O mystério das cousas, onde está elle?  
Onde está elle que não apparece  
Pelo menos a mostrar-nos que é mystério?  
[.....]  
As cousa não teem significação: teem existência.  
As cousas são o unico sentido occulto das cousas.<sup>4</sup>

The mystery of things, where is it?  
Where is that which never appears  
To show us, at least, it's a mystery?

[.....]

Things have no meaning—they have existence.

Things are the only hidden meaning of things.<sup>5</sup>

In his now famous reply to an inquiry made by the young poet-critic of the journal *Presença*, Adolfo Casais Monteiro, less than a year before Pessoa's death on November 30, 1935, the author of *Mensagem* explained the origin of his major heteronyms. Because Pessoa claimed to have suddenly recognized in Alberto Caeiro his "own Master"—that is to say, his teacher or mentor—it can be said that March 8, 1914 was the day of delivery into literature of a trinity of hitherto inexistent poets (a quaternary, if we add to their number, following the lead of Jorge de Sena and others, the poet who called himself "Fernando Pessoa"), each one of the four being Portuguese by inclination, temperament, and birth. "Alberto Caeiro, Ricardo Reis, Álvaro de Campos, / Fernando Pessoa... what resounding Portuguese names!" writes the English poet John Wain in "Thinking about Mr. Person." "Names full of cloud and seagulls," he continues, the surf-crash of a South-Western coast, the tidal swing of the Tagus:

names full of the weather of Portugal,  
 the long empty roads, the eucalyptus trees,  
 the rice fields and the Atlantic promontories:  
 the sardines grilling over charcoal in side-street bars,  
 the street-markets, the churches full of God's calm shadow,  
 citizens with head-colds riding in the trams,  
 the yellow trams of Lisbon.<sup>6</sup>

So begins the first of the eight poems Wain dedicates to "Mr. Person," that is to say, "Mr. Pessoa." But Fernando Pessoa was not always "Pessoa," or more accurately, almost never was he only "Pessoa." In childhood he had begun the habit of inventing characters and personalities, pseudonymous and heteronymic beings. But in 1914, to quote again from Wain's poem,

Leaving the centralizing ego to sink or swim  
 he made up four poets to shape the world for him:  
 three had imagined names, one had his own:  
 this set him free to enjoy being alone.<sup>7</sup>

Much about Pessoa's 1935 "answer" to Casais Monteiro's questions raises doubt. If not the date of Caiiro's emergence in Pessoa's consciousness (not to say conscience), the "fact" of the poet's striking off thirty some poems in a row that same date has been controverted. Be that as it may. Even if the manuscript evidence reveals that Pessoa worked and reworked *O Guardador de Rebanhos* over a period of days, perhaps stretching out to weeks or even months, let us accept the March 8, 1914 date as the day Caiiro came into being, and let us accept Pessoa's statement that for some days prior to that date he had been trying to create a "bucolic poet, of a complicated sort" to put before his friend and fellow-poet Mário de Sá-Carneiro, though he had made little or no progress in the matter. One of the things Pessoa did not tell Casais Monteiro, however, was that much if not all of Caiiro's poetry intentionally parodies that work of Teixeira de Pascoaes, which presents nature as pervasively sentient. In word, image, theme, and sentiment, Caiiro mimics, mocks, and satirizes Pessoa's real-life coeval, whose own work often borders on self-parody.<sup>8</sup> "Perhaps Caiiro comes out of Pascoaes," admitted Pessoa, "but he comes by way of opposition, by reaction. Pascoaes turned inside out without removing him from his place gives one this—Alberto Caiiro."<sup>9</sup>

Then there were the verses of the nineteenth-century English poet Alice Meynell. Let us entertain the probability that during the days when Pessoa's original notion of creating a "bucolic" poet was not working out for him, he continued to read other poets as was his wont. Among the books available to him was the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, first published in 1912. In Arthur Quiller-Couch's collection, a copy of which survives in Pessoa's library now housed in the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon, one of the poems that seem to have caught his attention is Meynell's "The Shepherdess."<sup>10</sup> As late as 1927, it was still being said that this poem shows "the simplicity, the sincerity, and the individual diction that characterizes the new poetry," for "the metaphor of the shepherdess is delicately and satisfyingly sustained throughout."<sup>11</sup> Pessoa's reading of Meynell's appealingly simple poem could have served him as midwife to his genius, a link that was first suggested sixty years ago.<sup>12</sup>

She walks—the lady of my delight—  
 A shepherdess of sheep.  
 Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep;  
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
 And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
 Dark valleys safe and deep.  
 Into that tender breast at night  
 The chastest stars may peep.  
 She walks—that lady of my delight—  
 A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
 Though gay they run and leap,  
 She is so circumspect and right;  
 She has her soul to keep.  
 She walks—the lady of my delight—  
 A shepherdess of sheep.<sup>13</sup>

Encountered here, as in Caieiro's poems, is a shepherd(ess) whose task is to tend flocks comprised of, not sheep, but thoughts. In the ninth poem of the forty-nine-poem sequence he called *O Guardador de Rebanhos*, Caieiro defines himself:

Sou um guardador de rebanhos.  
 O rebanho é os meus pensamentos  
 E os meus pensamentos são todos sensações.  
 Penso com os olhos e com os ouvidos  
 E com as mãos e os pés  
 E com o nariz e a boca.

Pensar uma flor é vel-a e cheiral-a  
 E comer um fructo é saber-lhe o sentido.

Por isso quando num dia de calor  
 Me sinto triste de gosál-o tanto,  
 E me deito ao comprido na herva,  
 E fecho os olhos quentes,

Sinto todo o meu corpo deitado na realidade,  
Sei a verdade e sou feliz.<sup>14</sup>

I'm a keeper of sheep.  
My sheep are my thoughts  
And my thoughts are all sensations.  
I think with my eyes and my ears  
And with my hands and feet  
And with my nose and mouth.

To think a flower is to see it and smell it,  
And to eat a fruit is to taste its meaning.

That's why on a hot day  
When I ache from enjoying it so much,  
And stretched out on the grass,  
Closing my warm eyes,  
I feel my whole body lying full length in reality,  
I know the truth and I'm happy.<sup>15</sup>

Compared with that of Meynell's poem, the tone of Caeiro's poem is positively aggressive. He thinks with all sensations, using eye, hand, mouth, feet, ears, and nose. She keeps her thoughts "white," having a soul to keep. His thoughts come to him every which way. She keeps hers in sight. She guards them from the steep, feeds them, and "folds them in" to sleep. Meynell's poem is about darkness, night, coolness, control, feeding, protecting, dreaming. Caeiro's is about heat, light, day, bodily sensations, eating, and wakeful experience. Small wonder that in the last six lines Caeiro turns completely away from Meynell's poem to invoke rather straightforwardly a different poet, particularly the one revealed in those early lines from Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself" that Pessoa singled out in one of his copies of Whitman's poems: "I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass."<sup>16</sup>

In short, Caeiro's poem controverts Meynell's, offering nothing to her everything. Each of her six-line stanzas rhymes out as *ababab*. Caeiro dismisses end rhyme. Busy at his negative comparisons, Caeiro says in his fourteenth poem, "Rhymes mean nothing to me. Only rarely / Are two trees

identical, standing side by side.”<sup>17</sup> If Meynell’s poem can be described as “poetic,” Caeiro’s can be seen as the work of an “antipoet” (as the trappist-poet Thomas Merton described Caeiro).<sup>18</sup> For Caeiro, Meynell’s poems served as a liberating pretext for a rush of quite un-Meynellian anti-poems. In *The Eighteen Nineties: A Review of Art and Ideas at the Close of the Nineteenth Century* (1913), Holbrook Jackson praises Meynell’s poem for having “immaculately” “expressed the idea of the mystery of white innocence”—the white innocence of shepherded thought.<sup>19</sup> This rather easy interest in mystery was anathema to Alberto Caeiro.

Consider now “The Two Poets,” a second poem by Alice Meynell. It, too, is included in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Poetry*, which reprints a total of four poems by this now largely forgotten poet.

Whose is the speech  
That moves the voices of this lonely beech?  
Out of the long west did this wild wind come—  
Oh strong and silent! And the tree was dumb,  
Ready and dumb, until  
The dumb gale struck it on the darken’d hill.

Two memories,  
Two powers, two promises, two silences  
Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves  
Articulate. This sudden hour retrieves  
The purpose of the past,  
Separate, apart—embraced, embraced at last.

“Whose is the word?  
Is it I that spake? Is it thou? Is it I that heard?”  
“Thine earth was solitary, yet I found thee!”  
“Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I found thee,  
Thou visitant divine.”  
“O thou my Voice, the word was thine.” “Was thine.”<sup>20</sup>

Caeiro seems to counter this Meynell poem about a preachy wind in the poem that immediately follows the already quoted poem beginning “I am a keeper of sheep.” Caeiro’s poem can be read as a colloquy between a

Meynellian poet victimized by her senses into believing that the wind carries meaningful messages that can be interpreted and a Cairean shepherd who will hear nothing of the sort.

“Olá, guardador de rebanhos,  
Ahi á beira da estrada,  
Que te diz o vento que passa?”

“Que é vento, e que passa,  
E que já passou antes,  
E que passará depois.  
E a ti o que te diz?”

“Muita cousa mais do que isso.  
Falla-me de muitas outras cousas.  
De memorias e de saudades  
E de cousas que nunca fôram.”

“Nunca ouviste passar o vento.  
O vento só falla do vento.  
O que lhe ouviste foi mentira,  
E a mentira está em ti.”<sup>21</sup>

“Hey, you, keeper of sheep,  
You there, by the side of the road,  
What does the blowing wind tell you?”

“That it is the wind, and that it blows.  
And that it has blown before,  
And that it will blow again.  
What does it say to you?”

“Much more than that.  
It speaks to me of many other things.  
Of memories and longings  
And of things that never were.”  
“You never heard the wind blow.

The wind talks only of the wind.  
 What you heard in it was a lie,  
 And that lie lies in you.”<sup>22</sup>

Caeiro gives his shepherd the last word.

Although his reaction might be explained in other ways, Caeiro stands here against those poets (and painters) who yearn to anthropomorphize nature, to see in nature those emotions and feelings native to humankind. Finding that this habitual practice among poets and painters had in his day fallen deeply into morbidity and sentimentality, John Ruskin named it *the pathetic fallacy*. In *Modern Painters* (1856) he warned specifically against the poetry produced by such lesser poets because they based it on that “excited state of the feelings” which would make us “for the time, more or less irrational.”<sup>23</sup> But poets of the highest order, continues Ruskin, seldom admit this falseness into their work, while poets of the second order, who miss “the very plain and leafy fact” of nature, take “much delight” in “this kind of falseness.”<sup>24</sup>

Pessoa’s conception of Alberto Caeiro, the clear-eyed, sharply focused, common-sensical being who writes poetry showing that he sees things for what they are and nothing more than that, was decidedly good Ruskin. For the English art historian, critic, and theorist distinguished between the poet who permits his characterized speakers to commit the pathetic fallacy in order to dramatize their distorted view of nature’s simple truth and the poet whose own words betray his distorted, “pathetic” view of nature. Credit Pessoa with giving Ruskin’s notion still another turn of the screw, by creating a fictional poet who disdains all poetry or philosophy that sees nature “pathetically.” Thus the Portuguese poet Caeiro can be called Ruskin’s poet *par excellence*, one unsurpassed in all of English poetry for clarity of vision or certainly of philosophical stance.

Pessoa undoubtedly knew all of this. Or, to be more exact (and to stay within the “reality” of his inexistent coterie of poets), Caeiro’s truth was apparent to his self-proclaimed disciple Álvaro de Campos. The Glasgow-trained engineer-poet reports that in a conversation with Caeiro he had taken up his master’s oft-expressed notion that things must be perceived directly and simply. “I quoted with friendly perversity,” reports Campos, “what [William] Wordsworth designated as insensate in the expression / ‘A primrose by the river’s brim / A yellow primrose was to him, / And it was nothing



more," but that he had omitted to translate primrose exactly since he didn't know the names of flowers. My master Caeiro laughed. "That simple man saw well: a yellow flower is really nothing more than a yellow flower."<sup>25</sup>

Not coincidentally, Wordsworth's primrose also plays a central role in Ruskin's elaboration of those undesired consequences that stem from the pathetic fallacy's unfortunate operations upon certain individuals. There are "three ranks," writes Ruskin,

the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is for ever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it. And, in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first.<sup>26</sup>

Whether or not Caeiro would concur with Ruskin's consignment of Wordsworth to the second order of poets and while it goes without saying that Wordsworth's swain is no poet, Caeiro fits Ruskin's bill perfectly as a poet of the first order, exactly the kind of poet championed by the formulator of the pathetic fallacy.

Ricardo Reis, Caeiro's other major disciple, writes intelligently of his master Caeiro in these terms:

He sometimes speaks tenderly of things, but he asks our pardon for doing so, explaining that he only speaks so in consideration of our 'stupidity of senses,' to make us feel 'the absolutely real existence' of things. Left to himself, he has no tenderness for things, he has hardly any tenderness even for his sensations. Here we touch his great originality, his almost inconceivable objectiveness (objectivity). He sees things with the eyes only, not with the mind. He does not let any thoughts arise when he looks at a flower. Far from seeing sermons in stones, he never even lets himself conceive a stone as beginning a sermon. The only sermon a stone contains for him is that it exists. The only thing a stone tells him is that it has nothing at all to tell him.<sup>27</sup>

Reis then puts his finger on exactly what makes Caieiro's poetry extraordinary: "A state of mind may be conceived resembling this. *But it cannot be conceived in a poet.* This way of looking at a stone may be described as the totally unpoetic way of looking at it. The stupendous fact about Caieiro is that out of this sentiment, or rather, absence of sentiment, he makes poetry."<sup>28</sup> It is precisely the nature of the truly poetic poem, that is the anti-poetic poem that emerges as the subject of the twenty-eighth poem of *O Guardador de Rebanhos*:

Li hoje quasi duas paginas  
Do livro d'um poeta mystico  
E ri como quem tem chorado muito.

Os poetas mysticos são philosophos doentes,  
E os philosophos são homens doidos.

Porque os poetas mysticos dizem que as flores sentem  
E dizem que as pedras teem alma  
E que os rios teem extases ao luar.

Mas as flores, se sentissem, não eram flores,  
Eram gente;  
E se as pedras tivessem alma, eram cousas vivas, não eram  
pedras;  
E se os rios tivessem extases ao luar,  
Os rios seriam homens doentes.

É preciso não saber o que são flores e pedras e rios,  
Para fallar dos sentimentos d'elles.

Fallar da alma das pedras, das flores, dos rios,  
É fallar de si-proprio e dos seus falsos pensamentos.  
Graças a Deus que as pedras são só pedras,  
E que os rios não são senão rios,  
E que as flores são apenas flores.

Por mim, escrevo a prosa dos meus versos  
E fico contente,

Porque sei que compreendo a Natureza por fóra;  
 E não a compreendo por dentro  
 Porque a Natureza não tem dentro;  
 Senão não era a Natureza.<sup>29</sup>

Today I read nearly two pages  
 Of a mystical poet's book,  
 And I laughed like someone who has cried a great deal.

Mystical poets are diseased philosophers,  
 And philosophers are crazy men.

For the mystical poets say that flowers have feelings  
 And they say that rocks have souls  
 And that rivers become ecstatic in the moonlight.

But flowers with feelings would not be flowers,  
 They would be people;  
 And if rocks had souls, they would be living things,  
     they would not be rocks;  
 And if rivers became ecstatic in the moonlight,  
 Rivers would be diseased men.

Only those who do not know what flowers and rocks  
     and rivers are  
 Will talk about their feelings.  
 To talk about the souls of rocks or flowers or rivers  
 Is to talk about yourself and your own fraudulent  
     thoughts.

Thank God rocks are only rocks,  
 And that rivers are nothing more than rivers.  
 And flowers are merely flowers.

And for myself, I set down the prose of my poetry  
 And I am content,  
 Because I know that I have an outsider's understanding  
     of Nature

And I do not have an insider's understanding  
 For Nature has no inside;  
 Otherwise it would not be Nature.<sup>30</sup>

It is unlikely that even Ruskin would have ever considered following Caeiro to this extreme. Yet, in important ways, Caeiro's conclusions about nature, poetry, and the self do appear to follow logically from Ruskin's thoughts about that complex of poetic perceptions and misguided intentions that led poets to write poems that enacted what he called the pathetic fallacy. In fact, it might be said that Caeiro took the matter to its extreme, perhaps, by valorizing an anti-poetic stance and attitude, that all other poetry, that is to say, all poetry not essentially anti-poetic, is true only to the extent that it enacts and exemplifies what might be called the poetic fallacy—the belief or conviction, even if only implicit, that there are “poetic” ways to feel and to write.

And yet, there's more. It can be argued sensibly—as Caeiro knew—that few poets, if any, are ever fully and always immune to adventuring, if not sometimes wallowing, in the unwished-for “poetic.” Indeed, in a self-consciously anti-poetic moment, one displaying his capacity for self-awareness, Caeiro strikes preemptively against those who would so argue in extenuation of the “poetic” poem. He admits that in certain circumstances, even he is susceptible to, and has a weakness for, the “poetic.” Yet such moments of “poeticizing” he will explain away as aberrational, as the contrary effusions of a being that is not, at that moment, himself. Consider, by way of conclusion, the argument presented in the fifteenth poem of *O Guardador de Rebanhos*:

As quatro canções que seguem  
 Separam-se de tudo o que eu penso,  
 Mentem a tudo o que eu sinto,  
 São do contrário do que eu sou...  
 Escrevi-as estando doente  
 E por isso elas são naturais  
 E concordam com aquilo que sinto,  
 Concordam com aquilo com que não concordam...  
 Estando doente devo pensar o contrário  
 Do que penso quando estou são

(Senão não estaria doente),  
 Devo sentir o contrário do que sinto  
 Quando sou eu na saúde  
 Devo mentir à minha natureza  
 De criatura que sente de certa maneira...  
 Devo ser todo doente—ideias e tudo.  
 Quando estou doente, não estou doente para outra  
 coisa.

Por isso essas canções que me renegam  
 Não são capazes de me renegar  
 E são a paisagem da minha alma de noite,  
 A mesma ao contrário...<sup>31</sup>

The four songs that follow now  
 Are separate from anything I think.  
 They give the lie to everything I feel,  
 They are the opposite of all I am . . .

I wrote them when I was ill  
 And that's why they're natural,  
 In keeping with what I feel.  
 They agree with what they disagree . . .  
 When I'm sick I must think the opposite  
 Of what I think when I am well.  
 (Otherwise I wouldn't be sick.)  
 I must feel the opposite of what I feel  
 When I am well,  
 I must give the lie to my nature  
 As a being who feels in a certain way . . .  
 I must be sick completely—ideas and everything.  
 When I'm sick, I'm not sick for any other reason.  
 That's why these songs that deny me  
 Have no power to deny me  
 And are the landscape of my soul at night,  
 The same one but its opposite . . .<sup>32</sup>

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "On Poesy or Art," quoted in Jay Parini, *Robert Frost: A Life* (New York: Henry Holt, 1999) 237.

<sup>2</sup> Parini 342.

<sup>3</sup> Reginald Cook, *Frost: A Living Voice* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1974) 131.

<sup>4</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Poemas Completos de Alberto Caieiro*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha (Lisbon: Presença, 1994) 89.

<sup>5</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *The Keeper of Sheep*, trans. Edwin Honig and Susan M. Brown (Riverdale-on-Hudson, N.Y.: Sheep Meadow Press, 1986) 52.

<sup>6</sup> John Wain, "Thinking About Mr. Person," *New Lugano Review* 2 (1979): 74.

<sup>7</sup> Wain 75.

<sup>8</sup> See Georg Rudolf Lind, *Teoria Poética de Fernando Pessoa*, (Porto: Inova, 1970) 124; Francisco Cota Fagundes, "Caieiro versus Teixeira de Pascoaes: A Origem Paródica de um Sério 'Esquema' Poético," *Bulletin of Hispanic Studies* 56 (Apr. 1979): 225-32; and Jacinto do Prado Coelho, "Fernando Pessoa e Teixeira de Pascoaes," *A Letra e o Leitor*, 3rd ed. (1996): 219-48.

<sup>9</sup> Fernando Pessoa, *Páginas Íntimas e de Auto-Interpretação*, ed. Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto do Prado Coelho (Lisbon: Ática, 1966) 344-45. See also Jacinto do Prado Coelho, *Diversidade e Unidade em Fernando Pessoa*, 8th ed. (Lisbon: Verbo, 1985) 185-86.

<sup>10</sup> Maria da Encarnação Monteiro, *Incidências Inglesas na Poesia de Fernando Pessoa* (Coimbra: Coimbra Editora, 1956) 95.

<sup>11</sup> Rosa M. R. Mikels and Grace Shoup, eds., *Poetry of To-Day: An Anthology* (New York: Scribners, 1927) 247.

<sup>12</sup> Alice Meynell's "The Shepherdess" was first linked to Caieiro's *O Guardador de Rebanhos* by Charles David Ley in *A Inglaterra e os Escritores Portugueses* (Lisbon: Seara Nova, 1939) 38-40. Acknowledging Ley's primacy in the matter, Jorge de Sena writes, in 1953, of the "magnificent poem 'The Shepherdess,' by Alice Meynell, with its half line that might have been the thematic matrix of [Alberto Caieiro's] 'The Keeper of the Flocks.'" ("Fernando Pessoa e a Literatura Inglesa," *O Comércio do Porto* (Aug. 11, 1953; reprinted in Jorge de Sena, *Fernando Pessoa & C<sup>a</sup> Heterónima* [Lisbon: Edições 70, 1982] I, 94.) In 1978, however, he suggests that the key to Caieiro's and his disciples' "bucolicism" lies in two lines from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—"My sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serve: / Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitless Love" ("O 'Meu Mestre Caieiro' de Fernando Pessoa e Outros Mais," in *Actas do I Congresso Internacional de Estudos Pessoaanos* [Porto: Brasília, 1979] 356). Sena does not say so, but Sidney's lines might also have influenced Alice Meynell.

<sup>13</sup> Alice Meynell, "The Shepherdess," *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, ed. Arthur Quiller-Couch (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912) 836-37. Jaime H. da Silva notes that Pessoa's copy of this work contains some markings. There is one on the "back flyleaf a list of numbers referring to poems," "some strokes and underlinings, especially of titles," and "a few evaluations in English." ("Fernando Pessoa's Library," unpublished manuscript.)

<sup>14</sup> Teresa Sobral Cunha ed. 58.

<sup>15</sup> Honig and Brown 21.

<sup>16</sup> Susan M. Brown, "The Poetics of Pessoa's *Drama em Gente*: The Function of Alberto

Caeiro and the Role of Whitman," diss., University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, 1987, 365. I am indebted to Susan Brown for information about Pessoa's copy of *Poems of Walt Whitman*. (Penny Poets XXVII, Master Library series [London: Review of Reviewer's Office, n.d.]

17 Honig and Brown 26.

18 Thomas Merton, "Translator's Note" in "Twelve Poems [by] Fernando Pessoa," in ND: *New Directions in Prose and Poetry* 19, ed. J. Laughlin (New York: New Directions, 1966) 299.

19 Holbrook Jackson, *The Eighteen Nineties: a Review of Art and Ideas at the Close of the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Capricorn Books, 1966) 141.

20 Meynell, "The Two Poets" in *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* 838.

21 Teresa Sobral Cunha ed. 59.

22 My translation, unpublished. Perhaps it was the "English" qualities of this poem that influenced the editor's decision to choose it as the one example of Caeiro's poetry to be included in the revised edition of *The Oxford Book of Portuguese Verse*, ed. Aubrey F. G. Bell, 2nd ed., ed. B. Vidigal (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952) 336-37.

23 John Ruskin, "Modern Painters" in *The Works of John Ruskin*, V. eds. E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn (London: George Allen; New York: Longmans, Green, 1904) 205.

24 Ruskin 204; 209.

25 Fernando Pessoa / Álvaro de Campos, "Notas para a Recordação do Meu Mestre Caeiro," *Presença* 30 (Jan.-Feb., 1931); quoted here in Edwin Honig's translation (Fernando Pessoa, *Always Astonished: Selected Prose* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1988) 24-25). Georg Rudolf Lind anticipates me in linking Álvaro de Campos's essay on Alberto Caeiro to John Ruskin's *Modern Painters*; see Lind, *Teoria Poética de Fernando Pessoa* 123-24, and *Estudos Sobre Fernando Pessoa* (Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional—Casa da Moeda, 1981) 127-28.

26 Ruskin 209.

27 Pessoa, *Páginas Íntimas* 338.

28 Pessoa, *Páginas Íntimas* 338. Pessoa's emphasis.

29 Teresa Sobral Cunha ed. 78.

30 Fernando Pessoa, *Self-Analysis and Thirty Other Poems*, trans. George Monteiro. (Lisbon: Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, 1988) 72-73.

31 Teresa Sobral Cunha ed. 64.

32 Honig and Brown 27.