

Translating Trans-Atlantic Space in Two 1938 Travel Narratives to Cape Verde: Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind* and Archibald Lyall's *Black and White Make Brown*

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As we came nearer we could see they were not round knobs of equal height protruding from the sea. Light clouds, which were not visible before, hovered over the islands and covered some of the volcanic peaks, making them appear to be of the same height. Their shores, too, far from sloping gently into the ocean, were cut up, ragged, and irregular, scattered with rocks and ledges as though indicating a constant struggle with the elements around them. [...] It was unrelated to any country I could remember. These islands—what were they like? I groped in my mind for something comparable. They were just islands, suspended in the Atlantic, lost islands, jumping-off places.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, 1938

It was our first warm, sunny day and the flying fish were gliding like silver swallows over the calm blue mirror of the sea when we caught the first glimpse of Africa. [...] The islands have been likened to a fleet of petrified galleons riding at anchor, and certainly the skyline was almost too fantastic to be true. The peaks and pinnacles and cliffs chequered the horizon like the backcloth of a modernist theater. As we came nearer, Santo Antão showed itself as a mass of naked rock, crinkled and crumpled as though by the same sun which had singed off whatever vegetation might have sprung up after the last rains. When the purser said that Santo Antão was reputed to be the most fertile of all the islands, I began to wonder whether I was not going to spend the next month or two on a sort of open-air geological museum.

—Archibald Lyall, 1938

I. Atlantic Space and Metaphors of Travel

Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind* recounts the last ten days of an almost six-month Atlantic air journey undertaken in 1933. Morrow Lindbergh (1906-2001) and her husband Charles traversed thirty thousand miles in a single engine Lockheed aircraft baptized the Tingmissartok from the Greenlander cry—"one who flies like a big bird"—on the sighting of a plane (Lindbergh vi). This was the same plane that had set a 1930 continental record from California to New York, although the later journey was not intent on breaking aviation barriers in the same sense. Rather, it was one of geographic and economic exploration, to survey the Atlantic and chart potential routes for commercial airlines. Morrow Lindbergh's text relates the story of the homeward route of the journey and opens with the air approach to Cape Verde and the subsequent landing and short stay at the French sea-plane base in the port of Praia on the island of Santiago (São Tiago).

Three years later, Archibald Lyall departed on a very different type of Atlantic journey by means of a series of ships that carried him first to Portugal, onto Cape Verde, between islands, and finally to then Portuguese Guinea. Lyall (1904-1964), who studied at Oxford, was at times a barrister, served as an Intelligence Corps officer during the Second World War, and for a short period directed the Public Information Office of the Allied British-United States Zone of Trieste. First and foremost though, he was a traveler. Lyall's published accounts of his trips span more than thirty years and fall into two discrete sets; the first recounts travels of the 1930s and the second dates from 1956 until his death. The journeys themselves are quite distinct, from the early ones to the Balkans, Russia, Cape Verde, and Portuguese Guinea undertaken when Lyall was in his late twenties and early thirties to the later ones to Rome, southern France, Madrid, and Tuscany in the 1950s and 60s that resulted in intimate travel guides for the discerning English tourist.

At the time of his travels to Cape Verde and Portuguese Guinea, Archibald Lyall was already a well-known eccentric in a sector of 1930s London society and likened by a close friend of his to an early novel by Evelyn Waugh into which "Archie fitted like a hand in a glove" (Clarke and Footman 15). Ostensibly, Lyall traveled to Portuguese Guinea in the employ of a chemical laboratory to investigate an herbal drug reportedly used by locals as an oral contraceptive. The circle of Archie's English friends, however, conjectured that the real purpose of the journey was to look into the rumors that the Germans were building submarine bases in the Guinean Bissagos Islands (Clarke and Footman 17). Lyall, however, hints

only vaguely at espionage activity in the text of his 1936 journey, *Black and White Make Brown: An Account of a Journey to the Cape Verde Islands and Portuguese Guinea* (Lyall 252). Published in the same year as Morrow Lindbergh's travel account of the homeward journey from Lisbon through the South Atlantic, Lyall's narrative moves away from home and into the unknown. Both recount journeys of rediscovery and exploration in the sea paths of fifteenth-century Portuguese travelers of sorts whose own voyages through the Atlantic charted it with real, not illusory islands (Johnson 27). If both Morrow Lindbergh and Lyall interpolate Portuguese journeys of empire, their own very different travels further participate in the renewed cartographic project of what Fernández-Armesto, writing of medieval Atlantic exploration, cites as the "one authentic discovery of transcendent importance," that of Atlantic space (56).

To speak of fifteenth-century Portuguese explorers, Morrow Lindbergh, and Lyall all as "travelers" recognizes, even briefly, how recent critical debate has expanded the tropes of travel beyond the more accepted dislocations of European leisure travel in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. While some critics such as Mary Louise Pratt include narratives of science, anthropology, and discovery among travel texts, others such as James Clifford and Caren Kaplan argue for mobility narratives to encompass those of slavery, marronage, captivity, migration, and immigration.

Intrinsically rooted in discourses of othering, the culture of modern travel narrative has a richness that can be applied well before the post-18th century second period of colonialism and, indeed, to the discourses of the very beginnings of modern colonial encounters, the first period that began, in one version, when Columbus attempted to narrate his travels to a New World in, as Stephen Greenblatt argues, a rhetoric of wonder to compensate for the failure to discover a set of metaphors adequate to his experience. In contrast, José Rabasa, in *Inventing America*, contends that Columbus is a prime example of a practitioner of a new type of travel discourse to describe a New World, one that both borrows from existing medieval forms of travel rhetoric, but transforms and reinvents that narrative as a new form of Renaissance scripture. Rabasa's own reading is indebted to Michel de Certeau's *The Writing of History* and his theory of a Renaissance scriptural economy whose most salient feature is the transformation from a medieval scripture that purports to narrate exemplary lives—*exemplum fidei*—and chronicle events to a scripture that seeks to valorize an individual subject and provide a record of the appropriation and transformation of a territory or social body.

It is this traveling culture to which the Portuguese not only belong, but, indeed, inform, through the ambiguous narrations that accompany the late medieval and modern opening of Atlantic space. Even an introduction to the highly complex Portuguese culture of travel would necessarily study the textual locations where bodies meet, engage, and struggle for power over space and are transformed by the series of encounters. It is also this traveling culture that Anne Morrow Lindbergh and Archibald Lyall invoke in their own Atlantic journeys. If that former culture is poised between de Certeau's notion of medieval scripture and the dynamic Renaissance scriptural economy, it is also one that produces discourses of power to incorporate and ultimately colonize encountered spaces and bodies. And, above all, early Portuguese travel narratives inscribe the economy of Atlantic spaces as locations of hegemonical, imperial, colonial and capitalist exchanges. As Morrow Lindbergh and Lyall retrace the paths of fifteenth-century Portuguese travelers through Atlantic oceanic and island spaces, they, too, write from specific and very different locations of economy, nation, colony, time, and memory. The narratives that emerge from their own Cape Verdean journeys straddle discourses of travel and inform the ambivalent trans-Atlantic times and spaces between the two World Wars.

II. Traveling Home: Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind*

These bare, brown broken-off scraps of the African continent are two hundred miles nearer to South America than the closest part of Africa.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Of the historic six-month journey through the Atlantic that Anne Morrow Lindbergh made in 1933 with her pioneering aviator husband Charles, she chose to narrate the travels of the last week and a half of the accidental homeward leg. Theirs had been a journey to survey the three "natural" North Atlantic air routes, which Lindbergh designates the northern Greenland Route, the southern Azores Route, and the center "Great Circle Route" (Lindbergh vi). Traveling from Lisbon, the Lindberghs arrive at the Azores too late in the year to complete the Southern Route and are forced to move farther south to begin the flight home along the equator separating the north and south Atlantic. At the start of her narrative in the moments prior to sighting Cape Verde, Morrow Lindbergh retraces their travels of the past few days:

Last night outside the tents of the Moors on that dry spit of desert Africa; the night before at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, among the bazaars and shops, the docks and markets of that old crossroad of the east and west. One jump back from Las Palmas and we had been at the Azores, stepping stones in the Atlantic. One jump before that, Lisbon (Morrow Lindbergh 3).

And, of course, before her lay those pieces of Africa, whose only redemption is their location two hundred miles closer to Brazil.

In this short passage that begins *Listen! the Wind*, Anne Morrow Lindbergh manages to both resonate and disrupt a culture of travel established some five hundred years before her own air voyage. Unlike the narratives of sea voyages, however, her travel through this part of the Atlantic consists of staccato-like jumps from space to space in an island itinerary of entrepôts, interstitial locations, and take-off points that foreshadow the dislocation of the postmodern traveler. Travel writing, however, is inherently ambivalent, so that Morrow Lindbergh's text plays these intermediary island spaces off against those continental ones inscribed with almost metaphorical Moors, viewed as pieces of the colonial and barren landscape. But even on the continent, there is a transience of tents, a station on a larger Atlantic journey. This textual ambiguity in the opening passages of Morrow Lindbergh's narrative is not unrelated to what David Spurr terms "the anxiety of colonial discourse," particularly in the relationship between author and text (11). At the end of a long endeavor to chart the commercial routes of air exchanges across the Atlantic, Morrow Lindbergh immerses herself in the discourse of travel and pins an ambivalent colonial gaze on landscapes and subjects as she sets her sights on home.

In the passage that opens my text, Anne Morrow Lindbergh's first view of Cape Verde in many ways echoes the initial sightings of land in the travel narratives of late medieval and Renaissance explorers who wonder at the otherness of the landscape, of course with an important difference; this is not a sighting across the horizon, but rather one from above. The strangeness of the Cape Verdean topography is untranslatable and ultimately is expressed in the islands' description as suspended and lost, mere "jumping-off spaces." This strangeness is compounded by the almost impossible landing conditions of strong winds and rough waves, though the safe haven appears in the sighting of the harbor, a crane, and a hangar. The Lindberghs manage to land the Tingmissartog at the French seaplane base at Praia and are greeted by a rowboat of islanders, the French mechanic in a sun helmet, and "two Negroes" who moor the plane with

a single anchor. For Morrow Lindbergh, the irony is that to be at a jumping-off space means that one first has to land; to journey home, one first must start out from some other place, even if that place is intermediary.

Once on land, Morrow Lindbergh's sense of the "unrecognizability" of Cape Verde and of Cape Verdeans themselves increases as she meets and interacts with the chief of the seaplane base and his wife in a sphere of cultural strangeness not unlike that of the geographical one. David Spurr's work on colonial discourse and imperial rhetoric is illuminating here particularly in the ways in which Morrow Lindbergh's travel narrative of Atlantic space reverberates with earlier Atlantic narratives of conquest and contemporary ones of colonization. Morrow Lindbergh, though only passing through the islands, interacts in the colonial society and participates in the writings of self-inscription "onto the lives of people who are conceived as an extension of the landscape" (Spurr 7). She first sights the Cape Verdean couple in shadow by the pier and adjusts her gaze to the new island light:

I put my hand up to shade my face and looked at them. They were both young and both in sun helmets. The man was a Negro. No—perhaps not. [...] But he was very dark, with almost a blue tinge to his skin. And he was so thin and long that his nicely cut and brushed dark suit hung on him listlessly as though on a rack, and showed no trace of the figure beneath. Why, he might be just poles underneath, I thought, a scarecrow.

The girl was thin also and wore a clumsy sun helmet on her head which looked as though it might extinguish her like the snuffer of a candle. It was probably a man's sun helmet, too heavy for her sweet sallow little face, for that flimsy cotton print dress flapping listlessly in the wind against bare brown legs, for those narrow feet showing dusty through the openwork sandals. (19)

Not unlike the early chroniclers of Atlantic encounters, Morrow Lindbergh's descriptions of the "natives" move from that which they are not, particularly in terms of racial categories. Was the man a "Negro," and if not, what was he other than very dark with blue overtones? In later sections of the narrative, Morrow Lindbergh labors to discern the woman's race, and only at the end of her stay does she learn her identity as Italian, but island-born. She is fascinated with their bodies, or rather, the ways in which their bodies are erased and made listless beneath the European attire; they are extinguished or transformed, devoid of life. Throughout their brief appearance in the travel narra-

tive, the couple are never referred to by their birth names, but only by the names given them by Morrow Lindbergh—"Chef" and "his wife" or "the girl." Her name for the base chief is a bit of linguistic mockery since at their first meeting he speaks to her in halting English and identifies himself as the "chef," undoubtedly using the Portuguese word *chefe* as a false cognate. Her amusement, however, quickly turns to disdain when the "Chef" turns to his more fluent French and she realizes that one of her roles on Santiago will be that of translator, a task that she cannot fulfill, not even in the most rudimentary sense.

It is in this forced intermediary role that Morrow Lindbergh passes through various sectors of Cape Verdean society to secure the shackles that her husband requests to reinforce the plane's sole anchor, to obtain fuel for the trans-Atlantic flight, to arrange for their lodging in Praia, and to linger for a few hours in Santiago's colonial haute culture. These ventures lead her to the center of town, as well as to various commercial establishments, the Governor's house, and to the home of Chef and his wife, who attempt to interact with the Lindberghs. Morrow Lindbergh's trip to Praia puts her in the midst of the local women, most of whom she notes are pregnant, and with the swollen-bellied children who run out to look at her. She, of course, looks back with the fascinated, horrified gaze of a traveler:

A large crowd had gathered in the hot street, men, women, and children, their black faces shining with perspiration. The women had limp babies, like wilting poppy buds, drooping on their backs. Some of them had baskets on their heads, balanced on red bandannas. They raised their hands and waved at us. The men shouted in broken English. We pushed our way through the hot, pressing bodies. Here was something waving that was not an arm. It was a claw, opening and shutting rhythmically, in the middle of those black hands. I stopped and stared at it, horrified, fascinated. It was a chicken's foot, torn off, held in the hand of a small boy who was manipulating it, pulling the tendons. He gave a delighted leer at my startled face. (36-37)

As in the case of the scarecrow-like Chef, Morrow Lindbergh narrates the vitality out of the Cape Verdean subjects, instead creating broken, incomprehensible, dehumanized and animal bodies whose own gaze in return, even in the face of a child, becomes a mocking leer.

Furthermore, Morrow Lindbergh's colonial anxiety of the public space finds no relief in the house of Chef and his wife. An entire chapter—"Where

Would We Sleep?"—follows the Lindbergh's search for an adequate place to spend the night. The former chief's bungalow, filthy and atop a treacherous hill becomes a colonial emblem of the forgotten island port: "There were newspapers on the bare floor, French ones, old and yellowing [...]. And none of those things mattered now. [...] I wondered how much they ever mattered to Porto Praia" (41). In the ambivalence of the traveler, however, Morrow Lindbergh cannot bring herself to accept the Cape Verdean couple's offer to use their own bedroom, even after learning that the alternative spaces are contaminated with tuberculosis or infested with bed bugs. The Lindberghs end up sleeping in their plane, choosing the certain space, par excellence, of the travelers, rather than the uncertainty of Cape Verdean space. Upon seeing their hosts the next morning, in yet another "untranslate-able" moment, the Lindberghs assume an air of "blank British cheerfulness," with no words to excuse the poverty and the dirt (Morrow Lindbergh 70).

If there is one Cape Verdean island space that Morrow Lindbergh approaches with some assurance, it is the house of the Portuguese Governor where she and Charles eat a long leisurely lunch. Here, she finds a bathroom with unused scented soap, purple hand towels, women in silk, men in uniform, a world that she deems "easy, comfortable, and completely unreal" (81). Here, Morrow Lindbergh learns the history and geography of the islands, told to her in "beautiful French." The Governor brings out the maps of the Islands, "neatly contoured and marked, set in a flawless paper sea" (82), which, too, cannot translate the wind and waves that halt the journey home. The maps are useless, but Morrow Lindbergh longs to linger—"If only it were something else we wanted: facts about the early slave traffic from Africa, sisal or eucalyptus oil, baobab trees or coffee" (83). The harsh colonial locations of Cape Verdean histories are lures away from that which would take her home; for Morrow Lindbergh they are unreal stories told in an unreal place and she turns towards the harbor, the plane, and the wind, all of which signify departure.

Ultimately, the departure becomes not only the journey towards home, but also away from Cape Verde. If Morrow Lindbergh fails as an intermediary in Santiago, the island as well fails as an adequate trans-Atlantic space. The strong winds make it impossible for the plane to take off with a full load of fuel sufficient to cross the ocean, and the Lindberghs are forced to return to Africa. With a yellow fever epidemic raging in Dakar, they turn to Bathurst in the British Gambia as their next jumping-off point. Morrow Lindbergh nar-

rates their departure as an escape from the perceived timelessness of the island, from an intermediary dimension that is not measured in Western time:

Of course, we had gone by time. There were our chronometers to be wound every morning. But they did not seem to have any connection with the time on the island. They were arbitrary instruments that we had brought with us from another world. [...] How long had we been here? Could it be measured in weeks, days, or hours. (91-92)

Even in her farewells to Chef and his wife, Morrow Lindbergh only can relate the immutability of Cape Verdean island space expressed in the couple's "appalling stillness" (Morrow Lindbergh 112). And in her final gaze at the two people whose human-ness escapes her, she casts her eyes towards an unchanging landscape:

Such stillness [...] I have only felt in a waiting train, standing in a country station. Another train goes by, clickety-click, clickety-click. The sound of rattling cars, the rush of wind, the kaleidoscopic pattern of passing faces and windows, light and darkness, give you the illusion that you too are moving. Then, with a rattle and swish of wind, the train is gone. You are suddenly faced again with the same stark landscape; the still roadbed covered with oil and cinders, the still tracks, the still water tank, the telegraph poles, the ditch, the fence. It was the same landscape I saw now in the faces opposite me. (112-113)

It is this gaze that Morrow Lindbergh maintains as the plane struggles to take off in the rush of water from the harbor at Praia. As she watches from the cockpit window, Chef and his wife wave their "miniature arms" and lose all importance in Morrow Lindbergh's world view as they quickly become a "dim and dreamlike memory, an old nightmare" (Morrow Lindbergh 118). There are not even any photos to carry away—in contrast to the small girl who asks to snap a picture of the Lindberghs as they leave—but only the faint crackle of the radio as the last contact is made and lost. And in a wonderfully pre-postmodern moment, Morrow Lindbergh watches the Atlantic island landscape recede as the plane ascends and "space became time in that instant" (118). In that moment of dislocation-location she moves from an island space without Western time to a new measure of time that utterly merges with space towards the ordered space and time of British colonialism—

forested, paved, whitewashed, and wired: "A British colony, of course. We would be all right here" (Morrow Lindbergh 122).

III. Traveling Away: Archibald Lyall's *Black and White Make Brown*

I had only met one man who had ever been to Portuguese Guinea; and he found himself there more or less by accident. He was an American novelist named Norman Matson who I ran across in Lisbon in 1929. He had just come up from Guinea and was waiting for a boat back to New York. Matson had lived in Provincetown, Massachusetts, which I gathered from his description was a sort of an American St. Ives; a little town of writers, painters and fishermen perched at the end of Cape Cod. Portuguese fishermen from the Azores and mulatto fishermen from the Cape Verde Islands went there every year in large numbers, he said, and he had made friends with some of the Capverdians and persuaded them to take him back to their native islands with them. So he had crossed the Atlantic in a big sailing ship manned by seventy "niggers" and been becalmed for a month in mid-ocean and arrived in the end at Praia, the miniature capital of Cape Verde. He had stayed there for a while, and then sailed on with his dusky friends when they crossed to the mainland of Guinea. In Guinea apparently, against a Darkest African background of jungle and savagery, he found himself in a highly sophisticated society of Portuguese exiles from the Dictatorship. They were all doctors and lawyers and poets from Lisbon, and they lived there in Guinea with beautiful mulatto mistresses and talked about Paris and never saw a stranger from one year to another. He was the first tourist who had ever been heard of there. So I made up my mind to go to these almost unvisited colonies as soon as I had the opportunity, and suddenly the opportunity came along. (Lyall 1-2)

Thus begins Archibald Lyall's travel narrative of his own journey to Cape Verde and Portuguese Guinea—with the tale of another traveler. As a framing device, Matson's complex tale is the lure that draws Lyall, already a seasoned traveler, first to the Atlantic islands and then to continental Africa. What is the lure, or in this case, the series of lures for Lyall? The Atlantic voyage? The island space? The tale of the Portuguese exile community set in the savage jungle? The mulatto women who help sustain the dreams of Paris?

In many ways, Matson's story is the perfect take-off device for Lyall's narrative journey as it seamlessly interweaves the tales of many travelers and their worldviews—those of Matson himself, the Azorean and Cape Verdean fish-

ermen to Massachusetts, the sailors' return to the islands and then to Guinea, the exiled Portuguese revolutionaries, and the promise of Lyall's own Atlantic travels. And the lure? For Lyall the only one that really matters: to visit the unvisited colonies. And so, seven years after hearing Matson's tale, Lyall sets off for Cape Verde and Portuguese Guinea, not as a modern African wanderer who "depended for prestige very largely on the dangers and difficulties they had surmounted," nor as an "anthropologist, sportsman nor explorer," but as a traveler and thus "interested as much in the white and brown men as in the black" (Lyall 3). What Lyall does claim, however, from the contemporary anthropologist, at least, is the fascination with the "field." James Clifford's telling assessment of Lyall's contemporaries, that generation of Franz Boas anthropologists who spoke and wrote with seriousness about the field as laboratory finds its expression in the title of Lyall's narrative, and its suggested reports of the racial mingling and mixing of Portuguese colonial laboratories (Clifford 21). If, as the text that opens this present work suggests, Lyall's first impressions of Cape Verdean topography are those of a museum, he quickly sets about attempting to catalogue and archive racial and cultural topographies for exhibit in his travel narrative.

For Lyall, however, this space that he deems as creolized is not the controlled anthropological laboratory where his own mobility is contrasted with the static and centered native dwelling place or field. In sharp contrast to Anne Morrow Lindbergh, whose gaze imprisoned Cape Verdean subjects at least as much as she perceived her own imprisonment on Santiago and who fled in fascinated horror from the impossibility of translation, Archibald Lyall revels in translation, whether that be linguistic, cultural, or material. Where Morrow Lindbergh pins her subjects to the static landscape, Lyall narrates mobility, oftentimes privileging others' travel over his own, and in so doing positions Cape Verde as that space that ultimately does translate the Atlantic as ambivalent, interstitial, colonized, dynamic, and decadent. Where Morrow Lindbergh's narrative recognizes dislocation only in the impossibility of home, order, and time in the Cape Verdean location and marks the frontier between travelers and locals with a swift gaze from above, Archibald Lyall's narrative, like his gaze, wanders among the possibilities of location and dislocation. Where Morrow Lindbergh denies the realities of colonial histories, economies, and hegemonies, Lyall is the consummate translator of their cultural expressions in the bodies and landscapes of numerous travelers both historical and contemporary.

Lyall's journey begins in London in a Portuguese conversation class where, after a dozen lessons, he can make himself understood in a "vile Portuguese-Spanish *patois*" of his own (4). Once in Lisbon proper, he collects introductions and letters to carry to Cape Verde and Guinea and, while waiting for his boat to sail, indulges in a side trip to the Algarve. No ordinary jaunt, this is a pilgrimage to Sagres and Lagos, the holy sites of the Infante Dom Henrique, where Lyall provides the Prince's exemplary life narration. This is itself a travel narrative within a travel narrative, not only Lyall's or of the landlubber Infante, of course, but that of the traveling Portuguese nation. As he reaches Cape St. Vincent, "the uttermost end of Europe," he looks out on the sea and begins his true Atlantic voyage at the "suddenest place in all the world" (18).

Of his own Atlantic voyage, Lyall recounts little, but instead devotes the narrative space to a detailed history of Cape Verde that situates the archipelago as trans-Atlantic space, an obligatory port of call for the slave trade, treasure-ships from India and, with the rise of ocean liners at the end of the nineteenth century, as a (imported) coal refueling station for luxury ships. To these narratives of mobility, Lyall weaves those of the emigrants as well, particularly those of Brava, who were before the first World War the economic saviors of a colony beset by famine and, between the Wars, all but forgotten by the metropolis: "The average Portuguese knows Cape Verde solely from the recurring newspaper headline 'Famine in Cape Verde,' which is to him what 'Revolution in Cuba' or 'Floods in China' are to us. The Islands have been forgotten for centuries and they are still forgotten" (32).

Once in Praia, at the Hotel Vasconcelos, Lyall immerses himself in another traveling group, a trio of expatriate Europeans who for assorted reasons have ended up in Santiago. With them, Lyall forms the "English-speaking colony of Praia" (45). From his hotel base, Lyall studies the "human cocktail-shaker" racial laboratory of the island and, in addition to the inventory of color, his narrative catalogues the labor practices, diseases, dress, and class structure of the island capital. He declares the Cape Verdeans to be "bohemians" since they do not possess "a sense that everything ought to serve a particular purpose and no other" (39). Thus, petrol tins become showerheads or flower pots, kerosene packing cases turn into lavatory seats, and empty flour-cloth sacks are reinvented as shirts or sails. Always the consummate modernist reader and viewer in his writing of racialized and gendered bodies, Lyall recognizes, albeit incompletely, a thoroughly different type of "translate-abil-

ity” that informs the very basis of Cape Verdean creole culture, as if those very bodies were sites of trans-Atlantic hybrid practices.

If Lyall catalogues, he also collects, and at the center of his Cape Verdean narrative is a chapter devoted to “The Creole Poets.” The chapter opens with Lyall’s account of meeting José Lopes da Silva for whom Lyall admits a certain fascination as an autodidact who taught himself English by reading Shakespeare, Byron, Spenser and Milton (90). The traveler reproduces stanzas from Lopes’s “Ode on England” on Lord Nelson and the Battle of Jutland, undoubtedly an intriguing and ambiguous relic for Lyall’s future English audience. Indeed, the three Cape Verdean writers who Lyall most cites in this chapter—Lopes, Pedro Cardoso, and Eugénio Tavares—all belong to what Manuel Ferreira has termed the “generation of ambiguity” (Ferreira xlv).

David Brookshaw well situates this generation within the social and political context of Cape Verde and, in particular, within the early decades of the twentieth century with a liberal Portuguese Republic that decentralized the colonial administration, as well as with the aforementioned relative economic boom due to trans-Atlantic shipping and American dollars from Cape Verdean emigrants (Brookshaw 183). The new centralizing colonial policies of Salazar’s *Estado Novo* combined with the world economic crisis to drastically change the interstitial island space and economy as well as its literary-cultural practices. Lyall, who writes extensively both in this chapter and elsewhere in the narrative about the political and economic decadence of the islands, recognizes the ambiguity of trans-Atlantic cultural expressions, most particularly in his cataloguing and rudimentary analysis of contemporary Cape Verdean verse. He writes of Pedro Cardoso as a versatile poet who “competes with José Lopes in producing ornate poems in classical Portuguese” but who also writes *mornas* in Fogo Creole (97). Lyall even translates some of the verses and *mornas* of the Brava poet Eugénio Tavares and offers a basic lesson in the grammar and historical linguistics of Creole. Most telling here is Lyall’s translation of Tavares’s “Morna de Despedida,” (as “The Morna of Farewell”), a traveling song of economic exile and departure.

Even more telling is Lyall’s coincidence in Cape Verde in 1936 with the publication of the first number of *Claridade*, a name that the English traveler deems somewhat unwarranted (93). Citing Jorge Barbosa, Manuel Lopes, Osvaldo Alcantara, Baltasar Lopes da Silva and the artist Jaime Figueiredo as the chief proponents, Lyall comments on the *claridosos*’ “intensely local” poetics: “Their subjects are almost always the islands of Cape Verde, their

mountains and seas, their rains and droughts, and the hardships of their people" (93). He includes a translation of Jorge Barbosa's "Islands," from the 1935 collection *Archipelago*, a poem that travels throughout the archipelago and expresses the movements of dance, music, politics, emigration, and the market places in the islands.

As a translator, Lyall himself recognizes his always-distanced subjectivity from the creole and ambiguous expressions of *caboverdianidade*. Lyall may, as he put it, "amuse myself trying to translate [...] whenever I could find someone to help me"; he may, in fact assay to explain *sodade* in terms of exile and longing; but, ultimately, he cannot convey the creole memory that is not part of his own cultural landscape (99, 104). Does he, as James Clifford suggests, engage then in the dual edge of translation and betrayal that extends to all those who travel and inscribe, if we regard travel as a translation term: "Travel [...] offers a good reminder that all translation terms used in global comparison—get us some distance and fall apart. *Tradittore, traduttore*. In the kind of translation that interests me most, you learn a lot about peoples, cultures, and histories different from your own, enough to begin to know what you're missing" (Clifford 39). For Archibald Lyall, travel to Cape Verde signifies translations of locations of class, race, and even literariness. If these inscriptions of Cape Verdean cultural, literary, material, and historical landscapes are necessarily marked by that which is lacking, a discursive absence, so to speak, they also are marked by that which is present in terms of both strategies and contingencies.

IV. Home and Away: Translating Trans-Atlantic Space

Every story is a travel story, a spatial practice.

—Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*

A travel narrative, as a spatial practice, is mobility itself, as it moves between locations and the strategic discursive practices that transform them. That travel narratives are always contingent underscores the ambiguities and betrayals of cultural comparisons. Anne Morrow Lindbergh's mobile narrative of travel seemingly finds its direction between away and home as an anxious discursive charting of the direct air routes of Atlantic exchanges. Part of that dynamic process of exchange relies on the transformative practices of her own narration, even in her translations of home and away. As Van den Abbeele argues, the concept of home is itself mediated through travel and the

spatialization of time (xix). For Morrow Lindbergh, the air voyage makes this problematic, at the very least, for in that take-off moment in which space and time converge, there is also a discursive convergence of that which is future with memories of home and away. Home, in her travel narrative, is both prospective and retrospective, as the “away” of Cape Verde is forgotten, and she inscribes this absence through the writing of the islands and the islanders as both static and timeless. At one end of her narrative journey, Morrow Lindbergh imposes home on the Atlantic approach to Brazil, in fact to that city which signifies home, Natal:

Only an hour to go, an hour was nothing. An hour could be measured easily. [...] Down the driveway and around the curve—such a bad curve—go slow there. Past the entrance with the silver birches all leaning out to meet you, the corner of the big Brinkerhoff place, now deserted, windows gutted out, and a forest of young shoots where there used to be lawn. [...] The first dim line of land was pushing up over the horizon—South America. It was then, I realized, for the first time, that we were on the other side. [...] Nevertheless, I gave up driving from Englewood to New York and kept my eye on that dim line [...]. (257-258)

If Morrow Lindbergh’s travel narrative ends with a translation of home and away, so does Archibald Lyall’s but in a very different sense. Unlike Morrow Lindbergh who inscribes home in the memory of that which is still away, Lyall returns to Europe and declares his trip a “successful one beyond my wildest expectations” and basks in the “happy memory” of his visit to “these little twin first-born of Henry the Navigator” (302). He counters the claustrophobic Guinean coastal space with a ten-day stay on a balcony in Gibraltar where he can gaze at the harbor, the ultimate ambiguous traveler who watches the “warships gliding in and out like slim, grey sea-birds” (302). His sojourn in Gibraltar, at once both home and away for Lyall, however, does not end the narrative. Rather, he closes his mobile tale in a Spanish prison cell in the midst of a civil war and his memories:

[...] I found myself thinking nostalgically of the Dark Continent I had left behind me, where peace and tolerance and friendliness were virtues highly prized, and to kill one’s neighbors for a point of politics would have been looked on as the work of an uncivilised savage. (303)

In the colonial writing of Africa as the "Dark Continent," Lyall's closing evokes the repeated tale of Norman Matson that opened his own travel narrative. Here, he frames that narrative through the translations of African coastal and trans-Atlantic space once again into locations of nostalgia, almost, but never *sodade*. And in this transformative discursive practice, Lyall inscribes the memory of the trans-Atlantic away almost as longingly as Morrow Lindbergh maps her trans-Atlantic home.

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