

Leonard Bacon's Camões: "Five Years of Monomania"

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Abstract. The American poet Leonard Bacon (1887-1954) spent more than "five years of monomania" in research for an edition of *Os Lusíadas* in English translation. Published in 1950 by the Hispanic Society of America (and still in print), his version remains the only American translation of the Portuguese epic to date. Bacon also gave lectures on the subject of Camões at Harvard in 1947 and Berkeley in 1951, reviewed J. D. M. Ford's 1946 edition of *Os Lusíadas* and C. M. Bowra's book on the epic (focusing on his chapter on Camões), and published several fine sonnets on the subject of Camões. He also published "By the Rivers of Babylon," a translation of what he called "the most superb of all Camões's lyrical poems."

"1950 will be remembered as the year of the first American translation of Luís de Camões's national epic *Os Lusíadas*," predicted Gerald Moser. Of course he spoke to a specialized audience: the readership of *Hispania*, the journal published by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese. "This verse translation," he continued, "was made by Leonard Bacon, Pulitzer-prize winning poet of Santa Barbara."¹ To this day Bacon's remains the only American translation, at least the only published one, of Camões's poem. Bacon's work is also, in the opinion of many, the poem's most satisfactory modern translation in English. Immediately upon its appearance the Harvard University scholar J. D. M. Ford, who in 1940 had published an edition of Sir Richard Fanshawe's seventeenth-century translation of *Os Lusíadas*, called it "by far the best poetical rendering of that epic

in our language.”² A half century later, in *From Dawn to Decadence* (2000), the historian Jacques Barzun recommended that of the existing translations of Camões’s *Os Lusíadas* into English “the one to read is Leonard Bacon’s, in verse.”³ Bacon’s translation is still in print.

Leonard Bacon (1887-1954) was born in town of Solvay, New York, near the city of Syracuse, but when he was eight years old family moved, in keeping with its New England roots, to Peace Dale, Rhode Island. His paternal grandfather, also named Leonard, had been a famous clergyman in New Haven, Connecticut. His mother was the granddaughter of Rowland G. Hazard, who achieved a modicum of fame as a philosopher. His great aunt was Delia Bacon, the vociferous champion of the theory that Francis Bacon was the actual author of the poetry and plays attributed to William Shakespeare. Developing his early bent for writing, Leonard Bacon served as co-editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* while in college. In 1910 he went to the University of California to teach English. He stayed until 1923 when he gave up teaching to devote himself to his writing. He was a prolific writer, publishing numerous volumes of poetry, a good deal of prose in journals and magazines, and book length translations over a forty-five year period. His often satirical poems appeared in volumes titled *The Scannel Pipe* (1909), *The Banquet of the Poets* (1921), *Ulug Beg* (1923), *Ph.D.s: Male and Female Created He Them* (1925), *Animula Vagula* (1926), *Guinea Fowl and Other Poultry* (1927), *The Legend of Quincibald* (1928), *Lost Buffalo* (1930), *The Furioso* (1932), *Dream and Action* (1934), *The Voyage of Autoleon* (1935), *The Goose on the Capitol* (1936), *Rhyme and Punishment* (1936), *Bullinger Bound* (1938), and *Sunderland Capture* (1940). In 1939 he published *Semi-Centennial*, an autobiographical volume. His work in translation includes collaborations with George Rapall Noyes on *Heroic Ballads of Servia* (1913) and with R. Selden Rose on *Poema de mio Cid* (1919), and, working alone, *The Song of Roland* (1914) and, of course, Camões’ *Os Lusíadas* (1950). He died on January 1, 1954, in Peace Dale, Rhode Island. At the time the *Atlantic Monthly* noted:

Leonard Bacon, friend and contributor, died on January 1. He graduated from Yale with his ambition, as he once said, “crystal clear. I knew I wanted to write poetry and nothing but poetry.” Thirty years later, after he had published several volumes and after his *Sunderland Capture* had been awarded the Pulitzer

Prize, he was still of the same mind. "Poetry," he said, "continues to be my blessing and my curse." Readers will miss his exuberance, his stalwart defense of the classics, his generosity, and his wit.⁴

Bacon's translation of *Os Lusíadas* was his last major publication in a long and productive career. Accompanying the poem are a twenty-page bio-critical introduction, detailed notes, and annotations placed at the end of each canto, "A Note on the Rivers of Babylon," along with his translation of Camões' poem expanding on the 137th Psalm, "Sobre os rios que vão." He also included a short essay titled "Camões and the History of Portugal." In its final form Bacon's edition profits a good deal from the work of his predecessors in the field, particularly Cecil Maurice Bowra (1898-1971) and Jeremiah Denis Matthias Ford (1873-1958), both of whom published important work on Camões in 1946 just months before Bacon tried out the first version of his translation of *Os Lusíadas* on trade publishers in New York.⁵ Bowra studied four literary epics (*From Virgil to Milton*) and Ford published a fully annotated edition of *Os Lusíadas*—the first of its kind in the United States.

Bacon wrote appreciative reviews of both publications for the *Saturday Review of Literature*. In "Epics, Oral and Written" Bacon spends almost half of his review praising Camões and his poem:

For the reviewer's money the essay on Camoens is, not unnaturally, the most interesting section of the book. Whatever critical theory Mr. Bowra may have with respect to the *Lusiads*, his excitement about the poem is catching. And it is right to say that though Camoens has been lucky in his English and American admirers from Fanshawe down, few of them have been more whole-hearted than his latest commentator. The one-eyed old fighter who swam with the manuscript of his epic from the wreck on the windy reefs at the mouth of that "Captain of Waters," the Mekong, somehow takes the fancy. He burned himself into the heart and brain of "his son by election, Sir Richard Burton," who translated his every word. Wordsworth knew what Herman Melville felt. And in our own time the son of an American president carried the *Lusiads* in his duffle-bag on

an African adventure as wild as any of Camoens's own. To discover Camoens is to discover splendor and charm, and for once the reviewer not only knows exactly what he's talking about but is completely right. Dante can do no more than Camoens when the monstrous Adamastor towers up, prophesying woe that makes each particular hair to stand on end. Mr. Bowra is well qualified to tell of the glory of the great poet. And it is refreshing to find an interpreter who writes so understandingly of the splendid madness of patriotism.⁶

Four months later Bacon reviewed Ford's edition of *Os Lusíadas*, published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Genius with One Eye" offers unqualified praise for the scholar: "This noble edition of the noble Portuguese epic in the original is the crowning work of one of the greatest of Romance language scholars." He then turns to what he calls Camões's "exotisme":

Strange lands, strange laws, strange customs, the beliefs, the very clothing, of still stranger men fascinate him as such matters attract or interest few of his predecessors. And he paints everything with meticulous exactness—the holy threads on the Brahmin's bosom, the many-colored birds levying tribute on the green nutmegs in the Banda Isles, the Borneo trees dripping camphor, Malacca's market "in the womb of morning," the Zamorin of Calicut chewing his betel, the Malay with his poisoned darts ("well-known to me"), Hindu castes, and a thousand other details of the unfamiliar.

Bacon concludes panegyrically:

The divine energy, the chivalrous nature, the imagination, rampant but always feeding on reality, the wit, the exaltation of mind, and the mighty line will last for ever and explain well enough why Camões has captured so many and such various enthusiasts in the palace corridors of Ferrara, in the forecastles of American frigates, by camp fires in East Africa or Arabia, and under the lamp at Grasmere. To have engaged the fancy of

Tasso and Wordsworth, of Melville and Sir Richard Burton, to have revealed the India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Golden Chersonese of this world and of the spirit, to have fixed a great language for two great nations, and to be a source of uncontaminated pleasure for whosoever masters their beautiful tongue—what more could poet hope? Nor is there much that shall “outlive this powerful rhyme, the living record of his memory,” who could get the whole Atlantic into the two miraculously intranslatable verses:

Desfez-se a nuvem negra, e c’um sororo.

Bramido muito longe o mar soou.

Homer knew that long sonorous roar of the sea booming under the disintegrating black squall.⁷

Accompanying Bacon’s review was his translation of Book X, stanzas 81, 87-90, of *Os Lusíadas* that he had already used as a Christmas greeting in 1945.⁸ He would make only minor changes in them—punctuation, a word here and there—when these stanzas found their place in Bacon’s translation of the whole.⁹

Two years after reviewing Ford’s edition, Bacon published a sonnet titled “Luis de Camoens” in the *Atlantic Monthly* in November 1948 (182: 98):

You are spice islands. You are the golden bird
That soars until it dies. You are the night
Out of which towers Adamastor’s height,
And whence he spoke the enigmatic word.
You are the mystery beyond Cape Verde.
You are the ships bound on their sunward flight.
You are conceits baroque, quaint, recondite,
That capture the sublime—or the absurd.
You knew the rivers of Babylon where the harp
Was hanged upon the willows, head surf roll
When the typhoon stormed the Cambodian shoal,
And, when the black squalls guttered out and ceased,
Gave us the Epic that retains the sharp
Tang of new oceans and the Gorgeous East.

As he had with the excerpt from *Os Lusíadas* in 1945, Bacon printed this poem privately for use as his Christmas greeting in 1950.¹⁰

Bacon's translation of *Os Lusíadas* has held its own in the more than half-century since its publication. Sticking faithfully to the original's ottava rima and despite the frequent presence of some cherished archaisms—for example, "thou shalt" and "spake," it remains the most readable of modern translations.¹¹ The *Oxford Guide to Literature in English Translation* (2000) calls Bacon's work "convincing."

This scholarly work maintains the best of the tradition of Camões translators and even satisfies the demands of rhyme with ease and accomplishment:

But an old man of venerable air,
Who on the seafront stood among the crowd,
Turned his eyes towards us with a steady stare
And thrice his head as one in grief he bowed.¹²

When it was first published Bacon's translation received a number of significant reviews. The most notable of these were "Portuguese Epic in Octaves," by Professor Thomas G. Bergin of Yale University and published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* 33 (Sept. 23, 1950), page 31; "Hymn to Portugal," by the poet-translator Dudley Fitts of Philips Academy (Andover, Massachusetts), which appeared in the *New York Times Book Review* (Dec. 14, 1950), page 9; "A Portuguese Epic," unsigned, in the *London Times Literary Supplement* (Mar. 16, 1951), page 168; untitled, by L. L. Barrett in *Books Abroad*, 25 (Summer 1951), 172; and, untitled, by S. Griswold Morley in the *Hispanic Review*, 19 (Oct. 1951), 368-69.¹³

Morley, who was Antero de Quental's translator in the 1920s, although admitting to favoring Camões' lyrics over his epic, nevertheless sees great merit in Bacon's effort:

Leonard Bacon has gone at his translation of the *Lusiads* with the enthusiasm and gusto which are part of his character. "Five years of monomania," he says, were devoted to this task. This, on the part of the man from whose pen, among living English poets, the ottava rima flows most easily, has resulted, as one would expect, in a fluent and intelligent rendering. There have

been some nine versions before this one, and Bacon's will in all probability be the one that the general reader of the future will use. It is faithful, dignified and retains something of the archaic diction without being out of date.

The Bergin and Fitts reviews are equally favorable, but go on to other matters, notably the historical importance of Portugal and its effect on the literary reputation of *Os Lusíadas*. Fitts writes:

"The *Lusiads*," like the "Aeneid," is first of all a paean of national consciousness, a hymn of patriotism—the right sort of patriotism, as Mr. Bacon points out, and it scarcely becomes any English-speaking person of the present time to disparage it, to sneer at it, because its global pretensions are so out of key with the sadly reduced Portugal of today. England was once like Portugal at its height; and we too may have had our moment. However that may be, it is both esthetically spiritually enthralling to watch here the transformation of Vasco da Gama's great voyage—surely one of the most significant in history—into an apotheosized persona of a nation, to see how the imagination of the poet universalizes human action and makes a lasting myth of it. Heroic literature has not so many instances of this that we can afford to let unfamiliarity of language or of attitude deprive us of Camões.

Not coincidentally, I think, does Fitts take issue with Bergin's position on the importance of Camões' epic as expressed, condescendingly, in Bergin's earlier review of Bacon's translation:

[F]or the epic as for so many things, patriotism, though admirable, is not enough. Indeed, it is a downright drawback unless the country whose merits are praised has "made good" to such an extent as to give its national history a world significance. When Virgil speaks with solemnity of the destiny of the Roman people we listen with respect because the destiny of Rome was in the event a great part of the destiny of Western man. But when Camões describes the Portuguese as a race so

valiant as to terrify even the elements or prophecies that Lisbon
will be another Rome we can only smile tenderly for his
aspirations and regret that the little country couldn't live up to
them.

The unnamed reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* (Mar. 16, 1951), page 168, praised Bacon's work: "Mr. Bacon has achieved a difficult feat; he has made a translation of *The Lusiads* of which the effect is quietly Elizabethan without the uncertain benefit of imposed verbal archaisms in an profusion." In addition, the reviewer quotes with approval from Bacon's introductory essay:

"One of the great and attractive qualities of the poem," he writes, is a sort of pervading sense of newness, which Camões feels himself and induces in others. Dante knew about the Ganges and Chaucer about Cathay . . . But Camões, as has been often said before, was the first highly imaginative European to visit the tropics and the Orient."

To which the reviewer adds:

And so, while Camões exultingly deploys all the mythology of the ancient world, he comes with his immediate and veracious tale of adventure into the world of his sea-faring countrymen. Geographical poetry can seldom had been finer.

Look where the oceans of the Orient lie,

With their infinity of islands sown;

So that the reader of Marlowe and of Milton, and indeed of Camões's unflagging admirer Melville, has one notable reason for coming to the good translation now accessible.

When Bacon died on January 1, 1954, there were notices of his death in some of the larger newspapers and journals. Obituaries appeared in the *New York Times* on January 2 (page 12) and (on the front page) the *Providence Journal*, also on January 2 (pages 1, 3). Later in the year, in the British journal *Atlante*, 2 (No. 3, 1954), page 168, the well-known scholar and Lusophile Harold V. Livermore published his "Memoir" of the American writer.¹⁴ It is reproduced in its entirety:

Although the Portuguese double centenary of 1940 was marked in the United States by the republication of [Sir Richard] Fanshaw's version of the *Lusiads*, an undertaking due to the devotion of Professor J. D. M. Ford, it was not until ten years later that a splendid new verse translation, splendidly produced by the Hispanic Society of America, proved that the grain had fallen on good soil. The translation appeared in time for the Colloquium on Luso-Brazilian studies held at Washington in the fall of 1950, and it was natural that Leonard Bacon should be the lion of the occasion. We had corresponded for some time before we met at a crowded party in the Brazilian Embassy in Washington. Quite suddenly I became conscious that the tall and alert figure on the other side of the room must be Leonard Bacon, and by dint of a similar telepathy he recognised me. We then studiously avoided noticing one another for a quarter of an hour. After that we, or rather I, noticed no one else. His conversation, the expression of an abounding and generous personality, was a joy. A talk in the subterranean bar of a Washington hotel, and an unrehearsed allocution before the applauding members of the Colloquium, a discourse in a restaurant (only slightly interrupted by the irrelevancy of a fashion-parade), his cordial welcome as he stood in the Christmas sunlight on the station, the charming atmosphere of his home, The Acorns, at Peace Dale [Rhode Island], his recollections of Shaw and the other English writers he had known, his plunging into some controversial statement as he stood menacing a glistening duck with poised carving fork, his Christmas-card poems which ranted from Camoens to the sparrows and sassafras of a New England garden—it is hard to think that these cannot happen again.

Born in 1887, Bacon taught English in the University of California for some years before devoting himself to poetry. His original verse won him a Pulitzer prize, fellowship of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Long before embarking on the *Lusiads*, he had collaborated with his friend Selden Rose in an able English translation of the *Poema de mio*

Cid. His verse was, like himself, vigorous and fluent, and his opinions on the writing of poetry full of originality and wisdom. He died suddenly on New Year's Day.

To Livermore's tribute can be added as a sort of coda, the last paragraph in the entry on Bacon in *World Authors 1900-1950*.¹⁵

Bacon's interest in European poetry culminated in his last book, a translation of Luis de Camöen's [*sic*] *The Lusiads*, published by the Hispanic Society of America in 1950, after what he described as "five years of monomania." Successfully rendering Camöens' ottava rima, a form in which Bacon was well practiced through his imitations of Byron, it was welcomed by the comparatists Dudley Fitts and Thomas Bergin, among others, and remains a standard verse translation of Portugal's national epic for English-speaking readers. In 1951 Bacon was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

By 1951 as well Bacon had composed another two sonnets on Camões, the first of which reads:

Have I done with Camoens?—Is he done with me?
 Although, like Fanshawe and the rest, I failed
 To shadow for the splendor that once sailed
 Across the new-discovered "Secret Sea,"
 Yet the game was worth the candle. Liberty
 Lived on the page. And what a flag he nailed
 To the masthead of the Soul! Brave thought, not staled
 By cant, but fit to keep republics free.
 The one-eyed wanderer, whose clear, lovely mind
 Puzzles sophistication, holds the clue
 To labyrinths we all must blunder through,
 Sophisticates or not, and still whets bright
 The honor and the conscience of mankind,
 Against the reign of Chaos and Old Night.¹⁶

He answered his own question when on March 13, 1951, Bacon delivered

the Gayley Memorial Lecture at the University of California in Berkeley. His title was “Camões and the Glory of Portugal.” In 1954—the year of his death—Bacon’s lecture was included in *Five Galeley Lectures, 1947-1954*, published by the University of California Press. For publication he included as pre-texts two sonnets collected under the title “Camões,” the first being the one beginning “Have I done with Camões?” (quoted above) and the second one reading:

How shall we judge Camões?—Judge the Sea,
 Anatomize a forest, count the birds
 In the Fall migration, measure well the words
 That are to analyse a melody,
 Pick and choose elements of artistry,
 Plunge deep with Proteus’ oceanic herds,
 Sail round all Guardafuis and Cape Verdes,
 Adamastor still maintains his mystery.
 But the man is here, as if in talk with you,
 In spite of all conventions of his time,
 Conceit and pun, extravagating rhyme—
 So runs the critic’s dry as dust rehearsal.
 What matter, if Paradisiac powers renew,
 Simple, complex, individual, universal?¹⁷

Before “launching into” his “tremendous theme,” Bacon sounded a personal note:

My hero—and he was all of that—is Luiz Vaz de Camões, “the great poet of a little people,” and because of the Iron Curtain of language perhaps not so widely known in the English-speaking world as he deserves to be for his noble verse and his noble mind. But before launching into what to me is a tremendous theme, I must make two admissions, first, that I am pretty much of a tyro with respect to the magnificent language of Portugal, and, second, that I am in the words of a Portuguese friend, “a co-religionist of the Camonian cult”—a besotted enthusiast, who had his small episode on the Road to Damascus some thirty years ago. It was then that the scales fell from my eyes, as I

wandered idly through a footnote in Fiske's *Discovery of America*, where the fiftieth stanza of the Fifth Book of the *Lusiads* burned as bright as a ruby in a beam of sun. This happens to be a stanza so easy that a little French and less Latin would enable anyone to perceive without difficulty its clear transplendence. And my demon told me there and then that some day, if only because of those eight blazing and sonorous lines, I would translate the Epic, which has, in fact, come to pass.¹⁸

To cap off his talk Bacon then read his poem on Camões that metaphorizes the poet, beginning: "You are spice Islands. You are the golden bird..."¹⁹

Notes

¹ G[erald] M[oser], *Hispania* 34 (Feb. 1971): 101.

² J. D. M. Ford to Leonard Bacon, June 12, 1950, Leonard Bacon Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University. Jeremiah Denis Matthias Ford himself deserves further attention. It can be noted in passing, however, that this long-time teacher of the Romance languages at Harvard University (Smith Professor of French and Spanish Literature, 1907-43) published, besides editions of *Os Lusíadas* and of Sir Richard Fanshawe's translation of Camões' epic (1940), entries on Portuguese literature in the *New International Encyclopedia* (1902) and on Camões and António Ferreira in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (1908, 1909), *A Portuguese Grammar* (with E. C. Hills and J. de Siqueira Coutinho (1925, 1944), editions of the *Letters of John III, King of Portugal, 1521-1557* (1931), the *Letters of the Court of John III, King of Portugal* (with L. G. Moffatt) (1933), and *Crónica de Dom João de Castro* (1936). See *Mediaeval Studies in Honor of Jeremiah Denis Matthias Ford* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1948) xv-xxxii.

³ *From Dawn to Decadence: 500 Years of Western Cultural Life: 1500 to the Present* (New York: HarperCollins, 2000) 154.

⁴ *Atlantic Monthly* 193 (Mar. 1954): 44.

⁵ Leonard Bacon to J. D. M. Ford, August 7, 1946, Leonard Bacon Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University.

⁶ *Saturday Review of Literature* 29 (Feb. 16, 1946): 44.

⁷ Leonard Bacon, "Genius With One Eye," *Saturday Review of Literature* 29 (June 8, 1946): 42-43.

⁸ There is a copy of this broadside in the John Hay Library, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

⁹ "Camões on the Cosmos," *Saturday Review of Literature* 29 (June 8, 1946): 43.

¹⁰ There is a copy of this broadside in the John Hay Library, Brown University.

¹¹ Because Bacon is an American his translation falls outside the geographical limits, if not the linguistic province, for consideration in the studies published in *Camões em Inglaterra*, coordinated by Maria Leonor Machado de Sousa (Lisbon: Ministério da Educação/ Instituto de

Cultura e Língua Portuguesa, 1992). Even there, however, Bacon figures in passing on pages 14, 46, 73, and 238, n. 65.

¹² M[ike] H[arland], "Camões," in *The Oxford Guide to Literature in Translation*, ed. Peter France (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 440.

¹³ In a review published a decade after the publication of Bacon's translation Américo da Costa Ramalho concludes: "No seu conjunto de apresentação gráfica e conteúdo, esta nova edição em língua inglesa de *Os Lusíadas* honra a Cultura Norte-Americana" (*Estudos Camonianos*, 2nd ed. [Lisbon: Instituto Nacional de Investigação Científica, 1980], page 114). The author tells us that this review first appeared in *Humanitas* (Coimbra), XIII-XIV (1960-61). In April 1950 the *Revista de Portugal* informed its readers that "brevemente será divulgada a primeira tradução Americana do imortal Poema, feita pelo Poeta Leonard Bacon, recentemente laureado pelo Prémio Pulitzer" ("Notas Várias," Series A, XV, page 156). In *Ocidente* ("Notas e Comentários," 39 [July-Dec. 1950], page 249) appeared the following unsigned note: "'*Os Lusíadas*' em Inglês—A 'The Hispanic Society of America', de New York, que tem a especialidade das edições impecáveis, organizadas e impressas com a devoção e respeito que se devem a Obras-Primas, acaba de publicar, uma nova edição de '*Os Lusíadas*', sobre tradução em verso de Leonard Bacon, que escreveu também um prefácio, Introdução, notas e posfácio a respeito de Camões e do Poema. Ilustra ainda o volume um nítido mapa das viagens de Camões e de Vasco da Gama, tendo marcados os lugares presumivelmente mais conhecidos pelo Épico.—Com esta nova edição, alguns milhares de Ingleses cultos sentirão melhor as belezas imorredouras do Poema da Raça Lusíada."

¹⁴ Additional notices of Bacon's death appeared in *Newsweek* 43 (Jan. 11, 1954): 53, *Saturday Review of Literature* 37 (Jan. 16, 1954): 10, *Atlantic Monthly* 193 (Mar. 1954): 44; *Wilson Library Bulletin* 28 (Mar. 1954): 522, and *Poetry* 84 (May 1954): 123.

¹⁵ *World Authors 1900-1950*, ed. Martin Seymour-Smith and Andrew C. Kimmens (New York and Dublin: H. W. Wilson, 1996), I, page 192.

¹⁶ Quoted in Leonard Bacon, "Camões and the Glory of Portugal," in *Five Gayley Lectures 1947-1954* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1954) 48.

¹⁷ Bacon, "Camões and the Glory," 48.

¹⁸ Bacon, "Camões and the Glory," 49-50. Here, for the record, is John Fiske's note on page 382, volume one, of *The Discovery of America* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1902):

The greatest of Portuguese poets represents the Genius of the Cape as appearing to the storm-tossed mariners in cloud-like shape, like the Jinni that the Fisherman of the Arabian tale released from a casket. He expresses indignation at their audacity in discovering his secret, hitherto hidden from mankind:—

Eu sou aquelle occulto e grande Cabo,
A quem chamais vós outros Tormentorio,
Que nunca á Ptolomeo, Pomponio, Estrabo,
Plinio, e quantos passaram, fui notorio:
Aqui toda a Africana costa acabo
Neste meu nunca vista promontorio,
Que para o polo Antartico se estende,
A quem vossa ousadia tanto offende.
Camoens, *Os Lusíadas*, v. 50.

¹⁹ The Leonard Bacon Collection at the Beinecke Library, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, includes autograph and typescript copies of his translation of *Os Lusíadas*, as well as copious notes on Camões and the history of Portugal and correspondence regarding the preparation and publication of the book.

George Monteiro's most recent books are *The Presence of Camões* (1996), *The Presence of Pessoa* (1998), *Stephen Crane's Blue Badge of Courage* (2000), and *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (2000). Forthcoming are bilingual editions of Miguel Torga's *Poemas Ibéricos*, Pedro da Silveira's *Poemas Ausentes*, and *Selected Poems* by Jorge de Sena. He is currently at work on two books, *The English Face of Fernando Pessoa* and *Elizabeth Bishop's Brazilian Beat*. Email: georgemonteiro@prodigy.net