

Sights *from* the South

Portuguese literature



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Portuguese literature 2



Sights *from*
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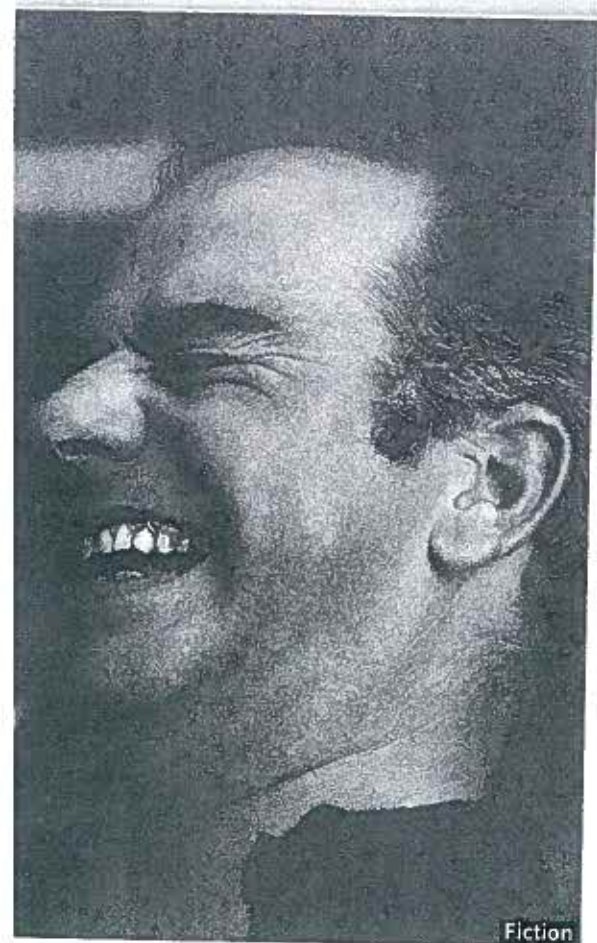
Introduction

This second issue of *Sights from the South – Portuguese Literature* continues to showcase the vitality of Portuguese writing and to reveal authors and works of already proven literary worth.

This issue is marked by an unusual number of formal connections and affective affinities between the featured authors. In fact each author included, at some point in his or her career, has been linked to one or more of the other authors through literary criticism, by way of personal tribute, or even through direct collaboration, taking advantage of the unique kind of interplay afforded by literature and building solid bridges in the process.

The end result is a coherent ensemble of essential information about ten important authors representing various generations and various genres that will serve as an excellent guide for those who are taking their first plunge into Portuguese literature as well as for those who simply wish to update and extend their knowledge of the subject.

In this return trip to the South, we hope that the Atlantic luminosity of our literature will continue to be felt by all readers, however geographically distant they may be.



© César Cortello Lopes

Nuno Bragança

Born in Lisbon in 1929. It is perhaps the particularities of his personal history that have provided material for his writing, and all his novels are unique testimonies of a very special time in Portuguese history and of a generation which was responsible for the cultural reconstruction of the country. Important landmarks are his exile in Paris, his diplomatic work and his clandestine revolutionary activities against the Salazar dictatorship. Born in an aristocratic family, a fact which has been a great influence on his life and work. It was while he was taking a degree in Law that he published his first literary texts which were somewhat eccentric and baroque, strongly influenced by Existentialism, Surrealism, North American literature, English modernist poetry and the *nouveau-roman*. He brought together the world of literature with that of the cinema in an exemplary fashion, collaborating on various projects such as the pioneering film of the Portuguese New Cinema – *Os Verdes Anos* [The Green Years] (1963). 1969 saw the publication of his first and most emblematic novel – *A Noite e o Riso*, one of the best and most eloquent anti-Salazarist novels and one which marked a real spirit of renewal in the literature of the time. He died prematurely in 1985 but his legacy for Portuguese literature has endured until today, largely because he established a rare and harmonious contract between a modernity that was intrinsic to him and a relaxed and generous use of literary tradition which was inevitable to him.

HUMANITY FORGES ITS PATH IN THE DARKNESS, AND THE ARTIST'S "NIGHT" IS MERELY HIS KEEN AWARENESS OF OUR NOCTURNAL TREK ACROSS THE DESERT OF HISTORY.

Fiction

Extract

from *SQUARE TOLSTOI*

I
A sudden suspicion that you're tripping on fate – know what I mean?

II
That's what stung me when I jumped off the train. Not a dire feeling. Just a bat's whistle. I let the stream of the other passengers carry me, all of them hopping off the train like fleas from a carcass. Having no luggage, I was more light-footed. But a feeling of being on guard began to stir in me like a nervous watchdog. I even lifted my eyes to make sure I hadn't taken the wrong train. But the large sign

TORINO

wasn't enough to quell the sensation that I was going back. To what, and from where, I didn't know.

III
What ruffled my mood was as untranslatable as this: the image of my studio in Paris, uttering hard-to-digest phrases: "My son, my son, why have you abandoned me?" The empty studio, with all the marks of a man who lives alone.

I tried to focus on my here-now, which was that train station, the last stop. And it occurred to me (unexpectedly) that a last-stop station is like a bell: it can ring for a wedding or be a death toll. I was struck by the possibility – immediate and concrete – of continuing my journey in any direction, toward any city on earth. Is that what was rumpling me? The confusion of the crossroads where, if you get there, you're hopelessly lost? A few years previous I'd felt the same thing, in Istanbul. But with a concrete direction, a voice that whispered "that way", and I very nearly ended up on the Istanbul-Peking Trans-Siberian. Give it a whirl, go for it. Thinking about what had brought me to Turin, I returned to the apparently unwarranted sense of emptiness that had grabbed me in the gut the night before, at the *Gare de Lyon*, as I boarded the train. Again, as then, I thought, "What's my last stop?" And I remembered my portable Royal. I'd typed on it the night before until it was time to leave, with the urgency of a dying man writing his last will before the rug gets

pulled. When the moment arrived that I had to go, I jumped up from the chair, tearing myself away in mid-sentence. And I stood there at the inner door to the studio, looking at the desk with my handwritten draft to the left of the Royal and the already typed pages to the right of it, hesitating to the point of almost missing the Paris-Turin.

IV

That old almost.

I saw Bigodes get off a second-class car. I saw him look at me, look away, and keep walking. He wouldn't turn to look at me again, knowing I'd follow him at a safe distance. He trusted me. The Other had told him I was a good egg.

I walked behind him through the streets of a city I didn't know, gazing at nothing but his shoulder blades, perhaps because I felt that to give him the slip (which is what I felt like doing without knowing why) would be to stick a knife in a human back.

V
The sun was rising like a slow fever through a cold mist. Bigodes now approached the Church of the Consolata, walking at an ever slower pace, glancing touristically at the façade. I caught up to him and cantered on past, as planned. Quickening my pace, for I was anxious to escape the grey-chalk clarity that sculpted the city. The Church of Mary the Consoler, *Maria Consolatrice*. I walked through the arches and dove into the shadows like a mouse into a barn. I felt instantly enveloped by the peacefulness that caresses us when we enter a large, old wine cellar. I deeply breathed the cool air and walked at a slower, relieved pace. Until I reached the point where, upon entering and glancing round at that space full of forbidden zones, I'd decided I would stand and wait. There I stood and waited. A Paul Claudel, touched by conversion, wouldn't have stood more steadfastly. When I heard footsteps approaching, from somewhere on the left, I kept my eyes on the cupola. The footsteps stopped right next to me, and it began to smell like a *tabac*. "Pardon, Monsieur." With the pronunciation of one who grew up speaking Italian. I turned and beheld a man who could have

been a bastard grandson of Marlon Brando. I christened him then and there as Marlon the Third. "Vous voulez peut-être un guide?" He looked like anything but a tour guide. I thought that whoever had made up that password should be buried in rompers. But we were so close to each other and surrounded by so much empty space that no one could have heard us. I pulled half of a torn bank note in liras from my pocket. "Oui," said Marlon the Third. "Ça arrive. Regardez." He seemed, by his voice, to be in as much of a hurry as I was to cut short the TV sitcom scene. Yet he was slow to pull out his crocodilian wallet, from which he removed the other half of the bank note I held in my hand. A note that the Other had torn in my presence several weeks earlier, to serve as a link between me and that Italian – two men who had never seen each other and would never learn so much as each other's name. But who had an appointment.

Selected Works

- A Noite e o Riso* [THE NIGHT AND LAUGHTER] (novel) (Lisbon: Moraes, 1969; 3rd ed.: Moraes, 1978; 4th ed.: D. Quixote, 1995)
Directa (novel) (Lisbon: Moraes, 1977; 2nd ed.: D. Quixote, 1995)
Square Tolstoi (novel) (Lisbon: Assirio & Alvim, 1981; 2nd ed.: D. Quixote, 1995)
Estação [STATION] (short stories) (Lisbon: Assirio & Alvim, 1981; 2nd ed.: D. Quixote, 1996)
Do Fim do Mundo [ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD] (novella) (Lisbon: Assirio & Alvim, 1990; 2nd ed. D. Quixote, 1996)

Selected Translations

- Servo-Croatian
Noc & Smeh [THE NIGHT AND LAUGHTER] (Lingua Franca, 2000)

About his work

The work of this writer, in fact, marked by the resounding appearance of the novel *A Noite e o Riso* in 1969, has developed in accordance with the signs of modernism which were a part of literary experimentation in the 50s and 60s (particularly surrealism and existentialism), but it creates a textual space for the vibration of the word made body, loaded with feeling and sound, a body purged of a weight of tradition which it denies and parodies in burlesque terms, but even so collects itself and prolongs itself, patrimonially, imposing and dominating. [...] Dominating, or winning, it is, in the end, only the literary discourse that tells us all this, and which still today troubles us.

MARIA ALZIRA SEIXO
 "Who no longer reads Nuno Bragança?",
Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, 21.5.1997

Nuno Bragança's three novels – *A Noite e o Riso*, (1969), *Directa*, (1977) and *Square Tolstoi*, (1981) – I think are one of the most singular adventures in narrative writing of the second half of the 20th century in Portugal. Such a judgement can be supported by seeking to read the configuration formed by the qualities of his prose and by the varied narrative architecture of the books, by the intensity of the scenes of his fictional world and in the way in which his authorial inscription

is constructed and modulated and the ostentation and theming of his writing. [...] Worlds which fragment, intersect and collide, reverberate. Experiments that are repeated and changed, 'A sudden suspicion that you're tripping on fate – know what I mean?' (thus *Square Tolstoi* opens).

MANUEL GUSMÃO
 "Autobiography in three novels",
Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, 25.10.1995

Mostly written before the 25th of April 1974, *Directa* is the first of the great novels of the new era rewritten in the space of liberty that had opened up for it, but it is not, and nor would *Square Tolstoi* be, a novel of the Revolution, but rather of its pre-history, and this is the best work about the period. Paradoxically contemporary and innovatory by having been written when they were, both *Directa* and *Square Tolstoi*, while evoking a militant hypnosis of which they are mirror and fable (being no more than this), they can now appear to be isolated, dislocated in the world of new literature that emerged after the literary silence, that in this field would come to mark the revolutionary moment.

EDUARDO LOURENÇO
 "Literature and Revolution",
 from *O Canto do Signo – Existência e Literatura*
 [The Song of the Sign – Existence and Literature],

1994

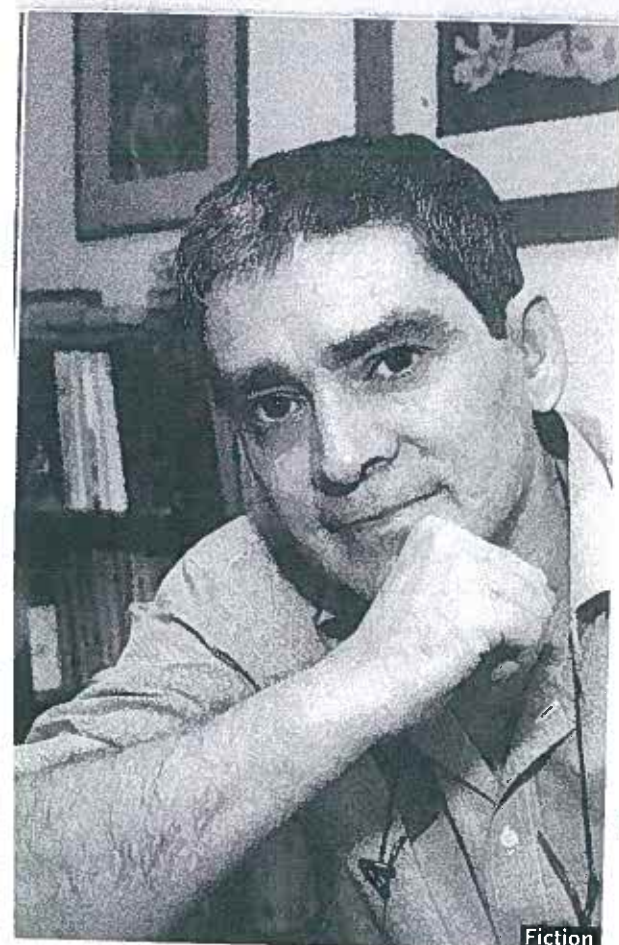
As a writer, Nuno Bragança has left us a highly original novel, which finds itself at the crossroads of various currents which have revolutionized art in our century.

A Noite e o Riso, published in 1969, represented, in the Portugal of the time, a glimmer of light. It is a subversive book, for its corrosive humour, its narrative rhythm and for its freedom of language.

MÁRIO SOARES
Expresso, 4.11.1995

Directa [...] in its way, is a "historic" book, though the essence of its lesson concerns what is most flagrant about our own times. Its writing is perhaps the most luminous of all the many Portuguese writers that I have been given to read. It has perhaps the rare capacity to transform into visual images (as both Fernão Lopes and Fernão Mendes Pinto have done in a masterly way) that pendular phenomenon of rhetorical dexterity – a cinematic language, concrete, about being there.

JOÃO DE MELO
 "Nuno Bragança, luminous writing",
Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, 8.5.1990



© Luis Ferraz

Fiction

WHY DO I WRITE? BECAUSE THERE IS AN IRREPRESSIBLE CHILD IN ME THAT HAS TO EXPRESS HIMSELF.

Mário de Carvalho

Born in Lisbon in 1944. While doing his degree course in Law at the University of Lisbon, he became involved in the student struggles of the sixties. Later, while doing his military service, he was imprisoned for political reasons and left for exile in France and Sweden in 1973 only returning to Portugal after the 1974 revolution. He is a lawyer and journalist and published his first book, *Contos da Sétima Esfera* in 1981. Since then his literary production and its level of critical and public reception has placed him among the most important contemporary Portuguese fiction writers. In his own style, which brings together an extreme modernity with influences from the great classic writers of Portuguese literature, he has covered a great variety of themes, genres and historical settings in a register that is frequently ironic and even humorous, with various incursions into the world of the fantastic. His work as a playwright is amongst the most interesting to emerge over the past ten years in Portugal, along with his work as scriptwriter for television and cinema.

He has twice been awarded the Portuguese Writers' Association Novel and Novella award for the works *Quatrocentos Mil Sestécios* (1992) and *Um Deus Passeando pela Brisa da Tarde* (1995); the latter also received the Fernando Namora Prize (1996) and the Pegasus Literature Prize (1996). For his theatre work *Se perguntarem por mim, não estou* he received, in 1999, the Portuguese Writer's Association Theatre Award.

Extract

from "THREE STRAY CHARACTERS" in *CONTOS VAGABUNDOS* [WAYWARD STORIES]

I write at a computer that sits on a polished table with a shelf that pulls out. It's the most common sort of computer table, available at any large computer store. I mention this personal detail to establish the scene of some troubling occurrences that took place in my office a little over an hour ago. To own such a table is nothing to brag about, and I would prefer to hide the fact, were it not necessary to admit it.

I was pressing the F11 key when a thin, minuscule man, wearing a dark suit and an old-fashioned hat, emerged from behind the keyboard and struggled to hoist himself up to the table's main level, dominated by the monitor and the printer. He was raising his arms with apparent desperation and jumping up and down on the shelf. He wore hobnailed shoes that caused the plastic x to make staccato sounds reminiscent of a cockatoo's pecking.

This wasn't the first time I've been besieged by characters. It happened often enough when I strolled through the Constantino Garden after dinner under a full moon. There they would step into

my path from behind the trees, and they were nearly always taller and heftier than me. Some were unpleasant and at times harassed me. That's why I now avoid the Constantino Garden, and if I have to walk by it, I quicken my step and hide my face as best I can. I'm never quite sure when there's a full moon.

But a thin, five-inch tall character jumping around within reach of my fingers is something I've never encountered. There's a first time for everything. My immediate thought was "I can handle this one". Although he seemed rather athletic, making all those jumps with ease, that wasn't enough to make me afraid of a man who fit in the palm of my hand. And if he was armed? He didn't look the type.

And there was a second character. By the light of the monitor a young blonde, with a pink blouse and a black skirt, paced back and forth on the computer table, wringing her anxious hands. She seemed very worried. She parted her hair down the middle and wore high heels that I was afraid might ruin the wood veneer. I moved my head in close and

stopped fretting. She weighed too little for her needle-sized heels to dent the table. The little woman didn't notice me. She kept walking, back and forth, her heels making a faint tick-tack sound against the table. When I bent down, I seemed to hear, ever so softly, a troubled voice: "Oh, Augusto, Augusto!" But I can't swear to it.

[...]

I began to get worried that other characters might crop up. Augusto indeed! I didn't care to see my house fill up with knights, cyclists, boxers and can-can girls. Or soldiers. For all I knew, an entire platoon could appear, in formation, on the arm of my wing chair...

In sticky situations like this, there's nothing like consulting an expert. I phoned up a writer friend. He answered with a grumpy voice, because I'd woken him up. He's a daytime sort of writer, nine to five.

"Sorry to bother you, pal, but I've got characters popping up around my computer. What should I do?" My friend, a great specialist in characters, formulated some astute questions. Whether they

were heavy or light, big or small, silent or noisy, sentimental or cold. "Do they wear masks?" he asked. "No? Then they're of an inferior class..." When I told him they were small and silent, he recommended in a superior tone of voice, as if announcing the obvious: "Grab all three of them and toss them out the window." "And if I hit someone? Imagine me at court for defenestrating characters, with damage to the pedestrians down below." "Then drop them down the trash chute." "I can't do that, they're people after all."

On the other end of the line my friend uttered an impatient "Sheesh". I suspect he's rather hard on his own characters. Experience does that.

"Listen, aren't you writing some sketches, commentaries, or some such?" How did he know? Word gets around in this town. I admitted I was.

"Then do the following: lock your characters up in the text."

Selected Works

Fiction

A Inaudita Guerra da Avenida Gago Coutinho [THE UNHEARD WAR OF THE AVENIDA GAGO COUTINHO] (Lisbon: Rolim, 1983; 5th ed. Caminho, 1996)

A Paixão do Conde de Fróis [THE PASSION OF THE CONDE DE FRÓIS] (Lisbon: Rolim, 1986; 2nd ed. Círculo de Leitores, 1987; 3rd ed. Caminho, 1993)

Os Alferes [THE SECOND LIEUTENANTS] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1989; Círculo de Leitores, 1991)

Um Deus Passeando pela Brisa da Tarde [A GOD WALKING OUT IN THE AFTERNOON BREEZE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1994; 4th ed., 1996)

Era Bom que Trocássemos umas Ideias sobre o Assunto [PERHAPS WE SHOULD EXCHANGE SOME IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1995; 3rd ed., 1996)

Contos Vagabundos [WAYWARD STORIES] (Lisbon: Caminho, 2000)

Theatre

Se perguntarem por mim, não estou followed by Haja Harmonia [IF SOMEONE ASKS FOR ME I'M NOT IN FOLLOWED BY LET THERE BE HARMONY] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1999)

Selected Translations

German

Wir sollten mal drüber reden (Klett-Cotta, 1997)
Die Verschwörung des Rufus Cardilius (Klett-Cotta, 1999)

Spanish

Um Deus Passeando Pela Brisa da Tarde (Barcelona: Seix-Barral)

French

Les sous-lieutenants (Gallimard, 1996)
Le fond des choses (Gallimard, 1999)

English

Professor Pfiglzz and his strange companion (Carcanet Press, 1997)
Um Deus Passeando Pela Brisa da Tarde (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 1997)

About his work

Without great turns of phrase, without pompous discourses, without the shadow of an explicit moral judgement. It is only irony that serves as the detonator for the tragic that underlies the whole of *The Second Lieutenants*. [...] On leaving each story, nothing remains but a sort of vertigo, a vast crater under a white sky, exactly like the aftermath of a battle.

RAPHAËLE RÉROLLE / *Le Monde*, 2.8.1996



from *Once upon a time there was a second lieutenant up to All's well that finishes badly* the outlines are thus drawn of a true fable, which shows – in particular at the falsely open end of the last narrative – the elegance of the darkest of ironies. It is that very obscurity that is preserved, sometimes, from the darkest uniforms.

Les Inrockuptibles



In this beautiful novel, very justly honoured, one doesn't know what to admire most, but the coherence of the intrigue, as it progresses seamlessly without losing steam, the drawing of the

characters, the reconstruction of the Roman world as it verges on collapse, and the flowing, limpid and inventive style, in classic mould, all are marks of a writer with a grasp on his work and a novelist at the height of his powers.

MASSAUD MOISÉS
(about *A God Walking Out in the Afternoon Breeze*),
Jornal da Tarde (S. Paulo), 31.8.1996



Mário de Carvalho manages, in *Um Deus Passeando pela Brisa da Tarde*, to create a novel that one reads in one sitting and one which, and this is even more difficult, one that strikes no false note. The historical reconstitution is so meticulous that in places, it becomes specious. The linguistic verisimilitude is of such an order that we never stop to ask ourselves whether such and such a word would have existed in the third century. But the most difficult aspect, and the best achieved, is that of the credibility of the consciousnesses that it constructs – with the sense of the comic and of burlesque which give so much of the enchantment to his writing.

LUÍSA COSTA GOMES
O Independente, 9.12.1994



Two characteristics stand out in the work of Mário de Carvalho: his mastery in the manipulation of the language, in the best tradition of Camilo, Garrett and others; and the power of the narrative, which confers on the historical matter a new sense of truth and universality, of that which is scarcely, or still, possible. The story then emerges like a network of active forces which throughout time have determined individual destinies, and whose configuration remains essentially unaltered until today. This background attitude explains a great deal about Mário de Carvalho's narrative strategy: it is modern and contemporary because it allows the tragic to shine through the irony, because with its quiet humour and its well-aimed parody, it takes all truths and all ideologies "ad absurdum" – including that of his own political party. What remains is, to use Milan Kundera's phrase, only the "wisdom of uncertainty".

JOÃO BARRENTO / from *Umbrais*, 2000



© Luísa Ferreira

Fiction

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT STORIES IS
THE WAY WANDERING AND
DRIFTING ACQUIRE AN ALMOST
CRUCIAL SIGNIFICANCE.
THIS IS THE GREAT ADVENTURE
OF NARRATIVE FICTION.

Luísa Costa Gomes

Born in 1954, she graduated in Philosophy, which she went on to teach. Writer of short stories, novelist and playwright, she made her literary debut at the beginning of the 80's with *Treze Contos do Sobressalto*. Professionally her activities have been divided amongst various areas from translation to literary criticism and essay-writing, as well as involvement in various radio and television programmes dedicated to literature and philosophy. She was also in charge of a post-graduate Creative Writing course. She edits *Ficções*, a magazine dedicated to short stories, which is the only one of its kind in Portugal. Her work has thematic and formal marks of a certain type of literary post-modernism such as the self-reflective nature of the writing, the "crisis of identity", the deconstruction of boundaries between genres and an ironic use of literary codes. Her work can thus be seen as a constant game between the author and her readers. Besides her theatre work she wrote the librettos for the Philip Glass opera, *Corvo Branco*, directed by Robert Wilson in 1998, and for the cantata by Luís Bragança Gil *Sobre o Vulcão* (1996), which she also directed. Amongst her works that have won awards are *O Pequeno Mundo* (Dom Dinis Prize from the Fundação Casa de Mateus, 1988); *Ubar do / A Minha Austrália* (Eça de Queirós Prize from the City of Lisbon, 1993) and *Contos outra vez* (National Prize for Short Stories of the Portuguese Writers Association, 1997).

Extract

from "ABSTRACT PAINTING" in IMPÉRIO DO AMOR [EMPIRE OF LOVE]

On a certain day in January, in his forty-fifth year, one Saturday afternoon, sitting cross-legged in his study, Alberto Inácio noticed, for the very first time, the painting that hung in front of him. It was called "Dog that Doesn't Bark" and displayed influences from most of the painters and movements of the last century and a half. This painting had been with Alberto since his first marriage, following him around on the walls of the various houses that he had lived in. It was an "abstract".

His first marriage had all taken place in three rooms. The painting had hung on the living-room wall, a present from friends, and had witnessed a great deal of silent dining between spouses; it had escaped the vase hurled cinematographically by his wife when she discovered that Alberto had begun a second liaison, in another apartment, a little further west, in the same town. There, because of a lack of space and the distractedness of the owner, "Dog that Doesn't Bark" was hung in the damp balcony closed in with aluminium windows, overlooking the backs of other buildings. Later,

in his second marriage, to a recent biology graduate who gave up everything to devote herself to a pair of twins born to her by chance, the painting had been frequently seen, but rarely commented on, in the entrance hall, crowning a preliminary arrangement of push-button-phone/vase with cloth tulips/photograph of the bride and groom on their wedding-day, set on a varnished table with bow legs like those of a cowboy who, wide-brimmed hat and whip in hand, found himself forced to trudge across the fields in search of his steed. Here too, every day around seven in the evening, Alberto Inácio's keys would be left, those of the car, the car alarm, the house, the country house that had been a neglected inheritance of his wife, all held on a stainless steel ring, and culminating in a prickly red rubber ball with multiple and very thin tentacles. This was a ball that Alberto's wife was incapable of touching, always picking up the keys very carefully between two fingers.

With this marriage ending for reasons that were never made clear, of all the arguments that were generated between them both, the

discussion as to the fate of the painting was undoubtedly the most pacific. Alberto took it with him to another apartment, in some ways much better than the previous one, for it had a lot of sun and a spare room, where the twins would stay every fortnight, being used as an office the rest of the time. Alberto Inácio's third wife was, so far, the easiest of all to live with. Érnica had a cheerful and extrovert disposition, talked loudly, woke up singing, found everything he said funny. She liked sex, was always ready to try out new things, drank in moderation, smoked, travelled. On top of it all, she had her own fortune, spent her time working flexible hours at a sofa shop that belonged to the family and didn't need any children. Whenever the twins came to spend the weekend, she would watch them from a safe distance, her face set in a large silent smile.

This woman's happiness soon began to annoy Alberto. Érnica couldn't distinguish the weekend from the other days. She was always merry and laughing. He used every pretext he could find to put her down, frequently in public, alluding to her supposedly

Brazilian blood, and she answered everything pleasantly and sympathetically, giving her husband the increasingly absolute notion that whatever he said was all the same to her. Alberto began to shut himself away in his study on those Saturdays when the twins didn't come and would bury himself in his computer, pretending he was busy, whenever he heard her footsteps in the corridor. But Érnica would come in, undraw the curtains and open the window to let the smoke out, show him some pity for the excessive workload placed on him by the company and stroke his hair, and he had to repress a movement of repulsion. Shortly afterwards, Érnica would shoot off to meet her friends and, like a kid, Alberto would run to the living-room to watch the NBA basketball on television. In the last few months, he had sought, in every way he could, to destroy this woman's impregnable happiness. He was irritated by the way she pronounced her R's, which derived from the fact that she was still a little German, by her generous-sized, flat-soled shoes, which easily slid away to the side, and by the way she used to place her hand on his jacket collar, stroking him. There were some comparisons here that were

very unflattering for Érnica. But nothing seemed to touch her. That afternoon, shut away in his study and looking at the wall, Alberto had noticed the painting for the first time. He had had a shock of recognition and then a moment's panic that had seemed to displace all the objects. There was a sudden distortion of space, like an instantaneous earthquake, and then a tearing, an invisible ray – and the computer, the standard lamp, the ashtray, the silver clock perched on the desk-top, the pile of eternally blank pages, all of them had changed: they were his own things, but entirely alien.

Selected Works

Fiction

13 Contos de Sobressalto [THIRTEEN STORIES OF SURPRISE] (short stories) (Amadora: Bertrand, 1981; 2nd ed. D. Quixote, 1995)

Arnheim & Desiré (narrative) (Lisbon: Difel, 1983)

O Pequeno Mundo [THE SMALL WORLD] (novel) (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1988; 2nd ed. D. Quixote, 1993)

Vida de Ramón [THE LIFE OF RAMÓN] (novel) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1991)

Olhos Verdes [GREEN EYES] (novel) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1994)

Contos Outra Vez [STORIES AGAIN] (short stories) (Lisbon: Cotovia, 1997)

Educação para a Tristeza [EDUCATION FOR SADNESS] (novel) (Lisbon: Presença, 1998)

Império do Amor [Empire of Love] (short stories) (Lisbon: Tinta Permanente, 2001)

Theatre

Nunca Nada de Ninguém [NEVER NOTHING FROM NOBODY] (Lisbon: Cotovia, 1991)

Clamor [CLAMOUR] (Lisbon: Cotovia, 1994)

Selected Translations

Catalan

La Vida de Ramon (Edicions 62, 1992)

French

Vie de Ramón, le docteur illuminé (Gallimard, 1995)

Dutch

Het leven van Ramon (Meulenhoff, 1993)

About her work

It is difficult to explain the feeling of strangeness which lays hold of the reader as he proceeds through this book [...] the reader begins to understand, as it is progressively yielded, that there is in this sequence of texts (unequal in ambition and quality) an innovative and disconcerting experiment with language [...] Luísa Costa Gomes hijacks language in the same way planes are hijacked or children abducted. Between perversity and play, adventure and modesty.

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
(about *Treze Contos do Sobressalto*),
Expresso, 27.2.1982

The originality of Luísa Costa Gomes' narratives is uncomfortable. Just as in this workshop the characters escape stereotypes, the author escapes literary categorizing. [...] What is most surprising in the pages of this young writer [...] is her way of writing. Calm, and with an active neutrality which does not exclude a rare and ingeniously passionate linguistic knowledge. But besides this knowledge of writing, optional and technically

perfect, there is other knowledge, that of telling, knowing and tasting.

JORGE LISTOPAD
Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, 24.5.1982

Not one of the least merits of this novel is the way in which fiction achieves consistency through the tone of the narrator, ironic and subtle, but critical and firm as when, always seeking out the reasons and motivations of Ramón, she marks out the boundaries of the plausible, the probable, the fanciful without filling the reader with historical information, before involving him in an model of fictional argument which is one of the dimensions of the entertainment and which contributes to the 'fictionalized' nature of the biography.

ABEL BARROS BAPTISTA
(about *A vida de Ramón*), *Público*

There is above all a great intellectual pleasure in narrating and describing, which actually comes to assume a

sensual character in the enumerations of furniture and food. This taste for writing is the paradoxical rehabilitation of literature on the part of post-theoretical generation which knows the deconstructed puzzle of fiction but takes great pleasure in the exercise of putting it together again, in a less innocent but still fascinated manner. From this comes the taste for pastiche and imagination, where the literary past is mixed with the ever open possibilities of creation. [...] But we shouldn't forget that the "thesis" novelists of our times don't believe in their theses, and this is why Luísa Costa Gomes' book can be read in the same unequivocally ironic manner as her contemporary satire *Olhos Verdes* and the epistolary novel in the style of Camilo Castelo Branco *O Pequeno Mundo*, or even the 'historical' narrative of *Vida de Ramón*. These inverted commas (a sign of post-modernism) in the end reveal that Luísa Costa Gomes' writing, marked by intelligence and the vice of diversity, continues to treat her themes – history and language – as objects of parody. But it is a parody that remains the life of her fiction.

PEDRO MEXIA
"The life of Fiction",
Diário de Notícias, 19.12.1998



Fiction

WHAT WE WRITE IS
INSEPARABLE FROM WHAT
HAPPENS. THIS GIVES THE
WRITER A STRANGE AND
TERRIBLE POWER. IF WE
PLUNGE TO THE DEPTHS, IF A
WORK IS PHANTASMAGORIC, WE
DISCOVER THAT WE'RE ALL
EQUAL.

Ana Teresa Pereira

Born in Funchal (Madeira Island) in 1958. After doing a course as a guide interpreter, she went to Lisbon to study Philosophy. However she didn't finish the course and returned to Funchal where she has dedicated herself exclusively to writing which has resulted in a long and varied literary career starting with the publication of the thriller *Matar a Imagem* [Killing the Image]. But this incursion into thriller writing was slightly misleading as one of the marks of her unique style is her capacity to blur genres and create a universe that is very much her own. Her work is somehow atypical of the mainstream Portuguese literature, much of her inspiration coming, as it does, from the Anglo-Saxon tradition. The reader entering her literary world may be sure that things will never be quite the same after being confronted by a thick fog, a ruined house, a dark weed-choked lake overflowing with fabulous antiquities – in other words the recurring and obsessive settings which make up the fantastic, magical and bizarre atmosphere of her dark and spectral gothic tales. Once within this universe the reader is caught up inextricably in the seduction of her stories and characters.

Extract

from A COISA QUE EU SOU [THIS THING THAT'S ME]

They were born in that bed. Her outstretched arms clutched the iron bars of the bedstead while he pulled them from out of her body. Like a cat, she felt almost no pain. But when the man began to lick them, something inside her snapped and she lost her senses. Later she woke up to his kisses, his caresses, to the fresh-cut flowers on the night table, the washed sheets, the two tiny creatures lying at her side. They were identical, beautiful and silent, resembling animals. And it moved her to look at them. She had always liked kittens and puppies more than human babies, and her babies seemed more like kittens or puppies...

But considered as human beings, they were the most perfect she'd ever seen, a tawny mixture of their parents' two bodies, eyes green, with her lighter coloured hair. They drank her milk, insatiable, and grew quickly. Marisa wondered if they would learn her language or if they'd been born with their father's, with his obscure knowledge of things... Now they were four bodies in bed, four warm bodies that slept together, for he hadn't thought to

make a crib. Perhaps he didn't know what a crib was.

But what they had was good. They slept snuggled up to each other, peaceful, happy.

Perhaps it was that happiness that broke the enchantment.

One morning she woke up feeling frightened without knowing why.

Her babies watched as she got up and stumbled toward the dresser.

Her hands grabbed on to the marble top, knocking over a bronze lamp, and she looked at herself in the mirror.

She didn't know that woman. Those swollen, chafed breasts.

That small necklace of green stones around her neck.

That brown hair grown so long, curly, unruly, and with red tufts.

Those enormous, strange, lost-looking eyes. Now there was a bit of green in them.

Her face had become pale, making her lips look redder. Her mouth. It had changed. The lips were so full, red, obscene.

Her slender neck had purple marks from his mouth, his teeth.

A deep groan escaped from her lips.

She felt like shouting. Like shouting until she collapsed.

But she didn't want to alarm the babies. She opened the closet and searched frantically through his clothes, her flowery dresses. At the back, all crumpled, was her raincoat.

She put it on with difficulty, for she was shaking. She tied her hair with a blue ribbon and went to the bathroom to run cold water over her face.

Then she left the bedroom, without looking at the bed.

With lurching steps she descended the spiral staircase. She proceeded toward the shop, bumping into the mobile, whose suspended shapes followed her in a cloud of crystalline sounds.

He was sitting at a table, holding a seashell to his ear. He looked at her and smiled.

Marisa groaned again, like an animal. She felt like kneeling at his feet, like pressing her face into his knees, like letting him take her in his arms back upstairs...

The man laid down the seashell. He picked up an old bottle with a ship inside and began to dust it. The young woman retreated a little and bumped into a table, causing an hourglass to fall over

(they had no clocks, just hourglasses)...

He lifted his eyes and smiled again.

Marisa ran toward the front door, knocking over objects as she went, causing the mobile to tinkle and the iron bell by the door to clang. Finding herself outside, she was struck by a feeling of incredulity. She breathed deeply, with all her might.

Then, seized once more by fear, she started running down the street.

Selected Works

- Matar a imagem* [KILLING THE IMAGE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1989)
A noite mais escura da alma [THE DARKEST NIGHT OF THE SOUL] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1997)
A coisa que eu sou [THIS THING THAT'S ME] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 1997)
As Rosas Mortas [DEAD ROSES] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 1998)
O Rosto de Deus [THE FACE OF GOD] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 1999)
Se eu morrer antes de acordar [IF I DIE BEFORE I WAKE] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 2000)
O Vale dos Malditos [THE VALLEY OF THE DAMNED] (Lisbon: Black Sun, 2000)
A Dança dos Fantasmas [THE DANCE OF THE PHANTOMS] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 2001)
A linguagem dos pássaros [THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS] (Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 2001)

About her work

This kind of independence is unusual in our literature: to create a Neo-Gothic, fantasmaogorical universe in which the characters move amongst tombs, feeding on water and strawberries and sleep with hybrid beings with great green eyes with whom they beget broods of similar breeds; contrary to fashion, which demands short phrases, realism and contention, this writer is not afraid of writing nor of baroque jewels, parallel worlds, where death is in control. There is a crypt sensuality in her books, a snuggling up in the mantle of spilt blood, a willingness to recognize the darkest guides in the shadows of mysterious chapels.

FÁTIMA MALDONADO / *Expresso*, 24.1.1998

There is an enigma about Ana Teresa Pereira. Since 1989 [...] she has been publishing with impressive regularity books which are ever more similar to each other. A notable capacity for literary construction [...] allows her to maintain the kind of agility which lends itself to variation. But Ana Teresa Pereira unequivocally possesses a

territory. And explores it in such a way that we can only classify it as a kind of "obstinacy". The characters move from book to book with names that can easily be confused. We feel as if her criticism, and her paper, and her settings had also been eaten away by this luminous and mortal shadow which permeates these books.

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
Jornal Público - Leituras, 17.7.1999

As heedless as Alice as she falls into the hole, the reader picks up a book by Ana Teresa Pereira (in this case, *O Rosto de Deus* [The Face of God]) and lands on the other side of the looking glass, where Heaven and Hell don't follow each other but coincide: the sun superimposed on the moon as in an eclipse. And here the reader has a flash of recognition: of a return to childhood, to sleep, to what lies dormant in him or her.

What there is over on that side (which is always inside) are fairies who are witches who are red-headed girls plaiting their hair who are dark-headed girls with short hair who go about in long dresses and bare feet who go

about in jeans and sandals who wear old jewels who wear pearls who are goddesses who are demons who are blond boys with perfect faces who are grizzled men with ravaged faces who are queens of the Hells who are the Face of God. All in one and one in all.

ALEXANDRA LUCAS COELHO
(about O Rosto de Deus),
Jornal Público - Leituras, 17.7.1999

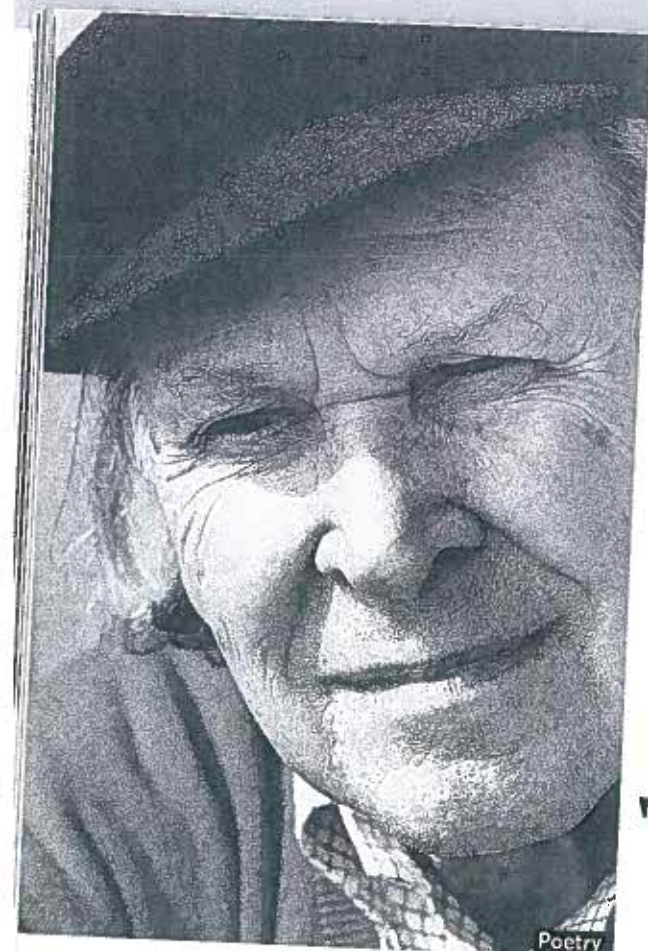
The last word, then, is silence. *As Rosas Mortas* [Dead Roses], fictitious-real, fictitious-silence. *As Rosas Mortas* is not the last word. Nor the first. It is the word gesture which condenses the infinity of possible stories, the absolute compulsion to tell them and the insignificance of the narration, the silence which is its intimate form. To read this silence is the most beautiful and the most terrifying metaphor. To read it continuously, incessantly, to the rhythm of breathing which conjures proximity and distance, attraction and repulsion: such is our role that can only be super-imposed (and in this gesture erased)

on the paper in which all of this has just been said/written/lived/loved.

RUI MAGALHÃES
from O Labirinto do Medo
[The Labyrinth of Fear]:
Ana Teresa Pereira, 1999

The book [Killing the Image], one of those dark books which fall from the hand to join a collection of thrillers, read as quickly as the lighting of a match and stays, hurting like a burn. I still remember the story amongst all those books and films, I think I could still describe the house, the library one reaches on ascending the stairs, the labyrinths which begin in the streets of a city that I recognized, and continue within Ana Teresa's characters. [...] I know that none of her books is any kind of rest (though they could be a consolation, as in the old days it was explained that Art should be), and that her writing, as Rui Magalhães has said [...], obliges her "to come down from the false light of the image to the absolute darkness" (though a brilliant flower is revealed in that darkness).

JOSÉ TOLENTINO MENDONÇA
Jornal Público - Mil Folhas, 10.2.2000



Poetry

IT'S NOT WITH EMOTIONS BUT
WITH MEMORY THAT WE WRITE.
LIKE A POTTER SHAPING A
VASE, MY ONLY CONCERN WHEN
I WRITE IS TO TRANSFORM THAT
MEMORY INTO WORDS, INTO
MUSIC.

Eugénio de Andrade

Born in 1923 in Póvoa da Atalaia (interior of Portugal). In 1932, he moved to Lisbon and, in 1943, he settled in Coimbra, where he attended the Philosophy course, socializing with major figures of Portuguese literature and thought of the time, amongst them, Eduardo Lourenço. In 1947, he started his career as civil servant and his work took him, in 1950, to Oporto, a city which he has since made his home and of which he is an honorary citizen. Eugénio de Andrade is one of the best-loved and most translated Portuguese poets of today having produced over more than 50 years of literary activity an unequalled body of work. His poetry which basically has a optimistic outlook, constructs a place where the human body and nature merge in a universe which is very specific but which is transfigured by a sensorial and sensual perception of what surrounds it – each of his poems contains a unity with its highly worked purity of language. His poetic work has also included translation (Sappho, Garcia Lorca, Yannis Ritsos, René Char, etc.) and the organization of thematic anthologies of Portuguese verse. The importance of his work has been recognised by the attribution of various awards and decorations. The Portuguese government made him Grande Oficial da Ordem de Sant'Iago da Espada (1982) and awarded him the Grã-Cruz of the Order of Merit (1988). He is a member of the Mallarmé Academy (Paris) and a founding member of the "Mihai Eminescu" International Academy (Romania). In 2001 he was honoured by the Carrefour des Littératures and received one of the most prestigious prizes awarded to writers working in Portuguese, the Camões Prize.

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Fundação Eugénio de Andrade
[see page 47]

Extracts

from INHABITED HEART: THE
SELECTED POEMS OF EUGÉNIO
DE ANDRADE

To mother

I know I betrayed you, mother,
in your deepest depths.

All because I'm no longer
the sleeping portrait
deep in your eyes.

All because you choose not to know
that there are beds where the cold
comes quickly
and nights sonorous with the
waters of dawn.

Therefore, sometimes, the words
I say to you
are harsh, mother,
and our love is unhappy.

All because I lost those white
roses
that I pressed to my heart
in the picture in the frame.
If you knew how I still love roses,
perhaps you wouldn't fill the
hours with bad dreams.
But you've forgotten many things;
forgotten that my legs grew long,
that all my body grew,
and even my heart
grew huge, oh mother.

Look—won't you listen?
Sometimes I am still the child
who slept in your eyes;

still press against my heart
roses as white
as those in your frame:
still hear your voice:
Once upon a time there was a
princess

in the middle of an orange grove . . .

But—you know—the night is vast,
and all my body grew.
I left the frame
and gave my eyes to the birds to
drink.

I have forgotten nothing, mother.
I keep your voice within me.
And I leave you the roses.

Good night. I go with the birds.

from ANOTHER NAME FOR EARTH

The smile

I think it was the smile,
it was the smile who opened the
door.
It was a smile with light, much light
inside, I longed to
enter it, take off my clothes, and
stay,
naked there within that smile.
To run, to sail, to die within that
smile.

from INHABITED HEART: THE
SELECTED POEMS OF EUGÉNIO
DE ANDRADE

Words

They are like a crystal,
words.
Some a dagger,
some a blaze.
Others,
merely dew.

Secret they come, full of memory.
Insecurely they sail:
cockleboats or kisses,
the waters trembling.

Abandoned, innocent,
weightless.
They are woven of light.
They are the night.
And even pallid
they recall green paradise.

Who hears them? Who
gathers them, thus,
cruel, shapeless,
in their pure shells?

Selected Works

Poetry

As Mãos e os Frutos [HANDS AND FRUITS] (Lisbon: 1948; 19th ed. Oporto: Fundação Eugénio de Andrade, 2000)

Os Amantes sem Dinheiro [PENILESS LOVERS] (Lisbon: 1950; 10th ed. Oporto: F. E. A., 2000)

As Palavras Interditas [FORBIDDEN WORDS] (Lisbon: Centro Bibliográfico, 1951; 10th ed. Limiar, 1990)

Ostinato Rigore (Lisbon: Guimarães Editores, 1964; 11th ed. Oporto: F. E. A., 1997)

Obscuro Domínio [DARK DOMAIN] (Oporto: Inova, 1971; 8th ed. Oporto: F. E. A., 2000)

O Peso da Sombra [THE SHADOW'S WEIGHT] (Oporto: Limiar, 1982; 3rd ed. 1989)

Branco no Branco [WHITE ON WHITE] (Oporto: Limiar, 1984; 5th ed. F.E.A., 1993)

Vertentes do Olhar [THE SLOPES OF A GAZE] (Oporto: 1987; Porto: F. E. A., 1998)

O Outro Nome da Terra [ANOTHER NAME FOR EARTH] (Oporto: Limiar, 1988; 2nd ed. 1989)

Rente ao Dizer [CLOSE TO SPEECH] (Oporto: 1992; 2nd ed. F. E. A., 1992)

Ofício de Paciência [THE ART OF PATIENCE] (Oporto: F. E. A., 1994; 2nd ed., 2000)

O Sal da Língua

[THE SALT OF LANGUAGE]

(Oporto: F. E. A., 1995; 2nd ed. 1996)

Poesia [POETRY]

(Oporto: F. E. A., 2000)

Selected Translations

German

Stilleben mit Früchten – Ausgewählte Gedichte (Carl Hanser, 1997)

Spanish

Brevísima Antología (Universidad Nacional Autónoma de Mexico, 1981)

Antología Poética (1940-1980) (Plaza & Janés S.A., 1981)

Vertientes de la mirada y otros poemas en prosa (Ediciones Júcar, 1987)

El otro nombre de la tierra (Pre-Textos, 1989)

Próximo al decir (Amarú Ed., 1993)

Ofício de Paciência (Hiperión, 1995)

La sal de la lengua (Hiperión, 1998)

Catalan

Matèria solar (Gregal Llibres, 1987)

Ran del dir (Pagès Editors, 1994)

Chinese

(Com Palavras Amo) (Instituto Cultural de Macau, 1990)

(O Outro Nome da Terra)

(Montanha das Flores, 1995)

French

Vingt-sept poèmes d'Eugénio de Andrade (Chandeigne, 1983)

Le Poids de l'ombre (La Différence, 1986; 2^a ed., 2000)

Versants du regard et autres poèmes en prose (La Différence, 1990)

L'Autre nom de la terre (La Différence, 1990)

À l'approche des eaux

(La Différence, 2000)

Italian

Vigilia dell'acqua (Empiria, 1990)

Il sale della Lingua (Edizioni del Bradipo, 1998)

English

Inhabited Heart: the selected poems of E. de Andrade

(Perivale Press, 1985)

The Slopes of a Gaze

(Apalachee Press, 1992)

Another Name For Hearth

(Q.E.D. Press, 1995)

Close to Speech

(Red Dance Floor Press, 2000)

Dark Domain (Guernica, 2000)

About his work

He is the privileged inhabitant of his own poetry, not because the poet 'sings of himself' through his poetry, but because in his poetry it is the poetry that 'sings of itself'. In this sense [...] his poetry is the first poetry about poetry in our literature.

EDUARDO LOURENÇO
from *Vinte e um Ensaio sobre Eugénio de Andrade*
[Twenty one Essays about Eugénio de Andrade], 1971



It is not easy for me to speak of the poetry of Eugénio de Andrade [...] in his poetry there are no unoccupied spaces for us to inhabit. 'Fruit' is truly a symbol of his poetic work, complete, united, compact, there is nothing to do but taste it, admire it, touch it with pure fingers so as not to soil it.

VERGÍLIO FERREIRA
from *Espaço do Invisível II*, 1991



Contemporary Portugal, [...] can count on the work, delicate and profound in all its aspects, of Eugénio de Andrade. We read it with the same pleasure with which we have tried to read those poets who are enemies of eloquence, such as Yannis Ritsos, Georges Seféris, or the German language poets Paul Celan and above all Karl Krolow.

AINAIN BOSQUET
Le Magazine Littéraire, Feb. 1987

In the poetry of Eugénio de Andrade the old idea of the balladeer is reborn in a singular manner, or perhaps the endless conversation between myself and loved ones and with nature, following the great example of Petrarch and Camões, but with reference to the concreteness and essentiality of Greek verse.

RUGGERO JACOBBI / *Paese Sera*, 25.6.1976



I'd like to refer to [...] some of his most salient characteristics, one of which is the independence and the immediacy of the image [...], whether in the sense that it is, more than logical, intuitive and submerges the reader in the reality invoked without the necessity for referential or realistic type of operation. Imagistic freedom, obeying an almost infallible instinct, makes the most audacious and unusual expressions create not a counternature, but rather a parallel nature in which all miracles are possible, as happens in the best of Garcia Lorca [...].

ANGEL CRESPO
Antologia de la poesía Portuguesa contemporânea
[Anthology of Contemporary Portuguese Poetry], 1982



I begin to tackle the great Atlantic poems of Pessoa and I advance in the reading and study of this 'well-tempered clavier' of your poems.

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR
Letter to Eugénio de Andrade, 17.03.1960



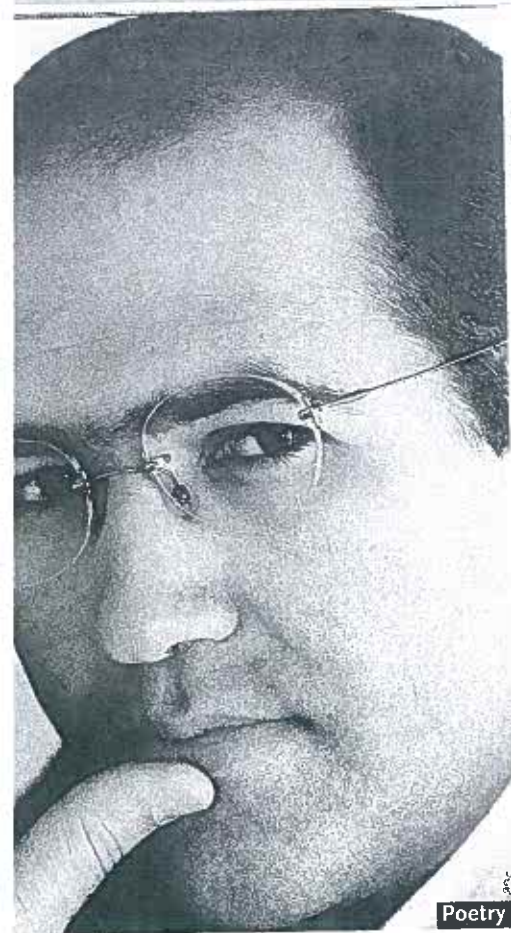
this most consummate and most musical of modern Portuguese poets is also still the most obstinate in his defence of what he considers the basic human freedom, that of man's body and soul to enjoy complete fulfilment in nature.

RAYMOND SAYERS
Concerning Poetry, vol. XVII, n° 2, 1984



One of Eugénio de Andrade's lines speaks to us somewhere of the "music of blood", and I'd take up this beautiful expression to underline the importance of the affective adhesion of writing like that of this writer – someone who has never forgotten that all poetry and music, more than being heard, must become an integrated part of our blood. Purified and stripped to the essential [...] Eugénio de Andrade's poetry is fundamentally lyric, to the extent in which he knows how to share with us his truth and at the same time asks for our truth – always more apprehended than declared, inhabiting the heart of things in the intimate certainty of a use of words that makes poetry, besides being a means of knowledge, into a privileged and sovereign way of loving the world.

FERNANDO PINTO DO AMARAL
(on the occasion of the attribution of the Camões Award 2001 to Eugénio de Andrade),
Jornal Público – Mil Folhas, 21.7.2001



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Poetry

José Tolentino Mendonça

IT'S IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORD LOVES TO HIDE. THE WORD IS A HORIZON TOWARDS WHICH WE WALK, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEYOND US, IT ALWAYS REMAINS UNSAID, UNSAYABLE.

Born on the island of Madeira in 1965. He graduated in Theology in the Catholic University in Lisbon with a dissertation on the poetry of Ruy Belo. He finished his degree in Biblical Studies at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome. He was ordained in 1990 and since then he has been chaplain and lecturer at the Catholic University in Lisbon. He has lived and studied in Rome where he prepared his Phd. dissertation in Theology. Besides being a poet he is also an essayist and translator. Like many poets of the 80's and 90's he has gone back to a certain Portuguese lyrical tradition. A rather special sort of lyricism, very delicate, enveloped in secrecy, characterizes his poetry. José Tolentino Mendonça's lines carry vestiges, indices, the dust of adolescent memories, various places, known faces, seascapes, various cities, traces and simple situations of everyday life. Translation is part of his own poetic work, being *The Song of Songs* a good example.

In 1998 he received the City of Lisbon Poetry prize with his work *Longe não sabia* and, in 2001, the President of the Republic Mr. Jorge Sampaio decorated him as Comendador of the *Ordem do Infante*.

Extract

from DE IGUAL PARA IGUAL [BETWEEN EQUALS]

Strange Eyes

What revelations await us
without any chance we'll understand:
the hurtling of a train
the ostensible thought
the image of others in the middle of our nights
the simple difference that never is

Absolutely alone
our heart beats

A dusty red-clay path
and I hugging you on the huge bicycle
I never took my eyes off the fields
sometimes I'd spot an angel from behind

You said
From land to land forever inseparable
we're something that God touches

History is but
a clue to the story
a sign that escapes us

from BALDIOS [WASTES]

Calle Príncipe, 25

We suddenly lose
the depths of fields
singular enigmas
the clarity we swear
we'll preserve

but we take years
to forget someone
who just glanced at us

from BALDIOS [WASTES]

The Purest Presence

Nothing in the world is closer
but those to whom we deny the word
love, certain infirmities, the purest presence

hear the words of the woman dressed in sunlight
when she walks on top of the trees
"how far away from common speech did you leave
your heart?"

the desperate height of the blueness
in your teenage photo hundreds of years ago
the disappearance of lilies from the public garden
the sea of this bay in ruins or if you prefer
the supermarket bags that expand in the drawer
the student conversations that we continue
to recite in the family
the fatigue of sunday's run through the woods
the dry-cleaning stubs with a "don't forget" attached
the terror we have
of certain chance meetings
because we've stopped knowing basic things
about other people
their very names

hear the words of the woman dressed in sunlight
when she walks on top of the trees
"how far away did you leave
your heart?"

Selected Works

Poetry

Longe não sabia [FAR FROM
KNOWING] (Lisbon: Presença, 1997)
A que distância deixaste o coração
[HOW FAR AWAY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR
HEART] (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim,
1998)

Baldios [WASTES] (Lisbon: Assírio &
Alvim, 1999)

De Igual para Igual [BETWEEN
EQUALS] (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim,
2001)

Essay

*As estratégias do desejo: um discurso
bíblico sobre a sexualidade.*

[STRATEGIES OF DESIRE: A BIBLICAL
DISCOURSE ON SEXUALITY] (Lisbon:
Cotovia, 1994)

About his work

From the first poem to the last, not a
line or a word disturbs the elegance
and subtlety of this verse which is
rooted in a highly responsible
conception of poetic diction which lies
close to the old lesson about the
richness of the name and the intuition
that can only be expressed poetically.

ANTÓNIO GUERREIRO
Expresso, 12.7.1997



Despite being a poetry of tensions,
Longe não sabia is not far from a line
of placidity which might include
sufferings, joys, communions,
journeys. There is none of that
situation of struggle or of debate
between various options. It escapes
into an agonized dimension which sets
it aside from what contemporary poetry
has had to do with the transcendent.
[...] this placidity is rooted in the
marvelling in an acceptance which
does not wish to become sermonizing.
It wants to give itself to a connection
that is subtly incompatible with what is
attentively seen and heard; and
acquires a sensory feeling of the point
between intimacy and what lies
outside.

JOAQUIM MANUEL MAGALHÃES
from Rima Pobre, 1999

Few contemporary Portuguese poets
have such a rigorous way and involve
such great wisdom of the secret. It is
based on writing in which everything is
clear, read word for word, but in which
everything becomes obscure if we seek
a meaning in everything. But this
obscurity isn't necessarily dark, it can
be sunny; though it doesn't exclude
panic, the infiltration of fear, hidden
terror.

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
Público, 19.9.1998



Sometimes poetry can still be a gift, a
pure gesture with no counterparts, a
form of reconciling ourselves with the
world in which we find ourselves. The
words then go beyond the usual limits
of their meaning and open up to an
ethical dimension which may not
coincide with what we call 'happiness',
but which implies at least a profound
joy in the face of life and the miracle
we are living through. José Tolentino
Mendonça's book [...] breathes a
climate which speaks to us about
exactly this delivery, this sharing or this
near surrender.

FERNANDO PINTO DO AMARAL
"Places of the heart", *Relâmpago* n° 6, Abr. 2000



This a poetry which prefers poverty to
luxury, simplicity to complication,
poetry that I feel is close to me and my
aesthetic (if, that is, I have one) I
remember two lines of Montale: «We
poor too have certain riches: the scent
of lemons». [...] This sort of innocence,
or wisdom, this writing where vision
and its expression are one and the
same thing, in this poet they come
from afar and extend to the book that
the reader holds in his hands. In a
poem of 1990, Tolentino Mendonça
was already confiding in us: «At that
time/ it was still possible/ to find God/
in the wastelands.» What time?
Probably at all times. That is, in all of
our childhoods, that childhood in
which the whole human being is locked
and in which one day poetry makes its
nest. «Poetry is the place of this
interior time, whispering, secret», says
the author of this *De igual para igual*,
in an encounter with his readers. It is a
dense phrase, loaded with feeling, with
presage. It's as if one was speaking of
a very ancient place where each
gesture, each utterance is trying to give
some kind of sign of a god (or of God)
to those who hear it.

EUGÉNIO DE ANDRADE
Afterword to De igual para igual,
[*Between Equals*], 2000



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Alice Vieira

Born in Lisbon in 1943. She took a degree in English and German and began her career as a journalist in 1964. She co-ordinated the youth supplement for the *Diário de Lisboa* and from 1984 to 1989 she edited the children's supplement for the *Diário de Notícias*. She has worked on a number of television programmes and also as a children's book critic for magazines. Besides her extensive writing, divided between narrative fiction and plays, she has also published adaptations of traditional stories from Portugal and Macao and an anthology of popular poetry for children. Early attracted by children's writing, she went on to great success in the 80's, having already received an award for her first work, *Rosa, Minha Irmã Rosa*, in 1979. Based on the theme of pre-adolescence and adolescence, the narrative stands out for the poetic and almost magical form in which she deals with her subjects. Solitude amongst the young, adult/child relationships and amongst friends are the recurring themes in her work, stressing the authenticity and psychological aspects of her writing.

In 1994 she received the major Calouste Gulbenkian Children's Literature Award for her collected work and, in 1996 and 1998 she was the Portuguese candidate for the Hans Christian Andersen Award. Several of her books were selected as distinguished examples of literature for children and young people for the International Children's Library in Munich.

[I WANT TO] CONFRONT THE READER WITH STORIES IN WHICH THERE ARE NO PERFECT PEOPLE OR MAGIC WANDS, IN WHICH EACH CHARACTER MUST RELY ON HIS OWN RESOURCES AND THE STRENGTH OF HIS OWN HANDS.

Extract

from *SE PERGUNTAREM POR MIM DIGAM QUE VOEI* [IF SOMEONE ASKS FOR ME TELL THEM I'VE FLOWN]

- Sing the whole thing, Demétria!
- then asked Piedade.
- It's very long - she said.
- We've got plenty of time - insisted Piedade.
- Don't interrupt me then.
- I won't interrupt you.

And Demétria, in a low murmur, her hands seeking out the all-powerful berries and herbs in the damp earth, engaged upon an endless story about castles and fountains and old barges, moons and tigers, roots which hid the sorrows of the world, crossroads and bridges with strange names, until her voice ended up by merging with the sound of the breeze in the leaves of the poplars and willows. Piedade loved hearing her and allowed herself to be carried away by the magic of the words and, when she got home, though exhausted and almost asleep on her feet, she would still write some of them down in her notebooks. Piedade liked words in the same way she liked people. And she was certain that it was in them and not in the berries, roots, seeds or grasses that the salvation of the world lay. But she never said this to Demétria as she didn't want to annoy her.

- Are we going to stay much longer? - asked Leticia.
- Demétria looked at her as if she'd just woken up. Then she got up and said:
- Let's go. It's still a long way to the stream.
- Aren't you tired? Only yesterday you had a temperature, and Carlota said that there are some days when you don't eat anything and you have nightmares.
- Carlota doesn't know what she's saying - Demétria answered.
- Then, pointing to the moon, she added:
- You can't let a full moon set on a Thursday night without doing what the *Great Book* tells you.
- Leticia shuddered («Demétria's a witch!») and asked fearfully.
- And what does the *Great Book* say?
- That I have to go down to the river to save the children from eternal punishments.
- What happens if you don't?
- Werewolves will take over the world, the souls of dead children will be forever wandering through the reeds, and those born afterwards won't have enough strength to call out for their mothers and will have to see them

disappear though the first open window.

Demétria's voice was weak. They went on walking. Every now and then Demétria would look up at the moon, smiling and murmuring.

- People don't know anything, absolutely nothing.

- What don't people know?

- They don't know anything about the moon. People look at the moon and think it's just this pretty bright white ball, and there are even some people who say men have been on it.

Suddenly, Demétria fell silent, remembering a certain night, many years ago, when old Nicolau had called her into the dining room and told her to bring the children because some men were landing on the moon and it was all going to be shown on television.

[...]

Demétria remembered it all and especially her own look of scorn, the look of someone certain that that was another moon, a moon crowded with Americans and Russians, one on which people could now land, a moon that must hover somewhere in this

universe—but not that round white moon over her head, that moon that ruled our lives, where a man with a bunch of thorns on his head paid eternal penitence for having disobeyed the gods. That was what Demétria had assured her, swearing on her life. If it was the same moon the Russians and the Americans would have met the thorny penitent and, who knows, have broken his curse.

– Men don't know anything – repeated Demétria, arriving finally at the river's edge, lowering her eyes, stretching her arms to the waters, and mumbling incomprehensible litanies to Letícia. Then she thrust herself into the midst of the reeds, coming back with her hands full of grasses, bits of bush, leaves and roots.

Returning home by the same path, Demétria took Letícia through the virtues of the plants she'd found and collected, naming them and their properties, like a teacher repeating the lesson to a pupil who had arrived late for class.

Selected Works

Novels

Rosa, Minha Irmã Rosa [ROSA, MY SISTER ROSA] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1979; 12th ed. 1994)

Chocolate à Chuva [RAINING CHOCOLATE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1982; 9th ed. 1996)

Águas de Verão [SUMMER RAINS] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1985; 5th ed. 1996)

Flor de Mel [HONEY FLOWER] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1986; 5th ed. 1996)

A Lua Não Está à Venda [THE MOON IS NOT FOR SALE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1988; 4th ed. 1996)

Os Olhos de Ana Marta [THE EYES OF ANA MARTA] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1990; 2nd ed. 1995)

Promontório da Lua [PROMONTORY OF THE MOON] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1991; 2nd ed. 1996)

Caderno de Agosto [AUGUST NOTEBOOK] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1995)

Se Perguntarem por Mim, Digam que Voei [IF SOMEONE ASKS FOR ME TELL THEM I'VE FLOWN] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1997)

Trisavó de Pistola à Cinta e Outras Histórias [THE SHARP-SHOOTING GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER AND OTHER STORIES] (Lisbon: Caminho, 2001)

Selected Translations

German

Meine Schwester Rosa (Cecilie Dressler Verlag, 1989)

Die Augen von Ana Marta (Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, 1997)

Bulgarian

Rosa minha irmã Rosa (Svetulka – 44, 2000)

Spanish

Flor de Miel (Ediciones Siruela, 1991)

Los Ojos de Ana Marta (Ediciones S.M., 1993)

Catalan

Bloc 12, 2n esquerra (Bruño, 1997)

Quadern d'Agost (Barcanova, 1998)

Gallician

Rosa, miña irma Rosa (Ediciones S.M., 1990)

French

Les yeux d'Ana Marta (Éditions La Joie de Lire, 2000)

Carnet d'Août (Éditions La Joie de Lire, 2001)

Hungarian

Rosa, kis húgom, Rosa (Móra Ferenc Könyvkiadó, 1990)

Dutch

Rosa, mijn zusje Rosa (De Fontein, 1996)

About her work

Alice Vieira's commitment is exclusively to poetic language and the desire to stimulate young people not just to a curiosity about the Other and the reality that surrounds it but also to the discovery of their own interior universe. It is in the way she remains faithful to these principles that this work reveals the depth of her pedagogic purpose.

JOSÉ ANTÓNIO GOMES
Expresso, 19. 11. 1994



I am always amazed by the superior literary quality of her "children's" books. Literary quality should be our daily bread in literature for young people – but you know as well as I that this manna does not always fall from heaven. As an example of her impressive quality [...] with *Às Dez a Porta Fechada* you meet up with a great literary tradition – and one that is not always found in books for adults.

MARIA LÚCIA LEPECKI
Diário de Notícias, 14. 8. 1988



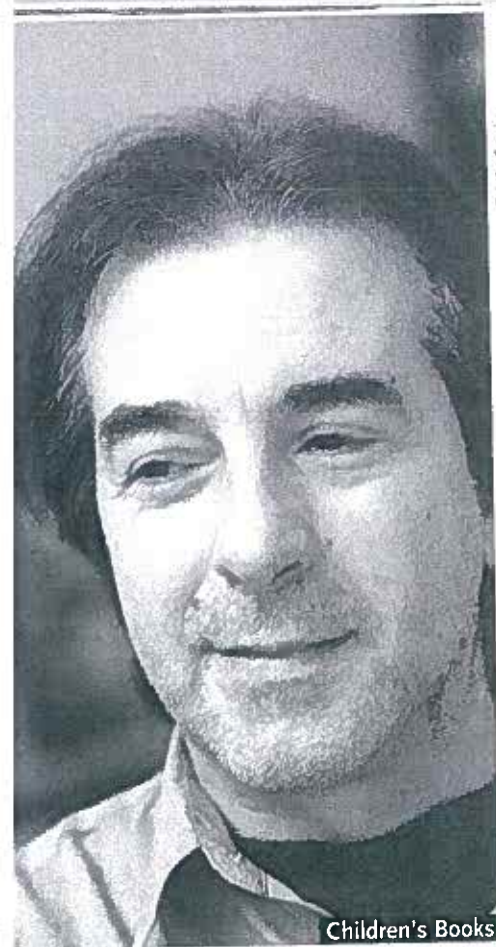
A good proportion of the eighteen stories for young people by Alice Vieira that are just out, are centered on a conflict of a psychological nature: the search for a mother or father; the attempt to accept the outsider; the discovery of the family roots of the subject; the (re)construction of personal identity – themes present in many of her works. The social surroundings of each of these conflicts help sometimes to explain them, but only in part, and allow us, almost always, to detect a vision of the world which is never neutral, but which meanwhile is never manipulative. In general this vision is transmitted with a fine sense of humour along with a notable capacity to grasp different linguistic registers, as with the very different characters in *Um Fio de Fumo nos Confins do Mar*.

JOSÉ ANTÓNIO GOMES
(about Um Fio de Fumo nos Confins do Mar)
[A Thread of Smoke at the Edge of the Sea]
Expresso, 10.4.1999



Alice Vieira has begun two series of novels aimed at attracting that difficult readership of pre-adolescents: in the first series – which opened with *Rosa, Minha Irmã Rosa* [...] daily life is heightened with all the force of simple facts – births, illness, moves, deaths – without giving in to sweetened tones or juggling with truth; in an efficient style – and do not forget that Alice Vieira is a journalist – the colloquial is imposed as a symptom of modernity and the dialogue is conducted with the assurance of one who knows how to listen to young people. In the other series, Alice Vieira moves into the fantastic and uses time traveling in order to perceive the history of Portugal from a contemporary perspective, in which the sociological is imposed on the factual.

NATÉRCIA ROCHA
from Breve História da Literatura para Crianças em Portugal
[Short History of Children's Literature in Portugal]
Caminho, 2001



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Alvaro Magalhães

YOUNG PEOPLE DON'T HAVE
THE ADULT ANXIETY TO
UNDERSTAND THE WORLD.
THEY JUST WANT TO
EXPERIENCE IT.

BORN in Oporto in 1951. He first published poetry in the early 80's. In 1982 he published his first children's book, *História com muitas letras* [Story with many letters], and has built up a distinctive body of work in this field which includes stories, poetry, narratives for teenagers and plays. His work for children, which is propelled by the force of imagination and word, is the product of a spiritual sensitivity which claims the magical totality of existence and appeals permanently to imagination and dream as powerful factors in the modelling of being. Playing with words, ideas and sounds, some of these texts are actual provocations which stimulate the reader to see the unusual and the banal through the codes of humor and poetic 'reason'. His most recent work is *Triângulo Jota* [Triangle J], a series of narratives of mystery that have already captivated a million readers. Considered one of the most important writers of his generation, he has received several awards from the Portuguese Writers' Association and the Ministry for Culture, as well as by the IBBY which has just distinguished *O Limpa-palavras e outros poemas* [The Word-Cleaner and other poems] as the best text published in 2000 and 2001, and has added it to the "Honour List" for the 2002 Hans Christian Andersen Prize.

Extract

from *TRIÂNGULO JOTA* [TRIANGLE J] – *A HISTÓRIA DE UMA ALMA* [THE STORY OF A SOUL]

This was it then. There was no monstrous creature in the freezing cold room. Nor in the cupboard. Just the soul of Mary Celeste who, despite her name, hadn't managed to find the way to heaven.

The cold became unbearable, especially for Joel who was trembling like a leaf. And it wasn't only the cold. His knees were knocking, his teeth chattering. Suddenly he went as pale as someone about to perish in a storm at sea.

– What's the matter? – asked Jorge.

– I don't know. My head feels empty. I think I'm going to faint. Cold sweat ran down his face.

– You'd better sit down – said Jorge as he tried to take him over to the bed, but Joel resisted, uncomfortable. He didn't want to sit on the bed or on any of those chairs if they were the bed and chairs of that soul.

– It's better now. I'm fine – he said, wiping the sweat away.

– I have to hurry – said the Voice – but first lock the door.

Jorge turned the key in the lock and Joel took the opportunity to speak.

– Why us? – he wanted to know – Why have you chosen us?

– Who else is there who could do what I am going to ask you to do? – said the Voice

The servants are so faithful to their master that they'd never steal a book to throw in a well.

The voice fell silent. So did they. Now they knew what the soul wanted of them. To steal a book and throw it down a well. Wasn't that just what the girl in black had been going to do?

Jorge was suddenly interested and became attentive.

– If you don't do it by Monday, it'll no longer be possible to do it and I'll never be able to find my way.

– Just a moment – said Jorge.

– Not so loud. Speak more quietly. I know what you're saying even if you're just moving your lips. And out there they don't need to hear you.

– I'd like to know – murmured Jorge. – what's so special about that book?

– It's mine. It was given to me by Samuel Lobo, my husband, on the day we met. He swore that it belonged to me and that it would go to the grave with me. That's how it was. The book was buried

with me and was with me until recently when my husband repented of his generosity and opened up the tomb to snatch the book out of my hands. My body turned to dust immediately but even this didn't move him. And now my evolution as a soul has come to a stop. If, as he wants, he publishes this book I shall never be at peace. I'll never be free of the memories that keep me earthbound and prevent my astral development. I shall be wandering eternally in this inferior state of spirit; of that there's no doubt.

– But why? – Jorge wanted to know. – What's so special about those words?

– They're magical words of love and enchantment that come from the beyond time. I have read them so often and with such passion that they make my blood run. In this world there are no words; we have to let go of them or they become a terrible weight for us. Words bring with them the smell and taste of things, of feelings. The memory of our lives vanishes but the weight of those words keeps me in earthly orbit, in a no-man's-land between two worlds. They are the remains of being human and

they won't let me die completely. And it is this remnant of being human that allows me to communicate with you. The Voice fell silent for a few instants. It was clear that speaking used up energies and tired her somewhat. The two boys waited in silence for her to get her breath back. Something strange vibrates inside me when someone says those words. Now I have neither hunger nor thirst, I have no stomach, I have no heart, I don't feel anything, but words of passion make me tremble as if I still had a body like yours – they bring back the warmth of existence.

Selected Works

Triângulo Jota [TRIANGLE J] (a series for young people with seventeen titles in several editions) (Oporto: Asa, 1998 to 2001)

O Reino Perdido [THE LOST KINGDOM] (Oporto: Asa, 2001, 3rd Ed.)
Isto é que foi ser! [This is what it was!] (Oporto: Asa, 2001, 3rd Ed.)

O Limpa-palavras e outros poemas [THE WORD-CLEANER AND OTHER POEMS] (Oporto: Asa, 2001)

História pequenas de bichos pequenos [SMALL STORIES OF SMALL CREATURES] (Oporto: Asa, 2001, 5th Ed.)

O homem que não queria sonhar e outras histórias [THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT TO DREAM AND OTHER STORIES] (Oporto: Asa, 2001, 4th Ed.)

Hipopóptimos – Uma história de amor [HIPPOOPTIMOS – A LOVE STORY] (Oporto: Asa, 2001)

Selected Translations

O Rei Lagarto (Edições Xerais de Galicia, 1998)

O Homem que não queria sonhar (Ed. Xerais de Galicia, 1997)

About his work

The best Portuguese series of thrillers for young people in book form. [...] in the present day Portuguese panorama, Álvaro Magalhães is the first to have managed to reformulate and enrich, with success, well-known narrative models of mystery and quest. Alongside the structural perfection of the plots, the thriller content is above all a stage for the theatre of feeling, of musings, of complicities and confrontations with the characters.

Besides this, the number of protagonists is reduced in these books and a space is opened up for psychological conflict; the heroes become more real and more human and are purged of infantilisms and artificiality. On the other hand the humorous angle is accentuated, and themes from literary tradition are introduced, giving a colouring of exoticism to the settings as well as an urban modernity, and the protagonists are older. This choice has two consequences. At the level of the work it allows for the theming of the universe of teenage affective and sexual preoccupations. In terms of the readership it opens it up to a far wider age range.

JOSÉ ANTÓNIO GOMES
(about the series "Triângulo Jota")
from *Literatura para Crianças e Jovens*
[*Literature for Children and Young People*],
1991



A team of two boys and a girl form the centre of the adventures in the "Triângulo Jota" collection [...]. As well as the active presence of adults – generally on the sidelines –, the author adds exotic touches such as the Chinese girl, the Tarot cards along with a love interest. With a mastery already seen in other genres, the writer displays his ability to communicate with young readers, placing in their hands quality works whose fluid style draw teenagers in for a longer and rather more complex read.

NATÉRCIA ROCHA
from *Breve História da Literatura para Crianças em Portugal* [Short History of Children's Literature in Portugal], 2001



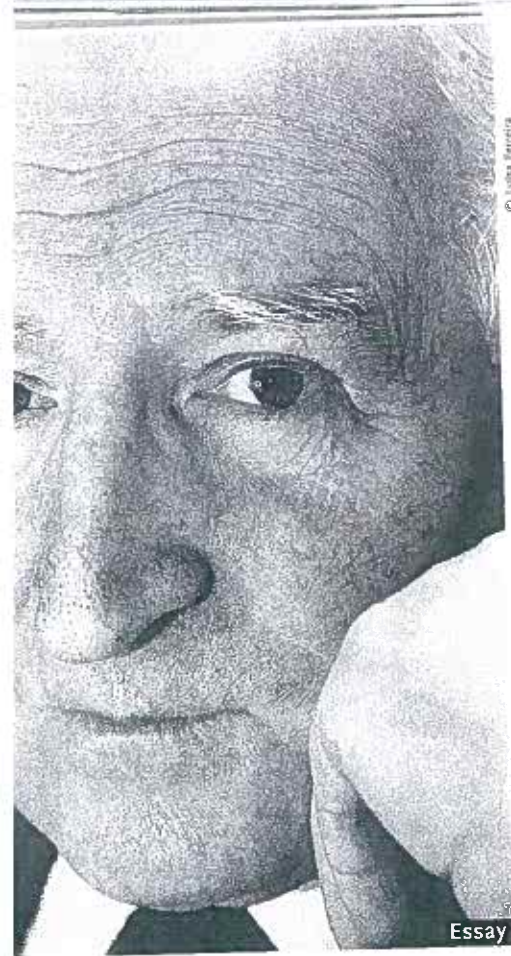
Gifted with a mordant and intelligent sense of humour Álvaro Magalhães gives his works a universal dimension which is a real provocation to reasoning and to a search for deeper readings. Playing with difficult concepts, with words and sounds, he always appeals to the imagination and dream, not so much as forms of escapism but as powerful factors in the modelling of being.

NATÉRCIA ROCHA / *Colóquio-Letras*, 1988



This is one of those texts which unlooses the magic of beauty, that magic which we, who carry out the thankless task of critic, insist on translating with our poor adjectives. An odyssey which lacks neither humour nor poetry and one where, above all else, the power of imagination and the word rules – which in Magalhães end up by being the same power.

MIGUEL ÁNGEL VASQUEZ
(about *Isto é que foi ser!*),
La Voz de Galicia, 5.5.1988



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Essay

I MOVED BAG AND BAGGAGE TO LITERATURE. LIKE AN ESCAPEE IN NEED OF AN ALIBI. BUT AN ALIBI THAT ENDURES IS AS GOOD AS A VALID ARGUMENT.

Eduardo Lourenço

Born in Almeida in 1923. He took a degree in History and Philosophy at the University of Coimbra in 1946, where he remained an visiting lecturer in the Philosophy Department. In 1954 he left the country to be a lecturer of Portuguese in various European countries. He was head of the Philosophy department, as invited professor, at Bahia University and lecturer appointed by the French government at the Universities of Grenoble and Nice, where he jubilated in 1988. Being abroad he always kept up with his country of origin and retained a close link with Portugal's cultural, historical and political life and has been a regular in the Portuguese press. Eduardo Lourenço essays cover the Portuguese literary history of the 19th and 20th centuries, and some, such as *O Labirinto da Saudade* (1978) and all his writings on the work of Fernando Pessoa, have become essential reading in Portuguese culture and literature. Lourenço's eclectic intellectual habilities include a wide range of areas such as painting and the great problems and challenges of our times.

The importance and quality of his work have been recognised by the attribution of various awards including Charles Veillon European Essay Prize (Lausanne, 1988) and the Camões Award, the highest distinction for writers working in Portuguese (1996).

Extract

from WE THE FUTURE

The past is all we have to draw on. It is through the past that we imagine the future. There are two ways, however, of using the past to build what we have no choice but to call the Future. One way is to have a past as though we had none. This is the way of childhood and of cultures that exist solely in the present, when "Time" has not yet been entered, or when people live in an age of repetition, as in old China or Ancient Egypt. In fact, all human groups dwell, in their own way, in an immemorial present that is the perceptible enactment of their impossible eternity. The other way is to have, in essence or with an hypnotic fixation, *only* a past, that is to say, to be symbolically and passionately past. This is only possible and permissible for whosoever had a culture or an individual destiny which had a present that constituted an archetypal event, in the eyes of others, or is remembered as such. A moment of glory from which the interpretation of History can be

conducted and systemized in relation to what went before and will come after. It matters little if History itself is seen as Universal – as was that of the Roman Empire – or as specific and mythical, as that of the Aztecs. These two "histories" did not exist in relation to any Future. Their futures were simply the prolongation of a present given weight and consistency by the ready acceptance of a past of real or mythical splendour. Therefore, after the destruction of Carthage, Rome had no enemies. At least no enemies capable of robbing her of her present, even when this present had become an extended twilight. The same happened in the case of England, when Waterloo ensured an imperial present for the country that lasted almost a century and a half. This gave England the dynamic means of embodying into her present a Future that was, or is, no more than the shadow of a past that was duly assumed, then consumed, rather like the present, but lacking

its transient nature.

At the end of this millennium, for us Westerners, at least, the way we envisage the Future or, more modestly, simply imagine it, for it is only in this way that we can access what does not exist and never will. The demise or metamorphosis of the many different pasts, none of them identical, shape our prediction or imagination of a specific image of the Future. The idea of a Future for Humanity only makes sense in an abstract perspective when not appropriated by every culture and every individual destiny. There will be Futures. They already exist, for entwined in our lives at many levels, are calculation, hope, dreams and Utopia, which are the substance of the Future, already incorporated into our present, and guiding our every thought and footstep. They live with us and guide us in different ways, because "the pasts" of which they are a logical though unpredictable and fictitious form, are diverse and, moreover, immutable.

Selected Works

In Portuguese

Fernando Pessoa Revisitado: leitura estruturante do drama em gente

[FERNANDO PESSOA REVISITED: A FRAMED READING OF THE DRAMA IN PEOPLE] (Oporto: Inova, 1973; 2nd ed. Lisbon: Moraes, Ed., 1981)

Tempo e Poesia [TIME AND POETRY] (Oporto: Inova, 1974; 2nd ed. Lisbon: Relógio d'Água, 1988)

O Labirinto da Saudade – Psicanálise Mítica do Destino Português

[THE LABYRINTH OF YEARNING – MYTHICAL PSYCHOANALYSIS OF THE PORTUGUESE DESTINY] (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1978)

Fernando, Rei da Nossa Baviera [FERNANDO, KING OF OUR BAVARIA] (Lisbon: I.N.C.M., 1986)

Heterodoxia I e II [HETERODOXY I AND II] (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 1987)

Nós e a Europa ou As Duas Razões [US AND EUROPE OR THE TWO REASONS] (Lisbon: I.N.C.M., 1988; 4th ed., 1994)

O Canto do Signo – Existência e Literatura (1957-1993) [THE SONG OF THE SIGN – EXISTENCE AND LITERATURE] (Lisbon: Presença, 1994)

A Europa Desencantada: para uma Mitologia Europeia [DISENCHANTED EUROPE: FOR AN EUROPEAN MYTHOLOGY] (Lisbon: Visão, 1994; Gradiva, 2001)

O Esplendor do Caos [THE SPLENDOR OF THE CHAOS]

In French

L'Europe introuvable (Métailié, 1991)

Montaigne ou la vie écrite (L'Escampette, 1992)

La culture à l'ère de la mondialisation (L'Escampette, 2001)

Selected Translations

French

Fernando Pessoa, roi de notre Bavière (Chandeigne, 1988)

Pessoa, Étranger Absolu (Chandeigne/Métailié, 1990)

Le Miroir imaginaire (L'Escampette, 1994)

Italian

Fernando, Re della nostra Baviera (Empiria, 1997)

Il tempo dell'Europa (Marsilio Editori, 2002)

Spanish

Nosotros y Europa (Huerga y Hierro, 2001)

German

Mythologie der Saudade (Suhrkamp, 2001)

About his work

Eduardo Lourenço dissembles the true writer that he is. The universe that unfolds in his work is Romanesque and poetic, a space situated on the moveable frontier between the real and the imaginary. These territories, woven with fertile passions and dramas which stand out, belong to a geography either human or of the spirit, under the headings Portugal, Europe, the New World or History, Literature, Fiction. Leading players: Camões, Vasco da Gama, Eça de Queirós, Fernando Pessoa and Montaigne, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche.

FRANÇOIS GAUDRY
Bulletin de Diffusion de la Littérature et de la Culture, June 1993



Robert Bréchon defines Eduardo Lourenço as "a critic who separates the wheat from the chaff and cries: caution". Lourenço who is a descendent of Montaigne, who interrogates himself as a person about Pessoa, does not cease from exploring the pictorial night. [...] Lourenço's lucidity amazes me (but is it not above all the informal terror which he invokes?), his prodigiously peripatetic spirit exalts me, in the certainty that his imaginary looking glass invites the cruellest, the most subtle vision of painting today. A vision of death? The object itself appears without object. But what kind of nostalgia will we be touched with from now on?

JEAN-CLAUDE PIROTTE
Bulletin de Diffusion de la Littérature et de la Culture, June 1993

The situation of Eduardo Lourenço is doubly paradoxical. This intellectual who better than any other incarnates the Portuguese consciousness has spent the greater part of his life abroad and has lived in France for more than thirty years. [...] He is above all a man of letters, whose work on Pessoa has thrown completely new light on his subject. But his real fame comes from his perpetual exercise of spectral analysis of the Portuguese "soul" summarized in his book *Labyrinthe de la Saudade*. More recently he published *L'Europe introuvable*, in which he assesses the present state of our continent, into which Portugal has now been launched. [...] But the wisdom of Lourenço meets up with that of Montaigne, to whom he pays admirable tribute. The extreme availability that he has in common with the author of the *Essays*, that way of wishing "without qualities" to better to receive everything, has also something to do with the infinite flexibility that his master Fernando Pessoa claimed in *Le Chemin du serpent*: «Vivre les contraires sans les accepter; tout sentir de toutes les manières, et n'être à la fin rien d'autre que l'intelligence de tout.» ("The Way of the Serpent": «To live contradictions without accepting them; to feel everything in every way,

in the end being nothing more than the intelligence of everything».)

ROBERT BRÉCHON
from Georges Le Gentil, La Littérature Portugaise, 1995



All this means that Eduardo Lourenço has a thought. A thought is a rare thing. It cannot be defined as a vision of the world, nor as a global or even partial conception of history, but rather as a movement of concepts which creates its own field of operations. And this implies, in general, the invention of concepts, and a brand new opening to unexplored domains. In other words: a thought that is characterized, above all else, by its own movement, by the movement of the thought. An idea without thought could be a mechanical application of pre-existing concepts, an imitation of an original thought: in none of these types of idea does the movement of thought venture outside a pre-established mould.

JOSÉ GIL E FERNANDO CATROGA
from O Ensaios Trágico de Eduardo Lourenço [The Tragic Essays of Eduardo Lourenço], 1996



Eduardo Lourenço, could be said to revive in our age, so diversified in its interests and specializations, the Renaissance ideal of the 'uomo universale'. [...] like Baudelaire for whom the best commentary on a work of art was another work of art, Eduardo Lourenço has programmed his critical activity less by judgement of the work of art as by fusing with it, recovering it from within, favouring its illumination by a commentary that adjusts itself to it. The last word for Eduardo Lourenço is that of poetry itself and it would thus be unjustifiable to superimpose another to substitute it and above all to judge it. So for him the criticism or the essay rather than being negatively judicial are only an unfolding which up to a certain point explain the work. But in placing himself at the centre of the work of art, thus illuminating it from within, the work could be said to be reborn with a new life and splendour, through the annotation or the underlining of what to a less lucid glance might pass unnoticed. In this way no work of art leaves his hands without having been newly enriched, no work is ever quite the same after being visited by him.

VERGÍLIO FERREIRA
"Ser e estar", Prelo, May 1994



Essay

RACISM IS NOT A PRODUCT OF RACE. IT'S RACE THAT'S A PRODUCT OF RACISM.

Miguel Vale de Almeida

Born in Lisbon in 1960, he spent part of his childhood in the Azores. Through the AFS exchange programme he spent a year in the USA where he got interested in intercultural questions. After doing a degree in Anthropology, he returned to the US on a Fulbright scholarship, taking his Master's degree at the State University of New York. On his return to Portugal he did a Phd. in Social Anthropology with a dissertation entitled *Corações de Pedra: Discursos e Práticas da Masculinidade numa Aldeia do Sul de Portugal* [*Hearts of Stone: Discourses and Practices of Masculinity in a village in the south of Portugal*] and began his career lecturing at the Instituto Superior de Ciências do Trabalho e da Empresa, (Higher Institute of Labour and Company Sciences) along with research work on a temporary appointment at the Overseas Ethnology Centre, as well as regular collaboration on Portuguese periodicals, experiences in the world of fiction, participation in various social and civic movements and political activity. His research is centred on post-colonial studies; the areas of gender, sexuality and the body and race, ethnicity and ethnopolitics (in Portugal, Brazil and the African diaspora in general). He is a member of the European Association of Social Anthropologists and American Anthropological Association, and was invited to feature in *Who's Who in the World* (2002).

The *Hegemonic Male: Masculinity in a Portuguese Town* was chosen as the 'Outstanding Academic Book of the Year' by *Choice magazine* (1997).

Extract

from *THE HEGEMONIC MALE: MASCULINITY IN A PORTUGUESE TOWN*

The *saída* was decided during a café conversation with Beto, Leonel and Ruivo. We took my car – I seem to have become a sort of chauffeur – and started the evening with dinner in a restaurant in Borba. Ruivo was very excited, and he talked endlessly of his prowess and frustrations with his motorbike; sometimes he would shift the conversation to his relationships with several women in bars and *boite*, that he goes to. He has a very detailed memory of events, people, hours, places – the evening outing seems like an epic narrative whose events are well registered... After dinner they took me to the first *boite*, right there in Borba. I had never noticed it, there were no signs outside the garage door. But it was closed, so we (I...) drove to Elvas, where they led me immediately to the *boite* called 'Poni'. I was nervous, wondering how one could possibly afford 9,500 escudos for a bottle of whisky at the previous *boite* that was closed. The 'Pony' is a place that can only be defined with the word 'kitsch', with regard to decoration, with several young and not so young women sitting

alongside an immense bar waiting for invitations for the customers' tables. Two of them introduced themselves instantly: Fernanda, around forty years old, a false blonde, her parents and son living in Lisbon, whom she visits now and then, and Iva. We sat down at a table with the two women, plus two others that were called by Ruivo in order to match the number of guests. The situation was quite embarrassing for me, so I found myself telling Iva that I was there on 'work'. She was obviously the most 'educated' of them. I dared to tell her that I found our professions to have some similarities, since we both had to be with people independent of our feeling for them; she complained a lot about the amount of alcohol that she had to drink and how only very seldom did she meet men that she liked. We even exchanged tips on professional trickery: she told me how she managed to pour whisky into the plant vases, and I told her how I had once pretended to go to the toilet in order to take some notes. My companions had great expectations about my

performance. They seemed to have accepted the fact that I was only talking with the women, instead of touching them or letting myself be touched by them.



The field of studies on gender is part the experimental moment in which anthropology is living. We need to overcome as much as possible the cleavages between the 'grammars' of Durkheim (as an emphasis on social structure and order), Marx (as an emphasis on history and political economy), and Weber (as emphasis on action and meaning). We should struggle for their convergence: the cultural meanings of certain social constructions of gender are, firstly, prior to the individuals and structure the framework for human and social reproduction; secondly, they take part in disputes for power, depending on different structurations throughout history and in a political economy of sex (today, a 'world economy' of sex); and, finally, they are manipulable by individuals in the dynamic and

inventive constitution of their self-identities. It is also a thematic field that is particularly apt for the exercise of hermeneutic approaches, which are simultaneously reflexive and engaged in social and political transformation.

Culture should be understood more as a fluid field in constant (re)definition, somewhere between individual action and traditional heritage. If in so-called traditional societies the meaning of beliefs, practices and society is to a great extent pre-given, in modern society (which, after all, includes the so-called traditional ones) there is constant search for meaning, a challenge to pre-given meanings and interpretations. I like to think that the de-construction of hegemonic masculinity is simultaneously at the core of the anthropological project, at the core of its experimental and reflexive moment, and at the core of one of the greatest social transformations witnessed in the late modern era—the changes in the social relations of gender. We need to analyse and compare how this strange and particular form of social precedence – masculinity – can be transformed in a more gratifying way for women and men's lives. Shakespeare had already

addressed the mystery that I tried to address. And the end of his journey was yet an interrogation: 'What is your substance, whereof are you made, That millions of strange shadows on you tend?' (Sonnet 53).

Selected Works

Essay

Senhores de Si: Uma Interpretação Antropológica da Masculinidade [MASTERS OF THEMSELVES: AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF MASCULINITY] (Lisbon: Fim de Século, 1995; 2nd ed. 2000)

Corpo Presente: Treze Reflexões Antropológicas sobre o Corpo [BODY PRESENT: THIRTEEN ANTHROPOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE BODY] (Oeiras: Celta, 1996)

Um Mar da Cor da Terra. 'Raça', Cultura e Política da Identidade [AN EARTH-COLORED SEA. "RACE", CULTURE AND THE POLITICS OF IDENTITY IN THE POST-COLONIAL PORTUGUESE SPEAKING WORLD] (Oeiras: Celta, 2000)

Film

O Espelho de África [THE MIRROR OF AFRICA] (documentary) (Producer: Azul, Supported by the Commission for the Portuguese Discoveries, Bahia, 1999)

Chronicle

Os Tempos que Correm [TIME RUSHING BY] (Oeiras: Celta, 1996)

Fiction

Euronovela (Lisbon: Caminho, 1998)

Selected Translations

English

The Hegemonic Male: Masculinity in a Portuguese Town (Berghahn Books, 1996)

An Earth-Colored Sea. 'Race', Culture and the Politics of Identity in the Post-Colonial Portuguese Speaking World (Berghahn Books, 2002)

About his work

Vale de Almeida [...] has written a book which draws on contemporary gender and masculinity theory in order to examine how 'hegemonic' masculinity which utilizes the Gramscian notion of hegemony, is a 'lived consensus' (p. 163), a version of social masculinity which subordinates others. The pressures of living up to this hegemonic masculinity are well drawn by Vale de Almeida. Masculinity becomes a process rather than something endowed by biology or even by the social; it is to be worked towards by the rejection of the non-masculine, thereby showing its relation not only with power but with misogyny and homophobia [...].

In sum, *The Hegemonic Male* is a highly successful study which maps masculinity in all its 'constructedness' and fragility; a study which invites us to demand more in the study of genders and sexualities in Portugal. Its theoretical base could be used in the study of hegemonic masculinity in other countries too, with the necessary addition of a historical perspective which allows us to see how such masculinities emerged over time. Vale de Almeida's anthropological study is excellent on the present and its immediate historical past; what is still required, however, from historians and sociologists is an analysis of how that past was produced with particular reference to gender and sexuality.

RICHARD CLEMINSON
South European Society & Politics 5, 3 2000

[...] this is a very good book. For one thing it provides a personal touch about "entrée" in the field, which is brilliantly done. The descriptions of the author's personal interactions with locals are entertaining and finely etched. Vale is particularly convincing on a number of component areas of masculine ideology. He provides penetrating portrayals of "masculinization" as a life-cycle process and of village sexual segregation. Especially useful is his account of the importance of work performance as an index of "respect". There is a deft portraiture of bar rituals that constitute the moral order of male sociability. Possibly the best part of the book is the description of men's poetry and the emotional tensions communicated therein. This leads to the observation that standard masculinity is ambivalent, which in turn sparks a sensitive invocation of the men's dysphonic poetry to illustrate conflicts over femininity and dependence.

DAVID D. GILMORE
(about The Hegemonic Male), American Anthropologist vol. 99, June 1997

Current gender research focuses on explaining how gender is a socially constructed process, exposing the relationship between gender and power, examining how gender intersects with

other demographic locations, and documenting how gender is performed in the lives of individual men and women as they interact with social structures. The literature that exists on men and masculinities has documented the subordination of alternative masculinities by the hegemonic standard. Hegemonic masculinity is supported by three structures: power relations between men and women, the gendered division of labor, and how relations of cathexis are socially organized (Connell 1995). Vale de Almeida fills a void in gender research by examining how hegemonic masculinity is reproduced by men in their daily lives. Vale de Almeida provides a new methodological twist on gender research because as an anthropologist, his data were collected from intensive participant observation in a fieldwork setting. [...] This work is a powerful reminder of how gender is socially constructed. The hegemonic performances portrayed would not necessarily be considered as such in other cultures, particularly the oral poetry or even the gruelling physical labor. Vale de Almeida shows how the three supporting structures of hegemonic masculinity are interpreted in a different cultural context, opening the doors for further research in other settings, perhaps those more urban, racially heterogeneous, or formally educated.

AMANDA L. ROBINSON
(about The Hegemonic Male), Men and Masculinities, April 2000

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