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Introduction

Continuing with its work of promoting Portuguese contemporary authors, the Portuguese Institute for Books and Libraries is pleased to present its third issue of *Portuguese Literature – Sights from the South*.

The group of selected authors is once again intended to reflect and provide insights into the contemporary panorama of Portuguese literature, both in terms of their contribution towards a sense of national cultural identity and their creative individuality.

The awareness of Portuguese Literature abroad, which the Portuguese Institute for Books and Libraries seeks to increase through its participation in Book Fairs and other international literary events, is most especially promoted through its Translation Subsidy Programme, which annually supports more than 100 translations of works by Portuguese authors.

Cultures enrich and establish themselves through contact with other cultures, in a constructive and dynamic interaction. It is within this multicultural universe that Portuguese literature has gained a place, casting out roots which aspire to be ever more attractive in content, innovative in form and original in the ensemble of its authors and their works.



Vergílio Ferreira

Vergílio Ferreira spent his childhood and adolescence in the Serra da Estrela (Melo, Gouveia), where he was born on 28th January, 1916. When he was ten years old he entered the seminary of Fundão, where he remained for six years, ending his high school education in Guarda and then taking a degree in Classical Philology in Coimbra (1940). His life as a high school teacher was divided into two main periods: his stay in Évora (1945-1958) and his coming to Lisbon (1959), where he taught at the Liceu Camões until his retirement. The first phase of his career as a novelist is unreservedly neo-realist. However, his writing soon acquired its own voice, interpreted as a shift towards existentialism, especially through his treatment of time and childhood figures, in an attempt to describe the experience of the I first appearing to himself. This is bound by a decidedly metaphysical and existential logic in the inquiring fascination of the human condition. From the 70's onwards, the tone of his work became tinged with irony, carried by the certainty that all truth slips away, that all evidence becomes clouded, and that in the final analysis, all ideas oscillate towards the side of death. To grow old, for example, is passing from son to father, but it is also to pass from wasted time to invented time, in the absolute surmised from memory, even though this Proustian lesson (or condition) itself has preserved in Vergílio Ferreira the marks of total contemporaneity. He died in Lisbon on 1st May, 1996.

Extract

from *CARTAS A SANDRA* [LETTERS TO SANDRA], 1996

Dear Sandra,
Every now and then I ask once more why I write you. I realize, of course, that it's a way to be with you. But there's life beyond us, and it would make sense if you visited my thoughts occasionally, lingering there even against my will. Yet you visit me only rarely, and I quickly let it be known that I'd rather you not stay. [...] How extraordinary to think that I held the world in my hands and now hold nothing but a punctured ball, that I walked with decisive steps and now walk unsteadily. Because I walk, my dear Sandra, without any metaphor. With a wobbly gait, my toes gripping the ground to keep me from falling. But in my general state of collapse (and this is what I wanted to tell you), in the ruins of what I was and thought and represented in the world, in (can I tell you?) the disaster of my life gone by, there are moments of grace in which I don't just see you but feel devastated by my longing for you. [...] If I could at least recover your enchantment, though death stands between us... If I could recover your voice, your sad gaze... But it's not my wanting that makes you

appear – I suppose it's you who decides, or a god whose smile protects us. And then you come and call me from the hallway. And I don't answer, so as not to scare you away. And you stay into the night, lying next to me on your side of the bed, the way it should be, until I fall asleep. [...] Your divinity was forgotten in our mutual use of the days, thereby being preserved intact. It was you who, existing so positively, repressed that divinity so that I could love you in the immediacy of your body. [...] The transgression of your real body, which I loved so much and which so overwhelmed me that for only brief moments could I love more than your body... Your unreality, the ghost of your being... And that's why now you so trouble me. Death dissipated you and sanctified that part of you that's beyond the body I loved. [...] And it's curious how what I hear from you and see is always the same. My name. It's what I nearly always hear you say. Calling me as if from faraway, even if you're near. Like a plea for help, a gentle call of suffering. And your face. Or your body walking to I don't

know where. Your soft face hovering uncertainly. And your eyes just a gaze. Always serious and sad, you must bear all the suffering from the beginning of your life or further back. It's a clear afternoon without the least haze on the horizon. The Earth rises before me with its natural truth. I look at it intently until I forget it. But as with you, I don't always see it when I look at it. The mystery of things, their invisible essence... You never understood, or I wasn't able to explain, because I don't even know. [...] The thought that I'll never see you again can stir in me an overwhelming sorrow. And I can also love you in that sorrow. But the emotion I feel when you reveal yourself is one of peace, enchantment, happiness. Not happiness but tremendous solace, plenitude, affection. How frustrating not to be able to tell you. Or to tell you and thereby threaten my equilibrium as a human being, or some such stupidity. [...] What will my life be if you go away? Stay. [...] But the truth is that I still don't know if I want you to go or stay, it's so hard to know. Because either way I'll

suffer. But as you know, there's someone else who chooses when it's to be, even against what we think we want. And so today when I woke up I was terrified to find that I'd rolled to the middle of the bed during the night. I'd lain down as usual on my side, leaving your side free in case you decided to come back and lie down there. But my slumber led me towards the good side, on my left. Why did I end up in the middle of the bed? And the only answer I can think of is that you've died forever. And I'm horrified by my liberation. Don't go yet. Come back again. I'll lie down again on my side and leave your side free and waiting. Come at night, unbeknownst to me, such that I'll wake up when you're still asleep and touch you, and it will be you.

Paulo

Selected Works

Fiction

- Mudança*, 1949. Lisbon: Bertrand, 5th ed. [CHANGE]
Manhã Submersa, 1954. Lisbon: Bertrand, 23th ed. [SUBMERSED MORNING]
Aparição, 1959. Lisbon: Bertrand, 68th ed. [APPARITION]
Cântico Final, 1960. Lisbon: Bertrand, 7th ed. [FINAL SONG]
Estrela Polar, 1962. Lisbon: Bertrand, 4th ed. [POLAR STAR]
Alegria Breve, 1965. Lisbon: Bertrand, 6th ed. [BRIEF JOY]
Nítido Nulo, 1972. Lisbon: Bertrand, 3rd ed. [CLEAR NOTHING]
Rápida a Sombra, 1975. Lisbon: Bertrand, 3rd ed. [THE FLEETING SHADOW]
Para Sempre, 1983. Lisbon: Bertrand, 13th ed. [FOR EVER]
Uma Esplanada sobre o Mar, 1986. Lisbon: Bertrand [A TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE SEA]
Até ao Fim, 1987. Lisbon: Bertrand, 7th ed. [UNTIL THE END]
Em Nome da Terra, 1990. Lisbon: Bertrand, 8th ed. [IN THE NAME OF THE EARTH]
Na Tua Face, 1993. Lisbon: Bertrand, 3rd ed. [IN YOUR FACE]
Cartas a Sandra, 1996. Lisbon: Bertrand, 7th ed. [LETTERS TO SANDRA]

Essay

- Invocação ao Meu Corpo*, 1969. Lisbon: Bertrand, 3rd ed. [INVOCATION TO MY BODY]
Pensar, 1992. Lisbon: Bertrand, 5th ed. [THINK]

Selected Translations

French

- Alegria Breve* (Gallimard, 1969)
Apparition (Métailillé, 1990)
Jusqu'à la fin (La Différence, 1991)
Au nom de la Terre (Gallimard, 1992)
Ton visage (Gallimard, 1996)
Lettres à Sandra (Gallimard, 2000)

Spanish

- Aparición* (Cátedra, 1984)
En nombre de la tierra (Quaderns Crema, 2003)

Catalan

- En nom de la terra* (Quaderns Crema, 2003)

Italian

- Apparizione* (Besa, 2001)

Greek

- Alegria Breve* (Stochastis, 1984)
Para Sempre (Kastaniotis, 1996)

Dutch

- Voorgoed* (De Prom, 1996)

About his work

"He himself said: Vergílio Ferreira is a misfit. In two pivotal aspects from which others derive: in the relationship between his day and age, a time in which art made sense, and the contemporary world, of no sense at all, and in the other more discrete, but much wider relationship between the man of the countryside and the man of the city [...]"

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO / *JL*, 03.03.1981



Would it be any exaggeration to say that Vergílio Ferreira was one of the few universal writers that Portuguese literature has produced? It wouldn't appear so. Just as I certainly would not be wrong in pointing out that if his books had been translated into French, at the proper time, and not so belatedly as they were (and then only some of them), they would have revealed to Europe the ideas of an author who always sought to write "letters to the future" and who ended up by being right before his time – as he himself said of Malraux.

ANTÓNIO CARVALHO / *Diário de Notícias*,
28.02.1998



With a technique unusual for Vergílio Ferreira, *Rápida a Sombra* (The Fleeting

shadow), written in 1973, is sometimes able to knock the reader off balance. The internal monologue of a fifty year old writer who, convinced his wife is leaving him, allows himself to be overcome by a sense of failure. This novel is like a tighter version of *Aparição* (Apparitions – Métailié, 1990). Its famous first sentence: "I am sitting here in this empty room, and I remember", could "launch" *Rápida a Sombra*. Only the sun's rays sweeping the books and photographs of a life contained within a library makes one aware that time passes. Until the moment that night falls. An hour or two passes, perhaps more, during which moments of complete clarity alternate with poetic explosions.

CHRISTOPHE DAVID
Le Matricule des Anges, 1995



Vergílio Ferreira's work, like all art, is a form of mediation for culture and life [...]. The function of this mediation in the work of Vergílio Ferreira is to take us beyond the time-ruled everyday to the essential zone of the Order that moves everything but that does not fit into anything that moves, the zone in which the essential part of ourselves lives, which V.F. calls the metaphysical I and you.

HÉLDER GODINHO
in Memoriam de Vergílio Ferreira, Lisbon 2003



Vergílio Ferreira's boundless questioning establishes itself in the confrontation of life and death, which results in a fundamentally tragic element in his work. Yet this discovery leads to an exaltation of life, expressed metaphorically as an: *A Brief Joy* "life is Man's greatest possession. But I would say that only when confronted by death, does this possession become illuminated, just as the light shines more brightly against the night" (*Espaço do Invisível* IV:16).

CARLOS M. F. DA CUNHA
in Memoriam de Vergílio Ferreira, Lisbon 2003



The narrative setting to these Letters is somewhat bizarre, since Paulo addresses them to a dead recipient, his wife, in the hope that by invoking her and recreating her in this way, Sandra will return to exist in his writing [...]. Whilst this woman enacts a life restored through the verb, the word, she is at the same time the figuration of death with whom Paulo enters into dialogue, allowing himself to be gradually swept away by a fascination for the female, to which he surrenders himself entirely by the end of the tenth letter.

MARIA LÚCIA DAL FARRA
in Memoriam de Vergílio Ferreira, Lisbon 2003

Agustina Bessa-Luís

*Agustina Bessa-Luís was born in Vila Meã, in the Douro region. Her family moved to Porto when she was 11 years old but she regularly returned to her native land for holidays and it was there, at the age of sixteen, that she wrote a novel which was never published. She then went to live in Coimbra until 1948, the year she published her first book, *Mundo Fechado* (Closed World), which immediately claimed the critics' attention. It was in 1954, having permanently settled in Porto, that with her novel *A Sibila* (The Sibyl), Agustina established herself as one of the most talented Portuguese writers of her times. The expressive quality of her original style has been progressively refined and her prose has never lost the characteristics which first distinguished Agustina Bessa-Luís as a promising young writer. Characteristics that have made her work so distinctive and difficult to place in terms of any specific literary movement. She has an extraordinary faculty for creating atmospheres in which strands of disturbing facts become interwoven and entangled. These are punctuated only by unexplained memories or presentiments that build within her characters, who are almost always strange, leaving open the suggestion of an almost fated irrationalism in their attitudes, if not vices poorly concealed as temperament or even dangerously deviant behaviour. Displaying a natural assuredness in her descriptions, allied to an extremely lucid aphoristic tone, Agustina's writing traverses the whole spectrum of human passions and integrates them within a global vision to which a subtle irony is not lacking. Acclaimed both nationally and internationally, translated in various countries, her work has been the subject of a large number of studies and frequent adaptations for television and cinema, most particularly by the film director Manoel de Oliveira, who has preserved intact the magic of her writing.*



Extract

from *Os Espaços em Branco* [THE BLANK SPACES], 2003

[...]

Without you I'm no one," he said in a burst of sincerity, and Camila realized that something frightened her. They were the same words she'd heard from her first husband, in the time of Vanessa. Behind that false humility there was something violent, the portent of a captivity. Were people unable to live without victims? Victims whom they slowly strangled, thereby gaining an erotic charge that enabled them to kill? Now she understood the sudden silence that reigned whenever she appeared; the executioners came together, abandoning their creeping forms to assume a human shape. Camila felt suddenly afraid. Where did she come by this capacity for creating impurity, for extracting it from the hidden depths of other people? Others. She and others were the perfect combination for making the world of desire spin like a top. She remembered. It came, in the first place, from her mother's rancour, from the way she'd invaded her soul and called her unnatural. She'd had a presentiment that... that what? That Camila was in every way different. The housekeepers were the first to

notice how she behaved towards her daughter, causing her to talk a lot and to adopt strange attitudes. [...] Camila opted for an immobility that was interpreted as sheer cunning. But it was an immobility that forced everyone else to react. [...]

The wretches!" Adoração went back inside with her fistful of cabbage leaves. She didn't believe in the innocence of her sister or of any woman in the world. At this point she was satisfied in her widowhood, indifferent to whether she was attractive or not. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to wear old-fashioned clothes from her hope chest and to go to sales and buy useless things. She was referred to in the kitchen as "the old lady" or as "the witch". She knew it and played the altruist, giving presents. She fancied herself above insults, she was a real lady, from Esteveiro, from Mossul, from noble and extremely upright houses. But darkness was there lurking. It crept along the floors, balling up in corners, or it struck like a bolt from above, wrapped around a beam of sunlight that entered through the roof and lit up the dancing particles of dust. Adoração pretended not to notice,

but a button on her smock would come undone and she'd have the feeling, as she tried to put it back in its hole, that she wouldn't succeed. A simple, well-worn button would take on desperate importance. Her wrinkled hand would fiddle with the button, without managing to get it back in the buttonhole. A silence covered everything, and a darkness that came from she didn't know where was slowly advancing. That's what horrified her! Perhaps life, people, and all the rest, weren't what they seemed to be. Their father was a Minotaur and the world a labyrinth. Why was the Minotaur adored in Crete? Why was he given the most beautiful young men and women to devour? Because he held horror in his hands, because he, only he, knew horror and how to control it. With his gold-tipped, ebony horns, he embodied the power that overcame horror. Adoração knew that she would have to stop Camila. They didn't talk about this, because people never talk about what's deep. They talk around it, avoid it, postpone it, until the day death cuts short the imminence of that useless, unspoken subject. As useless as talking about love.

Selected Works

- Mundo Fechado* [CLOSED WORLD] (novella) (Coimbra: Col. "Mensagem", 1948)
- A Sibila* [THE SYBIL] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1954; 20th ed. 1996)
- Os Incuráveis* [THE INCURABLES] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1956; 2nd ed. 1983-84)
- A Muralha* [THE WALL] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1957; Clube do Livro, 1986)
- As Relações Humanas – Trilogia a partir de 1966* [HUMAN RELATIONS – TRILOGY DATING FROM 1966] (novel)
- | *Os Quatro Rios* [THE FOUR RIVERS] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1964)
- | *A Dança das Espadas* [THE DANCE OF SWORDS] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1965)
- | *Canção diante de uma porta fechada* [SONG BEFORE A CLOSED DOOR] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1966)
- As Pessoas Felizes* [HAPPY PEOPLE] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1975)
- As Fúrias* [THE FURIES] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1977; 2nd ed. 1983)
- Fanny Owen* (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1979; 4th ed. 1998)
- O Mosteiro* [THE MONASTERY] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1980; 3rd ed. 1984)
- Os Meninos de Ouro* [THE CHILDREN OF GOLD] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1983; 8th ed. 1996)
- Um Bicho da Terra* [A CREATURE OF THE LAND] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1984)
- A Monja de Lisboa* [THE MONK OF LISBON] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1985)

- A Bela Portuguesa* [THE PORTUGUESE BEAUTY] (theatre) (Lisbon: Rolim, 1986)
- Apocalipse de Albrecht Dürer* [THE APOCALYPSE OF ALBRECHT DÜRER] (essay) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1986)
- A Corte do Norte* [THE COURT OF THE NORTH] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1987; 2nd ed. 1996)
- Dentes de Rato* [RAT'S TEETH] (children's book) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1987; 7th ed. 1996)
- Prazer e Glória* [PLEASURE AND GLORY] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1988)
- Eugénia e Silvina* [EUGENIA AND SILVINA] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1989; 2nd ed. 1990)
- Vale Abraão* [ABRAÃO VALLEY] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1991; 3rd ed. 1996)
- Ordens Menores* [MINOR ORDERS] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1992; 2nd ed. 1996)
- O Concerto dos Flamengos* [THE CONCERT OF THE FLAMINGOS] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1994)
- Um Cão Que Sonha* [A DOG THAT DREAMS] (novel) (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1997)
- O Princípio da Incerteza – Trilogia a partir de 2001* [THE PRINCIPLE OF UNCERTAINTY – TRILOGY DATING FROM 2001] (novel)
- | *Jóia de família* [JEWEL OF THE FAMILY] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 2001)
- | *A alma dos ricos* [THE SOUL OF THE RICH] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 2002)
- | *Os espaços em branco* [THE BLANK SPACES] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 2003)

Selected Translations

German

- Die Sibylle* (Suhrkamp, 1988)
- Fanny Owen* (Suhrkamp, 1993)

Danish

- Søren Kierkegaards Umiddelbare erotiske Stadier* (Ørby, 1994)
- Abrahams Dal* (Ørby, 1997)
- En hund der drømmer* (Ørby, 2001)

Spanish

- La Sibila* (Alfaguara, 1981)
- Cuentos Impopulares* (Alianza, 1982)
- Fanny Owen* (Grijalbo, 1988)

French

- La Sibylle* (Gallimard, 1982)
- La Cour du Nord* (Métailié, 1991)
- Le confortable Désespoir des femmes* (Métailié, 1994)
- Les Terres du Risque* (Métailié, 1996)
- Garden-party des Açores* (Métailié, 1996)
- Un chien qui rêve* (Métailié, 2000)
- Le principe de l'incertitude* (Métailié, 2002)

Greek

- Vale Abraão* (Kastaniotis, 1996)

Italian

- La Sibilla* (Giunti, 1989)

About her work

How many of Jane Austen or Daniel De Foe's contemporaries are still alive? No one remembers them. It was as if they never existed. Today's well-intentioned reader is lost in a wood full of best sellers searching for the golden chalice of great literature. Yet often they cannot see the wood for trees. Bessa-Luís knows the secret of the chalice and offers it with her works. She is acclaimed in her native country as a writer who has succeeded in expressing the human conscious through the physicality of things and human beings themselves. In other words, for having written about the fact of *being* in its entirety. When the successful die of success and no one remembers them, there she will be, alive and singular, like an exciting literary miracle, Agustina Bessa-Luís.

JOSÉ MARIA GUELBEZU
El País, Madrid, 25.10.2000



In her latest book *A Dog that Dreams*, covering a broad period of the 20th century, images of the Porto and Lisbon bourgeoisie transport the reader

into this intensely floating and dreamlike atmosphere, almost on the edge of existence, which has become a Portuguese speciality.[...] because the repetitions, along with the flow of visual language full of surprising aphorisms such as, for example, in relation to a girl – “trust isn't a dish that one eats cold” – are one of the characteristics of Bessa-Luís. Although bordering on affectation, overall her writing remains tightly controlled, both through powerful passions described with an ironic detachment or, conversely, through meticulous descriptions of superficiality incarnate.

JOHN PEDERSEN
Berlingske Tidende, Copenhagen, 17.02.2001



One of the leading names in Portuguese fiction, author of a torrential volume of work, with dozens of titles published, Agustina Bessa-Luís established herself as a writer almost half a century ago [...] Stories about strong women and the weak men they manipulate are frequent

themes in the fictional universe of this writer. They are set against her preferred background of the Douro region [...] and result in ambiguous intrigue, in which “the principle of uncertainty” triumphs, along with the triumph of perversity, “the compensator of human perplexities”.

ELISABETE FRANÇA
Diário de Notícias, 21.05.2002



As for the rest, *The Common Mortal* contains everything in it that has made its author one of the most admired or scorned contemporary Portuguese writers: stories which twist and turn to the dictates of chance, in a play of free association, a love of judgements and aphorisms, citations made obscure for being out of context, controversial opinions, characters riddled with contradictions and inconsistencies, in fact, a most enviable narrative freedom.

LINDA SANTOS COSTA
Público, 05.09.1998



© Luisa Ferreira

Inês Pedrosa

Inês Pedrosa was born in Coimbra in 1962. After graduating in Communication Sciences at the Universidade Nova in Lisbon, she began an early career in journalism, soon receiving several awards in recognition of her work. As a journalist, she began specialising in the area of culture, working for some of the leading Portuguese publications in this area – such as JL – Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, the weekly newspapers the Independente and the Expresso and the magazine Ler. She was Portuguese editor of the magazine Marie Claire between 1993 and 1996. She has written and presented various cultural programmes for radio and television, and translated several book. At the moment she devotes her time entirely to writing fiction, whilst still maintaining a connection with journalism with a weekly chronicle for the Expresso. Her first novel A Instrução dos Amantes (The Lovers' Instruction) was launched in 1992. In 1997 her second novel, Nas Tuas Mãos (In Your Hands), won the Máxima Prize for Literature. Fazes-me Falta, her third novel, published in April 2002, was an immediate hit, both with the public (10 editions sold in under a year, with sales in France, Germany, Spain and Brazil) and by critics who considered it her best novel. Besides these three novels, Inês Pedrosa has also published two books for children, a collection of biographical essays (20 Mulheres para o Século XX – 20 Women for the 20th Century), an anthology of poems (Poemas de Amor – Love Poems) and the photo-biography, Fotobiografia de José Cardoso Pires. Many of her short stories have appeared in various anthologies.

Extract

from FAZES-ME FALTA [I MISS YOU], 2002

A little of me still trembles with passion behind a door where no one lives anymore and where I never lived. It was an attic apartment you never visited, home to a man in whose body I had my home. But I didn't know it. [...] My only anchor is you, my friend in whom there's no perdition. In you, shelter of shelters, my safe and steady flame, I flee from the passion that yanked me out of life. I'm not interested in returning to any of the other men I loved, perhaps because none of them was able to retain more of me than the brief taste of my body. They loved the novelty of our pleasure, my smile, my passion, what I had to give. [...] Passions in which two people feel as one are so ephemeral. Magic encounters of flesh, of ideas, of atmospheres, that float like clouds into the paradise of forgetfulness... I thought that my life's meaning was in those encounters, and now I realize how much I miss you. You rob meaning from me, and I got addicted to that robbery, which is perhaps the highest form of addiction to meaning. We never felt like we were one, because we

knew each other too well. We were promiscuous. We actively fought each other's ideas to arrive at the fog of human uncertainty. You betrayed me countless times without ever coming close to betrayal. People said I forgave you everything. They were mistaken. Now I see, clear as day, that I never had anything to forgive you. You liked the quick intimacy of disagreement. And so did I. We were ruthless towards each other then, and we'll be ruthless now, shipwrecked hulls in the black fire of the sea.

[...]

Those consummate nights... Those nights when I loved the greatest of my loves, a love who was never mine, a love to whom I never belonged, since all I did was surrender... [...] In that love I withered, dear friend. It's in true love that we wither – oblivious, emaciated, withdrawn from the world and divested of dreams, wafting like dust of bones. I haven't returned and won't return to that love. He's not what I'm looking for now, dear friend, for if he hugs me I know it's the same hug he give his only, late-born daughter, and if we have sex I

know it's the same sex – so sexual, so sad – he has with the woman he chose for life. [...] He said that people who talk a lot about themselves wear out more quickly. And so I began to wear him out. I wore him out so much that, after me, he sought out a life. A story that could liberate him from our non-story. When we made love, it wasn't time that stopped. It was we ourselves who were already dead, infinitely dead, floating one inside the other, in a blueness without sky or gravity. He would flee from me and seek me out again. I would flee and then call him. He never called – he'd manage to run into me. He'd rip up my words, one by one. At that point I only talked to let him destroy me, one letter at a time, and to let his animal laugh take me far away from people. For he laughed like a cat – Alice's cat, with a nowhere smile. The smile of a man who, because he was never a child, never snaps out of that childish place, which is the place of death, a place without yesterday or tomorrow. He's in me and in the death of that girl killed by her father, he's in me and in the death that his daughter paints

on white pasteboard: here we have a house, here a dog, here a park bench. He's in me and in my son whom he killed. Here we were happy, here we realized we could be nothing more. [...] I loved you, my easygoing friend, with the remnants of that happiness, which I gathered together like old clothes, love notes from high school, yellowed movie tickets.

Selected Works

- Mais Ninguém Tem* [NO-ONE ELSE HAS ONE] (children's book) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1991)
- A Instrução dos Amantes* [THE LOVERS' INSTRUCTION] (novel) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1992)
- Nas Tuas Mãos* [IN YOUR HANDS] (novel) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1997)
- Fotobiografia de José Cardoso Pires* [PHOTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSÉ CARDOSO PIRES] (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1999)
- 20 Mulheres para o Século XX* [20 WOMEN FOR THE 20TH CENTURY] (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 2000)
- Poemas de Amor – Antologia de Poesia Portuguesa* [LOVE POEMS – ANTHOLOGY OF PORTUGUESE POEMS] (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 2001)
- Fazes-me falta* [I MISS YOU] (novel) (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 2002)
- A Menina Que Roubava Gargalhadas* [THE LITTLE GIRL WHO STOLE LAUGHTER] (children's book) (Lisbon: Quetzal, 2002)

Selected Translations

Spanish

- La Instrucción de los amantes* (Destino, 2001)
- En tus manos* (Destino, 2002)

German

- In deinen Händen* (Luchterhand, 2002)
- in *Plädoyer für den alten Chiado in Lissabon* (Ein Stadte-Lesebuch, 1989)

Brazil

- Fazes-me Falta* (Planeta, 2003)

About her work

The great merit of this third novel by Inês Pedrosa [...] resides in Inês's unflinching construction of an extremely original narrative mechanism, and her ability to give it the right development, both in the construction of the characters that inhabit it [...], and the way the extremely vivid, visual scenes unfold.

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
Público, 27.04.2002



In Your Hands is a novel about intimacy and friendship between women, about what is and what is not communicated, given that the secrets of the first woman are discovered through her diary, the story of the second is related through captions and the third [...] writes letters to her grandmother.

TITO RÓS
El Mundo, 03.10.2002



This is all about a mystery that is taken to the sublime by the author's writing, in a meticulously crafted and almost repetitive web of intrigue constructed from a stream of memories, life stories, small lies and half truths, a present suspended in the painful absence of another whom each of the characters are looking for, finally, making sense. [...] A beautiful novel, with a desire to change the world, and which besides everything else, one reads easily, in one gulp.

VÍTOR QUELHAS
Expresso, 11.05.2002



We have here a novel by Inês Pedrosa, *I Miss You* a moving story because it was not meant to be lived. It belongs to the posterity of all concerned, even the reader and beyond; to all those who are

with the reader, those who speak and those who remain silent. [...] The most beautiful things in this book are on the side of the dead woman [...].

AGUSTINA BESSA-LUÍS
Jornal de Letras, 15.05.2002



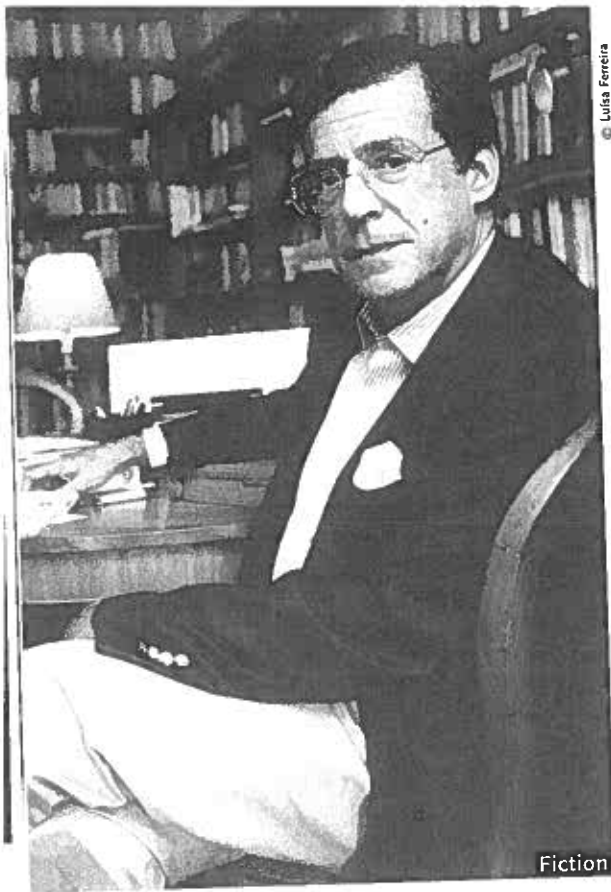
Amidst the triumph of the commonplace, this novel by Inês Pedrosa is a mad torrent, a thread of light, a storm to which no-one could remain immune or indifferent.

FRANCISCO JOSÉ VIEGAS
Grande Reportagem, Agosto 2002



I Miss You is an excellent novel, a ballad of disenchantment.

RUI LAGARTINHO
Diário de Notícias, 29.06.2002



© Luísa Ferreira

Vasco Graça Moura

Vasco Graça Moura, in addition to being a fiction writer, is a poet, essayist, chronicler and translator. Born in Foz do Douro, Porto, in 1942, he graduated in Law at Lisbon University. Alongside his work as a writer, Vasco Graça Moura has continued to practice law (1968-76), held a number of institutional posts and in the last thirty years has been an active intellectual. He has worked for two governments as Secretary of State; he was director of Portuguese Radio and Television Broadcasting in 1978; for around ten years (1979-88) he was director of the National Publishing House-Casa da Moeda, where he made a decisive impact on the editorial section and he sponsored the Portuguese edition of the Einaudi Encyclopedia; he was vice-president of the PEN Club (1982-84); he was on the governing board of the UNESCO National Council (1983-87), from which he resigned in the wake of the Courier case; he led the "Movement against the Orthographical Accord" (1986); he was appointed Portuguese representative for the European Committee for the Council of Europe, for the North-South Campaign (1987); he presided over the organising committee for the commemoration of the centenary of Fernando Pessoa (1988); he was president of the National Commission for the Commemorations of the Portuguese Discoveries (1988-95); he was the Portuguese commissioner for the Seville World Exhibition (1992); he was editor for the magazine Oceanos until 1995; he has been part of several official commissions related to literature and the Portuguese language; he was appointed Director of Services for the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation Library, in 1996. In 1999, he was on the electoral list for the Portuguese Social Democrat Party and was elected an MEP. He has written a vast amount of articles for the press and is represented in various anthologies.

Extract

from *MEU AMOR, ERA DE NOITE* [IT WAS AT NIGHT, MY LOVE], 2001

It won't do to go on about nostalgia, longings, anxieties, and my body and soul on fire. All of that may be sad and tormenting, but I chose it of my own free will. I have to grin and bear it. It was me who wanted the life that surrounds me, who wanted the distance between us, who opted for silence and not much news, who transformed everything into shame and humiliation, including even the moments of despair I hid from him, plus all the sleepless nights, plus all the stagnant days, plus all the sufferings, so numerous that I didn't even tell him about the last ones, and perhaps I no longer hoped he'd ever understand them. I was the one who endured everything, who braved everything, until I made a radical decision. [...] None of that matters anymore. I tried to shatter those mirrors. But I have no peace in myself, and not even the simple peace of my home can alleviate this bitterness. I'm crying. I feel devastated, alone in a faraway land by my own choosing, always sitting next to the window that looks out onto nothing except the abyss of night. If I could only understand why I

chose this... And I feel like I'm going to stay here forever, until I turn into some sort of withered leaf waiting for a gust of wind. Once he wrote me an unbearable letter. It said more or less (I'll never forget this): "Constança, there are people who always want more, and they end up not choosing anything at all. You can always want more, as long as your scale is modest. It's a question of common sense and also (alas!) of considering the age difference, when one of the two people doesn't have much time left. Constança, I have precious little time ahead of me." [...] I can imagine, word by word, every twist and turn of his memory and sensibility and feelings. I know he begins "It was at night, my love", because that's the only way he can begin, and I know how he continues, I know what he thinks he should tell me in a choked voice, bursting with anxiety. [...] I prefer to look the spectre of death in the eyes, alone and without ruses. I prefer to confront it directly and to go down standing tall. [...] To write is to face death, with no hide and seek. It's to stare death in the eyes and

expect it to strike back, with a spring-operated knife pointed at your heart. [...] Some people say that writing is a way of dealing with disappointments in love. Perhaps it's all one and the same thing. In a great love story (and only those with a keen sensibility for tragedy can make a great love story), the clash with reality leads certain people to confuse the necessary, safe haven of private life – that which we conceal from others – with a species of hypocrisy practised in the name of propriety or in the name of supposedly more noble pretexts. [...] No, my love, I don't want to fall into sociocultural or literary theorizations. Remember when we talked and talked, over and over, about my psychological difficulties – stemming from the web of questions in which I get all enmeshed – as well as my material difficulties (stemming from the same cause) that prevent me from planning a long-term or even mid-term life together with someone else, as if those questions spiralled into an inextricably tangled maze that devours the soul at its core, that

core being inside and outside us at the same time? Remember when I said I was unwilling to unite my progressive disease to your vibrant youth? Remember how we tried, for that reason, to contain our individual selves and to find some sort of solution, however temporary and imperfect – a “gradualist” solution, as they say in politics? Because we had so many incomparable moments, and we felt it was worth experiencing to the full the exaltation and the unhappiness they caused, without ever knowing where the first ended and the second began.

Selected Works

Fiction

Quatro Últimas Canções [FOUR LAST SONGS] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1987)

Naufração de Sepúlveda [THE SHIPWRECK OF SEPÚLVEDA] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1988; Círculo de Leitores, 1989)

Partida de Sofonisba às Seis e Doze da Manhã [THE DEPARTURE OF SOFONISBA AT TWELVE MINUTES PAST SIX IN THE MORNING] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1993)

A morte de ninguém [THE DEATH OF NO-ONE] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1998)

Meu amor, era de noite [IT WAS AT NIGHT, MY LOVE] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 2001)

O enigma de Zulmira [ZULMIRA'S RIDDLE] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 2002)

Poetry

A sombra das figuras [THE SHADE OF FIGURES] (Lisbon: author's edition, 1985)

Poemas escolhidos 1963-1995 [SELECTED POEMS 1963-1995] (Lisbon: Bertrand, 1996)

Uma carta no Inverno [A letter in the Winter] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1997)

Poemas com Pessoas [Poems with Persons] (Lisbon: Quetzal 1997)

Retrato de Francisca Matroco e

Outros poemas [THE PORTRAIT OF FRANCISCA MATROCO AND OTHER POEMS] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 1998)

Poesia 1997-2000 [POETRY 1997-2000] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 2000)

Selected Translations

French

Derniers chants d'amour (La Différence, 1988)

L'Ombre des Figures (anthologie) (L'Escampette, 1997)

Camões 1525-1580 (with Eduardo Lourenço) (L'Escampette, 1994)

Italian

Nodo cieco, il ritorno (Empiria, 1984)

Antologia: L'ombra delle figure (Fondazione Piazzola, 1993)

Partenza di Sofonisba alle sei e dodici della mattina (Empiria, 1999)

Swedish

Världen Accelerade (Ariel, 1998)

About his work

Translator of Shakespeare, poet and essayist, he is the author of two novels of which *Four Last Songs*, an attempt at a musical composition inspired by Richard Strauss, centres on four characters that the author considers, in the manner of Pessoa, as his heteronyms. An ambitious and complex work which offers multiple "reading clues".

JACOBO MACHOVER
Magazine Littéraire, n° 261 – January 1989



[...] Perhaps this is the reason why one of the most beautiful pages in this book is an accumulation of memories imbued with intense lyricism [...] it is in the expansion of these memories that reference to supposedly inferior genres makes sense [...]. This is why we might think that the labyrinth of textual echoes through which Vasco Graça Moura likes to exhibit his narrative virtuosity is no more than a quiet, musical group of instruments for the melancholy or pursuit of an always deferred moment of correspondence. [...] In the end what

do we know about ourselves but that this is the destiny we are bound to and that a book like this is a novel of love?

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
Público, 24.11.01
(writing about *It was at night, my love*)



To speak of love, in the 21st century, is to create a form of detachment which transforms love into nostalgia for itself. Ateus confesses his passion, but it is the invention of a woman who says she prefers sex to any deeper sentiments. In his turn, the real author, VGM, has chosen a woman (and not a man) to create a kind of intermediary, allowing him to write a novel under two names. One could say that the roles end up being reversed.

TERESA ALMEIDA
Expresso 05.01.2002
(writing about *It was at night, my love*)



The intelligence of this book isn't so much in blurring the line between reality and fiction but mainly in demonstrating how for the person who writes, the love which is experienced almost always ends up being transformed into a written love [...] What was a game ends up becoming a curse and this, in the end, is the happiest ending one could imagine.

PEDRO MEXIA
Diário de Notícias, 20.10.2001
(writing about *It was at night, my love*)



Zulmira's Riddle is a small masterpiece of story telling, refining the many elements of VGM's style [...]. Both in the skilfully constructed narrative, and the historical and social content of the plot, this is surely the best novel in his second phase, as *The Shipwreck of Sepúlveda* was to his first phase.

MIGUEL REAL
Jornal de Letras, 13.11.2002



Poetry

Alexandre O'Neill

Alexandre O'Neill was born in Lisbon on 19th December 1924. He grew up between the echoes of the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War, and the consolidation of the New State (Salazar's dictatorship) in Portugal. In 1947 he co-founded the Surrealist group of Lisbon and although he soon detached himself from the group, it remained an influence throughout the whole of his works. Moreover, he continued to practice a poetry of intervention, exhorting Man, through art, to freedom from all forms of censure or moral, political, social or aesthetical coercion. From 1960 he worked for a succession of publicity companies, beginning a notable career in this field. Meanwhile, in the 70's he worked for Portuguese television, was sub-editor of the monthly cultural magazine Critério and was also involved in several theatre projects. In December 1977 he took part in the first Poetry Encounter of the House of Mateus. In 1978, as part of his work for Portuguese television, he took part in the programme Perfil, which profiled different Portuguese writers and artists, and in August he represented Portugal at the International Poetry Festival in Yugoslavia. 1982 saw the publication of the first edition of his poetic works: Poesias Completas 1951/ 1981. He went on to write literary reviews for JL – Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias under the title "A Escrita por Medida" (Written to Measure). He died on 21st August, 1986, in Lisbon after suffering a second heart attack.

Poems

from POEMAS COM ENDEREÇO [POEMS WITH RECIPIENTS], 1962

Standing at Fearful Attention

Standing at fearful attention, we're grateful
to fear, which keeps us from going mad.
Decision and courage are bad
for our health; life without living is safer.

Adventurers whose ventures are history,
standing in fear we struggle against
ironic ghosts in our ongoing quest
for what we never were and won't be.

Standing in fear with no voice of our own,
our heart caught in our teeth, we are
the madmen, we're our own ghosts.

A flock of sheep pursued by fear,
we live so close and so alone
that life's meaning has disappeared.

from A SACA DE ORELHAS [THE BAG OF EARS], 1979

The Hanged Man

With the suspended gesture of a cork tree,
the hanged man.

Clapper of a bell no one hears,
a scarecrow nobody sees,
his boots refuse the ground that refused him.

His shepherd's staff remains.

from FEIRA CABISBAIXA [DOWNCAST FAIR], 1965

Lament of the Man Who Misses Being Blind

When I was blind I was famed
(what a lucrative game!)
for being able to tell the future.
It's what everyone claimed...

But now that I see perfectly
I use my eyesight to prophesy
and nobody wants to believe me,

since it's plain,
they say, for all to see!

from POESIAS COMPLETAS [COMPLETE POEMS], 2000

Homage to Jorge Guillén

No more will the air waft
through your architecture of words,
against the light of a sun that already
presided, when your eyes first opened,
over this shrill and aimless madness
which like a blazing bellows makes men trot
and prepares their last tumult, their final hiss.

But in the air your canticle resounds
and, swelling, leads us to expect (too late?)
forever renewed harmonies.

What say you, Guillén,
of man's coming perdition?

We fend it off, for now,
with your irrational happiness.

Selected Works

A Ampola Miraculosa [THE MIRACULOUS PHIAL] (graphic poem). (Lisbon: Cadernos Surrealistas, 1948)
Tempo de Fantasmas [TIME OF GHOSTS] (Lisbon: Cadernos de Poesia, 1951)

No Reino da Dinamarca [IN THE KINGDOM OF DENMARK] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1958)

Abandono Vigiado [WATCHED ABANDONMENT] (Lisbon: Guimarães, 1960)

Poemas com Endereço [POEMS WITH RECIPIENTS] (Lisbon: Moraes, 1962)

Feira Cabisbaixa [DOWNCAST FAIR] (Lisbon: Ulisseia, 1965; 2nd ed. Sá da Costa, 1979)

De Ombro na Ombreira [LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR-POST] (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 1969)

A Saca de orelhas [THE BAG OF EARS] (Lisbon: Sá da Costa, 1979)

Poesias Completas 1951-1986 [COMPLETE POEMS] (Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional – Casa da Moeda, 1995)

Selected Translations

Bulgarian

[*Complete Work 51-81*] (Karina-Mariana Todorova, 1999)

Italian

in *La parola interdetta. Poeti Surrealisti Portuguese* (Einaudi, 1971)
Made in Portugal (Ugo Guanda Editore, 1978)

Hungarian

in *Mai Portugal Költök* (Ibisz, 2000)

Latvian

in *Portugalū Musdienu Dzejas Antologija* (Minerva, 2001)

About his work

Regarded as a critical, uncompromising, extremely lucid spirit, O'Neill was the writer of a poetry which many specialists believe played a pivotal role in Portuguese literature of the 20th century. His work is both unconstrained and meticulously crafted, developed through double entendres and word plays in which at times a sense of playfulness, irony and dark humour are offset by a very special lyrical touch. [...] Few writers and poets can portray, like Alexandre O'Neill, the frivolous, ridiculous, absurd, tragi-comical aspects of 20th century Portuguese society [...]. Re-reading O'Neill is like looking at a mirror upon which are reflected the mortal sins of the Portuguese tendency for passive acceptance.

ANTÓNIO VALDEMAR

"Na morte de Alexandre O'Neill" (*On the death of Alexandre O'Neill*), *Diário de Notícias*, 23.08. 1986



[...] from *In the Kingdom of Denmark* onwards (1958), it became clear that Alexandre O'Neill's writing was not only the most successful outcome of a Portuguese solution for the Surrealist liberation of images and words, but



also the most creative manifestation of a whole tradition of satire, originating from the *Cantigas de Escárnio*, (Medieval satirical poems) Gil Vicente's fools, Camões' performing jesters and, more generally, Mannerist or Baroque theatre or the lyrical prose tradition of the great pre-Romantics. [...] In O'Neill's verses there is an effusive encounter of many surprising things because they are encountered together. There is the emotional tripwire across the path of the most biting satire, there is the emancipation of a crushed life releasing itself from dull routine or the sordidness of the everyday, opening the doors to base instincts, as if these were people or animals who had been degraded by their domestic or bourgeois subordination to the most banal of uses.

ÓSCAR LOPES
ibidem



Alexandre O'Neill was, for me, out of all the poets of my generation, the one I most identified with, because like no other, he was able to detect the fragile curtain of poetry which covers our seemingly sterile, everyday lives.

ANTÓNIO ALÇADA BAPTISTA
ibidem



Few poets have known, like O'Neill, how to take so far or raise so high the alliance of tenderness and sarcasm, the vision of the remarkable and the capturing of the everyday, magic and malice, the invention and inventory of provocation – by vocation – and of commotion also as destiny and fatalism.

DAVID MOURÃO-FERREIRA
*"The alliance of tenderness and sarcasm",
ibidem*

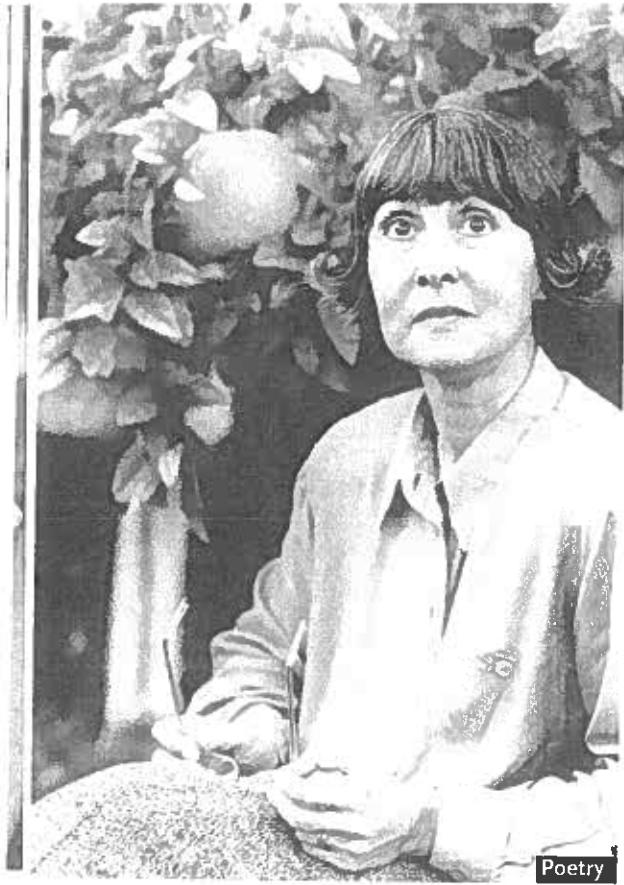


For me, Alexandre O'Neill is a great poet of Friendship and Love. His greatest enemies are death, the absurd, the everyday, alienation, "the functional way of living". [...] Alexandre O'Neill abandoned Surrealism in order to be more loyal to the encounter with the real. [...] We could say that O'Neill has opened a way into the living dialectic between dream and reality. He criticises the Love that can not be part of the reality of the everyday, thus, removing himself from any idealist position.

ANTÓNIO RAMOS ROSA
*"Um poeta da amizade e do amor" (a poet of
friendship and love), ibidem*

"He was a poet I greatly admired. Principally, because we shared the same literary lines. We were of the same spiritual family. Satirical and realist poetry, according to the tradition of Tolentino and Abade de Jacente".

JOÃO CABRAL DE MELO NETO
*"A mesma família espiritual" (The same
spiritual family), ibidem*



Fiama Hasse Pais Brandão

Fiama Hasse de Pais Brandão was born in Lisbon in the year of 1938. Poet, but equally playwright, fiction writer, translator and essayist. She has written reviews for the theatre, accompanied the work of the Arts Faculty Theatre Group and in 1964 she trained at the Porto Experimental theatre, also attending a seminar on the theatre of Adolfo Gutkin at the Gulbenkian in 1970. In 1974 she co-founded the group "Teatro Hoje" (Theatre Today), where she made her debut as a director with the play Marina Pineda by Garcia Lorca. She has undertaken historical and literary research on Portugal in the 16th century and, through translations from German, English and French, has contributed towards the diffusion in Portugal of authors such as John Updike, Bertold Brecht, Antonin Artaud, Novalis and Anton Tchekov. She has also been acclaimed for her translation of Cântico Maior (Song of Songs), attributed to Solomon. Like other poets of her generation, Fiama shared the common concerns of her times, becoming widely known for the Poesia 61 movement, which revolutionised Portuguese poetic language. Since then she has embarked on a remarkable poetic journey, which has transformed her into one of the leading voices of contemporary Portuguese poetry.

Poems

from TRÊS ROSTOS [THREE FACES], 1989

Midday

The house's inside and outside
are easier to distinguish today
than when a single wave
of liquefied light filled
the common spaces and details
of that place where we lived immersed
in just one kind of living matter.

from CANTOS DO CANTO [SONG OF SONGS], 1995

Song of Genesis

In the beginning there was light, then
blue sky, for light is absorbed
in the layers of air we see.
In the beginning was the Passion, and from
its blood sprang the animals, from its
Cross the plants. There was, in the beginning,
the tiny vegetable-animal, hidden
in Paradise but omnipresent
since before the beginning. And the Edenic
earth or clay gave substance to Nature
and Man, bathed by the light
which sculpted lines and hazy shapes.
In the beginning there was the sweat
and blessing of those who work
their body and their bread from sun to sun.
And the fruits gleamed in that light
when the waters separated, and the sea,
to this day, breaks its waves without ceasing
so that I will hear the sound of genesis.

Song of Places

Since places so often live in Man
and men so often live in places
that live in them, we can say
that Socrates' jail, since Socrates
was in it, wasn't a jail,
as Seneca said in a letter to Helvia.

And so each place shows us
a clear and boundless life,
while Time goes back and forth, concealing
that it is brief and ambiguous,
the giver of death and life.

And a place only ends
because the man is mortal
in whom the place lived.

from AS FÁBULAS [THE FABLES], 2002

The Voice of Things

Only the wind's gusts
give lyrical sound
to the windmill's sails.

Only things touched
by the love of other things
have a voice.

Lisbon in the Fog

In the fog the city, drunk,
staggers and falls.
Formless, the buildings
lose their place and day.
Attached to nothing,
the walls are menhirs,
ancient and hazy stones
with no beginning, no end.

Selected Works

- Morfismos in Poesia 61* [MORPHISMS IN POETRY 61] (Faro: author's ed., 1961)
- Barcas Novas* [NEW SHIPS] (Lisbon: Ulisseia, 1966)
- (Este) Rosto* [(THIS) FACE] (Lisbon: Iniciativas Editoriais, 1969)
- O Texto de Joan Zorro* [THE TEXT OF JOAN ZORRO] (Oporto: Inova, 1974)
- Novas Visões do Passado* [NEW VISIONS OF THE PAST] (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 1975)
- Homenagem à literatura* [HOMAGE TO LITERATURE] (Oporto: Limiar, 1976)
- Melómana* [MUSIC-MAD] (Oporto: Inova, 1978)
- Área Branca* [WHITE SAND] (Lisbon: Arcádia, 1979)
- Ámago I* [CORE 1] (Oporto: Limiar, 1975)
- F de Fiama* [F FOR FIAMA] (Personal Anthology) (Lisbon: Teorema, 1986)
- Três Rostos* [THREE FACES] (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 1989)
- Obra Breve* [BRIEF WORKS] (Lisbon: Teorema, 1991)
- Cantos do Canto* [SONG OF SONGS] (Lisbon: Relógio D'Água, 1995)
- Epístolas e Memorandos* [EPISTLES AND MEMORANDA] (Lisbon: Relógio D'Água, 1996)
- Cenas Vivas* [LIVING SCENES] (Lisbon: Relógio D'Água, 2000)
- As Fábulas* [THE FABLES] (Lisbon: Relógio D'Água, 2002)

Selected Translations

German

- in *Portugiesische Lyrik des 20 Jahrhunderts* (Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 1993)
- in *Sammstag um Acht* (1997)

Spanish

- in *Los Nombres del Mar* (Regional de Extremadura, 1985)

French

- in *Poésie portugaise 1960-1990* (Leuvense Schrijversaktie, 1991)
- in *Vingt et un poètes pour un vingtième siècle portugais* (L'Escampette, 1994)

English

- in *Contemporary Portuguese Poetry* (Carcenet Press, 1988)
- in *Literary Olympians* (USA, 1997)
- in *Anthology of Magazine Verse* (USA, 1997)

Italian

- in *Gli Abracci Feriti* (Feltrinelli, 1980)

Servo-Croatian

- in *Antologija suvremenoga portugalskog pjesništva* (Ceres, 1999)

Hungarian

- in *Mai Portugál Koltok* (Ibisz, 2000)

Latvian

- in *Portugalu Musdienu Dzejas Antologija* (Minerva, 2001)

About her work

On first reading Fiama, one is confronted by poetry that defies interpretation and, therefore, comes across as distant, thorny and impenetrable. [...] We need to read not only, literally, what is there but also "the actual body of the words of this literalness". Because all these elements are equally valid in that they belong to the indefinable movement of the whole.

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO

"Fiama: o poema como abreviatura total"
(*Fiama, the poem as total abbreviation*),
in *A Noite do Mundo*, (*The Night of the*
World) 1988



Fiama feels the inextricable complexity of the world, and her bewilderment towards it is permanent, though not passive [...]. Each one of her poems is an eventful and abrupt journey generated from within the unyielding fragility of a perplexed but defiant identity.

ANTÓNIO RAMOS ROSA
Letras & Letras, 21.10.1992



For more than thirty years, the poetry of Fiama Hasse Pais Brandão has relentlessly sought to deepen the relationship between language and the

world, between words and life, between linguistic images and real images. If poetry is sound and if the work of a poet is her sound, her breath, then poetry breathes through the immensity of a life, drawing within this breath, images of those places it has travelled through.

GASTÃO CRUZ

Letras & Letras, 21.10.1992



Fiama Hasse Pais Brandão seems to radiate a new peace of mind, having shed, like a chrysalis, all the weight of literary tradition. [...] This is someone who, having seemingly freed herself from a past burden, wishes to match sight with touch, capturing the colours and forms of our every day.[...].

FERNANDO PINTO DO AMARAL
(*writing about Living Scenes*),
Público - Leituras, 24.06.2000



Living Scenes revolves around a central theme which could be defined as the place of things. Forming a unitary vision that gives order to a poetic universe, imbued with literary experience and reflection, her personal and poetic history is opened

up to the resolutely precisely chosen and crafted word.

MARIA ALZIRA SEIXO

JL - Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias n.º 791,
24.1.2001



Fiama is a great poet, with or without her Poesia 61, inter-textual games, initiating rites or cabalistic codes. Her poetry is characterised by a cosmogonical dimension, which has evolved from an initial abstruseness into a fluent, descriptive register with an analytical bent – the best example: *Song of Songs*, 1995.

EDUARDO PITTA

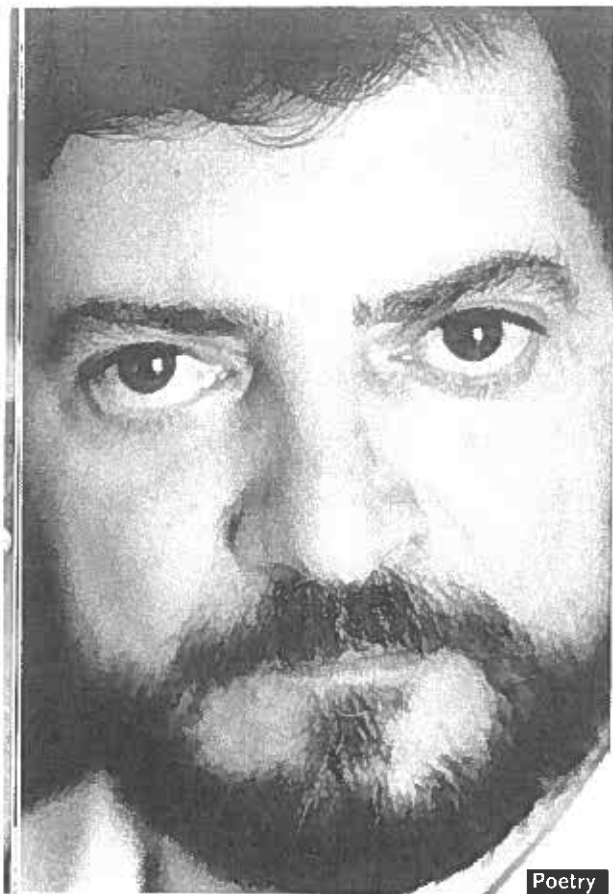
(*writing about Living Scenes*),
Ler n.º 49 – December 2000



What is most outstanding in Fiama's poetry is her clear, artistic consciousness and the assumption, by the author, of a compromise with language, which is "resolved" by being explored, as we have already said, along with the reality that she is intent on illuminating.

ANGEL CRESPO

Antología de la poesía Portuguesa contemporánea II, (*Anthology of Portuguese contemporary poetry II*), 1981



© Luisa Ferreira

Manuel Gusmão

Poetry

Manuel Gusmão was born in Évora in 1945. Poet, essayist, university lecturer, he graduated in Romanic Philology at the Arts Faculty of Lisbon University in 1970, becoming a member of the Faculty's teaching staff the following year. He was elected representative of the Constituting Assembly (1975/76) and between 1984 and 1987 was a member of the Communications Council. He is a founding member of the French Literature Studies University Group (GUELF), he took part in setting up the Portuguese Association for Comparative Literature (APLC) and was one of the driving forces behind the magazines Ariane and Dedalus. He was a member of the editorial board for the magazines O Tempo e o Modo (1968/71) and Letras e Artes (1969/70). Besides the publications already referred to, he has written literary reviews for JL – Jornal de Letras, Artes e Ideias, Público (supplement Leituras), Revue internationale des critiques littéraires, Hyspanic Issues, Românica, Tabacaria, Relâmpago, Caderno Vermelho and O Militante. But his debut as a poet occurred in 1990, with his book Dois sóis, A Rosa/a arquitectura do mundo (Two Suns, The Rose/architecture of the world). In 1997 he was awarded the Portuguese PEN Club Prize for the best book of poetry published the previous year, Mapas/O Assombro A Sombra (Maps/The Wonder The Shadow). His third book of poetry Teatro do Tempo (Theatre of Time), published in 2001, was awarded both the Portuguese Writer's Association Grand Prize and the 'Luís Miguel Nava' Foundation Prize. His poems have appeared in different specialist publications, such as Di Versos and Hablar/Falar de poesia. He wrote the libretto for the opera by António Pinho Vargas, Os dias levantados (the first opera to be written about the Portuguese Revolution), which was staged at the S. Carlos National Theatre.

Poems

from DOIS SÓIS, A ROSA / A ARQUITECTURA DO MUNDO
[TWO SUNS, THE ROSE/ THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE
WORLD], 1990

learn to speak (says
the rose). write at night,
with my multiple sun
guiding you down countless
paths. sit in a room
with the light out
and wait for another
light from another room
to arrive, tenuous,
at the paper you turn
its way. then you will speak
of passions, of the petal
that falls
into the heart
and sails
in the blood's shadow
past one and another
wonder.

we will die over and over on this beach, on the shores of light.
the rose declines its autobiography, obliquely falling
over miles and miles of unrelenting forest,
over the shadowy architecture of this earth so long in love,
over the rose that ascends to the airy metalwork of clouds.

no other flower
has the hard beauty
of this red rock
that rises to itself
like a tide
rising all a-
round us
a fire that rises by itself
as in waves
we rise

from MAPAS / O ASSOMBRO A SOMBRA [MAPS /
THE WONDER THE SHADOW], 1996

It's night-time in the morning:
you get out of bed

Morning and night, forever at odds,
instead of seeing each other in the mirror
cause it to shatter into itself

but they hear each other in the rooms of the house

Suddenly there you are at the end of the hallway
I feel for a moment your black face
and the vastness of your nocturnal body

you hand me the morning
slowly
like a phosphorescent map

where we would surely die

the hand writes on the mind : an arrow
travelling on a piece of paper, a compass card:
the treble clef; la clef des jardins;

the key like a child's train passing
through a patio with a palm tree, between
the white twilight and the red morning;

the city had grown like crests of waves
meeting the aerial constructions of clouds;
halfway up, shimmering triangles waved

and the murmuring earth remembered
the roots of electric trees
in whose branches glowed fish
from the deep.

Not even with arrows could you inhabit such a land,
so you place them into a painting that hallucinates
and you draw a fairy queen: an Arabian

song an Arabian princess written in sackcloth
and haloed with napalm; the forest under construction
multiplies the full moon across the lakeside pilings;

the boats navigate a white night
rising like a hill lit up
by monstrous, odd-shaped flowers:

crosses and spirals waiting for you.

Selected Works

Poetry

Dois sóis, A Rosa / a arquitectura do mundo [TWO SUNS, THE ROSE/ THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE WORLD] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1990)

Mapas / O Assombro A Sombra [MAPS / THE WONDER THE SHADOW] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1996)

Teatros do Tempo [THEATERS OF THE TIME] (Lisbon: Caminho, 2001)

Essay

A poesia de Carlos de Oliveira [THE POETRY OF CARLOS DE OLIVEIRA] (Lisbon: Seara Nova, 1981)

A poesia de Alberto Caetano [THE POETRY OF ALBERTO CAETANO] (Lisbon: Comunicação, 1986)

Poemas de Ricardo Reis [POEMS OF RICARDO REIS] (Lisbon: Comunicação, 1992)

Francis Ponge: Alguns Poemas [FRANCIS PONGE: SOME POEMS] (Lisbon: Cotovia, 1996)

Selected Translations

Check

in *Portugalští básníci v Praze* (Nakladatelství Vlasty Brtnikove, 1997)

French

in *Dix-huit poètes + un. Anthologie de poésie récente en langue portugaise* (Chandeigne, 2000)

About his work

Manuel Gusmão's second book of poetry proves what we already knew: that his is one of the great names in contemporary Portuguese poetry; and that there are poems here that would be essential reading for any overview of 20th century Portuguese literature. Only certain aspects of the author's personality (enormous discretion in relation to the media, unflinching political commitment, exemplary dedication to his university teaching and an outstanding reputation as a literary critic) have prevented the full and proper recognition of his poetic works. But a reading of the *Maps/The Wonder The Shadow* removes any doubts or hesitations. [...]

This is poetry dense with cultural references, and an enormous capacity for self-reflection, but at the same time, pure, uninhibited, frugal, lilting, fluent, contagious and magical. Extremely reserved, surrounded by words on all sides, yet at the same time intensely physical, almost obscene ("fracture exposed to the dread").

EDUARDO PRADO COELHO
Público 23.3.1996



Exceptionally long compared to the average book of poetry [...], this is, however, a body of solid "architecture", supported by the temporality already

described, by an extremely diverse network of self-quotations and references [...], as well as by a tightly sealed thematic cohesion contained within the most constant symbols – the rose, flower and colour, name of the feminine, the body, the text. [...] an intensely lyrical, intimate, secret, self-ironical voice emerges from this work, and a precision comparable to the best of those he has been most influenced by – Luiza Neto Jorge and Carlos de Oliveira. A voice that communicates with the person reading; because "The reader sets himself to writing. He writes for your – what a terrible thing; how could he? Let's accept that this knowledge can be shared and let the reader proceed", reading and treasuring what they have learned in this subtle and unsettling book. Essential reading.

PAULA MORÃO
(writing about Two Suns, The Rose / the architecture of the world),
in Viagens na Terra das Palavras – Travels in the Land of Words, 1993



We could call this a "generalised semiotics", taking the capacity to produce meaning to its ultimate consequences, along with the total rejection of any unified voice which would allow for an unperturbed reading: from poem to poem [...] all the possibilities of meaning are

gradually displaced or revoked [...]. The writing here is understood as the "construction and transformation" of the reality and not as the "representation" of an empirical, past instance; the poem affirms, constructs, engenders and meticulously gives life to things as revelation and wonder.

ANTÓNIO GUERREIRO
Expresso 8.9.1990



Whereas for some poets the material of the real serves as the point of departure for mechanisms of representation, which even whilst transfiguring it, remain faithful to a reproduction of its contours that are capable of taking in its most recognisable coordinates, [...] there are others who try to act as good conductors of the energy which flows through the real itself, capturing its intensity through words which spark a continuous semantic stream, resulting in the breaking down of the habitual limits of human perception, creating in their place other ways of experiencing the real. [...] it is this atmosphere of questioning the limits of language that we find in the poetry of Manuel Gusmão, whose second collection extends and heightens what the first showed us[...].

FERNANDO PINTO DO AMARAL
Românica n.º 5, 1996



© Luísa Ferreira

Ana Maria Magalhães e Isabel Alçada

Ana Maria Magalhães was born in Lisbon in 1946. She graduated in Philosophy, after which she began a career as a teacher. She currently works for the Ministry of Education's publisher.

Isabel Alçada was born in Lisbon in 1950. She graduated in Philosophy and went on to do a masters degree in Sociology at the University of Boston. She teaches at the Escola Superior de Educação de Lisboa (Lisbon Teacher Training Institute).

In 1982 the publication of their first two co-authored books in the "Uma Aventura" (Adventure) series, marked the beginning of their career as writers for young people. This collection represented a turning point in Portuguese Literature for Children and Young Readers, in its sensitive treatment of contemporary values and questions, within a plot of mystery and suspense. It sold a record number of copies in Portugal and has been adapted for a television series with great success. Always in partnership, they have written a large body of work on a surprisingly wide range of educationally stimulating subjects for children and young readers. Their books for adolescents, written in a diary style, are centred on questions of identity and relationships with others and have played an important role in forming young readers. Widening their reader's knowledge of the history of Portugal is another of the concerns of Isabel Alçada and Ana Maria Magalhães, a task they have approached with strict attention to accuracy, working closely with respected historians, such as Prof. José Mattoso, creating the collection entitled Viagens no Tempo [Travels in Time].

Extracts

from O DIA DO TERRAMOTO [THE DAY OF THE EARTHQUAKE]

For six endless minutes Lisbon shook, splintered and tumbled like a house of cards. The rumble of that world crumbling in an avalanche of stone and brick drowned out the frightful clamour, shouting and despair of those who suffered through the terrible cataclysm.

People rushed madly about in search of a safe spot. But the ground kept cracking, opening up horrendous crevices from where clouds of foul-smelling vapours would emerge. Walls split apart, roofs caved in, house windows shattered, the stained-glass windows of churches became powder, and the bronze bells plummeted from the belfries, crushing men, women, children and animals who, trapped under the rubble, were unable to flee.

Suddenly a raging wind rose up, stirring up the first flames. Fire spread in various parts of the city, devouring fabrics, wood, straw, tiles and floors in an endless rampage!

"To the Tagus! To the Tagus!" someone shouted. "The riverside is the only place we can escape

to." A terrified multitude ran to the riverside. They trampled over one another in their urgency to save their own skin. But they soon retreated in panic. The waters rose up in fury. Raging whirlpools sucked in small and large boats, hurling them against the docks, where they were smashed to pieces.

Then a chasm from the underworld sucked the waters back down, and the river almost disappeared, exposing its muddy bottom, where fish flailed and sulphuric jets erupted among the slimy, seething sludge.

from UMA AVENTURA NAS ILHAS DE CABO VERDE [AN ADVENTURE ON THE ISLANDS OF CAPE VERDE]

A visit to the island of Fogo (the Portuguese word for *fire*) is a unique experience, because the island of Fogo is a volcano with a crater on top that still fumes now and then. Its slopes are covered by large rivers of black, dried lava running from the summit down to the sea, showing the paths taken by various eruptions. If on the inside the earth still rumbles and stirs among hot glowing

rocks, the outside couldn't be more beautiful! There are planted fields, small villages, and beaches with fine black sand, clean and glittery. And the city of São Filipe is enchanting, with stone-paved streets, old houses and a magnificent view! Whichever way you turn, you see the vast ocean and the tiny, rocky island of Brava, which has a curious characteristic. Even when the sky is clear in every direction, there's always a little hat of clouds over Brava. A little hat that's made to measure, like an elegant adornment.

The inhabitants are proud of their island and have a special affection for the volcano. Those who witnessed its last eruption like to tell all about it, reliving the scary event. Many old people told them the story. And they always ended in the same way:

"We thought we were all going to die!"

But they said it with a smile and with the pride of those who've gone through difficult moments and survived.

The enthusiasm is just as strong among younger people. The proof is in the name of one of the football teams: Volcanic Football Club.

from DIÁRIO CRUZADO DE JOÃO E JOANA [JOÃO AND JOANA'S ALTERNATING DIARY]

To watch a match on TV, just me and my dad, was a real treat. I sunk my teeth into the hotdog, which dripped butter and mayonnaise, and my taste-buds hummed with delight – silently, but they hummed. It must have been the best hotdog I've ever eaten. The football match was also fantastic, with a goal after the first five minutes. If it weren't for the trays on our laps, I'll bet we would have both jumped up and hugged each other to express, quietly, our great joy. But that joy was short-lived, not even making it to the halftime, because my mother woke up, got out of bed and came to the living room. We were so engrossed in the match that we didn't notice. Only when she started calling, "Filipe... O Filipe!", did we turn around. She was in a bathrobe, holding on to the doorjamb as if she were afraid of falling – making a scene, as usual. My father ran over to her all worried. She complained yet again of nausea, pangs and dizziness. I just turned my back and concentrated on the TV screen, and I was tempted to cover my ears so as not to hear, for the millionth time, her same

old laments and his same old words of comfort. They went into the other room, and I stayed where I was, apparently indifferent but actually infuriated. I watched the match to the end without moving a muscle, but I didn't see a thing. The football field, the players, the ball, the umpire and the spectators all merged into a single fog. I don't even know who won or lost. What passed before my eyes were other family scenes like this one, which I've had to put up with for as long as I can remember. At a certain point my parents went into the yard and walked around, two figures in the darkness moving slowly, soundlessly, back and forth in the window. I couldn't help but think that that's exactly what they represent in my life. They're just silhouettes of people who are there and aren't there, who pass by in the distance, in a world where I have no place and never had a place.

Selected Works

- Uma aventura na cidade* [ADVENTURE IN THE CITY] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1982; 17th ed. 2003)
- Uma aventura na ilha deserta* [ADVENTURE ON THE DESERT ISLAND] (Lisbon: Caminho, 2003)
- Histórias e lendas da Europa* [STORIES AND LEGENDS OF EUROPE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1992; 4th ed. 1999)
- Portugal – Histórias e lendas* [PORTUGAL – STORIES AND LEGENDS] (Lisbon: Caminho, 2001; 3rd ed. 2003)
- O ano da peste negra* [THE YEAR OF THE BLACK PLAGUE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1986; 8th ed. 2002)
- O dia do terramoto* [THE DAY OF THE EARTHQUAKE] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1989; 5th ed. 2000)
- Diário secreto de Camila* [CAMILLA'S SECRET DIARY] (Lisbon: Caminho, 1999; 4th ed. 2003)
- Diário Cruzado de João e Joana* [THE CROSSED DIARY OF JOÃO AND JOANA] (Lisboa: Caminho, 2000, 2nd ed. 2002)
- O circo maravilhoso da serpente vermelha* [THE MARVELLOUS CIRCUS OF THE RED SNAKE] (Lisbon: Quetzal, 2001)
- A longa história do poder* [THE LONG HISTORY OF POWER] (Lisbon: Assembleia da República, 2003)

Selected Translations

Catalan

Totalmente Confidencial
(Alfaguara, 2003)

Spanish

Totalmente Confidencial
(Alfaguara, 2002)

French

Alerte sur la Banda F. M.
(Rouge et Or, 1992)
La dame aux pieds de chèvre – in 15 contes du Portugal
(Flammarion, 2001)
Lisbonne, la ville soleil
(Instituto Camões, 1994)

Dutch

Een Portugues avontuur in Vlaanderen (Hautekit, 1991)

Chinese

Os descobrimentos portugueses
(Comissão territorial de Macau, 1995)

Bulgarian

Uma aventura em Lisboa (Five Plus, 2001)
Uma aventura no Porto (Five Plus, 2002)

About their work

"Without any clichés, they describe a country [*Adventure in the Cape Verde Islands*] they bring it to life, awakening our curiosity and affection for it and, moreover, the desire to go there one day [...]"

What struck me was the quality of the dialogue, the art of describing and the flexibility of a language which, whilst dealing with the subject matter seriously, is at no times overbearing. On the contrary, one keeps finding unexpected places of excitement and enchantment".

MARIA LÚCIA LEPECKI
Diário de Notícias, 29.07.1990



"The authors are responsible for the greatest success in promoting reading in Portugal [...]"

GUILHERME D'OLIVEIRA MARTINS
Diário de Notícias, 6.07.1994



"*Adventure of Ana Maria Magalhães and Isabel Alçada*, the best seller of all best sellers in Portuguese literature for children and young readers."

SARA BELO LUÍS / magazine "Visão", April, 2002



"It must be said that the path these authors have created has contributed decisively in making History the subject matter for children and young reader's literature which, given the depth of their work, they have conferred with great dignity [...]"
They have stimulated curiosity in the

most authentic values respecting differences."

F. PALOURO NEVES / *Jornal do Fundão*, 26.04.2002



"The narrative strategy adopted by the authors [*Crossed Diaries of João and Joana*] relates the experiences, doubts and temporary certainties in the lives of two adolescents [...] sometimes reminding us of the atmosphere in *A Summer's Tale* by Rohmer [...]. the voices of the two narrators offer us two strong and very real psychological portraits, which are at the same time full of energy, fluency and humour".

J. GOMES / *Expresso*, 14.10.2000



"The *Adventure* series had the merit of waking up the publishing industry to the importance of children and young reader's literature, [...] The collection continues to be impressive given the sheer numbers involved, the initial print of 50 thousand copies didn't deter successive editions [...] the secret? Making books with love".

SÉRGIO ALMEIDA / *Jornal Notícias*, 19.12.2002



"In every title of the *Adventure* series the care the authors have taken in the writing is clear".

RITA PIMENTA / *O Público*, 13.12.2002



"The writers bestow a special charm upon the truth of the facts, with their own magic".

ELSA DE BARROS / *Noesis*, Dec. 2002



Children's Books

© A. Betencourt

António Torrado

António Torrado was born in Lisbon in 1939. He graduated in Philosophy and has worked in secondary and higher education, journalism, publishing and national television, where he was programme director for children and young viewers. A supporter of "the education of the imagination", he pioneered the first nursery and primary school in Portugal based on the Modern School Movement (Freinet principles). Poet, playwright, scriptwriter and fictionist, his work includes over 120 titles. He is particularly noted for his contribution to children's literature, for which he has received a large number of awards in Portugal and in Brazil (the S. Paulo Critics' Award – 1994). In 1988 he won the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation Prize for Children's Literature for his entire works. His books were included in the Honours List of the Hans Christian Andersen International Award in 1974 and 1998, respectively, with the O Veado Florido (The Deer with the Flowery Antlers) and As Estrelas (The Stars). In 1995, O Mercador de Coisa Nenhuma (The Merchant of Nothing) was included in The White Raven's International Children's Library in Munich. He was short-listed for the Hans Christian Andersen Award 2000. In a project co-funded by the European Union, site (www.historiadodia.pt) will be available from the 1st October 2003, for 366 days, in which the author will tell an original story each day, translated into English.

The Destiny of Music

O DESTINO DA MÚSICA, 2003

(FIRST ORIGINAL STORY FOR THE WORLD MUSIC DAY AT WWW.HISTORIADODIA.PT)

There was once one music, one melody. It drifted along people's ears. Some people hummed it. Others whistled it. Either in la-la-la, in the palate or in tri-ti-ti with the lips it always felt good.

When someone played it in the bandstand of the square, people stopped talking and tiptoed closer shaking their heads to the sound of music. And when the music ended, they clapped vivid claps directed to the music and also to the band, which had so accurately played it. And they cried "again! again!"

Sometimes the conductor complied with their wishes.

Another ravishing session and, in the end, another wild clapping. It happened that people woke up in the morning, and the music was swinging in their ears. It was good.

It happened that people fell asleep, at night, and the music was whirling in their ears. It was also good.

And, as the day went by, the carpenters, on sawing, whistled it, the washerwomen, on washing, sang it, and everyone, working or

wandering alone through the countryside, spread it up through the air, filling the music with life in its happy winding through the clouds.

But the band showed other melodies, for it should well improve, and renew its repertory. It couldn't just stick to the same old musics.

Why don't you play again the one that starts with la-la-la? – somebody asked, longing for the old music.

But nobody could give an answer. Little by little, the music started fading away from the memories.

Where do they go to, the musics that are not played any longer?

I know, or I believe I know. The sounds raise in the air. The flute, harp or voice sounds escape from where they are produced and, like graceful columns of smoke, they go for the transparent air where the swallows drift along. Higher and higher, the sounds go through the clouds. When it rains the rain drops tinkle into the water of the rivers and the lakes, and the sounds that had raised, come down to earth once more. All

together, in a complete disorder they roll down through rills, in torrents of music, through waves, through waterfalls and reach the sea.

The heaviest sounds sink to the bottom. The others stay at the surface and, taken in the billowing of the waves, sail together with seaweeds, feathers from sea-gulls, sparkles of light and silver stolen from the sun.

I was at the seaside, contemplating the sunset (I collect sunsets, in case you don't know), When a light, little music went through my ears. My glasses, already dimmed with the fine sea moisture went dimmer, because I suddenly remembered that I had heard that music before, by a bandstand, hands in hands with my grandfather Douglas. So, a very, very long time ago...

It wasn't my imagination. To be sure, I brought the music to my lips in the mutter of a whistle, and it flew up towards the rosy clouds of the nightfall.

That's when I decided to write this story.

Selected Works

O veado florido [THE DEER WITH THE FLOWERY ANTLERS] (Lisbon: O Século, 1972; 7th ed. Oporto: Civilização, 2002)

Como se faz cor-de-laranja [HOW TO MAKE ORANGE] (Oporto: ASA, 1979; 8th ed. 2002)

O pajem não se cala [THE PAGE WON'T BE QUIET] (Lisbon: Livros Horizonte, 1981; 3rd ed. Oporto: Civilização, 2001)

Os meus amigos [MY FRIENDS] (Oporto: ASA, 1983; 6th ed. 2002)

O mercador de coisa nenhuma [THE MERCHANT OF NOTHING] (Lisbon: Livros Horizonte, 1983; 2nd ed. Oporto: Civilização, 1994)

O elefante não entra na jogada [THE ELEPHANT WON'T PLAY] (Oporto: ASA, 1985; 5th ed. 2003)

As estrelas – Quando os três reis eram príncipes [THE STARS – WHEN THE THREE KINGS WERE PRINCES] (Oporto: Civilização, 1996)

Selected Translations

German

Der sibnundsechzgte Affe in 200 in *Dichter Europas erzählen kindern* (Gertrand Middelhaue, 1972; idem Belz Verlag, Weinheim, 1987)

Gallician

O paxe non se cala (Ir indo, 1993)
Teatro ás tres pancadas (Xerais de Galicia, 1999)

Catalan

Vols saber un secret? (Pirene, 1992)

Basque

Konta dezagun sekretu bat (Erein, 1992)

About his work

A story-teller for his knowledge of the skills of story telling, accomplished in the difficult art of allowing the voice's breathing to be heard within the pages, his mastery is rooted in both an almost film-like form of unfolding the story before the readers eyes and ears, and in the inheritance (or reconstitution) of the wisdom of the old story-tellers. [...]

Concise in the extreme, tending towards the vaguely surrealist, they sometimes preserve the "once upon a time" element of traditional stories, traces of the spoken word, an occasional vague resonance of the fable.

Illuminated by flashes of humour and a strangely poetic atmosphere, these texts have the rare merit of making one think about the relativity of concepts (speed, agreement, truth, importance) in a phase of life in which Manichaenism rules.

MARIA JOSÉ COSTA
in 'O Perfume das histórias'
(The Perfume of Stories)



António Torrado has created a fantastic world full of humour, penetratingly directed towards the sensitivity and intelligence of children. They thoroughly enjoy themselves with these texts, taking possession of them, because the humour and human warmth within them respond deeply to needs relating to their gradual comprehension of the world.

RUI MARQUES VELOSO
in 'António Torrado um humor penetrante'
(The penetrating humour of Antonio Torrado),
a paper presented to the Colloquium on
Children and Young Reader's Literature and
Education, the Maia Forum, 1992



The writer António Torrado is always discovering new paths through the enchanted wood of fantasy. He takes us along with him, believing that being a "visionary wizard" is worthwhile because writing, and particularly

writing for children, is a form of entering into dialogue with the future (O Bosque Mínimo – The Tiny Wood). In this dialogue with the future, he goes from pure fun to an awareness of social injustices, to criticism, to human meanness, often using irony, humour and even a certain perverse vision of the world [...]

António Torrado often finds the point of departure for his texts in the chest of his own, or collective, memories. However, he also finds it from what is happening in front of our very eyes. Sometimes these are seemingly insignificant things, but in them the poet is able to discover the essential, the fleeting breath of happiness, or passion and in them he also discovers the hidden anguish, the camouflaged meanness, the irony of life, the unexpected or absurd perversity of the world.

MARIA DA NATIVIDADE PIRES
in António Torrado e a tribo dos feiticeiros
visionários (António Torrado and the tribe of
visionary wizards)



Always secure in weaving absorbing plots, António Torrado is the poet storyteller, measured, reflective, creator of dialogue, breather of dreams and fantasies, sensitive observer of human strengths and weaknesses.

NATÉRCIA ROCHA
in Breve História da Literatura para Crianças
em Portugal (Short History of Children's
Literature in Portugal) Lisbon: Caminho, 2001



Torrado has established himself as one of the most outstanding figures in post 25th April (the 1974 democratic revolution) Literature. It would be difficult to find any other author today who has managed to dose his books with such a balance of humour, criticism and signs of a deep understanding of the child's imagination.

JOSÉ ANTÓNIO GOMES
in the catalogue of an exhibition
on Portuguese Children's Literature (Galveias
Library, 2001)



© Luisa Ferreira

António Costa Pinto

Graduate of history and political sciences, born in Lisbon in 1953. Doctorate from the European University Institute (1992, Florence) and Associate Professor at ISCTE (1999), António Costa Pinto is presently Senior Fellow of the Institute of Social Sciences of the University of Lisbon and Professor at ISCTE, Lisbon. He was Guest Professor at Stanford University (1993), and Visiting Researcher at Princeton University (1996) and Berkeley University, California (2000). Between 1999 and 2003 he was regularly Guest Professor at the Institut D'Études Politiques in Paris.

His work has concentrated mainly on authoritarianism and fascism, democratic transitions and political elites, in Portugal and in Europe. The duration of the Portuguese Estado Novo (Salazar's dictatorial regime) initially led him to a comparative study of authoritarian systems. More recently, he has concerned himself with a study on the impact of the European Union within the same area. Another of the themes he has dealt with is that of political elites and regime changes in the south of Europe. He has written more than 50 articles for Portuguese and international academic magazines.

He was consultant to the President of Portugal in the setting up of the Presidents Museum. He is a regular collaborator for the press, radio and television. Between 1998 and 2000 he was the director of the Arrábida Summer University. He has also written a programme for radio entitled, "The Marks of History", and currently writes a chronicle for the daily newspaper, Diário de Notícias.

Extract

from *O FIM DO IMPÉRIO PORTUGUÊS* [THE END OF THE PORTUGUESE EMPIRE], 2001

The colonial war deeply affected Portuguese society in the 1960's and 1970's and was responsible for the peculiar way in which the *Estado Novo* [New State] was overthrown and democracy in Portugal was established. Marking the final chapter of colonialism in Africa, the war symbolized the anomaly of the Portuguese case vis-à-vis other European colonial systems.

On the whole the European colonial presence in sub-Saharan Africa, understood here as direct political and administrative control of territories, began late and was short-lived. Portugal set the outermost parameters of that presence, being the first European power to arrive, with a brief period of effective colonization, and the last power to decolonise.

When the period of decolonisation began, Portugal was ruled by a dictatorship surviving from the "fascist era". The Cold War was partly to blame for the stubborn resistance of the Salazar regime to any negotiated surrender of its colonies. Curiously, one of the effects of the colonial war was to sanction an armed elite of separatists that was much closer

to the regime's worst ideological enemies than the incipient and divided liberation movements of the early 1960s, thus paving the way for a decade of socialist experiences following independence, in 1974-75. [...]

The colonial war determined the specific process that brought the Portuguese dictatorship to an end, mobilizing political protagonists of a sort not found in other, similar reform movements of southern Europe. The singularity of the Portuguese case was due not to the form of the regime's downfall – a military coup – but to the decisive role of the *Movimento das Forças Armadas* [Armed Forces Movement], a group of mid-ranking officers who had become progressively leftist in their political orientation.

Founded in response to a problem within the military prompted by the emergence of a body of officers recruited from non-career soldiers, the MFA profoundly marked the nature of the political transition. On the other hand, the crisis of the state and the intense social mobilization that took place in the wake of the regime's downfall encouraged a spirit of

rupture not limited to the political sphere, including strong anticapitalist pressure and the emergence of non-elected nuclei of power and influence. It was in the initial phase of transition to democracy that Portuguese decolonisation took place, and any analysis of the swift collapse of the Portuguese empire must take this context into account. [...]

The abrupt fall of the Portuguese empire in 1975 did in fact accelerate the end of white domination and cause a part of Africa to move very close to the Soviet bloc during the Cold War. [...]

The home country, after a severe economic crisis that had to do more with the oil shortage of 1973 and the transition to democracy than with decolonisation, soon became fully integrated into Europe, rapidly disproving all the warnings of the negative consequences that would derive from the empire's demise. The white colonists, particularly those of more recent extraction, were the big losers, though their mass return to the home country was beneficial for the Portuguese economy.

The final episode of European decolonisation in Africa, the Portuguese experience is not unsusceptible to the growing doubts that have arisen about the independence of the former African colonies, the role of their elites, and the gains and losses of the postcolonial societies. But the idea that “there are no convincing proofs that the liberation movements rallied behind them the majority of the ‘nations’ involved”, though undoubtedly an interesting hypothesis, is a retrospective projection of more recent concerns and an illustrious unknown in the history of the formation of the modern Nation-states.

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About his work

About *Salazar's Dictatorship and European Fascism*

"This book provides the best brief guide to and comparative analysis of twentieth-century Portuguese authoritarianism, which is here lucidly and accurately placed within the broader European context."

STANLEY G. PAYNE
South European Society and Politics, Vol. 1,
Summer, 1997



"Antonio Costa Pinto has produced an excellent and much-needed comparative analysis of the Portuguese dictatorship associated with the name of António de Oliveira Salazar."

American Historical Review, June 1999



About *Modern Portugal*

"Disons-le d'emblé: avec cet ouvrage collectif nous tenons la meilleure synthèse sur le 20 siècle portugais disponible à ce jour."

Vingtième Siècle. Revue d'histoire,
62, Avril-Juin 1999



About *The Blue Shirts*

"This book is a significant contribution not only to the study of the ideologies of fascist movements of the Iberian peninsula, but also to the study of European totalitarian movements as a whole."

Patterns of Prejudice, vol. 36, 4, October 2002



"[...] This book will remain the definitive study of Portuguese fascism for some time."

The Historian, Vol. 65, 2, 2002



About *Fascismo e Nazionalsindacalismo in Portogallo*

"Rafinata ed atenta disamina delle origine e del divenire del movimento "fascista" nella storia del '900 portoghese e, in particolare, dei rapporti tra i suoi esponenti e il regime salazarista. Saggio che unisce alla precisione della documentazione una fluidità narrativa di rara felicità [...]."

Secolo d'Italia, 2 dicembre 2001



"[...] il saggio storico più esaustivo sulla storia dei movimenti di estrema destra portoghesi mai pubblicato [...]"

Teoria Politica, anno XVIII, n° 1, 2002



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Essay

João de Pina-Cabral

Born in Vila Nova de Gaia in 1954, he was brought up in Mozambique. His early experiences as son of a missionary bishop led him to the study of social anthropology at the University of the Witwatersrand (Johannesburg, South Africa). By the time he finished his degree, however, Mozambique had entered into the long and bitter period of post-Independence turbulence. He was, thus, led to direct his attention to Portugal – his recovered homeland. His doctoral thesis – carried out in Oxford – was a study of the worldview of two rural parishes in northwestern Portugal (Alto Minho).

His first motivation was the study of symbolic behaviour. Soon enough, however, his attention was directed to the issue of the family and the household and its implications for the rapid process of social, economic and cultural change that the Portuguese countryside was undergoing at the time. In the late 1980's, therefore, he carried out a comparative study of family practices in southern Europe. In 1992, he was the Malinowski Memorial Lecturer at the London School of Economics and Political Sciences, presenting a paper on genital symbolism in Portuguese popular ceramics.

He played a central role in the 1980's in the re-founding of Portuguese anthropology that was then taking place (at ISCTE, at the Institute of Social Sciences of the University of Lisbon, at the Department of Anthropology in Coimbra and as founder-president of the Portuguese Association of Anthropology). He is presently President of the Scientific Board at the Institute of Social Sciences and President of the European Association of Social Anthropologists.

In the 1990's, his attention was directed to the study of ethnic identity and its associations to the history of empire. He carried out an extensive study of the matter in Macao (then, in the process of transition from being a Portuguese colony to a Special Administrative Region of China). This led him back to Mozambique and to the complex issue of the schisms and continuities that have accompanied the troubled process of post-colonial transition.

His fascination with the complexities of human experience and the ambiguities of identity has led him to explore other fields of enquiry, namely the possibilities that can be opened up by fictional writing.

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João de Pina-Cabral
[see page 51]

Extracts

from *SONS OF ADAM, DAUGHTERS OF EVE: THE PEASANT WORLDVIEW OF THE ALTO MINHO (NW PORTUGAL)*, 1986

About the concept of "blessing":

The problem of explaining how people believe in the efficacy of 'magic' is a false one. [...] When people ask for rain just before it is bound to come, they are not committing an 'error', they are rather addressing the unitary nature of their image of life. They do not simply require rain, they require a 'blessed' rain; one that comes in due course and for a certain duration.

Indeed, the Christian concept of 'blessing' is perfectly apposite here. Blessings may be *invocative*, when God's favour is asked for someone or for the good use of something, or *constitutive*, when someone or something is dedicated to holy service. They are usually accompanied by a purificatory gesture: the sprinkling of holy water. We see here too an association of moral good with material good. But the illuminating nature of the concept lies particularly in a further set of associations, that of order, correct use, holy service, and purification.

Blessing, then, is an act of communication (for it may be both to God and from God) which attempts to institute the ideal life – thus the material benefits therein are inextricably associated with the spiritual benefits, for they are one. In this way, we may understand why the Catholic Church only allows its blessings to be given to non-Catholics in order for them to ask for the gift of faith or, together with it, health. A non-Catholic cannot ask for a material benefit as he lacks its essential correlate, the spiritual benefit of faith.

from *AROMAS DE URZE E DE LAMA: VIAGEM DE UM ANTROPÓLOGO AO ALTO MINHO (SCENTS OF HEATHER AND MUD: AN ANTHROPOLOGIST'S TRIP TO ALTO MINHO)*

Cunha told me that, on the colder winter evenings, the poorer women used to come, sometimes from very far, under the rain, to beg for a crust of bread to kill the dark hunger of their little children. "As many as one wanted, and they gave you anything you

wanted for a bit of maize bread." "If I were to tell you of some that I know of, who now go around preening themselves as if they were ladies, you would't believe it ..." But Cunha is not one of those who eats first and vomits later – as they say here about indiscreet lovers. He is silent about their names, even though his eyes sparkle with a mixture of irony and nostalgia. For him, these are grateful memories of ancient pleasures.

At the time, his realism shocked me. His complete acceptance of the rules of the game, whatever they might be, seemed to verge on cynicism. I know it is not easy to criticise him; after all, for him, these were memories of happiness, of his first experiences as a man. I know he is not cruel, he feels for another's pain. But I also know that I never detected in him even a whiff of gratuitous emotion or one based on mere hypothetical consideration. At first, his total immersion in the real frightened me to bits. Only later did I discover that he too nurtured a dream; an old ragged dream, the remains of which we pieced together into a kind of museum: my thesis, his theatre, his writ.

from BETWEEN CHINA AND
EUROPE: PERSON, CULTURE AND
EMOTION IN MACAO

*About the concept of "shared
silences":*

Social identities are not once-and-for-all. All identities are based on complex and continuing processes of identification and legitimation. The combination of these two factors means that identity building is a paradoxical phenomenon, as it is a dialectical process of construction that is based both on self-identification

and other-identification. Identity, thus, is not only open to challenge; it is largely produced by a process of challenge and confirmation.

This means that all statements of identity involve both *choice* and *power*. Choice, because they all correspond to the presentation of certain features and to the repression of others – a constant game of veiling and unveiling. Power, because they require negotiation and occur within fields of force always previously marked by domination – be it through the

exercise of violent domination, through hegemonic forms of domination or, more to the point, through a combination of both. Shared silences, therefore, are a corollary of the need for choice in the production of what some authors have called “master narratives”, that is formulations of identity that prop up power relations. This means that the maintenance of hegemonic relations within any community depends upon forms of “organised amnesia”, that is constructed silences.

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