

TRANSLATION AND CREATION

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I. Introduction

A much-discussed issue in the field of translation studies is the nature of the difference between an original and a translation. A significant number of influential theorists have questioned the traditional views of these two concepts, relativizing the differences between “author” and “translator” and between “original” and “translation” almost to the point of abolishing them.² Of course, on this issue there is a wide diversity of positions rather than a single monolithic view, but I believe we can gloss over relatively minor differences and sketch out what might be labeled the *poststructuralist view*, for lack of a better name.

The poststructuralist argument can be summarized as follows. The notion of an original assumes the existence of an autonomous creative subject who consciously and intentionally *creates* a text, in the strict sense of the term, on the basis of some nontextual raw material — say, the subject’s own living experience in the extratextual world. A translation, on the other hand, is a secondary text, produced by a subject who is a reproducer rather than a creator, on the basis of an original and intended to be its exact equivalent — i.e., to function in the context of the target language in a way that is exactly analogous to the functioning of the original in the source language. Now, the argument runs, every single concept involved in these definitions of “original” and “translation” are debatable. To begin with, the very notion of “subject” is supposedly in crisis; the idea of a unique, autonomous subject is no more than an Enlightenment myth that has not been able to survive the critiques aimed at it over the last 150 years. Ever since Marxism laid bare the

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² Venuti (1992), for instance, writes: “Neither the foreign text nor the translation is an original semantic unity; both are derivative and heterogeneous” (p. 7). The same author (1995) holds that “[r]ecognizing the translator as an author questions the individualism of current concepts of authorship by suggesting that no writing can be mere self-expression, because it is derived from a cultural tradition at a specific historical moment.... Translators will do well to insist on their authorial relation to the translated text during negotiations. They should demand contracts that define the translation as an ‘original work of authorship’ instead of a ‘work-for-hire’” (p. 311). And Levine (1992) defends her right, as a feminist translator, to “subvert” the phallogocentric text she translates, and states: “there are no originals, only translations” (p. 83).

infrastructural factors underlying the ideology of bourgeois individualism and psychoanalysis showed how much of the mind is unconscious and irrational, the notion of an autonomous and conscious subject has become untenable.³ As to the homology between original and translation, structural linguistics has amply demonstrated that different languages are not rigorously homologous systems, so that it is impossible to establish exact correspondences between two texts written in different languages. Moreover, twentieth-century literary theory has argued that ultimately every text derives from another text, that the main raw material of literature is literature itself, and — casting off the limiting adjective “literary” and turning into “theory” pure and simple — has gone as far as to make the bold claim that reality itself is no more than a plurality of texts, amounting to a dizzying maze of cross-references. If one takes the additional step of affirming that these texts have no essential meaning actually contained in the words they are made up of, and meaning is actually produced by readers themselves, one ends up by demolishing the very difference between author and reader.⁴ If such a view is accepted, how can the difference between “original” and “translation” be maintained? But there is more: this alleged difference is — according to feminist translation theory, an influential current in the poststructuralist camp — no more than an ideological construct founded on the hierarchization of genders. The predilection for dichotomies that characterizes Western thought establishes the original/translation opposition in the sphere of textuality on the basis of such other pairs as master/slave and colonizer/colonized, the ultimate matrix for which is the man/woman dichotomy. If we let the ideological scales fall from our eyes, it is argued, we will see that a translation is in fact not an imperfect reproduction of a creative original, but a text like any other.

I believe that the poststructuralist position as summarized above runs into serious trouble when applied to translation studies (and, indeed, to most other fields). But this is not the place to present my counterarguments, something I have done elsewhere.⁵ My point here is that this position has had the merit of forcing all who are involved in the discussion of theoretical issues related to translation — even those who do not accept the

³ On the role of the unconscious in translation, see Frota (1999).

⁴ See, for instance, Fish (1980): “Interpretation is not the art of construing, but the art of constructing. Interpreters do not decode poems; they make them.”

⁵ See Britto (1995a, 1995b, unpublished).

poststructuralist argument — to reconsider a number of concepts that had been accepted unquestioningly for a long time. Rather than present a criticism, then, what I intend to do is to take as my working hypothesis the poststructuralist view that both original and translations are texts that derive from earlier texts and undertake a comparative analysis of the processes of writing an original poem and translating a poem, in order to arrive at the differences between the two. My conclusion, as we will see, is that translating and writing are indeed qualitatively different activities. But my use of the poststructuralist position as a point of departure will allow me to arrive at this conclusion through a careful and, I hope, illuminating comparison, which may bring out similarities and convergences between the two activities that had not come into attention before the emergence of poststructuralism.

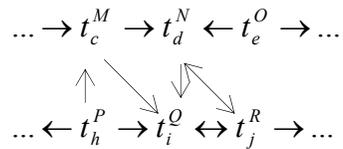
The two cases I will analyze are my translation of a poem by Wallace Stevens and the writing of one of my poems. To justify these choices I can only say that, since my analysis will rely on the subjectivity of the author/translator and refer to possible unconscious or semiconscious associations, use of my own work makes things much easier.

Let me begin by setting out my working hypothesis as clearly as I can. According to the traditional view, which — like so many of our present attitudes — derives from Romanticism, the poetic text is a unique new production of a unique, conscious and creative subject, based essentially on his or her own living experience, whereas a translated poem, like any other translation, is a text produced on the basis of an original in a different language, with the intention of serving in its stead. Thus we have the relation

$$T_i^A \rightarrow t_i^B$$

where T is the original, t is the translation, A is the source language, B the target language and i stands for the relation of equivalence between T and t in their respective languages — that is, what is usually meant when one says that a given t is a translation of a given T .

On the other hand, according to the poststructuralist hypothesis I am adopting for the purposes of the present paper, any text t refers back to a multitude of previously existing texts and is referred to by an indefinite number of subsequent texts, in the same language or in other languages. Thus the structure of language (according to radical poststructuralists, the structure of reality itself) might be represented as follows:



Here we have a nonlinear structure in which various texts in various languages refer to and suggest one another, and in which it is impossible to say that any one text is equivalent to any other. What I will attempt to do here is, on the basis of such a view of textuality, to propose a possible definition of translation — not an a priori definition, but a *processual* one, which will arise on the basis of a comparative analysis of the processes of translation and of writing proper. In both cases we have one or more texts of departure, or *sources*, which inform texts of arrival in various ways. The poststructuralist reader may conclude, at the end of the article, that my empirical findings are acceptable but that his or her own poststructuralist positions remain unscathed, since all I have demonstrated is the existence of a *quantitative* difference between two types of intertextual relations. The reader who prefers a more traditional position may agree with me that the difference is such that we are justified in reaffirming a *qualitative* distinction between writing proper and translation, translation being a specific kind of writing characterized by the existence of a privileged source text that deserves the special name of “original”; but perhaps even such a reader will also acknowledge that there are similarities between creative writing and translating that had not occurred to him before. This is what I hope to accomplish in what follows.

II. Translating “Sunday Morning”

Work on the Portuguese translation of this poem by Wallace Stevens — only the first stanza of which will be examined here — began in 1981, for pleasure and on my own time; I finished two versions in January and March, then set them aside (see Appendix I). About five years later, however, a Brazilian publishing company, Companhia das Letras, commissioned from me a Stevens anthology. I then began to translate additional poems and to revise the texts I had already worked on, including “Sunday Morning,” making a number of changes in the March 1981 text.

“Sunday Morning” is a poem with eight fifteen-line stanzas in blank verse. On a Sunday morning, a woman has late breakfast and feels guilty about having skipped Sunday service; she then begins to question why, on such a glorious sunny morning, she should dwell on the tragic events of the Christian Passion. The poem then turns into a reflection on the place of religion in modernity, and ends by proposing an alternative to Christianity: a religion of beauty, a sort of sun-drenched, affirmative neopaganism. The first stanza, which concerns us here, develops the contrast between, on the one hand, the sunny morning, the oranges and the coffee in the woman’s breakfast, the presence of a cockatoo, and, on the other, the “old catastrophe” of Christian belief, marked by images of darkness and death. Stevens’s poetry is strongly musical, rife with internal rhymes (“wings/things,” “without sound”) and alliterations (“holy hush,” “Winding across wide water”).

My first draft has only two corrections: on the first line “*quimono*,” which had been my original choice for reasons of euphony, was replaced by “*penhoar*,” a closer translation of “peignoir”; and on the fourth line I substituted “*isso*” for “*essas coisas*,” due to metrical considerations. For some reason I found it necessary to supply a noun phrase or pronoun to refer back to the items mentioned in the beginning of the poem — peignoir, coffee, oranges, cockatoo, rug (or is the cockatoo a figure in the rug?) — and stand as subject to the verb phrase that follows it.

When, two months later, I worked on the poem again, the major changes I made on the earlier version were as follows: (1) I crossed out “*penhoar*” and returned to “*quimono*”; (2) on the fifth line, I substituted “*aura*” for “*silêncio*”; (3) lines six to eight were heavily rewritten again and again, a sign of hesitation and dissatisfaction with the solutions found; (4) line nine was drastically modified; (5) the literal translation of “day” as “*dia*” was altered to “*manhã*” (“morning”).

Returning to the poem five years later, (1) “*quimono*” once again was replaced by “*penhoar*,” thus completing for the second time the pendular movement begun in the first version; (2) I substituted “*silêncio*” for “*aura*”— another pendular movement; (3) lines six and seven were recast once again; (4) line nine suffered one additional change; (5) the translation of “day” as “*manhã*” was preserved; (6) the last three lines were modified, particularly line thirteen.

The changes made may be classified in a rather simplistic but useful binary way: some changes seem to bring the translation closer to the original, while others seem to pull translation and original further apart. Two examples will do: when I replaced “*penhoar*” with “*quimono*” I was guided by considerations of euphony that have to do more with my concern with the qualities of my translation as a poem in its own right than with the intention to be faithful to the original; when I put “*penhoar*” back in place of “*quimono*” the urge to remain as close as possible to Stevens’s lexical choice spoke louder than my value judgments concerning the sounds of the two words. We may say that changes of the first kind point to the *autonomization* of the translated text, while changes of the second kind are indicative of *approximation* to the source text. Not all changes can be assigned to one of these two categories. For instance, the line “The holy hush of ancient sacrifice” was translated first as “*O silêncio do antigo sacrificio*,” then as “*A aura do ~~antigo~~ sagrado sacrificio*” and finally as “*O santo silêncio do sacrificio*.” Clearly, since I was unable to translate both “holy” and “ancient” without making the line too long, at first I opted for including “ancient” at the expense of “holy”; in my second version my hesitation is obvious; and finally I decided to privilege “holy.” Since both elements are present in the original, one could not describe the process here as approximation followed by autonomization or the other way around: the choice of one item implies the omission of the other. But in most cases the classification does apply, and throughout the poem the sort of pendular motion exemplified by “*penhoar*”-“*quimono*” occurs fairly often.

Two observations about the translation of this stanza are of particular interest. On line twelve, the first translation is quite close to the original: “day” is translated as “*dia*.” But in the second version autonomization occurs, and “*dia*” is replaced by “*manhã*,” and this change stands in the final version. What motivated it? In Stevens’s text, lines eleven and twelve both end with the words “wide water, without sound.” If “day” is translated as “*dia*,” line eleven will come out as “*Atravessando as águas, silenciosa*” and line twelve will read “*O dia é como a água, silencioso*” — because “*procissão*” (“procession”) is feminine and “*dia*” is masculine; and the different gender endings, “-osa” [êz→] and “-oso” [ozu] will destroy the echo effect of the original. My first solution, “*O dia é como a água silenciosa*” (“The day is like the silent water”) departs from the meaning of the original,

according to which “without sound” is an attribute of “the day,” whereas in my translation “*silenciosa*” (“without sound”) is an attribute of “*água*” (“water”). If, however, “*manhã*” — a feminine word, like “*procissão*” — is substituted for “*dia*,” the problem is solved. So what seemed at first to be a case of autonomization — the literal translation of “day” being replaced by a word meaning “morning” — upon closer inspection turns out to be approximation instead. The use of “*manhã*” in place of “*dia*” makes it possible for the translation to reproduce the echo effect, so that the modified version is, on the formal plane, closer to the English original.

Let us now turn to line thirteen. So far my translation has followed the meaning of Stevens’s text more or less faithfully; it is only in a few passages (such as the phrase “late coffee” in the beginning, for which there is no obvious equivalent in Portuguese) that my solutions seem to deviate from Stevens’s lexical and syntactic choices. But line thirteen of the source text — “Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet” — was originally rendered as “*Súbito lago a oferecer passagem*” (“[A] sudden lake offering passage”). In the second version we find “~~*Súbito*~~ *Tornou-se lago a oferecer passagem*” (“~~Sudden~~ Became [a] lake offering passage”): apparently I realized that there was no “sudden” in the original, but for some reason I persisted with “lake.” It was only when I returned to these drafts, years later, that the translation of the passage came closer to the original, with the introduction of “*aquietou-se*” (“was stilled”) and “*pés sonhadores*” (“dreaming feet”): “*Aquietou-se para dar passagem / A seus pés sonhadores.*” Only then did it dawn on me that my earlier translation, which although sharply diverging from the original was not essentially changed in the second version, had been suggested by a lexical item and a rhythmic pattern taken from a second source. This source was a sonnet by Fernando Pessoa, “*Súbita mão de algum fantasma oculto*” (see Appendix I), which must have popped into my mind while I was working on the translation and for some reason found its way into my text. The two lines have exactly the same rhythmical pattern:⁶

⁶ In the scansion below, I will use the following symbols: / for primary stress, \ for secondary stress, ~ for an unstressed syllable, | to separate syllables and || to represent a line break.

Sú | bi | ta | mão | de al | gum | fan | tas | ma o | cul | to
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Sú | bi | to | la | go a o | fe | re | cer | pa | ssa | gem
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

At the time, I gave no further thought to this matter; now, however, almost twenty years later, rereading Pessoa’s sonnet, I see that there are enough points of convergence between it and “Sunday Morning” to account for the fact that the former came to my mind precisely when I was translating the latter: the idea of the morbid Christian myth breaking into a Sunday daydream is somewhat similar to the situation of a ghost breaking into a dream; and there are certain lexical items in “Sunday Morning” that are evocative of Pessoa’s sonnet — witness the pairs *dreams-sono* (“sleep”), *dark-treva* (“darkness”), *sepulcher-insepulto* (“unsepulchered”). Be that as it may, the fact remains that Pessoa’s text insinuated itself into my text in such a way that we may justifiably consider it as a second source text, albeit an unconscious one. But in the third and last version approximation again took place, with the effect of erasing all traces of Pessoa’s sonnet in the final version.

III. Writing “Pessoana”

The oldest draft for the poem that was eventually named “Pessoana” (see Appendix II) — a reworking of Pessoa’s traditional theme of the dissociation between knowledge and sentiment in the self — is dated November 1984. As is often the case with me, the point of departure for the poem was an actual phrase that occurred to me spontaneously, in this particular case a sentence forming two lines of verse:

Quando não sei o que sinto
 sei que o que sinto é o que sou.

These two lines provided me at the same time with the beginning of the poem, its theme and a metrical pattern — / ~ ~ / ~ ~ / ~ || / ~ ~ / ~ ~ / — namely a succession of

dactylic heptasyllables, with alternating feminine and masculine endings. At first I was unaware of the existence of any source in particular. The first draft was immediately followed by a second, with only a few changes, which I considered a finished poem. The metrical structure of this first version is not entirely regular, although the rhythmical pattern of the opening lines tends to predominate; the rhyme pattern is not regular either, but its central axis is the [i] sound, with off-rhymes and a pair ending with [eru] in the last stanza.

A comparison of the first two versions shows that most of the passages crossed out in the second and fourth stanzas have to do with the theme of will. The poem begins with a concise and rhythmically engaging formulation of the traditional topos of the inability of consciousness to apprehend itself; but the theme of will, which is set against the impossibility of self-consciousness, is not developed in any satisfactory way. The contrast between the two is not quite clear, because will is said to be only “*o que penso*” (“what I think”) and not “*o que vivo*” (“what I live/experience”) — that is, it is just as powerless as consciousness. The fourth stanza attempts to break out of this deadlock through a sort of coup de theatre, as if it were sufficient to say that something is the case for it to be so. The final stanza concludes that all that is achieved in this way is the prevention of despair. The more I reread the poem, the more I found it weak, immature and shallow. For the next four years it languished in a drawer.

When, in August 1988, I began to work on these drafts once again, the opening lines were repeated as before, but a third line was added: “*o que não entendo, não minto*” (“that which I do not understand, I do not lie [about]”), also conforming to the metric pattern / ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘ (to be more exact, the first syllable has secondary rather than primary stress, so it should be represented instead as \ ˘ ˘ / ˘ ˘ / ˘) and preserving the alternation between feminine and masculine lines. But the three new versions I produced (of which only the first is shown, to spare the reader) failed to advance the argument of the first stanza; every solution I came up with was invariably crossed out. I literally did not know what to say; the opening lines seemed good to me, but I could not think of anything that hadn’t been said before by Fernando Pessoa. This was the point at which I realized that the major source of this poem was Pessoa’s famous “Autopsicografia.” More exactly, the realization took place when, attempting once again to finish the poem, I became aware of a

second source: Sá de Miranda's scarcely less famous "Cantiga VII." Let us examine this process more closely, because it was what finally broke the deadlock and allowed me to finish the poem.

Having written the first stanza, the only one that seemed to be successful so far, I tried to write a second one with a similar structure, and this is what came out:

~~Mas~~ Se comigo coincido,
de mim logo suspeito:
sei que um dos dois é fingido.

I immediately recognized that Sá de Miranda's "Comigo me desavim" underlay what I had just written, and this realization called my attention to the fact that "*fingido*" came from "Autopsicografia"; curiously enough, it was the less conspicuous presence of Sá de Miranda that made me see the much more obvious echo of Pessoa. This double discovery was accompanied by a feeling of frustration, even irritation — after all, I wanted to write my own poem, and it seemed that my illustrious (and overwhelming) forebears kept getting in the way. Sheer honesty led me to title the poem "Pessoana," and once again I decided it was finished. But it still failed to satisfy me, for it was little more than a paraphrase of "Autopsicografia" with a dash of Sá de Miranda. Once again, I gave it up, this time for two years.

In 1990, I took up the drafts one more time. Going over them, I again experienced the frustration of trying to write a poem of my own and ending up paraphrasing someone else's work. And then at last the real theme of the poem, which so far had eluded me, became clear: self-consciousness is impossible, perhaps because the subject is a fiction. A rather commonplace idea these days, surely, which was all over many of the theoretical texts I was reading at the time, and one that was much simpler, and less original, than the theme of "Autopsicografia." But at least it was not the same point that Pessoa made in his poem. Now I had not only a rhythmic pattern, which had been defined four years before, but also a stanzaic structure, a rhyme scheme — and a subject. I decided to adopt a very strict form, to make it difficult for ideas to flow naturally, which would most likely have led to just another repetition of tiresome platitudes about the death of the subject. So I told

myself that throughout the poem the first and third lines of the stanzas would all off-rhyme in [i], but *within* each stanza the rhyme would have to be exact. As to the second lines, they were all to end in either “*sou*” (“I am [essential meaning]”) or “*estou*” (“I am [accidental meaning]”); though I eventually allowed one occurrence of “*vou*” (“I go”) around the middle of the poem. And, following the obvious model for a poem written in tercets – Dante’s — I finished with a quatrain, which I wrote as a tercet followed by an isolated line. (Which means that, in a way, the *Divine Comedy* became my third source text.) I needed only two further draft versions to arrive at the poem’s final form.

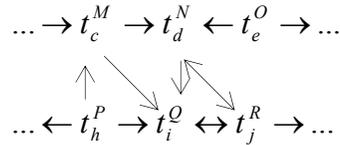
IV. Comparison and Conclusion

If we recall at this point what was said above about the translation of Stevens’s stanza, the difference between the ways in which a translated text and an original text relate to their respective sources should be quite clear. In both cases there are moments of autonomization and of approximation, but whereas in translation the two movements are more or less balanced, in the case of a nontranslation — a text created rather than translated — autonomization clearly predominates. In more precise terms, we might say that in translation each movement of autonomization is immediately submitted to a new confrontation with the first source — the so-called original — which often leads to a corrective movement of approximation, as was the case in the oscillation between “*penhoar*” and “*quimono*.” When a second source comes into the picture, it is simply discarded if approximation to it has the effect of leading to excessive autonomization in relation to the original: this is what happened to the line “*Súbito lago a oferecer passagem.*” And in many cases what seems to be autonomization as regards a detail is in fact motivated by the intention to accomplish approximation on a larger scale, as was exemplified by the substitution of “*manhã*” for “*dia*” on line twelve. We may then say that the first source, or original, has a *controlling* effect on the translation: every time the translation strays too far from the original, confrontation with the original pulls it back home.

But when a new poem is being written, the first source has no controlling effect on the new text. Quite the contrary: if I did not give up “*Pessoana*” for good when I realized that it was veering too close to “*Autopsicografia*” for comfort, it was only because I

managed to find a solution that achieved greater autonomization of my text. Whereas translation is necessarily centripetal, creation is self-consciously centrifugal.

This difference might be represented in terms of the diagram presented in the first section of this paper. Given a structure of intertextuality of the form



containing a text t_c^M and given another structure (intersecting the previous one at t_i^Q , for textuality is a three-dimensional space at the very least)

$$t_{i1}^Q \rightarrow t_{i2}^Q \rightarrow t_{i3}^Q \rightarrow \dots \rightarrow t_i^Q$$

where each t_m^Q is a successive version in the process of elaboration of t_i^Q , the *final version*, then we may say that t_i^Q is a *translation* of t_c^M if and only if:

- (i) M (the language in which t_c^M is written) and Q (the language in which t_i^Q is written) are different;
- (ii) t_c^M was written before t_i^Q ;
- (iii) there is between t_c^M (and t_c^M only) and t_i^Q a *controlling relation*, defined as successive interventions of t_c^M in the series $t_{i1}^Q, t_{i2}^Q, \dots, t_i^Q$ with the effect of approximating t_{i1}^Q to t_c^M as to choice of lexical items, metrical patterns, syntactic patterns, etc.

As long as we have access to the succession of versions resulting in the production of a text of arrival and to its possible texts of departure or source texts, we may say that the text of arrival in question either is or is not a translation. I believe it is possible to demonstrate in this way the difference between a translated text and a nontranslated text even if the premises of intertextuality are accepted, without resorting to the problematic

notion of equivalence. Of course, a hard-core poststructuralist can always argue that my conclusion relies on other problematic concepts, such as the notion of “control” — which, I hasten to admit, has not been defined in a sufficiently rigorous manner. But my approach seems to have at the very least the merit of demonstrating that, even if much of the poststructuralist argument is accepted, it is still possible to point to the existence of clear-cut differences between the acts of “translating” and “creating” — that is, between writing translations and writing pure and simple.

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APPENDIX I

Sunday Morning (I)

SOURCES:

<i>1st source</i>	<i>2nd source</i>
<p>WALLACE STEVENS</p> <p>SUNDAY MORNING (I)</p> <p>Complacencies of the peignoir, and late Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair, And the green freedom of a cockatoo Upon a rug mingle to dissipate The holy hush of ancient sacrifice. She dreams a little, and she feels the dark Encroachment of the old catastrophe, As a calm darkens among water-lights. The pungent oranges and bright, green wings Seem things in some procession of the dead, Winding across wide water, without sound. The day is like wide water, without sound, Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet Over the seas, to silent Palestine, Dominion of the blood and sepulchre.</p>	<p>FERNANDO PESSOA</p> <p>Súbita mão de algum fantasma oculto Entre as dobras da noite e do meu sono Sacode-me e eu acordo, e no abandono Da noite não enxergo gesto ou vulto.</p> <p>Mas um terror antigo, que insepulto Trago no coração, como de um trono Desce e se afirma meu senhor e dono Sem ordem, sem meneio e sem insulto.</p> <p>E eu sinto a minha vida de repente Preso por uma corda de Inconsciente A qualquer mão noturna que me guia.</p> <p>Sinto que sou ninguém salvo uma sombra De um vulto que não vejo e que me assombra, E em nada existo como a treva fria.</p>

APPENDIX II

Pessoana

SOURCES:

<i>1st source</i>	<i>2nd source</i>
FERNANDO PESSOA	SÁ DE MIRANDA
AUTOPSILOGRAFIA	CANTIGA VII
O poeta é um fingidor. Finge tão completamente Que chega a fingir que é dor A dor que deveras sente.	Comigo me desavim, No extremo som do perigo; Não posso aturar comigo Nem posso fugir de mim.
E os que lêem o que escreve, Na dor lida sentem bem, Não as duas que ele teve, Mas só a que eles não têm.	Com dôr da gente fugia Antes que esta assi crecesse; Agora já fugiria De mim se de mim pudesse. Que meo espero ou que fim Do vão trabalho que sigo Se trago a mim comigo, Tamanho imigo de mim?
E assim nas calhas de roda Gira, a entreter a razão, Esse comboio de corda Que se chama coração.	

<p>1st VERSION (Nov. 28, 1984)</p> <p>Quando não sei o que sinto sei que o que sinto é o que sou.</p> <p>Minha vontade é só visgo; gruda em tudo, mas não cola em nada. Minha vontade é o que vivo só o que penso que vivo. mais que vivo. Minha vontade é só isso: o que penso e não vivo.</p> <p>Quando não sei É quando não sei onde piso que sei que o que piso é o meu chão.</p> <p>Mas não ligo: isso de não saber com um golpe já isso dou um golpe de verbo, vivo viro e digo: minha vontade é o que vivo, só isso. O resto é só existe isso. O Não há resto. não existe mais nada.</p> <p>E quando quero o que quero sei que estou vivo. E não desespero.</p>	<p>2nd VERSION (Nov. 28, 1984)</p> <p>Quando não sei o que sinto sei que o que sinto é o que sou.</p> <p>Minha vontade não cria: decifra. E o que entendo não vivo.</p> <p>É quando não sei onde piso que sei que o que piso é meu chão.</p> <p>Mas não ligo: danço na pista dou um passo de dança, viro e digo: minha vontade é o que vivo.</p> <p>E quando quero o que quero sei que estou vivo. E não desespero.</p>	<p>3rd VERSION (Aug. 9, 1888)</p> <p>Quando não sei o que sinto sei que o que sinto é o que sou: o que não entendo, não minto.</p> <p>Quando não sei onde vou Se não sei aonde vou, a algum lugar vou chegar</p> <p>Se não sei aonde vou, certamente é algum lugar a algum lugar estou indo que não é aonde estou. que não é esse onde estou.</p> <p>Se não sei aonde vou, é sinal</p> <p>Se não sei aonde vou, respiro aliviado:</p> <p>do que já sei</p> <p>Não saber aonde vou Se não sei aonde vou, é porque sei que já é hora de não mais estar onde estou.</p>	<p>O que desconheço Só que desconheço</p> <p>Se não sei onde vou, sei que estar indo é melhor que ficar onde aonde estou.</p> <p>Não quero o mal maior</p> <p>Melhor que saber onde vou é saber que estou dentro em breve é ter certeza que em breve não vou estar mais onde estou é estar certo que</p>
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<p>6th VERSION (Aug. 9, 1988)</p> <p>PESSOANA</p> <p>Quando não sei o que sinto sei que o que sinto é o que sou: o que não entendo, não minto.</p> <p>Mas Se comigo coincido, de mim logo suspeito: sei que um dos dois é fingido.</p> <p>o que diz que sabe, mente, ou então o que diz sentir na verdade nada sente.</p> <p>Deo tentar</p> <p>Mas se o que sabe e o que sente vez por outra se revelam misteriosos, o que escreve é o que mais mente:</p> <p>pois finge falar por dois pois calando o que é sentido e dizendo</p> <p>pois finge falar por dois que na verdade são um</p> <p>Se comigo coincido, desconfio de mim mesmo: sei que um dos dois é fingido.</p>	<p>Mas se o que sabe e o que sente um ou dois são mentirosos, o que escreve é o que mais mente:</p> <p>fala por dois (que são um) ou diz bem o que não sente ou diz mal o que é verdade ou tenta dizer direito</p> <p>ou não consegue dizer a verdade sentida e pura esquivada e pura ou diz no mais belo sentido verso mais firme o que é só literatura.</p>	<p>8th (FINAL) VERSION (Jan. 22, 1990)</p> <p>PESSOANA</p> <p>Quando não sei o que sinto sei que o que sinto é o que sou. Só o que não meço não minto.</p> <p>Mas tão logo identifico o não-lugar onde estou decido que ali não fico,</p> <p>pois onde me delimito já não sou mais o que sou mas tão-somente me imito.</p> <p>De ponto a ponto rabisco o mapa de onde não vou, ligando de risco em risco</p> <p>meus equívocos favoritos, até que tudo que sou é um acúmulo de escritos,</p> <p>penetrável labirinto em cujo centro não estou mas apenas me pressinto</p> <p>mero signo, simples mito.</p>
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