The Poems of Frederick Wyatt

Patricio Ferrari & Carlos Pittella
I. Introduction

Frederick Wyatt

It is not only Fernando Pessoa’s Portuguese poetry that casts fictitious authors in a complex “drama em gente, em vez de em actos” [drama in people, instead of in acts], to employ the term coined by Pessoa himself in a biographical note (Pessoa, 1928: 10). If Alberto Caeiro, Álvaro de Campos, Ricardo Reis—the heteronyms—and Fernando Pessoa himself—the ortonym—are the protagonists of Pessoa’s Portuguese coterie, his English poetry also displays an array of fictitious authors: besides Pessoa himself (or his other self as English poet), one finds Charles Robert Anon, Alexander Search, and—with his poems compiled here for the first time—Frederick Wyatt.2

In a “Preface to Wyatt’s Poems” (document 1.1 of this dossier), Pessoa introduces someone who “preferred the pseudonym because (he used to say) there was already a Wyatt at the beginning of English poetry” (Pessoa, 2016a: 359). If the playful reference to Sir Thomas Wyatt3 is clear, the author’s pseudonym is never directly disclosed. Was Fernando Pessoa toying with the idea of another name associated with Frederick Wyatt?4 Another document (1.5 in this dossier) is titled “Frederick Wyatt Cypher,” and perhaps “Cypher” could also be a pseudonym—or meta-pseudonym, as “cypher” means “a secret or disguised way of writing, a code” (New Oxford American Dictionary).
Also in the “Preface to Wyatt’s Poems,” we learn of other traits of this fictitious English author who resided in Lisbon and whose autograph had letters separated (see document 1.1). In Pessoa’s own English we are told that “he was as original […] in his literary manner […] as he was propense to imitation in his every day life,” and that he would walk “panting up the steepness [sic] of the Calçada da Estrella, in his black suit”—this last attribute resembling very much Pessoa’s own appearance.

Besides the preface and loose notes about Frederick Wyatt, there exists a list of poems Pessoa attributed to him. But how did this complex and unique poet—among all of Pessoa’s English fictitious authors—come about? And, what is more, what role did his body of work—one single book of 21 poems—play for Pessoa in 1913? Before introducing “The Poems of Frederick Wyatt,” let us review the archival discoveries leading to our work.

State of the Art

As far as we know, the first publication of a document mentioning Frederick Wyatt was made by Teresa Sobral Cunha, as an annex to her edition of Pessoa’s Fausto (Pessoa, 1988a: 202). It is a list of English projects by Pessoa, including “The Poems of Frederick Wyatt” (see document 2.1 in this dossier).

In 1990, Teresa Rita Lopes edited the description of Frederick Wyatt beginning with “Of dreamers no one was a greater dreamer than he” (Pessoa, 1990: 240), which we cite as an epigraph and present as document 1.2. In the essayistic volume released at the same time as her edition of Pessoa’s unpublished works, Lopes listed Frederick Wyatt—together with his relatives Alfred Wyatt and Rev. Walter Wyatt—among 72 fictitious authors created by Pessoa (see Pessoa, 1990: 131 and 179).

In 1997, João Dionísio prepared the critical edition of Alexander Search’s poetry, briefly referring to a letter directed to Christopher Wyatt, a member of the Wyatt coterie (Pessoa, 1997a: 12 and 382-383). Although Dionísio never mentions Frederick Wyatt, his edition included (then attributed to Search) the 21 poems Pessoa would later assign to Wyatt.

In 2009, Michaël Stoker revisited Pessoa’s archive, extending the list of Pessoan dramatis personæ from the 72 named by Lopes to 83 (Stoker, 2009). Stoker’s work was given prominence in 2011 by José Paulo Cavalcanti Filho’s
biography of Pessoa, which included biographical notes for four members of the “Wyatt” clan: Alfred, August, Frederick, and Rev. (or Sir) Walter Wyatt—though no texts by any Wyatt were transcribed (Cavalcanti Filho, 2011: 461, 469, 493-494 and 538).

Two other works augmented the list of Pessoan personæ: Fernando Cabral Martins and Richard Zenith counted 106 (Pessoa, 2012b), and Jerónimo Pizarro and Patricio Ferrari summed 136 (Pessoa, 2016a). Pizarro and Ferrari wrote the most extensive biography of Frederick Wyatt to date, followed by a dossier that includes: one poem attributed to him, three texts in prose about him, and ten different documents bearing signatures of members of the “Wyatt” family (Pessoa, 2016a: 359-370). Pizarro and Ferrari also presented a list of the 21 texts that constitute “The Poems of Frederick Wyatt,” published here in full as document 2.2 (see Pessoa, 2016a: 360).

The Corpus

If Pessoa constructs a personality for Frederick Wyatt in the paratexts (“Preface to Wyatt’s Poems and Other Preliminary Texts”; Documents, Section I), it is a list datable to 1913 that grants Wyatt a distinctive body of work (see document 2.2). In the same way that Alexander Search inherited a series of poems first attributed to Charles Robert Anon,⁵ Frederick Wyatt inherited poems from Search: “ladrão que rouba ladrão…” [a thief who steals from a thief], as the Portuguese proverb goes. The evolution of these poems—up to their attribution to Wyatt—is an intricate web. Table A summarizes essential developments of this web by synthesizing four different listings prepared by Pessoa—the last one being the document that ascribes to Wyatt 21 poems previously bearing the signature of Search. Note that this last document, datable to 1913, includes all poem titles (Corpus), a fact Table A represents by the marks “X” in Column D. Before 1913, however, we find three intermediary groupings containing these poems (Columns A, B and C).
## TABLE A

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Game</td>
<td>F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bird</td>
<td>*S[ongs] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spirits to Fanny</td>
<td></td>
<td>G X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby’s Death</td>
<td>F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunset-Song</td>
<td>F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Requiescat</td>
<td>n/a X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build me a cottage</td>
<td></td>
<td>X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last of things</td>
<td>F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Maiden</td>
<td>F X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nirvâna</td>
<td>X Delirium X / + (Before Sense) X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell</td>
<td>n/a + (Before Sense) X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was…</td>
<td>F X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Apostle</td>
<td>* F X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, solitary star</td>
<td>* F[inal] I[mage] X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfection</td>
<td>* F[inal] I[mage] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adorned</td>
<td>* *S[onnets] X X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>* F X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A day of Sun</td>
<td>? Delirium X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the road</td>
<td>? Delirium X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beginning</td>
<td>X Ag[ony] + (Before Sense) X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(COLUMN A) The “Final Image” project, created between October 1908 and February 1909, was initially subtitled “Alexander Search’s first book” (BNP/E3, 144V-22’). It includes the poems we marked “X,” questions the inclusion of poems we marked “?,” and possibly includes the poems we marked “*” — for the latter (“*”) are all sonnets, and the project states the inclusion of “7 sonnets.”

(COLUMN B) On the top left corner of some documents — copied in unusually neat handwriting on grid paper — Pessoa draws curious signs to mark poems then attributed to Alexander Search. These signs are indicative of groups or sub-
groups of poems; though some have deducible meanings (such as “Del[irium]” or “Ag[ony]”), others are less evident (such as “F[inal] I[mage]”); some still elude us (such as “#S,” “G,” and “F”). João Dionísio, who prepared the critical edition of Search’s poetry, believes that Pessoa created those projects between May 1907 and an undetermined date after 28 March 1909 (Pessoa, 1997a: 12).

The discrepancies between Columns A and B reveal that Pessoa had not decided as to which project the poems should belong: the two poems unequivocally assigned to “Final Image” in A (“Nirvâna” and “Beginnings”) are marked “Delirium” and “Ag[ony]” in B, and poems not listed in “Final Image” in A are marked “F[inal] I[mage]” in B. (Column C) “Waves” is a list presented together with “Before Sense” (BNP/E3, 48C-21’), perhaps as a counterpoint (or counter-project). Eleven out of the twelve poems in “Waves” (marked “X”) will make it into the corpus of Frederick Wyatt—the only exception being the sonnet “Blind Eagle,” as noted by Ferrari and Pizarro (Pessoa, 2016: 360). “Farewell” and “Beginning” (marked “+”) were destined, not to “Waves,” but to “Before Sense”; still, they are bequeathed to Wyatt—as is “Nirvâna,” which figured in both “Waves” and “Before Sense.”

There are still other lists created prior to 1913 that add to the history of the poems Pessoa attributed to Wyatt (see Table B, in Annex IA). Although Pessoa would not claim the poems of Frederick Wyatt for later poetry projects, he did use “Before Sense” as a subtitle to The Mad Fiddler, around 1918, as noted by editors Marcus Angioni and Fernando Gomes (BNP/E3, 31-95; Pessoa, 1999a: 13). While none of Wyatt’s poems made it into The Mad Fiddler (not even the poems in “Before Sense” in Column C, Table A), Pessoa could easily have recycled “Waves” of “Poems of Frederick Wyatt,” morphing them into other projects. The first poem in Wyatt’s corpus (“The Game”) illustrates this possibility: Pessoa revised it after the creation of Wyatt (modifying 6 of the 12 verses) and changed its title from “The Game” to “Ombre Chinoise”; this probably happened c. 1916-1917, as the piece of paper with “Ombre Chinoise” also lists poems for The Mad Fiddler. Since the list of poems of Frederick Wyatt includes “The Game” and not “Ombre Chinoise,” it is possible that the second title could belong to a different project altogether.

A Coherent Corpus?

Considering the selection of poems Pessoa attributed to Wyatt—and paying attention to the fact that some of these poems had been assigned to previous projects—we may raise
the following questions: is there a pattern to the works Wyatt inherited from Search? Given that Alexander Search penned more than 100 poems, what drove Pessoa to choose these 21 pieces for Wyatt? What makes them a coherent corpus, if coherent at all?

These questions are open to all readers who will now encounter the poetry of Frederick Wyatt for the first time. Some patterns emerge at first sight, and Pessoa himself offers a few clues. In the preface and other preliminary texts for Wyatt’s poems, Pessoa (in the pen of an unknown prefacer) describes an author whose only consistency seems to be inconsistency itself, with an “attitude before things […] always oscillating from one extreme point of view or manner of action to the other extreme”—with “political opinions […] in perpetual fluctuation” (BNP/E3, 14E-93). Alongside this state of flux, there is the portrait of Wyatt as a dreamer: “Of dreamers no one was a greater dreamer than he” (idem). The view of reality as a dream is put forth in the very first poem in Wyatt’s oeuvre: “The Game” (of reality?), later renamed “Ombre Chinoise,” with platonic connotations (the shadow puppetry theater of reality?).

Individual poems may seem familiar to Pessoa’s readers, for they foreshadow motifs later developed in his Portuguese poetry. To give one example, the poem “A Day of Sun” exhibits a love of the sun (“with a child’s natural delight”) that makes us think of the poetry of Alberto Caeiro, the master-heteronym Pessoa brought to life in March 1914. As a song with many layers, “A Day of Sun” is also an ars poetica for Pessoa’s heteronymic project, describing the aspiration of the poet to lose his ego, his individuality, or, as Frederick Wyatt puts it in the last three stanzas of the poem:

Be swallowed of the sun and spread
   Over the infinite expanse,
Dissolved, like a drop of dew dead
   Lost in a super-normal trance;
Lost in impersonal consciousness
   And mingling in all life become
A selfless part of Force and Stress
   And have a universal home
And in a strange way undefined
   Lose in the one and living Whole
The limit that I am to my mind,
   The place wherefrom I dream my soul.

(see poem 3.19 of this dossier)

Regarding the poetic forms appropriated by Wyatt, one finds short poems—mostly songs and sonnets—never exceeding 40 verses, in a variety of stanza
arrangements: 20 poems with stanzas ranging from tercets to octets. All poems display rhyme schemes, and one would be tempted to see the influence of Keats or Blake in Frederick Wyatt, though Pessoa claims (rather playfully) that Frederick “was extraordinarily ignorant of modern English literature” (BNP/E3, 14E-94).

Fernando Pessoa, though, had no such ignorance, and we cannot forget to mention the influence the historical Wyatt—Sir Thomas—may have had on the poetry of the fictitious Frederick. As far as we were able to assess, only three books extant in Pessoa’s private library include references to Sir Thomas Wyatt: (1) *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language*, with the short poem “The Lover’s Appeal” (Palgrave, 1926: 21); (2) *A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry*, featuring one short and three longer poems with the editor’s titles “A description of such a one as he could love,” “Complaint of the absence of his love,” “The longer life the more offence,” and “The aged lover renounceth love” (Mackay, 1896: 15-18); (3) *A First Sketch of English Literature*, the most important for our query, presenting not only excerpts of Wyatt’s poetry, but also a brief biography that emphasizes how Wyatt was influenced by Italian poetry and became one of the first reformers of English meter and style (Morley, 1901: 285-290)—as the author summarizes towards the end of the section on Wyatt:

Wyatt’s songs and sonnets, balades, rondeaux, complaints, and other little poems, closely and delicately imitate, with great variety of music, the forms fashionable in his time among poets of Italy and France. His sonnets, accurate in their structure, are chiefly translated from Petrarch, many of his epigrams are borrowed from the “Strambotti” (fantastic conceits) of Serafino d’Aquila, a Neapolitan poet, who died in 1500 [...].

(Morley, 1901: 289)

We do find songs, sonnets, ballads, etc., among the poems of Frederick Wyatt—much like the “little poems” of Thomas Wyatt, which were presented as “Songes and Sonettes” in *Tottel’s Miscellany* in 1557. Thomas Wyatt authored 96 out of the 310 poems compiled by Tottel (more than twice the number contributed by any other poet featured in the miscellany). Pessoa also compiled his “Songs and Sonnets” in a list that included eight of the poems later attributed to Frederick Wyatt—and the designation “Songs and Sonnets” would surely befit Wyatt’s poems as a whole.
“The Poems of Frederick Wyatt”

The dossier here presented comprises three sections of documents associated with Frederick Wyatt: (1) Preface to Wyatt’s Poems And Other Preliminary Texts; (2) Frederick Wyatt Book Project and Index of Poems; and (3) Poems Attributed to Frederick Wyatt. Jerónimo Pizarro and Patricio Ferrari noted that “Wyatt,” much like “Search,” was a name Pessoa used for multiple characters. Although Frederick was the only one endowed with a body of work, the “Wyatt” clan counted eight other members. In Pessoa’s archive we find various signatures with the same surname: besides Frederick Wyatt, resident of Lisbon, one finds: Rev. Walter Wyatt (BNP/E3, 144V-27), resident of Sandringham, England; Sir Alfred Wyatt (144V-47), resident of Paris (thus, sometimes referred to as “Monsieur”); Charles Wyatt (57-8); Stanley Wyatt (110-9); Francis Wyatt (49B5-37); Arthur C. Wyatt (14D-34); Augustus C. Wyatt (14D-34); and Christopher Wyatt (14D-34 & 78A-42)—the last six without known residences; the call numbers were identified by Pizarro and Ferrari (Pessoa, 2016: 704-705), who also noted:

Tanto os Wyatt, como os Search foram múltiplos e é-nos difícil estabelecer se cada Wyatt (ou cada Search) foi uno, ou se alguns foram as prefigurações de outros. A contabilidade, neste mundo da fantasia, é sempre inexacta.

(Pessoa, 2016a: 705)

[Both the Wyatts and the Searches were multiple, and it is difficult for us to establish if each Wyatt (or each Search) was one, or if some were prefigurations of others. An appraisal, in this world of fantasy, is always inexact.]

Frederick Wyatt reconfigures the corpus attributed to Alexander Search, thus calling for a revision that should pay special attention to the development of projects such as “Final Image,” “Before Sense,” and “Waves.” But Alexander Search cannot be fully understood without an edition of the poetry of Charles Robert Anon, who was assigned some of the same projects Pessoa gave to Search (e.g., “Death of God”).

Besides making available the work of Pessoa’s last fictitious English poet, we hope that this dossier may shed light on the works of Anon and Search—in the same way that a grasp of Caeiro is essential to understanding Campos and Reis in Pessoa’s Portuguese poetry.
Notes to Introduction

1. BNP/E3, 14E-93.
2. In his French works, Pessoa distinguished between his ortonymic writings and the ones by Jean Seul de Meluret; see Pessoa (2006b).
3. For the relationship between Pessoa’s Frederick Wyatt and Sir Thomas Wyatt, see Stephen Foley’s article “Pessoa’s Wyatt,” also in this volume.
5. Alexander Search also claimed works initially attributed to David Merrick, such as “Old Castle,” “Ode to Music,” “Woman in Black,” and “Gahu”—as well as a series of “Early Fragments.” Among the latter texts we find Marino, an unfinished drama also associated with Charles Robert Anon in at least one document (see 13-1; Pessoa, 2016a: 126).
6. This book was published after 1913 and thus could not have influenced Pessoa’s creation.
7. BNP/E3, 48C-7 and 8; see Annex IA.
8. Interestingly, the edition of John Donne’s poems extant in Pessoa’s private library begins with the section “Songs and Sonnets” (Donne, c. 1904).
9. Unless noted otherwise, all translations are ours.
Annex IA. Lists including poems of Wyatt (excluding the information in Table A).

[Table B]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Game</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bird</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spirits to Fanny</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baby’s Death</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunset-Song</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Requiescat</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build me a cottage</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Last of things</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Maiden</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nirvâna</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Apostle</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, solitary star</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfection</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adorned</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A day of Sun</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the road</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td></td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beginning</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>X</td>
<td>48C-19</td>
<td>48C-19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

237
**Annex IB. Poems transcribed, mss. and publications.**

**[Table C]**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title</th>
<th>Documents [bnp/e3]</th>
<th>Publications</th>
<th>Lists</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Was</td>
<td>144J-37', 78-101'</td>
<td>Pessoa, 1995: 140-142; 1997a: 311</td>
<td>144P-2'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, solitary star</td>
<td>78B-5'</td>
<td>Pessoa, 1995: 198 &amp; 1997a: 290</td>
<td>144P-3', 48C-8'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adorned</td>
<td>78-41'</td>
<td>Pessoa, 1995: 96 &amp; 1997a: 243-244</td>
<td>144P-3', 48C-8'</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
II. Documents: The Poetry of Frederick Wyatt.

1. Preface to Wyatt’s Poems and Other Preliminary Texts
1.1. [14E-96], Datable to 1913.

Preface to Wyatt’s Poems.

The position of a non-literary man who finds it thrust upon as a moral duty to give to the world a literary work can be easily conceived a priori as a peculiarly embarrassing one. The difficulties of the task are the reverse of diminished when the work is the work of a poet who was his friend, who died young, in peculiarly tragic circumstances, and the manner of which life & death lay upon the friend the duty of □

He preferred the pseudonym because (he used to say) there was already a Wyatt at the beginning of English poetry.

One of the many strange contrasts between his private and his literary character was in that he was as original and □ in his literary manner and matter (and especially in the /matter/) as he was propense to imitation in his every day life and private life./He was the kind of man who writes on the kind of paper *used □/

The more deeply original his style became, the more he consciously modelled his □, his manner of dressing, his habits... on Goethe, on Shelley, on □ on innumerable literary people, not all great

Autograph must have letters parted

I can see him now, panting /up the steepness of the Calçada da Estrella, in his black suit with the □ the □/

It was very difficult for a stranger to speak with him, so *unnerving was his adherence to either of 2 conversational methods, so to speak—an *impatient silence or a tone of period so highly-pitched that, in some cases—(I know) a positive impression of insanity was caused.
1.2. [14E-93]. Datable to 1915.

Fredrick Wyatt.

Of dreamers no one was a greater dreamer than he. He was eternally incompetent to take stock of reality. His attitude before things was always a false and uneasy one, always oscillating from one extreme point of view or manner of action to the other extreme. This concerned just as much and as deeply his fundamental views—if we can speak of the fundamental views of one who had none—as his most trifling actions. It is as possible to consider him an idealist (I use the word in its metaphysical sense) as a materialist; he would be the first to wonder which he was. His political opinions were in a perpetual fluctuation between an excessive anarchism and the arrogance of a thorough aristocrat. In his life—his unreal life as he would have called it sometimes—he was sure to be either of a childish and morbid shyness or of an impetuous and clumsy boldness. The worst was that he was not even consistent in the line of action he chose: sometimes he would shrink into a sudden and incongruous shyness in the midst of a recklessly insane act, at others he would suddenly break out from shyness in the strangest and insanest manner.

My great and sincere friendship for him cannot hinder me from being still rather amused on recalling the way several Portuguese poor people—the washerwoman, for instance—took to him when speaking to me: o seu amigo, coitadinho! (Your friend, poor gentleman!). They would very possibly have been perplexed to explain what the coitadinho (so untranslatably Portuguese!) meant there. But they all felt, in their characteristic warm-heartedness, that there was some inexplicable thing to be pitied about him. Now that I remember this, I cannot omit a still cuter expression that a neighbouring barber once used and which was reported to him and to me and stung him greatly: It is a pity he is not mad; it would have been better like that. It is perhaps the best casual word-portrait of him, in all its indirectness. It stung him, as I easily perceived, because it hit his character off so justly and yet showed how terribly evident even to casual & uninterested dreamers was the suffering he thought he hid in himself from all eyes.

1.3. [14E-94*]. Datable to 1915.

Frederick Wyatt.

He had a curious mind, a mind that seemed incomplete. He had qualities for the complete use of which other qualities, which he lacked, were needed. Thus, he had a metaphysical comprehension of the highest kind, yet no shadow of the power to reason it into coherent theories; he would be perpetually astonishing me with moral theories of life, space, time or infinity—but I had to seize them as well as I could, for he had no power to do any more than set them forth, posit them—he was incapable of the slightest reasoning to uphold them.
1.4. [14E-95']. Datable to 1915.

Fredrick Wyatt:

He was a □

One day he would appear in the Lisbon streets in a frock-coat & eyeglass—a foolish thing for one so short-sighted □. The week after he would be all carelessness.


1.5. [133G-10]. Datable to 1913.

Frederick Wyatt Cypher

He was extraordinarily ignorant of modern English literature and especially of modern English poets. He never read anything by O[scar] Wilde, B[ernard] Shaw □

Even of the French poets he did not know the more recent ones. He knew Baudelaire, Rollinat (“Les Névroses”) certainly.

I do not think he had any knowledge of Verlaine □

These poems were written by Fernando Pessoa a Portuguese and are published under a pseudonym
2. Frederick Wyatt Book Project and Index of Poems

2.1. [144D²-7']. Datable to 1913.

Poesia.

Portuguez

Livros:  
Gladio. (1)  
Agua Estagnada. (2)  
Trilogia dos Gigantes. (3) a, b, c.  
Fausto. (4)  
Inez de Castro—Tragedia. (5)  

Inglez

Ascension, and other poems. (6)  
The Voyage, and other poems. (7)  
The Poems of Frederick Wyatt. (8)  
The Duke of Parma—A Tragedy. (9)  
Marino—A Tragedy. (10)  
Prometheus Rebound. (11)  

2.2. [144P-2’ & 3’]. Datable to 1913.

Wyatt.

The Game — 1.  
Little Bird — 2.  
Spirits to Fanny — 1.  
Song — 1  
Baby’s Death — 1  
Sunset-Song — 1  
Requiescat — 1  
Build me a cottage — 1  
The Last of things — 2  
The Maiden — 2  
Nirvana — 1  
Farewell — 1  
Was — 1  
The Apostle — 1  
O, solitary star — 1  
Perfection — 1  
Adorned — 1  
Sonnet — 1  
A day of Sun — 2  
On the road — 1  
Beginning —
3. The Poems Attributed to Frederick Wyatt


The Game

Come, let us play a game, little boy,

To while the world away.

What shall be—tell me—our harmless toy?

At what shall we play?

Shall we play—shall we?—at being great?

No, nor at being grand.

Shall we believe that we are Fate

And make up lives out of sand?

No, little boy, we will play that we are

Happy, and that we are gay;

Let us pretend we are dreams, very far

From the world in which we play.

3.1b. [48D-42']. Datable to 1916-1917.

Ombre Chinoise

Come, let us play a game, little boy,

To while the world away.

What shall be, tell me, our harmless toy?

At what shall we play?

Must we not leave the *den & ourselves?

Must we play here?

How can we see the dream & the elves

If home is near?

So let us play at a sleep, that we are

Empty & glad & away

Let us pretend we are [dreams, very far]

From the world in which we play.
Little Bird

Poet.

Little bird, sing me a sweet song deep
Of what is not to-day;
Be it not the future that yet doth sleep
In the hall where Time his hours doth keep,
More than far away.

Sing me a song of the things thou knew’st
And desirest e’er,
Be it a song to which but is used
The heart that has to love refused
What is merely fair.

Bird

Young, too young, hither I was brought
From the dells and trees;
Weep with me—I remember them not
Save with a vague and a pining thought:
Can I sing of these?

Poet

Sing, little bird, sing me that song—
None can be more dear—
Come of the spirit that doth long
Not for the past with a sadness strong,
But for what was never here.

Sing me, sing me that song, little bird;
I would also sing
Of sounds I remember yet never heard,
Of wishes by which my soul is stirred
Till their bliss doth sting.

Bird

To breathe that singing I have no might;
Sing it deeply thou!
I sing when the day is clear and bright
And when the moon is so much in night
That thy tears do flow.
But thou, thou sing'st in woe, in ill,
And thy voice is fit
To speak of what the wish doth fill
With pinings indescribable;
   Shadows vague of it.

   Poet.

Ay, little bird, let us sing in all weather
   A song of to-day,
Come of the sense we feel together
That nothing that doth die and wither
   Truly goes away.
3.3. [78B-2r & 3r]. Dated "March, 1906."

**Song of the Dream-Spirits to Fanny**

From the beach and from the billow
   Rapturously loud,
From the zephyr that doth pillow
   All his softness on a cloud;
From the murmur of the river,
   From the leaves that rustle ever,
   Joyously we come.

   We are bright and we are many
   As the early drops of dew,
   And we come to little Fanny
   As the day to you;
   From the keenness of the mountain,
   From the sparkle of the fountain,
   Joyously we come.

   From the hill and from the valley,
   From the mountain and the vale;
   From the evening melancholy
   Where all hath a tale;
   From the sweetness of the meadow,
   From the coolness of the shadow,
   Joyously we come.

   In the sadness of the willow,
   In the /homely/ nest
   We have dwelt and had a pillow
   In the poet's breast;
   And from all things dimly moving
   Human souls to bliss and loving
   Joyously we come.
3.4. [78-33’]. Dated 1906.

Song.

Sun to-day and storm to-morrow.
Never can we know
When is joy or when is sorrow,
Happiness or woe…

The clock strikes. To-day is gone.
Man, proud man, oh think thereon!

From delight we pass to sadness
From a smile to tears;
And the boldness of our gladness
Dies among our fears.
The clock strikes. An hour is past.
Think, oh think, how all doth waste!

3.5. [78B-1’]. Datable to circa 1907.

On Baby’s Death.

With the doleful dead man’s bell
Ring, oh, ring not Baby’s knell!
Let her calmly, calmly sleep,
But with the sounds on from the dell/
Make thou a music wild and deep,
Such as men can but know well
When their souls have learnt to weep.

As if Love’s self had gone from earth
Oh, sing a music that has birth
In the suspension of commotion
For thus hath death made our emotion.
Sing thou a song more deep and true
Than the vague, soft song of ocean
The quiet darkness moaning through.

Sing into sad tears our distress!
Oh, let soft sorrow be thy strain!
She’s gone beyond our love’s caress,
Giving to life more loneliness
And to mystery more pain.
3.6. [78-104r]. Dated “1907.”

**Sunset Song.**

Leaning my chin on my hands,
I looked far away to sea
Where the dying sunset a sense commands
Of half mystical majesty.
And I felt a strange sorrow, a fear,
A hope like a sudden love
Of something that is not here
And that I can never have.

3.7. [78-57r]. Dated 26 August 1907.

**Requiescat.**

For thee the veil of the temple is rent
And the holy of holies laid bare…
Hath mystery thy being spent
With tragic muteness eloquent;
Or with the horror living there
Is thy dead spirit blent?

Whate’er contains now thy vision’s scope,
Howe’er it be, thou canst not be mad
At shadows dread for which we grope,
And at thy heart together did fade
The pleasure that doth make us sad
And the pain that makes us hope.
3.8. [78-96r]. Dated 20 December 1907.

Build me a cottage...

Build me a cottage deep
In a forest, a simple, silent home,
Like a breath in a sleep,
Where all wish may be never to roam
And a pleasure all smallness may keep.

A palace high then build,
With confusion of lights and of rooms,
A strange sense to yield,
Whither my desire from the cottage's glooms
May go, to return, unfulfilled.

Then dig me a grave,
That what cottage nor palace can give
I at length may have,
That the weariness of all ways to live
May cease like the last of a wave.
The Last of Things

Weep for the last of things,
For the farewell that they give
As if with a glance alone
To the things that remain and live.

Weep for the noble minds
That have past like froth away;
Weep for the bodies fair
Now less than dust or clay.

Weep for the smallest trifles
Of our life, that is made of them;
Weep for each hope unaccomplished,
Each dream known at last a dream.

Weep for nations and kingdoms
That are dreams within the past,
For creeds and for religions,
For idols dim down-cast.

Though their glory were a vile one
And a blessing their decay,
Yet they are things that have been,
Have been and have gone away.

Weep for all joys departed,
For many a departed pain:
The heart one day shall desire
That they could come back again.

Weep for all things that are gone
And for those that are not past,
For the heart that sees them knows
That they also shall not last.

To all that passes pertaineth
A shred of our sympathy,
A tear for all things departed,
For departing things a sigh.
The Maiden

A form of Beauty came once to me,
A sweeter thing than earth or sea
Or anything that is Time’s contains
Or shows to our heart that has pains.

It went and I rose to seek it afar,
I walked wide and long in my lofty care,
And I asked the passers-by on the way:
"Have ye seen this maiden? oh, say! oh, say!"

And they cried all: “No, we have felt the wind
Breathe in the blossom things undefined,
We have seen the soft leaves tremble and kiss
As memories thrilled of a vanished bliss.”

I asked a wanderer by the road:
"Hast thou seen the maiden I seek abroad?"
— “No; I have seen the moonlight,” he said,
"Rest like a thought on the graves of the dead.”

And I asked of others: “Know ye the maid
Whose beauty but ignored can fade?”
“No”, said they; “than skies and flowers
We know nought fairer that is ours.”
And far I went and I asked of all:
None knew her on whom I did call;
They had felt the breathing of lone winds low
Tremble like lips in love’s first glow.

They had seen the grass and the trees and flowers
Bloom as things whose life is but hours;
And they had looked back on their little way
And trees and flowers were in decay.

Then I asked a madman who had no home,
And he said: “Alas for thee who dost roam!
Thou must become as I am now
For her thou seest none can know.

She lives in a region beyond all love
All human sighing far above;
In a palace there on a dream-wrought throne
She reigns eternally alone.

She maketh the poet’s mind to pine,
She seeketh him once with a kiss divine,
And longing eternal follows that kiss
And pain is the blessing of her caress.”
3.11. [78-27 & 28']. Dated "1906."

Nirvāṇa.

A non-existence deeply within Being,
A sentient nothingness ethereal,
A more than real Ideality, agreeing
Of subject and of object, all in all.

Nor Life, nor Death, nor sense nor senselessness,
But a deep feeling of not feeling aught;
A calm how deep!—much deeper than distress,
Haply as thinking is without the thought.

Beauty and ugliness, and love and hate,
Virtue and vice—all these nowise will be;
That peace all quiet shall eliminate
Our everlasting life-uncertainty.

A quietness of all our human hopes,
An end as of a feverish, tìrèd breath...
For fit expressions vainly the soul gropes;
It is beyond the logic of our faith.

An opposite of joy's stir, of the deep
Disconsolation that our life doth give,
A waking to the slumber that we sleep,
A sleeping to the living that we live.

All difference unto the life we have,
All other to the thoughts that through us roam;
It is a home if our life be a grave,
It is a grave if our life be a home.

All that we weep, all to which we aspire
Is there, and, like an infant on the breast,
We shall transcend the nipple we desire
And our accursèd souls at last shall rest.
Farewell.

Farewell, farewell for ever!
I cannot more remain;
Far wider things our hearts do sever
Than continent or main —
Pride and distaste and inaptness
To feel each other’s joy, distress.

Farewell, farewell for ever!
Be it not said by thee
My heart was weaker, thy heart braver
In mutual misery.
But parted were we, be it said,
As are the living from the dead.

Farewell, farewell for ever!
Since love leaves not behind
Nor even friendship, nor endeavour,
Nor sorrow wild or kind...
'Tis fit indeed those souls be parted
That cannot e'er be broken-hearted.

Farewell, farewell for ever!
'Tis time this thing were done,
When love is cold which was a fever
And vulgar as a stone,
When life from woe to woe doth flee
And change itself is misery.

Was...

The wave hath burst white upon the beach.
Speak no more of it.
The leaf hath rotted. No more can it teach
But a moral for joy unlit.

The day hath ended. Who speaks of its morn
But must think of its night?
The /old/ corpse is rotting. That it was once born
Seems a lie to the sight.

The heart hath broken; no more can it throb
With deep love or care.
Its voice hath vanished; no more can it sob
In its deep despair.

Thus all things do crumble and all doth pass,
But not always forgot;
For we feel it deep, and in the heart "was"
Meaneth but "is not."


The Apostle.

The Preacher said: "My task, it is to take
To men the mystic balsam of a creed,
And in their hearts lust-taken to awake
A fervour above life and above need.

My work is to outcast the very greed
For beauty, and the chains of love to break,
And the whole field of youth and joy to rake
Clear for the sowing of mine holy seed.

I go to preach a doctrine sweet and sad
Of sacrifice and of benevolence;
I turn my back on life and local bliss.

But e'er I go—oh purpose void & mad!—
Would I could take to that cold life intense
The soul-perturbing memory of a kiss!"
3.15. [78B-5']. Datable to before 1908 (probably c. 1905).

Oh, Solitary Star.

Oh, solitary star, that with bright ray
Lookst from the bosom of enveloping night,
Loveliest that none contests thy spaceful sway
Now when with rivals is the sky not dight.

Vouchsafe on me to keep thy tiny stare
Blinking at night as if in sleepy joy,
Or as the sleepy eyes of some young fair
Who chides their dosing to her thought’s warm toy.

That there are other stars I well do know
And others that may shine more bright and true;
And yet I wish them not, for one doth so
Outwit decision and attention sue.

And if from this thou can no lesson learn,
Much hast thou spurned that Goodness may not spurn.

3.16. [77-66']. Dated “October, 1904.”

Perfection.

Perfection comes to me in fevered dreams,
Beauty divine by earthly senses bound,
And lulls mine ear with slow, forgetful sound,
Her full heart’s voice, burst forth in mindful gleams,

Such as I ne’er can grasp. Her soft hair streams
On to her lustless breast, wherein /confound/
The real and the ideal interwound,
And aught of earthly joy that heaven beseems.

Then day invades, and all is gone away;
I to myself return, and feel such woe
As when a ship-wrecked sailor waked from sleep —

From the bright dreams of a sweet village day —
Lifts up his throbbing head, to hear below
The weighty, sunken rumble of the deep.

256
3.17. [78-41']. Dated "June 19th, 1907."

**Adorned.**

Great Venus' statue, as men do conceive,
Wore it a jewel would all spoiled be;
Yet beauty's not alone simplicity,
Thus men with thoughts the eyes of sense deceive.

Oh, on a lake did they never perceive
A perfect boat, or a sail in the sea
At night that passes, far, mysteriously,
And in the heart a pining strange doth leave?

Ah, me! Upon a young and virgin breast
When it a jewel richly doth adorn,
Each to the other lends beauty and splendour,
As o'er the tremulous sea the stars at rest,
As flow'r and dew—but more; my heart is torn
That neither words nor thoughts that spell can render.

3.18. [78-35']. Dated "March 1907."

**Sonnet.**

Lady, believe me ever at your feet,
When all the Venus in you you condense
Into a gesture natural and meet,
Full-filled with purity's calm eloquence.

Your sentient arm so softly did incense
The love of beauty in my soul complete,
That I had given the dearest things of sense
For that your gesture natural and meet.

Genius and beauty, and the things that mar
The love of life with Love's own purest glow,
Out of all thinking, all unconscious are;
And even you, sweet lady, may not know
How much that gesture was to me a star
Leading my bark upon a sea of woe.

A Day of Sun.

I love the things that children love
Yet with a comprehension deep
That lifts my pining soul above
Those in which life as yet doth sleep.

All things that simple are and bright,
Unnoticed unto keen-worn wit,
With a child's natural delight
That makes me proudly weep at it.

I love the sun with personal glee,
The air as if I could embrace
Its wideness with my soul and be
A drunkard by excess of gaze.

I love the heavens with a joy
That makes me wonder at my soul,
It is a pleasure nought can cloy,
A thrilling I cannot control.

So stretched out here do let me lie
Before the sun that soaks me up,
And let me gloriously die
Deep drinking of mere living's cup;

Be swallowed of the sun and spread
Over the infinite expanse,
Dissolved, like a drop of dew dead
Lost in a super-normal trance;

Lost in impersonal consciousness
And mingling in all life become
A selfless part of Force and Stress
And have a universal home;

And in a strange way undefined
Lose in the one and living Whole
/The limit that I am to my mind,
The place wherefrom I dream my soul./
On the Road.

In a cart.

Here we go while morning life burns
   In the sunlight’s golden ocean,
And upon our faces a freshness comes,
   A freshness whose soul is motion.

Up the hills, up! Down to the vales!
   Now in the plains more slow!
Now in swift turns the shaken cart reels.
   Soundless in sand now we go!

But we must come to some village or town,
   And our eyes show sorrow at it.
Could we for ever and ever go on
   In the sun and air that we hit;

On an infinite road, at an unknown pace,
   With endless and free commotion,
With the sun e’er round us and on our face
   A freshness whose soul is motion!
Beginning.

Darkness and storm outside make inward gloom,
Quiet and home within and useless pain
Weigh down upon me as a wasted life,
   Save where from the pale tomb
Of day there comes a semblance of a strife
Through the blown varying of the pallid rain.

Before the thunder shall the mansion shake
A blankly-smiling day unfirms my eye,
And there is here a ghastness and a gale
   That make /my frail form/ quake;
And strange to me who think all things must quail,
A voice is raised in joy—alas! not mine.

Why cannot youth be joyous, full of love?
Why am I made the corpse that woes and fears
And problems grim and world-enigmas dire
   Shroud like a body wove
Close to my nature, in which is a fire
The fervorous source of lying pains and tears?

Blow hard, thou wind; look pale, thou awful day!
Ye cannot in your dread and horror match
The thing that I bear in me and is me,
   These idle thoughts that stray
Subordinate to the deep agony
Of him who hears the gate of reason’s latch
Fall with a sound of termination,
As of a thing locked past and for e’er done.
Notes to Documents

Unless specified, variants adopted in the critical text are the last written by the author. Also, unless specified, punctuation will not be restored. We thank Jerónimo Pizarro, José Barreto, and Stephanie Leite for their assistance with parts of these transcriptions.

1.1. The second paragraph of this text, as well as the signature trials, appeared in Pessoa (2016a: 359 and 361). In 1906-1907, Fernando Pessoa lived at 100 Calçada da Estrela, 1º.

1.2. Published for the first time by Lopes (Pessoa, 1990: 240). Our transcription is based on that of Pizarro and Ferrari (Pessoa, 2016: 364-365).

1.3. Our transcription is based on that of Pizarro and Ferrari (Pessoa, 2013: 362).

1.4. The pattern on the outside of the paper allows us to identify it as the dust-jacket of Runes of Woman (Stuar [as Macleod], 1915); Fiona Macleod, the known author of the book until 1905, was revealed to be a pseudonym of William Sharp (1855-1905) after his death; Sharp wrote more than 40 books and coordinated the collection “The Canterbury Poets edited by William Sharp,” which included The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, extant in Pessoa’s private library (Chatterton, 1885); Fiona Macleod, with a writing style different from her creator’s, would perhaps be more appropriately called a heteronym. In a few of his known photographs, Fernando Pessoa appears to wear a frock-coat. Pessoa’s heteronym Álvaro de Campos exhibits a monocle (or eyeglass) in a number of his poems (e.g., “Opiário” and “Saudação a Walt Whitman”) and in Pessoa’s famous letter from 13 January 1935, about the origins of the heteronyms (Pessoa, 2012a: 27).

1.5. The recto of this document was published in Pessoa, 2016a: 363, on which we base our transcription. The book Névroses and at least one title by Baudelaire are extant in Pessoa’s private library (see Pizarro et al., 2010). For Pessoa’s relation with French literature, see Pessoa, 2014b.

2.1. Published by Teresa Sobral Cunha in Fausto (Pessoa, 1988a: 202-203).

2.2. This list is mentioned in the biographical note of Frederick Wyatt by Pizarro and Ferrari (Pessoa, 2013: 360). The 21 English poems listed had originally been attributed by Pessoa to Alexander Search. The numbers next to the titles of the poems/incipits refer to the number of pages each poem was to occupy; on 144P-2, we find the number 18 inside a circle, i.e., the number of pages required up to “The Apostle.” A small paper, pinned to 144P-2, reads 22 December 1890 [22 December 1890]; would that be the birthdate Pessoa imagined for Frederick Wyatt? (Pessoa’s heteronym Álvaro de Campos would have his birthdate fixed by Pessoa as 15 October 1890).

3.1a. There are three documents with versions of this poem: 144J-43r (A), 78A-1’ (B), and 48D-42’ (C). Though having the same first stanza as A and B, C develops as a very different poem, with a different title — thus, we edit C separately (as poem 3.1b), instead of considering it as a final version.

3.1b. Fragment of a paper presenting, in the recto, a list of poems from The Mad Fiddler and samples of hardly legible mediumistic writing; on the verso, more mediumistic writings, and the title “Ombre Chinoise.” Dionísio considers 48D-42’ (C) as posterior to both 144J-43’ (A) and 78A-1’ (B); nevertheless, believing C to be fragmentary, Dionísio edits B as the last complete rendering of “The Game” (Pessoa, 1997a: 32). Though we agree with Dionísio in C being posterior to A and B, we differ in two points: 1) we believe C to be complete and 2) due to its different title and 50% different poem (6 out of 12 verses of C differ from B), we consider that C should stand as a separate poem (Pessoa, 1997a: 409). The list of poems by Wyatt includes B’s title (“The Game”) and not C’s (“Ombre Chinoise”), which suggests that C was written after Pessoa listed Wyatt’s poems.

v. 11-12 The author left lines, instead of empty spaces, on lines 11 and 12, which we interpret as a shorthand indication of repetition, i.e., the repetition of words as they were written in the previous version of the poem; Dionísio edits those lines as blank spaces (Pessoa, 1997a: 409).

3.2. Our transcription is based on the one by Dionísio (Pessoa, 1997a: 133-134), who raises the possibility of this poem serving as inspiration for “Sing me a song of the sweetness of love” (49A’-1’). The poem is structured as a “chanson à personnages” [song with characters], a medieval French song in the form of a dialogue, often between a husband and a wife, a knight and a shepherdess, or lovers parting at dawn” (Merriam-Webster’s Encyclopedia of Literature, 1995: 227), although Pessoa makes it between Poet and Bird.
v. 40 away[.] The final punctuation mark is an editorial intervention.

3.3. Dated “March, 1906” on list 48B-95’, in which this poem received the initial title “Lyric to Fanny.” Our transcription is based on that of Dionísio (Pessoa, 1997a: 134-135). The romantic language of this piece is reminiscent of John Keats (1795-1821), and the “Fanny” of the title may be “Fanny Brawne” (1800-1865), known as Mrs. Frances Lindon at the time of her death, but revealed in 1872 to have been a lover of John Keats.

v. 19 sweetness [↑ / grassiness/] Since the second variant was explicitly doubted by the poet, we edit the initial one (though we understand it also to have been doubted, implicitly, by the mere existence of the second variant).

3.4. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 135). It should be noted that, though the list Poems of Frederick Wyatt (144P-2) only refers to “Song” by this generic title, “Song” is the given title on the ms. of “Sun to-day.” Moreover, the list Waves (48C-21’) includes “Sun to-day” among its twelve poems—and only one of those pieces didn’t make it into the corpus of Wyatt listed in 144P-2. Under the date, the document displays the phrase “Vulnerat omnes, ultima caecat” (literally, “all hurt, the last blinds”), a variation of the Latin maxim “vulnerat omnes, ultima necat” (“all the (hours) hurt, the last one kills”), an epigraph a posteriori befitting the poem.

3.5. Datable to c. 1907, for the oldest list in which the poem appears (48C-8’) was created between 29 December 1907 and 2 January 1908 (Pessoa, 1997a: 258); moreover, Pessoa started using grid paper to copy poems attributed to Alexander Search in May 1907 (Pessoa, 1997a: 12), which reinforces our conjectured date. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 136).

v. 16 To the right we read “(deriv.?)”—suggesting that Pessoa questioned the verse as being derivative.

3.6. There are two documents with versions of this poem, 49B-21’ and 78-104’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 136). The initial image evoked by this song (the poet supporting his chin on his hands and looking out to sea) would later be recreated by Pessoa in the opening poem of Mensagem, with incipit “A Europa jaz, posta os cotovelos” [Europe rests, leant on elbows], first written in 1928 and published in 1934.

3.7. There are two documents with versions of this poem, 144F-32’ to 31’ and 78-57’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 137). The title “Requiescat” is short for the Latin expression “Requiescat in pace” (commonly abbreviated as “R.I.P”), “a wish or prayer for a dead person” (New Oxford American Dictionary); Oscar Wilde has a well-known poem with the same title, originally published in 1881—though the edition of The Poems of Oscar Wilde extant in Pessoa’s private library is from 1911 and thus posterior to Pessoa’s “Requiescat.”

3.8. There are two documents with versions of this poem, 144F-34’ and 78-96’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 136). Perhaps Pessoa was aware, in 1907, of Yeats’s poem “The Lake Isle of Innisfree,” although the collection of poems by Yeats extant in Pessoa’s private library is from 1913 (Yeats, 1913: 15).

3.9. There are two documents with versions of this poem, 144F-37’ to 38’ and 78-97’ to 98’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 138).

3.10. There are two versions of this poem, 144F-40’ to 41’ and 78-102’ to 103’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 139-140), who also edited the following fragment associated with “The Maiden,” a loose piece of paper titled “D.”—perhaps indicative of the project “Delirium” and transcribed by Dionísio (BNP/E3, 79-1’; Pessoa, 1997a: 141).

The young maiden
She thinks of me *after eyes & lips
She dreams of me *after & *heart’s end… her *arm
[←=*So] The *clung-bucket must not overflow.

3.11. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 131-132). While living in Durban, the young Pessoa studied the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with multiple references to Eastern thought, including the poem “Brahma”—in which Emerson develops a series of antinomies that may have inspired Pessoa’s “Nirvâna” (Emerson, 1902: 518).

v. 27 We shall e’er be with more than we desire [↑ transcend the little we desire] [↓ the flaw of our desire [↑ the nipple<<d> we desire ] We diverge from previous editions of this verse: Freire edited the 1st variant “We shall e’er be with more than we desire” (Pessoa, 1995: 86); Dionísio, as well as the duo Pizarro and Ferrari (Pessoa, 1997a: 132 and 2013a: 28, respectively), decided on a combination of variants: the first four words of the first variant (“We shall e’er be”), together with the last variant, which they read as “the cripple we desire” (while we read it as “the nipple we desire”); we understand the third and last variants to be additions to the second—not to the first—variant,
thus transforming the verse “We shall transcend the little we desire” and developing further the image of the “infant on the breast” from the previous verse.

3.12. There are three versions of this poem, 78-53’ to 54’, 78-56’ and 78-55’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 39-40).

3.13. There are two versions of this poem, 144J-37’ and 78-101’. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 311). On 79-101’, hardly legible (but not crossed out) verses feature the first draft of “Was” (Pessoa, 1997a: 532).

My thoughts and days; [↓ are *above *are *they]
The past it is said *but the mystery of passing
Is bitter<as>/er*fair.

3.14. There are two versions with versions of this sonnet, 79-5’ and 78-43’, with the same date. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 243).

3.15. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 290).

3.16. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 289-290).

3.17. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 243-244).

v. 14 That neither words [↓ worded thoughts that] nor thoughts] Regarding the variant in pencil, Dionísio considered the word that to be crossed out; nevertheless, the horizontal lines across thought and that may also be the bar of the letter “r”, given the uncertainty, we edit the first version of line 14.

3.18. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 292-293). It should be noted that, since the list Poems of Frederick Wyatt only refers to “Sonnet” by this generic title, it is uncertain whether “Lady, believe me ever at your feet” was the poem Pessoa intended for this collection. In Pessoa’s archive, there figure three loose poems titled “Sonnet”: 1) “My days are sunless, as if winter were” (dated 5 August 1909), listed as “Sonnet (My days are sunless)” on 144V-50’, and left untitled on its manuscript (49A-34); 2) “Could I say what I think, could I express” (dated May 1904), titled “Sonnet” on its manuscript (77-71’), and listed by its incipit on 48C-8’, 48C-20’, and 48B-100’; 3) “Lady, believe me ever at your feet,” consistently titled “Sonnet” both on its manuscript (78-35’) and on list 48C-8’. There are two arguments to consider. Firstly, list 144V-50’ (datable to circa 9 May 1910) displays “My days are sunless” as still attributed to Search; on the same document, “Farewell” is the only listed poem to be later re-attributed to Wyatt. Secondly, list 48C-20/21 (from 28 March 1909 or later) notes “Could I say” as excluded from “Before Sense” (a Searchian project), but not reattributed to any other compilation (and none of the other poems excluded from “Before Sense” ended up in Wyatt’s corpus); moreover, in the same document, eleven out of the twelve poems in the project “Waves” (also attributed to Search) are reassigned to Wyatt; only one of the 12 poems in “Waves” is a sonnet— “Blind Eagle”— the only text that will not be attributed to Wyatt. Given these elements, we strongly believe that the most probable “Sonnet” in Wyatt’s corpus is “Lady, believe me.”

3.19. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 208-209).

3.20. There are two documents with versions of this sonnet, 144J-36’ (A) and 78A-44’ (B). A also displays two passages in prose, one beginning with “They say I am mad,” and the other recounting an anecdote involving the Pessoan character [Gaudêncio] Nabos; on the lower right margin, we see drawings made in pencil. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 209-210).

3.21. Our transcription is based on Dionísio’s (Pessoa, 1997a: 107-108). A purple pencil was used to draw crosses (generally indicative of hesitation by Pessoa) on the left margin of the following verses: 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 17-18, and 19; we generally convey hesitation in the ms. by placing a word within bars (/example/); given the amount of crosses in this document, though, we solely indicate the poet’s hesitation regarding individual words, for the sake of legibility.
Bibliography

I. Works by Fernando Pessoa

II. Fernando Pessoa’s Private Library


Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1902). *Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Essays, first and second series; Representative men; Society
and solitude; English traits; The conduct of life; Letters and social aims; Poems; Miscellanies; Embracing nature; Addresses, and lectures. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. [Fernando Pessoa House, call number 8-172].

ESPRONCEDA, José de (1876). Obras poéticas de Don José de Espronceda. Paris: Librerie de Garnier Hermanos. [Fernando Pessoa House, call number, 8-175].


MELTON, John (n/d) [pref. 1853]. The Poetical Works of John Milton. London: George Routledge and Sons. [Fernando Pessoa House, call number 8-359].


——— (1908). De Profundis and The Ballad of Reading Gaol. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz. [Fernando Pessoa House, call number 8-583].


### III. On Fernando Pessoa


IV. OTHER WORKS CITED


WYATT, Thomas et al. (1812). Songs and Sonnets of the Earl of Surrey (of Sir TH Wyatt, the elder, of uncertain authors, of N. Grimoald). Edited by J. Nott. Bristol.

