

UNIVERSIDADE DE LISBOA

FACULDADE DE LETRAS



**“O ENGEITADO” – THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE OUTCAST IN THE
PORTUGUESE POEMS OF J. SLAUERHOFF: FADO, SAUDADE, LISBON,
MACAU AND CAMÕES IN THE POETRY OF J. SLAUERHOFF**

NOUT VAN DEN NESTE

TESE DE MESTRADO

**ORIENTADO PELA PROFESSORA FERNANDA GIL COSTA
CO-ORIENTADO PELA DOUTORA PATRICIA REGINA ESTEVES DO
COUTO**

MESTRADO EM ESTUDOS COMPARATISTAS

2013

*Há uma música do povo,
Nem sei dizer se é um fado
Que ouvindo-a há um ritmo novo
No ser que tenho guardado...*

*Ouvindo-a sou quem seria
Se desejar fosse ser...
É uma simples melodia
Das que se aprendem a viver...*

*E ouço-a embalado e sozinho...
É isso mesmo que eu quis ...
Perdi a fé e o caminho...
Quem não fui é que é feliz.*

*Mas é tão consoladora
A vaga e triste canção ...
Que a minha alma já não chora
Nem eu tenho coração ...*

*Sou uma emoção estrangeira,
Um erro de sonho ido...
Canto de qualquer maneira
E acabo com um sentido!*

(Fernando Pessoa)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

RESUMO.....	v
SUMMARY	xi
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND SAUDADES	xiii
TRANSLATIONS, QUOTATIONS AND CONVENTIONAL SIGNS.....	xvi
INTRODUCTION	1
PART I: THE SEAS OF SLAUERHOFF	10
1. INTRODUCTION: JAN JACOB SLAUERHOFF (1898-1936).....	11
2. RESTLESSNESS IN THE OEUVRE OF SLAUERHOFF	14
2.1. POETRY	14
2.2. SHORT STORIES	15
2.3. NOVELS	16
2.4. OTHER WORKS: ONE PLAY AND TRAVEL WRITINGS	18
3. SLAUERHOFF'S CONNECTION TO PORTUGUESE CULTURE	19
3.1. SLAUERHOFF'S TRAVELS TO PORTUGAL AND MACAU	19
3.2. SLAUERHOFF'S LITERARY CONNECTION WITH PORTUGAL: CAMÕES AND CAMOËS	24
4. THE RECEPTION OF SLAUERHOFF AND HIS WORK	26
4.1. SLAUERHOFF'S CURRENT POPULARITY IN THE NETHERLANDS	26
4.2. ARTICLES, ACADEMIC STUDIES, TRAVELOGUES	27
4.3. INTERNATIONAL RECEPTION	29
4.4. SLAUERHOFF AND CEES NOOTEBOOM	30
5. CONCLUSION	33
ILLUSTRATIONS	36
PART II: FADO, THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST	40
1. INTRODUCTION: FADO MYTHOLOGY AND MYTHEMES	41
2. THE OUTCAST IN FADO MYTHEMES	46
2.1. OUTCASTS IN THE POETRY OF SLAUERHOFF	46
2.2. ANTÓNIO MENANO REIMAGINED AS AN OUTCAST	49
2.3. THE FADOS ADAPTED BY SLAUERHOFF	53

2.4.	“O ENGEITADO”: THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE OUTCAST	63
2.5.	FADO AS A PLACE OF REFUGE.....	67
3.	CRISTINA BRANCO’S <i>O DESOBRIDOR</i> : UNCONVENTIONAL FADO.....	72
3.1.	ABOUT CRISTINA BRANCO AND THE NETHERLANDS	72
3.2.	ABOUT <i>CRISTINA BRANCO CANTA SLAUERHOFF</i> (2000) AND <i>O DESOBRIDOR</i> (2002).....	75
3.3.	IN THE SLIPSTREAM OF <i>CRISTINA BRANCO CANTA SLAUERHOFF</i> AND <i>O DESOBRIDOR</i> : NYNKE LAVERMAN AND BLØF	79
4.	CONCLUSION	84
	ILLUSTRATIONS	86
	PART III: SAUDADE: THE FORBIDDEN PAST	92
1.	INTRODUCTION: SAUDADE CATEGORISATION	93
2.	REFLECTIVE SAUDADE: THE IMPOSSIBLE ISLAND	99
3.	RESTORATIVE SAUDADE: MYTHOLOGISING CULTURAL MEMORY.....	106
3.1.	SLAUERHOFF’S PERCEPTION OF PORTUGAL.....	106
3.2.	PLACES OF MEMORY: MACAU AND LISBON.....	111
3.3.	RE-WRITING CAMÕES: THE FAILURE OF CULTURAL MEMORY.....	116
4.	CONCLUSION	124
	ILLUSTRATIONS.....	129
	CONCLUSION	132
	SOURCES CITED	141
	ADDENDA.....	157

RESUMO

“O ENGEITADO” – THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE OUTCAST IN THE PORTUGUESE POEMS OF J. SLAUERHOFF: FADO, SAUDADE, LISBON, MACAU AND CAMÕES IN THE POETRY OF J. SLAUERHOFF

(“O ENGEITADO” - A MITOLOGIA DO *OUTCAST* NOS POEMAS PORTUGUESES DE JAN SLAUERHOFF: FADO, SAUDADE, LISBOA, MACAU E CAMÕES NA OBRA POÉTICA DE SLAUERHOFF)

NOUT VAN DEN NESTE

Jan Jacob Slauerhoff (1898-1936) foi um dos principais escritores neerlandeses durante o período entre as duas guerras mundiais. A obra deste romancista e poeta proeminente continua a ser lida e estudada até ao presente dia.

Slauerhoff nasceu em Leeuwarden, capital da província de Frísia, e formou-se em medicina em Amsterdão. Foi como médico de bordo que viajou pelo mundo fora e esteve diversas vezes em Portugal, principalmente em Lisboa. Também visitou Macau por duas vezes. O seu fascínio pela cultura portuguesa acabou por influenciar profundamente a sua obra.

O número de poemas inspirados na cultura portuguesa é relativamente reduzido porém caracterizam a sua poética. No capítulo “Macao” da colectânea *Oost Azië* (Extremo Oriente, 1928) foram incluídos quatro poemas dedicados a Macau e um poema intitulado “Camoës”. Na mesma colectânea figura igualmente o poema “Portugeesch fort” (Fortaleza portuguesa). A colectânea *Eldorado* (1928) contem o poema “Regresso de Camoës”. De mesmo modo *Een eerlijk zeemansgraf* (Uma honrada

sepultura de marinheiro, 1936) e *Al dwalend* (Errante, 1947) incluem um poema sobre Camões e um poema irónico que em parte se refere à cultura portuguesa. A maior parte dos poemas de inspiração portuguesa, no entanto, podemos encontrar na colectânea *Soleares* (1933), no capítulo “Saudades” onde se fala de Lisboa, fado, saudade e do fadista António Menano. Há ainda dois poemas intitulados “Fado ” ou “Fado's” baseados em fados e adaptados para o neerlandês.

O romance mais importante de Slauerhoff *Het verboden rijk* (O reino proibido, 1932) tem como um dos dois protagonistas Camoës. A personagem de Slauerhoff pouco tem a ver com a figura histórica do poeta. Camoës é a personificação da mundividência pessimista de Slauerhoff num romance em que causa e efeito são suspensos e onde as duas personagens principais, um radiotelegrafista anónimo do século XX e o poeta quinhentista, se sobrepõem num tempo e espaço outro. Camoës surge ainda como personagem principal em três poemas e aparece em 1935 pela última vez num conto em que os dois protagonistas principais de *Het verboden rijk* se encontram novamente.

A imagem de Slauerhoff do escritor histórico Camões terá sido provavelmente influenciada pelo livro de Reinhold Schneider *Das Leiden des Camoës oder Untergang und Vollendung der portugiesischen Macht* (1930) que Slauerhoff recenseou num artigo de jornal. Outras fontes que ele tinha a disposição são o artigo da autoria de José Maria Rodrigues “Luís de Camões. A sua vida e obra” (1930), uma edição portuguesa comentada de *Os Lusíadas* e uma tradução francesa.

Slauerhoff gostava de ouvir fados cantados por Maria Alice e António Menano. Traduziu igualmente *O crime do Padre Amaro* de Eça de Queiroz. Possuía também o livro fortemente nacionalista *Porque me orgulho de ser português* (1926) do seu amigo

Albino Forjaz de Sampaio que recenseou. Por sua vez Sampaio incluiu duas fotografias de Slauerhoff na *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada: Volume II* (1930).

Recentemente, o fascínio de Slauerhoff pela cultura portuguesa levou à tradução de onze poemas para o português, cantados como fados por Cristina Branco no álbum *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* (2002).

Na primeira parte da minha dissertação analiso a obra de Slauerhoff, os seus contactos com Portugal e a recepção da sua obra dentro do contexto do desassossego interior do autor e dos seus problemas de saúde. A sua poesia, romances, contos e outras obras estão imbuídos de metáforas e imagens exóticas, influenciadas pela sua fascinação por culturas estranhas, e constituem uma reacção contra a cultura pequeno-burguesa neerlandesa que ele detestava mas da qual nunca se conseguiu libertar por completo. Os seus protagonistas são *outcasts* e enjeitados e personificam aquilo que o poeta não conseguiu realizar: o desejo de fugir às convenções sociais e viajar pelo mundo completamente só.

A aversão à cultura neerlandesa teve como resultado a apreciação de Portugal e da cultura portuguesa. Durante as suas estadias em Portugal e Macau Slauerhoff projectava o seu sentimento de melancolia, desassossego e decadência física na história desses dois lugares onde se sentia em harmonia com o ambiente. Considerava Lisboa e Macau como manifestações externas da sua própria personalidade. Seguidamente examino de que forma a personagem literária de Slauerhoff condicionou a recepção e a influência da sua obra: Slauerhoff é hoje lido e traduzido internacionalmente, é objecto de estudos académicos, figura em antologias literárias e reaparece como uma espécie de *poète maudit* na obra de Cees Nooteboom.

Podemos concluir que as suas viagens pelo mundo, e que a sua personagem literária de *outcast* apela a novas gerações e condiciona a recepção da sua obra.

Na segunda parte estudo o modo como Slauerhoff utiliza "mitemas do fado" a fim de construir a sua própria mitologia e personagem de *outcast*. Depois de dar um breve resumo do modo como o fado faz uso de mitos e lendas na sua própria história, abordo a ideologia fatalista de Slauerhoff que faz parte fundamental da figura do *outcast*. Neste contexto examino os fados que Slauerhoff traduziu e o modo como transformou e adaptou esses fados, tal como a biografia de António Menano, a fim de ajusta-los à sua própria poética. Também os poemas "O engeitado" e "Fado" fazem parte dessa poética autonomista e fatalista. Na obra de Slauerhoff, o fado é romantizado e indissociavelmente ligado à marginalidade.

Os mitemas do fado que Slauerhoff emprega, como o fatalismo, a Mouraria, o desejo e a nostalgia, são utilizados em função da sua personagem literária de *outcast*. Finalmente abordo o CD *O Descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* (2002): em primeiro lugar no contexto do crescente interesse pelo fado nos Países Baixos e Flandres, em segundo lugar no contexto da obra de Cristina Branco. Seguidamente abordo como foi realizado o CD e argumento como os mitemas do fado, que também podemos encontrar em outros poemas, sem ser nos de inspiração portuguesa, acabam por influenciar a selecção dos poemas para este álbum.

Por fim, a terceira parte foca a presença do conceito de saudosismo nos poemas de inspiração portuguesa de Slauerhoff. Para tal o conceito de saudade foi interpretado como sendo fundamentalmente dual, baseado numa subdivisão de Svetlana Boym em *The Future of Nostalgia* (2001) entre duas diferentes categorias: a nostalgia reflexiva e a nostalgia restaurativa. Esta divisão pode igualmente ser aplicada no caso de

saudade e saudosismo, onde uma interpretação se prende com desejo, nostalgia e melancolia a um nível individual e ao mesmo tempo universal, e a outra se relaciona com um desejo de restauração da grandeza de Portugal, um desejo de regressar a um século de ouro mítico, repleta de descobridores, riqueza e da epopeia de Camões.

Em primeiro lugar analiso como o saudosismo se relaciona com a figura do *outcast* na poética de Slauerhoff e como os temas universais, reflexivos de desejo e distância definem a perspectiva do *outcast* na sua poesia e a intensifica. Dentro desse contexto abordo também o fascínio de Slauerhoff por a imagem da mulher contemplativa e intocada junto à janela. As duas metáforas ajustam-se ao conceito de saudosismo na interpretação de Eduardo Lourenço mas são também concepções ambíguas e utópicas de solidão que explicam o desejo de ser um *outcast*.

Na segunda parte abordo como Slauerhoff reinterpreta Lisboa, Macau e a figura de Camões e o modo como as interpretações se ajustam ao seu próprio mal-estar cultural, que podemos encontrar na filosofia de Oswald Spengler e na interpretação de Reinhold Schneider de Portugal e da figura de Camões. Slauerhoff descreve Lisboa e Macau como cidades em ruínas, prostradas sob o peso de um passado mítico. Ele projecta o seu próprio mal-estar e desassossego na sua personagem Camoës, um *poète maudit* e desterrado da sociedade portuguesa. Lisboa, Macau e Camões são o equivalente do saudosismo restaurador e do Sebastianismo: representam o fardo de um passado glorioso que domina como um demónio o presente e que legitima a posição marginal e o destino do *outcast*.

O objectivo desta dissertação foi de analisar como Slauerhoff utilizou a cultura portuguesa, o fado e, de forma indirecta, a saudade para dar voz a sua visão poética e o modo como estes influenciaram a recepção (restrita) da sua obra em

Portugal, nomeadamente o álbum *O Descobridor* de Cristina Branco. A questão central prende-se com o modo como Slauerhoff utilizou a mitologia do fado, da saudade e das lendas sobre Portugal e Camões a fim de criar a sua própria mundividência fatalista e pessimista. Grande parte da sua poesia foi escrita na perspectiva do outcast com uma maneira de pensar próxima do saudosismo. Slauerhoff projecta a sua vida e mundivisão pessimista sobre o fado, saudade, Camões e Lisboa e apaga as fronteiras entre história e mito, entre biografia e *persona*.

Palavras chave: Estudos de Memória – J. Slauerhoff – Fado – Saudade – Outcast

SUMMARY

The purpose of this dissertation is to analyze how Slauerhoff used *fado* and *saudade*, two crucial elements in Portuguese culture, in order to construct the persona of the outcast. In constructing this persona, Slauerhoff makes use of Portuguese mythology from *fado*, the *saudoso* mentality, projects his own fatalistic, pessimistic worldview on legends about Camões and Lisbon, and in the process often deliberately blurs the lines between history and myth.

In the first part, I analyze how Slauerhoff's constant travelling, his own restlessness and his outcast persona influences his oeuvre, his travels in Portugal and the reception of his work and how Slauerhoff projected his own sense of melancholy and restlessness on Portugal and Macau, two places where he felt in harmony with his surroundings. Finally, I analyze how his persona of the outcast in his life and work influenced the international, academic and literary reception of his work.

In the second part, I discuss Slauerhoff's own fatalist ideology, firstly in his conception of the outcast in general and secondly, in the context of his *fado*-influenced poetry. I contextualize and discuss two *fados* he adapted. Central to this chapter is a discussion of the poem "O engeitado". Finally, I discuss how Slauerhoff and Slauerhoff's interpretation of *fado* and *fado* mythemes have influenced Cristina Branco's album *O Descobridor – Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* (2002).

The third part analyzes the *saudoso* mentality in Slauerhoff's Portuguese poems. A parallel division runs in the conception and perception of *saudade* and the *saudoso* mentality: one conception relates to longing, nostalgia and melancholy on a personal, reflexive, universal level on the one hand whereas the other conception relates

to a longing for restoration of a mythologized grandeur of Portugal's golden age of discoveries and the epic literature of Camões.

Key words: Memory Studies – J. Slauerhoff – Fado – Saudade – Outcast

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND SAUDADES

First of all, I would like to thank my mother, Kristine, for her relentless faith and patience, whose support was instrumental during my first two years in Portugal. Without her, realizing the dream of moving to Portugal never would have been possible.

I am extremely grateful to both my promoters, Professor Fernanda Gil Costa and Patricia Couto. I thank Fernanda Gil Costa for her kindness, enthusiasm and friendship and for the warm welcome at the Centro de Estudos Comparatistas that I never will forget. Her academic recommendations have proven to be instrumental with regards to the third part of this dissertation. I also thank her for giving me the freedom and time to write this dissertation as I saw fit. I am extremely grateful as well to Patricia Couto who not only introduced me to the wonderful people of *De orde van de Prince*, but who also guided me in writing this dissertation. Her support, encouragement, comments, knowledge and insight in the subject matter was crucial.

A warm-hearted thank you is also due to the kind, intelligent and interesting people at Centro Estudos Comparatistas. Generally, I feel that this dissertation is the culmination of my first master year at Centro de Estudos Comparatistas where the five courses I took, all contributed in one way or another, indirectly or not, to this thesis. I want to thank and acknowledge Professor Kristian Van Haesendonck for being a supportive, enthusiastic friend, for giving a most unforgettable, inspiring class (Postcolonial Studies) and giving encouraging comments on the first rough drafts. I also want to mention and thank Professor Helena Buescu. Not only did I learn from her what it meant to write a concise essay, but she also initiated this very thesis, which had been a dream of mine, when she introduced me to Patricia

Couto. I also want to thank her for recommending me to Synapsis which turned out to be a unique, beautiful, moving experience.

A thank you then is in order as well to the wonderful people I met at Synapsis, especially Isabelle Pitteloud and Professor Patrizia Lombardo whose fabulous lectures about passion and love in the works of Stendhal and Balzac in the tremendously beautiful hills of Tuscany gave me a serious jolt of motivation and inspiration. Thank you also to Rafaël Esteves Martins whom I befriended in the course of the week there.

I want to thank Ellen Barends who has been not only consistently supportive, kind and helpful at every opportunity but has also taught me a great number of things and has made teaching Dutch together such a pleasure. Thank you as well to my other Dutch colleagues at CCL, Meike Lindsen and Marinus Luycks for their kindness and enthusiasm. I also want to pay my respects to the amazingly kind people at *De orde van de Prince* who have always been nothing but supporting and helpful.

A sincere thank you is also due to the people whose knowledge, expertise and helpfulness have contributed to this thesis a great deal: Daniel Gouveia, Wim Hazeu, José Melo, Mila Vidal Palletti, Arie Pos, Jorge Rino, Ernst Jan Rozendaal, Peter Slager.

I want to send all my love to my grandmother Antoinette, my family and my loyal, supporting friends who were there for me when I felt taken by the sea. Much love for Anja Wutej, Charlotte Quaghebeur, Diana Solnica, Flavia Ba, Igor Furão, Ingrid van der Hoeven, Iris Postma, Krimme De Smet, Nico De Neve, Tom De Ketelaere. A special thank you goes out to Piera Simon and her spirit of adventure for an unforgettable first year in Portugal that made living in a foreign country seem so easy.

My sincerest thanks and acknowledgements to the Dutch rock band BLØF, whose album *Watermakers* directed me to the works of Slauerhoff and whose chill-inducing duet “Dansen aan zee” with Cristina Branco directed me to her music and to fado. Finally, in memory of Jan Jacob Slauerhoff whose poetry changed my life: he directed me to Lisbon and Portugal where I felt at home from day one of my travels here. His poems were the stars I navigated by.

TRANSLATIONS, QUOTATIONS AND CONVENTIONAL SIGNS

In a globalized world where the English language has become the *lingua franca*, I considered it important to write my dissertation in English. Since this dissertation focuses on an aspect of the intercultural dialogue between Portugal and the Netherlands, it seemed fitting to continue this intercultural discourse and make it as accessible as possible by writing it in the English language. To me, however, the main characteristic of Europe is its cultural diversity which unfortunately is all too often eradicated by the cultural dominance of the English language.

In this context, I considered it to be equally important for the reader to be made aware of and exposed to the Dutch language since this is a thesis mainly concerned with a Dutch writer and his interactions with Portuguese culture. The best way these interactions can be felt to this day, is in the original Dutch language. Only then can this thesis become what it set out to do: to create an intercultural, interdisciplinary discourse on an international scale, but with a heavy focus on the Dutch source texts.

Whenever dealing with Dutch quotations, I have quoted them in the text of my dissertation and have put my English translation in the footnote. In the case of Slauerhoff's poems, every time a poem that is included in the addenda is introduced, I make a reference in a footnote to the page number in the addenda where the reader can find the poem, verses numbered, with a parallel English translation. In the text of the dissertation, the relevant parts of the poem are quoted only in Dutch, followed by a reference to the numbered verse from the addenda, like so: "Quote/Quote" (v.2). If the poem is not included in the addenda, the quoted verses are translated in the footnotes. Titles of books, poems, passages taken from books and articles in Dutch are translated

to English only the first time they appear, between brackets after the original Dutch title. After that, only the original Dutch title is used. In the annex to every chapter, each of the poems discussed throughout the chapter are included alongside my own English translation.

For this dissertation, I had to translate Slauerhoff's early 20th century poetry into modern English. In my translations of his poems, I have tried to be as literal as possible, often sacrificing meter or sonority, in order to facilitate close reading and interpretation for non-Dutch speakers. Because this thesis focuses mostly on Slauerhoff's poetry, I have mainly used his collected poems as a primary source, *Alle gedichten*, as edited by K. Lekkerkerker and published by Nijgh & Van Ditmar in 2005. This is the fourth edition of his collected poetry, where for the first time the poems are collected in one book. Whenever I cite from this edition, I will refer to it as "AG".

Concerning the lyrics quoted from Cristina Branco's album *O Descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* (2002), I have used the Portuguese translations by Mila Vidal Paletti only to point out significant differences with the source text, since they are translations of his poetry meant to be sung as *fados*. When discussing the original Dutch poems themselves, I relied on my own literal translations. Any quotations from the Portuguese adaptations come from the booklet of *O Descobridor*. Because there are two issued versions of the album with the first version, *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* from 2000 having three songs less than *O Descobridor* from 2002, I have used the lyrics from the most recent edition from 2002 unless stated otherwise. I refer to these translations by Paletti with (Branco 2012) followed by the page number of the booklet included with the CD where the translations can be found.

As I am presenting my dissertation at a Portuguese university, I did not translate the Portuguese translations or any other Portuguese, Spanish or French sources I have used. Because this thesis is presented in English, I have italicized words foreign to the English language like *fado* or *saudade* the first time they appear. After that, unless indicated in the cited texts otherwise, I have not italicized them anymore whenever I presume these foreign concepts are familiar with a Portuguese audience.

Unless otherwise mentioned, all translations are mine.

The (last) date of access of electronic sources is mentioned both when the relevant website is mentioned and again in the list of sources cited.

In loving memory of José Silveira.

(1952-2012)

My teacher of Portuguese in my last year of living in Belgium, 2010. A true mentor and above all, fierce friend – knowledgeable, dedicated, passionate, relentlessly kind – who invited me to his home, introduced me not only to numerous staples of Portuguese cuisine, literature and music but was also kind enough to introduce me to the extraordinary Centro de Estudos Comparatistas. Without him, I might have never met those people who to this day play a crucial part in my life. Without him, this very thesis might never have been written. I am forever grateful for his gift of the key that opened the door to another life.

INTRODUCTION

Jan Jacob Slauerhoff (1898-1936) was one of the most important Dutch writers during the interwar period. He was both a novelist and a major poet whose work to this day is widely read and interpreted. He was born in 1898 in Leeuwarden, the capital of the province of Friesland.¹ Having studied medicine in Amsterdam, he became a ship's surgeon and travelled around the world. During his short life, he visited Portugal (and particularly, Lisbon) several times and travelled two times to Macau whilst making a stop-over in Hong Kong. He became fascinated by the Portuguese culture, a fascination reflected in his work.

His most important novel is the modernist *Het verboden rijk* (The forbidden kingdom, 1932) where one of the main characters is called Camoës.² It is a complex novel in which cause and effect are suspended and where the lives of Camoës and an anonymous 20th century radio operator become intertwined. In 1935, Slauerhoff publishes a short story "Laatste verschijning van Camoës" (Camoës' final appearance). In this story, the two main characters from *Het verboden rijk* meet each other again. Slauerhoff's image of the historical writer Camões was heavily influenced by *Das Leiden des Camoës oder Untergang und Vollendung der Portugiesischen Macht* (The suffering of Camoës or downfall and completion of the Portuguese power, 1930) by Reinhold Schneider, reviewed by Slauerhoff in the article "Portugal's heldendicht" (Portugal's epic) in the Dutch newspaper Nieuw Arnhemsche Courant in 1930, re-

¹ A province in the north of the Netherlands where two languages are officially spoken: Dutch and Frisian.

² I have respected Slauerhoff's spelling of Portuguese words and names. Note his idiosyncratic spelling of Camoës, which might have been influenced by the German way of writing the name in the early 20th century. In the dissertation, the name Camoës stands for Camoës as Slauerhoff had conceived him, as a literary character, which is to be distinguished from the historical figure Camões.

published in *Verzamelde werken: Proza V: Critisch proza* (Collected works: Prose V: Critical prose, 1958), under the title “Portugal en Camoës” (30-36).

The first collection to include poems explicitly inspired by elements of Portuguese culture is *Oost-Azië* (The Far East, 1928) which contains a section “Macao” with five poems: “De jonken,” (The junks) “Kathedraal San Miguel,” (San Miguel Cathedral) “Uitzicht op Macao van Monte af,” (Macau seen from Monte downwards) “Ochtend Macao” (Dawn Macau) and “Camoës”. In another section, we find a poem called “Portugeesch fort” (Portuguese fortress). In the collection *Eldorado* (1928), he publishes a poem called “Camoës thuiskomst” (Camoës’ homecoming). In 1933, the collection *Soleares* is published which includes a section “Saudades” composed of the following poems: “Het doode Macao,” (Dead Macau) “Compagnie de Mozambique,” (The Mozambique company) “Aankomst,” (Arrival) “Lisboa,” “Fado’s,” “Vida triste,” “O engeitado,” “Saudade” and “Fado”.

In the posthumously published collection *Al Dwalend* (Wandering, 1947) there was the poem “Veelgodendom” (Polytheism) with an ironical stanza about a personified Portuguese god in the poem, the Portuguese titled “Angustia” and another poem titled “Camoës”: these three poems stem from the same collection. Then there are also some working versions of a few of these poems: “Portugeesch welkom,” (Portuguese welcome) the first version of “Portugeesch fort” and two early, incomplete versions of “Aankomst” and “Angustia”. Throughout the dissertation, these poems will be referred to as “the Portuguese poems”. Finally, Slauerhoff also translated a novel of Eça de Queiroz, *O crime do Padre Amaro* together with R. Schreuder (1932) and Slauerhoff’s name was credited with the translation of *O Príncipe de Nassau* (1926) by

Brazilian writer Paulo Setúbal (Setúbal 1933), though it seems that he had nothing to do with the translation itself (Hazeu 1998: 555).

His fascination for Portuguese culture was also noticed in Portugal. In Slauerhoff's lifetime, his friend Albino Forjaz de Sampaio included two pictures of Slauerhoff in his *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada: Volume II* (1930), in the article devoted to Camões, "Luis de Camões. A sua vida e a sua obra" by José Maria Rodrigues. One picture shows Slauerhoff in Macau, next to the statue of Camões³ and the other picture on the right side, shows Slauerhoff on board of the *Flandria*⁴ (Rodrigues 1930: 367). It is a remarkable token of friendship in a book destined for a Portuguese audience that had no idea who Slauerhoff was, published at a time when his novel about Camões *Het verboden rijk* was not yet even published in an article, other than the fact that it was about Camões, that had nothing to do with Slauerhoff nor the included pictures of him.

Slauerhoff would eventually pay tribute to Sampaio and included a dedication to him between the title of the novel and the first chapter of *Het verboden rijk*, when it was periodically published as a series in the literary magazine *Forum*. Now, in the current publication of *Het verboden rijk*, the prologue, formerly the first chapter, is dedicated to Albino Forjaz de Sampaio.⁵ Slauerhoff also mentioned Sampaio in his discussion of *Portugal. Ein Reisetagebuch* (Portugal. A travel diary) by Reinhold

³ The caption reads: "O busto de Camões na Gruta de Macau. Ao lado o Dr. Slauerhoff, medico holandês e autor de várias poesias sobre Camões e um livro (ainda inédito) sobre a vida do poeta no Oriente." (Note: the book referred to here is *Het verboden rijk* which Slauerhoff at the time had not finished yet.)

⁴ The caption reads: "O Dr. J. Slauerhoff, médico a bordo do *Flandria* e autor de volumes de prosa e verso muito apreciados." (Rodrigues 1929-42: 367)

⁵ The novel is dedicated to his wife Darja Collin ("Voor D.", Slauerhoff 2004: 8).

Schneider as published in the Dutch newspaper *Nieuw Arnhemsche Courant*, May 6, 1933 (Slauerhoff 1933: A3, 9).

His fascination for fado also did not go by unnoticed. Most recently, Slauerhoff's poetry inspired Cristina Branco to sing a total of 11 of Slauerhoff's poems as *fado* on the album *O Descobridor. Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff* (2002), which contained three poems not included in the original, Dutch edition from 2000, *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff*. The album was recorded in Leeuwarden, a very symbolic location since it was the town where Slauerhoff was born in. The corpus for this thesis has been determined by both Slauerhoff's Portuguese poems as well as the not specifically Portuguese-themed poems that were included in *O descobridor*: "De eenzamen" (The lonely ones, "Os solitários), "De ontdekker" (The discoverer, "O descobridor"), "Voor de verre prinses" (For the distant princess, "A uma princesa distante") and "Vrouw aan het venster" (Woman by the window, "Mulher a janela"). The inclusion of these poems in a fado-album raises the question why and how these poems display a particular saudade or fado-like mentality even though they probably were not written with either of these concepts in mind.

The first part of this dissertation, "The seas of Slauerhoff" analyzes Slauerhoff's oeuvre, his travels in Portugal and the reception of his work in the context of his inner restlessness. His protagonists are world-travelling outcasts and exiles who are the personifications of what Slauerhoff himself never managed to accomplish: to escape social conventions and to be completely isolated and independent of desires. In this context, I research Slauerhoff's own personal fascination with Portugal and his travels in Portugal and Macau whereas in the final section I analyze how his life and the literary persona he created in his works also influenced the reception of his oeuvre.

In the second part, I focus on the systematic mechanisms of fado-poetry and how Slauerhoff uses fado mythemes, like “the alleyway” or “the night”, to create the worldview of his poetic outcast-protagonists. Slauerhoff adapted several fados to Dutch poems, most notably “Vida triste” by Maria Alice, rewrote a part of the biography of António Menano and wrote poems about fado that display the paradox of the outcast who does not belong to society but suffers from melancholy and isolation as a consequence. The outcast only finds comfort in fados or in the lives of low-lives and vagabonds who he romanticizes and on whom he projects his own state of mind. Secondly, I analyze how these fado mythemes influenced the poetry-selection of the albums *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* and *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff*. It is also necessary to point out that since this is not a musicologist thesis, I have only devoted attention to the musical aspect of fado where necessary or where it served to interpret one of Slauerhoff’s poems. In general, I have refrained from instrumental analysis, discussion of rhythm, melody or fado typology (like *fado corrido* or *fado castiço*) when discussing fados. These aspects go well beyond the scope of a thesis which is primarily focused on poetry and the literary analysis of a writer who was emotionally stirred by fado but whose poetry or work never pays any attention to the technical side of fado itself, save for some poetic characterizations.

The third part analyzes the *saudoso* mentality in Slauerhoff’s Portuguese poems. For this part, *saudade* has been approached as a fundamentally dual concept, based on a division by Svetlana Boym in *The Future of Nostalgia* (2001) between two different types of nostalgia, reflective and restorative nostalgia. In the first section of this third part, I analyze how the *saudoso* mentality relates to the outcast in Slauerhoff’s poetics and how the reflective, universal themes of longing and distance influence and

re-enforce the perspective of the outcast. Slauerhoff's imagery of a distant princess or the contemplative, untouched woman by the window not only fit into a saudoso mentality as interpreted by Eduardo Lourenço but these metaphors also express the ambiguous utopia of loneliness and inner-dreamworlds that motivate the outcast into self-exile. In the second section, I analyze Slauerhoff's view of Portuguese history and how this should be contextualized in a broader sense of cultural unease, influenced by Spengler. It is argued that Slauerhoff is critical of what these days in modern academic studies is called "cultural memory" and it is to the impossibility of restoration of the past and the fictionalization inherent to cultural memory that his poems about Lisbon and Macau pay tribute. Finally, his creation of Camoës also fits into this discourse and points out two discrepancies: that of Camoës who is a poète maudit, who portrays himself as thus but who writes his epic poem *Lusiade*, against his will so it seems. The second discrepancy arises out of how his *Lusiade* already is testimony of the faultiness of cultural memory since it mythologizes Portugal as an empire at a time when Portugal was already in decay. Slauerhoff's position towards the past that makes up such a crucial part of the identity of his outcasts, in this sense, is very ambiguous. The past is so predominantly present in his oeuvre but at the same time, it is the least reliable, most heavily fictionalized and mythologized source.

PART I

THE SEAS OF SLAUERHOFF

**SLAUERHOFF'S OEUVRE,
TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL
AND RECEPTION**

1. INTRODUCTION: JAN JACOB SLAUERHOFF (1898-1936)

On the first sea-voyage Slauerhoff ever made, he wrote in a letter to a friend: “Ervaringen: nergens voel ik mij zoo levend als op zee. De nadering van land, zelfs van ‘t schoone Bordeaux, gaf mij physiek onbehagen”⁶ (Slauerhoff qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 142). It was at this time that he became completely sure that he did not want to stay in the provincial Netherlands and that he had to leave the provincial Netherlands behind (Hazeu 1998: 186).

During the following years of his life, roughly from 1923 until 1929, he would travel the world with the ships where he worked as a doctor: he travelled to the Dutch East Indies and the Far East: Hong Kong,⁷ Japan and China whilst working on the Java-China-Japanline until 1927 and in 1928 he travelled to South-America for the Koninklijke Hollandsche Lloyd, (Royal Dutch Lloyd) enforcing his connection to Lisbon which was often a stop-over on the way to and from South-America or the Far East. However, he would never be able to leave the Netherlands definitively.

The first reason for this was his literary production, he had to go back in order to compile and oversee the publishing of his poetry, prose and novellas. Secondly, as his life was plagued by insecurity, most of the time he had no certainty of income when one of his contracts would end. He often had no choice but to return to the Netherlands and work there for a while to save money. Thirdly, the insecurity of his life stretched further than merely financial woes: he suffered from a weak health. As a child, he had been asthmatic and would spend the four weeks of his summers in Vlieland, an

⁶ Experiences: nowhere do I feel as alive as on the sea. The approach of land, even of the beautiful Bordeaux, gave me physical discomfort.

⁷ While making a stop-over in Hong Kong, Slauerhoff decided to visit Macau. See Part I, section 3.1.2.

island in the province of North-Holland.⁸ With its clean air, proximity to the sea and bountiful, natural space, it was beneficial to his frail, asthmatic condition and the perfect place for Slauerhoff to relax.

His weak condition often meant that Slauerhoff felt alone and helpless. Simultaneously, he longed for intimacy and security, often a maternal one, and it is to both these paradoxical, nearly mutually exclusive desires – passionate intimacy and extreme solitude – that a substantial part of his work bears witness. He would in the uncertain, constantly changing weather conditions of foreign countries often suffer asthma attacks, gastrointestinal bleeding, influenza, malaria or pneumonia, to mention but a few of the trials he had to endure. Often in the midst of travelling, he had to go back home in order to heal properly.

After six years of travelling, in 1929, he went back to the Netherlands due to a lack of money, worked in Utrecht and married dancer and ballet school principal Darja Collin on a whim in 1930. The marriage fell apart when their first and only son was still-born and Slauerhoff went back sailing the seas for three more years, from 1932 until 1935, by which time he had discovered that he had TBC, the ultimate poet's disease, a condition he was trying to keep hidden from any medical check-ups he had to go through in order to be accepted as a ship's surgeon. When he finally came back to the Netherlands in 1936, he was terribly ill and at the height of his literary fame.⁹ He died October 5th 1936 shortly after his 38th birthday in the presence of his

⁸ Ton F.J. Pronker dedicated a small book to his time in Vlieland: *Wandelen op Vlieland met Jan Slauerhoff* (Walking on Vlieland with Jan Slauerhoff) published in 2006 for the occasion of the 100th birthday of the VVV-Vlieland organization. It describes a walk of 7 kilometers across places which were important for Slauerhoff.

⁹ He was awarded the C.W. van der Hoogtprijs for *Soleares* in 1934 and his final collection published during his lifetime, *Een eerlijk zeemansgraf* was generally lauded and admired, by peers and critics alike.

family in Hilversum in a nursing home. His friend and writer F.C. Terborgh described seeing Slauerhoff on his deathbed a day after he had died. Terborgh notices the remarkable changes, suddenly an un-Dutch-like, almost Italian face had revealed itself which Terborg interpreted as a revelation of Slauerhoff's true, inner self. (Terborgh qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 727)

Terborgh's description of Slauerhoff after his death says something about how Slauerhoff was perceived as an outsider in the Netherlands on a cultural level, even though his work in general has always been well received. This chapter analyzes how the sea, the constant travelling and a continuous unease with the Netherlands influenced his work, how he during his travels perceived Macau and Portugal and how his cultivated image as outcast influences the reception of his works to this day.

2. RESTLESSNESS IN THE OEUVRE OF SLAUERHOFF

Even though Slauerhoff died one month after his 38th birthday, he left quite a substantial oeuvre behind. His oeuvre on the whole can be roughly divided into five categories: short stories, novels, poetry, theatre and travel writings, of which the last two are minor in terms of quantity. It should be taken into consideration that despite the relatively large oeuvre he left behind, all of his works appear to be connected due to a consistent dedication to similar and related themes, which, depending on the literary form, were approached in vastly different ways.

2.1. POETRY

With regards to his poetry, the main focus of this dissertation, there are 11 collections, 9 of which were published in his lifetime,¹⁰ the other two posthumously.¹¹ They can now be found in the collection *Alle gedichten* (All the poems, 2005). His poetry can be characterized as late-romantic, apparent from his interest in exotic themes and foreign cultures, the sea, melancholy, decadence and from a collection titled as blatantly romantic as *Serenade*. Slauerhoff was influenced by *poètes maudits* such as Arthur Rimbaud, Charles Baudelaire, Paul Verlaine or, Slauerhoff's own personal favorite, Tristan Corbière. The myth and persona of the *poète maudit*

¹⁰ It should be noted that it is difficult to give a complete and chronologically correct overview of his poetry. Eep Francken however, has tried to give a complete, chronological overview of Slauerhoff's poetry in the article "Een onnavolgbaar grensgeval gevolgd door een kleine gids voor de poëzie van J. Slauerhoff" (An inimitable borderline case followed by a small guide for the poetry of J. Slauerhoff, 1989). Having a chronological overview is also not aided by the fact that Slauerhoff did not date much of his poetry, nor has his poetry been published chronologically (poems from one collection could be culled from different periods, often whatever Slauerhoff had laying around at the time). For further information, I refer to Hazeu (1998: 752).

¹¹ The collections *Eerste verzen* (First verses) and *Al dwalend* (Wandering), both included in *Alle gedichten*. *Eerste verzen* was published for the first time in *Verzamelde gedichten I* (Collected poems, 1947).

makes up a crucial part of the psychological composure of Slauerhoff's outcasts.¹² His love for French poetry is apparent in the translations of Rimbaud, Verlaine and Corbière that appear throughout his early poetry¹³ and the poem "Het eeuwige schip" (The eternal ship, AG: 285) bears in images and ideas a great similarity to "Le bateau ivre" by Arthur Rimbaud.¹⁴ The collection *Fleurs de marécage*, (1929) its title most likely a reference to Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*, (1857) is a collection of poetry originally written in French and some translations Slauerhoff made to French with which he had hoped to break through in France. It is also indicative of his love for French poetry and reveals his complex relationship with his own Dutch culture and language.

It is also clear from the titles of the collections that his travels have inspired him: *Oost-Azië*, (1928) *Yoeng Poe Tsjoeng*,¹⁵ (Of no use, 1930) with mostly Chinese inspired poetry, or *Soleares*¹⁶ (1933). Slauerhoff was influenced by the exotic pull of foreign cultures and literature, away from the Dutch bourgeois society. As a ship's surgeon Slauerhoff personally experienced the restlessness of travelling, and more specifically, his fascination with being out at sea is apparent from titles such as *Archipel*, (1923) *Eldorado* (1928) or *Een eerlijk zeemansgraf* (An honest sailor's grave, 1936).

2.2. SHORT STORIES

Even though Slauerhoff to this day is probably best remembered for his poetry, his short stories and novels are also substantial both in terms of quantity and

¹² See part II, section 2.1.

¹³ See for example "Fête galante" or "Colloque sentimental" (AG: 175-6).

¹⁴ See the addenda to this introduction for a posthumously published, unfinished translation of "Le bateau ivre," p. 169.

¹⁵ See part III, section 2.

¹⁶ See part III, section 1 & 2.

quality. His short stories are collected in *Alle verhalen*, (All the stories, 2003) which consists of three collections of short stories: *Schuim en as*, (Foam and ash, 1930) *Het lente-eiland en andere verhalen* (The spring-island and other stories, 1933) and *Verwonderd saam te zijn*, (Amazed to be together) published posthumously in 1987. Titles such as “Het lente-eiland,” (The spring island) “Larrios,” “Such is life in China” or “Legende van de zee” (Legend of the sea) reveal exotic obsessions and fascinations similar to his poetry. There is also the short-story “Laatste verschijning van Camoës” (Final appearance of Camoës, 1935) that serves as the curtain call for one of Slauerhoff’s most recurring characters.¹⁷

2.3. NOVELS

Camoës was also the main character of the novel *Het verboden rijk*,¹⁸ (The forbidden kingdom, 1932) probably Slauerhoff’s most heavily polemicized novel. The novel itself is based on Slauerhoff’s interpretation of Camões as a poète maudit. Camões becomes the character Camoës which Patricia Couto in her PhD dissertation “The Marvellous travels of Fernando Mendes Pinto across the Low Lands: Translation, Appropriation and Reception” interprets as a character “on whom he [Slauerhoff] projected his own obsessions and anguishes, having thus, little in common with the historical person Camões was. Slauerhoff’s protagonist is an unpatriotic, arrogant, solipsistic and lethargic poète maudit who hates his talent” (Couto 2012: 268).

¹⁷ See part III, section 4.

¹⁸ The novel was first published as a serial story in the newly founded literary magazine *Forum* from January until September 1932, and soon afterwards a slightly modified version was published in book form by Nijgh & van Ditmar. (Couto 2012: 267-268) The Portuguese translation was published by Teorema as *O reino proibido* (transl. Patricia Couto and Arie Pos, Lisbon: 1997) (Couto 2012: 267-268).

In *Het verboden rijk*, a historical prologue opens the novel and is then followed by the central narrative arc of the novel, divided over nine chapters:

One narrative is set in the sixteenth century with a main character called Camoës and another is set in the twentieth century with an anonymous main character who is a radio operator on board of a ship. The third narrative is the history of Macau, a history of isolation, abandonment and ruin, a place where East and West, present and past intersect. The two main characters have in common that they are outcasts who suffer from hallucinations. Near the end, in the Chinese desert and in Macau, these two characters overlap” (Couto 2012: 269).

Camoës is exiled by the Portuguese king to Macau, he is imprisoned twice, and is forced to travel to Peking on foot. At the end, he sails away never to be seen again. His adventures are narrated in the form of diary entries with a first and third person narrator. Legendary details that seem to be taken from the many stories and historical facts about Camões and the histories of Portugal and Macau are intertwined, mingled and distorted.¹⁹

Het verboden rijk is surprisingly modernist, in comparison to his poetry, due to a lack of logical pattern of cause and effect, anachronisms, factual errors, mix of genres (part historical novel, part travel writing, part chronicle, part diary) and the switching and overlapping of narrators, perspective and focalization. It was published in 1932 and generally panned by the critics,²⁰ but has later on been the subject of some substantial studies.²¹ Slauerhoff’s other two novels are *Het leven op aarde* (Life on

¹⁹ The main sources for the novel were C.A. Montalto de Jesus’ *Historic Macau: International Traits in China Old and New* (1926), *Das Leiden des Camoës oder Untergang und Vollendung der Portugiesischen Macht* (1930) by Reinhold Schneider and “Luis de Camões. A sua vida e a sua obra” by José Maria Rodrigues published in *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada. Vol II* (1929-42), edited by Albino Forjaz de Sampaio. (Couto 2012: 269)

²⁰ In this respect, the disregard and disrespect Slauerhoff felt as a writer, is justified.

²¹ *Het verboden rijk* has also been studied and read internationally, most recently in the article by Jane Fenoulhet, “Time Travel in the Forbidden Realm, J.J. Slauerhoff’s *Het verboden rijk* viewed as a

earth, 1934), a sequel to *Het verboden rijk* and *De opstand van Guadalajara* (The revolt of Guadalajara, 1937), neither of which are particularly relevant for this dissertation. Slauerhoff's three novels have been collected in *Alle romans* (2004).

2.4. OTHER WORKS: ONE PLAY AND TRAVEL WRITINGS

Slauerhoff wrote one play, *Jan Pietersz Coen*²² (1931), which was heavily criticized and never performed in his lifetime. Another relatively “minor” publication is his collected travel writing *Alleen de havens zijn ons trouw* (Only the harbors are loyal to us, 1992), published posthumously. The word “trouw” (loyal) in the title, points to the theme of being betrayed by desires as soon as they manifest themselves in reality, a typical Slauerhoff-idea. The desire to go roaming and wandering is always quelled and betrayed by any imminent arrival. In this sense, the harbors are the only consistent, if unsatisfactory, element whilst sailing.

modernist novel” (2001) and *Het verboden rijk* was also translated to English as *The forbidden kingdom* by Paul Vincent (2012).

²² The play was originally supposed to be a *vie romancée* of governor-general Coen, which was never finished and became the basis for the play. Coen is portrayed as an insecure and stubborn tirant, which provoked controversy due to the fact that Coen, in the history of the Netherlands was at the time a national symbol of the great nation-state. It is characteristic of Slauerhoff's rebellious nature to doubt and criticize power and the discourses of nationalism. (Hazeu 1998: 522-529).

3. SLAUERHOFF'S CONNECTION TO PORTUGUESE CULTURE

3.1. SLAUERHOFF'S TRAVELS TO PORTUGAL AND MACAU

3.1.1. FIRST TRAVEL TO PORTO (1922)

Slauerhoff travels to Porto, Portugal for the first time in the summer of 1922, when he is 24. It would be one of the most significant travels he ever made. Not only was it his first time out at sea,²³ it was also the first time he heard the fado in the small cafés by the river (Hazeu 1998: 141). On the same trip, he visits an old Portuguese fort in Leixões near the harbor and writes his first Portuguese themed poem, then titled “Portugeesch welkom” (1922) and later changed to “Portugeesch fort”.²⁴ Slauerhoff wrote in a letter to his fiancée Annie van Munster: “En in Holland zijn massa’s vrouwen, die niets uitvoeren dan denkbeeldig huishouden, winkelen, zich vol taartjes stoppen en andren lasteren. De Portugeesche vrouwen zijn nog wel zoo sympathiek vind je niet, hoe vuil en liederlijk ze ook zijn”²⁵ (qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 143).

Even though it would take years for him to come back to Portugal, it was a country which had caught his attention: the landscape intrigued him and the unpolished nature of the Portuguese women as Slauerhoff perceived it to be, was for him interesting in comparison to the bourgeois Dutch women. For the rest of his life, he would be in frequent contact with Portuguese culture (and passengers on the ships): he went to Portuguese colonies like Macau and Mozambique, and travelled to Brazil.

²³ See this part, section 1.

²⁴ Addenda p. 202-203.

²⁵ And in Holland there are loads of women, who do not do anything but imaginary housekeeping, shopping, stuffing themselves full of pastries and slandering others. The Portuguese women are sympathetic don't you think, no matter how dirty and bawdy they are.

3.1.2. TRAVEL TO MACAU (1926)

Near the end of 1926, whilst working as a ship's surgeon on the Java-China-Japan line, Slauerhoff decides to make a stop-over in the port of Hong Kong and takes a boat to Macau on the 27th of December 1926 where he stays until the 5th of January 1927. Slauerhoff visits Macau a second time, half a year later, when he makes another deliberate stop-over in Hong Kong just to travel to Macau. This second time, he stays in Macau from the 3rd of June until the 9th of June, according to the overview of Slauerhoff's travels included in Krijger's *Slauerhoff in zelfbeelden* (Slauerhoff in self-images, Krijger 2003: 45-46).

There in Macau, Slauerhoff visited the *grotto* of Camões (Hazeu 1998: 280) and on his second trip in June, 1927, he had his picture taken by the bust of Camões on June 1927, which was later on published in *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada* (1930).²⁶ According to the article "Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven" (Now I know where and of what I will die, 2003) by Arie Pos, Slauerhoff had probably given the pictures to Sampaio in Lisbon during a stop-over on his journey with the Flandria in the autumn of 1930 (Pos 2003: 118).

He developed a significant interest in the history of the Portuguese colony²⁷ and Macau would become the main location for his novel *Het verboden rijk*. The colony would inspire a separate section of poems entitled "Macau" in the collection

²⁶ See Introduction.

²⁷ He read *Historic Macau. International traits in China old and new* by C.A. Montalto de Jesus, the second edition published in 1926 from a book originally from 1902. This second edition included heavy criticisms on the colonial authorities in Macau, who were accused of causing Macau's decay. The book became prohibited in 1927 with public burnings, but Slauerhoff managed to keep his copy. It would be an important source for him while writing *Het verboden rijk*. (Hazeu 1998: 278-279).

Oost-Azië and the poem “Het doode Macao” in *Soleares*.²⁸ Slauerhoff perceived Macau as a city with a decayed glory, which was immensely attractive to Slauerhoff. This much is apparent from one of the notes he made about Macau in the context of *Het verboden rijk*, to be found in the work of collected notes in *Het China van Slauerhoff* (The China of Slauerhoff, 1985), edited by W. Blok and K. Lekkerkerker: “Ik voelde mij in volkomen harmonie met mijn omgeving, voor het eerst weer sinds maanden en maanden. (...) Macau was eenzaam, vervallen en afgemat; ik was het ook,”²⁹ (Slauerhoff 1985: 23-24) an example of how Slauerhoff projected his own state of mind on his surroundings. He recognized his own feelings of isolation and physical decay in Macau, and this filled him with a sense of harmony because he interpreted his surroundings as an extension, or even a manifestation, of himself and did not feel so alone anymore.

3.1.3. LISBON AS A HARBOUR (1928-1932)

Lisbon has influenced a small but substantial section of his poetry and oeuvre.³⁰ He devoted several poems to fado, even going as far as adapting fado lyrics in the poems “Vida triste”³¹ (originally a fado by Maria Alice) and “Fado’s”³² (based on two fados from Coimbra). He was also inspired by the feeling of *saudade*, the central sentiment of most fados, and titles one of his poems “Saudade,” and there is also the

²⁸ See part III section 3.2.

²⁹ I felt completely harmonious with my surroundings, for the first time again since months and months. (...) Macau was lonely, decayed and exhausted; so was I.

³⁰ See part III, section 3.2.

³¹ See part II, section 2.3.1.

³² See part II, section 2.3.2.

Portuguese-titled, posthumously published “Angustia”, related to the feeling of saudade.³³

Slauerhoff visited Lisbon for the first time in March 1928, on his first journey to South-America as a ship’s surgeon in service of the ‘Koninklijke Hollandsche Lloyd’. His diary gives a revealing insight in how Lisbon calmed his nerves and re-assured him after the difficult travels out at sea: “in een uur is alle ellende, alle benauwde nachten in de smalle kooi, waaruit het slapend lichaam soms wordt geworpen, vergeten, door de zon, de strakke hemel. (...) Ik voel me zóo dit gezegend uur. Dat is genoeg lang op zeereis³⁴ (Slauerhoff 1957: 28-29). The Lloyd ships sailed back and forth from Amsterdam to Buenos Aires and in both directions, Lisbon was the stop-over and he loved to go ashore as soon as he had the opportunity because the obligated interactions with first-class passengers would annoy him (Pos 2003: 103).

Slauerhoff felt good in Lisbon, and, as was the case with Macau, he projected his own state of mind on a city that, for him, was a symbol of lost glory and was still reveling in its own mythological past. During his many travels, Lisbon was a frequent stop-over, a loyal harbor that never disappointed. Because the mild climate was another advantage, as it would be beneficial for his health, Slauerhoff started toying with the idea of finally settling in a foreign, southern country. For him, Lisbon was a serious possibility. In June 1932, he travels through Spain and Lisbon in order to discover what his options are. However, much as he loved Lisbon, for him to work as a

³³ See part III, section 2.

³⁴ In one hour all misery, all of the stuffy nights in the narrow bunk, where the sleeping body sometimes is thrown out of, forgotten, by the sun, the tight sky. (...) I feel like this, in this blessed hour. That is long enough on a sea voyage.

doctor there, proved to be quite challenging. He wrote to his friend F.C. Terborgh,³⁵ who worked for the Dutch embassy in Lisbon from 1930 until 1932, that the perspectives in the city were “poor” (Pos 2003: 105).

His disappointment is apparent from a letter to his friend Hans Feriz, a colleague-doctor from Austria, in a letter now published in *Brieven aan Hans Feriz* (Letters to Hans Feriz, 1984), that it is difficult for Dutchmen to settle there because there are so few other Dutch people, which is of course, ironically, why he loved Lisbon. He would also have had to do his exams there to get a license which would mean a year of study and work without any guarantee of success (Slauerhoff 1984: 133).

He would eventually start his own practice in Tangier in May 1934 – he did not have to redo any exams because Tangier was part of an international zone – shortly after his marriage had failed. The treacherous climate and the lack of clients compelled him however to leave again in October of the same year. Two years later, in April 1936, he wrote a letter to Terborgh, collected in *Slauerhoff, Herinneringen en brieven en Het laatste afscheid* (Slauerhoff, Memories and letters and The final farewell, 1984) once more about Lisbon: “Deze stad bekoort mij zeer, maar is wel erg ingeslapen – Toch zou ik daar nog ‘t meeste voor voelen als het ‘zuidelijke verhuisplan’ doorging. Het ligt ook niet kwaad, heeft een evocatief verleden. Maar de loomheid!!!”³⁶ (Slauerhoff qtd. in Terborgh 1984: 54-55). Slauerhoff died six months later. Lisbon is

³⁵ F.C. Terborgh, pseudonym of Reynier Flaes spent a significant amount of time in Portugal and Lisbon as a diplomat and stayed in Lisbon after his retirement until his death. He had advised Slauerhoff on his plans and ideas for living in Portugal. Arie Pos also dedicated an article to his life and works in *O Lissabon, mijn thuis*: “De Lusitaanse idylle van F.C. Terborgh” (Pos 2003: 123-133).

³⁶ This city pleases me very much, but is very sleepy – Still it would attract me the most if the “southern relocation plan” were to happen. The location is not too bad, has an evocative past. But the languor!!!

another example of not only Slauerhoff's longing for peace and stability but also how this very same longing was never realized, in part due to practical matters, in part due to his own indecision and constant restlessness.

3.2. SLAUERHOFF'S LITERARY CONNECTION WITH PORTUGAL: CAMÕES AND CAMOËS

In the same way that Slauerhoff, always plagued by disease, weak health and a general sense of dissatisfaction, projected himself in the sense of decay he felt in Macau and Lisbon, Slauerhoff projected himself in the legends and myths of Camões to create a new character, Camoës. The spelling was different from Portuguese, but probably not deliberately so.³⁷ Even though Slauerhoff was famously sloppy,³⁸ he was consistent in his spelling of the name Camoës. He had a Portuguese edition of *Os Lusíadas*, *A chave dos Lusíadas* (1915) with a paraphrase of each stanza at the bottom of every page by José Agostinho de Oliveira.³⁹ He also had a French copy, *Les Lusiades*, this according to the Slauerhoff collection of the Letterkundig Museum (Literary Museum) in Den Haag, the Netherlands.

There are several similarities between the myths told about Camões and Slauerhoff's own life and experiences, which explains why Camões was so appealing to Slauerhoff. These stories and legends Slauerhoff in turn would use and distort in his own poems and throughout *Het verboden rijk*. Slauerhoff interpreted Camões as

³⁷ In Dutch, the name was usually spelled "Camoens". Typographers were not familiar with the diacritical mark of the tilde.

³⁸ See *Slauerhoff, slodderhof* by Peter Dicker (1986).

³⁹ He received this copy from his friend Constâncio José da Silva, editor of *A Verdade*, the republican paper in Macau, as written in the article "Quatro nomes que marcaram a história do jornalismo em Macau" by João Guedes (2010): <http://temposdoriente.wordpress.com/2010/03/06/quatro-nomes-que-marcaram-a-historia-do-jornalismo-em-macau-02-03-2010/> accessed 20 February 2013, to whom he had dedicated the section "Macao" from the collection *Oost-Azië* (Hazeu 1998: 295).

someone with a rebellious nature, someone who represented the zenith of Portuguese grandeur, which at the beginning of the 20th century Slauerhoff perceived to be in dire straits. He projected himself in Camões' constant travelling since Camões also sailed the same seas Slauerhoff would sail centuries later (Couto 2012: 267). Slauerhoff is also fascinated by *Os Lusíadas*, (1572) a work that amalgamates historical truth with classic mythology.⁴⁰ Throughout several other poems and one short story, "De laatste verschijning van Camoës," (The final appearance of Camoës) he would re-imagine the poet as a writer of epic poetry whose psychological composure is related to the poète maudit-persona of his lyrical poetry and sonnets.⁴¹

⁴⁰ Slauerhoff always felt underestimated as a writer, but ironically, it was not until *Het verboden rijk*, his novel about a misunderstood, underrated poet Camoës, was published, that his work was so universally panned by critics at the time.

⁴¹ See part III, section 3.3.

4. THE RECEPTION OF SLAUERHOFF AND HIS WORK

4.1. SLAUERHOFF'S CURRENT POPULARITY IN THE NETHERLANDS

After his death, Slauerhoff was not much read by the general audience but the appreciation for his work in the past few decades has known a substantial revival and now presumably the most prominently in the last decade. This recent revival should come as no surprise in the global context of a general commercialization of travelling and internationalisation.⁴²

The website *De Bibliotheek* gives an overview of the different ways in which Slauerhoff is commemorated in the Netherlands.⁴³ According to the website, there is the Slauerhoff Poëzieprijs (Slauerhoff poetry prize), for the youth from Friesland. There have also been other recent, cultural events dedicated to Slauerhoff's works, such as the theater piece *Alleen in mijn gedichten kan ik wonen* (Only in my poems can I dwell, 1990), which consisted of 20 poems by Slauerhoff put to music and the piece *Dwaalzucht* (Wanderlust, 2005-2006) in which Slauerhoff's short story "Larrios" is narrated and accompanied by guitar. Two museums also have a collection about Slauerhoff: his letters and other original manuscripts can be found in the Letterkundig Museum in Den Haag and the Museum Tromp's Huys in Vlieland has a collection of objects which used to belong to Slauerhoff.

⁴² Not to mention that Arie Pos in his article "Van dichterlijke brekebeen tot groot schrijver" (From poetic bungler to great writer) speculatively suggests that the works of Slauerhoff "floreert in periodes van crisis en maatschappelijke desintegratie" (flourishes in periods of crisis and social disintegration, Pos 1987: 375), which, again speculatively, seems to make even more sense now in 2013 than it did then.

⁴³ <http://www.bibliotheek.nl/pagina/9696.j--slauerhoff-erfenis.html> accessed 22 January 2013.

Most indicative of Slauerhoff's continuous relevance was the festival dedicated to his life and works only last year, 2012 in Utrecht, the Netherlands,⁴⁴ which was so popular that nearly all of the events were sold out. For the occasion of the festival, there was the publication *Het heele leven is toch verloren* (All life is lost anyway, 2012) edited by Arie Pos and Menno Voskuil with unpublished poems and letters, diary fragments and essays about Slauerhoff. The most notable events in the context of this dissertation were the opening night with Cristina Branco, the closing night with Nynke Laverman, who in the slipstream of Cristina Branco has made her own album of fados sung in Frisian,⁴⁵ a literary dinner dedicated to Slauerhoff in Portugal and a documentary,⁴⁶ *Slauerhoff* (1998) by director Hans Hulscher and writer Cees Nooteboom about (the travels of) Slauerhoff.

4.2. ARTICLES, ACADEMIC STUDIES, TRAVELOGUES

It seems that for a large part, Slauerhoff's reception and continuous popularity in the Netherlands is influenced by a projected image of exoticism and romanticism of a restless globe-trotter. In general, despite his modernist novels, Slauerhoff is still regarded as a romantic writer whose poète maudit-like dissatisfaction with society and a romanticized projection of his travels have influenced his academic reception as well. The first substantial wave of studies dedicated to Slauerhoff came in the '80s. Martin Kageling's *Slauerhoff tussen mare en mythe* (Slauerhoff between rumor and myth, 1986) for example was mostly concerned with separating fact from

⁴⁴ <http://www.litterairemeesters.nl/evenementen> accessed 15 January 2013.

⁴⁵ See part III, section 3.3.1.

⁴⁶ Since I did not attend the festival, I have tried to obtain the documentary by request via www.beeldengeluid.nl, which due to copyright restrictions, was declined. The documentary can be consulted for free only at the institution itself, Nederlands Instituut voor Beeld en Geluid, Media Park, Sumatralaan 45, Hilversum.

fiction, due to the lack of a serious biography on Slauerhoff. Arie Pos' study on Slauerhoff and his relationship with Chinese culture in *Van verre havens: Het werk van Slauerhoff en de Chinese werkelijkheid* (Of distant harbours: The works of Slauerhoff and the Chinese reality, 1987) was published a year later and is together with a slew of other publications a good indication of the Slauerhoff-revival in the '80s. There has also been a collection edited by Dirk Kroon dedicated to interviews with people who had known Slauerhoff or whom Slauerhoff had influenced, and a rare interview with Slauerhoff and two volumes which collected a vast amount of the articles written about his poetry and prose published in two separate volumes.⁴⁷

One of the most important recent publications on Slauerhoff, was *Slauerhoff. Een biografie* by Wim Hazeu (1995), without question the most complete biography available on Slauerhoff. It has been instrumental in many recent studies and articles published on Slauerhoff and, with its extensive descriptions and exhaustive critical research, it has also proved itself just as instrumental for this dissertation. Slauerhoff's name is mentioned in *Het donkere hart* by Ton Anbeek (The dark heart, 1996), a work about Romantic obsessions in modern Dutch literature. Ton Anbeek argues that Slauerhoff's dissatisfaction with the human existence, the impossibility of finding happiness or satisfaction is one of the main characteristics of the "romantic type" (Anbeek 1996: 12-16).

There have also been two recent academic publications on Slauerhoff, the first one a Ph.D. thesis by Hein Aalders, *Van ellende edel: de criticus Slauerhoff over*

⁴⁷ The collection with interviews is titled *Ik had het leven me anders voorgesteld. J. Slauerhoff in vraaggesprekken en herinneringen* (I had imagined life differently. J. Slauerhoff in interviews and recollections) (Kroon 1981). The volume on poetry is titled *Er bleef toch geen bewijs* (No proof remained anyhow, Kroon 1982) and the volume on prose is titled *Maar toen het lag ontdekt, leek het verraad* (But when it was discovered, it seemed betrayed, Kroon 1984).

het dichterschap (Noble with misery: the critic Slauerhoff about being a poet, 2005), a good indication of how Slauerhoff is still discussed and valued in the academic world. Another recent book was *Slauerhoff: 'Te varen naar het eiland van geluk'* (Slauerhoff: Sailing to the island of happiness, 2007) by Arne Zuidhoek which was mostly concerned with the biographical details of his journeys on the sea and the ships he had sailed on.

4.3. INTERNATIONAL RECEPTION

In recent years, Slauerhoff's work has made it overseas and has known a significant amount of translations and articles published outside of the Netherlands and Belgium. In the English language, there was the article by Slauerhoff-expert Eep Franken published in the important magazine focused on Dutch literature *The Low Countries* "'Only in my poems can I dwell.' The work of J. Slauerhoff" (1999: 166-174). There is also an article about *Het verboden rijk* by Jane Fenoulhet, "Time Travel in the Forbidden Realm. J.J. Slauerhoff's *Het verboden rijk* viewed as a modernist novel" (2001) and the recent translation of *Het verboden rijk* by Paul Vincent (2012).

Slauerhoff is also mentioned twice in the English anthology of Dutch literature, *A Literary History of the Low Countries*, edited by Theo Hermans (2009), in the context of Romanticism (Hermans 2009: 545, 564). A look at the database of the NLPVF, the Foundation for the Production and Translation of Dutch Literature,⁴⁸ shows a significant amount of recent translations in other languages: his short story collection *Schuim en as* is being translated to Slovakian and will be published in May 2013, which

⁴⁸ <http://www.nlpvf.nl/vertalingendb/search-results1.php?q=slauerhoff&nrows=100&lang=&searchtype=simple> accessed 22 January 2013.

was also translated to German in 2008, to French in 2010 and to Spanish in 2011. *Het verboden rijk* was also translated in Portuguese in 1997, in Slovakian in 2006, in Chinese in 2008 and in French in 2009. He is also, curiously, the cousin of the contemporary artist Guus Slauerhoff (1945) who, much like Jan Jacob Slauerhoff, is fascinated by fado, to such an extent that the Casa do Fado organized the exhibition *The Soul of Fado* from November 16, 2006 until January 16, 2007.⁴⁹ For a writer whose work was so focused on travelling, exotic cultures and foreign countries, these publications seem like a logical consequence of his thematic fixations.

4.4. SLAUERHOFF AND CEES NOOTEBOOM

Cees Nooteboom (1933) is one of the most widely read and translated writers of the Netherlands and he is generally more popular and appreciated outside of his own country. His documentary with Hans Hulscher about the travels of Slauerhoff should come as no surprise to those who are familiar with the oeuvre of Cees Nooteboom, which has been substantially influenced by Slauerhoff. Slauerhoff is mentioned in Nootebooms internationally renowned novel *Rituelen* (Rituals, 1980).⁵⁰ Before performing a circumcision, “een kleine joodse dokter, heel toepasselijk, met een zwaar Duits accent,”⁵¹ a reference to Slauerhoff’s Austrian doctor-friend Hans Feriz, mentions Slauerhoff: “Ich war befreundet mir euerem Dichter Schlauerhof. (...) Een zeer bijzondere man, maar unglücklich, zeer unglücklich. Immer Frauengeschichten,

⁴⁹ For the occasion, the book *The Soul of Fado*, written by Guus Slauerhoff together with Arie Pos, who made the translations from Dutch to Portuguese, was published in 2006. For two sketches by Slauerhoff, see the illustrations to this part.

⁵⁰ Translated to Portuguese by Patrícia Couto and Arie Pos as *Rituais* (2000).

⁵¹ A small Jewish doctor, very appropriate, with a heavy German accent.

immer roezie. En krank, zeer krank”⁵² (Nooteboom 1980: 99-100). In *Het volgende verhaal*,⁵³ (The next story, 1991) a former teacher of Latin and ancient Greek wakes up in a hotel room in Lisbon even though he had gone to sleep in Amsterdam the night before. He is a man haunted by the burdens of a bygone affaire in Lisbon with a biology teacher. His descriptions of Lisbon are reminiscent of Slauerhoff’s perception of the city: “De hele stad is afscheid. Rand van Europa, laatste oever van de eerste wereld, daar waar het aangetaste continent langzaam in zee zakt, wegvloeit, de grote nevel in waar de oceaan vandaag op lijkt. Deze stad hoort niet bij het heden, het is nu hier vroeger omdat het er later is”⁵⁴ (Nooteboom 1991: 55) and mentions speculatively that Slauerhoff and Pessoa might have met each other without knowing who the other one is (Nooteboom 1991: 56).

Slauerhoff also hangs like a shadow over the final chapter of *Voorbije passages*, (Past passages, 1981) “De poort naar China” (The gateway to China). In this chapter, Nooteboom travels to Macau, sleeps in the same hotel as Slauerhoff did and looks over the same gardens as described in the poem “Ochtend Macau”. Nooteboom ruminates on Slauerhoff, fado, saudade and the nature of decay which had drawn Slauerhoff to Lisbon and Macau and which Nooteboom still sees in the architecture of Macau all around him: “Ook verval is vergankelijk.” (Decay as well is transient, Nooteboom 1981: 204). Nooteboom has also recited Slauerhoff’s poem “O engeitado” in the original Dutch version accompanied by a Portuguese guitar on the final track for

⁵² I was befriended to your poet Schlauerhof. A very special man, but unhappy, very unhappy. Always trouble with women, always quarrels. And sick, very sick.

⁵³ Translated to Portuguese by Ana Maria Carvalho as *A história seguinte* (1993).

⁵⁴ This entire city is farewell. Edge of Europe, final shore of the first world, there where the affected continent slowly sinks away into the sea, flows away, into the giant mist which today seems like the ocean. This city does not belong to the present, it is earlier here because it is later.

Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff (2000) and the international edition *O Descobridor* (2002).

5. CONCLUSION

Slauerhoff's life and work is permeated with the ebb and flow of the sea. The sea plays a polyvalent role in both his life and work and ultimately also influences the reception and perception of his work. Slauerhoff's life as a ship's surgeon mostly took place at sea and it was the very restlessness and fickleness of the sea which was the only consistent element in his life that would also inform his work. Not only is his poetry and prose full of metaphors and images of the sea – from islands to legends of pirates and discoverers – many of his other, more exotic subjects such as his interest in Chinese or Portuguese culture are consistent with a life spent travelling and a general sense of unease with the Dutch culture he was born into. Slauerhoff always wanted to escape the bourgeoisie-society of the Netherlands but due to his health issues, his involvement with publications and his impossibility to make any resolute changes, he always came back to the Netherlands, sometimes much to his dismay.

His travels in Portugal reveal something about his poetic methods, his restlessness and melancholy and his disdain for Dutch culture. In the same way that Slauerhoff projected his own lethargic, fatalistic, pessimistic state of mind and physical frailty on cities like Macau and Lisbon, cities he perceived as reveling in their own past and lost glory, he would also create his own outcasts who are often enlarged projections of himself and his own life. In the case of Camoës, a character loosely based on the various saga's and legends told about the Renaissance writer Camões, Slauerhoff intentionally blurs the line between history and myth, between fiction and biography. Camoës embodies themes and motives such as fatality, decay and social exile.

Slauerhoff to this day is widely read and his international influences have caused a significant amount of international translations, not only in English, but in

French and Chinese as well. He is the subject of a number of academic publications, included in modern literature anthologies, mostly in the context of Romanticism and his (romanticized) travels to China, Portugal and his interactions with foreign cultures. Today, he is perceived and interpreted as a world-weary traveler who was in constant unease with the Dutch cultural life and whose oeuvre displays a remarkable international influence. Even though Slauerhoff desired to be exiled from Dutch culture and centralized the outcast in his oeuvre as a dream he never fulfilled, he is probably, in the context of an increasingly internationalized world, in the Netherlands now more lauded, accepted and studied than he ever has been especially now in a time where rebellion and anarchism have become part of the mainstream culture in the international context of globalisation. The outcast was Slauerhoff's literary dream, a constructed persona in his literature which he never could materialize in his real life but which would influence the way Slauerhoff is perceived and interpreted to this day, serving as the ultimate confirmation of his literary accomplishments.

In the literary context, travel-writer, novelist and poet Cees Nooteboom has given Slauerhoff new life in his work and fictionalizes his literary persona of outcast, intentionally blurring the line between biography and fiction. Much in the same way that Slauerhoff re-imagines and projects his own state of mind on dead writers or cities like Lisbon and Macau, Nooteboom interprets Slauerhoff as a Romantic poète maudit. In the article "Slauerhoff in vertaling. Bij de Duitse uitgave van *De opstand van Guadalajara*" (Slauerhoff in translation. With the German publication of *De opstand van Guadalajara*), published in the magazine *Bzzlletin* in 1998, Nooteboom compares Slauerhoff to the heteronyms of Fernando Pessoa, whom Slauerhoff shared a sense of

melancholy and a general sense of unease with, not to mention his short-lived use of a pseudonym:⁵⁵

Soms denk ik dat deze Friese nomade die van Rimbaud afstamde en Ruben Dario vertaalde, die fado's schreef en soleares, en doortrokken was van de speciale Portugese provincievariant van de melancholie, de saudade, een vijfde, tot nu toe geheim gebleven heteroniem van Pessoa was, een Hollandse, Chinese, Portugese, Spaanse schim achter Ricardo Reis, Alberto Caeiro en Álvaro do Campos, en achter de grote poppenspeler zelf, vijf heren uit de twintiger en dertiger jaren die in "Lisboa van bij de Taag" langs de kade wandelden en spraken over Camões, Vasco da Gama en aguardente (Nooteboom 1998: 6).⁵⁶

⁵⁵ He published the collection *Oost-Azië* under the pseudonym of John Ravenswood. Even though this mystification had already been revealed in literary circles, Slauerhoff indicated in the preface that these poems had come to him via John Ravenswood, a Dutchman of Scottish descent who died on the island of Quelpart near South-Korea. Ravenswood had given him the poems with the request for them to be published. The collection included the poem "Captain Miguel" which Ravenswood had dedicated to Slauerhoff. In Slauerhoff's collected poetry, the dedication has been removed and the poem was moved to the collection *Eldorado*. In this edition, *Oost-Azië* also no longer includes the original preface nor any mention of John Ravenswood. (AG: 277-8, 359; Hazeu 1998: 352, 776) Note: there is also the sea chest filled with manuscripts, scribbles and to this day unpublished poetry, akin to Pessoa's chest.

⁵⁶ Sometimes I think that this Frisian nomad who descended from Rimbaud and translated Ruben Dario, who wrote fados and soleares, and was permeated with the special Portuguese provincial variety of melancholy, the *saudade*, was a fifth until now kept secret heteronym of Pessoa, a Dutch, Chinese, Portuguese, Spanish shadow behind Ricardo Reis, Alberto Caeiro and Álvaro de Campos, and behind the great master of the puppets himself, five gentlemen from the twenties and thirties who in "Lisboa by the Tagus" walked along the quay and talked about Camões, Vasco da Gama and aguardente.

ILLUSTRATIONS

*Slauerhoff next to the bust of Camões, Macau, June 1927.*⁵⁷



⁵⁷ One of the two pictures of Slauerhoff included in *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada*. Vol. II (1929-42: 367).



*J. Slauerhoff, collection Letterkundig Museum.*⁵⁸



*J. Slauerhoff on his death bed.*⁵⁹



*J. Slauerhoff, Tangier, June 14 1934.*⁶⁰

⁵⁸ <http://ipsofactodotme.wordpress.com/2012/06/09/slauerhoff/> accessed 21 January 2013.

⁵⁹ <http://www.leesmij.nu/upload/sterfbed1936.jpg> accessed 21 January 2013.

⁶⁰ S 00646 II 022 (foto), Literaire Hoogtepunten, Letterkundig Museum, Den Haag.
<http://aliceverheij.wordpress.com/2012/04/03/i-don-not-want-to-live-in-the-netherlands/> accessed 21 January 2013.

MARIZA EM CONCERTO
Desenho sobre papel
Drawing on paper
41,5 x 29,5 cm



MARIZA EM CONCERTO
Desenho sobre papel
Drawing on paper
41,5 x 29,5 cm

Two drawings of Guus Slauerhoff from the book The Soul of Fado (2006).

PART II

FADO, THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST

FADO MYTHEMES

IN SLAUERHOFF'S PORTUGUESE POEMS

AND CRISTINA BRANCO'S *O DESCOBRIDOR*

1. INTRODUCTION: FADO MYTHOLOGY AND MYTHEMES

Fado is a folkloric music genre with its own (self-created) legends and mysteries. One of those mysteries is related to its origins: before the 18th century, not a single existing source has been found about fado in a musical context, as Ruy Vieira Nery points out in his historical overview *Para uma História do Fado* (2004: 16). In 1822, a Brazilian source uses the word fado for the first time in the musical context of a dance with strong African origins: “É este, pois, o primeiro tipo de Fado de que temos conhecimento nos registos históricos em português.” (Nery 2004: 23) This dance was then supposed to be brought to Portugal upon the return of the Portuguese court from colonial Brazil in 1821 with the first manifestation of fado in Lisbon around 1840 (Nery 2004: 52).

The origins of fado, due to this consistent lack of sources, has always caused great speculation among musicologists, who would situate its origins either in Portuguese medieval, troubadour poetry and song or Arabic music. According to Nery, both these hypotheses are invalid (Nery 2004: 54). Another speculative origin is that fado was born in the maritime context of Portuguese history, with women singing fado for their men out at sea, “a partir da constatação da natureza ‘ondulante’ das suas linhas melódicas e da temática recorrente da saudade e da ausência nos seus textos, uma hipotética origem remota marítima” (Nery 2004: 54-5), which fits into a patriotic, Romantic discourse but is ultimately too much of a tentative cliché in order to be certified.

The legend of the *fadista*⁶¹ Severa (1820 – 1846), about whom very little is known, could also be considered a founding myth. Her colorful story about singing fados in brothels, about an alleged affair with the count of Vimiosa and her famous quote “O Fado sou eu” serves as an example of the fadista mythology and ideology, a true founding myth for the fado of Lisbon (Nery 2004: 64-5). Severa’s presumed connection to brothels not only says something about how fado and prostitution were at the time intertwined, but should also be contextualized in the larger context of a European period of Romanticism, which, “tanto na sua formulação mais erudita como nas suas repercussões mais correntes no seio da Cultura popular, gosta declaradamente desta ideia da ‘mulher perdida’ que de algum modo expia pela morte prematura o seu destino simultaneamente de transgressão e de tragédia.” (Nery 2004: 67)

After her death, Severa’s mythological status grows in the following decades and she became the subject of numerous fados, a play by Júlio Dantas, *A Severa* (1901) with a movie adaptation by Leitão de Barros in 1931, the first Portuguese sound film, as Richard Elliott points out in one of the first academic, international studies about fado in the English language, *Fado and the Place of Longing* (2010: 13-4). These adaptations and legends about Severa demonstrate according to Nery how “o crescimento do mito é, afinal de contas, uma simples dimensão icónica adicional do próprio alargamento da realidade socio-cultural em que entretanto se vai convertendo o Fado e para a qual a figura lendária de Maria Severa funcionará como um poderoso elemento agregador” (Nery 2004: 71).

⁶¹ The word fadista can have a variety of significations in fado discourse. In 1903 Pinto de Carvalho suggests this word in the context of a “vagabundo nocturno” (22-3), criminals, prostitutes and aristocrats. However, I use the word exclusively, to refer to “performers and writers of fados, as well as to fans and aficionados of the music” (Elliott 2010: 13).

Fado uses recurring symbols, metaphors and images, which Elliott defines as “fado mythemes”. The term “mytheme” was coined by anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss: in chapter XI “La structure des mythes” of his *Anthropologie Structurale*, (1958) Lévi-Strauss argues that, analogous to the inner-workings of language systems and words, a myth is formed by constitutive unities, “mythèmes” (Lévi-Strauss 1958: 233): “ces véritables unités constitutives du mythe ne sont pas les relations isolées, mais des *paquets de relations*, et que c’est seulement sous forme de combinaisons de tels paquets que les unités constitutives acquièrent une fonction signifiante” (Lévi-Strauss 1958: 233-4). Elliott defines these mythemes as “the elements of fado stories – those expressed via acts of speech and song and via the written word (novel, play, lyric, history) – that, through constant repetition, come to represent, in however varied or mutated a fashion, a large part of the ‘fado-ness’ of fado (its ontology, as it were)” (Elliott: 2010: 14).

These elements typical of fado conjure up a world consisting of elements related to a very concrete reality: night life; the low-life and vagabond; the neighborhoods of Lisbon and the history of the city; the Portuguese guitar that accompanies every fado; and *saudade*,⁶² a feeling of Portuguese identity akin to melancholy, nostalgia and longing. All of these mythemes are a fundamental part of many fado songs and have come to define an essential part of what fado is. It is not coincidental that a majority of these mythemes are related to romanticized representations of low-lives, misery and poverty. As António Osório points out in *mitologia fadista*: “Com efeito, no fado exprime-se toda uma existência confinada, uma

⁶² See part III.

condição social inferior, que agrupa várias camadas, abaixo ou no limiar da pequena burguesia urbana.” (Osório 1974: 96) These mythemes taken all together are internally related to each other, re-enforce each other’s evocative qualities and blur the lines between persona and biography, between myth and history.

Another example of this mystification can be found in “Tudo isto é fado,” with the lyrics written by Aníbal Nazaré and made famous by Ámalia Rodrigues. The lyrics, included in the bi-lingual English-Portuguese collection *Saudade: an Anthology of Fado Poetry* (2010) edited by Mimi Khalvati are an attempt to define fado and sum up several of these fado mythemes: “Almas vencidas,/Noites perdidas,/Sombras bizarras”. The song ends with the realization that an actual definition is impossible: “O fado é tudo o que eu digo/Mais o que não sei dizer” (Nazaré qtd. in Khalvati 2010: 34). This song is not only meta-referential in its very attempt to define fado, it deliberately postpones definition with the description of the unpronounceable nature of its own emotions, inviting the projection of every single listener on the song, which is exactly the very point of fado. In other words, fado is whatever the conglomerate of the writers, fadistas and audience make of it. The mythology of fado is defined and constructed by this very same fado-community. In this sense, fado is like a language of which its singers, writers and audience define its parameters and criteria.

Slauerhoff came to Porto, Portugal on his first sea voyage in 1922⁶³ and according to Krijger’s *Slauerhoff in zelfbeelden*, he visited Lisbon for the last time June 28, 1932 and travels a few days later back to the Netherlands with the SS Flandria ship (Krijger 2003: 59). As mentioned before, Slauerhoff probably listened to fado for the

⁶³ See part I, section 3.1.1.

first time in Porto, he had a collection of fado records of Maria Alice and António Menano and most likely went to *casas do fado* when visiting Lisbon, considering how most of the time, Lisbon and fado are mentioned together in his poetry, as in “O engeitado,”⁶⁴ “Fado’s”⁶⁵ and “Aankomst”.⁶⁶ This part analyzes how Slauerhoff’s rewritings of fados and the incorporation of fado in his poetic oeuvre all serve to establish his own poetics. Slauerhoff’s Portuguese poems often use fado mythemes in order to build his own mythology and the literary persona of the outcast, so closely related to the poète maudit. In return, these and other classic fado mythemes in return have influenced the making of Cristina Branco’s fado-adaptations of Slauerhoff’s poems in *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* (2002).

⁶⁴ See section 2.4. of this part.

⁶⁵ See section 2.3.2. of this part.

⁶⁶ See Conclusion.

2. THE OUTCAST IN FADO MYTHEMES

2.1. OUTCASTS IN THE POETRY OF SLAUERHOFF

The outcast is a prominent figure in Slauerhoff's oeuvre and comes back time and again in many forms and characters that almost always have the same psychological composure. Slauerhoff's outcasts for the most part are evocative, marginal figures from the past, from old legends, sagas, myths and childhood stories. They are Slauerhoff's personified, child-like extensions of an imagined heroic life, such as "De Vliegende Hollander," (The flying Dutchman, AG: 308-12) explorers like "Columbus," (AG: 321-2) often mythologized writers like Odysseus in "Odysseus' afscheid" (Odysseus' farewell, AG: 689-90) or pirates, as in "De piraat," (The pirate, AG: 263-72) "De piraat en de Vliegende Hollander op de Lethe" (The pirate and the flying Dutchman on the Lethe, AG: 313-5) and "Zwartbaard" (Blackbeard, AG: 559-61).

In the poem "De ontdekker,"⁶⁷ (The discoverer, AG: 523)⁶⁸ an anonymous explorer-protagonist goes in search of a land across the seas. He holds dear the land for which he embarks, "Lief, als een vrouw 't verborgen komende" (v.2). The liking of the discovery of a new land to pregnancy is the central metaphor in this poem: he stands dreaming on the deck while the ship "Op de aanbreekende geboort' toevloog" (v8). However, "toen het lag ontdekt, leek het verraad" (v9): he realizes that, what he thought would be a birth, actually only creates a post-natal depression in which he does

⁶⁷ Addenda p.170.

⁶⁸ There are two poems with this title: this poem was included in *Een eerlijk zeemansgraf* whereas the other was published in *Eldorado* (AG: 327) in the same section "III" which included also the poem "Columbus" discussed here in this context as well and "Camoës' thuiskomst".

not feel any connection with the land he discovered, “Geen stille onzichtbre streng verbond hen tweeën” (v.10) and the land discovered remains unnamed. His immediate reaction is to conceal his discovery again but it is too late for that: “Het lag voor hen allen bloot” (v.12). This verse implies that it is not so much the rift between his utopic vision and its eventual manifestation in reality that caused his feeling of betrayal, but rather that it was the privacy of this vision, of his very personal fantasy now manifested in reality for the eyes, the gaze of the world.⁶⁹ The only possible solution he has is the fate of restless eternal travelling: “doelloos, desolaat/En zonder drift – leeg, over leege zeeën” (v.13-4), to be an outcast who forsakes every purpose or utopic longing since every longing, as soon as it is manifested in reality, also becomes corrupted by the society in which it exists.

“De ontdekker” suffers a fate comparable to “Columbus,”⁷⁰ (AG: 321-2) the historical figure on whom Slauerhoff projects his own restlessness and melancholy. Columbus, in Slauerhoff’s interpretation, cherishes a deep hate for his home country Spain (like Slauerhoff hates the provincialism and bourgeois-mentality of his home country) and is content to sail off with his crew in search of America. However, as soon as he reaches the shorelines of America, Columbus feels tormented: “Toen eindelijk – op een ijle grijze lijn –/Vreemd slank geboomte als met pluimen wuifde,/En ‘t volk na lang bedwongen doodsangst juichte,/Stond hij gebukt door diep verborgen pijn” (v.21-4). Upon his discovery, he realizes that he never wanted to discover America: he just wanted to sail, to roam. In the final stanza, Columbus has the plan to flee on a small

⁶⁹ In the Portuguese translation by Mila Vidal Paletti for Cristina Branco’s *O descobridor*, this verse is translated as: “Nua jazia aos olhos do mundo” (Branco 2002: 12), giving it an interpretation that is consistent with this particular reading of the poem.

⁷⁰ Addenda p.171.

ship with a small number of others and to wander in a vacuum of infinite space, continuously guided by the delusion: “*de wereld is niet rond*” (v.36). Marcel Janssens has argued in his essay “J.J. Slauerhoff en Columbus,” included in a collection of essays about various important Dutch writers *Met groter L: Van Couperus tot Claus* (With bigger L: from Couperus to Claus, 1994) that “Indien de aarde bolvormig zou zijn, zou hij niet eindeloos voort kunnen zeilen. Daarom negeert hij de these en spiegelt hij zich het nirwana van een onbegrensd te bevaren ruimte voor”⁷¹ (Janssens 1994: 96). His rejection of a spheric world is also a figurative rejection of the accepted values of society that limit him and from which he tries to break free.

Slauerhoff’s outcasts have a psychological composure similar to the poète maudit, as tentatively typologized in Paul Verlaine’s essay “Les poètes maudits,” (1884) an homage to writers like Tristan Corbière, Arthur Rimbaud and himself (Pauvre Lelian). Pierre Seghers points out in the introduction to his anthology *Poètes maudits du XXe siècle* (1985) that the lives of poètes maudits are destined to be cursed: “Pour tous, la solitude, la desolation, la mort. La misère, ils ne la choisissent pas, elle vient” (Seghers 1985: 9). Pascal Brissette argues in his article “Poète malheureux, poète maudit, malédiction littéraire: Hypothèses de recherche sur les origines d’un mythe” (2008),⁷² that the poète maudit is a type of myth which maybe is not necessarily re-invented everytime somebody uses the mythology, imagery or persona of the poète maudit, but, with every new poète maudit, even in the twentieth century:

le sens des mots change, les expériences ne sont jamais parfaitement les mêmes et bien que le mythe tende à leur uniformisation, l’évolution du

⁷¹ If the world would be spheric, he could not go on sailing endlessly. This is why he ignores the thesis and mirrors himself to the nirvana of a space which can be limitlessly sailed upon.

⁷² <http://contextes.revues.org/1392> accessed 20 February 2013.

discours social et le jeu des écritures individuelles permet l'actualisation du mythe, son adaptation aux mots et personnages du jour (Brissette 2008).

Slauerhoff in this sense then both continues the poète maudit myth, but adds his own variation: his poètes maudits are, mostly, concealed in characters and iconic figures from the past.

Romantic and nostalgic as the childhood-like evocations of pirates, explorers and adventurers as protagonists are, ultimately these adventurers all feel confined by the world they discovered, by the sea they sail, by the very society which defines them as pirates, explorers, discoverers, adventurers or desperados. Slauerhoff's outcasts, like the poète maudit, construct their own mythological identity outside of society, they choose a voluntary exile because they want to be in total control of their own fate: they prefer constant move and travel over a steady but disappointing destination defined by social conventions. They have not been rejected by society: they have *chosen* to reject society. Their ultimate desire is individuality: they long to be a singular individual whose self-conception is not dependent on social conventions: without society to reject or rebel against, they become anonymous figures, melancholically adrift at sea without a purpose.

2.2. ANTÓNIO MENANO REIMAGINED AS AN OUTCAST

A perfect case in point of Slauerhoff's deliberate construction of an outcast rejected from society are the four stanzas Slauerhoff dedicated to the esteemed fadista from Coimbra, António Menano, in the poem "Compagnie de Mozambique" (AG: 591-2). This poem was included in the Portuguese-themed section "Saudades" of the collection *Soleares* (1933). According to Hazeu, Slauerhoff was in the possession

of several fado records and it is only known for certain that he possessed some 78 rpm vinyl records by António Menano, although it is not sure which ones he had (Hazeu 1998: 718).

Before moving on to an in-depth analysis of the four stanzas Slauerhoff wrote about António Menano, it is necessary to contextualize the fadista António Menano. According to the biography written by Coimbra fado expert Octávio Sérgio,⁷³ António Menano (1895-1969) was “o mais conhecido e popular cantor de Fados de Coimbra do seu tempo e um dos ‘magníficos’ da Década de Oiro”⁷⁴ (Sérgio 2006). His popularity was so remarkable that Sérgio even calls it a “menanomania, ainda hoje difícil de avaliar” (Sérgio 2006). He was popular all over Portugal and even had his records sold as far as Brazil and the USA. He performed in Lisbon between 1923 and 1933 with such prominent fadistas as Alfredo Marceneiro or Adelina Fernandes. He recorded in Paris, Lisbon and Berlin between 1927 and 1930: his records were internationally released and quite easy to come by. Menano was bound to be an international star when, suddenly, he moved with his family to Mozambique in 1933 and stopped singing.

Like Slauerhoff, Menano was a doctor and in this particular instance “[A]a Medicina tinha triunfado sobre a Música,” (Sérgio 2006) to such an extent that he did not perform at all anymore. It has been assumed he stopped singing at the request of his wife and that he moved to Mozambique in order to devote his life to his family. Menano stayed in Mozambique for 30 years where he worked in a clinic, first in

⁷³ <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2006/09/antnio-menano-fornos-de-algodres-05-05.html> accessed on 28 January 2013.

⁷⁴ When he came to Lisbon, Slauerhoff experienced the first golden age of fado, which happened between 1920-30.

Inhaminga and afterwards in the city of Beira. He returned definitively to Portugal in 1961 and would return to sing the occasional fado in Coimbra. He died in Lisbon on September 11, 1969.

Slauerhoff devotes four stanzas to Menano's radical retreat from performing fado in "Compagnie de Mozambique,"⁷⁵ which was translated to English by Paul Vincent in 2007.⁷⁶ Slauerhoff only spent one night in Mozambique: the night of 30th May, 1935 (Krijger 2003: 67) but the poem "Compagnie de Mozambique" itself was published two years earlier in 1933. It is not clear how Slauerhoff had heard about the story of Menano's retirement as fadista in Mozambique. Slauerhoff claims in the sixth stanza of his poem that Menano was speculating in the shares of the Compagnie de Mozambique. No sources however were found that proved that Menano was a stockholder of the Mozambique Company, "a royal company operating in Portuguese Mozambique that had the concession of the lands in the Portuguese colony corresponding to the present provinces of Manica and Sofala in central Mozambique," operative between 1891 and 1972.⁷⁷ This anti-authoritarian poem offers a heavily ironic, critical account of the Mozambique Company, which fits into Slauerhoff's rebellious striving for emancipation and autonomy outside of the conventions of society.

From the 5th stanza onwards of "Compagnie de Mozambique," Menano becomes the protagonist: "De befaamde fadozanger/Bij wiens donkere befloerste stem/Alle vrouwen weenen en bezwijmen" (v.28-30), who is now part of the Mozambique Company against his will. Slauerhoff's Menano is impoverished through

⁷⁵ Addenda p.173-4.

⁷⁶ <http://www.poetryinternationalweb.net/pi/site/poem/item/17896/auto/J.-Slauerhoff/COMPAGNIE-DE-MOZAMBIQUE> accessed on 2 February, 2013.

⁷⁷ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mozambique_Company accessed on 28 January 2013.

gambling and speculations with shares of the Mozambique Company: “hij moest spelen en verloor/En natuurlijk speculeerend in aandelen/Van de Compagnie de Mozambique” (v.37-9). In the poem, Menano works as a doctor on a plantation of the Company, to pay off his debts, as much a slave to the Company as his patients, the indigenous Africans. Self-destructive, he destroys his beautiful fado-voice due to an overload of whisky: “verstrekt aan de employé’s/Van de Compagnie de Mozambique,” (v.54-5) comparable to the way the prototypical poète maudit ultimately destroys his own talent through substance abuse.

This particular poem gives us a crucial insight in how often Slauerhoff blurs the line between myth and historical facts of Menano’s retirement as a fadista and his move away to Mozambique. Slauerhoff projects his own state of mind on Menano and in the process he creates new legends which he presents as if they were historical facts. Slauerhoff choice of Menano as protagonist is probably not coincidental: not only must his retreat from fado have appealed to Slauerhoff’s imagination, but Slauerhoff also understood the struggle to be both a doctor and an artist, in his case a writer, when every so often his work in medicine would get in the way of his literary productivity.

Menano’s fate as outcast is in the beginning controlled by the Mozambique Company but Menano becomes the active protagonist who *enforces* his exile. The destruction of his voice and the implied further self-alienation, destruction and isolation could be interpreted as his only possible rebellious act against the Mozambique Compagny. He drinks himself hoarse with whisky, which, ironically is provided by the very company which enslaves him. His voice is such a crucial part of his identity that because he rejects and destroys his own talent, he might also be rejected from the very society which legitimates his talent, the very society in which he used to

be integrated as fadista and from which he was outcast due to his excessive gambling. His poète maudit-like self-destruction might be considered as his only possibility for escape and social freedom.

2.3. THE FADOS ADAPTED BY SLAUERHOFF

In the section “Saudades” of the collection *Soleares* (1933), two poems, “Vida triste” (AG: 596-7) and “Fado’s” (AG: 595) are included with the caption “Vertaald, anoniem” (Translated, anonymous) between brackets underneath. They have their origins in three original Portuguese fados adapted by Slauerhoff.

2.3.1. “VIDA TRISTE”

Slauerhoff had most likely heard “Vida triste” as sung by fadista Maria Alice on one of the 78 rpm vinyl records he owned. According to Hazeu, Slauerhoff bought records in Lisbon which he would then later play at home or in the homes of friends. It is necessary to contextualize Maria Alice and her oeuvre before moving on to Slauerhoff’s adaptation of the fado.

The biographical details of Maria Alice’s life were described in the June edition of 2001 of the *Lisboa* magazine dedicated to Maria Alice, “Maria Alice, Fadista 1904-1996” with the sole contribution to the magazine written by Paula Machado. Maria Alice (1904-1996) was born as Glória Mendes Leal de Carvalho on the 1st of September 1904 and left her home town of Figueira da Foz for Lisbon between 14 and 16 years of age. She did various odd jobs to make ends meet, from working in a pharmacy to being a colorist for a magazine to being a *papillon* in the Olímpia Club before she was discovered as a fadista.

In 1928 Adelina Fernandes invited her to sing at a party of the Fado da Velha Guarda after which she was offered a contract by Valentim de Carvalho who changed her name to Maria Alice. Her career took off contrary to how it normally happened: “primeiro gravou e, assim, foi uma das primeiras meninas da rádio e do disco, e só depois vieram as casas de fados e os palcos da revista” (Machado 2001: 6). In the *Casa Valentim de Carvalho*, Maria Alice recorded various songs which became popular successes, among which “Vida triste”. Valentim de Carvalho directed Maria Alice, “programava as suas aparições públicas, escolhia-lhe as músicas, os letristas, os acompanhantes e até a imagem exterior, sendo ele que decidia o vestido, o chapéu, o colar. Valentim de Carvalho construiu a sua vedeta Maria Alice” (Machado 2001: 7).

In Lisbon, she sang her *fado castiço*,⁷⁸ the most traditional form of fado, in various casas do fado: “Por exemplo, em 7 de Fevereiro de 1931 cantou no Salão Jansen,⁷⁹ depois chamado Retiro da Severa, na Grandiosa Festa do Fado em homenagem ao poeta popular João da Mata” (Machado 2001: 7). In 1934 Maria Alice travelled to Brazil and won two competitions in Rio de Janeiro. In 1945 she retired as a fadista on request of Valentim de Carvalho who told her: “A partir de agora, cantas só para mim!” (Machado: 10). She destroyed all memories and connections with the fado world, lived for 40 years in Hotel Internacional after the death of her husband Valentim de Carvalho in 1957 and died February 13, 1996 when she was 92 years old in Lar Orquídea.

As Nery points out, Maria Alice’s success should be contextualized in the professionalization of fado at the time: “No decurso da década de 20, por

⁷⁸ As opposed to the more recent *fado-canção*.

⁷⁹ See the section Illustrations of this part.

consequente, vai-se implantando em Lisboa um vasto Mercado de actuação profissional para os fadastas, que abrange cafés e cervejarias, dancings e salões de baile, teatros e cinemas, para lá – no final da década – das primeiras ‘casas do Fado’” (Nery 2004: 185). Because fado became a more democratic listening experience in its move away from bohemian saloons, the subject matter, musical approach, the repertoire, the performance and the conventions of the genre would be changed profoundly.

When listening to the lyrics of the album *1929-1931: As primeiras gravações: The first recordings* by Maria Alice, as edited by the *Arquivos do Fado* (2009), it becomes apparent how much the selected fado songs actively cultivate fado mythemes such as melancholy, nostalgia, longing and the life of the outcast and downtrodden. Her name-change from Glória Mendes Leal de Carvalho to Maria Alice already alludes to an intentional construction of a public persona where any relationship with reality or her own personal life had become irrelevant. With song titles such as “Fado triste,” sung from the point of view of a woman disgraced by men, “Fado da traição,” “Esse olhar dá-me tisteza,” “Vida triste,” “Fado da perdida,” “Voz de Portugal,” “A tristeza da Mouraria,” or “A enfeitada,” it is clear that the songs play and cultivate typical fado vagabonds personas, imagery and sentiments that refer back to the romantic context of 1840-50 in which fado and the legend of Severa materialized.

“Vida triste” was recorded in Lisbon, 1929 and released in the same year with “Carta para a prisão” as B-side.⁸⁰ The lyrics to “Vida triste” were written by J.F. Brito and the music was written by J. Souza. The two musicians accompanying Maria

⁸⁰ This record was released as a 78 rpm on Brunswick with catalogue number 8628.

Alice on Portuguese guitar and violin are unknown.⁸¹ Slauerhoff's version⁸² (AG: 596-7) was, as mentioned, included in the collection *Soleares*, in the section "Saudades" with the original Portuguese title kept intact. What Slauerhoff calls a translation is actually an adaptation: not only is the fado poem culled out of its original, musical context and transformed into a literary poem, it has also been formally reshaped.

The original fado-version contains three stanzas whereas Slauerhoff's adaptation contains eight, with the last two stanzas being a near word for word chorus-like reprise of stanzas three and four. The rhyme scheme of the original fado version follows the pattern of A-B-A-B-C-B in the first stanza, D-D-E-F-F-E in the second and G-H-G-I-H-I in the third whereas Slauerhoff's version follows the continuous A-B-A-B rhyme pattern only to break it slightly with the third verse of the sixth stanza with the word "bevredigen" (satisfy) which provides an internal rhyme of the "e" sound in "streelingen" of the first verse (v.21).

Slauerhoff's adaptation not only formally differs significantly from the original, but it is also in terms of content much more fatalistic than the original lyrics written by Brito as included in the booklet of Maria Alice's *As primeiras gravações : The first recordings 1929-1931* (2009). Slauerhoff translated the first verse, "Vida triste de quem ama" [s.p.] as "Gedoemd om droevig te leven/Wordt ieder die te veel liefheeft" (v.1-2) with "gedoemd" (doomed) enforcing the *fatum*, the inescapable destiny of an unrequited love. This *fatum* also hangs over Slauerhoff's adaptation of the second part of the first stanza, "Sinto o peito querer abrir-se/E o coração contrafeito/Como a tentar evadir-se" (v.4-6) as "Weer zocht tevergeefs aan jouw borst/Mijn gemartelde hart zijn

⁸¹ This according to the booklet of Maria Alice's *As primeiras gravações : The first recordings 1929-1931* (2009: [s.p.]).

⁸² Addenda p.175-6.

rust” (v.5-6). Slauerhoff transforms the “coração contrafeito” to the stronger image of a tortured heart “mijn gemartelde hart,” which seeks rest and peace in vain. The restless heart is the equivalent of a restless life from which there is no escape, the curse of the poète maudit, a sad destiny or fatum. This signification was not always the case: until the 19th century, the word “fado” is in lexicographical and literary sources exclusively used in the meaning of “sua raiz latina *fatum* – o destino, a sina, o percurso traçado pela Providência para cada indivíduo” (Nery 2004: 18). This conception of fado in its original usage does not imply the connotation of a doomed destiny implied in modern fados, where the fado is the equivalent of pre-destined, ineluctable, doomed life against which it is useless to fight: “a carga inevitável de um destino funesto, mas apenas remete para o de um percurso de vida pré-estabelecido e inelutável” (Nery 2004: 18). As Osório points out, fado is life, a state of inertia and lethargy: “Numa palavra, assenta na ‘destruição da razão’, na irrelevância da vontade, na inutilidade da acção” (Osório 1974: 105).

The religious imagery of the original fado, with its reference to “calvário a cruz” (v.7) is continued in the third stanza with the sin, “pecado” (v.13) of having loved “Alguém que não sabe amar” (v.15). Slauerhoff keeps the image of love as a sin: “Ik weet het, liefde is zonde/En dus kreeg ik ook mijn straf:/Ik ben voor eeuwig gebonden/Aan iemand die nooit om mij gaf” (v.17-20), but chooses a much more pessimistic reading. For Slauerhoff, the eternal, seemingly unbreakable connection between the narrator and the impossible, unrequited love like a disease controls the narrator’s melancholic fate of a life determined by a “helsche/vervloekte passie” (v.15-6) which the narrator *actively* tries to kill in vain.

Much like Maria Alice's fados were deliberately selected in order to create the mythology of the fadista, so Slauerhoff translated and adapted Maria Alice's "Vida triste" in order to make it part of his own, private mythology of the outcast which in all of its cursedness and inescapable suffering is closely related to the *poète maudit*. In his version of "Vida triste," the narrator is rejected by a love to which he is bound, seemingly beyond his control, which possesses him. In this poem, Slauerhoff uses the fado mytheme of an inescapable fate or doom in order to reshape the original fado of Maria Alice into a more fatalistic, but simultaneously more resilient poem. Maria Alice's "Vida triste" laments a rejected love: "Se tudo acaba às mãos do tempo que corre/ Porque será que não more/ Esta maldita paixão" (v.10-2). In contrast, the narrator of Slauerhoff's version is much more aware of his own inescapable fate in which he is powerless and a passive agent, but his resilience and resistance does not give out. Twice in the chorus-like repeated stanzas in the middle and at the end, he repeats: "Kan men dan nooit die helsche/Vervloekte passie dooden?" (v.15-6; v.31-2).

Faced with powerlessness and lethargy in face of an overbearing fate is more fatalistic because his narrator is fighting so hard, to no avail, against this fate in the attempt to kill the passion which torments him. Slauerhoff's "Vida triste" captures the torment of an obsession with an unrequited love, who, like a demon,⁸³ takes hold of the narrator. In this case, unlike António Menano or the discoverer, this outcast is exiled against his will: he is defined and determined by the very fado that is his life.

2.3.2. "FADO'S"

⁸³ For more information about the demonic motive in Slauerhoff's work, see Arie Pos' article "De strijd met de demon" (The battle with the demon, 1992).

The poem “Fado’s”⁸⁴ (AG: 595) consists of three stanzas divided over two sections: “Liefdeswoorden” (Love words) and “Maanlicht” (Moonlight). Arie Pos points out in his article “Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven” that the two stanzas of “Liefdeswoorden” are taken from two *fados de Coimbra* and can be found in the collection *Colectânea de fados e canções de Coimbra*, edited by J. Ribeiro Morais and published for the first time in 1982 with a new edition in 1997 (Pos 2003: 114-5). In the introduction, the Coimbra fado is defined as “essencialmente, uma canção de estudantes. Fado sofisticado, boémio, que foi exclusivo de uma elite local (os estudantes da Universidade de Coimbra), acabou por ser assimilado em todo o País” (Morais 1997: 9). Because it is not known whether Slauerhoff ever travelled to Coimbra or was even aware of the differences between the fados from Coimbra and Lisbon, it is not very important in this specific case to dwell on the differences between the two distinguished types of fado: Slauerhoff adapted, translated and re-shaped anything which carried out a certain poetics he could understand, no matter what its form or origin.

The first part of the poem, “Liefdeswoorden,” contains two stanza’s. The first stanza is an adaptation of the second quatrain of the fado “Fado de Coimbra”.⁸⁵ The music was written by Paulo de Sá and the first quatrain is “Popular,” meaning that the lyrics were passed on via the oral tradition whereas the author of the second quatrain is unknown.⁸⁶ Slauerhoff transforms the original romantic ABAB quatrain to an

⁸⁴ Addenda p.178.

⁸⁵ Addenda p.179.

⁸⁶ According to <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2005/10/discografia-de-armando-goes.html>, accessed 28 January 2013, this fado was recorded in September 1929 by Armando Goes, accompanied by Albano de Noronha and Afonso de Sousa on guitars. Because this is probably the only known recording of this song with these lyrics at that time, this was most likely the same version that Slauerhoff knew and based

approximate ABAA quatrain with the third verse resounding only because of the “a” sound of the word “verdragen” (v.4). More importantly, Slauerhoff transforms the original quatrain, a mystical ode to love which fits well in the religious context of the first quatrain. Slauerhoff’s quatrain becomes an ode to fado itself and the important role and privileged point of view of the outcast in this context: “Slechts zij die de wereld verzaakten” (v.2) know how to find the words and only they, because they have experienced the fado in their own life: only the outcast can sing and write fados. The original quatrain does not mention outcasts in general but only mentions the blinds who know words of love because they can look beyond the light of the world: “Falas de amor só as sabem/Os cegos de olhar profundo” (v.1-2). Slauerhoff’s only reference to blindness in this stanza is when he transforms the word “blind” into an adjective, blindly: “blindelings” (v.5).

The second stanza of “Fado’s” is an adaptation of the first stanza of the fado “Ai daqueles que só amam,”⁸⁷ according to the blog by Sérgio⁸⁸ also known as “Triste” or “Triste fado”, included in Morais’ anthology as well (1997: 191). The fado consists of two quatrains, with the author of the first quatrain unknown. The fado dates from around 1915-20.⁸⁹ In Slauerhoff’s version, the first stanza, even though it is culled

his poem on. Published on the record His Master’s Voice, E.Q. 245, together with the fado “Asas Brancas”, a nostalgic look back to the innocent fantasy world of a child. This fado does not seem to have influenced Slauerhoff in any way. Because this is probably the only known recording of this song with these lyrics at that time, this was most likely the same version that Slauerhoff knew and based his poem on.

⁸⁷ Addenda p.179.

⁸⁸ <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2005/05/registos-fonograficos-de-lucas.html> accessed 28 January 2013.

⁸⁹ The first known phonographic recording took place in 1926 by law-student António Batoque on a 78 rpm vinyl record edited by Columbia. Lucas Rodrigues Junot (1902-1968) also recorded this song in 1927 in the studios of Columbia in London and accompanies himself on guitar. It was also recorded by José Paradela de Oliveira in 1927 for the edition of His Master’s Voice EQ 82 and His Master’s Voice Victor 81460/master 7-62175, with significantly changed lyrics (Sergio 2005). It is unclear which version Slauerhoff may or may not have heard.

from a different fado, segues seamlessly into the second one. In Slauerhoff's adaptation, the privileged point of view of the outcast in the first stanza here is lamented: "Wee hen! Zij staan in het leven/Als blinden in breede straten" (v.6-7), implying that this privileged point of view is born out of great suffering and misery. Still, however horrible and lonely the exalted fate of the outcast, he is much better off than "hen die nooit minden,/Die zijn ziende maar zonder genade" (v.8-9), which is the equivalent of "Mas pior os que não amam/Que não são cegos nem nada" (v.8-9).

This privileged point of view of the fadista is comparable to the ambiguous position of the poète maudit: because the poète maudit stands outside of society, can write his poetry. As Pascale Brissette points out, the myth of the poète maudit "ne crée pas la légitimité littéraire ou artistique, mais il la rend possible au prix d'un travail discursif adéquat de la part de l'écrivain (ou d'un éventuel ami, biographe, éditeur, lecteur, etc.), grâce à l'association qu'il implique entre la grandeur et la souffrance" (Brissette 2008). It is this simultaneous combination of both grandeur and inescapable doom which defines the poète maudit. As Verlaine points out in the "Avant-propos" to *Les poètes maudits*: "C'est Poètes absolus qu'il fallait dire, pour rester dans le calme... Absolus par l'imagination, absolus dans l'expression, absolus comme les Reys-Netos des meilleurs siècles. Mais maudits!" (Verlaine 1888: 1) They are, in other words, absolute both in their search for a privileged vision beyond reality and absolute in their own fatalistic desire for (self-)destruction.

When looking at both the original fados entirely, it is not hard to see why Slauerhoff decided to translate these two quatrains and skipped the other quatrains

pertaining to both these fados: in the second quatrain of “Triste (Fado),”⁹⁰ there is a biblical reference in “O pobrezinho que passa/Pode ser Nosso Senhor” (v.7-8) whereas the first quatrain of “Fado de Coimbra” contains the religious dedication to “Nossa Senhora da Graça,” (v.1) which probably did not appeal to Slauerhoff’s anti-establishment poetics.

The final stanza of “Fado’s,” with the subtitle “Maneschijn” (Moonshine) is reminiscent of the beginning of the fado “Fado da Lua” in which the moon relieves the pain of lovesickness and serves as the romantic bridge between two lovers: “Ó Lua que vais tão alta/Alivia-me esta dor” (v.1-2), much like the moonshine in Slauerhoff’s poem brings comfort and color to the dead hours, “de doode uren” (v.14). This final verse is also reminiscent of “Já o luar, de mansinho/No vento reza de dor /Anda a pintar de branquinho/Na casa do meu amor” a variation of the fado “Fado da Lua,” “Um fado,”⁹¹ composed in the decade of 1920 with the author of both lyrics and music unknown. However, a specific source for this stanza to this day, most likely translated from Portuguese considering the context, remains unknown.⁹²

This stanza is not so much related to the first part, “Liefdeswoorden” but it does play with the fado mytheme of the night. As Richard Elliott points out in *Fado and the Place of Longing*, the alleyway, much like the night, “becomes a locus for transgression, for acting out a series of relationships not possible under the symbolic

⁹⁰ Addenda p.179.

⁹¹ http://portoacademico.blogspot.pt/2011_11_01_archive.html accessed 10 February, 2013. Music and lyrics author unknown. According to João Carmalho Domingues, recorded around 1928-29 by Carlos Leal, accompanied on the Portuguese guitar by Amândio Marques and Francisco Fernandes with the violin played by Pais da Silva (disco Parlophone, B 33.0301, *master* 98030).

⁹² Speculatively, Slauerhoff’s stanza might also have been inspired by the quatrain “A luz desse olhar tristonho/Que ninguém tem, faz lembrar/Essa luz feita de sonho/Que a Lua deita no mar” from the same “Triste (Fado)” as recorded by José Paradela de Oliveira in 1927 for the edition of His Master’s Voice EQ 82 e His Master’s Voice Victor 81460/master 7-62175, with significantly changed lyrics to the original fado, see addenda, p.179.

scriptural (daytime) law. Added to this are a whole set of tropes regarding light and dark, public and private, safety and danger, life and death” (Elliott 2010: 17).⁹³ Slauerhoff uses these mythemes in order to construct his own fado and embed it into his own poetics, whether these mythemes are tropes such as night and moonlight, blindness and sight, or a description of the lamented, lovesick fadista, much like the poète maudit, who despite his privileged perspective outside of society remains alone and forsaken.

2.4. “O ENGEITADO”: THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE OUTCAST

2.4.1. SLAUERHOFF’S POETICS OF AUTONOMY

The poem “O Engeitado”⁹⁴ is included in the section “Saudades” of the collection *Soleares* published in 1933. Where or how Slauerhoff had heard of the word *engeitado* is unknown, but it would have been possible for him to know the fado “A enjeitada”⁹⁵ by Maria Alice which was released in the same year as “Vida triste”. Another possible source for the word is the novel *A Enjeitada* (1866) by Camilo Castelo Branco, which in its edition of 1917 was still spelled with a “g” but has been spelled with “j” in other, more recent publications. In the libraries on board of one of the ships, he might have read this book. Whether Slauerhoff knew one of these sources is unknown, but most likely Slauerhoff spelled the word as he might have encountered it in his readings of Portuguese literature.

⁹³ Other prominent usage of shadows in fado discourse can be found in Brito’s *Fado: Vozes e Sombras* (1994), the documentary *Fado: Ombre e Lumière* by Yves Billon (1989) and the album *À noite* by Carlos do Carmo, containing 14 fados with the recurring theme of the night.

⁹⁴ Addenda p.181.

⁹⁵ According to the catalog numbers included in the booklet to *As primeiras gravações. The First Recordings. 1929-1931* by Maria Alice, “A Enjeitada” (BRUNSWICK 8626) was released just before “Vida Triste” (BRUNSWICK 8628). “A Enjeitada” was the B-side to “Fado da perda”. Addenda, p. 177.

In the second stanza of the poem, Slauerhoff writes “Ik bewandel ‘s middags de Prado’s” (v.7) and uses *prado* oblivious to its Portuguese and Spanish⁹⁶ meaning of “meadow,” which does not make sense in the context of a description of Lisbon. This word was chosen in order to make it rhyme with “fado’s” in the following verse. Then follows a quotation from a fado: “A vida é immenso tristura” (v.10). With its drawn out vowels of “tristura”, this phrase would resonate its underlying sad meaning better with a Dutch audience unfamiliar with the Portuguese language.⁹⁷ This word also rhymes with the final word of the next stanza, “samensnoeren” (to be strung together). In the following stanza, he describes women selling fish and “wezens die niets meer hopen/Dan een douro meer, voor een keer,” (v.14-5) confusing “douro” for *escudo*, the national currency at the time. *Douro* was a Portuguese word he must have heard of when he travelled to Porto for the first time,⁹⁸ and was hypothetically a reference to golden coins, “dourado,” which in this connotation would be a nostalgic reference to a long-distant past.

More than anything else, Slauerhoff wanted to associate freely and use his imagination, regardless of whether the foreign words he used were correct or authentic. This could be interpreted as carelessness, but it was actually Slauerhoff’s way to create his own world, to incorporate foreign words into his poetry in order to create his own, individual atmosphere. Janssens argues in his essay “J.J. Slauerhoff en Columbus” that Slauerhoff also expressed his anti-bourgeois sentiment “in zijn berekend onesthetisch vers, evenzeer een protest tegen de betweterij van de

⁹⁶ Slauerhoff also knew Spanish and translated poems by Ruben Dário, so it is possible that he used “prado” from his knowledge of Spanish.

⁹⁷ Note also that in Dutch the word “triest” means “sad” so any Dutch reader could tentatively derive its meaning.

⁹⁸ See part I, section 3.1.1.

schoolmeesters als zijn hele provocerende poète maudit-houding”⁹⁹ (Janssens 1994: 100). It is also the reason why in general, the discussion of the formal aspects of Slauerhoff’s poetry in this dissertation is skipped: he often plays with the form of the sonnet or other conventional poetic forms but always in such an arbitrary, intuitive way that the conventions of the form for Slauerhoff only exist for him to constantly break it. This way he turns the form into another aspect of his poetics of individuality and social rebellion against conventions.

In the article “Het gedicht als woning of als kraakpand,” (The poem as a dwelling or as squat, 1992) Kleinrensink quotes an oral statement by Slauerhoff’s editor K. Lekkerkerker: “Slauerhoff ging sterk op rijmklanken af”¹⁰⁰ and defines this systematic approach as an autonomist conception (Kleinrensink: 49). The sound and associative effects of words and phrases were for Slauerhoff therefore much more important than any grammatical or contextual accuracy ever could provide.

2.4.2. THROUGH THE EYES OF THE OUTCAST

This autonomy or idiosyncrasy also spills over in the subject matter of “O engeitado,” which is completely devoted to the solitary perspective of the outcast. The Portuguese word itself, “engeitado”, according to *Dicionário da Língua Portuguesa Contemporânea* (2001), has two entries, the first one: “1. Que se recusou; que se rejeitou ou abandonou. (...) 2. Que foi desprezado ou abandonado pelos pais. (...)” with two other significations in the context of the animal world, whereas the second entry reads: “1. Criança posta na roda; o que foi abandonado pelos pais ~ EXPOSTO. 2.

⁹⁹ In his calculated unaesthetic verse, just as much a protest against the pedantry of the schoolmasters as his entire provocative poète-maudit posture.

¹⁰⁰ Slauerhoff relied strongly on rhyme sounds.

Pessoa desprotegida. *Os enjeitados da sorte*” (Academia das Ciências de Lisboa, 2001: 1423). Considering the context of his oeuvre, Slauerhoff most likely had the connotation of “outcast” or “reject” in mind.

“O enjeitado” describes Lisbon seen through the eyes of the outcast. The narrator’s geographical position in the poem is literally peripheral. He sits by the “oevers van de Taag./Aan de gele, afhellende oevers” (v.3-4) and defines his existence as exalted, “verheven” (v.6) which has the connotation of a privileged, lofty position, away from the mundane society. Not only is his own position pertaining to Lisbon peripheral, he also projects his own isolation on Lisbon who in the narrator’s perspective has become peripheral in the context of Europe, a city “eens stad der steden / Die ‘t verleden voortsleept in ‘t heden, / En ruïnes met roem verwart” (AG: 599). His personal victories and discoveries, presumably related to love, are projected on the historical discoveries and conquests of Lisbon. The delusion, “waan” he is enchanted, “betooverd” by (v.31) is his belief in eternal youth, or life, the belief in endurance. As the narrator is confronted with Lisbon’s faith in a restoration of past glories,¹⁰¹ the narrator becomes aware of his refusal to look his own decay and looming death in the eye.

The narrator, like Slauerhoff in his travels through Lisbon and Macau,¹⁰² ties his fate up with Lisbon’s fate: the disease of Lisbon, its inability to forget and live in the present, the city’s decay and retreat into a self-constructed utopia in the form of a mythologized golden age, is the same disease which torments him, which is why in Lisbon “heeft het zin om te sterven” (v.26). Lisbon with the Tagus from where the

¹⁰¹ See part III section 3.2.

¹⁰² See part I, section 3.1.

discoverers parted, is the disease, Lisbon is the ailment that will kill him, “die zijn tijd afwacht” (v.12). The narrator, the peripheral outcast, disappears in Lisbon and fuses his identity and his own projected hopeless fate with the city. There he walks in the streets among other outcasts: fishwives, “vrouwen die visch verkopen” (v.13), prostitutes, described as creatures hoping for nothing more “Dan een douro meer, voor een keer” (v.15) and fadistas who with their fados “mijn kilte tot droefenis dwingen” (v.20).

He sees Lisbon’s ruins and the city’s inability to let go of the past and he himself cannot help but notice his own decay and looming disease, which fits into the poetics of the poète maudit who uses the gift of poetry in order to make sense of and elevate his own suffering, as Pascale Brissette points out: “D’une part, le mythe y est perçu comme un schème culturel permettant de donner du sens à l’expérience humaine de tous les jours, et notamment aux expériences douloureuses comme la maladie – ici la phtisie –, qui trouve dans le mythe une explication positive” (Brissette 2008). Lisbon is “het graf van den grootsten droom” (v.35), the physical manifestation of his own mortality, his own innermost dissatisfaction with reality. Death looms over him like over a poète maudit. In the eyes of the outcast, Lisbon is the perfect place to die, or to disappear.

2.5. FADO AS A PLACE OF REFUGE

The narrator of Slauerhoff’s poem “Fado”¹⁰³ (AG: 595), from the same section “Saudades” of the collection *Soleares*, wanders around in Lisbon, anonymously and unknown. He is defined by his inertia, an inertia which even causes him to question the causal relation between his inertia and his melancholy. The first verse of the poem

¹⁰³ Addenda p.183.

reads: “Ben ik traag omdat ik droef ben” (v.1) counteracted by the second stanza: “Of ben ik droef omdat ik traag ben” (v.5). He never ventures into the world, only knows Lisbon from the periphery, “van bij de Taag” (v.7), where no one knows him¹⁰⁴ and prefers to walk around “doelloos in donkere stegen/Van de armoedige Mouraria” (v.9-10). His inertia is directly related to his own cursed state, his fate, his lethargic fado: like the outcasts of Mouraria,¹⁰⁵ he himself lives his fado “zonder liefde, lust, hoop...” (v.12).

Similar to the narrator of “O engeitado,” he disappears into the city, in this case specifically, the underbelly of the city. It is a remarkable paradox: the longing for individuality of Slauerhoff’s outcasts is in both “O engeitado” and “Fado” counteracted by a desire to disappear, whether in the city of Lisbon or in its marginal, low-life inhabitants. Much like Slauerhoff projected his own life and inner restlessness on Camões,¹⁰⁶ this narrator projects himself on the impoverished underbelly of Lisbon, even though Slauerhoff himself never was as poor.¹⁰⁷ His poète maudit attitude in which he searches for the outer limits of society and his identification with low-lives and vagabonds is part of his literary persona as outcast, is more literary pose and mythology than a lived reality.

Pos argues in “Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven,” that his fundamental unease with life, his “gevoel een rusteloos voortgedreven balling in een vijandige tijd te

¹⁰⁴ In the Portuguese translation by Mila Vidal Paletti for Cristina Branco’s *O descobridor*, “Fado”, this verse is translated as “Onde anónimo como sempre, me afundo” (Branco 2002: 27).

¹⁰⁵ That Slauerhoff references Mouraria is probably not a coincidence since Mouraria has always been considered as the cradle of the fado to this day commemorated with the sculpture of a Portuguese guitar with a dedication “Mouraria Berço do Fado”. Severa also died in the Rua de Capelão.

¹⁰⁶ See part III, section 3.3.

¹⁰⁷ This is why throughout my discussion of the poems I refer to the narrator as often as possible. Even though Slauerhoff’s poems were presumably biographically inspired, it is necessary to make a distinction between himself and his literary narrators. This is also part of why Slauerhoff for such a long time has been underrated or misunderstood: his literature was all too often considered as merely autobiographical.

zijn, maakte hem vatbaar voor identificaties met lotgenoten uit het verleden. Het contact en de verwantschap met even gedoemde zielen konden enige troost en verlichting brengen”¹⁰⁸ (Pos 1992: 26). This dissatisfaction with the increasing modernization and acceleration that characterized his own time might also explain his love for the nostalgia of fado and Lisbon. In “O engeitado,” the narrator rhymes the river “Taag” with “traag” (slow) in the third and sixth verse of the first stanza whereas in “Fado” the narrator’s slowness, or inertia is part of his fado. It is also characteristic of Slauerhoff’s own restlessness (and inertia) that, much as he appreciated this slowness, it would also start to annoy him and would become one of the reasons for not moving to Lisbon when he would also criticize the “loomheid” (languor) of Lisbon in a letter to Terborgh.¹⁰⁹

In both “Fado” and “O engeitado”, fado serves as a comfort or relief to the isolation and inertia of the narrators, who consider themselves outcasts because they chose to act like that. Much like the other outcasts of Slauerhoff’s work, they prefer to be an outcast in order to be removed from the conventions of society but they feel uncomfortable and melancholic in their peripheral, solitary position. Because integration and adaptation to the social norms is not an option, they can only project their own misunderstood misery on the sad, romanticized fate of low-lives and other outcasts, whether they are the current-day prostitutes and fishwives of Lisbon or historical figures like Camões, pirates or Columbus. In “O engeitado,” the narrator is confronted with his own sadness when he hears the following fado: “Ik heb niets tot troost dan mijn klacht./Het leven kent geen genade,/Niets heb ik dan mijn fado/Om te

¹⁰⁸ Feeling of being a restlessly propelled exile in a hostile time, made him susceptible to identifications with peers from the past. The contact and the affiliation with equally doomed souls could bring some comfort and relief.

¹⁰⁹ See part I, section 3.1.3.

vullen mijn leege¹¹⁰ nacht” (v.21-24), in itself a projection of his own state of mind on fado because these verses are presented in the poem as a quotation.

The idea of fado as a place of refuge is reflected in one of his most famous poems in the Netherlands and Belgium, “Woninglooze” (Homeless, AG: 259).¹¹¹ It opens with “Alleen in mijn gedichten kan ik wonen,/Nooit vond ik ergens anders onderdak” (v.1-2). No matter where the poet ends up, “steppen stad en woud,” (v.7) he always has the shelter of his poetry. Like the description of Lisbon, the city that drags its own ruins on into the present, is the spacialization of time, is the representation of a demonic past that takes over the present, so the passing of time is spacialized in “Woninglooze” with passing images of steppes, cities, forests, the wild, a tent that was taken in a storm. This poem is reflective of both an autonomous and expressive poetics: the autonomous, individual outcast can only find shelter in the poetry he writes, which is a romanticized projection or expression of his own identity.

Slauerhoff refers, cites and adapts texts, words and ideas in order to make them his own, texts which have nostalgic or exotic connotations this way enter his work. As Renate Lachmann points out in the article “Mnemonic and Intertextual Aspects of Literature”, intertextuality and mnemotechnic procedures, procedures like referencing, citing, metaphors or anagrams that serve to memorize other texts from the past, are characteristic of any type of literature: “All texts participate, repeat, and constitute acts of memory; all are products of their distancing and surpassing of

¹¹⁰ In the Portuguese translation by Mila Vidal Paletti for Cristina Branco’s *O descobridor*, “O enjeitado” this is translated as: “a noite, sem amor” (Branco 2002: 15), which is less implicit and subtle than Slauerhoff’s original version.

¹¹¹ Addenda p.184. This poem was also translated by Fernando Venâncio in *Uma migalha na saia do universo* (1996).

precursor texts. (...) As a collection of intertexts, the text itself is a memory place” (Lachmann 2008: 305).

In Slauerhoff’s poetics, the poem, or literature for that matter, like fado, becomes an intertextual memory place, a safe haven filled with nostalgic remainders of the past, a continuous certainty in the literary pose of the restless poète maudit. In the text, Slauerhoff, like “De ontdekker” or “Columbus” searches for an impossible dimension, beyond time and space. The outcast *is* the poet who rebels against society, like Slauerhoff’s re-invention of António Menano, or fights against his own demonic obsessions with an unrequited love in Slauerhoff’s adaptation of “Vida triste”. Their admired, privileged point of view which allows them to sing *fados* or write poetry is lamented due to the isolation and anonymous existence it causes. The fate that the majority of Slauerhoff’s outcasts have chosen is to be an outcast and to reject social conventions. However, due to their own inertia and restless tendencies, this fate brings them nothing but melancholy and torment which they express in their poems and fados.

3. CRISTINA BRANCO'S *O DESOBRIDOR*:

UNCONVENTIONAL FADO

3.1. ABOUT CRISTINA BRANCO AND THE NETHERLANDS

There has been no specific study to explain why fado in the Netherlands (and Belgium to some extent) is so popular, nor can the extent of its popularity be precisely quantified. There is the Dutch website Fado.nu,¹¹² completely dedicated to fado and fado-concerts in the Netherlands. In the Netherlands, fado is given a whole new cachet and labeled as “world music”. It is generally listened to in theaters or concert halls (even some as prestigious as “Het Concertgebouw” in Amsterdam where Cristina Branco performed in 2012) which pulls a wealthy, educated class of people to fado.

There have also been two Dutch publications about fado, both of them quite picturesque and romantic in their descriptions. *Fado: De tranen van de Taag* (2001) by Flemish fado and *flamenco*-expert, Dirk Lambrechts is probably the most important publication when it comes to fado-music in the Dutch language. It is a personal, impressionistic account and interpretation of fado and its history, as much travelogue as poetic guide and is therefore not a complete encyclopedia on fado, nor does it pretend to be. Dirk Lambrechts dedicates a brief section of his work to Slauerhoff, his relationship with Lisbon and his love for fado music (Lambrechts 2001: 116-120). A second publication on Lisbon, *Dertig jaar verslaafd aan Lissabon* by the

¹¹² <http://www.fado.nu> accessed on 21 December, 2012.

known Flemish musicologist and conductor Paul Van Nevel¹¹³ (2006) follows the same travelogue-like, impressionistic vein as Lambrechts and also includes a chapter on fado: “Een stad gesmoord in woord en fado” (A city smothered in word and fado, Nevel 2006: 161-221). Paul van Nevel’s travels in Portugal all started with him reading Slauerhoff’s “O engeitado”: “Verzen die het doelloos dwalen in de wijken van Lissabon beschreven, prikkelden mijn adolescente drang naar een voor mij onbekende stad”¹¹⁴ (Van Nevel 2006: 9). Paul Van Nevel is also one of the founders of the Associação portuguesa dos amigos do fado.¹¹⁵

In the context of a growing popularity of fado in the Netherlands it is particularly fitting that Cristina Branco recorded an entire fado album with poems by Slauerhoff translated to Portuguese. Her album *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* contributed substantially as it sold enough copies to be awarded platinum. Cristina Branco, born in 1972 in Almeirim in the Ribatejo region, originally never wanted to be a fadista. She was only certain she wanted to sing fado after hearing an album by Amália Rodrigues, who to this day is probably the most legendary and (internationally) famous of all fadistas. She became a *cantadora (de fados)*, reluctant to call herself a fadista because she likes to play with the conventions of fado: “Não me considero fadista. Ponto. Canto fado. Canto o meu fado. Aquela ideia do xaile, aquele dramatismo

¹¹³ Interestingly, Paul Van Nevel, who is a musicologist and culture historian, has recorded an album as director of the Huelgas Ensemble, *Tears of Lisbon* (1996). It was recorded in Belgium, Ghent in 1995 and includes a mixture of traditional fado alongside music of the Renaissance.

¹¹⁴ Verses which described the purposeless roaming in the alleys of neighborhoods of Lisbon, excited my adolescent desire for a city that was unknown to me.

¹¹⁵ This organization also has its own blog: <http://apafamigosdofado.blogspot.pt> accessed on 21 December, 2012.

não tem nada a ver comigo”.¹¹⁶ Significantly, the first album she records (and publishes herself, initially) is *Cristina Branco Live in Holland* which consists of a selection from two concerts given on the 25th of April, 1996.¹¹⁷ The album would go on to sell in excess of 5000 copies.

Her connection with the Netherlands was fortified when her manager José Melo invited her to sing for the *Circulo de Cultura Portuguesa na Holanda* (CCPH) where he was the chairman. This organization would then go on to re-release her first album *Live in Holland* in 1997 and would also eventually take care of publishing *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff* three years later. This album consisted of nothing but poems by Slauerhoff translated and adapted in Portuguese by Mila Vidal Paletti and composed as fados by Custódio Castelo.

Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff (and its international re-release with three new songs as *O descobridor* in 2002) would turn out to be her last record with a strong footing in Dutch culture. The records that follow have, much like *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff*, a thematic, conceptual unity and often contain unconventional, experimental approaches and arrangements. Some of the most notable of her albums in this respect are *Abril* (2007), dedicated to the songs of José “Zeca” Afonso, a colorful, imaginative album which leans towards light-jazz and world music and hardly contains any fado songs and *Ulisses* (2005).¹¹⁸ It was probably due to her

¹¹⁶ This according to an interview by João Lisboa with Cristina Branco to be found on <http://lithubna.blogspot.pt/2007/11/virar-pginas-cristina-branco-props-edio.html> accessed on 12 November, 2012.

¹¹⁷ Note here as well the symbolism in the date of 25th of April, the day that Portugal officially became a democracy in 1974

¹¹⁸ *Ulisses* contains a mix of fado and other, international genres, including a remarkable piano-only cover of “A case of you” by American singer-songwriter Joni Mitchell and serves as proof of how Cristina Branco looks outside of the confined genre of what fado is. It is because of albums like these that she calls herself a cantadora and not a fadista.

sense of non-conventionalism and autonomy that her interest in the poems of Slauerhoff sparked. To this day she remains very popular in the Netherlands, where, according to her Dutch Wikipedia page,¹¹⁹ she gave 24 concerts in support of her latest album. There has also been a Dutch documentary devoted to her work, *A minha casa*¹²⁰ (2004) made by Leendert Pot with Michel Schöpping, the musical director of both *Cristina Branco in Holland* (1997) and *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff* (2000).

3.2. ABOUT CRISTINA BRANCO CANTA SLAUERHOFF (2000) AND O DESCOBRIDOR (2002)

There have been two editions released of Cristina Branco's Slauerhoff-fados with significant differences. The first edition was released in the Netherlands by the CCPH in 2000, entitled *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* with nine songs.¹²¹ This original edition was marketed towards a Dutch audience with the poems by Slauerhoff included in their original form with a parallel Portuguese translation in the booklet, as was the case with any other notes and essays included.¹²² The second edition, *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* was released internationally in 2002 by EmArcy/Universal France. In the booklet of *O descobridor*, the notes of the previous

¹¹⁹ http://nl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cristina_Branco accessed on 19 December 2012.

¹²⁰ This documentary was also displayed at the Slauerhoff festival. I have tried to obtain the documentary by request via <http://www.beeldengeluid.nl> accessed on 22 January 2013, which due to copyright restrictions, was declined. The documentary can be consulted for free only at the institution itself, Nederlands Instituut voor Beeld en Geluid, Media Park, Sumatrалаан 45, Hilversum. Director Leendert Pot made a movie titled *Saudade* about world music in Rotterdam, according to his website <http://www.leendertpot.nl> accessed on 22 January 2013.

¹²¹ The tracklisting for *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* in the correct order is: "Os solitarios", "O descobridor", "Aspiração", "Vida triste", "A uma princesa distante", "Fado", "Angústia", "Saudade", "O enjeitado" (recited in Dutch by Cees Nooteboom who reads "engeitado", not "enjeitado").

¹²² Also included in the early, Dutch edition was a brief essay "Slauerhoff en saudade" by Patricia Couto after a foreword by José Melo and a description of the recording process ("Sfeerverslag") written by music director Michel Schöpping and Eelco Grimm who was responsible for the recording, mixing and mastering of the album. Both editions include a similar foreword by José Melo and a note about the translations by translator Mila Vidal Paletti.

edition¹²³ and all of Slauerhoff's poems were translated to French and English as well, indicative of an international release of the album. Most importantly, *O descobridor* includes three fados not included in *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff*: "O enfeitado II," "Chegada" and "Mulher à janela," tracks 3, 4 and 10 respectively.¹²⁴ "O enfeitado II" is a fado version of Slauerhoff's "O enfeitado" with the recitation by Cees Nooteboom accompanied by an acoustic and Portuguese guitar as it was included on *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* again as the final track on the album.

The songs on *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff* were recorded in Leeuwarden, Friesland, hometown to Slauerhoff, in the Bonifatiuschurch in Leeuwarden from 3rd to 6th November 1999. The three new songs included on *O descobridor*, "O enfeitado II," "Chegada" and "Mulher à janela" were not recorded in Leeuwarden, Friesland but in Portugal, in the Misericórdia-church in Santarém, two years after the first recordings, from 21st to 24th January 2002. Throughout the album, Branco is accompanied by Portuguese guitar, acoustic guitar and the occasional violin in "A uma princesa distante" or "Saudade" which, deliberately or not, brings to mind the fado of the 1920s when violins were common practice on fado recordings.

The project itself started with José Melo, manager of Cristina Branco and chairman of the CCPH, who, according to the foreword in the booklet of *O descobridor* had known the poems of Slauerhoff ten years before the actual recording of the album. José Melo appointed Mila Vidal Paletti to translate a selection of Slauerhoff's poems in order for them to be composed by Custódio Castelo and sung by Cristina Branco. It was

¹²³ The "Sfeerverslag" by Schöpping and Grimm and the essay by Patricia Couto were deleted from this edition.

¹²⁴ The tracklisting for *O descobridor* in the correct order is "Os solitários", "O descobridor", "O enfeitado II", "Chegada", "Aspiração", "Vida triste", "A uma princesa distante", "Fado", "Angústia", "Mulher à janela", "Saudade", "O enfeitado".

Mila Vidal Paletti who selected the poems, “aqueles que pela sua expressão e sentiment melhor se enquadravam no context e na temática do Fado, enviando-os em seguida ao Custódio e a Cristina, que me davam a sua opiniã. Uma vez de acordo, o Custódio passava à composição musical”.¹²⁵ Sometimes words were adapted or changed or deleted in order for it sound better or for the songs to be more fluent.¹²⁶ It should also be noted that Slauerhoff’s poems in their original version already are very musical with intriguing internal rhymes, rhythms and pace. As Hendrik de Vries points out in “De muzikaliteit van Slauerhoffs poëzie” (The musicality of Slauerhoff’s poetry, 1982: 192-5), they are the expressions of a certain mood, of an atmosphere, what he calls a “ziele-sfeer” (soul-atmosphere, de Vries 1982: 193) due to “het bedwelmende-zelf der droefgeestigheid die hij in zich droeg, had iets dat geurde naar muziek, en de fado’s”¹²⁷ (de Vries 1982: 194).

The titles of the translations have also corrected Slauerhoff’s spelling idiosyncrasy: “Angústia” and “O engeitado” becomes “O enjeitado”. In the case of the translation of “O enjeitado,”¹²⁸ the verse mentioning “douro,” Slauerhoff’s invented currency for the prostitutes of Lisbon, has been translated as: “E os entes que já nada esperam/-‘Mais um copo pra esquecer’” (v.14-5). The original “A vida é imenso tristura” has been changed slightly, to a more grammatically correct “A vida é imensa tristura,” (v.10) keeping the dramatic, polonged sound effect of “tristura” and “Ik bewandel ‘s middags de prado’s” is translated as “De tarde vagueio pelos prados” (v.7).

¹²⁵ This according to an e-mail conversation with Mila Vidal Paletti on the 30th August of 2012.

¹²⁶ For a further, in-depth, critical analysis of the translations, I refer to the article “Enkele punten van kritiek op de Slauerhoff-cd van Cristina Branco” (Some points of criticism on the Slauerhoff-cd by Cristina Branco” by Ruud Harmsen on the website <http://rudhar.com/musica/slaucrnl.htm> accessed -19 December 2012.

¹²⁷ The intoxicating-self of melancholy which he carried within him, had something that smelled of music, and the fados.

¹²⁸ Addenda p.181.

Oftentimes, there are also small discrepancies between the translations included in the booklet and the words Cristina Branco actually sings, especially in the case of “O enfeitado II” where significant sections of the translation are left out, presumably because it was too difficult to fit them into the structure of the song.

The inclusion of “O enfeitado”, “Aankomst”¹²⁹ (“Chegada”), “Vida triste,” “Fado,” “Angustia” and “Saudade” is self-explanatory because they are all translations of poems that thematically deal with Portuguese culture in their references to fado, saudade and Lisbon. Other Portuguese poems such as “Lisboa” or “Camoës” were not included because, according to Paletti “eram demasiado descritivos e/ou factuais, não sugerindo tanto os sentimentos aliados ao fado, como a saudade ou a nostalgia, e por tal menos indicados para líricas de fados”. To my knowledge, none of the people involved were aware of the fact that “Vida triste” was actually an adaptation of the fado by Maria Alice, so the Portuguese translation that was made, was only based on Slauerhoff’s version and not written with the original fado in mind.

Less obvious would be the inclusion of such poems which in their original version seem to bear no direct link to Portuguese culture: “De ontdekker,”¹³⁰ (“O descobridor”) “De eenzamen,” (“Os solitários”) “Verlangen,” (“Aspiração”) “Voor de verre prinses” (“A uma princesa distante”) en “Vrouw aan het venster” (“Mulher à janela”).¹³¹ However, their inclusion references and plays with fado mythology and fado mythemes such as distance, loneliness, longing, impossible desires and, in the case of “Vrouw aan het venster,” the importance of the gaze symbolized by the window which in this poem is both the embodiment of distance and paradoxically the only way the

¹²⁹ See part III, Conclusion.

¹³⁰ See this part, section 2.1.

¹³¹ See part III, section 2.

protagonist feels, experiences and connects to the world outside of herself. The inclusion of “De ontdekker” in the context of fado might not only be an acknowledgement of the *saudoso* mentality which characterizes a large part of his work, but might also in the context of a fado album be a reference to the, dubious, maritime origins of fado and the genre’s associations with the sea.

3.3. IN THE SLIPSTREAM OF *CRISTINA BRANCO CANTA SLAUERHOFF* AND *O DESCOBRIDOR*: NYNKE LAVERMAN AND BLØF

3.3.1. NYNKE LAVERMAN’S *SIELESÂLT* (2004)

In the context of the popularity of fado in the Netherlands, it is also interesting to note the album *Sielesâlt* (2004) by Nynke Laverman, who comes from Friesland, the same province as Slauerhoff did. *Sielesâlt* (literally translated as “soul salt,” a wordplay on “see salt,” (sea salt) was her debut album and consisted of fado-like songs sung in Frisian, the second official language spoken in Friesland.

The selected fado-like songs¹³² were all translations of Slauerhoff, which she had adapted to fit the melodies and compositions by Custódio Castelo from *O descobridor*, *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff* (2002), omitting the same verses as Cristina Branco does in “O Enjeitado”. The inclusion of “De frou oan it finster” and a sung version of “O enjeitado,” which were among the three new songs included only in the 2002 international edition of Branco’s album, not in the original Dutch 2000 edition, proves that she had listened to the most recent version of Branco’s album.

¹³² In order of appearance, the songs are: “De iensumen” (The lonely ones), “De frou oan it finster” (The woman by the window), “Vida trista”, “Der wie ris” (Once upon a time, a song she wrote herself), “De ûntdekker” (The discoverer), “Angústia”, “Foar de fiere prins” (For the distant prince, changing the “princess” from the original title to “prince”) and “O enjeitado”.

Laverman's arrangements are a bit more colorful and varied than on *O descobridor* and often include brushes, soft drums or violins. Laverman sings the songs also in a more subdued fashion, resulting in an album which often echoes fado and the feel of fado songs, but which due to the strange language and the broader arrangements is transformed into something else entirely. *Sielesâlt* was a success: it reached gold, which at the time meant it had sold more than 40,000 copies. She had made the translations from Dutch to Frisian by herself and according to the biography on her website. She was awarded a literary prize for her translations.¹³³

3.3.2. BLØF, SLAUERHOFF AND CRISTINA BRANCO

Dutch rock-band BLØF is a phenomenon in the Netherlands (they never managed to break through in Belgium) and has been so for twenty years now. Not only do they reach a vast audience in the Netherlands, they manage to do so all the while singing Dutch lyrics, written by bass-player Peter Slager, which with their intricate wordplay and metaphors often refer to other poems and writers. This was also the case with *Watermakers* (2000). Songs such as "Watermakers" (simultaneously a reference to tears as making water, sinking), "Heimwee" (Homesickness), "Waar de oceaan begint" (Where the ocean begins) or "Dansen aan zee" (Dance by the sea) dealt with the sea, restlessness, lost loves, impossible desires and a heady sense of nostalgia. It should come as no surprise then that the lyrics were inspired by Jan Jacob Slauerhoff, as BLØF-biographer Ernst Jan Rozendaal indicates in BLØFs first biography, *Hier: 20 Jaar BLØF*, published in 2012 for the occasion of their 20th birthday: "De van

¹³³ This according to the information to be found on her website, <http://www.nynkelaverman.nl/nederlands> accessed on 18 December 2012. For the lyrics to two songs by Laverman, see addenda p.185.

Slauerhoff geleende thematiek van afscheid en water is de link tussen veel nummers. Beide elementen zitten in de titel van het liedje “Watermakers”, waarin het zoute water verwijst naar de zee en naar tranen”¹³⁴ (Rozendaal 2012: 147).

Two years later, Cristina Branco and BLØF duet together on the 19th of March in 2002 on the song “Dansen aan zee”¹³⁵ for a tv-program called “Paradiso Life” where artists play together with guests they have chosen themselves.¹³⁶ Cristina Branco, after years of performing in the Netherlands, had finally had her breakthrough with *Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff* (2000). The performance of “Dansen aan zee,” which in its original, all-Dutch, non-duet incarnation had been a significant hit two years earlier and was therefore well-known amongst the audience, was a massive success. In 2004, two years after their duet, BLØF and Cristina Branco record a new song together for *Umoja*,¹³⁷ (2006) where each of the 13 new songs were recorded in a different country with different guest musicians representing a part of the respective local music culture. Indirectly, the perception of fado as “world music” is, in this way, confirmed. BLØF records this new song “Herinnering aan later”¹³⁸ (Memory of later) at Cristina Branco’s home in Óbidos, Portugal,

The new song, much like “Dansen aan zee” before, is a duet sung by Cristina Branco and the lead singer Paskal Jakobson with the lyrics unfolding like a

¹³⁴ The themes of goodbye and water, borrowed from Slauerhoff, are the links between many songs. Both elements are in the title of the song “Watermakers”, where the salty water refers both to the sea and tears.

¹³⁵ Addenda p.187.

¹³⁶ Incidentally, BLØF had given the whole broadcast a Portuguese theme: not only did they sing together with Cristina Branco, they also performed a duet with Fernando Lameirinhas, a Portuguese singer who has been living in the Netherlands for twenty years now, after contributing to his album *O Destino* two years earlier in 2000. They perform his song “Abraça me”, with parts of it translated into Dutch (with the title changed to “Omhelst me dan”) and sung by lead-singer Paskal Jakobsen, like on the album version on *O Destino*. That evening, they also performed a song with the Portuguese cello-octet Conjunto Ibérico. (Rozendaal 2012: 228)

¹³⁷ *Umoja* is Swahili and means “Unity”.

¹³⁸ Addenda p.189.

dialogue between two lovers, both of them bearing witness to their unavoidable separation. and harkens back to the Slauerhoff-inspired themes and subjects of *Watermakers* (2000): restlessness, the need to go roaming, the enchanting pull of the sea and the impossible desire for a future that was promised but never will be fulfilled. The Portuguese lyrics were translated and adapted by Peter Slager, Cristina Branco and Mila Vidal Paletti. Cristina Branco's then-husband and main composer Custódio Castelo plays the Portuguese guitar throughout the song, which is an interesting marriage between the rigid rhythm and song-structure of rock-ballads and the looser, more dynamic fado-melodies. BLØF and Cristina Branco would perform both "Herinnering aan later" and "Dansen aan zee" live in Rotterdam, as registered on the documentary and concert registration *Een manier om thuis te komen* (A way to come home, 2007), where they brought most of the collaborators of *Umoja* together in a brief series of concerts.

For both Cristina Branco and BLØF, their collaboration was very successful. These collaborations and Cristina Branco's project, together with the album *Sielesâlt* by Nynke Laverman prove not only how accessible fado-music in the Netherlands can be but also how successful and influential Cristina Branco's album was in the Netherlands and how Slauerhoff's influence reached far beyond the conventions of the literary world which should come as no surprise in the context of a writer who was not only inspired by literature but by music as well. It also shows how Slauerhoff's reputation for idiosyncrasy and rebellion manages to address new artists and audiences. Most Slauerhoff-readers and aficionados start to read Slauerhoff in their teenage years, when these ideas of travelling the world, rebelling against the bourgeois society and a general sense of unease and restlessness oftentimes make up a crucial part of any

teenager's life. However, Slauerhoff is still read by many of the same people that started reading him when they were teenagers: his anti-bourgeois mentality, his non-Dutch, non-conformist mentality appeals to this day to a wide audience and can therefore also easily be integrated in pop culture, which profiles itself often as rebellious and non-conformist.

4. CONCLUSION

Slauerhoff's narrators are trapped in their own metaphorical wells, whether they are poets, pirates, Columbus or other restless discoverers. All of them are betrayed by their own position as outcast, by the way they are defined by society; they are betrayed by the loneliness and isolation of the reality behind their own desire for non-conventionalism, individualism and autonomy. In order to relieve themselves from the loneliness of an anonymous existence in the periphery of society, they search for relief and comfort in exactly that which defines them as outcast, whether it is fado as fadista or poetry as poète maudit. They are romanticized, tormented poseurs who pretend to be fadistas or poètes maudits, who use their fados and poetry in order to separate themselves from society and simultaneously to find relief and peace from the very loneliness and isolation they have created themselves. They project themselves on the lives of real outcasts, low-life and vagabonds in order to depersonalize, to escape their own individuality and find comfort in the fate of what they consider to be souls with a similar destiny. Nery points out that, in fado, a similar construction of image and persona, what Osório calls the mythology of the fadista, takes place, already because of its very name:

Há neste uso da palavra 'fado' uma intenção simultaneamente moralista e pragmática, com algum toque de sentimentalidade romântica: pretende-se assim, antes de mais, identificar e circunscrever um universo que está à margem da 'boa sociedade', e fazê-lo em termos de reprovação moral e social inequívoca, mas ao mesmo tempo veicular uma aceitação implícita desse universo como uma espécie de 'mal necessário' cujas protagonistas nele teriam sido precipitadas menos por um qualquer intuito intrinsecamente perverso do que pela má sorte, pelas suas estrelas funestas, por um destino cruel incontornável, sendo por isso mais de lamentar do que de condenar no plano individual. (Nery 2004: 40).

This is the central mythology of fado and of Slauerhoff's poetry: both use similar mythemes in order to construct and romanticize outcast-personas, projections of low-lives, of vagabonds. In the same way, Maria Alice's fadista personality was a deliberate construction: from her new more accessible name to the fados that Valentim de Carvalho selected for her: they all create the mythology of the fadista, they create the mythology of the cursed, pre-destined life from which there is no escape and which can only be lamented and relieved by fado. This mythology of fado might explain why in the Netherlands fado has such an impressive audience that does not in general speak Portuguese and is generally not intimately familiar with Lisbon or Portugal nor its history. It also serves to explain why Slauerhoff to this day is widely read and inspired various media outside of the literary fields, from documentaries to theatre pieces to fados sung by non-conventional singers as Cristina Branco and Nynke Laverman to the Dutch rock-music by BLØF. The fado-inspired poetry by Slauerhoff and Portuguese fados themselves invite projection: they use mythemes, images and metaphors, related to the life of the outcast like the night, shadows, the alleyways, Lisbon, the hidden corners of Mouraria and this way appeal to the audience for them to depersonalize themselves, to romanticize other lives, to escape to the self-proclaimed unspeakable, to the pull of mystery, to the tangible intangibility of saudade.

ILLUSTRATIONS



Maria Alice



Alfredo Marceneiro, Lucília do Carmo, Maria Alice in O Faia restaurant.

Grandiosas e imponentes matinées de FADO
NA CERVEJARIA JANSEN (Rua António Maria Cardoso)

Inauguração!
Domingo, 2 de Fevereiro, de 1930!
 (As 10 horas e 30 minutos)

Maria Estela Ferreira
 Admirável e sensacional programa em que figuram os principais cantadores, cantadeiras e guitarristas.
 Rigorosa seleção nas produções poéticas que se vão cantadas nestas matinées, que vão constituir um maravilhoso acontecimento na vida lisboeta.

Expectáculos especialmente destinados a vulgarizar o Cancão Nacional, tornando conhecida, como merece, toda a surpreendente riqueza do folclore português, na parte que diz respeito à popular Cancão de Portugal, que já hoje conta com poetas de incontestável valor.

Tomem parte neste empolgante espectáculo, devidamente autorizado pela Inspecção Geral dos Espectáculos, os seguintes famosos cultivadores do Fado:

Maria Alice
 — A embaixatriz do nosso Fado no estrangeiro, onde tem provado a maior admiração. Os seus discos, conhecidos de sul a norte de Portugal, fazem dela a cantadeira mais conhecida da nossa terra.

Maria E. Ferreira
 A mais antiga cantadeira nacional. Quando ela canta o Fado, a sua alma, tão portuguesa, vibra, tremula e empolgante, provocando-lhe lágrimas de emoção e arrebatado de melancolia aos ouvintes.

Leonor Fialho
 Deliciosa sota de mulher cuja voz arrebatada pelo sentimento e rara verdade que impregna os seus cantos dum puro rigoroso fadista.

Isabel de Sousa
 A feiticeira da guitarra!
 Verdadeira revelação!
 que cativará no seu instrumento prodigioso as mais lindas e difíceis melodias de todos, demonstrando o seu inesgotável talento de extraordinária técnica.

António de Sousa
 ISABEL DE SOUSA, que é hoje uma artista de categoria internacional, será acompanhada por seu pai, o correctíssimo violista

Ermelinda Vitória
 A mais antiga e popular cantadeira portuguesa. É a mulher do chulo, a capa de madeira dos humildes, como ela. Prefere a sua voz doída pelo século sobre popular que qualquer sempre os seus fados e cânticos.

Alfredo Marceneiro
 A sua voz é um paradoxo. Um pouco difícil e rudo, mas dum ternura e sentimento incomparáveis. Este rapaz é daqueles que os cantores aprendem por completo a audição.

Felipe Pinto
 Cantador de marcelha. É o detentor da medalha de ouro do Fado-cantão, que ganhou com brilhantismo do concurso do Salazar da Alentejo. Destre ao violão é ele o que vem mais deslumbrantemente.

Artur Ataíde
 Um dos líderes das planas portuguesas. Verdadeiro temperamento de cantador popular, disse a sua e sua simpatia.

João Fernandes
 O guitarrista intencional, preferido pelo dr. António Almeida, a quem acompanhou a Berlin, quando o fadista cantador ali foi gravar discos, terá no acompanhamento dele sensacional espectáculo, sendo como executará rapidamente de todos, os que serão acompanhados pelo grande violista

Armando Machado

ESPECTACULO ADMIRAVEL!!!

Pelo gosto popular!
 Pelo Fado!
 Pelo violão português!

Advertisement of a fado matinee with Maria Alice in “Cervejaria Jansen”, February 2, 1930.¹³⁹

Maria Alice is announced as “A embaixatriz do nosso Fado no estrangeiro, onde tem provado a maior admiração. Os seus discos, conhecidos de sul a norte de Portugal fazem dela a cantadeira mais conhecida da nossa terra.” Cervejaria Jansen is also an important café in the history of Lisbon. It started as a beer company – with the brewery nearby in the Rua do Tesouro Veho – but opened as a *cervejaria* in 1870. It was there, in the autumn of 1914, that the Orpheu-group would hold its meetings. From 1929 onwards, the restaurant held evenings with music and opened several affiliated cafés. In 1934, it was integrated in the Sociedade Central de Cervejas before it went out of business five years later.¹⁴⁰

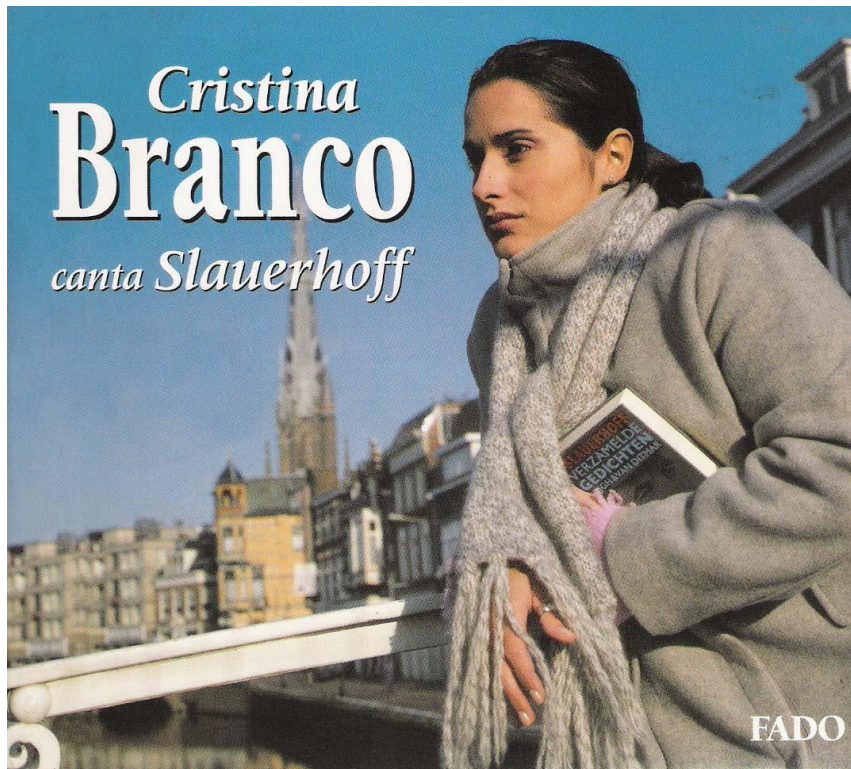
¹³⁹ All three pictures of and with Maria Alice taken from:
<http://www.museudofado.pt/personalidades/detalhes.php?id=335&sep=1>, accessed 28 January 2013.

¹⁴⁰ http://www.cervejasdomundo.com/Cervejaria_Jansen.htm accessed 28 January 2013.

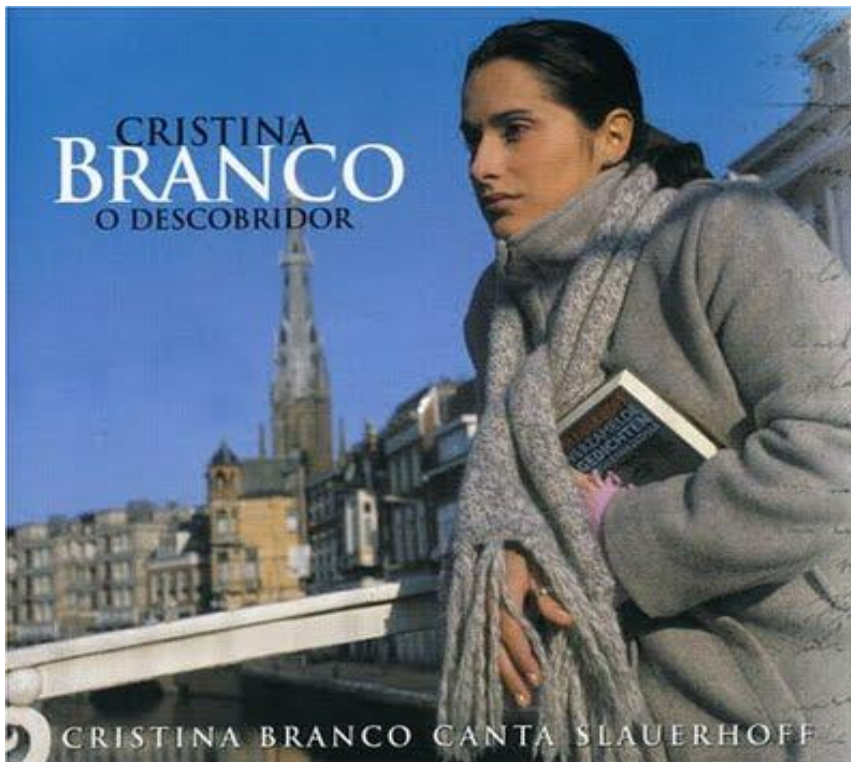


António Menano ¹⁴¹

¹⁴¹ <http://sobreorisco.blogspot.pt/2011/06/o-encontro-com-menano.html> accessed on 28 January 2013.



The front cover for Cristina Branco Canta Slauerhoff (2000), exclusively released in the Netherlands.



The front cover for O Descobridor – Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff (2002), internationally released with three new tracks not included in the original edition.



*Cristina Branco on stage performing with BLØF. Bas Kennis from BLØF on the left.*¹⁴²

¹⁴² Taken at the festival Film by the Sea in Vlissingen, Zeeland, the Netherlands, September 17 2007. Photographer: Lex De Meester, sent to me by Ernst Jan Rozendaal. Reproduced with kind permission.

PART III

SAUDADE: THE FORBIDDEN PAST

**SAUDOSO MENTALITY
IN SLAUERHOFF'S PORTUGUESE POETRY:
NOSTALGIA AND CULTURAL MEMORY**

1. INTRODUCTION: SAUDADE CATEGORISATION

Slauerhoff was on the brink of publishing a collection of poetry called *Saudades* in 1933, when its title was changed to *Soleares* only last-minute after Slauerhoff deemed *Saudades* too unknown a word in order to be commercially viable. Slauerhoff wrote to his writer-friend who was in charge with the publication of his work Du Perron: “Het is toch meer spaansch dan portugeesch van inspiratie, en Saudades heeft een rare klank voor menschen die de talen niet kennen.”¹⁴³ (Hazeu 1998: 592). Du Perron instantly agreed and changed the title to *Soleares*. In the foreword for a limited, luxurious edition of 15 copies of the collection published in 1933, then still under the title of *Saudades*, Slauerhoff not only defines the reasoning behind the title *Saudades*, but also by a larger extent, the driving force of his own oeuvre:

Waarom Saudades? Omdat deze titel, dit onvertaalbare woord, de inhoud het beste aangeeft. Saudade is voor den Portugees de herinnering, gemengd met vreugde om het beleven en droefheid om het voorbijje. Van dit gevoel zijn de meeste dezer gedichten doortrokken en tevens van het heimwee en de herinnering aan de verte. Verte en verleden: daarin ligt de oorsprong van deze gedichten, waarvan enkele ook van te persoonlijken aard zijn om in groote oplaag gepubliceerd te worden¹⁴⁴ (Slauerhoff qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 591).

He might not have been aware of the fact that *saudades* in plural actually means as much as “greetings” or “regards:” from his interpretation, it is clear that he had no such

¹⁴³ Yet the inspiration is more Spanish than Portuguese, and Saudades has a strange sound for people who do not know the language.

¹⁴⁴ Why Saudades? Because this title, this untranslatable word, is the best indication of the content. Saudade is for the Portuguese the act of reminiscing intermingled with joy for the experience and sadness for what is past. It is with this feeling that most of these poems are teeming and also of homesickness and the memory of the distance. Distance and past: herein lies the origin of these poems, some of which are of a too personal nature to be published in a large edition.

pedestrian connotations in mind. “Verte en verleden,” distance and past, and the associated longing, are two concepts closely related to nostalgia.

The word “nostalgia” itself, as Svetlana Boym points out in *The Future Of Nostalgia* (2001) is “pseudo-Greek, or nostalgically Greek” (Boym 2001: 3), a word coined by doctor Hofer in 1688 in a medical dissertation. It is a composed word, artificially nostalgic, consisting of the Greek word *algia*, meaning as much as “longing” and *nostos* implying a return home. Nostalgia was originally the name of a medical condition of soldiers far away from home, who were literally “homesick”. Throughout the centuries, nostalgia was pulled out of this medical context and became part of a socio-political and cultural discourse.

Because Slauerhoff’s conception of saudade is so closely related to nostalgia, it was crucial to distinguish two types of saudade based on Boym’s dual nostalgia typology: “reflective nostalgia” and “restorative nostalgia”. Reflective nostalgia “thrives in *algia*, the longing itself, and delays the homecoming – wistfully, ironically, desperately” (Boym 2001: XVIII) whereas restorative nostalgia “stresses *nostos* and attempts a transhistorical reconstruction of the lost home” (Boym 2001: XVIII). In the context of Portuguese history and literature, a similar division between reflective saudade and restorative saudade is justifiable.

Reflective saudade implies a very *flexible* way of dealing with a very real past. Fundamentally, the past is accepted as past, as behind, which related concepts such as distance and longing acknowledge and confirm. In the introduction to the bilingual collection of fado lyrics, *Saudade, an anthology of fado poetry*, Khalvati recounts a reading about saudade by Isabel Lucena at the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation and the following revelation: “I had my first real inkling of its sensation when she pointed out

that ‘longing’ reaches outwards, looks beyond horizons, whereas *saudade* – and here she clasped her hands close to her heart – is holding the object of your longing close to you, cherishing it, drawing it ever deeper inwards” (Khalvati 2010: 17). Saudade in this respect, refuses to let go of the past and bridges distances through memory and longing in fado and poetry. Reflective saudade therefore also incorporates fado mythemes such as absence, memory, loss, sadness, distance and longing, themes that not only influence the poems discussed in the previous part, but also come back in Slauerhoff’s not specifically Portuguese inspired poetry.

In his description of saudade, Slauerhoff also mentions that the word itself is untranslatable: “dit onvertaalbare woord” (this untranslatable word). This idea is part of a patriotic, nationalist discourse situated in the Romanticism of the 18th century: “Curiously, intellectuals and poets from different national traditions began to claim that they had a special word for homesickness that was radically untranslatable” (Boym 2001: 12), whether it was the German *Heimweh*, the French *maladie du pays* or the Czech *litost* or indeed Portuguese *saudade*, “all these untranslatable words are in fact synonyms; and all share the desire for untranslatability, the longing for uniqueness” (Boym 2001: 13). The way national identity and language are intertwined was for the first time theorized by Johann Gottfried von Herder (1744-1803) in the essay “Materials for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind,”¹⁴⁵ originally from 1784: “Has a people anything dearer than the speech of its fathers? In its speech resides its whole thought-domain, its tradition, history, religion and basis of life, all its heart and soul. (...) With language is created the heart of a people” (Herder 1998). Herder’s concept of *Volksgeist*

¹⁴⁵ <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/1784herder-mankind.asp> accessed 27 February 2013.

has throughout the centuries become a part of nationalist ideology. According to Bruce Lincoln in his academic study *Theorizing Myth: Narrative, Ideology, and Scholarship* (1999), the starting point and major premise of nationalism “is Herder's notion of Volk as an entity defined by shared myths, language, homeland, and physiognomy” (Lincoln 1999: 74).

In a European context of growing nationalism since the 18th century, restorative saudade is correlated to a conceived archetype of the Portuguese identity and in the context of Portuguese literature and history is tied to the *Renascença Portuguesa* movement (1911-1932). The movement started in Porto in 1911 in the wake of the new Portuguese Republic and Teixeira de Pascoaes¹⁴⁶ (1877-1952) was one of the forerunners of the movement: he theorized a substantial part of the ideas of the movement and *saudosismo* in essays now collected in *A saudade e o saudosismo* (1988). The essential purpose of the movement for Pascoaes was to “*reintegrar a alma da nossa Raça na sua pureza essencial, revelar o que ela é na sua intimidade e natureza originária,*” with *saudade* at the very core: “a suprema criação sentimental da Raça – *a Saudade!*” (Pascoaes 1988: 32, original cursive). It is a collective, heavily mythologized conception of Portuguese history and identity and criticized by Manuel Cândido Pimentel in his article “O mito de Portugal nas suas raízes culturais” (2008):

¹⁴⁶ Slauerhoff could have been a translator of Teixeira de Pascoaes, had he not died so young. His friend and German translator of *Het verboden rijk* (*Das verboten Reich*, published only in 1987), the writer Albert Vigoleis Thelen (1903-1989) had a correspondence with Teixeira de Pascoaes (in Spanish, presumably because his knowledge of Portuguese at that point was not sufficient (in the later letters in the book, he writes in Portuguese)). He most likely refers to Slauerhoff in the following letter to Teixeira de Pascoaes, dated July 28, 1935, a year before Slauerhoff's death: “Seguindo una incitación de un notable poeta holandés, amigo mio, que acaba de visitarme, tengo la intención de llevar a cabo tambien con la traducción alemana una versión holandesa de su obra.” (Thelen 1997: 54) In a second letter, dated the 18th of November, 1936 Thelen informs Pascoaes of Slauerhoff's death: “Otra vez he tenido un contratiempo: mi amigo el poeta Jan Slauerhoff murió hace pocas semanas. Era él mi colaborador en la traducción al holandés.” (Thelen 1997: 61). Eventually, another friend of Slauerhoff, the poet H. Marsman (1899-1940) translated Teixeira de Pascoaes.

“O mito de Portugal é um mito de origem e destino colectivos. É sobretudo, o mito de Portugal como império” (Pimentel 2008: 11). Restorative saudade represents the projected, romanticized idea of a golden age of discoveries, wealth and international allure which can be restored through cultural revolution.

Slauerhoff’s definition of saudade can in this context be considered as a justification of both reflective and restorative saudade. Slauerhoff defines saudade as untranslatable, an “onvertaalbaar woord” and links saudade as much to homesickness, “heimwee” as to distance and past, “verte en verleden”. In his definition of saudade, Slauerhoff weaves both the personal, reflective outlook on saudade together with a revisionary, restorative conception of saudade as part of the Portuguese Volksgeist in the way he considers it, like many Portuguese intellectuals at the time, a part of the Portuguese identity.

It should be noted that Slauerhoff only wrote one poem “Saudade” and aside from this poem and the previously quoted passage, he barely mentions saudade in his work. However, I want to argue that his work displays a saudoso-like mentality, even though Slauerhoff might not have consciously referred it or named it as such. Therefore, when he incorporated saudade, and fado by extent, in his works, he was not so much integrating a new idea, but rather incorporating a foreign concept for something which had already been present in his poetry anyhow. This also explains why some of his poems, as far as known not specifically written with Portuguese culture in mind, were included in *O descobridor*. These poems, like “Verlangen” (Desire), “De eenzamen,” (The lonely ones) “Voor de verre prinses” (For the distant princess) en “De vrouw aan het venster” (The woman by the window) will be the main focus of the first section of this part in the context of reflective saudade and the presence of interrelated

themes such as longing, distance and a utopian conception of solitude as part of the outcast persona. The second section analyzes how restorative saudade relates to Slauerhoff's ideas about Portugal and its history and how his poems about Lisbon and Macau as cities of the past in ruins are critical of cultural memory. The final paragraph explores Camoës as a *poète maudit* in the poetry of Slauerhoff and the various discrepancies that arise between persona and human being, between myth and history, between mythologized cultural memory and an inaccessible past.

2. REFLECTIVE SAUDADE: THE IMPOSSIBLE ISLAND

The word *Soleares*, the title of Slauerhoff's poetry collection does remind of solitariness or solitude, which can also be linked to saudade. Carolina de Vasconcelos discusses in her study *A saudade Portuguesa* (1996), one of the most prominent texts of the Portuguese renaissance at the end of the 19th century, the etymological origins of saudade: "Como representante legítimo e directo de *solitude*, irmão-gémeo do catelhano *soledad*, e primo do italiano *solitá*, claro que o galego-português *soedade* era, na primitiva, aquilo que hoje é uso designar-se com *soidão*, proveniente de outro derivado latino de *solus*: *solitudine*; em francês *solitude*" (Vasconcelos 1996: 53).¹⁴⁷

Solitude¹⁴⁸ is a prominent theme in Slauerhoff's oeuvre: "Eenzaamheidsverlangen" (Desire for solitude, AG: 453) contains verses such as "Waarom kan men niet lijden ongehoord/En ongezien, terwijl men toch alleen,/Alléén de lange levensweg moet gaan,/En toch nooit eenzaam leven kan: altijd/Zijn broeders, zusters, zonen, dochters, ouders/Aanwezig en bewijzen zorg en aandacht"¹⁴⁹ (AG: 453). Another poem, "Zelfzucht,"¹⁵⁰ (Egocentrism, AG: 454) states "Blij was ik eindelijk

¹⁴⁷ Also confirmed by Dalila L. Pereira da Costa and Pinharanda Gomes' *Introdução à Saudade* (1976: 9-10).

¹⁴⁸ Dependent of whether the word "eenzaam" and its variations has positive or negative connotations, I have either used "solitude" or "loneliness" when translating or referring to works of Slauerhoff.

¹⁴⁹ Why is it impossible for one to suffer unheard, / And unseen, while one nonetheless alone / Alone has to go the long way of life, / And still never can live lonely: always / His brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, parents / Present and proving care and attention.

¹⁵⁰ Both "Eenzaamheidsverlangen" and "Zelfzucht" stem from the collection *Yoeng Poe Tsjoeng*, consisting of Chinese-inspired poems and translations of French, German and English translations of Chinese poets whose poetry he had come across on his travels. His friend-writer Albert Helman, pseudonym of Lodewijk Alphonsus Maria Lichtveld (1903-1996) also had a substantial collection of translated Chinese poetry in his house in Spain where Slauerhoff visited him, as indicated in an interview conducted by Cees Nooteboom with Lou Lichtveld (Nooteboom; Lichtveld 1981: 225).

weer alleen te zijn./Geen vriend of vrouw om mij af te leiden/Van mijn zelfzucht; nu ik
weer alleen ben geweest,/Begrijp ik niet dat ik gezelschap zocht...”¹⁵¹ (AG: 454).

For Slauerhoff, solitude was the perfect vehicle for him to escape his dissatisfaction with reality. The following diary-like passage is a particularly gripping insight in Slauerhoff's inner life and the extent to which it is propelled by a utopian desire for solitude:

Een tijdlang heb ik het als geluk ervaren ver van de aarde en de menschen af te zijn, op zee, alleen. Dit niet uit menschenhaat, maar medelijden en weerzin. Het is niet om aan te zien, het leelijke, het onbeholpene van de menschen in hun leven. Er zal een tijd komen dat mij dit niet langer stoort, dat het denkbeeld van het volmaakte zoo vast in mij is dat dit de werkelijkheid is, en de werkelijkheid waarin ik leef bijzaak.¹⁵² (Slauerhoff qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 735)

This passage stresses the importance of an inner life for Slauerhoff, a dream life, a secret life which due to its mental, non-physical existence, is impossible to realize. Art historian Huub Mous points out in the online article “Slauerhoff en het onbehagen in de cultuur”¹⁵³ (Slauerhoff and the unease in culture, 2010) that this desire for a lost state of consciousness is impossible to fulfill on earth, is an impossible way to exist.

In one of his earliest poems, “Verlangen”¹⁵⁴ (AG: 33), Slauerhoff describes the distance between desire and reality: “Wij wachten daaglijks dat morgen/
Vrijheid aanbreken moet,/Om nooit meer te gaan in ‘t verborgen/Terug – ons licht

¹⁵¹ Happy I was finally to be alone again. / No friend or woman to distract me / From my egocentrism; now that I have been alone again / I do not understand that I had searched for company...

¹⁵² For a while I have experienced the happiness of being far from the earth and human beings, out on the sea, alone. Not out of hate for people, but out of pity and disgust. It is no sight, the ugliness, the helplessness of human beings in their lives. There will come a time when this no longer disturbs me, that the notion of perfection is so rigid within myself that this is reality, and the reality where I am living, a side issue.

¹⁵³ <http://www.huubmous.nl/2010/11/20/slauerhoff-en-het-onbehagen-in-de-cultuur/>, accessed 21 December 2012.

¹⁵⁴ Addenda p.195.

voorgoed” (v.1-4). It is a stanza and a poem full of oppositions, the opposition between an unlit, interiorised desire versus it being realized, out in the open, in the full light of day. The poem is fatalistic in its certainty that it will not happen instantly, at least, “Niet volgens onze orde:/’t Geluk wacht zijn eigen tijd/Om geboren te worden binnen de werkelijkheid” (v.12), which again indicates the opposition of an interiorized desire and the exteriority of reality. As Susan Stewart puts it in *On longing*, (1984) “nostalgia wears a distinctly utopian face, a face that turns toward a future-past, a past which has only ideological reality, (...) the realization of re-union imagined by the nostalgic is a narrative utopia that works only by virtue of its partiality, its lack of fixity and closure: nostalgia is the desire for desire” (Stewart 1993: 23). Whether it is the desire to sail on endlessly without ever returning, in other words, the desire to never come home, or to live in a poem, or to disappear in or congeal with the fate of a city: each of these longings are impossible to fulfill and exactly because of that, they are simultaneously attractive and depressing.

The desire Slauerhoff expresses in the previously quoted diary passage, is the equivalent of wanting to live in an inner, private dreamlike world, outside of society and the reality of the world, to find a place of refuge and comfort in the fantastic, intertextual space of his own poetry and literature. It is reminiscent of how Eduardo Lourenço describes the Portuguese *saudoso* mentality in “Tempo português” in *Mitologia da Saudade* (1999):

É esse lugar de sonho, esse lugar ao abrigo do sonho, esse passado-presente, que a ‘alma portuguesa’ não quer abandonar. Para o não abandonar (...), Portugal, imerso com doçura no mundo, natural e sobrenaturalmente maravilhoso, converteu-se em ilha-saudade. Um lugar sem exterior onde lhe fosse impossível distinguir a realidade do sonho, um porto de onde não se sai (Lourenço 1999: 93).

The only possible consequence then is to become an outcast, to live in exile and isolation because to be seen and judged by the rest of the world who does not understand your private vision is too impossible to bear, as for example Slauerhoff's discoverer experiences in "De ontdekker".

The desire of many of Slauerhoff's protagonists, and of Slauerhoff himself is to be like an island, to live in an inner mapped-out space-time which does not have any exterior manifestations outside of the island. It is the desire to disappear inside oneself, to become completely interiorized without any social exteriority. This is the case in the fourth and final poem of the posthumously published series "De eenzamen"¹⁵⁵ (AG: 780) from the collection *Al dwalend*. In the other three poems of this series, the narrator watches the world, literally pass him by and the fourth poem seems to be the aftermath. The world the narrator inhabits, seems to be robbed of life, is literally "nowhere" with only vague reminders and echoes of human life: "De klokjes zijn nog hoorbaar, / Het rulle spoor nog zichtbaar, / De kar is al verdwenen" (v.8-10). Everything disappears and the narrator remains alone, overcome with a winter chill in the midst of summer heat, dissatisfied: "Wat over is gebleven/Is lief maar onvoldoende/Om op te leven" (v.12-14). It is typical of Slauerhoff's restlessness, to long for an ultimate, utopic solitude, which as soon as it is experienced, causes great dissatisfaction due to a lack of self-reliance.

The poem "De vrouw aan het venster"¹⁵⁶ (AG: 199)¹⁵⁷ from the collection *Saturnus* (1930) describes a woman who is completely locked away behind a

¹⁵⁵ Addenda p.193.

¹⁵⁶ Addenda p.194.

¹⁵⁷ The content of this poem is remarkably similar to David Caspar Friedrich's *Frau am Fenster*. As David Blaney Brown points out in *Romanticism*: "More striking still is Friedrich's isolation: this is a

gate that never opens. The only reality she knows is the distance of her view as seen from the window, both the element that simultaneously separates her from and connects her to the real world. Between herself and the distant horizon, she cannot see anything: “Niets weet zij van het levensspel daartusschen,/Maar het moet schoon zijn, want zij mist het zeer” (v.5-6). The life game¹⁵⁸ is the game of love in which she does not participate: she is untouched and virginlike in this sense. Her desire for desire, her desire for love lead her back to the symbolic, suggestive gesture of her kissing her own shoulder, so that she becomes an insular circle by herself: “Zij wil omhelzen, vindt niets om te kussen/Dan de eigen schouder, rond en koel en teer” (v.7-8). This poem is the more poetic and nuanced mirror image of “Dame seule”¹⁵⁹ (AG: 178) from the same collection. There, the girl is free, walking among the dark of the trees but “Zoo eenzaam, dat zij zelf haar schouder liefkoost” (v.2).

The window simultaneously acts as a double, ambiguous agent of separation and connection: the window connects her to the exteriority of the world around her as much as it separates her from the world which she wants to belong to, but cannot. The window also plays a similar crucial role in “Voor de verre prinses”¹⁶⁰ (AG: 248) from the collection *Serenade* (1930) where both lovers sometimes stand by the window at night, “Maar andre sterren zien we in andre tijden./Uw land is zo ver van mijn land verwijderd” (v.4-5). The only way they can be together is in the dreamworld,

landscape painter who does not look outwards at nature but works instead to the dictates of his inner self, transforming his experiences and recollections into works of art that, as he said himself, operate on others 'from the outside inwards'. The artist's creative intercession, on which Turner had insisted in his account of the snow storm, is manifest in Friedrich's pictures in figures who stand with their backs to the viewer, looking into the subject. They are emblems of the artist himself, whose interpretation makes the world comprehensible to his audience” (Brown 2001: 21).

¹⁵⁸ Translated by Mila Vidal Paletti as “jogos de amor”.

¹⁵⁹ Addenda p.194.

¹⁶⁰ Addenda p.198.

through the power of desire with which he crosses the distance to her every night. The distance separates two lovers who will never be together again, who were pulled apart by reality and who can now only see each other in the privateness of their own dreamworld and who are in that sense closer than ever because the narrator interiorizes his lover within himself.¹⁶¹

Nowhere however, is the distance more palpable and lonely than in the desolate, Portuguese-titled “Angustia,”¹⁶² (AG: 767) from the section “Saudades” in *Soleares*. The landscape of “Angustia” seems to have abandoned these contrasts and depicts the sea whereupon the heart-broken narrator projects his own desolateness and restlessness: “Maar ik weet dat de zee en ik/Des nachts hetzelfde voelen,/Om één leed tezamen woelen/Op ‘t oeverloos bed tot een snik” (v.17-20). The distance is the horizon without any end, without any hope of arrival: “Want nergens en overal (...) / Dooft mijn verdriet door ‘t heelal / En wil zich verdrinken in kolken” (v.13-16) because of the “verloren genade / Jou weer nabij te zijn” (v.9-10).

Slauerhoff’s estimation of his own poetry as being born out of distance and past is important and reflects a general, open kind of nostalgia or saudade in which reveling in longing and distance is more important than the object referred to: these poems, in the words of Susan Stewart, are “enamored of distance, not of the referent itself” (Stewart 1993: 145). The distance is measured by interior versus exterior, the distance of another land versus the interiorized proximity of a longing represented by

¹⁶¹ Mila Vidal Paletti’s translation of this poem, “A uma princesa distante,” has been heavily re-worked and re-shaped in order to fit a fado structure. It also contains an important wordplay: the image of the protagonist who imagines greeting his lover with his dying sob after having travelled restlessly, is translated as “Que viajando sem parar nas asas do desejo, eu / Vos saudaria num suspiro agonizante” (Branco 2002: 24), which is reflected in the final verses, when he promises to come back to her every night: “Voltarei todas as noites .../De saudade” (Branco 2002: 24), an example of how Slauerhoff’s non-Portuguese poems can thematically resonate with the idea of saudade.

¹⁶² Addenda p.197, for an early version of this poem, addenda p.196.

the image of the window as both agent of separation and connection. Even “Angustia”, a poem seemingly overtly pessimistic focuses more on the sea, on the agent of separation and distance rather than the object of longing, the lost love of a woman itself. Slauerhoff’s narrators prefer to suspend reality in order to build their own inner dreamworld full of impossible desires and insular dreams: they do not want to escape reality, they want to ignore it and deliberately cast themselves out of it.

3. RESTORATIVE SAUDADE:

MYTHOLOGISING CULTURAL MEMORY

3.1. SLAUERHOFF'S PERCEPTION OF PORTUGAL

In Slauerhoff's review of Reinhold Schneider's *Das Leiden des Camoes oder Untergang und Vollendung der portugiesischen Macht* (1930), published as "Portugal en Camoës" in his collected critical prose (1958: 30-36), Slauerhoff briefly analyzes how Portugal's discoveries spread out far and wide across the globe, across the African coast and far into the East. In Slauerhoff's view, Portugal's eventual decay possessed great dramatic power for Slauerhoff due to its heavy black and white contrast with the glorious, epic age of discoveries: "In Portugal is de opbloei het snelst geweest, in Portugal is ook de ineenstorting het spoedigst en verschrikkelijkst geweest. (...) Portugal heeft nooit te land geheerscht, het beheerscht ook de zee niet meer"¹⁶³ (Slauerhoff 1958: 32).

More than anything, Slauerhoff is fascinated by the fatalist reaction of the Portuguese to their own dire state, as is apparent from a review of Schneider's *Portugal: Ein Reisetagebuch* (1933) in the Dutch newspaper *Nieuw Arnhemsche Courant* of May 6 1933: "Zij [de Portugezen] teren nog op hun groot verleden, maar zelfs dat doen zij dikwijls op een zoo lamlendige manier, dat het droevig is om aan te zien; de historie wordt tot een maskerade, nog wel tot een mislukte maskerade"¹⁶⁴ (Slauerhoff 1933: A3, 9). Eduardo Lourenço makes a similar point in the article

¹⁶³ In Portugal, the flourishing has been the fastest, in Portugal the collapse has also been the soonest and the most terrible. (...) Portugal has never ruled on land, it does not control the sea anymore.

¹⁶⁴ They [the Portuguese] live off of their great past, but even that they often do in such a miserable way, that it is sad to see; the history becomes a masquerade, even a failed masquerade.

“Melancolia e saudade”: “O romantismo português não é outra coisa senão a leitura da história de Portugal como avatar da saudade e, inversamente, da saudade como avatar da nossa história” (Lourenço 1999: 112). Slauerhoff considers Portugal’s decay to be as much an economical decay as a spiritual one: Slauerhoff criticizes the mourning and *saudoso* lamenting of the Portuguese for the destruction of a projected image, the mythology of Portugal as an empire.

In the same review of Schneider’s *Portugal: Ein Reisetagebuch*, (1933) Slauerhoff briefly mentions Albino Forjaz de Sampaio’s *Porque me orgulho de ser português*,¹⁶⁵ (1926) a fiercely chauvinistic work that Slauerhoff sees as a desperate attempt to keep up appearances: “Een boek als dat van Sampaio is als ‘t zingen van een kind in ‘t donker’”¹⁶⁶ (Slauerhoff 1933: A3, 9). For Slauerhoff, Portugal’s decay is an international, public decay, a decay of reputation and a failure of restoration of the lost image of grandeur. The innocence of an image of a child, almost stubbornly, singing in the dark, expresses an admiration for a work which naively, against all odds, tries to reclaim the image and reputation Portugal once had.

Sampaio’s book contains nine chapters,¹⁶⁷ each with a different fragment of a poem by Camões on the respective title page. According to the preface of the book, Sampaio had “O sonho de transmitir a todos os portugueses, lindas e sentidas coisas sobre a nossa terra encantada e gloriosa.” (Sampaio 1950: 11). It is no wonder then that Sampaio sees his book above all as an emancipatory work: “E então surgirá sem custo o

¹⁶⁵ Previously, Slauerhoff had read Sampaio’s philosophical *Palavras cínicas* (1905), one of the best sold Portuguese books of the 20th century, which for Slauerhoff had a type of melancholy “alleen aan Portugal eigen.” (unique to Portugal only, Slauerhoff qtd. in Hazeu 1998: 550) and suggests to no avail to his publisher to translate it. See also Introduction.

¹⁶⁶ A book as that of Sampaio is like the singing of a child in the dark.

¹⁶⁷ In the correct order, they are: “A nossa história”, “Os Portugueses e o Mundo”, “O nosso domínio colonial”, “Portugal – Belezas e riquezas do seu território”, “A nossa língua”, “O que fizemos no Brasil”, “Portugal. Os seus habitantes”, “A mulher portuguesa”, “Portugal maior”.

Portugal que todos queremos, a Pátria generosa e forte que todos desejamos e passamos a vida a sonhar” (Sampaio 1950: 14). Even though the propagandist style of *Porque me orgulho de ser português* has few literary merits, it does serve as a prototypical example of how the projected myth of nationalism and what could be defined as restorative saudade contains the promise of a “new” collective identity and *destino*, as reflected in Sampaio’s preface: “Aos Portugueses *exilados pelo mundo*, (...) [À] à piedosa *eterna* mulher portuguesa *mãe dos homens de amanhã*, os criadores do *Portugal do futuro*.” (Sampaio 1950: 5-7, original cursive).

Slauerhoff’s interpretation of Portuguese history was most likely influenced by a general culture pessimism. Huub Mous argues that Slauerhoff lived in constant unease with his own time:

Hoe je het ook wendt of keert, het belegerde leven van Slauerhoff was voor alles een leven van onbehagen. Onbehagen in zijn tijd. Onbehagen in Nederland. Onbehagen in zijn land van herkomst. Ja, zelfs onbehagen in het land van zijn vader, Friesland, zoals bleek in zijn gedicht *In memoriam patris*. Niet in zijn eigen Friese land of Friese taal, nee, alleen in zijn gedichten kon deze dichter wonen.¹⁶⁸ (Mous 2010)

Slauerhoff’s diary provides some insight in his particular point of view about Europe: “De armste tijd. (...) Het eenige waar nog met geestdrift naar wordt gestreefd is naar vernietiging. Maar vernietig dan alles; niet onze oude cultuur, zoodat de gelen op de resten zullen parasiteeren en zich vermeederen, talrijk als sprinkhanen. De keuze:

¹⁶⁸ However you look at it, the beleaguered life of Slauerhoff was before everything a life of discomfort. Discomfort about his time. Discomfort about the Netherlands. Discomfort in his country of origin. Yes, even discomfort about the country of his father, Friesland, as was apparent in his poem *In memoriam patris*. Not in his own Frisian country or Frisian language, no, only in his poems could this poet live.

verdedig Europa door alles heen of vernietig alles tegelijk”¹⁶⁹ (Slauerhoff 1957: 17).

This undated diary excerpt, written approximately between November 1926 and February 1927 again showcases Slauerhoff’s dramatic and fatalistic views. In the article “Een land nog niet in kaart gebracht” (A land not yet mapped out, 1981), Arthur Lehning stressed the importance of placing Slauerhoff’s work in a broader context of deep cultural unease, beyond mere biographic details of inner turmoil, a fascination for the exotic and infantile imagination:

Men kan Slauerhoff wel decadent noemen, maar dan moet men toch begrijpen, dat de verdorring van het burgerlijke bestaan, de absurde conventies, de afschuwelijkheden van een geperfectioneerde beschaving die geleid heeft ‘de *airconditioned nightmare*’ waarin wij ons op het ogenblik bevinden tot norm verklaard wordt voor het leven op aarde¹⁷⁰ (Lehning 1981: 119).

As pointed out in the previous part, Slauerhoff’s outcasts are driven by a constant dissatisfaction and unease which stems from the roles they have in society and their own utopic, ever-disappointing constructions of loneliness, desires that remain unsatisfied, distances uncrossed. These desperados find relief only in art, poetry, literature or fado. They want to reject society entirely, they do not want to be part of life on earth and oftentimes, they dream of escaping it through roaming across the seas without any goal or purpose ahead.

¹⁶⁹ The poorest time. (...) The only thing for which is enthusiastically striven, is destruction. But destroy everything then; not our old culture, so that the yellows [the Chinese] will parasite on the rests and multiply themselves, numerous like grasshoppers. The choice: defend Europe through everything or destroy everything at once.

¹⁷⁰ Slauerhoff can indeed be called decadent, but then it should be understood, that the withering of bourgeois existence, the absurd conventions, the horrors of a perfectioned society which led to ‘the airconditioned nightmare’ where we find ourselves in this very moment, is declared as standard for life on earth.

The organic, cyclical view of civilization and history of contemporary philosopher Oswald Arnold Gottfried Spengler (1880-1936),¹⁷¹ who died only five months before Slauerhoff, is remarkably similar to Slauerhoff's own ideas and poetics.¹⁷² It is however very strange that Spengler in the majority of studies devoted to Slauerhoff, is rarely mentioned, not even in Hazeu's biography. *Today and Destiny: Vital Excerpts from the Decline of the West* (1940) contains selected excerpts from Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* (Vol. I: 1918; Vol II: 1922) translated from German by Charles Francis Atkinson. In Spengler's view, the progress of culture can be likened to a human lifetime, with a birth, a point in which the culture peaks and finally, decay and death. Spengler characterizes imperialism as the zenith of civilization before the decay of this culture sets in: "Imperialism is Civilization unadulterated. In this phenomenal form the destiny of the West is now irrevocably set," (Spengler 1940: 123) an idea also echoed in Schneider's title *Das Leiden des Camoes oder Untergang und Vollendung der Portugiesischen Macht* and Slauerhoff's fatalistic interpretation of Portuguese history and the Portuguese collective mourning.

In the posthumously published poem "Veelgodendom,"¹⁷³ (AG: 745) Slauerhoff quotes a series of national Gods, each representing the general "spirit" or "nature" of a country, presented as a series of citations. Slauerhoff cites the point of view of the Portuguese God (and nation) and criticizes the Portuguese defeatist, fatalist

¹⁷¹ Slauerhoff's cultural thinking was also, to some extent, influenced by Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900) but I deliberately chose Spengler because his influence on Slauerhoff has rarely been discussed and it explains Slauerhoff's interpretation of Portuguese history extensively. It would however be an interesting idea to compare Nietzsche's idea's about fatum and free will as formulated in *Zur Genealogie der Moral – Eine Streitschrift* (1887) in the context of this dissertation.

¹⁷² Whether Slauerhoff ever read Spengler is not known, but Huub Mous points out in his article "Slauerhoff en het onbehagen in de cultuur" that it is possible that Slauerhoff had read Spengler via his friend-writer Hendrik Marsman (1899-1940).

¹⁷³ Addenda p.203.

spirit in this respect: “*De Portugeesche:/We zullen 't maar zoo laten/Als het is geweest./Houdt feesten en kleurt platen/Van Da Gama en Camoës*” (v.11-5). Spain and Portugal for Slauerhoff are “de metaforen voor het oude Europa, met de restanten van een beschaving die al lang over zijn hoogtepunt heen was,”¹⁷⁴ (Mous 2010) they are nostalgic, ruinous signposts, mourning witnesses to their own impossible desires for restoration and revival.

3.2. PLACES OF MEMORY: MACAU AND LISBON

Slauerhoff felt particularly harmonious and at peace in both Macau and in Lisbon, two cities in which Slauerhoff recognized his own state of mind since they displayed, for him at least, a palpable atmosphere of decay.¹⁷⁵ In Slauerhoff's travel account “Camoës' monument”, included in Slauerhoff's collected travel-writings *Alleen de havens zijn ons trouw*, he describes his visit to the monument of Camões in Macau, a city which he defines as “de vervallen laatste Portugese bezitting in ‘t Oosten, waar zij eens oppermachtig waren. (...) de atmosfeer van een groots verleden en de charme van het Zuideuropese aan de andere kant van de aardbol, dus dubbel exotisch”¹⁷⁶ (Slauerhoff 1992: 28-29).

At this point, it is important to bring in Pierre Nora's notable albeit problematic distinction between “memory” and “history” in his article “Between Memory and History: Les Lieux de Mémoire”: “Memory takes root in the concrete, in spaces, gestures, images and objects; history binds itself strictly to temporal

¹⁷⁴ The metaphors for the old Europe, with the remains of a civilization which was already past its prime.

¹⁷⁵ See part I, section 3.1.

¹⁷⁶ The decayed last Portuguese possession in the East, where once they were supreme. (...) The atmosphere of a great past and the charm of Southern Europe on the other side of the globe, so twice as exotic.

continuities, to progressions and to relations between things. Memory is absolute, while history can only conceive the relative” (Nora 1989: 9). Nora’s assumptions are problematic in their nostalgic, essentialist conception of a pure, uncorrupted past as represented by its direct relationship with reality in its concrete manifestations of buildings, paintings, songs, stories, gestures, etc. For Nora, “memory” is akin to “collective memory,” a memory which in Nora’s view is passed on within the same generation, with the same mnemotechnic devices: first generation oral accounts based on direct eye-witnessing and testimonies. “Memory” for Nora is opposed to “history,” the personal interpretations of a distant past not personally witnessed, and therefore not as reliable as “memory”. Nora however seems to forget that the “traditional” oral transmitting of memory and anecdotes or the subjective eyewitness accounts are no guarantee for veracity whatsoever either.

As problematic as Nora’s assumptions might be, the distinction between “memory” and “history” does provide an important parameter. Because Nora perceives the oral transmission of memory to have diminished radically with the disconnection and individualization of modern times, the need to organize memory sites, *lieux de mémoire*, becomes apparent: monuments, recordings, encyclopedia’s, musea, etc. become nationalistic symbols which transmit the essence of “memory”.¹⁷⁷ As Pim den Boer points out: “Nora’s *lieux de mémoire* are also mnemotechnical devices, but extremely ideological, full of nationalism, and far from being neutral or free of value judgements” (Den Boer 2008: 21).

¹⁷⁷ In this context, it could also be interesting to consider the essentially nationalistic, typically Portuguese, traditionality of fado and its recent acknowledgement as world heritage in 2011.

In Slauerhoff's work, decayed nationalistic symbols as failed representations of memory indirectly comes back time and again in the poems dedicated to Macau and Lisbon. Four of the five poems that make up the section "Macao" from the collection *Oost-Azië* have Macau as central subject. "De jonken"¹⁷⁸ (AG: 371) offers a description of the junks, a type of sail ship, mostly apparent in the waters around China and Java. They are "Traagzeilende en ver naar voor gebogen/In ouderdom die iedren storm verdroeg," (v.9-10) splinted open because of desolation and abandonment. With regards to the poem "Kathedraal San Miguel"¹⁷⁹ (AG: 372), Patricia Couto and Arie Pos point out in their article "Camões e Macau num romance neerlandês" that "em Macau não há nenhuma cathedral dedicada a S. Miguel. O poema descreve, sem dúvida alguma, a famosa Catedral de S. Paulo. Existe, isso sim, um cemitério de S. Miguel. Terá sido erro ou intenção do autor?" (Couto and Pos: 118), again a typical reflection of Slauerhoff's autonomous poetics where veracity was irrelevant. The façade of the cathedral, all that was left after a fire during a typhoon in 1835, rises "Voor het diep verval van 't heiligdom/Weggevaagd van 't aardrijk," (v.2-3) a cathedral which exists without any function or use: "Door de raamgaten diep in den muur/– Heiligen zijn vernietigd met hun ruit –/Dringt zich nu het levende azuur" (v.9-11) with the city behind it "tot puin verdord" (v.20).

In the poem "Uitzicht op Macao van Monte af"¹⁸⁰ (AG: 373), Slauerhoff describes with a typical affection for distances and horizons, the city of Macau seen from afar. The poem seems to be a description of Macau as if it were still in the past, with junks sailing in and out of the harbor, the alleyways still teeming with famine and

¹⁷⁸ Addenda p.204.

¹⁷⁹ Addenda p.205.

¹⁸⁰ Addenda p.206.

pestilence. The whole poem breathes with a sense of purposelessness and endless futility: “Steeds brengen vrouwen kindren in het leven,/Doodmoede grijsaards sterven in het stof” (v.9-10). In the descriptive “Ochtend Macao”¹⁸¹ (AG: 374) palaces plunge “hun praal in puinen” (v.12) and the junks, “oud en voorovergebogen,” (v.22) see “zich voor den boeg onder de oogen/Verhangen en verdonken” (v.23-4). Finally “Het doode Macao,”¹⁸² (AG: 589-90) included in the section “Saudades” of *Soleares*, continues in the same vein, with its contrasting images of a once proud fleet “Nu overvaren door een schaamle jonk” (v.4), streets that have the namesigns of conquistadors and Jesuits, “Laten het eindloos leeg verloop der dagen/Tusschen hun onbewoonde huizen door” (v.11-2). The only hope is the shining of the Guia, “Azië’s oudste kustlicht” (v.33) from the lighthouse which represents both the hope and the very impossibility of restauration of the past and shines “Trouw als de heilige die niet meer verwacht,/Maar verder schijnt voor hen die nog gelooven” (v.35-6).

Slauerhoff’s poems specifically about Portugal and Lisbon, aside from the poems about fado as discussed in Part II, are fewer in number in comparison to the poems about Macau. The poems “Portugeesch fort”¹⁸³ and the earlier version “Portugeesch welkom,”¹⁸⁴ were inspired by Slauerhoff’s visit to an abandoned fort by the harbor of Leixões. Both poems imagine a past which fails to come to life: the general “gelast een kanonnade/Tot welkom” but nothing happens, the silence is deadly, “geen schot brandt los” (v.10). In Slauerhoff’s description of “Lisboa,”¹⁸⁵ (AG: 594) “Een stad van grijs witte gebouwen/En halfvoltooide huizen,” (v.1-2) the ruins of the

¹⁸¹ Addenda p.207.

¹⁸² Addenda p.208-9.

¹⁸³ Addenda p.202.

¹⁸⁴ Addenda p.201.

¹⁸⁵ Addenda p.210.

earthquake are still visible because clearing out rubble is useless: “Onder de aarde dreigt steeds het gevaar” (v.8), which could be interpreted as a comment on Portuguese fatalism and inertia. Lisbon, like Macau in “Uitzicht op Macao van Monte af,” “bestaat in ‘t verleden,/Maar ‘t kent geen rust, enkel duur” (v.11-2) and lives on, “als geest” (v.13).

Central images like the fleets, the junks, the burned-down ruins of the San Miguel cathedral, the ruins and rubble of Lisbon, Macau’s palaces, the Guia-lighthouse, these could all be interpreted as direct representations of Nora’s conception of “memory” because they are the only tangible remains of the past and simultaneously the only way to connect to that very same past. Slauerhoff’s ruins actually represent the failure of “cultural memory”, defined by Jan Assmann in his article “Communicative and Cultural Memory” as “On the social level, with respect to groups and societies, the role of external symbols becomes even more important, because groups which, of course, do not ‘have’ a memory tend to ‘make’ themselves one by means of things meant as reminders such as monuments, museums, libraries, archives, and other mnemonic institutions” (Assmann 2008: 111). “Cultural memory”, therefore, is the equivalent of Nora’s *lieux de mémoire*, representations of (nationalistic) memory. This is why, in “O engeitado,”¹⁸⁶ Lisbon is described as such a sad, nostalgic city: “eens stad der steden,/Die ’t verleden voortsleept in ’t heden,/En ruïnes met roem verwacht” (v.28-30). Lisbon’s nostalgia is an impossible desire for the restoration of a mythologized reputation.

¹⁸⁶ See part II, section 2.4.

The ruins left by the past represent the very impossibility of restoration of the past they inadequately refer to: the past is a forbidden kingdom which due to a proper lack of representation in the present, is prone to mythology and falsification. In their failure of representation, the crumbled remains of ruins leave gaps for history to be interpreted and for history to be (re-)invented and mythologized. This is Slauerhoff's way of rejecting the "cultural memory" behind nationalist discourse in order to create a new, individual time-space in which the lines between history and myth, fiction and fact are deliberately blurred.

3.3. RE-WRITING CAMOËS: THE FAILURE OF CULTURAL MEMORY

Chronologically, Camoës makes his first time appearance in the poem "Camoës' thuiskomst" from the collection *Eldorado* (1928), two years after Slauerhoff's first trip to Macau. After that, there is the poem "Camoës" from the section "Macao" from *Oost-Azië* (1928), an appearance as one of the protagonists in *Het verboden rijk*¹⁸⁷ (1932) in which he assaults and tries to possess the body of an anonymous 20th century radio operator, both of whom return in the short story "Laatste verschijning van Camoës" (1935) and finally in the other poem titled "Camoës" from the collection *Al Dwalend* (1947) with precise date of writing unknown.

According to the Slauerhoff-collection from the Letterkundig Museum (Literary Museum) in Den Haag, Slauerhoff had both a Portuguese and French copy of *Os Lusíadas*.¹⁸⁸ As indicated previously, Slauerhoff had read Schneider's *Das Leiden des Camoës oder Untergang und Vollendung der Portugiesischen Macht* (1930), the

¹⁸⁷ See part I, section 2.3.

¹⁸⁸ See part I, section 3.2.

article by José Maria Rodrigues, “Luis de Camões: A sua vida e a sua obra,” (1930) from Sampaio’s *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada: Vol. II*. Rodrigues claims that Camões was in love with the Infanta D. Maria, which was an unrequited, forbidden love. Camões is then banished from the court to the countryside and finally out of the country to Ceuta. In Slauerhoff’s *Het verboden rijk*, a similar story develops when Camoës falls in love with Diana, this time a requited love, who was destined to marry the crown prince. After the affair is brought to the light, Camoës is thereupon banished, first from the court, then to Macau. Slauerhoff also culled names and details from this article for his novel.

It is necessary to stress that Camoës is the invented character of Slauerhoff, who writes his epic work, *De Lusiade* (The Lusiade). Camoës’ stories and biographical details echo those of Camões but have no intention to be historically true and are often projections of Slauerhoff’s own imagination and poetics. Comparisons with the in itself speculative biography of Camões or his works are mostly left aside in order to discuss Camoës as a fictional character whose metaphorical weight is much more important than a comparative approach of truth and fiction in this context would be. Finally, there is only an important narrative continuity between *Het verboden rijk* and “Laatste verschijning van Camoës,” which I will come back to in the conclusion. No other continuity between the events described in *Het verboden rijk* and the three poems written about Camoës explicitly exists, other than the psychological composure of Camoës as a poète maudit and his return from his exile to Macau.

In *Het verboden rijk*, nowadays published in Slauerhoff’s collected novels *Alle romans* (2004), Camoës is portrayed as a poet who hates and curses his own poetic talent. He feels betrayed by the very act of writing: “Groter woede dan hij ooit in

zijn jeugd tegen de poëzie gekend had, greep hem bij de keel. Alleen goed was ze om geheimen te openbaren, de schrijver tot verrader van zijn eigen innerlijk te maken, juist van dat, wat hij het diepst wilde verbergen en liever onder de aarde begraven”¹⁸⁹ (Slauerhoff 2004: 123). Much like Slauerhoff’s previously demonstrated desire for an island-like inner world without any manifestations in the external reality, Camoës wishes that his writings did not have to be exteriorized because they betray his innermost private world. Camoës cherishes the very same impossible desire as Slauerhoff’s other outcasts: to exist in the deepest realm of himself without any exterior manifestations, unnoticed, without being seen or judged.

Camoës, then, is another personification of a *poète maudit*, a state of mind laid bare by his lyrical poetry.¹⁹⁰ However, there is an important nuance to be made: his cursed state as a poet is not only related to his impossible desire for concealment, but also to his inspiration, to the muse, who *forces* him, without any seemingly good reason, to write *De Lusiade*. This much is apparent from the poem “Camoës,”¹⁹¹ (AG: 812) in the form of a loose sonnet, in which Slauerhoff describes the internal struggles of Camoës, who wanted to be free, “smaadde zich een keten,” (v.1). His whole life long “door ‘t heldenlied bezeten,/Het was een dwangarbeid en toch genade” (v.3-4). The writing of his epic poem is heavily contrasted by the way Camoës comes to his end: “in ‘t pesthuis, eenzaam zonder eten,” (v.7) at the end of his life “door

¹⁸⁹ Greater anger against poetry than he once had known in his youth, grabbed him by the throat. Only good for revealing secrets poetry was, turning the writer into a betrayer of his own interior, exactly of that, what he wanted to conceal the deepest and would have preferred to bury under the earth.

¹⁹⁰ In *Camões: Labirintos e fascínos* (1994), Vítor Manuel de Aguiar e Silva analyses the lyrical work of Camões in the context of themes typical for a *poète maudit* in the chapters “Inquirições sobre o soneto *O dia em que eu nasci moura e pereça*”, “As canções da melancolia: Aspectos do Maneirismo de Camões” (191-228). For Camões’ sonnet “*O dia em que eu nasci moura e pereça*” prototypically “*maudit*,” see addenda p.211.

¹⁹¹ Addenda p.215.

den roem verraden.” (v.6) His story serves as a terrifying example for other aspiring writers and here Slauerhoff confronts the raw realism of life, acknowledging that no matter how strong the dream is, the practicalities of life and the necessity to make a living always prevail.

However, it is this reality which the poet, in his inescapable state of being a poet, is forced to ignore and run away from: the only resolution for him then is to write his poem “Totdat het bloed in de aadren is geronnen” (v.14). The certainty of an untimely or unfortunate death due to a lack of success or social skills that dooms them to a life of poverty, is something which the poète maudit himself is responsible for, according to Pierre Seghers: “Pour tous, le manqué d’intérêt des lecteurs fut total. Ces poètes sont morts solitaires? On peut même dire, a priori et par principe, rejetés. Leur différence les a usés, leur labyrinthe leur fut fatal” (Seghers 1985: 10). In other words: Camoës’ desire for social exile, as reflected as well in the other poem “Camoës”¹⁹² (AG: 375), ultimately becomes his own downfall because he *needs* social acceptance in order to, at the very least, survive.

The grotto in Macau where Camoës writes *De Lusiade* is the symbol of his hermit-like retreat from society, it is a sublimated solitariness directly related to his inescapable state as a poet. He specifically rejects exterior forces because he feels that they have such great power over him and, consequentially, over his own identity: he hates being defined or seen by the very society he tries to escape from but whose definition he depends on in order to exist and survive.

¹⁹² Addenda p.214.

The consequences are dire. In the poem “Camoës’ thuiskomst,”¹⁹³ (AG: 323-324) Camoës comes back from the Far East hoping for a warm welcome, but: “Uit Lisboa vlamden geen vreugdevuren” (v.9). Out of fear for pestilence, their fleet is kept out on sea. When after seven days, Camoës finally walks the streets of Lisbon with his companions, a further unspecified “wij” (we), he feels estranged, invisible and unnoticed: “Als geesten overdag door vreemde straten/Geen juichend volk, geen vrouw wuivend aan ’t raam” (v.15-16). At the court, nobody knows their name and the complacent king is indifferent to the foundation of Macao or the glory of Goa. Camoës feels betrayed by seven years of work on his *De Lusiade*. He followed his muse, he followed his dream, his innermost private vision but upon its realization, upon its manifestation in reality, like “De ontdekker” or “Columbus”, he feels disappointed and betrayed. According to Camoës, Portugal does not deserve his epic work, a megalomaniac country threatened by enemies and pestilence, as described in the final stanza. Like Slauerhoff, he feels out of place in his own society and witnesses a cultural and physical ruin.

In the article “Portugal en Camoës” Slauerhoff also says something about the discrepancy between Camões’ *Os Lusíadas* and the state of Portugal at the time that this work was written: “Merkwaardigerwijze is echter juist Portugal het eenige land van de moderne geschiedenis, dat in een national epos zijn helden tijdperk vereeuwigd heeft gekregen, terwijl dit epos is geschreven in den tijd toen het verval al overal manifest was, zoowel in het land als in de kolonieën”¹⁹⁴ (Slauerhoff 1958: 33). This again not

¹⁹³ Addenda p.212-3.

¹⁹⁴ Curiously, however, precisely Portugal is the only country of the modern history, that in a national epic has seen its heroic age immortalized, whereas this epic is written in the time when the decay was manifest everywhere, both in country as in the colonies.

only showcases Slauerhoff's selective point of view, but it also shows the importance of persona and image. Whereas, according to Slauerhoff, Portugal's reputation was already in decline at the time of writing *Os Lusíadas*, the work itself is in its intermingling of the description of Vasco da Gama's seavoyage with classic mythology, a work that attempts to bring back the image, the appearance of Portuguese grandeur, much like Sampaio's *Porque me orgulho de ser português*. In this context, the following distinct passage leaps out in *Het verboden rijk*:

Camoës heeft de minneliederen verder gelaten: zich gedwongen tot de strenge maten van het ruwe gedicht dat plundertochten tot heldendaden omzong en alleen in de uiterste ellende, gezeten op een gezengde rots aan de Rode Zee, geklaagd dat hij verloren had, moedwillig was weggezworven van het geluk. – Misschien is toch ook de *Lusiade* alleen gedicht, om in de overtalrijke strofen hier en daar een woord voort te dragen, zoals de lange brede golven enkele planken waaruit een schipbreukeling later een huis aan verre kusten bouwt. Maar niemand heeft ooit die woorden bijeengevonden: de *Lusiade* is blijven bestaan zoals het klooster: als een rest van roem, en achter de voegen, door de gapingen en spleten ziet men toch niet het liefelijk en smartelijk leven dat daarachter was opgesloten¹⁹⁵ (Slauerhoff 2004: 28-29).

In the context of cultural memory, the work of Camoës is a work consisting of various discrepancies. Primarily, there is the discrepancy between the, according to Slauerhoff, then already dire state of Portugal in sharp contrast with the heroicism of *Os Lusíadas* which throughout the centuries has come to act as a carrier of cultural memory and has gained significant mythological value. If Sampaio's Camões-

¹⁹⁵ Camoës left love poetry for what it was: forced himself to the strict measures of the crude poem that sung raids to heroic deeds and only in the most extreme misery, seated on a drenched rock by the Red Sea, complained that he had lost, had willfully wandered away from happiness. – Maybe *De Lusiade* is still only written, to bear a word here and there from the abundant verses, like the long broad waves carrying some shelves out of which a castaway later on builds a house on distant shores. But no one has ever found and gathered those words: *De Lusiade* has persisted like the monastery: like a residue of fame, and behind the joints, through the gaps and crevices one does not see the sweet and sorrowful life that was locked away behind it.

dedicated chapters in *Porque me orgulho de ser português* are any indication, the literary figure of Camões has also given significant value to the Portuguese cultural identity.¹⁹⁶ In her article, “Plenitude, Scarcity¹⁹⁷ and the Circulation of Cultural Memory”, scholar Ann Rigney argues that Pierre Nora’s concept of ‘lieux de mémoire’ describes “the process whereby places, texts and artefacts become the focus of collective remembrance and of historical meaning” (Rigney 2005: 18), which is exactly what has happened with the works and persona of Camões as a literary symbol, so much so that both a statue of himself and Adamastor are located in the centre of Lisbon.

Secondly, and just as important in the context of Slauerhoff’s work, there is a severe discrepancy between the heroic, epic poetry produced by Camoës and the dire, miserable state of his own personal life. In other words, the work he relentlessly produced when following his inexplicable, inner muse is inadequate in representing the life that took place behind those paper curtains. According to Ann Rigney, “The written medium allows things to survive, then, but in doing so it aggravates the loss of original plenitude by carrying ‘lived’ or ‘internal’ memory into what Halbwachs calls the ‘external’ sphere of history.” (Rigney 2005: 13) In other words, if literature is a way of transgressing death and decay, then it can only do so by forgetting historical facts and mythologizing. However, as Slauerhoff points out in *Het verboden rijk*, tragically, the real life that took place behind the written letters is inadequately represented and ultimately forgotten: it is probably this what Camoës himself foresaw when he was writing his epic poetry: even though he was chasing an innermost, private vision, it

¹⁹⁶ His sonnets to this day are sung in fado music, one of the most famous examples probably being “Com que voz” by Amália Rodrigues.

¹⁹⁷ The basic premise of scarcity and plenitude of this article is based on the ideas of Michel Foucault (1926-1984).

would finally end up destroying him and most likely, due to his social isolation, he would be forgotten.¹⁹⁸

¹⁹⁸ It should also be taken into consideration that in *Het verboden rijk*, Camoës writes his *De Lusiade* out of revenge for his exile from Portugal. In this context, then, *De Lusiade* becomes a heavily ironic work, wildly misinterpreted by the Portuguese who in return have glorified it, unaware that Camoës was actually mocking them. However, since none of the poems about Camoës showcase this aspect of revenge, I considered the matter in the context of this dissertation too expansive to justify a proper discussion.

4. CONCLUSION

In the short story from the collection *Alle verhalen* (2003), “Laatste verschijning van Camoës,”¹⁹⁹ (Slauerhoff 2003: 297-303) the two main protagonists from *Het verboden rijk*, the anonymous radio-operator from the 20th century and the 16th century Camoës, meet each other again. Whereas *Het verboden rijk* works towards the culmination point where Camoës tries to assault and take over the body of the radio-operator, this time, the radio-operator deliberately goes looking for Camoës because it came to him “dat wij elkaar nog iets zeggen moesten” (l.5). When he finally finds Camoës in China, he notices not only how Camoës has changed in appearance: he has lost an eye, looks submissive and gravely ill with eschews and scabs. Camoës’ response to his own fate is lethargic: he blames Portugal for his misery but later on, the radio-operator points out that he is hypocritical, that he has *chosen* to be victimized, exiled and excluded from society: “Je hebt je laten weggagen uit Lisboa, waar je eens en vooral liefhad, je laten gebruiken in Indië en China als gemeen soldaat, terwijl je officier had moeten zijn” (l.58-61). Again here, the difference between persona and reality, between self-constructed myth and biography is accentuated: Camoës sees himself as a doomed poet, as someone who had nothing but misfortune whereas his misfortune could be interpreted as the consequence of his own lethargy and fatalism, exactly because Camoës perceives himself as a poète maudit.

There is also the contrast between Camoës’ presence as a ghost, “even ziek en gehavend als bij mijn dood” (l.33) in sharp contrast to the splendid adoration of his work in Lisbon: “Nu hangt overal mijn portret, staat op vele pleinen mijn

¹⁹⁹ Addenda p.216.

standbeeld, worden bedevaarten gehouden naar waar ik misschien begraven lig” (l.30-3). Camoës, like Slauerhoff’s protagonist of “O engeitado” has linked his fate to Lisbon, as Camoës himself points out in the story: “Zijn vroegere grootheid heb ik soms met de mijne ondergebracht in het gedicht. Dat is het enige wat van ons beiden overbleef” (l.29-31).

In other words: what is lost here, is the idea of Portugal’s splendor. The only thing that remains which inadequately represents this splendor is Camoës’ epic poem, the only thing that has survived both Camoës and Lisbon. It seems, from the previously discussed poems about Macau and Lisbon, that these cities live on in the present like ghosts. They are dominated and overwhelmed by cultural memory, cultural memory which both gives access to the past and simultaneously points to its very impossible restoration and therefore must rely on mythologization and glorification in order not only to escape and deal with a dissatisfactory present, but also with the inescapable consequence of forgetting and time passing. Not coincidentally, this story takes place at the moment of the earthquake in Lisbon of 1755, the setting to which the story inexplicably changes as the narrator opens the door to get away from Camoës. At that moment, he enters the very culmination point of Lisbon’s ruin (l.110-20). The earthquake, according to the narrator is Lisbon’s way to rid itself of excess residents (l.129).

As Spengler points out when discussing the Roman republic: “These populations no longer possessed a soul. Consequently they could no longer have a history proper to themselves” (Spengler 1940: 141). This is exactly what weighs on and dominates Lisbon, Macau but also historical outcasts like Camoës: they are dominated by a past, by a history, they do not have access to, leaving mythologizing as the only

possible solution. Therefore, Slauerhoff's poems, which could arguably be categorized as part of restorative saudade, are surprisingly modern (and not Romantic at all) in this sense: his poems show a deep awareness of the problematic inaccessibility of the "pastness" of history, of the very nature and workings of what academics these days label as cultural memory and the past's very inherent inability of direct restoration. In this sense, Slauerhoff's interpretation of Portugal and Portuguese history stands in sharp contrast to such patriotic optimists such as Teixeira de Pascoaes and Albino Forjaz de Sampaio.

No wonder then that the narrator finally rejects the past, not only is he dominated by his own past, his own, personal history with Camoës from *Het verboden rijk*, he is also surrounded by the terrible ruin of the earthquake. In frustration, he proclaims: "Niets wil ik meer weten van het verleden en van hen die er aan vast houden" (l.133-34). The only other possibility then, is to reject all history, and, consequentially then, reject reality: "Ik weet een land waar ik mij neerlaat, dat niet vraagt vanwaar, dat dankbaar is voor de komst, waar de ruimte leeg is" (l.163-4). This seems to run parallel to Spengler's idea of a Culture which before its birth is completely historyless and is a state it returns to after its decay and death. As is the case with Slauerhoff's other protagonists who are defined by longing, either for solitariness, a far-distant princess or for the life that inaccessibly plays out behind a window, the desire in each case here is never a desire for reality, it is a desire for desire, a desire for utopia, a desire for ideas, for interiorization, to be rid of history, to depersonalize due to an overwhelming presence of the past.²⁰⁰ This is how Slauerhoff's conception of nostalgia,

²⁰⁰ This idea is also expressed in the poem "Saudade" (AG: 600-1), addenda p.191.

and indirectly, saudade and Portuguese culture, can be understood: the past serves as a dominating presence which takes over and victimizes the frustrated protagonists with its inaccessibility. The protagonists then have no choice but to mythologize and romanticize in order to be able to escape an unsatisfactory present and to live in this idealized past, or the past is rejected entirely, and with it, reality, in order to live in the deepest, interiorized realm of the self. These desires are both impossible but simultaneously achieved in the very act of longing and creating poetry.

ILLUSTRATIONS



*David Caspar Friedrich – Frau am Fenster*²⁰¹

²⁰¹ <http://images.zeno.org/Kunstwerke/I/big/2000014a.jpg> accessed 26 January 2013.



*Francisco Augusto Metrass (1825-1861) - Camões na gruta de Macau*²⁰²

²⁰² A painting of Camões and his slave. Included in Sampaio's *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada*. Volume II, p. 286. Image taken from <http://purl.pt/12227/1/> accessed 3 March 2013.

CONCLUSION

In the poem “Aankomst,”²⁰³ Slauerhoff describes the peaceful feeling he had when he first arrived in Lisbon: after being ravaged by a storm out on a ship, he sits on a sunny square and watches his “Beproefd schip dat klein stilligt aan de kade” (v.7). This poem is in its description of Lisbon indicative of Slauerhoff’s own feelings towards the city where he had considered moving to, but, restless and indecisive as he was and plagued by the technicalities and practicalities of having to redo his exams in Portugal, the plan ultimately never came through. It also says something about the associations Slauerhoff makes: he hears a fado, or imagines hearing a fado, and it is “of karveelen weer den Taag opvaren” (v.12). These caravels evoke associations with the time of discoveries and it shows how fado, in itself a genre focused on nostalgia, does not exist outside of a Portuguese context. As Osório points out in *A mitologia fadista*: “Embora o fado seja evidentemente produto nosso, como a pega de caras, estará na realidade fadado para ser *ad aeternum* a ‘canção nacional’? Identificar-se-á necessariamente com o nosso ‘temperamento’, com a nossa ‘história’?” (Osório 1974: 95).

The question raised here, is a crucial one: does fado only exist as expression of a quintessential Portuguese emotion?²⁰⁴ Is Slauerhoff’s nostalgic association of fado with Portuguese discoveries and the lost image of a mythologized splendor justified? Can in the transformation of Slauerhoff’s poems, arguably categorized as reflective nostalgic or reflective saudoso, to fados on the Cristina Branco album not be taken as proof that fado is not necessarily quintessentially Portuguese but expresses universal emotions like sadness, melancholy, nostalgia and misery which are

²⁰³ Addenda p.200, for the first version of this poem see p.199.

²⁰⁴ Taking also into account that some of Camões’ sonnets were in turn sung as fado’s, most famously probably “Com que voz,” popularized by Amália Rodriguez.

then romanticized and projected on the lives of the outcast? Is Slauerhoff's conception of fado also not another one of his constricted, and constructed ideas because he only selectively focuses on the miserable aspect of fado, whereas fado, quintessentially, *folk music*, also has plenty of songs about joy, about sensuality, about sexuality, about faith, about endurance? Fado seems to exist on the precipice of individual and collective memory. Fado, with its mystical, mystifying lyrics that postpone the very definition of fado and saudade, invites projection from the audience and also manages to transgress the borders of Portugal and be hugely successful and influential in the Netherlands. Simultaneously, fado exists in the realm of collective memory as a piece of cultural memory: not only because lyrics and songs are oftentimes passed on across generations, but also because fado is considered the national expression of the Portuguese people, now confirmed in its UNESCO acknowledgement. In that respect, fado is connected to nationalism and patriotism.

Throughout this dissertation, I have artificially separated fado and saudade, but as any remote connoisseur of fado will point out, they are of course intertwined. For Slauerhoff, fado represents something quintessentially Portuguese, part of the Volksgeist and in this respect, he does not seem to be very critical of this nationalist idea. Fado, the fadistas and the fado lyrics exist for Slauerhoff as cultural memory texts: he uses fragments of fados, fragments of the lives of António Menano, not to quote them, but in order to make his own point. He deliberately distorts them, transforms them to make them part of his own mythology of the outcast.

It is difficult to define what exactly a myth is, but Bruce Lincoln gives a considered description: "First, the term 'myth,' like the Greek *mythos* from which it derives, regularly denotes a style of narrative discourse and specific instances thereof.

Second, whenever someone calls something a ‘myth,’ powerful – and highly consequential – assertions are being made about its relative level of validity and authority vis-à-vis other sorts of discourse” (Lincoln 1999: ix). In the case of Slauerhoff, both of Lincoln’s tentative descriptions apply.

First of all, Slauerhoff’s narrators all profile themselves as outcasts, they consciously construct this identity, want to be perceived as such, and then suffer the grave consequences: social isolation, misery and rejection. Secondly, most of the poems discussed throughout this dissertation have first-person narrators and they rely heavily on maritime themes or in the case of this dissertation, exotic, non-Dutch influences of Portuguese culture, both elements closely related to the biographical details of Slauerhoff’s own life as a ship’s doctor. To complicate the matter even further, his own, biographical, inner restlessness, his weak health and cultural unease is reflected in his narrators and characters.

Therefore, we can say that his poetics is formally autonomous and individual in its negligence of formal conventions and, in that sense, rejection of poetic traditions. In terms of the lyrical content though, his poetics is expressive. However, to think that these poems are direct expressions of Slauerhoff’s own emotions, experiences and ideas would be an oversimplification: his poems are, for the most part, not directly autobiographical. Slauerhoff’s poems are filled and enriched with autobiographical details but his narrators are romanticized projections and representations of other myth-systems like the *poète maudit*, the *fadista*, the discoverer, Portuguese *saudade* and the mythologized projections of Portuguese history, the mythologized life of Camões that comes back in Camoës. As Arie Pos points out in his article “De strijd met de demon” (1992), they should be regarded more as “symbolische verbeeldingen van de

gemoedsgesteldheid van de schrijver dan als evocaties van historische personages. Evenals de dichters worden ze geketend als gedoemden die niet aan de onvrede over hun bestaan kunnen ontkomen”²⁰⁵ (Pos 1992: 27). Even though I would not go so far to say that they reflect the humor of the poet, they do play with it and oftentimes enlarge it to fatalist, doomed proportions.

Mythologizing is not only a way to deal with a lost, inaccessible past and the failure of representation inherent to cultural memory, it is also a way to stop decay and death, to place it beyond the reach of time, in a work of art. As Kleinrensink points out: “Mythologiseren is niet alleen het verval tot stilstand brengen, maar ook het buiten de actualiteit plaatsen, onvindbaar maken” (Kleinrensink 1992: 44). Consequentially, mythologizing, intentionally blurring the lines between history and fiction, between persona and identity, becomes a way to escape an inner dissatisfaction with the present, with life and reality. As Mulder argues in the article “De tijd en Slauerhoff” (The time and Slauerhoff, 1982): “Als ik buiten de tijd besta, onveranderlijk, onvergankelijk – dan hoort het leven binnen de tijd, lang en vol van zwaar verdriet, domweg niet bij mij. Het is van een ander. Ik was elders, al die jaren”²⁰⁶ (Mulder 1982: 258).

Slauerhoff’s poems constantly bear witness to a strange paradox: his outcasts are all defined by a great need for individuality and social exile but simultaneously, express a dissatisfaction with the present, which is reflected in the apparent influence of Spengler on Slauerhoff and causes an overbearing influence of the past. Formally, Slauerhoff’s poems bear witness to the same problem: the textual

²⁰⁵ Symbolic imaginations of the humor of the writer than as evocations of historical characters. Just like the poet, they are chained as doomed who cannot escape the unease of their own existence.

²⁰⁶ If I exist outside of time, unchanging, imperishable – then life within time, long and full of heavy sadness, stupidly does not belong to me. It is another’s. I was somewhere else, all those years.

influence on the poems quoted throughout this thesis, is the past: Slauerhoff uses protagonists and narrators like discoverers, pirates or Camoës who writes his *De Lusiade*, he uses fado lyrics and parts of the history of António Menano which he then transforms. In this respect, the past could be considered a metaphor for influence and the desire to disappear in a simultaneously dystopic and utopic suspension of reality, a history-less, desire-less, purposeless void in which everything is interiorized and excluded from society's gaze as a way to find a proper literary identity completely detached from influence, which in any case is an impossible desire.

If mythologizing is a way to eternalize, to stop decay, to postpone and survive death, like Camoës does in *Laatste verschijning van Camoës*, then literature and poetry, like fado, become a type of shelter, a meeting place for the dead. This idea seems to be echoed in Eduardo Lourenço's description of the Portuguese saudoso mentality in "Tempo português" in *Mitologia da Saudade*: "Com a *saudade* não recuperamos apenas o passado como paraíso; inventamo-lo" (Lourenço 1999: 93) and "Na sua ilha-saudade, a um tempo ilha dos mortos e ilha dos amores, como crianças, ignoram a morte. (...) Ninguém morre no país da *saudade*. Como nos sonhos" (Lourenço 1999: 94).

Much like fado uses fado mythemes to reference its own legends and mythologized stories of fadistas like Severa, saudade constructs an exclusively Portuguese island in which the past is not necessarily reconstructed but in which the past is re-invented, re-contextualized in the present. Literature and Slauerhoff's poetry then become a way of giving a new voice to the myths of the past, to recontextualize them, to use characters like discoverers, pirates, doomed writers and fadistas to bring them to life in a new context. This way, Slauerhoff transgresses the failure of cultural

memory, the past's very impossibility to exist in all its original plenitude and to, through the act of writing, create and invent a new life which in all likelihood will survive the brevity of human existence and could be considered as the ultimate rebellious, non-conformist act.

SOURCES CITED

BIBLIOGRAPHY

AALDERS, Hein. *Van ellende edel: de criticus Slauerhoff over het dichterschap*.

Amsterdam: Rozenberg, 2005.

Academia das Ciências de Lisboa. *Dicionário da Língua Portuguesa Contemporânea*

da Academia das Ciências de Lisboa. Volume I. A-F. Uma realização da

Academia das Ciências de Lisboa e da Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian.

Lisboa : Verbo, 2001. 1423.

AGUIAR E SILVA, Vítor Manuel. “Inquirições sobre o soneto *O dia em que eu nasci*

moura e pereça” and “As canções da melancolia: Aspectos do Maneirismo de

Camões” in: *Camões: Labirintos e Fascínios*. Lisboa: Cotovia, 1994: 191-228.

ASSMANN, Jan. “Communicative and Cultural Memory” in: *Cultural Memory Studies*.

An International and Interdisciplinary Handbook. Eds. Astrid Erll and Ansgar

Nünning. Berlin, New York: Walter de Gruyter, 2008: 109-118.

http://www.google.pt/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=5&ved=0CE4QFjAE&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.researchgate.net%2Fpublication%2F216723904_The_Invention_of_Cultural_Memory%2Ffile%2F79e4150c0b5faadfb1.pdf&ei=z0koUfHeFsSEhQfgqIEQ&usg=AFQjCNGCG7X81nUUXu6iOrqPX5JdCGKXRg&bvm=bv.42768644,d.ZG4&cad=rja accessed 24 May 2012.

5JdCGKXRg&bvm=bv.42768644,d.ZG4&cad=rja accessed 24 May 2012.

ANBEEK, Ton. *Het donkere hart: Romantische obsessies in de moderne*

Nederlandstalige literatuur. Amsterdam: Amsterdam University Press, 1996.

António Menano. [Graphic Visual] [http://sobreorisco.blogspot.pt/2011/06/o-encontro](http://sobreorisco.blogspot.pt/2011/06/o-encontro-com-menano.html)

[com-menano.html](http://sobreorisco.blogspot.pt/2011/06/o-encontro-com-menano.html) accessed on 28 January 2013.

APAF. *Amigos do Fado: Associação Portuguesa dos amigos do Fado*. Website.

- <http://apafamigosdofado.blogspot.pt> accessed 21 January 2012.
- BOYM, Svetlana. *The Future of Nostalgia*. New York: Basic Books, 2001.
- BRANCO, Camilo Castelo. *A enfeitada*. Lisboa: Parceria António Maria Pereira, 1917.
- BRISSETTE, Pascale. “Poète malheureux, poète maudit, malédiction littéraire: Hypothèses de recherche sur les origines d’un mythe” in: *Contextes*, May 2008.
- Website. <http://contextes.revues.org/1392> accessed 20 February 2013.
- BRITO, Joaquim Pais de (ed.). *Fado: Vozes e Sombras*. Milan/Lisbon: Electa/Museu Nacional de Etnologia, 1994.
- BROWN, David Blayney. *Romanticism*. London: Phaidon Press Limited, 2001.
- CAMÕES, Luís de. *Selected sonnets. A Bilingual Edition*. Ed. & Transl. William Baer. Chicago and London: Chicago University Press, 2005.
- CARVALHO, José Anjos de, and António Manuel Nunes. “Registos fonográficos de Carlos Leal e Amândio Marques” in: *Porto Académico*, 17 November 2011.
- Website. http://portoacademico.blogspot.pt/2011_11_01_archive.html accessed 10 February, 2013.
- CARVALHO, Pinto de. *Historia do fado*. Lisbon: Empreza da história de Portugal, 1903. <http://archive.org/stream/historiadofado00carvgoog#page/n10/mode/2up> accessed 14 September 2012.
- “A Cervejaria Janssen” in: *Cervejas do Mundo*. Website.
- http://www.cervejasdomundo.com/Cervejaria_Jansen.htm accessed on 28 January 2013.
- COSTA, Dalila L. Pereira da and Pinharanda Gomes. *Introdução à saudade: antologia teórica e aproximação crítica*. Porto: Lello, 1976.
- COUTO, Patricia. “‘Por mares nunca dantes navegados’: *Het verboden rijk* de Johan

- Jacob Slauerhoff” Master Dissertation. Universidade de Lisboa, 1996.
- , “The Marvellous travels of Fernando Mendes Pinto across the Low Lands: Translation, Appropriation and Reception” PhD Dissertation. Universidade de Lisboa, 2012. <http://repositorio.ul.pt/handle/10451/6610> accessed on 16 October 2012.
- COUTO, Patricia, and Arie Pos. “Camões e Macau num romance neerlandês” in *Camões 7. Macau* (1999): 107-118.
http://cvc.instituto-camoes.pt/index.php?option=com_docman&task=cat_view&gid=907&Itemid=69 accessed 8 January 2013.
- “Cristina Branco”. *Wikipedia*. Website. http://nl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cristina_Branco accessed 19 December 2012.
- DEN BOER, Pim. “Loci memoriae – Lieux de mémoire” in: *Cultural Memory Studies. An International and Interdisciplinary Handbook*. Eds. Astrid Erll and Ansgar Nünning. Berlin, New York: Walter de Gruyter, 2008: 19-25.
http://www.google.pt/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=5&ved=0CE4QFjAE&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.researchgate.net%2Fpublication%2F216723904_The_Invention_of_Cultural_Memory%2Ffile%2F79e4150c0b5faadfb1.pdf&ei=z0koUfHeFsSEhQfgqIEQ&usg=AFQjCNGCG7X81nUUXu6iOrqPX5JdCGKXRg&bvm=bv.42768644,d.ZG4&cad=rja accessed 24 May 2012.
- DE VRIES, Hendrik. “De muzikaliteit van Slauerhoffs poëzie” in: *Er bleef toch geen bewijs: Opstellen over de poëzie van J. Slauerhoff*. Ed. Dirk Kroon. ‘s-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1982: 192-5.
- DU BOIS, Saskia. (ed.) *Beeld en geluid*. Website. <http://www.beeldengeluid.nl> accessed 22 January 2013.

ELLIOTT, Richard. *Fado and the Place of Longing*. Farnham, UK & Burlington, USA: Ashgate, 2010.

ESTER, Hans. "Thelen als vertaler van Slauerhoff: *Het verboden rijk/Das verbotene Reich*." *Preludium* (Special edition dedicated to J. Slauerhoff) Ed. Gerrit Jan Kleinrensink, 4: 1 (1992): 91-104.

Fado.nu: Hét centrale punt voor fado in Nederland! Website. <http://www.fado.nu> accessed 21 December 2012.

FENOULHET, Jane. "Time Travel in the Forbidden Realm. J.J. Slauerhoff's *Het verboden rijk* viewed as a modernist novel" in: *Modern Language Review* 96:1 (Jan. 2001): 116-29.

FRANCKEN, Eep. *Over Het verboden rijk van J. Slauerhoff*. Amsterdam: Wetenschappelijke Uitgeverij, 1977.

-----, "Een onnavolgbaar grensgeval gevolgd door een kleine gids voor de poëzie van J. Slauerhoff" in *Literatuur* 6. Amsterdam: Amsterdam University Press (1989): 138-43.

-----, "'Only in my poems can I dwell' The work of J. Slauerhoff" *The Low Countries* 7 (1999): 166-174.

FRIEDRICH, David Caspar. *Frau am Fenster* [graphic visual]. Berlin: Berliner Nationalgalerie, 1822. <http://images.zeno.org/Kunstwerke/I/big/2000014a.jpg> accessed 26 January 2013.

GUEDES, João. "Quatro nomes que marcaram a história do jornalismo em Macau" in *Tempos d'oriente*, 6 March 2010. Website. <http://temposdoriente.wordpress.com/2010/03/06/quatro-nomes-que-marcaram-a-historia-do-jornalismo-em-macau-02-03-2010/> accessed 20 February 2013.

- HARMSSEN, Ruud. "Enkele punten van kritiek op de Slauerhoff-cd van Cristina Branco" in *Rudhar.com*, 25 February 2002. Website.
<http://rudhar.com/musica/slauernl.htm> accessed 19 December 2012.
- HAZEU, Wim. *Slauerhoff: Een biografie*. Amsterdam/Antwerpen: De Arbeiderspers, 1998 [1995].
- HERDER, Johann Gottfried von Herder. "Materials for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind" in *The Internet Modern History Sourcebook*, transl. unknown, 1998 [1784].
<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/1784herder-mankind.asp> accessed 27 February 2013.
- HERMANS, Theo (ed.). *A Literary History of the Low Countries*. Rochester & Suffolk: Camden House, 2009.
- J. Slauerhoff. Collection Letterkundig Museum*, Den Haag. [Visual Graphic]
<http://ipsodotme.wordpress.com/2012/06/09/slauerhoff/> accessed 21 January 2013.
- J. Slauerhoff op zijn sterfbed*. [Visual Graphic]
<http://www.leesmij.nu/upload/sterfbed1936.jpg> accessed 21 January 2013.
- J. Slauerhoff, Tangier, June 14 1934*. S 00646 II 022 (foto), Literaire Hoogtepunten, Letterkundig Museum, Den Haag.
<http://aliceverheij.wordpress.com/2012/04/03/i-don-not-want-to-live-in-the-netherlands/> accessed 21 January 2013.
- "J. Slauerhoff Erfenis" in: *De Bibliotheek*. Website.
<http://www.bibliotheek.nl/pagina/9696.j--slauerhoff-erfenis.html> accessed 22 January 2013.

- JANSSENS, Marcel. "J.J. Slauerhoff en Columbus" in: *Met groter L: Van Couperus tot Claus*. Leuven: Davidsfonds/Clauwaert, 1994: 93-104.
- KAGELING, Martin. *Slauerhoff: Tussen mare en mythe*. 's-Gravenhage: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 1986.
- KHALVATI, Mimi. (ed.) *Saudade, an Anthology of Fado Poetry*. Selection: Vasco Graça Moura. London: Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, 2010.
- KLEINRENSINK, Gerrit Jan. "Het gedicht als woning of als kraakpand" in: *Preludium* (Special edition dedicated to J. Slauerhoff) Ed. Gerrit Jan Kleinrensink, 4: 1 (1992): 44-57.
- KRIJGER, Etto. *Slauerhoff in zelfbeelden*. Amsterdam/Antwerpen: Atlas, 2003.
- KROON, Dirk (ed.). *Ik had het leven me anders voorgesteld: J. Slauerhoff in vraaggesprekken en herinneringen*. 's-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1981.
- , *Er bleef toch geen bewijs: Opstellen over de poëzie van J. Slauerhoff*. 's-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1982.
- , *Maar toen het lag ontdekt, leek het verraad: Opstellen over het proza van J. Slauerhoff*. 's-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1984.
- LACHMANN, Renate. "Mnemonic and Intertextual Aspects of Literature" in: *Cultural Memory Studies. An International and Interdisciplinary Handbook*. Eds. Astrid Erll and Ansgar Nünning. Berlin, New York: Walter de Gruyter, 2008. 301-10.
- http://www.google.pt/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=5&ved=0CE4QFjAE&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.researchgate.net%2Fpublication%2F216723904_The_Invention_of_Cultural_Memory%2Ffile%2F79e4150c0b5faadfb1.pdf&ei=z0koUfHeFsSEhQfgqIEQ&usg=AFQjCNGCG7X81nUUXu6iOrqPX5JdCGKXRg&bvm=bv.42768644,d.ZG4&cad=rja accessed 24 May 2012.

- LAMBRECHTS, Dirk. *Fado: De tranen van de Taag*. Berchem: EPO, 2001.
- Leendert Pot. Website. <http://www.leendertpot.nl> accessed 22 January 2013.
- LEHNING, Arthur. "Een land nog niet in kaart gebracht" in: *Ik had het leven me anders voorgesteld. J. Slauerhoff in vraaggesprekken en herinneringen*, ed. Dirk Kroon. 's-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1981: 115-122.
- LÉVI-STRAUSS, Claude. "La structure des mythes" in: *Anthropologie Structurale*. Paris: Plon, 1958: 227-56.
- <http://archive.org/stream/anthropologiestr00levi#page/n0/mode/2up> accessed on 15 December 2012.
- LINCOLN, Bruce. *Theorizing Myth: Narrative, Ideology, and Scholarship*. Chicago; London: The University of Chicago Press, 1999.
- LISBOA, João. "Virar páginas" [Interview with Cristina Branco] in: *Provas de Contacto: O resto*, 26 November 2007. Website.
- <http://lishbuna.blogspot.pt/2007/11/virar-pginas-cristina-branco-props-edio.html> accessed 12 November, 2012.
- "List of translations of J. Slauerhoff" in: *The Dutch Foundation For Literature*. Website. <http://www.nlpvf.nl/vertalingendb/search-results1.php?q=slauerhoff&nrows=100&lang=&searchtype=simple> accessed 22 January 2013.
- LOURENÇO, Eduardo. *Portugal como Destino. Seguido de Mitologia da Saudade*. Lisboa: Grávida, 1999.
- MACHADO, Paula. "Maria Alice: Fadista: 1904-1996" in: *Lisboa* June 2001. Lisbon: Comissão Municipal de Toponímia da CML, 2001. 5-13.
- "Maria Alice" in: *Museu do Fado* Website.

- <http://www.museudofado.pt/personalidades/detalhes.php?id=335&sep=1>,
accessed 28 January 2013.
- METRASS, Francisco Augusto. *Camões na gruta de Macau*. [Graphic visual] 1977
[date of reproduction]. <http://purl.pt/12227/1/> accessed 3 March
2013.
- MORAIS, Ribeiro, J. (ed.) *Colectânea de fados e canções de Coimbra*. Porto: Almeida
e Leitão Lda, 1997.
- MOUS, Huub. “Slauerhoff en het onbehagen in de cultuur” 20 November 2010.
<http://www.huubmous.nl/2010/11/20/slauerhoff-en-het-onbehagen-in-de-cultuur>,
accessed 21 December, 2012.
- “Mozambique Company” in: *Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia*. Website.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mozambique_Company accessed on 28 January
2013.
- MULDER, A.S. “De tijd en Slauerhoff” in: *Er bleef toch geen bewijs: Opstellen over de
poëzie van J. Slauerhoff*. Dirk Kroon (ed.) ‘s-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1982: 255-
261.
- NERY, Rui Vieira. *Para uma História do Fado*. Lisboa: Público, 2004.
- NOOTEBOOM, Cees. *Rituelen*. Amsterdam/Antwerpen: Uitgeverij De Arbeiderspers,
1980.
- , *Voorbije passages*. Amsterdam: Uitgeverij De Arbeiderspers,
1981.
- , *Het volgende verhaal*. Amsterdam: De Bezige Bij, 1991.
- , *A história seguinte*. Transl. Ana Maria Carvalho. Lisboa:
Quetzal, 1993.

- . “Slauerhoff in vertaling. Bij de Duitse uitgave van *De opstand van Guadalajara*.” *Bzzlletin* 258, Sept. 1998: 3-6.
- . *Rituais*. Transl. Patrícia Couto. & Arie Pos. Porto: Asa, 2000.
- NOOTEBOOM, Cees and Lou Lichtveld. “Herinneringen aan Slauerhoff: Cees Nooteboom in gesprek met Lou Lichtveld (Albert Helman)” *Ik had het leven me anders voorgesteld: J. Slauerhoff in vraaggesprekken en herinneringen*. Ed. Dirk Kroon. ‘s-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1981: 219-231.
- NORA, Pierre. “Between Memory and History: Les Lieux de Mémoire” Transl. Marc Roudebush. *Representations* 26. Special Issue: Memory and Counter-Memory. (Spring 1989): 7-24. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/2928520> accessed 14 April 2012.
- Nynke Laverman. Website. <http://www.nynkelaverman.nl/nederlands> accessed 18 December 2012.
- OSÓRIO, António. *A mitologia fadista*. Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1974.
- PASCOAES, Teixeira de. *A saudade e o saudosismo. (Dispersos e opúsculos)*. Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim: 1988.
- PESSOA, Fernando. “Há uma música do povo” in: *Portal do Fado*. http://www.portaldofado.net/component/option,com_jmovies/Itemid,336/task,detail/id,196/ accessed 26 February 2013.
- PIMENTEL, Manuel Cândido. “O mito de Portugal nas suas raízes culturais” in: *Portugal. Percursos de interculturalidade. Matrizes e Configurações, Volume III*. Eds. Mário Ferreira Lages e Artur Teodoro de Matos. (December 2008): 8-52. http://www.oi.acidi.gov.pt/docs/Col_Percursos_Intercultura/3_PI_Cap1.pdf accessed 27 December 2012.

POS, Arie. *Van verre havens: Het werk van Slauerhoff en de Chinese werkelijkheid*.

Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 1987.

----- . “Van dichterlijke brekebeen tot groot schrijver” in: *Ons Erfdeel* 30: 3 (May-June 1987): 367-375.

http://www.dbnl.org/tekst/_ons003198701_01/_ons003198701_01_0107.php
accessed 16 October, 2012.

----- . “De strijd met de demon. Twee bronnen voor het demonisatiemotief in het werk van J. Slauerhoff” in: *Preludium* (Special edition edicated to J. Slauerhoff) Ed. Gerrit Jan Kleinrensink, 4: 1 (1992): 26-42.

----- . “Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven: Aan de oevers van de Taag” and “De Lusitaanse idylle van F.C. Terborgh” in: *O Lissabon, mijn thuis*. Ed. August Willemsen and Marcel van den Boogert. Amsterdam: Bas Lubberhuizen, 2003 [1995]: 99-133.

“Programma” in: *Litteraire Meesters 2012: J. Slauerhoff*, 2012. Website.

<http://www.litterairemeesters.nl/evenementen> accessed 15 January 2013.

PRONKER, Ton F.J and Marian Douma. *Wandelen op Vlieland met Jan Slauerhoff*.

Oost-Vlieland: Ton F.J. Pronker, 2006.

QUEIROZ, Eça de. *De misdaad van pater Amaro*. Transl. J. Slauerhoff and R.

Schreuder. Amsterdam: Querido, 1932.

RIGNEY, Ann. “Plenitude, Scarcity and the Circulation of Cultural Memory” in:

Journal of European Studies 35:1 (March 2005): 11-28.

http://igitur-archive.library.uu.nl/let/2006-1214-212422/rigney_05_plenitude.pdf
accessed 24 January 2013.

RIMBAUD, Arthur. *Collected Poems: Includes parallel French Text*. Transl. Martin

- Sorrell. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009 [2001].
- RODRIGUES, José Maria. “Luis de Camões: A sua vida e a sua obra” in: *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada: Volume II*. Ed. Albino Forjaz de Sampaio. Paris: Aillaud, 1930. 294-376.
- ROZENDAAL, Ernst Jan. *Hier: 20 Jaar BLØF*. Amsterdam: Carrera, 2012.
- SAMPAIO, Albino Forjaz de. (ed.) *História da literatura portuguesa ilustrada. Volume II*. Ed. Albino Forjaz de Sampaio. Paris: Aillaud, 1930.
- . *Porque me orgulho de ser português*. Lisboa: Sá da Costa, 1950 [1926].
- SCHNEIDER, Reinhold. *Camões: Angústia e tragédia*. Transl. Milton Campana. São Paulo: Herder, 1967.
- SEGHES, Pierre. (ed.) “Introduction” in: *Poètes maudits du XXe siècle*. Paris: Belfond, 1985. 9-18.
- SÉRGIO, Octávio. “Discografia de Armando Goes”, “Registos fonográficos de Lucas Rodrigues Junot (1902-1968)” and “António Menano” in: *Guitarra de Coimbra (Parte I)* (2005-2006). Website.
<http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/> accessed 28 January 2013.
- SETÚBAL, Paulo. *Johan Maurits van Nassau*. Transl. R. Schreuder and J. Slauerhoff. Amsterdam: Wereldbibliotheek, 1933.
Slauerhoff-collectie. Letterkundig Museum, Den Haag.
- SLAUERHOFF, Guus. *The Soul of Fado*. Lisboa: EGEAC/Museu do Fado, 2006.
- SLAUERHOFF, Jan Jacob. *Jan Pietersz Coen*. 's-Gravenhage: Nijgh en Van Ditmar, 1931. http://www.dbnl.org/arch/slau001janp01_01/pag/slau001janp01_01.pdf accessed 10 December 2012.

- . Rev. of *Portugal. Ein Reisetagebuch*, Reinhold Schneider.
Nieuwe Arnhemsche Courant [Arnhem] May 6, 1933. A3, 9.
- . *Dagboek*. Ed. K. Lekkerkerker. Amsterdam: Lekkerkerker,
 1957.
- . “Portugal en Camoës” Rev. of *Das Leiden des Camoës oder
 Untergang und Vollendung der portugiesischen Macht*, Reinhold Schneider in:
Verzamelde werken: Proza V: Critisch proza. Hendrik Marsman (ed.).
 Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 1958: 30-36.
- . *Brieven aan Hans Feriz*. Ed. Herman Vernout. Amsterdam:
 De Arbeiderspers, 1984.
- . *Het China van Slauerhoff*. Ed. W. Blok en K. Lekkerkerker.
 ’s-Gravenhage: Nederlands Letterkundig Museum en Documentatiecentrum,
 1985.
- . *Alleen de havens zijn ons trouw*. Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van
 Ditmar, 1992.
- . *Das verbotene Reich*. Transl. Albert Vigoleis Thelen.
 Stuttgart: Klett-Cotta, 1993 [1991].
- . *O reino proibido*. Transl.: Patrícia Couto and Arie Pos.
 Lisboa: Teorema, 1997.
- . *Alle verhalen*. Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 2003
 [1990].
- . *Alle romans*. Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 2004
 [1990].
- . *Alle gedichten*. Amsterdam: Nijgh & Van Ditmar, 2005

- [1998].
- . "Compagnie de Mozambique" Transl. Paul Vincent in
Poetry International, 2007. Website.
<http://www.poetryinternationalweb.net/pi/site/poem/item/17896/auto/J.-Slauerhoff/COMPAGNIE-DE-MOZAMBIQUE> accessed on 2 February, 2013.
- . *Het heele leven is toch verloren*. Eds. Arie Pos and Menno Voskuil. Utrecht: Het Literatuurhuis, 2012.
- . *The Forbidden Kingdom*. Transl. Paul Vincent. London: Pushkin Press, 2012.
- SPENGLER, Oswald. *Today and Destiny: Vital Excerpts from the Decline of the West*. Ed. Edwin Franden Dakin; Transl. Charles Francis Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1940.
- STEWART, Susan. *On Longing*. Durham and London: Duke University Press, 1993 [1984].
- TERBORGH, F.C. *Slauerhoff, Herinneringen en brieven en Het laatste afscheid*. Den Haag: BZZTôH, 1984.
- THELEN, Albert Vigoleis. *Cartas a Teixeira de Pascoaes*. Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 1997.
- Van Dale Handwoordenboek Nederlands-Engels*. Utrecht/Antwerpen: Van Dale Lexicografie, 1996.
- VAN DEN BERGH, Herman. *Schip achter boegbeeld*. Utrecht: Uitgeverij REFLEX, 1979.
- VAN NEVEL, Paul. *Dertig jaar verslaafd aan Lissabon*. Berchem: EPO, 2006.
- VAN WESSEM, Constant. *Slauerhoff*. 's-Gravenhage: BZZTôH, 1979.

VASCONCELOS, Carolina Michaëlis de. *A Saudade Portuguesa*. Lisboa: Guimarães Editores, 1996.

VENÂNCIO, Fernando. *Uma migalha na saia do universo*. Lisboa: Assirio e Alvim, 1996. 69.

VERLAINE, Paul. *Les poètes maudits*. Paris: Léon Vanier, 1888 [1884].

<http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k72580r/f6.image> accessed 20 February 2013.

WILLEMSSEN, August. “De teloorgang van Lissabon en de rampen van de liefde” in: *O Lissabon, mijn thuis*. Eds. August Willemsen and Marcel van den Boogert. Amsterdam: Bas Lubberhuizen, 2003 [1995]: 244-53.

ZUIDHOEK, Arne. *Slauerhoff: 'Te varen naar het eiland van geluk': Van Formosa tot Vlieland: De schepen en zeeën van J. Slauerhoff*. Soesterberg: Uitgeverij Aspekt, 2007.

DISCOGRAPHY

- ALICE, Maria. *As primeiras gravações. The First Recordings. 1929-1931*. Farol
Música FAR91766: 2009.
- BLØF. *Watermakers*. EMI 0724352900220: 2000.
- , *Umoja*. EMI Music Netherlands 094635005028: 2006.
- BRANCO, Cristina. *Cristina Branco in Holland*. Circulo de Cultura Portuguesa na
Holanda CCPH002: 1997.
- , *Murmúrios*. Mw Records 8712618402320: 1998.
- , *Post-scriptum*. L'Empreinte Digitale ED 13121: 2000.
- , *Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff*. Circulo de Cultura Portuguesa
na Holanda CCPH003: 2000.
- , *Corpo iluminado*. Universal Classics France 014151-2: 2001.
- , *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff*.
EmArcy/Universal France 472 281-2: 2002.
- , *Sensus*. Universal Classics France 067168-2: 2003.
- , *Ulisses*. Universal Music S.A.S. France 0602498208984: 2005.
- , *Abril*. Universal Music Classics France 0600753022436: 2007.
- , *Kronos*. Universal Music Classics France 4801996: 2009.
- , *Não há só tangos em Paris*. Univeral Music Classics France
06025276433-42: 2011.
- CARMO, Carlos do. *À noite*. Universal Music Portugal 602517779198: 2008.
- CARVALHO, Ana. *Fado: As lágrimas do Tejo: De tranen van de Taag*. EPO
Publishers 9064452199: 2001.

- GOES, Armando. “Fado de Coimbra”, *His Master’s Voice*, E.Q. 245
- HUELGAS ENSEMBLE. *Tears of Lisbon*. Sony Music SK62256: 1996.
- JUNOT, Lucas. “Triste (fado)”. Columbia 8101-WP189.
- LAMEIRINHAS, Fernando. *O Destino*. Coast To Coast 8714691014285: 2010 [2000].
- LAVERMAN, Nynke. *Sielesâlt*. T2 Entertainment 8713545770605: 2004.
- MENANO, António. *1927-1928. Arquivos do Fado Vol. V*. Heritage 0008637503123: 1995.

VIDEOGRAPHY

Een manier om thuis te komen. BLØF. EMI Music Netherlands: 2007.

Fado: Ombre et Lumière. Yves Billon. France, 1989, available on DVD as *Music from*

Portugal: Fado, Lights and Shadows, Universal Music France, 2004.

A Severa. José Leitão de Barros. Portugal/France, 1931.

ADDENDA

CITED POETRY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TRANSLATIONS, QUOTATIONS AND CONVENTIONAL SIGNS.....	164
TRACKLIST CD.....	165
LE BATEAU IVRE.....	169
DE ONTDEKKER	170
COLUMBUS	171
COMPAGNIE DE MOZAMBIQUE.....	173
VIDA TRISTE.....	175
THREE OTHER <i>FADOS</i> BY MARIA ALICE FROM 1929 SLAUERHOFF MIGHT HAVE HEARD	177
CARTA PARA A PRISÃO.....	177
FADO DA PERDIDA	177
A ENJEITADA.....	177
FADO'S.....	178
TRISTE (FADO).....	179
FADO DE COIMBRA	179
FADO DA LUA	179
UM FADO.....	179
FASES DA LUA	180
O ENGEITADO	181
FADO	183
WONINGLOOZE	184
TWO SONGS BY NYNKE LAVERMAN FROM SIELESÂLT.....	185
VIDA TRISTE.....	185
O ENGEITADO	186
DANSEN AAN ZEE (BLØF).....	187
HERINNERING AAN LATER (BLØF)	189
SAUDADE	191
DE EENZAMEN.....	193
DE VROUW AAN HET VENSTER	194
DAME SEULE.....	194

VERLANGEN.....	195
ANGUSTIA (Early version).....	196
ANGUSTIA.....	197
VOOR DE VERRE PRINSES	198
AANKOMST (First Version).....	199
AANKOMST.....	200
PORTUGEESCH WELKOM.....	201
PORTUGEESCH FORT	202
VEELGODENDOM.....	203
DE JONKEN	204
KATHEDRAAL SAN MIGUEL	205
UITZICHT OP MACAO VAN MONTE AF.....	206
OCHTEND MACAO	207
HET DOODE MACAO.....	208
LISBOA.....	210
O DIA EM QUE NASCI MOURA E PEREÇA	211
CAMOËS' THUISKOMST	212
CAMOËS.....	214
CAMOËS.....	215
LAATSTE VERSCHIJNING VAN CAMOËS	216

TRANSLATIONS, QUOTATIONS AND CONVENTIONAL SIGNS

Throughout this addenda, I have adapted the font size sometimes in order to facilitate parallel reading of the poems when they did not fit the column. The translations of Mila Vidal Paletti are quoted as in the booklet to Cristina Branco's *O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff*. Unless indicated otherwise, all English translations are mine.

TRACKLIST CD

Fados & fadistas (1920-1929)

1. Lucas Junot – Triste (192?) (p.179)
2. António Menano – Fases Da Lua (1927-1928) (p.180)
3. Armando Goes – Fado de Coimbra (1929) (p.179)
4. Maria Alice – Fado da perda (BRUNSWICK 8626 A 1929) (p.177)
5. Maria Alice – A enfeitada (BRUNSWICK 8626 B 1929) (p.177)
6. Maria Alice – Vida Triste (BRUNSWICK 8628 A 1929) (p.175)
7. Maria Alice – Carta para a prisão (BRUNSWICK 8628 B 1929) (p.177)

O descobridor: Cristina Branco canta Slauerhoff (2002)

8. Os Solitários (p.193)
9. O Descobridor (p.170)
10. O Enfeitado II (p.181)
11. Chegada (p.200)
12. Aspição (p.195)
13. Vida Triste (p.175)
14. A Uma Princesa Distante (p.198)
15. Fado (p.183)
16. Angústia (p.197)
17. Mulher A Janela (p.194)
18. Saudade (p.191)
19. O Enfeitado (poem recited by Cees Nooteboom) (p.181)

In the slipstream of O descobridor: Nynke Laverman and BLØF

20. Nynke Laverman – Vida Triste (p.185-6)
21. Nynke Laverman – O Enfeitado (p.186)
22. BLØF & Cristina Branco – Dansen aan zee (live) (p.187-8)
23. BLØF & Cristina Branco – Herinnering aan later (p.189-90)

All works with copyright reproduced with permission from the authors.

Tracks 1 & 3 originally sent to me by Jorge Rino.

Track 1 taken from Lucas Junot. “Triste (fado)”. Columbia 8101-WP189.

Track 2 taken from António Menano. *1927-1928. Arquivos do Fado Vol. V*. Heritage
0008637503123 (track 18).

Track 3 taken from Armando Goes. “Fado de Coimbra”, *His Master’s Voice*, E.Q. 245

Tracks 4-7 taken from Maria Alice. *As primeiras gravações. The First Recordings*.

1929-1931. Farol Música FAR91766: 2009 (tracks 12, 19, 11, 18 respectively).

Tracks 8-19 are the integral album: Cristina Branco. *O descobridor: Cristina Branco
canta Slauerhoff*. EmArcy/Universal France 472 281-2: 2002.

Tracks 20-21 taken from Nynke Laverman. *Sielesâlt*. T2 Entertainment
8713545770605: 2004 (track 3 & 8 respectively).

Track 22 taken from audio disc 2 accompanying *Een manier om thuis te komen*. BLØF.
EMI Music Netherlands: 2007 (track 10).

Track 23 taken from BLØF. *Umoja*. EMI Music Netherlands 094635005028: 2006
(track 8).

CITED POETRY

LE BATEAU IVRE

(*Arthur Rimbaud*)

1 Comme je descendais des Fleuves impassibles,
Je ne me sentis plus guidé par les haleurs :
Des Peaux-Rouges criards les avaient pris pour
cibles, / Les ayant cloués nus aux poteaux de
couleurs.

5 J'étais insoucieux de tous les équipages,
Porteur de blés flamands ou de cotons anglais.
Quand avec mes haleurs ont fini ces tapages,
Les Fleuves m'ont laissé descendre où je voulais.

10 Dans les clapotements furieux des marées,
Moi, l'autre hiver, plus sourd que les cerveaux
d'enfants, Je courus ! Et les Péninsules démarrées
N'ont pas subi tohu-bohus plus triomphants.

15 La tempête a béni mes éveils maritimes.
Plus léger qu'un bouchon j'ai dansé sur les flots
Qu'on appelle rouleurs éternels de victimes,
Dix nuits, sans regretter l'oeil niais des falots !

20 Plus douce qu'aux enfants la chair des pommes
sûres, / L'eau verte pénétra ma coque de sapin
Et des taches de vins bleus et des vomissures
Me lava, dispersant gouvernail et grappin.

(Abridged, Rimbaud 2009: 124)

(*J. Slauerhoff*)

EINDELIJK bevrijd van de overtollige equipage
Kwam ik den stroom van 't Westen afgedaald.
Roodhuiden hebben de matrozen genageld,
Gestroopt aan den gekleurden folterpaal.

Ik vaar nu beter zonder bemanning,
Zonder lading: Engelsch katoen en Vlaamsche
gerst. / De zeestroom bevordert mijn trotsche
verbanning; / Zonder stoom ontvlied ik het
vastland het verst.
Storm heeft mijn oceanisch ontwaken gezegend,
Ik danste lichter dan kurk op een vloed,
Ook diepgezonken verdronken bewegend.
Tien nachten heb ik geen toplicht ontmoet.

Een kind proeft 't springend vruchtsap zoo zoet
niet, / Als ik het zeesop dat mij lekker
binnenliep; / Ik werd schoongespoeld van
kampanje tot boegspriet, / Al 't ongediert'
verdronk dat in mijn scheepshol liep.

(Slauerhoff 2012: 38)

Finally freed from the excess crew
I came descending the stream of the West.
Redskins nailed the sailors,
Poached to the colored stake.

I sail better now without a crew,
Without a load: English cotton and Flemish
barley. / The sea current stimulates my proud
exile; / Without steam, I fled the mainland as far
as I could.
Storm has blessed my oceanic awakening,
I danced lighter than cork on a flood,
Also stirring long-drowned sunk deeply.
Ten nights I have not met a masthead.

A child does not taste the bursting fruit juice so
sweet, / As I the sea that filled me up good
I was rinsed from poop to bowsprit,
All of the vermin in my limber hole drowned.

DE ONTDEKKER
(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Hij had het land waarvoor hij scheepging lief,
Lief, als een vrouw 't verborgen komende.
Er diep aan denkend stond hij droomende
Voor op de plecht en als de boeg zich hief
- 5 Was 't hem te moede of 't zich reeds bewoog
Onder de verten, waarin 't sluimerde,
Terwijl 't schip, door de waterscheiding
schuimende, / Op de aanbreekende geboort'
toevloog.
- 10 Maar toen het lag ontdekt, leek het verraad.
Geen stille onzichtbre streng verbond hen
tweeën. / Hij wilde 't weerverheimlijken – te
laat: / Het lag voor hen allen bloot. Hem bleef
geen raad / Dan voort te varen, doelloos, desolaat
En zonder drift – leeg, over leege zeeën.

(AG: 523)

THE DISCOVERER

He held dear the land for which he embarked,
Dear, like a woman what is hidden still to come.
Deeply thinking about it, he stood dreaming
In front of the half-deck and when the bow was
lifted
He was weary of whether it was already moving
Under the distances, in which it slumbered,
Whilst the ship, foaming through the watershed
Flew towards the dawning birth.

But when it was discovered, it seemed betrayal.
No quiet, invisible strand connected the two of
them. / He wanted to conceal it again – too late:
It laid bare for them all. He had no other counse
But to sail on, aimlessly, desolate
And without drift – empty over empty seas.

O DESCOBRIDOR
(Mila Vidal Paletti)

Tinha amor à terra que o mar lhe ocultava
Amor, como uma mulher ao ente que vai nascer /
Assim ia cuidando e em sonhos se afundava / No
alto da coberta, olhando a proa erguer.

Pareceu-lhe que algo se mexia
Uma névoa ao longe a querer romper
Enquanto o barco, espumando, as águas dividia
De encontro à terra prestes a nascer

Ao descobri-la porém, soube-lhe a traição.
Nada os unia. Oculto no silêncio, nenhum
cordão. / De novo quis encobri-la mas era tarde
de mais: / Nua jazia aos olhos do mundo. Apenas
lhe restava / Seguir curso tristemente, sem
destino nem cais / E sem corrente – vazio de si
no vazio dos mares.

(Branco 2002: 12)

COLUMBUS

(J. Slauerhoff)

[p. 321]

1 Als een drieënheid dreef zijn kleine vloot
Over het wijde, nooit bevaren water
Naar 't land dat hij verwachtte, aldoor later,
Maar vast, als aan 't eind van 't bestaan den dood.

5 Hij wist, zonder berichten en bewijzen,
Het nieuwe werelddeel te liggen aan
Een verre kim, en anders zou 't verrijzen
Tijdens zijn naadring, diep uit de' oceaen.

10 Met door geen wrevel aangetast geduld
Werd iedren dag de afstand uitgerekend,
Op de nog leege kaarten aangeteekend,
En geen verwachting door de ruimt' vervuld.

Een enkel maal stond zijn gelaat verstoord,
Wanneer de kleine *Pinta* achterbleef
15 En hij des avonds in zijn dagboek schreef:
'Wind vast, 't volk ontevree, van land geen spoor.'

Wanneer hij eenzaam zat in de kampanje
Kwamen soms oproerkreten doorgedrongen;
Hij vreesde dood noch leegte, alleen gedwongen
20 Terug te keeren naar 't gehate Spanje.

Toen eindlijk - op een ijle grijze lijn -
Vreemd slank geboomte als met pluimen wuifde,
En 't volk na lang bedwongen doodsangst juichte,

COLUMBUS

Like a trinity his small fleet floated
On the wide, never before sailed water
To the land he expected, always later,
But surely, like at the end of existence, death.

He knew, without messages and evidences,
That the new continent would lie
On a far horizon, and otherwise it would rise up
During its approach, deep from the ocean.

With by no resentment touched patience,
Every day the distance was calculated,
Noted on the as of yet empty maps,
And no expectation fulfilled by the space.

A single time his face was disturbed,
When the small *Pinta* was lagging
And he in the evening in his diary wrote:
'Wind steady, the people unsatisfied, not a trace of land.'

When he sat lonely in the poop
Sometimes riot cries came penetrated;
He feared death nor void, only forced
To return to hated Spain.

When finally – on a thin grey line
Strange slender trees were waving as if with plumes,
And the people cheered after a long suppressed fear of death,

Stond hij gebukt door diep verborgen pijn.

[p. 322]

25 't Wondend besef van wat hem had gedreven:
Niet het begeeren van schatrijke ontdekking,
't Verlangen voort te zeilen steeds; zijn leven
Wist hij nu doelloos, eindeloos van strekking.

Hij droeg een voorgevoel van ballingschap:
30 Na ongenade een lange kerkerstraf,
Bevlekte glorie en gebroken staf,
't Oud hoofd gebannen in een monnikskap;

Reeds vastbesloten, in dien eersten stond,
Op een klein schip met weinigen te vluchten;
35 Reddend in 't eeuwig wijken van de luchten
Een waan van ruim: *de wereld is niet rond.*

(AG: 321-2)

He stood stooped from deeply hidden hurt.

The wounding realization of what had driven him:
Not the desire of a wealthy discovery,
The desire to sail on continuously; his life
He now knew purposeless, endless in scope.

He carried a premonition of exile:
After disgrace a long prison sentence,
Stained glory and a broken staff,
The old head banished in a cowl;

Determined already, in that early morning,
To flee on a small ship with few men;
Saving in the ever retreating skies
A delusion of space: the world is not round.

COMPAGNIE DE MOZAMBIQUE
(J. Slauerhoff)

[p. 591]

- 1 Aan de Compagnie de Mozambique
Behoort Beira
En het land daarachter
En ook Manga
- 5 En de negers die daar werken
En de heesters in de perken,
Alles hier behoort
Aan de Compagnie de Mozambique.
- Ook de dieren die hier leven:
- 10 Niet alleen de kreupele ossen
Met hun tsetsevliegen,
Fladderende vogels en onzichtbare insecten
Eveneens.
- 't Wordt vervelend
- 15 Alle op te noemen,
Maar wat zal men anders doen
Als men zit te wachten
Op een bus (ook van de Compagnie)
Die niet komt,
- 20 Luisterend naar de karekiet
Die het midden houdt
Met zijn vreemd tweetonig lied
Tusschen nachtegaal en krekel!
- 25 (Hierop maakt de Compagnie de Mozambique
Geen aanspraak.)

[p. 592]

COMPAGNIE DE MOZAMBIQUE
(Paul Vincent)

The Compagnie de Mozambique
Owns all Beira
And the land beyond
And Manga too
And the blacks who labour there
And bushes planted in beds with care.
It owns everything here
The Compagnie de Mozambique.

The animals living here too:
Not only the shambling oxen
With their tsetse flies,
Fluttering birds and insects one can't see
It owns too.

It grows tiresome
Summing them all up,
But what else is one to do
When one's sitting waiting
For a bus (run by the Compagnie)
That won't come,
Hearing a warbler chirping along,
Like a compromise,
With its funny two-note song,
Twixt nightingale and cricket!

(The Compagnie de Mozambique
lays no claim to it.)

Ook António Menano,
 De befaamde fadozanger
 Bij wiens donkere befloerste stem
 30 Alle vrouwen weenen en bezwijmen:
 Die al 't leed van Portugal opbeurde,
 Ook Menano
 Hoort nu toe aan de Compagnie de Mozambique.

Acht mijl verder
 35 Werkt hij op een onderneming;
 Rijk werd hij want ieder wou hem hooren,
 Arm werd hij want hij moest spelen en verloor
 En natuurlijk speculeerend in aandelen
 Van de Compagnie de Mozambique.

40 Nu is hij voor zeven jaar
 Daar verbonden als plantagedokter,
 Geeft injecties en beslist
 Of een neger die zich heeft vergist
 Sterk genoeg is voor de geeseling,
 45 Want de reglementen zijn
 Streng en toch humaan
 Bij de Compagnie de Mozambique.

Brengen wij het losgeld niet bijeen,
 Dat hij weer van droeve zaligheid kan zingen?
 50 Neen.
 Ook Menano dronk zich al lang schor
 Aan de whisky die, hier ingevoerd
 Voor verlaagd tarief,
 Wordt verstrekt aan de employé's
 55 Van de Compagnie de Mozambique. (AG: 591-2)

António Menano too,
 The famous fado singer
 Whose dark and muffled voice
 Makes all women weep and swoon:
 Who cheered all Portugal's sorrows.
 Menano too
 Now belongs to the Compagnie de Mozambique.

Eight miles away
 He works on a plantation;
 He grew rich when all thronged to hear him,
 He grew poor when he gambled and lost,
 Of course speculating in shares
 Of the Compagnie de Mozambique.

He's contracted for seven years
 As a doctor on the plantation,
 Gives injections and decides
 If a black man who's done wrong
 Is fit enough to be flogged,
 For the regulations
 Are strict and yet humane
 In the Compagnie de Mozambique.

Shall we give money to buy him out,
 So he can sing once more of mournful ecstasy?
 No.
 Menano long since has drunk himself hoarse
 On the whisky that's imported
 At a knock-down price
 And supplied to the employees
 Of the Compagnie de Mozambique. (Paul Vincent, 2007)¹

¹ <http://www.poetryinternationalweb.net/pi/site/poem/item/17896/auto/J.-Slauerhoff/COMPAGNIE-DE-MOZAMBIQUE> accessed on 2 February, 2013.

VIDA TRISTE
(*J.F. Brito*)

- 1 Vida triste de quem ama
E o coração não resiste
Ao grande amor que o inflama
Sinto o peito querer abrir-se
- 5 E o coração contrafeito
Como a tentar evadir-se
- Sofrer, penar, levar ao calvário a cruz
Até que se apague a luz
Da derradeira ilusão
- 10 Se tudo acaba às mãos do tempo que
corre / Porque será que não morre
Esta maldita paixão
- Se é pecado olvidar
Eu pequei por ter amado
- 15 Alguém que não sabe amar
E um afago nem terei
Que possa servir de pago
A tanto amor que lhe dei²

Lyrics: J.F. Brito
Music: J. Souza
Recorded by Maria Alice in Lisbon,
1929 accompanied by Portuguese
guitar and viola, musicians unknown.
Catalogue reference: BRUNSWICK
8628A

VIDA TRISTE
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

- [p.596]
- 1 Gedoemd om droevig te leven
Wordt ieder die te veel liefheeft;
Nog nooit hield mijn hart het tegen,
De liefde die groot verdriet geeft.
- 5 Weer zocht tevergeefs aan jouw borst
Mijn gemartelde hart zijn rust,
Dat wil troost voor brandende dorst
En wordt niet gelescht door lust.
- En altijd lijden en boeten
- 10 Moet men voor iedere daad,
Tot de wellust der laatste zoete
Liefkoozing in dood vergaat.
- Hoe lang men soms kan omhelzen,
Eens is weer de tijd vervloden;
- 15 Kan men dan nooit die helsche
Vervloekte passie dooden?
- [p.597]
- Ik weet het, liefde is zonde
En dus kreeg ik ook mijn straf:
Ik ben voor eeuwig gebonden
- 20 Aan iemand die nooit om mij gaf.
- Wel heeft hij mij veel streelingen
En liefkoozingen gedaan,
Nooit kon hij mijn liefde bevredigen,
Dat kan zeker niet bestaan.

VIDA TRISTE

- Doomed to live sadly
Is anyone who loves too much;
Never has my heart resisted it,
The love that gives great sadness.
- Again in vein to your breast
My tortured heart sought its rest,
That wants solace for burning
thirst / And is not quenched by
lust.
And always one must suffer and
Pay for every act,
Until the lust of the last sweet
Caress perishes in death.
- How long one sometimes can
embrace, / Once again time has
passed; / Can one never kill
That hellish, damned passion?
- I know, love is a sin,
And so I received my punishment:
I am forever bound
To someone who never cared for
me.
He did fondle me
And caressed me,
Never could he satisfy my love,
That for sure cannot exist.

VIDA TRISTE
(*Mila Vidal Paletti*)

- Condenado a viver triste
É sina de quem muito ama
Nunca tu, meu coração, resististe
Ao amor que a dor infama.
- Mais uma vez meu torurado
coração / Buscou abrigo no teu
peito, inutilmente; / Não há quem
lhe console a sede ardente / Nem
ele se farta das delícias da paixão.
E sempre, para qualquer acto,
Há que pagar com o sofrimento,
Até que a doçura do último tacto
Acabe por morrer num lamento.
- Por mais que os corpos se enlacen
Um dia tudo passa e só fica solidão.
Haverá porventura alguém
Que mate o fogo te tão maldita
paixão?
- Eu sei que amar é pecado
Por isso também a mim o céu
castigou / Fiquei pra vida amarrado
A quem sempre me enganou.
- (Branco 2002: 22)

² Lyrics and information taken from the booklet of *As primeiras gravações : The first recordings 1929-1931*, 2009: [s.p.]

25 Ik weet wel, lijden en boeten
Moet men voor iedere daad,
Tot de wellust der laatste zoete
Liefkoozing in dood vergaat.

I know, one must suffer and
Pay for every act,
Until the lust of the last sweet
Caress perishes in death.

Hoe lang men soms kan omhelzen,
30 Eens is weer de tijd vervloden;
Kan men dan nooit die helsche
vervloekte passie dooden?

How long one sometimes can
embrace, / Once again time has
passed; / Can one never kill
That hellish, damned passion?

**vertaald anoniem*

**translated anonymous*

(AG: 596-7)

THREE OTHER *FADOS* BY MARIA ALICE FROM 1929³ SLAUERHOFF MIGHT HAVE HEARD

CARTA PARA A PRISÃO (*F. Telles*)

Acredita, meu amor
Quando te vou visitar
Às grades dessa prisão
Sufocada pela dor
De te ver assim penar
Estala meu coração

Por mim mataste um rival
És agora condenado
Ao degredo por castigo
Mas juro por amor fatal
Não vai meu corpo a teu lado
Mas vai minh'alma contigo

Lyrics: F. Telles
Music: C. Maia
Catalogue reference: Brunswick 8628 B

FADO DA PERDIDA (*J. Patrício*)

Minha mãe chorou de pena
Por me ver nesta má vida
Mas ninguém, ninguém condena
Quem me faz assim perdida

Vivo para aí na viela
Como um ente desprezado
E ao balcãp de uma janela
Vendo beijos, canto o fado

Quando me dei a quem quis
Não supunha que viesse
A ter a sorte infeliz
De dar-me quem me quisesse

Lyrics: J. Patrício
Music: J. Proença
Catalogue reference: Brunswick 8626 A.

A ENJEITADA (*P. Bandeira*)

O mais triste vagabundo
Quando veio a este mundo
Teve um beijo maternal
Pois eu sou tão desgraçada
Que ao nascer fui enjeitada
Num recanto dum portal

Recolheu-me por bondade
Ou fingida caridade
Um homem degenerado

Que me quis e me criou
E por fim desgraçou
E arrastou-me para o fado

Toda a miséria que eu passo
E a via em que me desgraço
Este chiqueiro onde estou
Todo o mal que de mim vem
Só o devo á minha mãe
Que mal nasci me enjeitou

Lyrics: P. Bandeira
Music: J. Meneses
Catalogue reference 8626 B.

³ Recorded by Maria Alice in Lisbon in 1929, accompanied by Portuguese guitar and viola, musicians unknown.

FADO'S
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

FADOS

(*the original fados*)

1 *Liefdewoorden*

Lovewords

Slechts zij die de wereld verzaakten
Weten de woorden te vinden
Die 't licht niet kunnen verdragen,
5 Maar blindelings 't innerlijk raken.

Only those who forsook the world
Know to find the words
That cannot bear the light,
But blindly touch the inner.

Falas de amor só as sabem
Os cegos de olhar profundo
Há palavras que não cabem
Em toda a luz deste mundo⁴

Wee hen! Zij staan in het leven
Als blinden in breede straten,
Maar beklagen nog hen die nooit minden,
Die zijn ziende maar zonder genade.

Woe them! They stand in life
Like blinds in broad streets,
But pity those who never loved,
They can see but without any mercy.

Ai daqueles que só amam
São uns ceguinhos na estrada
Mas pior os que não amam
Que não são cegos nem nada⁵

10 *Maneschijn*

Moonshine

Het maanlicht strijkt over de bergen
En dringt door ramen en deuren,
Het weet met vermaan aan de verten
De doode uren te kleuren.

The moonlight brushes over the mountains
And pierces through windows and doors,
It blames with admonishing in the distances
To color the dead hours.

(*Vertaald, anoniem*)

(*Translated, anonymous*)

(AG: 595)

⁴ Anonymous author. Second quatrain from the *fado* “Um fado de Coimbra”, from *Colectânea de fados e canções de Coimbra* (Morais 1997: 191).

⁵ Anonymous author. First quatrain from the *fado* “Ai daqueles que só amam” (Morais 1997: 119).

TRISTE (FADO)	TRISTE (FADO)	FADO DE COIMBRA	FADO DA LUA	UM FADO
1 Ai daqueles que só amam Ou são ceguinhos na estrada Mas pior os que não amam E não são cegos nem nada.	Assim chego a teus pés Curada da dor levada Como já chegaste aos meus Sem alma e asas, sem nada.	Nossa Senhora da Graça, Que tantos milagres fazes, 'stou de mal com o meu amor, /Senhora, fazei as pazes.	Ó Lua que vais tão alta Alivia-me esta dor Ajuda-me a dar um salto Para os braços do meu amor.	Passam-se noites inteiras Que me não posso deitar E a lua já tem olheiras De tanto me alumiar.
5 Da miséria e da desgraça Não te rias, meu amor: O pobrezinho que passa Pode ser Nosso Senhor.	A luz desse olhar tristonho Que ninguém tem, faz lembrar / Essa luz feita de sonho / Que a Lua deita no mar.	Falas de amor só as sabem Os cegos de olhar profundo; Há palavras que não cabem Em toda a luz deste mundo.	Passo as noites inteiras Sem que me possa deitar A Lua já tem olheiras De tanto me alumiar	Já o luar, de mansinho, No vento reza de dor, Anda a pintar de branquinho Na casa do meu amor. ¹⁰
Lyrics: 1 st stanza author unknown, 2 nd stanza by João Silva Tavares Music: Fortunato Roma da Fonseca Date of origin: ca. 1915- 1920 Recorded by Lucas Junot May, 1927. Columbia 8101-WP189 ⁶	Lyrics: author unknown Music: Fortunato Roma da Fonseca Date: 1927 Recorded by José Paradela de Oliveira, His Master's Voice EQ 82 and His Master's Voice Victor 81460/master 7- 62175. ⁷	Lyrics: 1 st stanza: Popular, 2 nd stanza: author unknown Music: Paulo de Sá Recorded by Armando Goes in September 1929, accompanied by Albano de Noronha and Afonso de Sousa on guitars. Edition: His Master's Voice, E.Q. 245 ⁸	(João Moleiro) ⁹	Music & lyrics: unknown author. Recorded by Carlos Leal in 1928-29, accompanied on the Portuguese guitar by Amândio Marques and Francisco Fernandes with the violin played by Pais da Silva: Disco Parlophone, B 33.0301, master 98030).

⁶ Morais 1997: 119 and <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2005/05/registos-fonograficos-de-lucas.html> accessed 28 January, 2013.

⁷ <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2005/05/registos-fonograficos-de-lucas.html> accessed 28 January, 2013.

⁸ Morais 1997: 191 and <http://guitarradecoimbra.blogspot.pt/2005/10/discografia-de-armando-goes.html> accessed 28 January, 2013.

⁹ Morais 1997: 119. Whether the name of this author relates to the music, the words or both is not known. Any other information unknown.

¹⁰ http://portoacademico.blogspot.pt/2011_11_01_archive.html accessed 10 February, 2013.

FASES DA LUA

O amor é como a lua,
Como ela tem quatro fases,
(Ai) Lua Nova é o namoro (O namoro é Lua Nova)
Dizendo de amor três frases. (Dizendo do amor três frases)

E o namoro continua, (Se o namoro continua)
Muda a fase de repente,
(Ai) Já não é a Lua Nova,
(Ai) É amor em Quarto Crescente. (É amor quarto-crescente)

E quando ele só nela pensa (Quando ele só nela pensa)
E ela só por ele anseia,
(Ai) Já não é Quarto Crescente,
(Ai) É amor em Lua Cheia.

Vem depois o casamento,
Muda a fase num instante,
(Ai) Já não é a Lua Cheia,
(Ai) É amor em Quarto Minguante. (É amor quarto-minguante)

E se a coisa se complica (Se as coisas se complicam)
Vem o divórcio e afinal
(Ai) Já não é Quarto Minguante
(Ai) É amor Eclipse Total; (É amor-eclipse total)
Já não é Quarto Minguante
(Ai) É amor num Tribunal. (Ai! É amor no tribunal)

Music: unknown

Lyrics: unknown

Recorded by António Menano in Berlin, 11-28 December 1928,
accompanied by João Fernandes on Portuguese guitar and Mário
Marques on acoustic guitar.

Included on

O ENGEITADO*(J. Slauerhoff)*

[p. 598]

- 1 Ik voel mij van binnen bederven,
Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven¹¹:
Aan de oevers van de Taag.
Aan de gele, afhellende oevers,
5 Er is niets schooners en droevers,
En 't bestaan verheven en traag.

- Ik bewandel 's middags de prado's
En 's avonds hoor ik de fado's
Aanklagen tot diep in den nacht:
10 "A vida é immenso tristura" –
Ik voel mij al samensnoeren
Met de kwaal die zijn tijd afwacht.

- De vrouwen die visch verkoopen
En de wezens die niets meer hopen
15 Dan een douro meer, voor een keer,
Zij zingen ze even verlaten,
Door de galmgaten der straten,
In een stilte zonder verweer.

[p. 599]

- Een van hen hoorde ik zingen
20 En mijn kilte tot droefenis dwingen:
"Ik heb niets tot troost dan mijn klacht.
Het leven kent geen genade,

O ENGEITADO

I feel I am decaying inside,
Now I know where and of what I will die:
By the shores of the Tagus.
By the yellow, declining shores,
There is nothing more beautiful and sad,
And the existence exalted and slow.

In the afternoon I wander the prado's
And in the evening I hear the fados
Complaining deep into the night:
"A vida é immense tristura" –
I feel myself being strung together
With the ailment that awaits its time.

The women selling fish
And the creatures hoping for nothing more
But one douro more, for one time,
They sing them just as abandoned,
Through the resounding holes of the streets,
In a silence without defense.

I heard one of them singing
And force my chill into sadness:
"I have nothing for comfort but my
complaint. / Life knows no mercy,

O ENJEITADO*(Mila Vidal Paletti)*

No fundo, sinto-me apodrecer.
Agora sei onde e de quê irei morrer:
À beira do Tejo, de suas margens
macilentas e inclinadas.
Nada é mais belo e triste
E a existência sublime e lenta.

De tarde vagueio pelos prados
E à noite ouço o queixume dos fados
Até romper a madrugada.
- "A vida é imensa tristura" -
E logo sinto as amarras desse mal
Que no tempo aguarda fatal.

São as varinas quem canta o fado
E os entes que já nada esperam.
- "Mais um copo pra esquecer" -
Deixam-no desamparado,
Ecoando por becos e vielas,
Num silêncio que consente.

Um deles ouvi cantar
E minha frieza tornou-se em pesar:
"Nada me consola além da dor.
A vida não conhece o perdão,

¹¹ "Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven": this could normally be translated as: "Now I know of what I will die", here it also references Lisbon, and in that sense, "de gele oevers van de Taag" are the disease which will kill him. This is reflected in the Portuguese translation: "Agora sei onde e de que irei morrer".

Niets heb ik dan mijn fado
Om te vullen mijn leege nacht.”

I have nothing but my fado
To fill my empty night.”

Mais não tenho que este meu fado
P’ra me encher a noite, sem amor.”

25 Ik voel mij van binnen bederven,
Hier heeft het zin om te sterven,
Waar alles wulpsch zwelgt in smart:
Lisboa, eens stad der steden,
Die ‘t verleden voortsleept in ‘t heden,
30 En ruïnes met roem verwacht.

I feel decaying inside,
Here it makes sense to die,
Where everything voluptuous revels in
sorrow: / Lisboa, once city of cities,
That drags the past into the present,
And mistakes ruins for glory.

No fundo, sinto-me apodrecer;
Aqui, de nada serve morrer,
Onde tudo se perde na volúpia da dor:
Lisboa, outrora cidade das cidades,
Arrasta o passado no presente,
E vê nas ruínas uma glória que mente.

Ik word door dien waan betooverd;
Ook ik heb ontdekt en veroverd,
Die later alles verloor,
Om hier aan den tragen stroom
35 Bij het graf van den grootsten droom
Te sterven: “tudo é dôr”

I am enchanted by this delusion;
I too have discovered and conquered,
To lose everything later on,
Here by the slow stream
At the grave of the greatest dream
To die: “tudo é dôr”

Por essa miragem me encantei;
Também eu descobri e conquistei,
Para afinal, de tudo perdedor
Morrendo na lentidão da corrente,
Junto à campa do mais nobre
Dos sonhos: “tudo é dor”

(AG: 598-9)

(Branco 2002: 15)¹²

¹² What Cristina Branco sings, differs vastly from this official translation, she omits several verses, stanzas and replaces some of them with a different line.

FADO
(J. Slauerhoff)

1 Ben ik traag omdat ik droef ben,
Alles vergeefs vind en veil,
Op aarde geen hoogre behoefte ken
Dan wat schaduw onder een zonnezeil?

5 Of ben ik droef omdat ik traag ben,
Nooit de wijde wereld inga,
Alleen Lisboa van bij de Taag ken
En ook daar voor niemand besta,

10 Liever doelloos in donkere stegen
Van de armoedige Mouraria loop?
Daar kom ik vele'als mijzelve tegen
Die leven zonder liefde, lust, hoop...

(AG: 602)

FADO

Am I slow because I am sad,
Find everything vein and vicious,
Know no greater need on earth
Than some shadow under a solar sail?

Or am I sad because I am slow,
Never go into the wide world,
Know Lisbon only from by the Tagus,
And also exist for no one there,

Prefer to walk purposelessly in dark
alleyways / Of poor Mouraria?
There I meet many like myself
Who live without love, lust, hope...

FADO
(Mila Vidal Paletti)

Será que sou lento por ser triste,
Porque tudo julgo inútil e vão,
E em terras de sol nada mais me assiste
Que uma sombra aquém da imensidão?

Ou será que sou triste por ser lento,
Porque nunca me lanço ao vasto mundo
Só Lisboa junto ao Tejo é meu intento
Onde anónimo como sempre, me afundo

E por isso dou comigo, à deriva¹³
P'las vielas escuras da pobre Mouraria?
Aí encontro muitos como eu, sem via
Os que vivem sem amor, fé, alegria...

(Branco 2002: 27)

¹³ Cristina Branco sings this verse as: “Não seria melhor seguir à deriva”.

WONINGLOOZE*(J. Slauerhoff)*

1 Alleen in mijn gedichten kan ik wonen,
 Nooit vond ik ergens anders onderdak
 Voor de eigen haard gevoelde ik nooit een zwak,
 Een tent werd door de stormwind meegenomen.

5 Alleen in mijn gedichten kan ik wonen.
 Zolang ik weet dat ik in wildernis,
 In steppen stad en woud dat onderkomen
 Kan vinden, deert mij geen bekommernis.

Het zal lang duren, maar de tijd zal komen
 10 Dat vóór de nacht mij de oude kracht ontbreekt
 En tevergeefs om zachte woorden smeekt,
 Waarmee 'k weleer kon bouwen, en de aarde
 Mij bergen moet en ik mij neerbuig naar de
 Plek waar mijn graf in 't donker openbreekt.

*(AG: 259)***HOMELESS**

Only in my poems can I live,
 Never did I find shelter anywhere else,
 For my own hearth, I never had a weak spot,
 A tent was taken by the stormy wind.

Only in my poems can I live,
 As long as I know that in the wild,
 In steppes cities and forest, I can find
 That shelter, no worry can hurt me.

It will take a long time, but the time will come
 That before the night the old force will lack
 And will beg in vein for soft words,
 With which I once could build, and the earth
 Must store me and I bow down to the
 Place where my grave breaks open in the
 dark.

SEM-ABRIGO*(Fernando Venâncio)*

Só nos meus poemas encontro morada
 Abrigo dif'rente não me foi cedido;
 Ao próprio lar nunca me vi atraído,
 E a tenda plo vento brutal foi levada.

Só nos meus poemas encontro morada.
 E, se tal refúgio consigo nos matos,
 Em estepes, cidades ou sítios ingratos,
 Miséria nenhuma me afectará nada.

Ainda demora, mas há-de-chegar
 O tempo em que a força me abandonará
 E em vão doces ditos irá requerer
 Com que eu construía, e em que o chão
 irá / Guardar-me e eu me inclino pra
 esse lugar / Onde há uma cova no escuro
 a romper.

(Venâncio, 1996: 69)

TWO SONGS BY NYNKE LAVERMAN FROM SIELESÂLT¹⁴

VIDA TRISTE¹⁵

(*J. Slauerhoff*)

Gedoemd om droevig te leven
Wordt ieder die te veel liefheeft;
Nog nooit hield mijn hart het tegen,
De liefde die groot verdriet geeft.

Weer zocht tevergeefs aan jouw borst
Mijn gemartelde hart zijn rust,
Dat wil troost voor brandende dorst
En wordt niet gelescht door lust.

En altijd lijden en boeten
Moet men voor iedere daad,
Tot de wellust der laatste zoete
Liefkoozing in dood vergaat.

Hoe lang men soms kan omhelzen,
Eens is weer de tijd vervloden;
Kan men dan nooit die helsche
Vervloekte passie dooden?

Ik weet het, liefde is zonde
En dus kreeg ik ook mijn straf:

VIDA TRISTE

(*Nynke Laverman*)

Ivige drôvens ferneare
Moat elts dy't him te bot oan 't leavjen wijt;
Nea wie myn hert by steat te kearen,
De leafde dy't troch de siel snijt.

Op 'e nij socht myn tramtearre hert
Fergees dyn boarst en lis him dêr ta rêste.
't Raast om treast foar in toarstich ferlet,
Troch lust net te dwêsten.

Eltse die moat men belije
Ûntkomme oan boetsjen kin men nea,
Oant de gleonens fan it lêste swiete frijen
Fertarret yn 'e dea.

Hoe lang kin men soms omearmje,
Ien kear is de tiid wer oer;
Kin men himsels dan nea beskermje
En deadzje dat ferflokte fjoer?

Ik wit: leafde is sûnde.
Straf giet dêrom net oan my foarby:

¹⁴ Credits for *Sielesâlt* are: Nynke Laverman (voice), Herman Woltman (Portuguese and Spanish guitar), Carel van Leeuwen (cello and double bass on track 2 “De frou oan it finster”), Wytze van der Meer (double bass and Spanish guitar on track 2), Sytze Pruikma (drums and percussion). Music: Custódio Castelo on all tracks except for “Der wie ris”, Laverman’s own original song, music by Waldemar Bastos . Musical direction: Sytze Pruikma.

¹⁵ The following two cided poems of Slauerhoff “O engeitado” and “Vida triste” are presented here again, but this time adapted in order to fit the translation of Nynke Laverman on the right side, in order to give the reader a general idea of the differences and similarities between Frisian and Dutch.

Ik ben voor eeuwig gebonden
Aan iemand die nooit om mij gaf.
(Abbreviated, AG: 596-7)

O ENGEITADO
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

(...) Nu weet ik waaraan ik zal sterven:
Aan de oevers van de Taag.
Aan de gele, afhellende oevers,
Er is niets schooners en droevers,
En 't bestaan verheven en traag.

Ik bewandel 's middags de prado's
En 's avonds hoor ik de fado's
Aanklagen tot diep in den nacht:
"A vida é immenso tristura" –
Ik voel mij al samensnoeren / Met de kwaal die zijn tijd afwacht.

(...) Hier heeft het zin om te sterven,
Waar alles wulpsch zwelgt in smart:
Lisboa, eens stad der steden,
Die 't verleden voortsleept in 't heden,
En ruïnes met roem verwacht.

Ik word door dien waan betooverd;
Ook ik heb ontdekt en veroverd,
Die later alles verloor,
Om hier (...) / Te sterven: "tudo é dôr"

(Abbreviated, AG: 598-9)

Foar ivich wurdt myn hert ferwûne
Troch immen dy't nea joech om my.
(Laverman 2004: [s.p.])

O ENJEITADO
(*Nynke Laverman*)

Yn my ûntwuollet him wêroan't ik stjerre sil:
Oan de iggen fan 'e Taag.
't Ofrinnend giel, it streamen traach,
Nearne is it moaier en drôver,
En 't bestean ferheven en ferdôvjend.

By't ljocht fan 'e dei strún ik om oer de prado's,
By't tsjuster hear ik de fado's
Kleien oant djip yn 'e nacht:
"A vida é imensa tristura" –
De kwaal dy't wachtet krijt my stadich yn 'e macht.

Hjir hat it sin om te stjerren,
Wêr't alles swolget, gleon swolget yn smert:
Lisboa, ea stêd fan alle stêden,
Tôgjend mei 't ferline oant no ta,
Ruïnes mei rom betiizjend.

Warleas wurd ik troch dizze waan betoov're,
Ek ik haw ûntdutsen en feroov're
En oan 'e ein gie 't wer teloar,
Om hjir te stjerren: "tudo é dor".

(Laverman 2004: [s.p.])

DANSEN AAN ZEE (BLØF)

(Peter Slager, Mila Vidal Paletti, Cristina Branco)

Daar komt mijn schip al aan
Ik kijk vanaf het strand
Schrijven in het zand
Is voor mij nu wel gedaan
Want de letters van je naam
Blijven in het zand niet staan

Já lá vem o meu navio
Na praia onde quero olhar
Escrever teu nome na areia
E coisa que me cansei
Pois na areia se apago
As letras que eu tracei

(chorus)

*Laten we dansen, m'n liefste
Dansen aan zee
Laten we dansen, m'n liefste
Dansen aan zee
Een afscheidswals aan de waterlijn
Dansen aan zee*

*Uma para as tuas lágrimas
Duas para as minhas
Três para o horizonte
Onde a viste nos perdemos*

There my ship is already coming
I watch from the shore
Writing in the sand
For me, that's over now
Because the letters of your name
Do not remain in the sand

*Let us dance, my love
Dance by the sea
Let us dance, my love
Dance by the sea
A goodbye waltz by the waterline
Dance by the sea*

Jij wist wel wie ik was
Zwaaiend met mijn jas
De braços abertos vazios
O coração calado gritando
Sentido crescer o desejo
Nas carícias do teu rosto

(chorus)

Zeg dat het niets was
Podes dizer que sonhei
Zeg dat ik gek was
Vá lá diz que sonhei
Zeg dat ik dom was
Mas sonhar, eu não sonhei
Maar dromen deed ik niet

(chorus)

*Eén voor je tranen / Uma para as tuas lágrimas
Twee voor de mijne / Duas para as minhas
Drie voor de horizon / Três para o horizonte
Waaraan we verdwijnen / Onde a viste nos perdemos*

You knew very well who I was
Waving with my coat

Tell me that it was nothing

Tell me that I was mad

Tell me that I was stupid

But I did not dream

*One for your tears
Two for my own
Three for the horizon
Where we disappear*

Lyrics: Peter Slager, Cristina Branco & Mila Vidal Paletti (Portuguese translation)

Music: Paskal Jakobsen, Peter Slager, Bas Kennis

Balagma: Omar Faruk Tekbilek

Recorded: 25 August, 2006 in Nieuwe Luxor Theatre in Rotterdam, the Netherlands.

From the DVD *Een manier om thuis te komen* (2007).

Because the lyrics weren't included in the booklet for the DVD, I have transcribed the lyrics myself.

HERINNERING AAN LATER (BLØF)

(Peter Slager, Mila Vidal Paletti, Cristina Branco)

Vou deixar esta cidade
Passar a corrente do rio
É o inverso da saudade
Vou procurar um caminho
P'ra ficar perto de ti
P'ra te sonhar longe daqui

Entre nós, entre nós
A saudade de amanhã
O mar é tão salgado
Um mar de saudade

Het land was niet het mijne
En de zee niet diep genoeg
Voor de onbestemde verten
Waar mijn hart om vroeg
Ik kan alleen maar bij je komen
In de dromen voor de boeg¹⁶

Tussen jou en mij
De herinnering aan later
Het nu zo zoute water
Had beloofd om zoet te zijn

The country was not my own
And the sea was not deep enough
For the indefinable distances
My heart was asking for
I can only come to you
In the dreams ahead

Between you and me
The memory of later
The now so salty water
Had promised to be sweet

¹⁶ The word “boeg” means “bow” of a ship, but the expression “voor de boeg” means “ahead”, “what is to come”, “not yet happened”, in general with the negative connotation of a burden, of having many things still to do.

Nooit meer naar huis
(Deixo o meu lar)
Alles blijft vrij
(Vou seguir livre)
De dakens en dekens
(Sem mais amarras contra a maré)
Betekenen niets meer voor mij

Het is omgekeerde heimwee
En de belofte van de zee
En dat verlangen neem ik mee

Tussen jou en mij
(Entre nós, entre nós)
De herinnering aan later
(A saudade de amanhã)
Het nu zo zoute water
(O mar é tão salgado)
Had beloofd om zoet te zijn
(Um mar de saudade)
Tussen jou en mij
Ligt de oudste brug ter wereld
Ontmoet me halverwege
En ik zal bij je zijn

Track 8 from *Umoja* (2006).

Lyrics: Peter Slager

Music: BLØF

Custódio Castelo: Portuguese guitar

Portuguese translation: Mila Vidal Paletti, Cristina Branco & Peter Slager

Recorded in Santa Casa da Misericórdia de Óbidos, Portugal (June 2004).

Lyrics taken from the booklet of *Umoja* (2006), p. 9.

Never going home again

Everything remains free

Rooftops and blankets

Mean nothing to me anymore

It is homesickness in reverse
And the promise of the sea
And that desire I take with me

Between you and me

The memory of later

The now so salty water

Had promised to be sweet

Between you and me
Lies the oldest bridge in the world
Meet me halfway
And I will be with you

SAUDADE
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

[p. 600]

- 1 Ik heb zooveel herinneringen,
Als blaadren ritslen aan de boomen,
Als rieten ruischen bij de stroomen,
Als vogels het azuur inzingen,
5 Als lied, geruisch en ritselingen:
Zooveel en vormlooser dan droomen.

- Nog meer: uit alle hemelkringen
Als golven uit de zee aanstroomen
En over breede stranden komen,
10 Maar nooit een korrel zand verdringen.

Ze fluistren alle door elkander
Wild en verteederd, hard en innig;
Ik word van weelde nog waanzinnig,
Vergeet mijzelf en word een ander.

- 15 De droeve worden altijd droever,
Nu ik het onherroeplijk weet,
Steeds weer te stranden aan den oever
Der zee van 't altijddurend leed.

[p. 601]

- Ook de gelukkige worden droever,
20 Want zij zijn voorgoed voorbij:
Kussen, weelden, woorden van vroeger
Zijn als een doode vrucht in mij.

- Ik heb alleen herinneringen,
Mijn leven is al lang voorbij.
25 Hoe kan een doode dan nog zingen?

SAUDADE

I have so many memories,
Like leaves rustling on the trees,
Like reeds murmuring by the streams,
Like birds singing in the azure,
Like song, murmur and rustling:
So many and more shapeless than dreams.

Even more: from all hemispheres
Like waves from the sea wash up
And come over broad beaches,
But never supplant a grain of sand.

They all whisper through each other
Wild and tender, hard and deeply;
I will become mad with wealth,
Forget myself and become someone else.

The sad always become sadder,
Now that I know irrevocably,
To ever again strand by the shore
Of the sea of the perpetual suffering.

The happy ones also become sadder,
Because they are gone for good:
Kisses, luxuries, words of yesteryear
Are like a dead fruit in me.

I have only memories,
My life is long since past.
How can a dead man still sing?

SAUDADE
(*Mila Vidal Paletti*)

São tantas as recordações quando ouço
As folhas das árvores no seu ramalhar,
O murmúrio do vento passando nos canaviais
E o chilrear dos pássaros
Como um sussurro no céu azul:
Tantas! E mais difíceis que sonhos pra aclarar.

Mais ainda: De cada canto do céu
E sempre que as ondas do mar se quebram
Alastrando-se pela imensidão das praias
Sem que um único grão de arei se perca

Ouço-as a todas sussurando ao meu ouvido,
Ora agrestes, ora ternas, duras ou sinceras;
De tanta fartura ainda dou em louco,
Esqueço quem sou e torno-me num outro.

As que são tristes soam-me ainda mais tristes,
Agora que sei não haver outro recurso
Senão ficar encalhado para sempre,
Nas margens do eterno sofrimento

Também as felizes se tornam mais tristes,
Pois para sempre se foram:
Beijos, luxos, palavras do passado
São como frutos que em mim morreram.

Apenas me restam recordações,
A minha vida já há muito se foi.
Como pode um morto cantar ainda?

Geen enkel lied leeft meer in mij.

Aan de kusten van de oceanen,
In het oerdonker van de bosschen,
Hoor ik 't groot ruischen nog steeds ontstaan en
30 Zich nooit meer tot een stem verlossen.

(AG: 600-1)

Not a single song lives within me.

By the shores of the oceans,
In the primal darkness of the forests,
I hear the murmuring still arise and
Is never again redeemed to a voice.

Em mim já nenhum canto tem vida.

Nas margens dos oceanos
Ou na escuridão dos bosques
Ouço ainda o grande murmúrio crescer
Sem uma voz que o liberta jamais.

DE EENZAMEN
(*J.J. Slauerhoff*)

IV

1 Stil sta ik in de steppe,
 De doffe zon gaat onder,
 De schrale maan verschijnt.

 Het gras dampst, klam en vochtig,
5 De grond blijft stijf bevroren
 In heete korte zomer:
 't Blijft winter in de zomer.

 De klokjes zijn nog hoorbaar,
 Het rulle spoor nog zichtbaar,
10 De kar is al verdwenen.

 Ja, alles gaat, verdwenen...
 Wat over is gebleven
 Is lief maar onvoldoende
 Om op te leven.

(AG: 780)

THE LONELY ONES

IV

I stand quietly in the desert,
The dull sun goes down,
The poor moon appears.

The grass evaporates, clammy and moist,
The ground remains stiffly frozen
In hot short summer:
It remains winter in summer.

The little bells are still audible,
The loose track still visible,
The cart has already disappeared.

Yes, everything passes, gone...
What remained
Is sweet but insufficient
To live on.

OS SOLITÁRIOS

IV

Na fria planície me quedo em silêncio;
Um sol mortiço vai descendo a ocidente.
Pálida, a lua assoma ao firmamento.

Em fumos se expande a terra orvalhada.
Nos campos hirtos, sob o Verão quente
E fugaz, esconde-se o gelo eterno:
É o Inverno numa farsa de Verão.

Ainda se ouvem os chocalhos tilintar,
Ainda se avista o trilho irregular,
A carroça, [essa,] deixou de se ver.

Sim, tudo passa, desaparece...
E, embora inspire ternura,
O pouco que ficou
Não chega para viver.

(Branco 2002: 10)

DE VROUW AAN HET VENSTER
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

- 1 Nooit opent zich de poort. 't Raam is zo hoog
Dat zij eerst de aarde ziet in de wijde verte:
De stroom omarmt het bosch in blauwen boog;
Door 't groen gaan roode vogels, ranke herten
- 5 Niets weet zij van het levensspel daartusschen;
Maar het moet schoon zijn, want zij mist het zeer.
Zij wil omhelzen, vindt niets om te kussen
Dan de eigen schouder, rond en koel en teer.

(AG: 199)

THE WOMAN BY THE WINDOW

The gate never opens. The window is so high
That she first sees the earth in the wide distance:
The stream embraces the forest in a blue bow;
Red birds go through the green, slender deers

She knows nothing of the life game in between;
But it must be beautiful because she misses it
very much. / She wants to embrace, finds
nothing to kiss / But her own shoulder, round
and cool and tender.

MULHER À JANELA
(*Mila Vidal Paletti*)

Nunca aquele portão se abre. Tão alta é a janela
Que logo os campos ao longe se vêem nos olhos
dela: / O rio a floresta enlaça em coroa de azul e
pedras; / P'lo verde vão passando corças esbeltas,
aves rubras.

Dos jogos de amor pelo meio, nada sabe;
Mas devem ser belos, pois é tão grande a
saudade. / Anseia por abraçar e nada mais tem
pra beijar / Que o seu próprio ombro, redondo,
meigo e gelado.

(Branco 2002: 30)

DAME SEULE
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

- 1 Zij voelt zich onder 't donker van de boomen
Zoo eenzaam, dat zij zelf haar schouder liefkoost.
Haar handje, met de ronding ingenomen,
Die over 't zomerkleed is bloot gekomen,
- 5 Daalt af, dwaalt af; zij richt zich op en bloost,
Gaaf dan weer voort een kledingstuk te zoomen.

(AG: 178)

DAME SEULE

She feels under the dark of the trees
So lonely, that she caresses her shoulder herself.
Her tiny hand, charmed by the curve,
That is laid bare over the summer dress,
Descends, wanders off; she sits up and blushes,
Then goes on hemming a garment.

VERLANGEN
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

1 Wij wachten daaglijks dat morgen
Vrijheid aanbreken moet,
Om nooit meer te gaan in 't verborgen
Terug – ons licht voorgoed.

5 Gebeuren zal dit niet,
Zoomin als een engel daalt
Naar streken waar verdriet
Tot wanhoop wrang verschraalt,

Niet volgens onze orde:
10 't Geluk wacht zijn eigen tijd
Om geboren te worden
Binnen de werkelijkheid.

Maar ééns, door levensengte
Breekt haar rijk open, wijd...
15 Wij werden ingewijd
En weten sinds zij ons wenkte:
“Ik kom op tijd.”

(AG: 33)

DESIRE

We await daily that tomorrow
Freedom must dawn,
In order to never have to go back again
In what is hidden – our light forever.

This will not happen,
Nor does an angel descend
To regions where sadness
Decreases sourly to despair,

Not according to our order:
Happiness awaits its own time
To be born
Within reality.

But someday, through life's narrowness
Its realm breaks open, wide...
We were initiated
And know ever since it nodded to us:
“I come in time.”

ASPIRAÇÃO
(*Mila Vidal Paletti*)

Amanhã há-de raiar a liberdade,
Esperamos nós cada dia que passa,
Pra não volveremos a cair na obscuridade,
Volta – luz nossa, para sempre.

Jamais virá esse momento
Tal commo nenhum anjo desce à terra,
Nem a lugares onde o sofrimento
Despe o azedume e enverge o desespero.

Não face à ordem que nos guia:
A felicidade espera a vez que lhe cabe
E só vem à luz um dia
No quadro da realidade.

Mas eis que na estreiteza da vida,
Seu reino se abre, em imenso lugar...
Por ela nos deixámos iluminar:
E agora sabemos, quando anuncia:
“A tempo me faço chegar”.

(Branco 2002: 20)

ANGUSTIA (Early version)
(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Des nachts onder donkeren drang
Trekt de zee naar verlaten stranden;
De wind doet zijn zout op mijn wang
Als zwervende tranen branden.
- 5 Overal waar in 't duister schuimend
Zijn deining in branding breekt,
Veroovrend en weer ontruimend –
Mijn verlangen om landing smeekt,
- Om binnen te worden gelaten,
10 Terug te komen bij jou:
Ik kan alles op aarde verlaten,
Maar niet bestaan zonder vrouw.
- Jouw invloed volgt mij overal,
Als die van de maan door den dampkring.
15 -----

- Ik weet dat de zee en ik
Alnachtlijk hetzelfde voelen,
Dat hij om, ik in het schip
20 Slapeloos liggen te woelen.
- De zee om de ontstegen maan
Die aantrekt uit stilte en kou.
En ik, hoewel zelf gegaan,
Doe alles alleen voor één vrouw

(Slauerhoff 2012: 28)

ANGÚSTIA

At night under dark urge
The sea moves to deserted beaches;
The wind makes its salt on mycheek
Burn like wandering tears.

Everywhere where in the foaming dark
The waves' swell breaks,
Conquering and again clearing out –
My desire begs for landing,

To be let in,
To come back to you:
I can leave everything on earth,
But not exist without a woman.

Your influence follows me everywhere,
Like that of the moon through the atmosphere.

I know that the sea and I
In the night feel the same,
That he, like me in the ship
Lies tossing and turning sleeplessly.

The sea to the transcended moon
That pulls from silence and chill.
And I, even though gone away myself,
Do everything for one woman

ANGUSTIA
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

1 De zee trekt onder de nacht
Naar vele verlaten stranden;
Als een vloeibare wind is zijn klacht,
En zout, zooals tranen branden.

5 Ik voel dat overal waar de
Branding in snikken breekt
Tegen de kusten der aarde,
Mijn leed met zijn golven smeekt

Om de verloren genade
10 Jou weer nabij te zijn.
Ik wil van mijn schip af waden
Naar iedere einderlijn.

Want nergens en overal,
Als 't licht van de maan uit de wolken,
15 Dooit mijn verdriet door 't heelal
En wil zich verdrinken in kolken.

Maar ik weet dat de zee en ik
Des nachts hetzelfde voelen,
Om één leed tezamen woelen
20 Op 't oeverloos bed tot een snik.

Zoo zocht ik om te vergeten
Dat ik alles verloor om een vrouw;
Maar waar hij ook door haar schijnt bezeten,
Word ik toch weer gedompeld in rouw.

(AG: 767)

ANGÚSTIA

The sea pulls underneath the night
To many deserted beaches;
Like a liquid wind his complaint,
And salty, like tears that burn.

Everywhere where the waves' swell
Breaks into sobs
Against the coasts of the earth,
I feel its waves begging of my grief

For the lost mercy
To be near you again.
I want to wade off of my ship
To every horizon line.

Because nowhere and everywhere,
Like the light of the moon from the clouds,
My sadness wanders through the universe
And wants to drown itself in whirls.

But I know that the sea and I
Feel the same at night,
Tossing together for one grief
On the endless bed to a sob.

That way I tried to forget
That I lost everything because of a woman;
But wherever he seems to be possessed by her,
I am yet again plunged into mourning.

ANGÚSTIA
(*Translation by Mila Vidal Paletti*)

O mar avança pela noite dentro
Rumo a tantas praias sós, distantes;
De vento e espuma é seu lamento
E de sal, como lágrimas flamantes.

Assim eu sinto o mar
Quando ele se quebra a soluçar
Contra as escarpas da terra,
E com as ondas minha dor suplica

A graça perdida de
Outra vez perto de ti me encontrar.
Quero largar meu navio, caminhar
P'las águas rumo a todo o horizonte

Pois esteja onde estiver, eu cismo:
Tal como o luar das nuvens aparece
Minha dor p'lo mundo vagueia e entontece
E seu desejo é afogar-se no abismo

Porém, de noite eu sei que
O mar e eu sofremos a mesma mágoa
E que no leito sem margem, feito d'água
Um único soluço nos revolve.

Assim fui buscando p'ra esquecer
Que tudo perdi por uma mulher;
Mas quando o mar reluz, preso do encanto
De novo me afundo, lavado em pranto.

(Branco 2002: 28)

VOOR DE VERRE PRINSES
(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Wij komen nooit meer saam:
De wereld drong zich tusschenbeide.
Soms staan wij beiden 's nachts aan 't raam,
Maar andre sterren zien we in andre tijden.
- 5 Uw land is zoo ver van mijn land verwijderd:
Van licht tot verste duisternis – dat ik
Op vleuglen van verlangen rustloos reizend,
U zou begroeten met mijn stervenssnik.
- 10 Maar als het waar is dat door groote droomen
Het zwaarst verlangen over wordt gebracht
Tot op de verste ster: dan zal ik komen,
Dan zal ik komen, iedren nacht.

(AG: 248)

FOR THE DISTANT PRINCESS

- We will never be together again:
The world forced itself in between.
Sometimes the both of us stand by the
window at night / But we see different stars
in different times.
- Your land is so far removed from my own:
From light to furthest darkness – that I
Travelling restlessly on wings of desire,
Would greet you with my dying sob.
- But if it is true that through great dreams
The heaviest desire is transported
To the furthest star: then I shall come,
Then I shall come, every night.

A UMA PRINCESA DISTANTE
(Mila Vidal Paletti)

- 1 Jamais voltaremos a ver-nos,
Entre nós dois há um mundo pelo meio.
Por vezes, de noite, à janela nos detemos
Mas são outras as estrelas que vemos...
- 5 Doutros tempos o enleio.
- É tão longínquo o vosso país do meu:
Como a luz da mais funda escuridão - tão distante -
Que viajando sem parar nas asas do desejo, eu /
Vos saudaria num suspiro agonizante.
- 10 Porém, se for verdade,
Que sonhando o impossível,
Se leva o maior dos anseios
À estrela mais intangível:
Então eu voltarei,
- 15 Voltarei todas as noites...
De saudade.

(Branco 2002: 24)

AANKOMST (First Version)

(J. Slauerhoff)

1 Een oogenblik verzoet met lang leeg zwerven
En dor verlaten zijn,
Te gaan door 't leven in al oude straten
En zitten op een zonnig zuidlijk plein.

5 Geleund in de uithoek van een balustrade
Als in een breed kozijn,
Dat uitziet over een * kade,
Op de rivier, de schepen, de oeverlijn.

Daar onder kranen laden, winches kreunen.

10 Hier is het stil, terwijl alleen gitaren
Een oude fado dof en traag opdreunen
En weer karveelen op de Taag doen varen.

(Slauerhoff 1957: 29)

* word lacking, undecipherable in the manuscript

ARRIVAL

One moment sweetened with long, empty roaming
And abandoned barrenly,
To go through life in ancient streets
And sitting on a sunny southern square.

Leaned in the remote corner of a railing
Like in a wide frame,
That looks over a * quay,
On the river, the boats, the shoreline.

Underneath cranes load, winches moan.

Here it is quiet, while only guitars
Chant an old fado dull and slow
And make caravels sail the Tagus once again.

AANKOMST*(J. Slauerhoff)*

1 Na lange dagen door den storm geteisterd
 En somtijds uit de kooi gesmakt te zijn,
 Door 't leven van 't zacht Lisboa nog verbijsterd,
 Vind ik mij zitten op het zonnig plein.

5 Geleund in de' uithoek van een balustrade,
 Zie ik als over hemelsbreed kozijn
 't Beproefd schip dat klein stilligt aan de kade,
 Den gelen stroom, de kleurge oeverlijn.

10 Beneden karren raatlen, kranen kreunen,
 Hier is het stil, terwijl alleen gitaren
 Een oude fado traag en droef opdreunen,
 En of karveelen weer den Taag opvaren.

*(AG: 593)***ARRIVAL**

After long days of being ravaged
 And sometimes flung out of the berth,
 Still bewildered by the life of soft Lisboa
 I find myself sitting on the sunny square.

Leaned in the remote corner of a railing,
 I watch as if over a vast frame
 The tested ship that lies still, small, by the quay,
 The yellow stream, the colored shoreline.

Down below carts rattle, cranes moan,
 Here it is quiet while only guitars
 Chant an old fado slow and sad,
 And as if caravels sail the Tagus once again.

CHEGADA*(Mila Vidal Paletti)*

Depois de longos dias à mercê da tempestade,
 E por vezes atirado ao chão da cama onde
 dormia, / Admirado com teu modo de viver,
 Lisboa doce cidade, / Me sentei nesta praça onde
 o sol bate e alumia.

Debruçado a um canto perdido da balaustrada,
 Como a uma janela imensa, do céu arrebatada
 Vejo meu atormentado navio, serenando no cais,
 O rio macilento, terras brilhando como arraiais.

Em baixo martelam as carroças, gemem os
 guindastes. / Aqui reina a calmaria. Ora são as
 guitarras que se ouvem, / Desfiando tristemente
 um velho fado sem contrastes, / Ora as caravelas
 que se vêem subindo o Tejo, mais além.

(Branco 2002: 18)

PORTUGEESCH WELKOM

(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Achter fijngepunte palissaden
Helt het plein, een plaat van heet email.
Vol belangstelling buigt het serail
Over de albasten balustrade,
- 5 Onbezorgd of menig teer detail
In tule schemer zich laat raden;
De oogen gluren door een eventail,
Roode lippen slurpen limonade.
- De overste gelast een kanonnade
- 10 Tot welkom. Doodsche stilt! Geen schot brandt los
(Ware heldenmoed bewijst zich niet door daden
Of door lawaai). Dan maar een bastonnade
Van negerslaven. Ranselt er op los!
Onder gejuich van 'Vivo Liberdade!'

(Dit gedicht, voor 'De Sylphide' geschreven, is de eerste lezing van het in Oost-Azië gepubliceerde gedicht 'Portugeesch fort')¹⁷

(Slauerhoff qtd. in Van Wessem 1979: 129)

PORTUGUESE WELCOME

Behind finely pointed palisades
The square slopes, a plate of hot enamel.
Full of interest bends the seraglio
Over the alabaster balustrade,

Careless about whether many delicate detail
In tulle dusk allows itself to be guessed;
The eyes peek through a hand fan,
Red lips slurping lemonade.

The captain orders a cannonade
To welcome. Deadly silence! Not a shot is fired
(True heroism proves itself not by deeds
Nor by noise). Nothing to it but a bastinado
Of negro slaves. Whip away!
Under the cheers of 'Vivo Liberdade!'

(This poem, written for 'The Sylphide', is the first version of the poem published in East-Asia, 'Portuguese fort')

¹⁷ Comment by editor Constant van Wessem.

PORTUGEESCH FORT

(*J. Slauerhoff*)

- 1 Achter elegante palissaden
Helt het plein, een plaat van heet émail.
Voor bewondering veil buigt het sérail
Over de albasten balustrade,
- 5 Overtuigd dat menig teer détail
In den tulen schemer zich laat raden.
De oogen flikkren over de' éventail,
Roode lippen slurpen limonade.
- De generaal gelast een kanonnade
- 10 Tot welkom. 't Blijft doodstil, geen schot brandt los
'Heldenmoed bewijst zich niet door daden
Vol druk rumoer, dan maar een bastonnade
Van negerslaven, ranselt er op los
Onder 't gejuich van: Vivo Liberdade!' ¹⁸

(AG: 381)

PORTUGUESE FORT

Behind elegant palisades
The square slopes, a plate of hot enamel.
Prone to admiration bends the seraglio
Over the alabaster balustrade,

Convinced that many tender detail
In the tulle dusk lets itself be revealed.
The eyes flicker over the hand fan,
Red lips slurp lemonade.

The general orders a cannonade
To welcome. It remains dead silent, not a shot is fired
'Heroism does not proof itself through deeds
Full of busy rumor, nothing but a bastinado
Of nigger slaves, whips away
Under the cheers of: Vivo Liberdade!'

¹⁸ Another example of Slauerhoff's sloppiness or lack of knowledge of Portuguese. Literally translated, this phrase would mean: "Freedom, I live!" and makes no sense in the context of the poem.

VEELGODENDOM

(*J. Slauerhoff*)

'n Ieder nasie het sy God. (Zuidafrikaansch lied)

- 1 *De Spaansche God:*
Vliegt een vogel, schiet hem dood!
Bloeit een boom, hak hem om!
De aarde moet bar en bloot
5 Zijn, voordat ik als koning kom.

- De Duitsche:*
Bouwt banken en kweekt bierbuiken:
Oorlogsschade dient ingehaald.
Je kunt volop van alles gebruiken,
10 Daar de Entente betaalt.

- De Portugeesche:*
We zullen 't maar zoo laten
Als het is geweest.
Houdt feesten en kleurt platen
15 Van Da Gama en Camoës.

- De Hollandsche:*
Het land lijkt wel een stadje,
Maar ik geef het ze goed:
Ze hebben hun droogje en natje,
20 En melk in plaats van bloed.

POLYTHEISM

Every nation has its God. (South-African song)

The Spanish God:
There flies a bird, shoot it down!
There blooms a tree, fell it!
The earth must be bare and naked
Before I come as a king.

The German one:
Builds banks and cultivates beer bellies:
War damage needs to be overhauled.
You can use as much of anything,
Because the Entente is paying.

The Portuguese one:
Let us leave it
As it has been.
Holds parties and colors plates
Of Da Gama and Camoës.

The Dutch one:
The country seems like a small town,
But I give it to them well:
They have their bite and drink,
And milk instead of blood.

De Engelsche:

- Ik nam wat van jullie pond
En weet niet precies hoeveel;
Maar als Shylock hier stond,
25 Hij haalde je 't mes door je keel.

(AG: 745)

DE JONKEN
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

- 1 Geheimgehouden in de donkre heuvlen,
Even verraden door het morgenrood,
Weer opgenomen in den schoot der neevlen,
Ontzweeft de baai een stille jonkenvloot.
- 5 Voor 't licht uiteengeweken aan de kimmén
Ter vischvangst, hier onzichtbaar, eeuwen ver.
Eerst 't duister brengt den keer van wind en schimmen
Tusschen de rotsen, onder de eerste ster.
- Traagzeilende en ver naar voor gebogen
10 In ouderdom die iedren storm verdroeg,
Door de verlatenheid, het diep voor de oogen,
Opengespalpt ter weerszij van de boeg.

(AG: 371)

The English one:

I took some of your pound
And do not know exactly how much;
But if Shylock was here,
He would slit your throat with a knife.

THE JUNKS

Kept secret in the dark hills,
For a moment betrayed by the morning red,
Taken up again in the lap of mists,
De-floats from the bay a silent junk fleet.

Dodged for the light towards the horizons
To catch fish, invisible here, centuries away.
Only the darkness brings a change of wind and shadows
Between the rocks, under the first star.

Sailing slowly and bended far over
In age that endured every storm,
Because of the desolation, the depth for the eyes,
Splinted open on either side of the bow.

KATHEDRAAL SAN MIGUEL

(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Als een rotsmuur steil rijst de façade
Voor het diep verval van 't heiligdom
Weggevaagd van 't aardrijk; geen kolom
Rest van de oude praal tot Gods genade,
- 5 Slechts de grauwe rechtopstaande zerk,
Stijgend op de kim der trappendrempel,
't Open ruim beheerschend, zonnetempel
Tot den einder onder 't koeplend zwerk.
- Door de raamgaten diep in den muur
10 - Heiligen zijn vernietigd met hun ruit -
Dringt zich nu het levende azuur,
Vliegen vogels, stralen, in en uit.
- De almachtigen in steen gehuld,
De Godsmoeder die de globe torst,
15 Voor zijn vloot der oceanen vorst,
Hebben in hun heilig ongeduld
- Muren, zuilen achter zich gestort,
Maakten hemelhal en wereldrond,
Eenig waardigen, tot hun achtergrond,
20 Afziend van de stad tot puin verdord.

(AG: 372)

SAN MIGUEL CATHEDRAL

Like a wall of rock the façade rises
For the deep decay of the sanctuary
Wiped away from the earth; no column
Remains of the ancient splendor to God's grace,

Only the gray upright tombstone,
Rising on the horizon of the threshold of stairs,
Dominating the open space, sun temple
Until the horizon under the doming firmament.

Through the window holes deep in the wall
– Saints are destroyed with their window –
Now penetrates the living azure,
Birds fly, rays, in and out.

The almighties shrouded in stone,
The mother of God bearing the globe,
Before its fleet of the ocean's sovereign,
Have in their holy impatience

Walls, columns plunged behind them,
Made hall of heaven and globe,
Some worthy, to their background
Refraining from the city withered to rubble.

UITZICHT OP MACAO VAN MONTE AF
(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Monte wordt door den dageraad ontmanteld.
Bergtoppen komen boven 't donker bloot.
Op smalle strandstrook ligt een boot gekanteld,
Brengt men een paardenroover jong ter dood.
- 5 Een stad die stil, een havenkom die zand werd
Maar diep genoeg bleef voor de jonkenvloot.
Is in de stegen het bestaan veranderd?
Nog even zeker werkt pest, hongersnood.
- 10 Steeds brengen vrouwen kindren in het leven,
Doodmoede grijsaards sterven in het stof.
De jonken varen in en uit sinds eeuwen,
Een schot lost dag en nacht des avonds af.
- 15 Zoo is toch alles als weleer gebleven:
Dat zonopgaan, dat schot, dat zeilenreven,
Het in ellende onbegrijpelijk streven...
Ik hoor mijn stappen klinken in den hof.

(AG: 373)

MACAO SEEN FROM MONTE DOWNWARDS

Monte is dismantled by daybreak.
Mountaintops laid bare above the darkness.
On a small strip of beach lies a ship tilted,
Is a young horse robber brought to death.

A city which became silent, a harborbasin which became sand
But remained deep enough for the junk fleet
Has in the alleyways the existence changed?
Still just as surely works pestilence, famine.

Relentlessly, women deliver children to life,
Exhausted old men die in the dust.
The junks sail in and out since centuries,
A shot relieves day for night in the evening.

This way, everything remained as it was:
That sunrise, that shot, that sail reef,
The in misery incomprehensible striving...
I hear my steps resonating in the courtyard.

OCHTEND MACAO

(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Waar de nacht is verdrongen,
 Waakt nog een maan, oudvergeeld.
 Eilanden, jonken en wolken
 Staan over hun spiegelbeeld
- 5 Even rank overeind,
 Terwijl de zon in roode
 Rimpels den mist naar het doode
 Heilge Macao onderschijnt
- 10 En in de slapende smalle
 Straten sluipt, in de tuinen
 Waar dwars door 't gebloemde vervallen
 Paleizen hun praal in puinen
- 15 Storten, tot waar beneden
 Bekoorlijk de Praia Grande
 Blank omarmt de verzande
 Voorgoed verlaten reede,
- 20 Waar eeuwen lang even vroeg,
 Nog thans de visschervloot
 Uitzeilt voor het morgenrood,
 Het donker voor den boeg.
- Daaronder zien de jonken,
 Oud en voorovergebogen,
 Zich voor den boeg onder de oogen
 Verhangen en verdrongen. (AG: 374)

DAWN MACAO

Where the night has drowned,
A moon wards, old yellowed.
Islands, junks and clouds
Stand upright over their reflection

Just as slender,
While the sun in red
Lines shines under the fog
Towards the dead Holy Macao

And sneaks in the sleeping narrow
Streets, in the gardens
Where straight through the flowers
Expired palaces plunge their splendor into ruin

To where downstairs
Charmingly the Praia Grande
Palely embraces the silted
Forever abandoned anchorage,

Where for centuries just as early,
Yet still the fishing fleet
Sails out before the morning red,
The darkness ahead.

Underneath the junks see,
Old and bended over,
Themselves before the bow under the eyes
Hung and drowned.

HET DOODE MACAO

(J. Slauerhoff)

[p.589]

- 1 De stad rust rondom een gebogen gracht
Waarvan de overzijde in zee verzonk:
De trotsche vloot die schatten heeft gebracht,
Nu overvaren door een schaamle jonk.
- 5 Het water, waar geen schip meer wenden zal,
Werd vlak gestreken door een doode eb;
Eeuwig edict sloot stilte met verval
En weeft een machtig, schoon onzichtbaar web.
- 10 De holle straten die nog namen dragen
Van Jesuïeten en conquistadors,
Laten het eindloos leeg verloop der dagen
Tusschen hun onbewoonde huizen door.
- 15 Des avonds valt de schemer scherp en snel
En laat het licht de stad weer aan haar lot
Over - door 't duister, van de citadel,
Valt, als een snik, het doffe avondschoot.
- 20 En vrouwen, overdag onzichtbaar levend,
Heur vormen nog verhullend in de sjaal,
Gaan door het duister, daadlijk weer verevend,
Neerknielen in de holle Kathedraal.
- En vrouwen komen uit de nauwe stegen
De Praia over, aan de lage wering
Stilstaand, en wachten, zonder te bewegen

DEAD MACAO

The city rests around a bended canal
Of which the further side sunk in the sea:
The proud fleet that has brought treasures,
Now is transferred by a poor junk.

The water, where no ship will turn anymore,
Was leveled by a dead ebb;
Eternal edict closed silence with decay
And weaves a powerful, beautiful invisible web.

The hollow streets that still carry names
Of Jesuits and conquistadors,
Let the endlessly empty course of days
Pass between their uninhabited houses.

In the evening dusk falls sharp and fast
And the light leaves the city to its fate
- through the darkness, of the citadel,
Falls, like a snob, the flat eveningshot.

And women, in the daytime living invisibly,
Their shapes still concealing in the scarf,
Walk through the dark, immediately evened out again,
Kneel down in the hollow Cathedral.

And women come out of the narrow alleys
Over the Praia, stand still by the low dam
And await, without moving

En 't zelf te weten, weerloos een bezwering.

[p.590]

- 25 Verwongen boomen vragen aan den wind
Waarom de zee klaagt aan de steenen ronde,
De stad met holle vensters staart zich blind¹⁹
En wrokt om oude, nooit gewroken wonden.

- 30 Een klok slaat knarsend, vèraf - van een toren.
De vrouwen keeren weer gedwee naar huis.
De Praia gaat op de lichtgrens verloren,
Zwart voor de maan staat scherp het Miguelskruis.

- 35 En Azië's oudste kustlicht, ver daarboven:
Guia, zendt weer zijn stralen in den nacht,
Trouw als de heilige die niet meer verwacht,
Maar verder schijnt voor hen die nog gelooven.

(AG: 589-90)

And knowing it themselves, defenselessly an incantation.

Distorted trees ask the wind
Why the sea complains to the round made of stone,
The city with hollow windows stares blindly
And bears a grudge for old wounds, never avenged.

A clock hits with a grind, far away – from a tower.
The women return meekly back home.
The Praia stands lost on the border of light,
Black before the moon stands sharp the cross of Saint Michael

And Asia's oldest coast light, far above:
Guia, pours its rays in the night,
Loyal as the saint who does not expect anymore,
But shines further for those who still believe.

¹⁹ Zich blindstaren op: means to focus only on one subject in such a way that other aspects receive too little attention. In this case, there is no subject which the city devotes to much attention too, the expression in this case implicates a useless focus on nothing.

LISBOA

(J. Slauerhoff)

- 1 Een stad van grijswitte gebouwen
En halfvoltooide huizen,
Van ruïnes die spoorloos vergruizen
En zuilen die zichtbaar vergrauwen.
- 5 En overal zijn nog de puinen
Van de aardbeving openbaar.
Waarom zou men bergen en ruimen?
Onder de aarde dreigt steeds het gevaar.
- Paleizen zijn scheef afgesneden,
10 Van andre ontbreekt een brok muur.
Lisboa bestaat in 't verleden,
Maar 't kent geen rust, enkel duur.
- Was het ooit aan een stad gegeven
Voort te leven als geest,
15 Vreemd nu en trouw vroeger gebleven
Na een aschregen op een feest?

(AG: 594)

LISBOA

A city of gray-white buildings
And half-finished houses,
Of ruins that crush without a trace
And columns that are graying visibly.

And everywhere there are the ruins
Of the earthquake on public display.
Why store and clear out?
Always under the earth the danger looms.

Palaces are cut off crookedly,
Of others a chunk of wall is missing.
Lisboa exists only in the past,
But it knows no rest, only duration.

Was it ever given to a city
To live on as a ghost,
Strange now and remained faithfully yesteryear
After a rain of ashes on a party?

O DIA EM QUE NASCI MOURA E PEREÇA

(Luis de Camões)

- 1 O dia em que nasci moura e pereça,
Não o queira jamais o tempo dar;
Não torne mais ao Mundo, e, se tornar,
Eclipse nesse passo o Sol padeça.
- 5 A luz lhe falte, O Sol se [lhe] escureça,
Mostre o Mundo sinais de se acabar,
Nasçam-lhe monstros, sangue chova o ar,
A mãe ao próprio filho não conheça.

- As pessoas pasmadas, de ignorantes,
10 As lágrimas no rosto, a cor perdida,
Cuidem que o mundo já se destruiu.

Ó gente temerosa, não te espantes,
Que este dia deitou ao Mundo a vida
Mais desgraçada que jamais se viu!

(Camões 2005: 24)

CAMOËS' THUISKOMST

(J. Slauerhoff)

[p. 323]

- 1 Geluk, te lang gehoopt, wendt steeds in leed.
Toen wij 't eerst landmerk: Cintra's heuvels zagen,
Werd Heitor ook naar 't achterdek gedragen
En gleed in zee van onder 't rood-groen kleed.
- 5 Toen kwam, dwars door de kim, de blauwe Taag en
De bruine heuveln weken, hemelsbreed:
Of 't vaderland zijn armen opendeed,
Ons weergekeerden aan zijn hart wou dragen.
- Uit Lisboa vlamden geen vreugdevuren.
10 Een gele vlag woei van de oude vest'.
Geen wimpels zwierden van de leege muren.
Men hield de vloot op stroom, bevreesd voor pest.
- Na zeven dagen in de stad gelaten,
Door niemand vergezeld, gingen wij saam
15 Als geesten overdag door vreemde straten,
Geen juichend volk, geen vrouw wuivend aan 't raam.
- Aan 't hof wist niemand meer van onzen naam.
Men kende nauwelijks de nieuwe staten;
De vorst, beheerscht door vrouwen en prelaten,
20 Bleef koud voor Macao's stichting, Goa's faam.
- Ik voelde mij door zeven jaar werk verraden;
Mijn *Lusiade* had ik grootgebracht
In scheepshol, grot en kluis, bij dag en nacht,

CAMOËS' HOMECOMING

Happiness, hoped for too long, turns, always in suffering.
When we saw the first sign of land: Sintra's hills,
Heitor too was carried to the afterdeck
And slipped into the sea from under the red-green cloth.

Then came, straight through the horizon, the blue Tagus and
The brown hills parted vastly:
As if the fatherland had opened its arms,
Wanted to carry us who had returned in its heart.

From Lisboa no bonfires of joy were blazing.
A yellow flag blew from the old fortress.
No pennants swayed from the empty walls.
The fleet was kept on the stream, out of fear for pestilence.

Having been allowed into the city after seven days,
Accompanied by no one, we went together
Like ghosts in the daytime through strange streets,
No cheering crowd, no woman waving at the window.

At the court, nobody knew our name anymore.
The new states were barely known;
The king, dominated by women and prelates,
Remained indifferent to Macao's foundation, Goa's fame.

I felt betrayed by seven years of work;
My *Lusiade* I had raised
In ship's hole, grotto and cell, by day and night,

Gered uit brand en schipbreuk als mijn gade.

[p. 324]

- 25 Om haar te schenken aan het vaderland:
Maar waar de vijand aan de grenzen ligt,
Waar pestilentie heerscht, aardbeving dreigt,
Men 't volk verdrukt, klooster op klooster sticht,
Ketters ombrengt, ontdekkingsroem verzwijgt,
30 Heeft men slechts hoon veil voor het heldendicht.

(AG: 323-324)

Rescued from fire and shipwreck as my wife.

To give it to the fatherland:
But where the enemy lies on the borders,
Where pestilence prevails, earthquake looms,
The people are oppressed, monastery after monastery founded,
Heretics killed, discovery's fame concealed,
Only scorn for the epic remains.

CAMOËS

(*J. Slauerhoff, from the collection Oost-Azië*)

- 1 Hij sleet zijn jeugd in 't afgelegen slot
En diende een hof, geestloos wuft en verwaten.
Hij vlood, wild hunkrend naar een grooter lot,
Alleen naar de pas opgerichte Staten.
- 5 Om zijn stilzwijgen en onzeker schot
Geminacht door kooplieden en soldaten;
Aan boord, in 't fort ten prooi aan 't plomp complot
Dat hij niet delgen kon, slechts machtloos haten.

Toch drong zijn droom tot haar verweezlijking:

- 10 Toen hij geen vreemde wonderlanden ging
Veroveren met een machtige armade,

Wrocht hij in kille grottenschemering
– Gedoemd poëet, zwerver en banneling –
De zware strophen van de *Lusiade*.

(*Grotto, Macao*)

(AG: 375)

CAMOËS

He spent his youth in the remote castle
And served a court, mindlessly frivolous and arrogant.
He fled, longing wildly for a greater destiny,
Alone to the newly founded States.

Scorned for his silence and unsure shot
By merchants and soldiers;
Aboard, in the fortress, prey to the clumsy conspiracy
That he could not annihilate, only hate powerlessly.

Yet his dream urged its realization:
When he did not go conquering strange wonderlands
With a mighty armada,

He wrought in chilly twilight of the grotto
– Doomed poet, wanderer and exile –
The heavy verses of the *Lusiade*.

CAMOËS

(J. Slauerhoff, *From the collection Al dwalend, section XII. IN MEMORIAM.*)

- 1 Camoës wou vrij zijn, smaadde zich een keten,
Zwierf in China, maar schreef de *Lusiade*,
Zijn leven lang door 't heldenlied bezeten,
Het was een dwangarbeid en toch genade.
- 5 Soms vluchtend, soms gekerkerd, soms vergeten,
Aan 's levens eind ook door den roem verraden,
Stierf hij in 't pesthuis, eenzaam zonder eten.
Gij martelt mannen, Muze, nooit verzade!
- 10 Vergeet toch niet dit afschrikwekkend voorbeeld,
Voordat ge uzelf tot 't zelfde lot veroordeelt:
Het sterkste droombeeld zwicht voor armoe, leed...
- 't Is al gebeurd, 't gedicht is al begonnen,
En voortaan werkt ge of ge tranen zweet,
Totdat het bloed in de adren is geronnen.

(AG: 812)

CAMOËS

Camoës wanted to be free, forged himself a chain,
Wandered in China, but wrote the *Lusiade*,
His whole life long possessed by the epic
It was a forced labor and yet, it was grace.

Sometimes fleeting, sometimes imprisoned, sometimes forgotten,
At the end of his life as well betrayed by fame,
He died in the plague house, lonely without food.
Muse, you torture men, you are never satisfied!

Please do not forget this frightening example,
Before you condemn yourself to the same fate:
The strongest vision yields to poverty, suffering...

It has already happened, the poem has already begun,
And from now on you shall work as if you were sweating tears,
Until the blood in the veins has clotted.

LAATSTE VERSCHIJNING VAN CAMOËS
(*J. Slauerhoff*)

[p. 297]

- 1 Vele jaren na onze noodlottige ontmoetingen kreeg ik begeerte hem nog eens terug te zien, hem die ik eerst als held vereerd, daarna als voorleden lotgenoot had betreurd, tenslotte als te gewillige lijdensganger had veracht en met moeite vergeten had.
- 5 Nu kwam het in mij op dat wij elkaar nog iets zeggen moesten.
- Ik zocht hem overal waar ik kans had hem te ontmoeten; - in Cascaës, in de grafzaal van het klooster van Belem, waar men een praalgraf heeft gebouwd boven een lege ruimte in de aarde die zijn graf voorstelt, nogmaals in de grot bij Macao onder het rotsafdak, op
- 10 verschillende plaatsen aan de Chinese kust, aan steile oevers en ondiepe baaien.
- Ik had het allang opgegeven, en op een nacht sliep ik in een kleine herberg in Kwan-Toeng, voornemens naar het Lo-Lo land te gaan; daar kwam hij binnen voor de nacht.
- 15 Hij zag er anders uit dan vroeger, niet meer dreigend en fier, maar hunkerend, smekend, onderdanig. Hij had een oog verloren, hij ging mank, zijn gezicht was met korsten en zweren bedekt, zijn huid waarschijnlijk ook. Hij droeg een te ruim geworden wambuis, van voren toegevouwen over zijn lichaam. Hij kwam op mij toe en zei:
- 20 ‘Zo ben ik geworden en heb geen berouw, geen deernis met mijzelf. Ik heb geleden voor het heil van het land, het heeft mij niets teruggegeven, het heeft mij laten verhongeren. Het heeft mij de vrouw afgenomen die voor mij was bestemd, haar laten huwen met

CAMOËS’ FINAL APPEARANCE

Many years after our fateful encounters, I had the desire to see him again, he who I had worshipped first as a hero, then as a former companion who I in misfortune had regretted, finally I had despised him as too willing a sufferer and had forgotten him with difficulty.

Now it came to me that we still had something to say to each other.

I searched for him everywhere where there was a chance to meet him; -in Cascais, in the tomb hall of the monastery of Belém, where a mausoleum was built above an empty space in the earth that represents his grave, once again in the grotto in Macao under the shelter made of rock, in different places along the Chinese coast, on steep shores and shallow bays.

I had long since given up, and one night I slept in a small inn in Kwan-tung, with the plan to go to the Lo-lo land; there he entered for the night.

He looked different than before, no longer menacing and proud, but yearning, begging, submissive. He had lost an eye, he limped, his face was covered in eschews and blisters, his skin probably too. He wore a doublet that had become too large, folded in the front over his body. He came to me and said:

‘I have become like this and I have no remorse, no pity for myself. I have suffered for the salvation of the land, it gave nothing back to me, it let me starve. It has taken from me the woman that was

een vorst die haar

destined for me, made her marry a king who

[p. 298]

- 25 heeft besmet en daarna gevangen gezet. Ik heb het toch niet
verraden, ik heb geen opstand gestookt, heb het alleen bespot in
sommige pamfletten, maar verder heb ik niet geklaagd of mij
verweerd en mijn lot aanvaard, zoals het land later het zijne. Zijn
vroegere grootheid heb ik soms met de mijne ondergebracht in het
30 gedicht. Dat is het enige wat van ons beiden overbleef. Nu hangt
overal mijn portret, staat op vele pleinen mijn standbeeld, worden
bedevaarten gehouden naar waar ik misschien begraven lig. En ik
leef voort, even ziek en gehavend als bij mijn dood. Ik ben
tevreden.'
- 35 'Wat kom je hier dan doen? Blijf dan in dat land als ze je daar zo
vereren en je daar op teren kunt.'
- Hij ging op de bank zitten, ik week terug naar het andere eind.
Liever wilde ik opstaan en door de deur trachten heen te komen,
maar ik kon niet.
- 40 Hij zat daar op het andere eind en speelde met een degenstomp en
een kruis, dat op zijn borst hing. Uit de zweren op zijn gezicht droop
dikke etter, langzaam als het vet van een kaars, op zijn kanten kraag
als een blaker. Zijn ene oog flikkerde soms fel en doofde dan weer
uit.
- 45 'Ook hier is een plaats waar mijn nagedachtenis wordt vereerd en ik
ben hier liever dan in mijn eigen land, dat is als een groot open graf.
Dit is een groot kerkhof, er is geen plek waar geen graven onder
zijn. Maar de levenden leiden hun vrolijk en kommervol bestaan
- contaminated her and then put her in prison. Still, I did not betray it,
I did not fuel upheaval, I have only mocked it in some pamphlets,
but otherwise I did not complain or resist and have accepted my
fate, as the country later on would accept its own. Its former
grandeur, I have sometimes housed with mine in the poem. That is
the only thing that remained of us both. Now everywhere my
portrait hangs, my statue stands on many squares, pilgrimages are
held to where I might lay buried. And I live on, just as sick and
battered as at the time of my death. I am satisfied.'
- 'What are you doing here then? Stay in that country if they honor
you there like that and you can live on it.
- He sat down on the bench again, I yielded back to the other end.
Preferably, I wanted to stand up and try to get through the door, but
I could not.
- He sat there on the other end and played with a stumpy sword and a
cross, that hung on his chest. From the blisters on his face, thick
puss dripped, slowly like the wax of a candle, on his laced collar
like a sconce. Sometimes his one eye flickered brightly and then
faded out again.
- 'Here as well is a place where my memory is honored and I prefer to
be here rather than in my own country, that is like a great open
grave. This a big cemetery, there is no place where there are no
graves underneath. But the living lead their cheerful and woeful

- ertussen. Ik ben liever hier. Maar nu kan ik hier niet meer vandaan.
50 En ik wilde graag nog eens naar Macao.’
- ‘En je wilt mij overhalen weer naar 't verleden terug te gaan? Met jou mee? Ik heb er genoeg van!’
- Hij bleef zitten waar hij zat, deed geen poging mij in te nemen, vestigde zijn ene oog op mij.
- 55 ‘Hoe meer je aan je eigen heil denkt, hoe ellendiger het je gaat. Dat heb je nu toch gezien. Ben je er nu beter aan toe dan op je stoomschepen, toen je diners met zeven gangen kreeg?’
- ‘Ben jij er dan beter aan toe? Je hebt je laten weggagen
- [p. 299]
- 60 uit Lisboa, waar je eens en voor al liefhad, je laten gebruiken in Indië en China als gemeen soldaat, terwijl je officier had moeten zijn. En evengoed heb je het land verheerlijkt en onsterfelijk gemaakt. En wat heeft het gedaan toen je terugkwam? Dat zou ik wel eens willen weten. In elk geval, nu loop je voor eeuwig rond met je gezicht vol zweren en misschien staan schimmen daar anders
- 65 tegenover dan mensen, maar mooi zullen zij het toch ook niet vinden.
- 70 ‘Dat is toeval. En het is waar: in het eigen land terug ben ik er niet beter aan toe geweest. Maar het kon er niets aan doen. Het was zelf verarmd, verloor zijn bezittingen, werd aangevallen door de Moren op zee en Spanje in zijn brede, zwakke onbeschermd rug. En toen kwam ook nog de pokkenepidemie in Lisboa en toevallig was toen mijn tijd om en moest ik eraan sterven. Niets dan toeval, die zweren.
- existence in between. I prefer to be here. But now I cannot escape from here anymore. And I had wanted to go to Macao once more.’
- ‘And you want to convince me to go back to the past again? Go with you? I’ve had enough!’
- He remained seated where he sat, made no attempts to take me over, fixed his one eye on me.
- ‘The more you think about your own salvation, the miserable you will be. You must have seen that. Are you better off now than on your steam ships, when you got seven course dinners?’
- ‘Are you better off then? You have let yourself be chased away
- from Lisbon, where you once and for all loved, you have let yourself be used in India and China like a common soldier, while you should have been an officer. And just as well did you glorify the country and made it immortal. And what did it do when you came back? That I would like to know. In any case, now you walk around for eternity with your face full of blisters and maybe ghosts feel differently about this than men, but they probably do not think it pretty either.
- ‘That is a coincidence. And it is true: back in my own country I have not been better off. But it was not its fault. It was impoverished itself, it lost its possessions, was attacked by the Moors on sea and by Spain in its wide, weak unprotected back. And then the smallpox epidemic came as well in Lisbon and coincidentally, my time was up and I had to die of it. Nothing but coincidence, these blisters.

75 Trouwens, ik was de ergste niet. Hofdames en prinsen van den
bloede hadden de zweren zoo sterk en diep en uitgebreid, dat
niemand ze aan wou raken om ze te verplegen, en niet om ze te
begraven als ze waren gestorven. In hun praalbedden werden ze met
olie begoten en zo verbrand. En ik ben nog begraven. En de
eerbewijzen zijn later gekomen. Duizenden zijn langs de plaatsen
80 getrokken waar zij mijn graf vermoedden! Beter is het geleefd te
hebben, al is het in rampen, dan steeds over het leven heen te gaan,
zoekend naar iets wat er niet is en niets achterlatend. Rampen zijn
goed om de blik, de aandacht af te leiden van het verschrikkelijke
dat achter elk leven gaapt.'

85 'Maar als dat er niet meer is, als dat is gedempt door de aandacht die
het heeft gepeild, dan zijn de rampen niet meer nodig, ook de
instandhouding van het verleden niet, in China niet en nergens. Dan
is het verleden als een benauwde droom, als een wolk die voor den
einder hing, verdwenen. Dan kan men ademen, leven op aarde
90 zolang als het duurt, geen einde vrezen. Dan is het geen begin meer
en de rampen zijn ook niet meer nodig. Je hoeft ze niet meer te
zoeken, ook niet te ontwijken.'

[p. 300]

'Jij durft dus zeker wel zonder rampen te leven en in de diepte te
zien? Het lijkt er niet veel op.'

95 'Nog niet. Ik kan mijn ogen nog niet van je afhouden, als ik mij
omkeer bespringt het verleden mij. En nu, ga hier vandaan!'

Ik schoof over de bank naar hem toe en hij langzaam eraf en naar de
deur. Hij leunde tegen de post en keerde zich om, zodat ik zijn
gezicht niet zag. Zijn gestalte scheen nog goed, beter dan zijn

Besides, I was not the worst. Ladies-in-waiting and blue blooded
princes had their blisters so strong and deep and extended, that
nobody wanted to touch them to nurse them, neither to bury them
when they had died. In their pomp beds they were drenched in oil
and burned like that. And I was still buried. And the honors came
later on. Thousands have trekked along where they suspect my
grave to be! It is better to have lived, even if it is in disasters, than to
pass life by, searching for something that is not there and leaving
nothing behind. Disasters are good to take the look, the attention
away from the gaping horror behind every life.

'But if that does not exist anymore, if that has been muted by the
attention it gauged, then disasters are not necessary anymore,
neither the preservation of the past, not in China or anywhere else.
Then the past is like a cramped dream, like a cloud that hung in
front of the horizon, disappeared. Then one can breathe, life on earth
as long as it takes, not fearing an end. Then it is no longer a
beginning and the disasters are not necessary anymore as well. You
do not have to search for them, neither avoid them.'

'So you dare to live without disasters and look into the depth? It
does not look much like it.'

'Not yet. I cannot keep my eyes off you yet, if I turn around, the
past will assault me. And now, go away from here!'

I shoved to the bench towards him and he shoved slowly off and
went to the door. He leaned against the post and turned around, so
that I could not see his face. His figure seemed to be good still,

100 gezicht, waaraan gekneusde trots en smeking om medelijdend
begrijpen samen een afstotelijke trek gaven. Alle Portugezen zien er
zo uit en lijken op elkaar. Ik trachtte hem de deur uit te dringen.

‘Laat mij enkele ogenblikken in je lichaam leven en het leven op
aarde ondervinden dat ik zelf heb overgeslagen.’

105 ‘Nooit. Ik geef alleen om mijn eigen heil. Ik heb ook lang genoeg
geleden, al is het dan niet om een godsdienst of een land. Daar was
ik gelukkig al van af. Ik heb geleden voor mijzelf, ik wil mij in
anderen vergeten. Dat kan ik niet als ik jou steeds voor en om mij
heb.’

‘Zie dan hoe ik geleefd heb,’ zei hij.

110 Meteen gelukte het mij de deur open te krijgen. Maar er was geen
gang, onder de drempel een leegte, ver beneden een rivier, aan de
overkant een stad tegen de bergen, de huizen groot, en wit en bruin,
half ingestort, de rivier vol schepen, één voer nog uit, de zon en de
wind vlogen over de zeilen en de harnessen aan dek; de andere
115 lagen stil, half ontmast, dofbruin, het hout zo gekrompen dat de
scheepsromp was misvormd, overal verlangend uitziende mannen
bij de boeg, smekend uitziend naar het land dat hen had uitgezonden
en niet weer op wou nemen, dat elk verband met hen ontkende,
terwijl zij het toch waren die eerst de schatten en later de ziekten
120 hadden ingevoerd.

Dan kwam een schok, huizen en paleizen stortten in, een vuile wolk
hing over de stad als een grote gier, maar met de klauwen nog
ingetrokken. Daarna kwamen eindeloze stoeten uit de straten recht
naar de rivier en overal

better than his face, where bruised pride and a begging for merciful
understanding together gave it a repellent trait. All Portuguese look
like that and look alike. I tried to force him out of the door.

‘Let me live for some moments in your body and experience the life
on earth that I have skipped myself.’

‘Never. I only care for my own salvation. I have also suffered long
enough, even though it was not for a religion or a country.
Thankfully, I had been relieved from that already. I have suffered
for myself, I want to forget me in others. I cannot do that when I
constantly have you in front of and around me.’

‘See then how I have lived,’ he said.

Immediately, I managed to get the door to open. But there was no
corridor, below the threshold a void, far below a river, on the other
side a city against the mountains, the houses big, and white and
brown, half collapsed, the river full of ships, one still sailed
outwards, the sun and the wind flew over the sails and the harnesses
on deck; the others laid still, half dismasted, pale brown, the wood
shrunk so much that the hull was deformed, everywhere eagerly
looking men at the bow, looking beseechingly forward to the
country that had sent them off and did not want to take them in
again, that denied every connection with them, while they were the
ones who first had imported the treasures and later on the diseases.

Then came a shock, houses and palaces collapsed, a dirty cloud
hung over the city like a big vulture, but with the claws still
withdrawn. Then came endless processions from the streets straight
to the river and everywhere

[p. 301]

- 125 plompten lijkisten het water in. Later geen kisten meer, maar in
grauwe doeken gewikkelde lijken, nog later onbedekte lichamen. Ik
zag de klokken steeds luiden, wie waren het die ze trokken of was
het de aardbeving die ze heen en weer schudde? Zo ontdeed de stad
zich van overtollige bewoners.
- 130 Hij zag mij half verwijtend, half triomfantelijk aan.
- ‘Deze stad zou zoiets niet kunnen overkomen,’ riep ik. ‘Die staat te
sterk, die kan gerust honderdduizenden laten sterven, zij blijft gelijk.
Niets wil ik meer weten van het verleden en van hen die er aan vast
houden. Laat mij door!’
- 135 Nooit zou ik mijn lot zó in mismoedigheid laten verlopen, nooit
mijn bestaan verkwisten in het dienen van machten die wereldgroot
lijken, maar daarna nietig zijn alsof zij nooit waren geweest. Ik
kende nu het voorbeeld in al zijn afschrikwekkendheid. Geëxalteerd
had hij de bloei en de stuiptrekkingen van een klein en pover rijk
140 gezien als wereldschokkend en verheerlijkt in gedichten, zwaar van
klank, maar even dwaas vergeefs als al het wapengekletter en
kanongebulder. Daarna had hij nog de lafheid begaan op latere
leeftijd terug te keren, hopen op de koestering van de roem. En
willoos, zonder verzet, had hij zich laten doodhonger, nog
145 dankbaar met de aalmoes van een onvoldoend jaargeld en de resten
van de tafel van de schaarse rijken.
- Van het verleden had ik allang afscheid genomen; liever dan in een
ruim met schimmen bevolkt, leef ik in de ijzige kille leegte die zich
in de eigen tijd om mij heen heeft gevormd, als een ijle en toch
150 onwrikbare dampkring die alle toenadering van elders afweert, waar
- coffins plunged into the water. Later on, no more coffins, but
corpses wrapped in grey cloths, still later on, uncovered bodies. I
could see the bells still ringing, who rang them or was it the
earthquake that shook them to and fro? This way, the city discarded
itself of its excess residents.
- He looked at me, half reproachful, half triumphantly.
- ‘This could not happen to this city,’ I shouted. ‘It stands too strong,
it can easily let hundreds of thousands die, it remains the same. I do
not want to know nothing anymore about the past and about them
who cling to it. Let me through!’
- Never would I let my fate pass in such dissatisfaction, never would I
waste my existence in serving powers that seem big as the world,
but afterwards are futile, as if they had never been. I now knew the
example in all of its terror. Exalted had he taken the bloom and the
convulsions of a small and shabby empire for earthshattering and
had glorified it in poems, heavy with sound, but just as foolishly in
vein as all of the clashing of arms and canon roars. After that, he
had committed the cowardice to return when he was older, hoping
for a cherishing of fame. And without any will, without any
resistance, had he let himself be starved to death, grateful still for
the alms of an insufficient annuity and the crumbs of the table of the
few rich.
- I had long since said goodbye to the past; rather than in a space
crowded with ghosts, I live in the icy cold void that has formed
itself around me in my own contemporary time, like a thin and yet
uncompromising atmosphere that repels all approaches from

de blijken van menselijke genegenheid uitdoven, als meteoren die sissend uitgaan voordat zij 't oppervlak waarheen zij vielen bereikten. Maar voor hem was die afsluitende afwerende sfeer natuurlijk geen beletsel.

elsewhere, where the expressions of human affection extinguish, like meteors that fade out with a sizzle before they reach the surface where they were falling. But for them, that closing, resilient sphere was of course no obstacle.

155 Ook de waan dat er op aarde een land is waar men zich warmen kan aan haar uitstraling, na lange tochten in het door mensen bevolkte eindelijk het onbewoonde te berei-

Also the delusion that on earth there is a country where one can warm up to its radiation, after long journeys in places populated with people to finally reach the uninhabited,

[p. 302]

ken, ook die waan moest worden verstoord en daarbij heeft zijn onverwacht bezoek veel geholpen.

this delusion as well had to be disrupted and his unexpected visit has helped a lot with that.

160 Dat land is er niet.

There is no such country.

Gelukkig was ik nog losgeraakt en in staat mijn omloopstijd op deze planeet buiten haar gebied en zonder verlangen te volbrengen.

Fortunately, I had managed to detach myself and I was able to fulfill my lifetime on this planet outside of its territory and without desire.

165 Ik weet een land waar ik mij neerlaat, dat niet vraagt vanwaar, dat dankbaar is voor de komst, waar de ruimte leeg is; de lucht alleen door gieren bevolkt, de aarde alleen door honden en wolven en dat naar levende wezens hongert.

I know a country where I let myself downwards, that does not ask for origin, that is grateful for the arrival, where the space is empty; the air only populated by vultures, the earth alone by dogs and wolves and hungers for living beings.

Daar is de aarde dankbaar en geeft blijken van aanhankelijkheid ruimschoots terug, wat men van hare dorheid niet zou verwachten.

There the earth is grateful and amply gives tokens of dependence back, which would not be expected of its barrenness.

(Slauerhoff 2003: 297-303)

