

Campos, Caeiro, and Clough, the Victorian Modernist

George Monteiro
 Professor Emeritus of English and of Portuguese and Brazilian Studies
 Brown University

And I have known many Englishmen
 Who say that I know English perfectly
 I, who was always a bad student
 I pretended that I studied engineering.
 I lived in Scotland. I visited Ireland.

(E tenho conhecido gente inglesa
 Que diz que eu sei inglês perfeitamente
 Eu, que foi sempre um mau estudante ...
 Eu fingi que studei engenharia.
 Vivi na Escócia. Visitei a Irlanda.)

Álvaro de Campos, "The Opium-Smoker" (Opiário) (1915)

Rome is better than London, because it is other than London.

Arthur Hugh Clough, *Amours de Voyage*, Canto I (1849)

In *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (2000) I focus on Pessoa's interest in and borrowings from writers such as Wordsworth, Thomas Gray, Keats, Byron, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ruskin, Alice Meynell, Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, and Caroline Norton. But I acknowledge that my survey of influences and literary relationships might have been extended to a consideration as well of Blake, Coleridge, Shelley, Carlyle, Edward Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Dickens, Arnold, Swinburne, Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Ernest Dowson.¹ I neglected to include in this list Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861), the first of the English poets, it has been said, "to recognize and use as the matter for modern poetry the state of mind that is symptomatic of our time and informs the greatest art of the twentieth century, from Picasso and Giacometti to Joyce and Eliot and Pinter."² How and to what extent Pessoa's work reflects elements of Clough's major poetry, in particular the remarkable *Amours de Voyage* and the undervalued *Dipsychus*, is my subject.³

Clough failed to achieve the kind of worldly success that was expected of him. As "the favorite student of Dr. [Thomas] Arnold at Rugby, Clough was marked out to be the great man of his generation at a time when the mantle of greatness was handed down like a crown from generation to generation."⁴ But at the time of his death, it was noted, he had managed to bring out only two books, one of single authorship, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Fuosich* in 1848, the second, *Ambarvalia*, a joint production. Left behind,

unpublished in book form, were his two most ambitious and what turned out to be his most critically acclaimed works, *Amours de Voyage* (archived in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then a fledgling magazine published in Boston) and the unfinished *Dipsychus*.

When Clough died at the relatively early age of forty-two, his perceived failure, many thought, could be attributed to an “overactive sensitivity and hyperactive consciousness [that] inhibited his ability to get things done.”⁵ Others, following Matthew Arnold’s take in “Thyrsis,” his self-serving “monody” commemorating his friend, saw things differently. While Arnold confided to a friend that “there is much in Clough (the whole prophet side, in fact) which one cannot deal with in this way,” giving him “the feeling, if one reads the poem as a memorial poem, that not enough is said about Clough in it,”⁶ readers of Clough’s “prophetic” poetry — *Amours de Voyage* and *Dipsychus* — may well have agreed that the failure of Clough’s later poetry, as Arnold insisted, resulted from his abandonment of his early “rustic flute” for “a stormy note / Of men contention-tost,” a decision that “task’d” and tired the poet, until his voice “fail’d,” and he fell “mute!”⁷

Clough had “few readers in his lifetime,” according to his modern editor, and not many in the years subsequent to his death in 1861.⁸ A major edition of his poems, published in 1910, “took some twenty years to sell out.”⁹ Gradually, however, there occurred a corrective reaction to Arnold’s damaging assessment of Clough’s career such that he ultimately became one of “the favourite poets of the last forty years of the Victorian era.”¹⁰ Typical of Clough’s high rating, perhaps, is Barbara Hardy’s view. Writing in 1969, Hardy finds Clough to be “too impassioned, and too uncertain to be praised as an ironist. To call him an ‘intellectual poet’ is as misleading as to call him a verse-novelist.” What he is, she concludes “is a feeling analyst, a writer of lyrical narrative, an ironist who moves beyond irony, an intellectual both sensuous and passionate.”¹¹ Clough’s major biographer, Robindra Kumar Biswas decides, simply, that “Clough is an important poet,” and “it is as a poet that he is important.”¹² Even the vexed question of Clough’s employment of hexameters, often ridiculed in his lifetime, has become a source of praise. In *Poetry* magazine in 2006, Michael Hofmann calls Clough’s hexameters in *The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich* and *Amours de Voyage* “one of the great natural sounds of English.”¹³

It took a long while for Clough’s acceptance as a “modern” voice, one strikingly prescient of what Joseph Wood Krutch once called “the modern temper” when writing about the first few decades of the twentieth century. In *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, an influential textbook published in 1959, Walter Houghton and G. Robert Stange put

the case for Clough's modernity by comparing him to John Donne, a favorite among the poets reflective of the early twentieth-century's "modern temper":

A period which has liked and imitated the verse of Donne, with its argumentative structure, its preference for precise denotation in diction rather than multiple connotation, its use of the elaborate, extended simile, its employment of living rather than poetic idioms and rhythms, the alliance of levity and seriousness, the poised awareness of ambivalent emotions, and the whole intellectual cast of its art, may find Clough's poetry more like the *Satires* and the *Songs and Sonnets*, and closer to its own taste, than the work of any other Victorian.¹⁴

Behind this assertion lies, of course, the age's acceptance of T. S. Eliot's recognition of the English metaphysical poets and espousal of many of their attitudes and practices. Eliot's own early poetry, the major examples of which are "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "Gerontion," for all of their indebtedness as dramatic monologues to examples offered by Tennyson (mainly "Ulysses" and "Tithonus") and Browning ("My Last Duchess" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church," among others), hark back to Clough's brilliant *Amours de Voyage*, a poem in five cantos, unprecedented in structure and theme in Clough's earlier work or, for that matter, in the body of English literature. In a long poem described as a novel in epistolary form, it is the relationship between "letter" and "monologue" that the poet exploits. It enables Clough to express his fictional letter-writer's satiric vein, even as he undermines his central figure's authority over his own story. In Pessoa that double vein of satire in the early poems Pessoa attributes to Campos results in monologue-like sonnets replete with the undercutting of Campos himself. In 1915 Ezra Pound offered an instructive account of the genealogy of texts culminating in the twentieth-century monologues of T. S. Eliot (and Pessoa, it can be ventured, had he known about his heteronyms):

Browning in his *Dramatis Personae* and in his *Men and Women* developed a new form of poem which had lain dormant since Ovid's *Heroides* or since Theocritus. Ovid's poems are, to be sure, written as if they were letters, from Helen to Paris, from Paris to Oenone, etc. In Theocritus (IV.2 I think) we have a monologue comparable to those of Browning... The Anglo Saxon Seafarer and Rihaku's *Exile's Letter* are also poems of this sort. Nevertheless, Browning's poems came as a new thing in their day. In my own first book I tried to rid this sort of poem of all irrelevant discussion, of Browning's talk *about* this, that and the other, to confine my words strictly to what might have been the emotional speech of the character under such or such crisis. Browning had cast his poems mostly in Renaissance Italy, I cast mine in medieval Provence, which was a change without any essential difference. T. S. E[liot] has gone farther and begun with

the much more difficult job of setting his “personae” in modern life, with the discouragingly “unpoetic” modern surroundings.¹⁵

Missing from this tracing of the evolution of a genre is Clough’s epistolary poetry in *Amours de Voyage* — and, of course, much of Pessoa’s poetry, like T. S. Eliot’s early poems, is written in the voices of contemporary figures of his own invention to convey, in Pound’s words, “the emotional speech of the character under such or such crisis.” But whereas Eliot pretty much abandoned this project with “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” and “Gerontion”, Pessoa carried through with his ambitious and far-reaching project of heteronymy.

Amours de Voyage was first published in the United States — in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858, the journal’s first year — but, significantly, not reprinted in Clough’s lifetime. Written in the form of a series of letters (most of them attributed to Claude, the work’s central figure), this long poem begins, as would some of Eliot’s early poems — from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” to *The Waste Land* — with suggestive epigraphs. In Clough’s poem they come from Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night* (Malvolio’s “self-love” and “distempered appetite”), a French novel (“He doubted everything even love”), a so-called “Solutio Sophismatum” (“It is explained by walking”), and Horace (“He sang his plaintive strains of love in simple measure”), one of which is given in French, two in Latin, and all of them, if attached to “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,” would make perfect sense as a part of Eliot’s poem. Especially interesting in this regard is the invitation Eliot’s love-sick, doubting, and perhaps feigning narrator issues to the unidentified, unspecified someone to walk with him.¹⁶ One of the reasons why one is so often reminded of Eliot’s early poetry when reading the poetry Pessoa attributes to Álvaro de Campos is that the two poets share Clough as a precursor in common but one that goes unacknowledged.

Among the handful of critics who admired Clough’s *Amour de Voyage* in his day was John Addington Symonds, who, it will be recalled, was one of the few English writers of the nineteenth-century to dedicate a poem to the theme of Hadrian’s love for Antinous. His essay, “Arthur Hugh Clough,” in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1868 is a measured look at the poet’s life and poetic accomplishment.¹⁷ He pays considerable attention to *Amours de Voyage*, Clough’s highest achievement. In its mock-epic five cantos, the poem covers, he writes, “three distinct subjects: the criticism of Rome from a traveller’s point of view, involving many religious and aesthetical reflections; politics and the event of the siege; and the love-story of an over-refined and irresolute spirit.”¹⁸ Always interested in anything Roman, past or present, Symonds nevertheless makes his major

contribution in his analysis of the poem's mock-hero, Claude. In this "many-sided man" Symonds discovers "the skeptical hero": "a young English gentleman, well born and well connected, but naturally shy and rather satirical. His education has rendered him fastidious; and he is by temperament inclined to dream and meditate and question rather than to act. We soon find that he has the trick of introspection, and of nineteenth-century yearning after the impossible."¹⁹

In Claude (as in Clough himself, perhaps) Symonds sees embodied "the *maladie du siècle* — the nondescript cachexy, in which aspiration mingles with disenchantment, satire and skepticism with a childlike desire for the tranquility of reverence and belief — in which self-analysis has been pushed to the verge of monomania, and all springs of action are clogged and impeded by the cobwebs of speculation."²⁰ He has been called worse: "a self-centered" and "self-conscious prig."²¹

Clough himself called his hero Claude "the unfortunate fool of a hero," while, in his own time, Clough was sometimes referred to as "the Hamlet of the age"—even as his creation Claude has been called a "Hamlet in modern dress."²² But no one has improved on Symonds' account of Clough's achievement in *Amours de Voyage*:

Clough shows us in the character of Claude the effect of a speculative intellect acting upon the instincts and affections. We can scarcely wonder that Clough is not more generally read and admired, because the problems with which he is occupied are rare and remote. There are but few characters like Claude in the world. Indeed, it might be wondered, whether it is worth while commemorating those perplexed and skeptical conditions of the consciousness in verse. Ought a poet not rather to lead the world, and to show the ultimate truth, than to represent the waverings of a discontented spirit ill at ease? Clough's vindication, however, lies in this: first, that it is the poet's function to hold up a mirror to his age, as well as to lead it; and secondly, that we still admire Hamlet and Faust. Claude belongs to the same race as these princes of metaphysical perplexity. However exceptional, his skepticism is natural to himself, and to the temper of his century. In painting him, Clough reproduced the experience which he obtained from commerce with the world, and drew a picture of his times.²³

In short, it has been plausibly argued, "Clough, a hundred-odd years before he gained general currency, is the creator of the anti-hero."²⁴

It is at this point that Álvaro de Campos can be introduced. Of Pessoa's numerous heteronyms, major or minor, it is perhaps Álvaro de Campos who has taken on the most of what might be called "reality" or, better still, "historicity" beyond his presence in individual poems as if he had a life outside of those poems. Pessoa had the

prescience to endow him with a biography, with key facts and precise dates and names of places, one that on occasion his readers have been all-too-eager to flesh out. Contributing to that fuller biographical picture are the clothing and gestures Almada Negreiros provided for him (and the other major heteronyms) in the etched lines of a striding Campos on the façade of the Faculdade de Letras in Lisbon; as well as the photographs in Maria José de Lancastre's *Fernando Pessoa, Uma Fotobiografia*, one of Tavira, Campos' birthplace, and another that foregrounds the docks of Glasgow, the city where the poet is said to have studied naval engineering.²⁵ Others, too, have contributed to Campos' extended biography — to those persons who appear in Campos's poetry. In the mid-1980s the poet Eugénio de Andrade, for one, fills us in on the "boy" who pleased Álvaro, as Campos tells us in "Soneto Já Antigo," while his friend stars in José Sasportes' *Daisy: Um Filme para Fernando Pessoa* (1986) and she is shown the city in *Lisboa, Livro de Borda* (1997), José Cardoso Pires's fetching personal guide to the city.

Beyond such speculation, however, there is, naturally, the question, since there is evidence that Pessoa did not create him *ex nihilo*, who are Álvaro de Campos's precursors? A significant one, I propose, is the figure of Claude, the letter-writer hero of Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, who shares his own forerunners with Campos. Like Clough's Claude, Álvaro de Campos recalls aspects of Shakespeare's Hamlet and Goethe's Faust as one of "these princes of metaphysical perplexity" even as he denies the company of all princes, especially those of the heroic variety. Campos addresses their ilk in "Poem — Straight to the Point" (Poema em linha recta): "Ó principes, meus irmãos, / Arre, estou farto de semi-dueses! / Onde é que há gente no mundo?" Campos, like Claude, is "an heroic hero who was critical of heroism"; indeed, "were there any heroes in the past — or the present? Were there any causes worthy of heroic self-sacrifice?"²⁶

The additional indication, in my view, that Pessoa was familiar with Clough's work resides in certain telling parallels in language and syntax between Campos' poetry, especially his "Poema em linha recta," and Clough's *Amours de Voyage*. The next three passages are from Clough's poems, the fourth from Pessoa's.²⁷

Is it contemptible, Eustace—I'm perfectly ready to think so,—
 Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people?
 I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is, if disgraceful,
 That for the first time in life I am living and moving with freedom.
 I, who never could talk to the people I meet with my uncle,—
 I, who have always failed,—I trust me, can suit the Trevellyns;

I, believe me,—great conquest,—am liked by the country bankers.
And I am glad to be liked, and like in return very kindly.

In this second passage from *Amour de Voyage* Claude talks about the fate of the “poor little Roman Republic”:

What do the people say, and what does the government do?—you
Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favour your hopes; and
I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems to describe it.
I, who nor meddle nor make in politics,—I who sincerely
Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot,
Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a
New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of heaven
Right on the Place de la Concorde,—I nevertheless, let me say it,
Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the gates, shed
One true tear for thee, thou poor little Roman Republic!

And in this third excerpt Claude tries to analyze himself and his failure at love:

Utterly vain is, alas! this attempt at the Absolute,—wholly!
I, who believed not in her, because I would fain believe nothing,
Have to believe as I may, with a willful, unmeaning acceptance.
I, who refused to enfasten the roots of my floating existence
In the rich earth, cling now to the hard, naked rock that is left me.—

In “syntactical strength,”²⁸ structure and dramatic tone, it seems to me, these excerpts from *Amour de Voyage* anticipate Pessoa’s own practice in Campos’ “Poem — in a Straight Line”:

And I, who have so often been shabby, filthy, contemptible,
So often unaccountably parasitic,
Inexcusably dirty,
I, who so often have not had the patience to take a bath,
I, who so often have been ridiculous, absurd,
Who have in public stumbled over the rugs of etiquette,
Who have been grotesque, niggardly, submissive and arrogant,
Who have silently suffered insults,
Who when I have broken my silence have behaved even more ridiculously;
I, who have been viewed comically by the hotel maid,
I, who have known that knowing wink of porters;
I, who have been shameless in money matters, borrowing and not repaying,
I, who, when it was the moment to take the blow, have cowered out of reach;²⁹
I, who have suffered anguish at small, ridiculous things,

I testify that in these matters I have in this world no peer....
And I, who have been ridiculous without suffering betrayal,
How can I talk to my betters without faltering?
I, who have been contemptible, literally contemptible,
Contemptible in the meanest sense, and infamously vile.³⁰

(E eu, tantas vezes reles, tantas vezes porco, tantas vezes vil,
Eu tantas vezes irresponsavelmente parasita,
Indesculpavelmente sujo,
Eu, que tantas vezes não tenho tido paciência para tomar banho,
Eu, que tantas vezes tenho sido ridículo, absurdo,
Que tenho enrolado os pés publicamente nos tapetes das etiquetas,
Que tenho sido grotesco, mesquinho, submisso e arrogante,
Que tenho sofrido enxovalhos e calado,
Que quando não tenho calado, tenho sido mais riículo ainda;
Eu, que tenho sido cómico às criadas do hotel,
Eu, que tenho sentido o piscar de olhos dos moços de fretes,
Eu, que teno feito vergonhas financeiras, pedido emprestado sem pagar,
Eu, que, quando a hora do soco surgiu, me tenho agachado
Para fora da possibilidade do soco;
Eu, que tenho sofrido a angústia das pequenas coisas ridículas,
Eu verifico que não tenho par nisto tudo neste mundo....
E eu, que tenho sido ridículo sem ter sido traído,
Como posso eu falar com os meus superiores sem titubear?
Eu, que tenho sido vil, literalments vil,
Vil no sentido mesquinho e infame da vileza.)

To my knowledge it is only in poems attributed to Álvaro de Campos that Pessoa employs repeated lines in sequence beginning with the appositional construct “I, who” (eu, que). One other example is interesting, partly because while its putative subject is the American Carry Nation, the fearsome destroyer of saloons, its real subject is the Clough-like speaker’s confession that he is a failure in everything he does:

I, who never did anything in the world,
I, who was always the absence of my will,
I salute you...

(E, que nunca fiz nada no mundo,
Eu, que fui sempre a ausência de minha vontade,
Eu te saúdo...)³¹

It is interesting to note that in “Poema em Linha Recta” Campos employs the simple and direct rhetoric of Clough’s familiar letter in *Amours de Voyage*, with its many starts and abrupt changes in direction, as well as the uncommon first-person appositional syntax of the individual line. One might even venture the experiment of grouping and arranging Campos’ poems to form a sort of epistolary (mock) epic resembling *Amours de Voyage*. Towards the beginning one might place “Opiário,” the record of Campos’ own voyage, written aboard ship in the Suez Canal, the Egypt that Clough’s hero tells us is his own next destination. (“Eastward, then, I suppose, with the coming of winter, to Egypt” are the last words of Claude’s last letter.) But before “Opiário” might come the “Sonetos de Alvaro de Campos,” as they are called in the Berardinelli edition of Campos’ poetry. There, too, I would include the now well-known poem first published in 1922 as “Soneto Já Antigo.” It was written by Campos, according to a note on the manuscript of the poem, “aboard ship four months before sailing for the Orient” (a bordo do navio em que se embarcou para o Oriente, uns 4 meses antes do Opiário).³²

Look here, Daisy. When I die you must
 tell my friends in London that you conceal
 the enormous pain my death has caused you,
 even if you do not feel any pain. You must
 hike yourself from London to York, your
 birthplace (you claim... but I believe nothing
 you say), tell the news to that poor young
 boy who gave me so many hours of mirth,
 even if you don’t know it, that I have passed
 on... though to him, who had so much love
 for me, I thought, it will be of no importance...
 Then carry the message to Cecily that odd one
 who thought I would achieve grandeur. God damn
 this life and all those who wander into it.³³

(Olha, Daisy: quando eu morrer tu hás-de
 Dizer aos meus amigos aí de Londres,
 Embora não o sintas, que tu escondes
 A grand dor da minha morte. Irás de
 Londres pra York, onde nasceste [dizes...
 Que eu nada que tu digas acredito],
 Contar àquele pobre rapazito
 Que me deu tantas horas tão felizes,
 Embora não o saibas, que morri...
 Mesmo ele, a quem eu tanto julguei amar,

Nada se importará... Depois vai dar
 A notícia a essa estranha Cecily
 Que acreditava que eu seria grande...
 Raios partam a vida e quem lá ande!)³⁴

Pessoa tells us that Campos composed his sonnet “(aboard the ship on his way to the Orient, some four months before ‘The Opium-Taker’ therefore) December 1913” ([a bordo do navio em que embarcou para o Oriente; uns quarto meses antes do Opiário portanto] Dezembro 1913).³⁵

The Campos of these poems — “Poema em Linha Recta” and “Soneto Já Antigo” (and surely as the speaker of “The Tobacco Shop” [Tabacaria])—would find in Claude a fellow spirit, especially when he bursts forth:

Hang this thinking, at last! what good is it? oh, and what evil!
 Oh, what mischief and pain! like a clock in a sick man's chamber,
 Ticking and ticking, and still through each covert of slumber pursuing.
 What shall I do to thee, O thou preserver of Men? Have compassion;
 Be favourable, and hear! Take from me this regal knowledge;
 Let me, contented and mute, with the beasts of the field, my brothers,
 Tranquilly, happily lie,—and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar!

Or when Claude declares his cowardice:

But it is over, all that! I have slunk from the perilous field in
 Whose wild struggle of forces the prizes of life are contested.
 It is over, all that! I am a coward, and know it.
 Courage in me could be only factitious, unnatural, useless.

Campos need not have said it any better, though he did, in “The Tobacco Shop,” for example: “I am nothing. / I shall always be nothing. / I can never want to be anything but nothing. / Apart from this, I have within me the world's dreams” (Não sou nada. / Nunca serei nada. / Não posso querer ser nada. / À parte isso, tenho em mim todos os sonhos do mundo.)³⁶

At his death Clough left behind his long, unfinished poem, *Dipsychus*, comprised of a series of debates between an idealist, “Dipsychus” (double-minded), and a figure of common sense and worldly values and rationalistic arguments called “Spirit.” In some senses, this poem can be seen as an up-to-date version of the popular mediaeval debate between “body” and “soul.” But with the Faust literary tradition in mind, Clough had originally identified the speakers of his poem as “Faustulus” and “Mephisto.”³⁷ Pessoa, it will be recalled, also had a profound and long-lasting interest in the Faustian literary

cultural tradition. Working at those materials over the length of his career, Pessoa left his *Fausto* unfinished at his death, a collection of parts and fragments that only long after the poet's death were assembled and arranged for publication.³⁸

Although it can be argued that it is their mutual indebtedness to Goethe's *Faust* that enables us to see resemblances between them, there is something in Pessoa that suggests that he had read Clough's *Dipsychus*. It is curious, too, that at the end of *Dipsychus* the voice "within" tempts him, encouragingly: "Fear not, my lamb, whate'er men say, / I am the Shepherd; and the Way"—a speech countered by Spirit (Mephistopheles), who calls himself a shepherd hoping to find his one lost sheep—one out of a hundred, he says—but who also calls Dipsychus a "Little Bo Peep" who has "lost her sheep / And knew not where to find them," the first line of which is repeated as the penultimate line of the piece.³⁹ Here Clough has in mind, not only that Bo Peep has lost her flock, but that when she does find them, her sheep have lost their tails. Then the rhyme becomes a tale about the fate of sheep tails:

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
 Into a meadow hard by,
 There she espied their tails side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
 And over the hillocks went rambling,
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 To tack again each to its lambkin.⁴⁰

For Clough's *Dipsychus* the loss is one of lost beliefs and discredited thoughts that otherwise, intact — not having lost their "tails," so to speak — might have sustained him

Surely these images of shepherd and flock, serving Clough's satiric purposes, as they do, recall, too, the "music of the rustic flute," the (faux) version of an (already artificial) pastoral tradition, the loss of which Arnold laments, may have served as an ironic precedent for Pessoa's metaphor for Caetano's *The Keeper of Sheep* (*O Guardador de Rebanhos*), one that he explains right off:

I never kept sheep.
 But it is as if I had kept them
 My soul is like a herder,
 It knows wind and sun
 And it moves within the hand of the seasons
 Going along and looking.

(Eu nunca guardei rebanhos,
Mas é como se os guardasse.
Minha alma é como um pastor,
Conhece o vento e o sol
E anda pela mão das Estações
A seguir e a olhar.)⁴¹

As for what Caeiro's shepherd tends, we learn shortly thereafter: "I am a keeper of sheep. / Herding my thoughts" (Sou um guardador de rebanhos. / O rebanho é os meus pensamentos).⁴²

If, however, Caeiro, who is quick to tell us that he has never literally kept sheep, proclaims at the beginning that he is nevertheless the keeper of his own thoughts (that is, one presumes, he accounts for them, keeps them together in an orderly fashion, and serves as their protector), Clough the ever wary skeptic sees his keeper as a keeper of "bad thoughts"—those of a "speculating brain."⁴³ Elsewhere Clough had characterized such a being as "self-wrung, self-strung, sheathe- and shelterless," someone in whom "thoughts against thoughts in groans grind."⁴⁴ If the latter is the Bo Peep of the lost sheep, Caeiro is the successful shepherd, all sheep accounted for.

To take one more example of how Caeiro can be read in the light of Clough, here is Dipsychus' disillusionment with a new day:

Let it be enough
That in our needful mixture with the world,
On each new morning with the rising sun
Our rising heart, fresh from the seas of sleep,
Scarce o'er the level lifts his purer orb
Ere lost and sullied with polluting smoke—
A noonday coppery disk. Lo, scarce come forth,
Some vagrant miscreant meets, and with a look
Transmutes me his, and for a whole sick day
Lepers me.⁴⁵

Here is a succinct counter-statement attributed to Caeiro: "A rainy day is as beautiful as a sunny day. / Both exist; each one as it is" (Um dia de chuva é tão belo como um dia de sol. / Ambos existem; cada um como é).⁴⁶ And here is Caeiro's longer, more nuanced counter-statement to Dipsychus' lines:

This morning, early, I went out
Because I had awakened even earlier
And I had nothing I wanted to do.

I didn't know which way to go
 But the wind was blowing hard,
 Sweeping along in one direction,
 And I went off that way, with the wind at my back.

That's how it has always been in my life,
 And that's the way I want it to be—
 I'll go where the wind takes me and I
 Have no need to be thinking.

(Hoje de manhã saí muito cedo,
 Por ter acordado ainda muito mais cedo
 E não ter nada que quisesse fazer...

Não sabia que caminho tomar
 Mas o vento varria para um lado,
 E segui o caminho para onde o vento me soprava nas costas.

Assim tem sido sempre minha vida, e assim quero que possa ser sempre—a
 Vou onde o vento me leva e então não preciso pensar.)⁴⁷

Interestingly, the variants for the word “preciso” [need] in the last line are “deixo” [allow], “sinto” [feeling], “capaz” [capable] and “desejo” [desire]. Taken in the aggregate, these terms, which range from volition, will, emotion, and determinism, offer a “reply” to Clough’s grinding “thoughts against thoughts.”

And finally, there is Caetano’s “Last Poem” (with its title in English), lines “dictated by Caetano on the day of his death” (ditado pelo poeta no dia da sua morte):

This could be the last day of my life.
 I saluted the sun, raising my right hand.
 But I did not salute it to say good-bye.
 I signaled to indicate that I liked still being able to see him,
 nothing else.

(É talvez o último dia da minha vida.
 Saudei o sol, levantando a mão direita,
 Mas não o saudei, para lhe dizer adeus.
 Fiz sinal de gostar de o ver ainda, mais nada.)⁴⁸

Of course, while Clough’s protesting figure is encouraged by a “rising sun” to expect something good and beneficent from his day, but whose day is soon “sickened” by

“polluting smoke” and, worse, “leper[ed]” by the sight of a “vagrant miscreant,” Caeiro greets the sun simply and directly with no expectations or illusions. After all, as he says elsewhere, “The Universe is not one of my ideas. / It is my idea of the Universe that is one of my ideas” (O Universo não é uma ideia minha. / A minha ideia do Universo é que é uma ideia minha).⁴⁹ When Clough’s Mephistopheles figure advises: “see things simply as they are,” his words anticipate Caeiro’s simple statement of his great theme—“Thinking is a disease of the eyes” (Pensar é estar doente dos olhos).⁵⁰

¹ George Monteiro, *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Literature* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 2000), p. 149 note.

² Evelyn Barish Greenberger, *Arthur Hugh Clough: The Growth of a Poet’s Mind* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970), p. 130. Greenberger continues: “In expressing this conscious hopelessness, in becoming aware of his loss of a sense of his own reality and of the significance of the world about him, in expressing, in short, his alienation, he was making himself one of the first English poets to discover and seriously explore a theme that has become basic to the art and philosophy of our age.”

³ If not earlier, Pessoa would have encountered Clough's poetry in Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* (1900). Pessoa's copy of this much reprinted book — dated 1912 — is now in the Pessoa collection at the Casa Fernando Pessoa in Lisbon.

⁴ Stefanie Markovits, *The Crisis of Action in Nineteenth-Century English Literature* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2006), p. 50.

⁵ Markovits, *Crisis*, 49.

⁶ Quoted in *Victorian Poetry and Poetics*, ed. Walter Houghton and G. Robert Stange (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1959), pp. 468-69. In the same note the editors take issue with Arnold, who "did not like Clough's poetry," and, in their opinion, "criticized it unfairly." "So far as Clough had a 'rustic flute,'" they continue, its note "was inferior to the stormy and satirical note of the prophet; nor did his later verse task his pipe too sore or tire his throat."

⁷ Matthew Arnold, "Thyrsis," in Houghton and Stange, *Victorian Poetry*, 468-69.

⁸ A. L. P. Norrington, "Introduction" to *The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough*, ed. A. L. P. Norrington (London: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. viii.

⁹ Norrington, *Poems*, viii-ix.

¹⁰ Norrington, *Poems*, viii.

¹¹ Barbara Hardy, *The Major Victorian Poets: Reconsiderations*, ed. Isobel Armstrong, 1963), p. 273; quoted in the Introduction to *Clough: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Michael Thorpe (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1972), pp. 23-24.

¹² Robindra Kumar Biswas, *Arthur Hugh Clough: Towards a Reconsideration* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), p. 1.

¹³ Philip Hofmann, "Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819-1851," *Poetry*, 187 (Mar. 2006), 495-96. The Portuguese writer Jorge de Sena refers to Clough's mastery in handling 'homeric' hexameters in verse novels, as in *Amours de Voyage* (a maestria com que êle manejou o hexâmetro "homérico" em romances em verso, como *Amours de Voyage*) — *A Literatura Inglesa: Ensaio de Interpretação e de História* (São Paulo: Cultrix, 1963), p. 295.

¹⁴ Houghton and Stange, *Victorian Poetry*, 339.

¹⁵ Quoted in Louis Menand, *Discovering Modernism: T. S. Eliot and His Context*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), pp. 97-98.

¹⁶ For Clough as a precursor of T. S. Eliot, see Michael Roberts, Introduction to the *Faber Book of Modern Verse* (London: Faber and Faber, 1936), pp. 11-114; Masao Miyoshi, "Clough's Poems of Self-Irony," *Studies in English Literature*, 5 (1965), 700; Frederick Bowers, "Arthur Hugh Clough: The Modern Mind," *Studies in English Literature*, 6 (Autumn 1966), 709-16; Michael Timko, *Innocent Victorian: The Satiric Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1966), p. 140; Greenberger, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, 178; James R. Locke, "Clough's *Amours de Voyage*: A Possible Source for 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,'" *Western Humanities Review*, 29 (Winter 1975), 55-66; and Walter E. Houghton, *The Poetry of Clough: An Essay in Revaluation* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1963), p. 124.

¹⁷ John Addington Symonds, "Arthur Hugh Clough," *Fortnightly Review*, 24 (Dec. 1, 1868), 589-617; reprinted in Thorpe, *Critical Heritage*, 219-49.

¹⁸ Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 231.

¹⁹ Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 232.

²⁰ Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 232.

²¹ Timko, *Innocent Victorian*, 138, 140.

²² See Houghton, *Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough*, 126, 349-50.

²³ Symonds, "Clough," in *Critical Heritage*, 235.

²⁴ David Williams, *Too Quick Despairer: A Life of Arthur Hugh Clough* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1969), p. 157.

²⁵ Maria José de Lancastre, *Fernando Pessoa, Uma Fotobiografia*, 3rd edition (Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional–Casa da Moeda / Centro de Estudos Pessoaanos, 1984), pp. 161-62.

²⁶ Houghton, *Poetry of Arthur Hugh Clough*, 129, 132.

²⁷ Quotations from Clough refer to *Amours de Voyage*, in Norrington, *Poems*, 175-220; those from Pessoa refer to “Poema em Linha Recta,” in *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*, ed. Cleonice Berardinelli (Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 1999), pp. 234-35.

²⁸ The phrase “syntactical strength” appears in Williams, *Too Quick Despairer*, 154.

²⁹ In *Dipsychus* Clough writes: “It may be I am somewhat a poltroon. / I never fought at school” (Norrington, *Poems*, 261).

³⁰ Fernando Pessoa, “Poem—Straight to the Point,” in *Self-Analysis and Thirty Other Poems*, trans. George Monteiro (Lisbon: Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, 1988), pp. 43, 45.

³¹ Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 253. Campos’ Clough-like theme is taken up elsewhere, again featuring appositional construction: “I, who in everything saw roads and byways of shade” (Eu, que via em tudo caminhos e atalhos de sombra); “I, the madman who makes phrases because he cannot make his fortune. / I, the ghost of my desired redeemer, a cold mist... (Eu, o louco que faz frases porque não pode fazer sorte, / Eu, o fantasma do meu desejo redentor, névoa fria...); and “I, the ‘modern’ that I am not, I who consist... / I, unfit and without hope” (E eu, o moderno que o não sou, eu que consisto.... / Eu, incongruente e sem esperanças...).

³² Lancastre, *Fotobiografia*, 230,

³³ Fernando Pessoa, “An Instantly Venerable Sonnet,” in Monteiro, *Self-Analysis*, 39.

³⁴ Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 7-8. It is not usually noted that Daisy is addressed elsewhere in Campos’ poetry, along with Lídia and Celimène, in the poem beginning “A vida é para os inconscientes” (343), another letter-like piece.

³⁵ Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 8.

³⁶ Berardinelli, *Poemas*, 135,

³⁷ Norrington, note to “Dipsychus,” in *Poems*, 309.

³⁸ Fernando Pessoa, *Primeiro Fausto*, ed. Duílio Colombini (São Paulo: Epopeia, 1986); and *Fausto: Tragédia Subjectiva (Fragmentos)*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha (Lisbon: Presença, 1988). See also Teresa Sobral Cunha, *Fausto: leitura em 20 quadros* (Lisbon: Relógio D’Água, 1994).

³⁹ Norrington, *Poems*, 275, 289, 292, 294.

⁴⁰ *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*, ed. Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1955), p. 64.

⁴¹ Fernando Pessoa, *Poemas Completos de Alberto Caeiro*, ed. Teresa Sobral Cunha (Lisbon: Editorial Presença, 1994), p. 41.

⁴² Cunha, *Poemas*, 58. Between Clough’s notion of “sheep” as “thoughts” and Caeiro’s lies Alice Meynell’s explicit use of the metaphor. Meynell’s poem as one of Caeiro’s sources, first noted by Charles David Ley, is discussed in Monteiro, *Fernando Pessoa*, 79-82, 161.

⁴³ Norrington, *Poems*, 226, 232.

⁴⁴ Quoted in Robindra Kumar Biswas, *Arthur Hugh Clough: Towards a Reconsideration* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1973), p. 384.

⁴⁵ Norrington, *Poems*, 236.

⁴⁶ Cunha, *Poemas*, 127.

⁴⁷ Cunha, *Poemas*, 149.

⁴⁸ Cunha, *Poemas*, 152.

⁴⁹ Cunha, *Poemas*, 135.

⁵⁰ Cunha, *Poemas*, 44.